

EXT. THE COUNTESS' CASTLE NIGHT

Night once again engulfs the city. A full moon rises over the Countess' medieval condominium. An owl perched in the eaves takes flight as the sound of the school bell segues into that of a ringing telephone.

INT. CASTLE BASEMENT

The scene is much the same as before, the four coffins closed up tight. Ugly polyester suits hang on a clothesline between the three smaller caskets. The ringing of the telephone seems to be coming from the Countess' coffin.

INT. THE COUNTESS' COFFIN

Rudely awakened, the Countess reaches up, flicking on a small reading lamp. She answers the phone attached to the wall of the coffin. She speaks in a rich, sexy voice.

COUNTESS

Hello, 'Nocturnal Outcall'. Manager speaking.

CUT TO:

INT. SOMEPLACE DARK

CLOSE on a man's mouth. He licks his lips as he speaks into a phone. He has a scratchy, ugly voice.

JOHN

Is this the place that advertised 'complete oral satisfaction'?

CUT TO:

INT. THE COUNTESS' COFFIN

The Countess grabs a pen and notepad. Very businesslike.

COUNTESS

Yes it is.

JOHN (o.s.)

And said to call anytime after sundown?

COUNTESS

That's right.

CUT TO:

INT. SOMEPLACE DARK

The man smiles - a dirty, leering grin.

JOHN

Good. I saw your ad in the Pennysaver and thought I'd give you a call...

CUT TO:

INT. THE COUNTESS' COFFIN

She jots down information on her notepad.

COUNTESS

OK, your address?...Your phone number?...  
Your Visa number?...Alright, we'll send  
someone right over.

She hangs up as a stab of organ music once again pierces our ears.

EXT. RUN-DOWN CONDOMINIUM NIGHT

WIPE TO:

The Countess' limousine pulls up in front of a sleazy, dilapidated condominium. A sign out front identifies the building as the 'CLUTCHING ARMS'. The chauffeur hurries to open the back door, the Countess emerging wearing a long, flowing cloak. She looks up at the building, an expression of distaste crossing her face.

COUNTESS

This shouldn't take long.

She moves to the rusted wrought-iron fence that surrounds the property. A 'NO TRESPASSING' sign hangs on the gate. Below that dangles the warning 'BEWARE OF THE WOLF'. The Countess pushes the heavy gate, which opens with a squeal.

She moves up the cracked, uneven walkway, past a faded statue of a dwarfed, hunchbacked lawn-jockey. Her cape rustles in the breeze as she passes a weed overgrown jacuzzi bubbling and steaming just off the path - strange scaly things splashing about in the undergrowth.

The Countess walks up the crumbling steps to the entrance. A large brass knocker in the shape of a demon's head hangs on the door. The Countess uses it.

After a moment the door creaks slowly open. A silhouette of a man stands in the doorway, his face hidden in the shadows. Inside is dark and still. The Countess speaks brusquely, all business.

COUNTESS

'Nocturnal Outcall' - you phoned...

The man gestures for her to enter.

JOHN

I am John. I bid you welcome.

The Countess moves inside as the man closes the door behind her. He helps her off with her cloak.

JOHN

You must be tired after your long journey.

The Countess glances around the apartment, a grimace on her face. The place is filthy - dust and grime everywhere. Hundreds of candles provide the only illumination. Big disgusting roaches scurry about, picking the scraps off used t.v. dinner trays. Rats nest in stacks of old 'Penthouse' magazines.

The living room has a lovely leopard skin motif: there's leopard skin upholstery, tables, wallpaper and carpeting. A blood red velvet chair is placed in the center of the room, directly in front of the t.v., Jack-in-the-Box bags piled next to it. A perfect cobweb hangs delicately between the rabbit ear antennae of the television.

The man motions the Countess toward a convertible sofa pulled out into an unmade bed. The couch vaguely resembles a fold-out coffin.

JOHN

Have a seat. I'd offer you something to drink, but I couldn't get to the market today.

COUNTESS

That's alright.

She sits on the bed. The man stands over her hesitantly. She smiles seductively, patting the bed next to her.

COUNTESS

Don't be nervous. I won't bite.

The man sits. The Countess puts her arms around his shoulders as she lays him back onto the bed.

COUNTESS

Tell me what you want. Don't be afraid.

The man rolls over, facing her.

JOHN

Oh, I'm not afraid.

CLOSE as the vampire's mouth opens, revealing a set of enlarged canines, moving in for the kill...

...as suddenly the Countess yelps. She jumps up, pushing the man off of her.

COUNTESS

Ow! You idiot - what are you doing? I'm a vampire too!

She rubs her neck gingerly as the man quickly stands. We see him fully for the first time. He's your typical, run-of-the-mill bachelor vampire. Wearing an elaborate tuxedo, open at the neck to reveal a hairy chest, his hair slicked back, and a thick cummerbund only partially concealing a healthy paunch. He speaks apologetically.

JOHN

I'm sorry, I didn't know. Are you alright?

The Countess sighs in disgust.

COUNTESS

It's getting harder and harder for a girl to survive in this town. First we get homosexuals, then transsexuals, and now this.

The vampire nods his head in agreement.

JOHN

Don't I know it. Remember the old days?  
All you had to do to get a decent meal  
was go out to the fields and pick off a  
shepherd or two.

COUNTESS

And people used to fear us. They used to  
respect the power of the vampire, but no  
more.

John moves to a cluttered bar.

JOHN

Remember the plagues? All those rats  
infesting whole cities at a time?

The Countess smiles fondly.

COUNTESS

Yeah, those were fun.

John pours two glasses of blood from a crystal carafe. Walks back  
toward the bed.

JOHN

And remember how we could change shape  
at will?

COUNTESS

Yes - running through the countryside in  
the form of a wolf. Very exhilarating.

JOHN

I tried that once here. Got thrown into  
the pound.

He hands the Countess a glass.

COUNTESS

Oh - thank you.  
(sniffs the bouquet)  
Austrian virgin, '59?

JOHN

Close. Swiss - '58.

They touch glasses. Drink. The Countess speaks thoughtfully.

COUNTESS

The problem is that times have changed.  
Nobody even believes in us any more.

JOHN

It has its advantages.

COUNTESS

Yes, but I miss the notoriety. The glint of terror in a peasant's eyes as you swoop down on him - even the smell of wolfsbane draped around a victim's neck.

JOHN

We're out of place. We haven't adapted well to the times.

The Countess nods.

COUNTESS

As far as terror goes nowadays, we're in the minor leagues.

JOHN

Do you know what we need?

COUNTESS

What's that?

JOHN

A good union.

He reaches down, pulling a couple of N.A.U (National Association of the Undead) pamphlets out from under the bed. The Countess looks at him like he's crazy.

COUNTESS

A what?

John lapses into a well rehearsed spiel.

JOHN

The benefits would be unbelievable. You'd get great medical coverage, which of course includes a terrific dental plan. Why, our contract even calls for all five year members to receive a free Halloween virgin.

He smiles as charmingly as is possible with fangs.

CUT TO:

EXT. RUN-DOWN CONDOMINIUM LATER

The Countess moves swiftly down the walk toward the limousine. The chauffeur holds the back door open for her.

POLYESTER VAMPIRE #2

How did it go?

The Countess glances about uneasily, surveying the night.

COUNTESS

L.A.'s getting too weird for me. Let's go home, I have a call to make.

She slides into the back seat as the chauffeur closes the door.