

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE CAFETERIA

Racing outside, Robin searches desperately for any sign of Mark, with no luck. She calls out in despair...

ROBIN

Mark!

...but gets no response. She sighs heavily, looking as though she's about to cry.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MARK'S BEDROOM NIGHT

Another rough night. A thick, murky darkness covers the room, creating a strangely claustrophobic atmosphere. Mark lays tangled in the rumpled sheets on his bed. As he dozes a disembodied voice softly calls his name. It sounds very distant - and vaguely familiar.

VOICE (o.s.)

Mark...

Mark twitches, turning slightly - but doesn't wake up. After a moment the voice calls again. Louder. Closer.

VOICE (o.s.)

Mark...

Mark suddenly jumps, waking with a start. Blinking rapidly, he glances around the room, trying to get his bearings. He speaks shakily.

MARK

Who's there?

A thin scuffling sound moves toward him from the darkness. Frightened Mark looks up to see...

...Robin step out of the shadows at the foot of his bed. She wears the sheerest, tiniest of negligees, her blonde hair ruffled sensuously. She smiles invitingly.

ROBIN

Hello, Mark.

Confused, but definitely interested, Mark sits up in bed. He whispers nervously.

MARK

Robin? What're you doing here?

ROBIN

I've decided that the time is finally right...

Reaching up, she starts to pull the nightie off over her head. Lifting it just far enough to reveal a pair of cotton panties with a smiley-face design printed on the crotch, she stops. Looks at Mark shyly.

ROBIN

Cover your eyes.

Mark frowns. Annoyed by the interruption.

MARK

What?

ROBIN

I can't get undressed if you're watching.
So cover your eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. MARK - CLOSE

Mark sighs. He reluctantly brings his hands up, cupping them tightly over his eyes. He laughs excitedly.

MARK

This is crazy! How'd you get in here?
What if we get caught? What would our
parents say? Are you naked yet?

VOICE (o.s.)

You can uncover your eyes now.

Mark anxiously pulls his hands away from his eyes - only to find himself in...

CUT TO:

INT. VAMPIRE LAIR

Still sitting in his bed, Mark glances around frantically. There, sitting regally in her coffin is the Countess. She holds a bruised yellow banana in her hand. Smiles playfully at Mark.

COUNTESS

Hi there.

Mark cries out, shaking his fists angrily.

MARK

Why can't I have normal sex dreams
like everyone else?

The Countess steps out of her coffin. She saunters slowly toward Mark's bed.

COUNTESS

Calm down, there's nothing to get
excited about. I just thought I'd
invite you over for a little bite.

Scared, Mark points at her sternly.

MARK
You stay away from me!

COUNTESS
Oh please, was it really all that bad?

MARK
Ever since I met you weird things have
been happening. I think I'm going crazy.

The Countess sits on the edge of the bed. Mark backs away from her as she stares at him intently.

COUNTESS
That's why I called you here, Mark.
I want to make you an offer.

Mark looks at her doubtfully.

MARK
Oh yeah? Like what?

The Countess leans in closer, causing Mark to edge back farther.

COUNTESS
How would you like to spend eternity
with me, here in the condo?

MARK
You mean live here with you and your
breasts?

COUNTESS
That's right.

Mark thinks for a moment.

MARK
I don't think so. I like my life the
way it is.

The Countess grins bitterly.

COUNTESS
Oh you do, do you? Would you like to
see what your life would be like without
me?

Before Mark can reply the Countess waves the banana in front of his face, causing the screen to RIPPLE...

DISSOLVING TO:

INT. CHURCH DAY

A wedding is taking place. A young couple stand at the altar, their backs to us, solemnly reciting their vows. Hanging above them is an intimidating life-size statue of Christ on the cross, staring down on the couple imposingly.

The Countess and Mark sit in the shadows at the rear of the church, watching the wedding from the comfort of Mark's bed. Intrigued, Mark scans the church curiously.

MARK

This is nice. Who's getting married?

COUNTESS

You are.

Mark turns, surprised.

MARK

Me?

The Countess nods.

COUNTESS

We're two years in the future, Mark.
This is your wedding day...

CUT TO:

INT. THE ALTAR

We see for the first time that Mark and Robin are the couple at the altar. They both look very handsome - Mark in his light blue tuxedo and Robin in a pure white gown (with a little alligator emblem stitched to its chest).

As the ceremony reaches its conclusion the priest closes his Bible, speaking gently.

PRIEST

You may kiss the bride.

Gazing into her eyes, Mark lifts the veil from Robin's face. They embrace, kissing passionately. Tenderly. The guests watch, contented smiles on their faces.

GUESTS

Awwwwwwwwwww...

Suddenly Robin pulls away from Mark, disgusted. She turns sharply to the guests, pointing an accusing finger at her new husband.

ROBIN

Eeyew! He used his tongue!

The guests all sneer in unison.

GUESTS

Eeyew!

CUT TO:

INT. THE COUNTESS AND MARK

The Countess turns to Mark, who sits with his face buried in his hands. She gives him a comforting pat on the back.

COUNTESS

Cheer up, Mark - this is the happiest day of your life.

She laughs as she waves tha banana, causing the screen to RIPPLE...

DISSOLVING TO:

EXT. HONEYMOON MOTEL NIGHT

A cheap motel stretches out before us, divided into cabins which surround an anemic picnic area. A gaudy sign above the office identifies this as 'RAY & MARTHA'S HONEYMOON HAVEN'. Smaller signs underneath advertise 'WATER BEDS - ADULT TV - HOURLY RATES'. A red neon heart pulsates endlessly above the 'Vacancy' sign.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM

The honeymoon suite is class personified. Hearts and mirrors cover every available inch of space, while the wallpaper looks as though it's made from gold foil and red felt. Mark and Robin sit on the edge of the (you guessed it) heart shaped bed, sipping complimentary champagne from (that's right) heart shaped glasses.

Off to one side the Countess and Mark sit on his little twin bed, watching with great interest. Mark seems uncomfortable. Witnessing your life as it unravels before you can be an unnerving experience. The Countess grins at him confidently.

COUNTESS

This is it, Mark - you're finally alone with the girl of your dreams. Your good dreams, anyway.

Back on the heart shaped bed Mark reaches down, pulling a package from under the red satin bedspread. He hands it to Robin, who glows with joy as she unwraps the gift, close to tears. Her expression changes abruptly as she opens the box, pulling out a skimpy, see-through negligee. Mark glows with joy as she holds it up. He is close to tears. Motioning to the bathroom, he suggests that she try it on. Robin stands, unenthusiastically heading into the bathroom, dragging the nightie behind her.

WIPE TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM LATER

Mark attempts to relax under the covers of the bed, an undisguised look of excitement on his face. At the sound of the toilet flushing he perks up, beaming expectantly as the door opens and...

...out steps Robin. She wears the skimpy, see-through negligee - over a bra and panties. Mark's face drops as he sees that she also wears curlers in her hair, fuzzy slippers, facial cream, and scraps of toilet paper on her legs where she cut herself shaving.

On the twin bed the Countess smiles at Mark. She attempts to speak in an understanding tone of voice, but can barely conceal her amusement.

COUNTESS

It probably looked better in the store.

She waves the banana. The screen RIPPLES...

DISSOLVING TO:

EXT. TRACT-HOME MORNING

A nice middle-class tract-home, exactly like all its neighbors. God forbid you should come home drunk one night and forget which of these houses is yours.

CUT TO:

INT. TRACT-HOME - BEDROOM

The room is plainly decorated, resembling the bedroom display from a Sears catalogue. The bed is unmade, sheets kicked into a pile as though someone had a rough night. A paperback copy of '1001 THINGS TO CALL THE BABY' rests on a bedside table. The tv plays to an empty room as terrible retching sounds emanate from behind the closed bathroom door.

After a moment the retching sounds cease. The door is thrown open as Robin drags an ailing Mark to the bed. He looks awful.

MARK

(gasps)

This morning sickness is murder!

Robin dumps him roughly onto the bed. She straightens up, rubbing her lower back tenderly.

ROBIN

Tell me about it.

Sitting comfortably on Mark's tiny bed, the Countess smugly waves the banana in front of his face as once again the screen RIPPLES...

DISSOLVING TO:

INT. TRACT-HOME - LIVING ROOM NIGHT

Mark, now in his early thirties, sits contentedly in his new La-Z-Boy recliner. He stares blankly at the tv, a beer in one hand and three empties by his side. Busily ignoring the two small children fighting at his feet.

Robin enters the room. Six months pregnant, she wears a fashionable (and expensive) maternity golf outfit. Aging somewhat more gracefully than Mark, she crosses the room to the fireplace, a small trophy in her hand.

ROBIN

(excitedly)

Guess what, honey? My team won first place in the 'Pregnant Women's Golf League'. Isn't that great?

Never taking his eyes from the television Mark grunts his congratulations as Robin proudly places her trophy - featuring the bronze figure of an expectant mother executing a perfect backswing - on the mantle. The screen RIPPLES...

DISSOLVING TO:

INT. TRACT-HOME - BEDROOM NIGHT

The master bedroom, a few years later. Mark and Robin's nice queen-size bed has been replaced by two twins, separated by five feet and ten years of noncommunication. Separate tv's flicker away at the foot of each bed, tuned to the same channel.

Mark lays in bed, mouth open and snoring at full tilt. An old, dog-eared copy of 'THE JOY OF SEX' lays open on top of his ever growing belly.

We PAN across the room to see Robin sitting up in bed, private tv plugs in her ears. She is wide awake, totally engrossed in a copy of 'TAKING THE 'MEN' OUT OF MENOPAUSE'. The screen RIPPLES...

DISSOLVING TO:

INT. TRACT-HOME - ENTRYWAY AFTERNOON

Mark, just home from a lousy day at the office, staggers tiredly through the front door. He wears a wrinkled suit and tie, briefcase in hand. A hint of grey is appearing at his temples.

As he enters the house a chorus of loud, crazed voices cry out:

KIDS (o.s.)

DAD'S HOME!

Instantly, before he can cringe, Mark is gang-tackled by a half dozen wild, screaming kids, knocking him right back out the door. The screen RIPPLES...

DISSOLVING TO:

INT. TRACT-HOME - LIVING ROOM NIGHT

Mark, his hair showing more grey than brown, sits in his old, beat-up La-Z-Boy recliner. He watches tv, the top button of his pants undone and a bottle of Maalox in his hand. He busily ignores the two teenage kids fighting at his feet.

Robin enters the room. She looks beautiful in her ritzy bowling outfit - the words 'ARNIE'S JEWELERS' printed in sequins across the back. She walks to the fireplace, a trophy in her hand.

ROBIN

(eagerly)

Guess what, darling? My team won first place in the 'Mom's Night Out Bowling Competition'. Isn't that wonderful?

Never looking away from the tv, Mark burps his congratulations. Robin clears a place on the mantle for her latest trophy, this one featuring the silver figure of a woman in a bathrobe and curlers showing a fine approach. The screen RIPPLES...

DISSOLVING TO:

INT. TRACT-HOME - BEDROOM NIGHT

Now in his early seventies, Mark lays feebly in bed, partially covered by an oxygen tent. He is surrounded by various I.V.'s, a kidney machine, a respirator, an E.K.G., and other medicinal machinery. On a tv-like screen in front of him he can watch his heart rate fluctuate.

Once again he stares hopefully toward the closed bathroom door. At the sound of the toilet flushing he perks up as well as someone with sixty tubes in his body can manage. The door opens and out steps Robin, looking terrific in her oriental silk pajamas. She has aged remarkably well, looking a good twenty years younger than Mark.

An expectant expression on his face, Mark watches Robin as she walks across the room. The E.K.G. and respirator machines speed up noticeably in the background as she passes by.

Climbing into her bed, Robin finally notices Mark's intense gaze. She sighs, reaching for a book.

ROBIN

Not tonight dear - I have a headache.

The screen RIPPLES...

DISSOLVING TO:

INT. TRACT-HOME - LIVING ROOM DAY

Mark's cracking, run-down La-Z-Boy recliner is conspicuously empty. The television screen is dark. No kids fight at the foot of the chair. The room is vacant. And quiet.

Robin enters the room. Wearing a black jogging suit and veil, she carries a large trophy-like urn. Moving to the fireplace, she somberly places the urn in an honored spot among her trophies. She stares sadly at the urn, then turns to leave - grabbing her golf bag as she exits the room.

We MOVE IN CLOSE to the urn, finally able to make out the inscription. It reads:

MARK KENDALL

1966 - 2043

"NOT MUCH HAPPENED..."

PULLING BACK from the urn, we find ourselves in...

EXT. CREEPY GRAVEYARD NIGHT

The Countess and Mark sit on his bed in the middle of a strange, misty graveyard. The fireplace and mantelpiece stand at the foot of the bed like a monolith. The Countess turns to Mark self-confidently.

COUNTESS

See what you have to look forward to,
Mark? Just another trophy on the
mantle.

Mark seems shaken, his voice unsteady.

MARK

Why are you doing this to me?

COUNTESS

Let's just say I'm a sucker for young
boys.

Mark glares at her sullenly.

MARK

I'll never go with you.

The Countess coolly starts to peel the banana. Slow and easy.

COUNTESS

You have to accept it, Mark - you're
changing. It's not a bad feeling.
You may not be too attractive lately;
You're dehydrated, you'll hallucinate
a little, mirrors hurt your eyes. Think
of it as a second puberty.

Mark attempts to stare her down defiantly.

MARK

I'm going to fight you.

The Countess speaks patiently as she finishes peeling the banana.

COUNTESS

You'll just cause yourself a lot of
unnecessary pain. It's not so terrible
being a vampire. Just let it happen.

MARK

Or what?

COUNTESS

Or face the consequences.

She bites down hard on the banana.

QUICK CUT TO:

INT. MARK'S BEDROOM MORNING

Mark wakes violently, sitting bolt upright in bed, sweat pouring
down his face. Eyes wide, he cries out:

MARK

OW!!!