

FRIGHT NIGHT

Written by
Tom Holland

FINAL READING DRAFT
October 30, 2020

CAST

Amanda Bearse	Amy Peterson
Rosario Dawson	Miss Nina Female Newscaster Girl Woman's Voice
Art Evans	Lieutenant Lennox
Dorothy Fielding	Judy Brewster
Stephen Geoffreys	Evil Ed Thompson
Mark Hamill	Peter Vincent
Chris Hendrie	Jonathan Male Newscaster Cook Bouncer #1 Man's Voice
Tom Holland	Announcer
Ben McKenzie	Narrator
Jason Patric	Moderator
William Ragsdale	Charley Brewster
Chris Sarandon	Jerry Dandrige
Jonathan Stark	Billy Cole

FADE IN:

EXT. FULL MOON - NIGHT

Clouds obscure the starless heavens for a moment, heavy and ominous in the black firmament. Then suddenly they clear, exposing a full moon streaked with red like a killer's face, a stalking moon staring down at man's evil on the earth below.

A HOWL breaks the night, a wolf pursuing its prey perhaps, or perhaps something much, much worse.

JONATHAN (O.S.)
What was that?

MISS NINA (O.S.)
Just a child of the night,
Jonathan.

EXT. RANCHO CORVALLIS - NIGHT

We pan from a darkened middling size town, lost somewhere in the Southwest, down a darkened typical middle class suburban street.

Continuing past several houses. One large, old, foreboding, its windows dark and vacant, a 'For Sale' sign on the lawn with a "Sold" sign just beneath it. The other smaller home next to it, in sharp contrast to the first house, newly painted, its lawn neatly shorn.

We push in closer on the smaller home, searching for the source of the voices

MISS NINA (O.S.)
Come, sit here beside me on the
veranda.

JONATHAN (O.S.)
It's chilly out here.

MISS NINA (O.S.)
Oh, no, it isn't. It's beautiful.
I love the night so.

JONATHAN (O.S.)
I've never seen you look so
beautiful before, Nina. So pale,
so luminescent, so -

We push in closer on the smaller home, searching for the source of the voices CONTINUING up and through the second floor window.

MISS NINA (O.S.)

Yes?

JONATHAN (O.S.)

Your lips are so red.

MISS NINA (O.S.)

Are they? Would you like to kiss them?

The sound of a long drawn out kiss.

JONATHAN (O.S.)

Why are you looking at me so strangely, Nina?

We pass the billowing drapes to find ourselves staring at a TV, the flickering screen the only light in the room.

INT. BREWSTER HOUSE - CHARLEY'S ROOM - NIGHT

One of those AIF/Hammer type horror films is on the tube, a woman, obviously a vampire, talking to one of those vapid juveniles.

MISS NINA

Not you, Jonathan. Your neck. Has anyone ever told you it was beautiful?

JONATHAN

No.

MISS NINA

Come, lay your head on my breast.

The young man rests his head against her, incredibly enough, unaware that she is bending toward his neck with huge fangs.

Just as she is about to sink them into his jugular, a tall, saturnine man steps out of the darkness, wearing a rather daffy Victorian suit. He opens his vampire kit slung over his shoulder and grabs a crucifix, mallet and wooden stake, holding the crucifix dramatically in front of him. This man is PETER VINCENT.

PETER

Stop, you creature of the night!

Miss Nina hisses.

MISS NINA

Who are you who interrupts my
nightly feeding?

PETER

I am Peter Vincent, Vampire Killer!

He rushes her, the stake held high to plunge into her breast.

MISS NINA

Keep away! Keep away from me!

We turn away from the TV as the sounds of the movie cross
fade with the sounds of heavy breathing.

CHARLEY BREWSTER and AMY PETERSEN, two sixteen-year old's are
on the floor, wedged between the bed and the window and
making out like crazy.

ANNOUNCER

And now your host, Peter Vincent.

The horror movie has faded out to be replaced by the interior
of a local TV studio, a tacky graveyard the centerpiece, the
visage of Peter Vincent, much older now, rising out of a
cheap, wooden coffin, fills the screen.

PETER

This is Peter Vincent, bringing you
Fright Night Theatre.

Charley, totally oblivious to the TV, works on Amy's bra,
trying to get it undone. Amy tries to distract him.

AMY

Charley, Peter Vincent's on.

CHARLEY

Forget Peter Vincent.

AMY

But you love him.

CHARLEY

(vampire voice)
But I love you more.

Amy giggles as once again as Charley moves in.

AMY

Charley, stop it.

PETER

Tonight's journey into horror is "Blood Castle". It is one of my favorites. And for a very good reason. I star in it.

He laughs over-dramatically as Charley finally gets Amy's bra undone.

AMY

Charley, I said stop it!

Charley jumps up, standing by the window.

CHARLEY

Damn it, Amy, give me a break!
We've been going together almost a year and all I ever hear is "Charley, stop it"!

The sounds of Fright Night Theater breaks the silence.

CHARLEY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, Amy.

AMY

Me, too. I'm just scared, that's all.

Charley nods as she moves to him at the open window and steps into his arms, kissing him as she never has before. She breaks and looks into his eyes.

AMY (CONT'D)

(softly)

Let's get into bed.

CHARLEY

You mean it?

They kiss, the two of them slowly turning, Charley facing the window, to the side yard next-door, over Amy's shoulder.

There, below, he sees two shadowy figures carrying what looks very much like a coffin toward the cellar doors of the house next-door. Amy slips out of his arms and onto the bed. She starts to take off her blouse. He has his binoculars up and glued to the weird scene outside his window as Amy lays uncomfortably back on the bed, looking up at him.

AMY

Charley, I'm ready.

The figures are too dark to make out clearly, but they are JERRY DANRIGE and BILLY COLE.

CHARLEY
(ignoring her)
Amy, you're not going to believe this, but there are two guys out in the yard below. And I think they're carrying a coffin.

Amy looks at the TV to see a similar scene of some men carrying a coffin through a fog shrouded landscape.

AMY
Sure, and they're on the moors, right?

CHARLEY
Amy, I'm serious.

AMY
So am I. Do you want to make love or not?

The two figures below having gotten the cellar doors open, carry the coffin into the basement of the house.

CHARLEY
Amy, quick, come here, you've got to see this.

The bedroom door slams shut. He whirls to find her gone. Charley runs out and scrambles down the stairs after her.

CHARLEY (CONT'D)
Amy!
(then)
Okay, maybe it wasn't a coffin, but I did see two guys carrying something into that house!

AMY
I don't understand you. First you want to make love and then you don't!

They reach the bottom of the stairs only to have a voice from the living room stop them.

JUDY
Amy? Charley? What's wrong?

They stop, turning to stare through the doorway at Charley's mother, JUDY BREWSTER, sitting in the living room watching the ten o'clock news.

CHARLEY

Ah, nothing, Mom.

JUDY

Come in here, you two.

LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

JUDY

Are you kids having a lovers spat?

CHARLEY

(embarrassed)

No, Mom, nothing like that.

JUDY

Well, there's nothing wrong with it. It says right here the divorce rate is seventy-six-percent higher among couples who don't argue before marriage.

CHARLEY

Mom, we're in high school.

JUDY

Well, it never hurts to plan ahead.

(then)

Oh, Amy, will you remind your mother we are playing poker at her house this weekend?

AMY

Yes, Mrs. Brewster.

(to Charley)

Well, good night, Charley.

CHARLEY

(absently)

Yeah, good night.

He moves toward the window that stares out at the house next-door.

AMY

Good night, Mrs. Brewster.

JUDY

Goodnight, Amy. Thanks for helping Charley with his homework.

AMY

Anytime.

(then)

See you tomorrow, Charley.

He continues to stare out the window. Amy turns and stomps out of the room, the front door slamming behind her.

JUDY

Charley, that wasn't very nice, not walking Amy to the front door.

CHARLEY

Mom, there are people next-door.

JUDY

Oh, I guess the new owner is moving in.

CHARLEY

What new owner?

JUDY

Didn't I tell you? Bob Hopkins said he finally got rid of the place.

CHARLEY

Who'd he sell it to?

JUDY

I don't know. Some fellow who fixes up houses for a living. Supposed to be very attractive, though. I just hope whoever he is, he knows what he's getting into with this house. It's going to take a lot of work just to make it livable.

We leave them behind, pushing in tighter and tighter on the TV Judy was watching, their voices replaced by the newscaster.

MALE NEWSCASTER

And now for the local news. A man was found murdered tonight behind the railroad yards. Details are pending awaiting notification of next of kin -

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Kids are flooding out of the classrooms as Charley comes out of one of them, holding a test paper.

Another kid comes out right behind him, holding a test paper with a big A+ on it. It's EVIL ED THOMPSON.

EVIL ED

Thank you Mr. Smith, have a good weekend.

CHARLEY

The bastard. Why didn't he tell us he was going to spring a pop quiz?

EVIL ED

Well, that's the point to a pop quiz, Brewster, to surprise you.

CHARLEY

Thanks, Teach.

Suddenly, Amy charges between them, pushing them apart and disappearing into the crowd.

CHARLEY (CONT'D)

Hey, Amy. Amy!

EVIL ED

She finally found out what you're really like?

CHARLEY

Buzz off, Evil.

EVIL ED

Call me anything you want. Only you're the one failing trig, not me.

He walks off.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Charley pulls his red beater '68 Mustang into the driveway, He gets out carrying his schoolbooks and heads for the front door. Just as he bends down to pick up the evening paper a cab pulls up and a GIRL gets out.

Charley stops cold; she is definitely one of the most spectacular women he's ever seen.

She smiles at him, looking like a little girl lost.

GIRL

Oh. Is this ninety-nine Oak?

CHARLEY

No. No, it's next-door.

GIRL

(smiling)

Oh, thanks.

Charley watches the girl disappear into the Dandridge house with a low whistle of appreciation.

INT. BREWSTER HOUSE - DINING ROOM - DAY

Judy is setting the table for dinner.

CHARLEY

Hey, Mom?

JUDY

Yeah, I'm in here.

CHARLEY

Have you seen the new guy next-door yet?

JUDY

No, but I did hear he's got a live-in carpenter. With my luck, probably gay.

CHARLEY

(smiling secretly)

No, I don't think so.

JUDY

Why, what do you know that I don't?

CHARLEY

Oh, nothing. I got to go study. I'll see you later.

He cuts a beeline for his room.

JUDY

Study? You?

DISSOLVE TO:

CHARLEY'S ROOM - NIGHT

He's hard at work at his desk, when over his shoulder a light comes on behind the drawn shade of the bedroom window of the house next-door.

Suddenly a WOMAN'S SCREAM, high-pitched and terrified, shatters the night. Charley whirls, sending his books crashing to the floor, staring out his window at the lit window in the Dandrige house. The light snaps out, darkness blanking the entire wall of the Dandrige house.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FAST FOOD JOINT - DAY

It's the after-school hangout, a bunch of tables. Rock music playing in the background. Kids mill about, a TV blaring on the counter.

Charley sits at in a booth trying to study as Amy quietly slips in across from him.

AMY

Hi.

CHARLEY

(looking up at her,
startled)

Hi.

(recovering)

Look, I'm really sorry about the other night.

AMY

Oh, it was my fault, not yours.

CHARLEY

It was?

(then)

Look, Amy, I love you. I never want to fight with you again, okay?

AMY

(smiling)

I'm so glad we're getting this straightened out. I've been miserable the last two days. You don't know what it's been like -

Over her shoulder he suddenly sees on the TV a picture of a girl who looks very much like the one he saw going into the Dandrige house.

FEMALE NEWSCASTER

- the second victim, whose body was found early this morning was a known prostitute.

AMY

... not talking to you on the phone.

(then)

Charley, are you listening to me?

He gets up and walks to the TV, staring up at it as the newscaster's voice runs over the picture of the girl.

FEMALE NEWSCASTER

She was positively identified as Cheryl Lane. The badly mutilated corpse was found under the North Creek Bridge by the Old Mill. As yet the police have no leads.

Evil Ed steps up beside him.

EVIL ED

Charley, you know what I heard on the police band last night?

CHARLEY

What?

EVIL ED

That wasn't the only murder. It's the second in two days.

(gleefully)

And get this. Both of 'em had their heads chopped off. Can you believe it?

CHARLEY

(staring at him)

You're sick.

Amy grabs a burger from a kid and approaches Charley.

AMY

Charley?

He turns and she grinds the chiliburger into his face and stomps off, leaving him standing there, his face dripping with chili, onions, and burger.

EVIL ED
(cackling)
Oh, you're so cool, Brewster. I
can't stand it.

EXT. BREWSTER HOUSE - DAY

Charley parks his Mustang in the backyard and heads toward the back door. He stops, sets down his books and studies the Dandrige house, looming over him.

INT. DANDRIGE HOUSE - BASEMENT - DAY

Billy Cole is painting over a basement window, when he sees Charley slowly walking toward the house.

EXT. BREWSTER AND DANDRIGE HOUSES - DAY

Charley walks the distance to the storm doors, stopping above them, staring down at the handles. One quick glance around tells him the Dandrige house is deserted. He bends down and grabs the handles and starts to pull.

BILLY
Hey, kid! What're you doing?

Charley jerks up, letting the doors THUNK home. There on the front porch stands Billy Cole. He's big and solid, a threatening grin on his face.

CHARLEY
Nothin'.

BILLY
Oh, yeah? Well, just make sure
that it stays that way...kid.

A terrified Charley turns and runs back to his house as Billy watches him go.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DANDRIGE HOUSE - NIGHT

The two houses sit side by side. The Dandrige house has changed although it's hard to say exactly how. It just seems worse than before. More abandoned, more hulking, more... dead.

INT. CHARLEY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Charley has the house next-door staked out. He sits in a chair before his window, only a cheap horror film flickering on the TV. He brings his binoculars up to stare at the dark window of the house next-door.

DISSOLVE TO:

CHARLEY'S ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

The TV is flickering snow now. Charley is now sound asleep, breathing deeply.

Groggily he sits up to find himself staring into the lit window of the bedroom next-door.

He can see clearly into the room as a beautiful, young girl with alabaster skin and chestnut hair stands, framed in the window, slowly taking her blouse off.

She undoes her bra, letting it fall to the floor, leaving her bare breasted.

Jerry Dandrige steps out of the shadows behind the girl, sweeping her hair back, exposing her tender, young neck as he slowly leans down as though to kiss her.

Jerry's upper lip slowly begins to pull back, revealing just the hint of fangs, long, razor sharp, and sparkling pearly white in the moonlight.

Suddenly, Jerry stops, the fangs poised an inch above the girl's throat. He slowly raises his head, staring out the window into Charley's bedroom.

Charley gasps in horror as he retreats into the darkness of his room as Jerry slowly walks to the window, never breaking his gaze with Charley, reaches up and slowly pulls down the shade, revealing long claw-like fingers.

The binoculars slip from Charley's hand, crashing to the floor, and he whirls around, racing out of the room.

JUDY'S ROOM - NIGHT

He bursts through the door to find his mother, sound asleep in bed.

CHARLEY

Mom, you got to get up. Mom, I
can't believe what's happening next-
door.

JUDY

(staring up at her son
sleepily)
What, what, what? What are you
talking about?

CHARLEY

He has fangs. The guy who bought
the house has fangs!

JUDY

Oh, fangs, that's lovely Charley.
I have to get up at seven tomorrow.

He hears a car door slam in the yard next-door and jumps to
the window, peering out into the back of the Dandrige house
just in time to see Billy Cole walking away from a shiny new
black Cherokee Jeep, its back door left open. Charley dashes
out of the room.

JUDY (CONT'D)

Fangs? Charley -

Charley pounds down the stairs and flies down the hall toward
the backdoor.

EXT. BREWSTER AND DANDRIGE HOUSES - NIGHT

Charley slips out his back door and through the darkness into
the adjoining yard.

There, among a clump of bushes, he crouches down. Suddenly
the back door to the Dandrige house opens and Billy comes out
carrying a large bundle in a plastic trash bag over his
shoulder.

He dumps it in the back of the Jeep as suddenly there is a
terrific whoosh over Charley's head, the beating of large
wings above causing the bushes around him to bend and sway.

Charley lifts his head, peering about to see a shape step out
of the darkness. It's Jerry Dandrige.

He glides toward the Jeep, tossing Billy a woman's purse.

JERRY

You forgot something.

Billy one-hands it out of the air as Jerry take a juicy bite of an apple. Just then the back door to Charley's house opens, sending a shaft of light into the darkness. Judy Brewster stands in the doorway.

JUDY

Charley?

Jerry and Billy freeze, both of them whirling around to look at the Brewster house.

JUDY (CONT'D)

Charley!

Jerry takes a step forward, his eyes probing the murky blackness.

He tosses the apple, landing directly in front of Charley.

As Jerry take a few steps in his direction, a terrified Charley suddenly leaps to his feet and races back into his house, pushing Judy back through the door and running in. Billy steps forward to follow the boy but Jerry puts out a hand, stopping him.

INT. BREWSTER HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Charley sits at the kitchen table, his mother putting a cup of hot cocoa on the table.

JUDY

This microwave never melts the marshmallows right. Drink that.

CHARLEY

(frustrated)

Mom, I don't need hot cocoa. I didn't have a nightmare. They did kill a girl over there.

JUDY

How late did you stay up studying?

CHARLEY

Mom, I'm not sick. The guy did have fangs and a bat did fly over my head and a second later he stepped out of the shadows. Don't you see what that means?

JUDY

Wait, let me guess. What?

CHARLEY
He's a vampire.

JUDY
(staring at him
incredulously)
A what?!

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. AMY'S HOUSE - DAY

AMY
A what?!

CHARLEY
A vampire, damnit! Haven't you
listened to anything I've said?

AMY
Charley, is this some sort of a
trick to get me back?

CHARLEY
Forget it, I'm going to the police.

AMY
Charley, you can't go to the police
with a story like that. They'll
lock you up.

CHARLEY
All right, then I won't tell them
it's a vampire. But I sure as hell
am going to tell them about the two
women!

AMY
Charley. Charley?

He slams out the back door.

EXT. STREET - DAY

A police car pulls up in front of the Dandrige house. Charley
in a red Mustang right behind him. Charlie exits his car and
runs to LIEUTENANT DETECTIVE LENNOX.

LT. LENNOX
You sure about this now?

Charley nods and the cop turns and heads toward the house, Charley following.

EXT. DANDRIGE HOUSE - DAY

Lt. Lennox knocks on the door and the door opens, revealing Billy Cole.

BILLY

Yes.

LT. LENNOX

Mr. Dandrige?

BILLY

Uh, no. No, I'm his roommate, Billy Cole.

LT. LENNOX

(flashing his badge)

Lieutenant Lennox, homicide. Mind if we come in?

BILLY

No, not at all. Come on in.

INT. DANDRIGE HOUSE - DAY

The house is a mess of moving boxes and heavy Victorian furniture scattered everywhere, a number of the pieces still under white dust covers. Clocks line one wall, none of them working, all set at six PM.

LT. LENNOX

This is quite a place you have here.

BILLY

Yeah, we're restoring it.

LT. LENNOX

Where is Mr. Dandrige?

BILLY

He's away on business. Is there anything I can help you with?

LT. LENNOX

There was a murder last night. Charley lives next-door, thinks he saw the victim in this house.

BILLY

(amused)

Well, that's impossible. I was
here with Jerry all last night.
There was nobody else in the house.

Charley looks into a crate.

CHARLEY

That's a lie.

(nodding at Billy)

I saw him carry her body out in a
plastic bag.

LT. LENNOX

What do you say to that, Mr. Cole?

BILLY

The kid's obviously crazy, officer.
I did take some bags out last
night, but they were full of trash.

Pulling out packing material, Charley reveals an old painting
of a girl who looks just like Amy, only she's dressed for the
1700's.

CHARLEY

(to himself)

Amy?

BILLY

Here, let me show you -

CHARLEY

(stopping them)

Look, the bag I saw had a body in
it, not trash.

BILLY

You, uh, actually see the body,
Charley, hmm?

CHARLEY

Well, no, but -

BILLY

Okay.

(to Lennox)

Look, let me take you out back.
I'll show you the bags I put in the
garbage.

LT. LENNOX

Okay, let's see 'em -

CHARLEY
(stopping them)
Look I can prove he's lying! Let's
look in the basement instead.

LT. LENNOX
What's down there?

BILLY
(staring at Charley)
Yes, Charley, what's down there?

Billy stares Charley down.

BILLY (CONT'D)
Well, obviously the boy's made a
mistake, officer. You know how
kids -

CHARLEY
(bursting out with it)
A coffin! That's what's down
there, a coffin! I saw them carry
it in.

LT. LENNOX
(taken aback)
What?

CHARLEY
Yeah, and you'll find Jerry
Dandrige in it, sleeping the sleep
of the undead.

BILLY
Ooooo.

Billy laughs.

LT. LENNOX
For heaven-- What are you talking
about?

CHARLEY
He's a vampire.

BILLY
Uh-oh.

CHARLEY
I saw him in that room last night.
He had fangs and he bit her on the
neck.

Billy whistles and makes the sign of the cross.

LT. LENNOX
(thoroughly disgusted)
For heaven's sake.
(grabbing Charley and
hustling him toward the
front door)
C'mon -

CHARLEY
What are you talking about? Wait,
we can't just leave like this.

LT. LENNOX
I've got a coffin for you.

The cop pulls Charley out the door and hustles him down the walk.

EXT. STREET - DAY

CHARLEY
Lieutenant, please, please, listen
to me. I'm telling you, Jerry
Dandrige is a vampire!

LT. LENNOX
Sure, and I'm Dirty Harry.
(then)
Now, let me tell you something,
kid, if I ever catch your ass down
at the station house again, I'm
throwing it in jail. Forever!

CHARLEY
Lieutenant, please, come on, just
listen to me for a sec!

Lennox hops in his car, slamming the door behind him as Charley hovers by the window.

CHARLEY (CONT'D)
Look, I know it's crazy, I know
that but... Lieutenant!

The car roars away as Charley hears footsteps on the upper porch of the Dandrige house and whirls to find himself staring at Billy Cole, looking back at him.

Charley slowly backs away from him toward his car and glances up at the sky overhead. The light is beginning to fade. He checks his watch, it's four in the afternoon.

He looks back at Billy Cole then leaps into his car and tears off down the street.

INT. EVIL ED'S ROOM - DAY

Evil Ed sits at his desk, hand painting a monster model of a ghoul. Evil's room is a veritable museum of horror, movie posters of Frankenstein, Dracula, and the Wolf Man dotting the wall, the shelves full of monsters and models, the floor littered with horror comics.

Charley barges in and skids to a halt.

CHARLEY

Evil! Evil!

EVIL ED

And to what do I owe this dubious pleasure?

CHARLEY

The vampire knows that I know about him. Or at least he will when he wakes up tonight.

EVIL ED

(chuckling)

What are you talking about?

CHARLEY

I have a vampire living next-door to me and he's going to kill me if I don't protect myself.

EVIL ED

(laughing)

What?

CHARLEY

Come on, Evil, I haven't got time to explain. Just tell me what to do to protect myself.

EVIL ED

Very funny, Brewster.

CHARLEY

Evil, please, I'm not kidding. Tell me what to do.

EVIL ED

Don't call me 'Evil' anymore. Why should I help you anyway?

CHARLEY
(offering money)
Look, I've got eight bucks. Help
me and it's yours.

Evil Ed sweeps the money into his pocket.

EVIL ED
Far be it from me to turn down a
fool's money. Now, where and when
do you expect the vampire to
attack?

CHARLEY
In my bedroom. Tonight.

Evil Ed pulls a dime store cross from his desk.

EVIL ED
Start with this. But you must have
total faith in it for it to work.
Then get some garlic, links of the
stuff you can wear around your neck
and hang from your window. If he
comes for you that'll be the way.
Then, of course, there's holy
water. But you gotta get a priest
to say a blessing over it first.

CHARLEY
That's it?

EVIL ED
I'm afraid so. Your best
protection right now, Charles, is
that a vampire cannot enter your
house without being invited by the
rightful owner first.

CHARLEY
You sure about that?

EVIL ED
Positive.

CHARLEY
Thank you, thank you.

Charley runs out.

INT. CHARLEY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Charley finishes nailing shut his window then steps back and tests the it. It's secure.

JUDY (O.S.)
Charley, could you come down here a
minute, please. There's someone
I'd like you to meet.

CHARLEY
Yeah, Mom!

LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

He walks into the living room to find his mother standing there, a drink in her hand.

JUDY
Charley, this is our next-door
neighbor, Jerry Dandrige.

Charley freezes. Jerry sitting in a chair, rises to revealing himself.

JERRY
Hello, Charley.

Charley just stares at him in horror.

JUDY
Well, Charley, don't be rude, shake
hands.

Charley slowly moves to Jerry and takes his hand, shaking it as one would the hand of a recently disinterred corpse.

CHARLEY
What's he doing here?

JUDY
I invited him over for a drink.

CHARLEY
(stone cold horrified)
What?!

JUDY
(taken aback)
Invited him over. Why?

JERRY

What's the matter, Charley? Afraid
I'd never come over without being
invited first?

Jerry and Judy laugh.

JERRY (CONT'D)

You're right. You're quite right.
Of course, now that I've been made
welcome, I'll probably drop by
quite a bit.

(then)

In fact, anytime I feel like it.

(then, turning back to

Judy)

With your mother's kind permission,
of course.

JUDY

(enraptured with him)

Oh, Jerry, anytime. It's so nice
someone interesting has finally
moved into the neighborhood.

Charley backs away, terrified.

JUDY (CONT'D)

Charley, are you all right?

CHARLEY

Yeah, fine. I've just got to get
back to my trig, that's all.

JERRY

Nice to meet you, Charley. See ya.
Soon.

Charley bolts out of room, falling over furniture and
pounding up the stairway.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DANDRIGE HOUSE - NIGHT

The old house wrapped in fog as the wind whips around its
eaves. That foreboding feeling has now turned to evil.

INT. BREWSTER HOUSE - JUDY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Judy is sound asleep, a sleeping mask over her eyes.

Darkness and silence, and nothing else but moonlight spilling through the window at the far end of the hall. Then the sound of wings as a shadow crosses.

Charley is sound asleep in his room, holding his cross, suddenly jolted awake by the sound of footsteps on the roof. He jumps up, listening to the sound of someone, or something, walking.

HALLWAY - NIGHT

He peers around the corner. Nothing. He tiptoes to the top of the stairs and looks around the living room. Nothing but shadows. Then he hears it, a noise from the floor below. It sounds like fingernails scratching across glass. He creeps down the stairs, then he sees it, the source of the scratching sound. A tree branch, caressed by the wind as it's blown back and forth across a pane of glass. Charley breathes a sigh of relief.

JUDY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Jerry Dandrige stands above Judy, an open window behind him, staring down at her sleeping peacefully in her bed. He glides across the room past Judy's bureau, past the wall mirror without leaving a reflection and out the door with unnatural silence.

HALLWAY - NIGHT

Jerry closes the door behind him, giving it a sharp tug that dislodges it from its hinges then moves across the hall toward the open door to Charley's bedroom, entering while he whistles 'Strangers in the Night'.

Charley walks down the hall and disappears into his own room.

He shuts the door softly behind him, notices a light in the Dandrige house opposite his room, which turns off. As he watches for any activity, the closet door opens silently behind him revealing Jerry Dandrige. Charley quickly turns to find himself facing Jerry. The vampire's hand whips out with blinding speed and seizes him by the throat.

JERRY

Now, we wouldn't want to wake your mother, would we, Charley?

(smiling)

Then I'd have to kill her, too.

Right?

Jerry flings the boy the length of the room with inhuman strength, slamming him into the closet. Charley slips to the floor, all the air knocked out of him. Jerry reaches down and grabs the boy by the throat, pulling him up to face him.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Do you realize how much trouble
you've caused me? Spying on me,
almost disturbing my sleep this
afternoon. Telling policemen about
me!

He slams him against the opposite wall, Charley's legs dangling several feet above the floor, kicking.

JERRY (CONT'D)

You deserve to die, boy.

(then)

Of course, I could give you
something I don't have... a choice.
Forget about me, Charley. Forget
about me and I'll forget about you.
What do you say, Charley?

Charley reaches in his pocket and whips out his cross, holding it up to thrust in Dandrige's face. Jerry's other hand snaps out and grabs Charley by the wrist, holding the hand with the cross and beginning to apply pressure.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Fool.

Jerry tightens his grip as Charley writhes in agony, the cross slipping from his fingers and falling to the floor.

Jerry easily flicks off the lock and yanks up the nailed window.

He begins to slowly push Charley out the window. The boy cranes his neck, glancing over his shoulder. The hard ground is a good thirty feet below. He turns back to the vampire, fighting for a handhold, grabbing the window frame with one hand, trying to keep himself from falling. His fingers begin to slip as he searches desperately for a handhold. From a nearby dresser he grabs a picture of Amy, pulling it out the window as it falls to the fence below, skewering itself on a pointed slat. Jerry continues his assault as Charley's fingers find a pencil and he slams the point down through Jerry's hand.

Jerry wails in pain as he whirls away from him, the pencil protruding from the back of his hand.

He grabs and pulls it out then turning back to Charley, his face is no longer human, letting out an unearthly scream that blows Charley back against the wall.

JUDY (O.S.)
(knocking)
Charley? Charley. Can you hear me?

Jerry's head whips back and forth between the door to the hall and Charley.

JUDY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Charley, is that you? Charley, my door is stuck.

The vampire whirls, and runs out. The curtains blowing wildly, the sound of powerful wings beating away into the night air.

JUDY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Charley!

Charley runs into the hallway, looks out the window into the night then slams it shut to find Judy stumbling out of her room.

JUDY (CONT'D)
Charley, what is going on?

CHARLEY
Oh, nothing, I just had a nightmare.

JUDY
Oh.
(gasps)
You know, I had one last night. It was awful. I was at this white sale and I suddenly realized I was stark naked.

They both hear a crash from outside his window.

JUDY (CONT'D)
Now what is it?

Charley grabs her, gently pushing her back.

CHARLEY
Nothing, nothing, just raccoons in the garbage again. Why don't you go back to sleep?

JUDY

But, sweetie, what about your
nightmare? Do you want a Valium?

CHARLEY

I'll be fine now, honest.

JUDY

Well, I do need my sleep. I start
the night shift tomorrow. Three o'
clock in the morning, it's so bad
for my complexion.

CHARLEY

Night, Mom.

He pushes her through her bedroom door and closes it. Then
goes to the window and checks. Nothing out there.

CHARLEY'S ROOM - NIGHT

He clicks on the TV as he paces, the room, lost in thought.
It's Fright Night Theater again. He's about to lean over and
turn it off when the PHONE suddenly RINGS by his side.

He picks up the receiver and just listens.

INT. DANDRIGE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Blood slowly drips into a bowl of water as we PAN UP to see
the source of it. It's Jerry's bloody hand.

JERRY

I know you're there, Charley. I
can see you.

Charley slowly turns, staring out his window. There, in the
window of the house next-door, stands Jerry, the phone to his
ear, staring back at Charley.

JERRY (CONT'D)

What's the matter Charley? Scared?
You started this Charley and I'm
gonna finish it.

Billy kneels at his side, solicitously bandaging his injured
hand.

JERRY (CONT'D)

I just destroyed your car, Charley.
But that's nothing compared to what
I'm going to do to you. Tomorrow
night.

He hangs up, slowly drawing the shade, blanking out the lit window.

ANNOUNCER

And once again your host, Peter
Vincent.

Charley hangs up the phone. On the TV, the horror flick dissolves as Peter Vincent comes on.

PETER (V.O.)

Good evening, horror fans. Did you
know there are a lot of people who
do not believe in vampires? But I
do because I know they exist. I
have fought them in all their
guises.

Charley straightens, his gaze suddenly riveted to the screen.

PETER

Man, wolves, bats. And I have
always won! That is why they call
me The Great Vampire Killer.

(dramatic pause)

Now, watch me do it -

The horror flick resumes, a much younger Peter flinging open a coffin to reveal its sleeping contents, then staking it through the heart, blood spattering his face.

CHARLEY

(to himself)

Go, Peter. Go!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STUDIO ENTRANCE - DAY

Charley paces back and forth as a dejected Peter Vincent comes out of the studio dressed in his street clothes, his vampire kit slung over his shoulder, heading toward his car as Charley runs to meet him.

CHARLEY

Mr. Vincent!

Peter ignores him and keeps walking.

CHARLEY (CONT'D)

Mr. Vincent, could I talk to you a minute?

(nothing from Peter)

Please, Mr. Vincent, it's very, very important.

PETER

(stopping)

What do you want me to sign?

CHARLEY

(confused)

Pardon me?

PETER

Well, you do want my autograph, don't you?

CHARLEY

No. No, sir, I was curious about what you said last night on TV. You know, about believing in vampires.

PETER

What about it?

CHARLEY

Were you serious?

PETER

Well, absolutely.

(then)

Unfortunately, none of your generation seems to be.

CHARLEY

What do you mean?

PETER

I have just been fired because nobody wants to see vampire killers anymore. Or vampires either. Apparently all they want are demented madmen running around in ski masks hacking up young virgins. Now, if you'll excuse me -

CHARLEY

I believe in vampires!

PETER

(softly)

That's nice. If only there'd been a few more of you perhaps my ratings would have been higher.

CHARLEY

In fact I have one living next-door to me. Would you help me kill him?

PETER

(stopping him)

Pardon me?

CHARLEY

You know the murder of that girl that happened a few days ago?

PETER

Yes.

CHARLEY

The guy who lives next-door to me did it... and he's a vampire.

PETER

If this is your idea of a joke, I am not amused.

CHARLEY

(grabbing him)

Mr. Vincent, I'm not joking. I'm deadly serious.

Peter stares at him for a beat and decides Charley's crazy.

PETER

Well, if you will excuse me -

CHARLEY

But, Mr. Vincent, you have to believe me! I'm telling the truth! Come on, you just said you believed in vampires!

PETER

(sharply)

I lied! Now, if you'll leave me alone.

CHARLEY

(pleading)

Please, you have to listen to me.

(MORE)

CHARLEY (CONT'D)

The vampire tried to kill me last night and trashed my car when he didn't succeed. Now, he's gonna be back after me tonight, Mr. Vincent, and if I don't get help, he's going to kill me!

Peter shoves him aside, hopping into his car, quickly locking the door behind him. As he starts the engine, Charley beats on the window.

CHARLEY (CONT'D)

Mr. Vincent, Mr. Vincent please just listen to me for a second!

Peter hauls ass out of the lot and disappears down the street.

CHARLEY (CONT'D)

No wait! Mr. Vincent, wait!

RECAP ACT I

PETER VINCENT (MARK HAMILL)

Well, you can't blame me, can you? Would you believe such a story? Of course not. Vampires? Pawsh, such silliness. They don't exist. Of course, I'd never tell any of my fans that. After all, I am Peter Vincent, the Great Vampire Hunter. I'm a great actor and actors have to maintain the illusion of being the character they play in the movies. No matter what I do, I can't disappoint my fans. Ever.

FEMALE NEWSCASTER (ROSARIO DAWSON)

And now, for a recap of today's news: Yesterday a man was found murdered behind the railroad yards and today a badly mutilated corpse was found under the North Creek Bridge by the Old Mill. As yet the police have no leads.

(slight pause)

What's that, Fred? We're off the air? I can't believe this, two murders in two days in Rancho Corvallis where nothing ever happens. And both of them were decapitated. What is going on? What, what, what?

NARRATOR (JACK DANIEL)

A good question, isn't it? I'm as anxious as you to find out. And now for Act Two -- of Fright Night, as Jerry Dandrige says, "For Real."

EXT. BREWSTER HOUSE - DAY

Amy rides up on her moped just as Evil Ed starts up the front walk toward Charley's house.

AMY

What are you doing here?

EVIL ED

Me? What about you? I thought you just dumped him.

AMY

What I'm doing here is none of your business.

EVIL ED

Oh, so you do like him!

INT. CHARLEY'S ROOM - DAY

Amy and Evil Ed walk through the door and stop.

The room has been transformed from a normal, happy kid's room into armed camp for a vampire assault.

The window is nailed shut, candles on every available surface, strands of garlic hang from windows. Dime store crosses and crucifixes are everywhere.

Charley sits at his desk, whittling a stake from a slat of fence, a hammer by his side.

EVIL ED

(staring around)

What's all this for?

CHARLEY

Self-defense. Not that I think I'll need it. He'll be dead before nightfall.

AMY

(exchanging worried glances with Evil Ed)

Who will be?

CHARLEY

Dandrige, I'm waiting for the guy
he lives with to leave, then I'm
just going to go next-door, find
his coffin, and pound this through
his heart.

AMY

That's murder, Charley.

CHARLEY

You can't murder a vampire, Amy.
They're already dead, remember?
Listen, I just taped this.

He hits the play button on his tape deck and a local radio
newscast plays back.

EVIL ED

Amy, what are we gonna do? This is
just like 'Fright Night'.

MALE NEWSCASTER

And now for the two o'clock news.
Another body of a young woman was
discovered early this morning in
back of the Sheraton Mall -

CHARLEY

See that? I don't have any choice.
Somebody has to stop him.

AMY

(playing along)

Charley, it's going to be dangerous
going into that house all alone,
isn't it?

Charley nods.

AMY (CONT'D)

I mean, you're going to need all
the help you can get, right?
Somebody like Peter Vincent for
instance?

EVIL ED

Yeah!

CHARLEY

I tried him already. He said no.

AMY

Well, why don't you let us try again before you do anything?

CHARLEY

There's not enough time, Amy!

AMY

Well, what happens if you go into that house alone and he gets you? Who's going to stop him then?

EVIL ED

Yeah, then he'll be able to suck his way through the entire town. Not that it would be much of a loss.

AMY

(pushing him hard)
Charley, it's gonna be dark soon. And you don't want to go into that house then, do you?

CHARLEY

No. No, you're right there,
(a beat, then)
All right, try him again.

AMY

Great. Now, you promise you're not going to do anything till you hear from us, okay?

Charley nods.

AMY (CONT'D)

Come on, Evil.

CHARLEY

(stopping her)
Amy -
(she turns back)
You don't believe me, do you?

AMY

I love you, Charley.

EVIL ED (O.S.)

Hey, Amy, come on!

Amy hurries out of the room.

INT. PETER VINCENT'S APARTMENT - DAY

The place is small, but neat, the walls dotted with posters of his various movies, all in the horror genre, stretching back at least three decades.

Peter grabs a letter from his kitchen counter and examines it, an 'Order of Eviction'. Suddenly, there is a KNOCK at his door. He opens it to reveal Amy and Evil Ed.

PETER

Yes.

AMY

Mr. Vincent, could we talk to you for a moment?

PETER

Oh, well, I'm afraid now is not the best time.

AMY

Please. It's very important.

He stares at her, seeing the desperation in her eyes.

PETER

Well, if you would just wait there for one moment...

He steps back, closing the door behind him, doing a quick tidying up.

PETER (CONT'D)

I'll... Um... Come in.

(then)

Now, what can I do for you? An autograph perhaps or... ah perhaps an interview for your school newspaper?

AMY

I'm afraid this is much more important.

PETER

Oh, really? What could be more important than my autograph?

AMY

Saving a boy's life.

PETER

Oh, oh, yes, I can see where that could be more important. But, perhaps would you care to explain?

EVIL ED

You remember a fruitcake kid named Charley Brewster? He said he came to see you?

PETER

No.

AMY

He's the one who believes a vampire is living next-door to him?

PETER

Oh, yes. You know, he is insane.
(looking at Amy)
Oh, my dear, I do hope he's not a friend of yours.

EVIL ED

(maliciously)
Yeah, she's got the hots for the creep.

She punches him in the shoulder.

EVIL ED (CONT'D)

Amy!

AMY

(to Peter)
We need your help to stop him, Mr. Vincent. You see, he really does believe his next-door neighbor's a vampire. He's planning to kill him.

EVIL ED

(gleefully)
Yeah. With a stake through the heart.

PETER

Are you two serious?
(as Amy nods)
Oh, my dear, your friend needs a psychiatrist, not a vampire killer.

AMY
(begging)
Please, Mr. Vincent.

PETER
I'm afraid not.
(then, very theatrical)
You see, Hollywood beckons. I have
just been offered a starring role
in a major film. I've even had to
quit 'Fright Night'. So, you see -

AMY
(stopping him)
I'll give you money.

PETER
(quick as a wink)
How much?

AMY
I have a five-hundred-dollar
savings bond.

PETER
I'll take it.
(suddenly all charm)
Now, how are we going to cure your
little friend of this delusion?

EVIL ED
I got it all figured out. We all
go next-door to the neighbor and
ah, you perform some kind of
vampire test on him to pronounce
him human. You know, like in "Orgy
of the Damned", where you looked in
the mirror? The guy didn't have a
reflection and then you knew he was
a vampire.

PETER
(getting misty-eyed)
Ah, yes, that was one of my
favorite roles. Do you know, I
still have the prop.

He pulls out a mirrored cigarette case and flips it open.
Amy and Evil Ed smile. This will do just fine.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DANDRIGE HOUSE - NIGHT

All the clocks on the wall come to life in unison, ticking, signaling dusk has fallen and Jerry is awakening. The phone on the table, next to a bowl of fruit, RINGS as a hand reaches into frame and picks it up.

BILLY

Yes?

A door is heard creaking on the floor above. Jerry appears out of the darkness, slowly walking down the stairway.

BILLY (CONT'D)

It's for you.

Jerry takes the phone from him.

JERRY

Yes?

(he listens)

Yes, this is Jerry Dandrige.

(he listens some more)

I see. Well, yes, of course, I'm always willing to help young people. But I'm afraid that crosses are out of the question. You see, I've been... reborn recently.

Billy and Jerry smile.

PETER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

EVIL ED

(to Peter)

He's a reborn Christian. He thinks crosses would be sacrilegious.

PETER

Ask him how he feels about holy water?

EVIL ED

(back into the phone)

How about holy water?

(he listens, then back to Peter)

No, won't do either.

PETER

Tell him it's just ordinary tap water. All he has to do is sip it.

JERRY

(listening, then)

Yes, oh, yes, okay, that sounds fine. But don't bring him over until seven tonight. I'll be out until then.

He hangs up then turns to Billy.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Well... it seems we won't have to go out tonight after all. His friends are bringing him over at seven. To prove to him that I'm not a vampire.

He pops an orange slice into his mouth as they smile at their good fortune.

CUT TO:

EXT. DANDRIGE HOUSE - DUSK INTO NIGHT

Charley, Evil Ed, and Amy, stand in front of the house waiting as darkness slowly closes about them.

CHARLEY

It's six ten. He said he was gonna be here at six, right?

EVIL ED

Relax. He said he'd be here, he'll be here.

AMY

Here he comes!

The kids rush the car as Peter pulls up and Amy opens his door for him.

PETER

Oh, thank you.

Peter gets out of the car. He wears his vampire killer regalia, the Victorian suit.

PETER (CONT'D)

(laying it on with a trowel)

Ah, Charley Brewster, I presume?
Peter Vincent, Vampire Killer.

CHARLEY

Mr. Vincent, I can't tell you how much I appreciate this.

PETER

(to Amy and Evil Ed)
Good evening. Good evening.
(to Charley)
Now, down to business. Where is the lair of this suspected creature of the night?

CHARLEY

(pointing at the Dandrige house)
There.

PETER

(studying it)
Oh, yes, I see what you mean. There is a distinct possibility.

He produces a small crystal vial of 'holy water' from his pocket and shows it to Charley.

PETER (CONT'D)

Now, shall we go?

CHARLEY

(stopping him)
Wait a minute, wait a minute, where's your stakes and hammer?

PETER

Oh, I left them in my bag.

CHARLEY

(horrified)
You're not going in there without them?!

PETER

But I have to prove he is a vampire before I kill him, Charley.

CHARLEY

Look, I know he's a vampire!

PETER

I am the one that has to know, Charley.

CHARLEY

How are you gonna do that?

Peter holds the bottle up for Charley to see.

PETER

This is holy water. Now, if a drop touches him, he will blister. In this case I have asked him to drink it while we all watch. He readily agreed.

CHARLEY

Yeah, but, Mr. Vincent, if I'm right and you prove he is a vampire, he's gonna kill us all right then and there.

Peter knocks on the front door.

PETER

No, he won't, Charley. After all, I am here to protect you. I am Peter Vincent -

CHARLEY

Yeah I know. Mr. Vincent -

Billy Cole opens the door.

BILLY

Hey, Peter Vincent! Billy Cole. This is a pleasure. Won't you all come in?

He steps back as Peter, Evil Ed, and Amy enter the house. Charley has no choice but to follow as Billy greets Amy and Evil Ed.

Billy waits for Charley, looming over him as the teen slips past him and into the house.

INT. DANDRIGE HOUSE - NIGHT

Billy turns and yells up the stairs. All the clocks behind him are ticking madly, the hour seven sharp.

BILLY

Hey, Jer? They're here.

Several seconds pass, then-

PETER

Perhaps he didn't hear you.

BILLY
(smiling)
Oh, he heard me all right.

Suddenly, a step creaks at the top of the staircase where the shadows are the heaviest. Jerry Dandrige descends, first his elegant shoes, then his legs with their fashionable pants, and finally the rest of him, all beautifully turned out. He's eating an apricot as he stares down at them.

JERRY
Ah, Mr. Vincent. I've seen all
your films and I've found them...
very amusing.

PETER
(pleased)
Oh, thank you.

JERRY
(turning to Amy and Evil
Ed)
And ah, who are these two -

Jerry and Amy lock eyes.

JERRY (CONT'D)
- attractive, young people?

PETER
(doing the intros)
Well, Ed Thompson.

JERRY
Ed.

PETER
Amy Peterson.

Jerry slowly approaches Amy, never taking his eyes off her, then bending low over her hand and kissing it.

JERRY
Charmed.
(looking up at Charley
with a wicked smile)
Isn't that what vampires are
supposed to do, Charley?

They all laugh, except Charley.

JERRY (CONT'D)
(motioning)
Please -

He ushers Peter into the living room as Amy and Evil Ed stare after him.

EVIL ED

That's some vampire, Brewster.

AMY

(to Evil Ed)

Oh, God, he's neat.

JERRY

Please excuse the mess, I, uh, haven't finished unpacking -

CHARLEY

Where do you keep your coffin? Or do you have more than one?

PETER

Charley --

JERRY

(smiling)

It's all right, Mr. Vincent. I'm quite used to it by now. As you may or may not know, Charley even-brought the police over a day ago.

AMY

Charley, you didn't.

CHARLEY

Damn right, I did, only they didn't believe me anymore than any of you. But you'll believe me in a second.

(then)

Mr. Vincent, give him the holy water.

PETER

Charley, there's no reason to be rude about this.

JERRY

(raising a placating hand)

It's perfectly all right, Mr. Vincent. Where is it?

Peter withdraws the vial from his pocket and hands it to Jerry. Jerry eyes it warily.

JERRY (CONT'D)

And are you sure that this is... holy water?

PETER
(playing it up)
Positive.
(Irish brogue)
I saw Father Scanlon bless it down
at Saint Mary's me-self.

Charley edges a cross out of his pocket.

CHARLEY
(to Amy and Ed)
Get ready to run. I'll protect you
with this.

Jerry holds the vile up to the crackling fireplace, for the first time nervousness creeping into his manner.

JERRY
Well, bottoms up.

Jerry lifts his head back and downs the contents of the vial in one swallow. He turns to Peter triumphantly, puts the stopper back in the bottle and goes to throw it in the fireplace. Peter clears his throat and shakes his head.

JERRY (CONT'D)
Ah.

He hands the vial back to Peter.

JERRY (CONT'D)
There, satisfied?

PETER
Totally.
(then)
Well, now, Charley, you saw that.
Are you convinced now that Mr.
Dandrige is not a vampire?

CHARLEY
It can't be.

PETER
But, Charley, you just saw it. You
know as well as I do that no
vampire can drink blessed water.

CHARLEY
Then it wasn't blessed.

PETER
Are you calling me a liar, young
man?

Charley looks at Jerry. Jerry stares back at him.

CHARLEY

If he's not a vampire, have him
touch this!

Charley suddenly whips a cross from his pocket and holds it
up to Jerry.

PETER

Oh, Charley! You've made a fool of
yourself once. There's no reason
to compound the error.

JERRY

Yes, Charley, you've already caused
your friends quite enough pain.
(his eyes burning into
him)
You wouldn't want to cause them any
more... would you?

Charley sees Dandrige coiling to spring, Billy sliding into
place blocking the doorway. Charley slowly edges the cross
back into his pocket.

CHARLEY

No. No, of course not.

JERRY

And you're finally convinced I'm
not a vampire either, right?

Their eyes lock, a moment passes.

CHARLEY

Yes.

Jerry smiles at him as the tension flows out of the room.

JERRY

(suddenly, all smiles)
Well, I'm glad that's settled.

Jerry puts his arm around Peter and leads him out of the
room, followed by Amy and Evil Ed.

JERRY (CONT'D)

I can't tell you how much I
appreciate this, Mr. Vincent.
You've been a great help.

PETER (O.S.)

Not at all, glad to be of service.

JERRY (O.S.)

It was really nice meeting both of
you.

Charley moves to follow them out but Billy steps in front of
him, blocking his way.

Charley runs out to join them. As the group stands by the
door Peter steps away, reaching into his coat pocket, pulling
out his cigarette case.

JERRY (CONT'D)

(to Amy)

Please, feel free to drop by
anytime. You'll always be welcome.

AMY

(her eyes beginning to
glaze over)

I'd like that, Mr. Dandrige.

JERRY

Please, call me Jerry.

CHARLEY

(to Amy)

C'mon, let's get out of here.

AMY

Just a minute.

Peter opens his cigarette case, glancing at the mirror on the
inside. He sees Amy, Evil Ed, and Charley grouped around
where Jerry Dandrige should be standing, but he's not there.

JERRY

That goes for you, too, Ed. I
expect we have a lot of the same
interests, you know, in horror
movies and the occult.

Peter's head jerks up and he looks back at the doorway. Now
he sees Jerry standing there. Peter looks back down at the
mirror again. No Jerry. Peter's face goes slack as he lets
out a gasp.

He drops the case from his shaking hands. It smashes to the
floor with a crash. Everyone turns and looks at him.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Something wrong, Mr. Vincent?

Peter hurriedly scoops up the case.

PETER

No... I felt a little...
(feigning laughter)
Oh, it, it's just my clumsiness.

JERRY

Are you sure?

PETER

Oh, yes, I'm positive. We have
been taking up much too much of
your time. Thank you so much.
Come along now everybody. Thank
you, bye-bye.

He hurriedly ushers the teenagers out the front door as Jerry watches.

EXT. DANDRIGE HOUSE - NIGHT

Peter plunges down the walk to his car.

CHARLEY

(to Peter)

What's wrong with you?

PETER

Nothing.

CHARLEY

Then why are you shaking?

PETER

I... I'm not shaking.

He hurriedly slides in behind the wheel, slamming the door. Charley leans down, speaking through the partially open window.

CHARLEY

You saw something in there, didn't
you? You saw something that
convinced you he was a vampire?

PETER

Of course not.

CHARLEY

Please, Mr. Vincent, you have to
tell me. Our lives depend on it.

PETER

All right!

(then, in shock)

He didn't cast a reflection in my mirror. Satisfied now?

The engine roars to life and he tears away.

CHARLEY

(calling after him)

Mr. Vincent, you have to call the police. Mr. Vincent! Shit!

Evil Ed starts to walk away.

CHARLEY (CONT'D)

Hey, where you goin', pencil dick?

EVIL ED

(cackling)

Home!

CHARLEY

No way, we walk Amy home first!

INT. DANDRIGE HOUSE - NIGHT

Billy and Jerry peer out the window, watching the kids walk away from the house.

BILLY

Looks just like her, doesn't she?

(then)

One good thing, they'll never believe him now.

As Jerry takes a step and we hear a CRUNCH. He glances down to see a sliver of mirror from Peter's cracked cigarette case at his feet.

JERRY

No?

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Street lamps cast pools of bright light and deep shadows everywhere as the trio walk down the deserted street.

Evil Ed stops before a shadow draped alleyway.

EVIL ED

Hey, let's cut through here.

CHARLEY

Hey, no way! We want people and lights, the more the better.

EVIL ED

Ah, listen, Brewster, vampires don't exist. Haven't you gotten that through your thick head yet?

CHARLEY

What if you're wrong, Evil? What if Dandrige is a vampire and he thinks you know it? Would you walk down that alley then?

Evil Ed looks down the dark alley.

EVIL ED

Aw, screw you, Brewster.

CHARLEY

Look, come on, please, just stick with us, all right?

EVIL ED

Forget it. You may be chickenshit, but I'm not.

He heads down the alley and into the darkness.

AMY

What do we do?

CHARLEY

Let him go. No vampire's gonna want him anyway. Probably give him blood poisoning.

Then a blood curdling scream echoes out of the darkness. Charley and Amy dash headlong into the alley after him.

They skid to a halt, finding Ed crumpled against a wall. They kneel by his side.

CHARLEY (CONT'D)

Are you all right?

Ed continues to whimper.

CHARLEY (CONT'D)

Damn it, I warned him!

EVIL ED

He got me, Charley! He bit me! You know what you're gonna have to do now, don't you? Kill me! Kill me Charley, before I turn into a vampire and... give you a hickey!

He suddenly heaves himself at Charley, his mouth opening, going for his throat as Charley jerks back, terrified.

Ed is in hysterics, laughing loudly as Amy joins in.

CHARLEY

(furious)
You asshole!

EVIL ED

You really believed me, you poor dope!

CHARLEY

(flushed with anger)
You're gonna get yours someday, Evil.

He grabs Amy's hand and walks back down the alley toward the lighted street.

EVIL ED

(yelling after him)
Oh, yeah, when? When I'm bit by a vampire? There are no such things as vampires, fruit cake! Jeez.

He turns back down the alley. As the sound of wind, flapping wings is heard, overhead. Then, suddenly, Jerry Dandrige steps out from a shadowy wall.

Evil Ed walks along, feeling safe and secure. Then he hears it, FOOTSTEPS behind, coming through the dark.

EVIL ED (CONT'D)

Charley, Amy, is that you?

He hears nothing but those footsteps getting closer as he yells out with false bravery.

EVIL ED (CONT'D)

If that's you, it's not working.
I'm not scared!

Jerry rounds a corner and stands looking at Evil Ed.

Evil Ed turns and runs, smashing into traffic cans and falling to the ground. Jerry continues his steady stride toward the boy as Evil leaps to his feet. He's running for his life and he knows it.

He suddenly skids to a halt, facing a brick wall. He whirls, his breath coming in ragged gasps now, peering down the alleyway into the dark, listening to those footsteps getting closer and closer. He slowly backs away until he has no further to go his back against the brick wall.

The footsteps suddenly stop. He takes a step away from the wall, peering into the darkness with something like hope, praying that maybe Jerry Dandrige has given up.

Then, popping up from behind him is Jerry, inches from him.

JERRY

Hello, Edward.

Evil Ed turns to find Jerry standing right next to him. He backs away from the shadowy figure and slides to the cold pavement.

JERRY (CONT'D)

You don't have to be afraid of me.
I know what it's like, being
different. Only they won't pick on
you anymore or beat you up. I'll
see to that. All you have to do is
take my hand.

(then)

Here, Edward, take my hand.

He offers his hand. It's beautiful, perfectly shaped with thin, elegant fingers, tapering to five gleaming, razor sharp points.

Evil Ed slowly reaches out and takes the vampire's hand. Jerry smiles at him and slowly leans down, lifting him up into the last embrace Edward Thompson will ever know.

Charley and Amy walk quickly as SUDDENLY A DEATH RATTLE, LONG AND HIGH-PITCHED, PIERCES THE NIGHT, ECHOING THROUGH THE CITY STREETS, DOWN ALLEYWAYS AND ACROSS APARTMENT BUILDINGS, stopping them in their tracks.

CHARLEY

What was that?

AMY

It was just Evil messing around
again.

(MORE)

AMY (CONT'D)

(shouting)

Cut it out, Evil! Not funny!

CHARLEY

Amy, what if Evil was really in trouble?

AMY

Charley, you're not gonna let him sucker you in again, are you?

She wraps his arm around her and they start to walk, when suddenly all the street lights go out, plunging them into blackness.

CHARLEY

Tell me it's a power outage.

AMY

Well, what else would it be?

They pass by a light pole to see a power box, its contents shredded and on fire. Then the sound of huge wings beating and wind rushing overhead as a huge shadow passes by. They dash down the street.

They race around a corner to see the Club Radio, a fashionable disco. Its entrance is jammed with people all of them dressed to the teeth.

Charley runs to the entrance, dragging Amy after him just as Jerry appears around the corner behind them, relaxed, in no great hurry, a hunter sure of his kill.

They take off and run down a side street, stopping to see Jerry now standing in front of them.

The only escape is a ramp and they take it running up to the top. Jerry blocks their escape.

Charley glances to his right to see an open window where a cook is preparing food.

Charley grabs Amy and pushes her first through the window and jumps in after her.

He and Amy race through the mad house of a kitchen, a COOK glancing up from chopping lettuce as they tear past.

INT. CLUB RADIO - NIGHT

COOK

Hey! Hey, you can't come in here!

They burst through the door and disappear into the crush of people. They fight their way through the sea of dancers, Charley dragging Amy to a pay phone and dropping in a coin.

AMY

Who are you calling?

CHARLEY

The police!

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Peter sits in a chair cowering, his cross clenched firmly in his hand. Suddenly, there's a knock at his locked and barred door.

PETER

Who is it?

EVIL ED

It's me, Evil Ed.

PETER

What do you want?

EVIL ED

Hurry, there's a vampire out here.
Let me in!

He jumps from his chair unlocks his numerous locks and pulls Evil Ed into the room. Evil Ed has changed. His skin is more sallow, huge dark circles under his eyes, his lips bloodless, his collar pulled up tightly around his neck.

PETER

What are we going to do?

EVIL ED

(shaking his head)

What are you gonna do?

Peter stares at him as Evil Ed slowly reaches up and pulls down the collar of his shirt, revealing two small puncture marks on his throat.

Peter's eyes widen in horror; Evil Ed's smile only grows wider, exposing razor sharp fangs.

EVIL ED (CONT'D)

Not me!

He lunges toward Peter as Peter jumps away.

EVIL ED (CONT'D)
(laughing)
Now, I used to admire you, you know
that? Of course, that was before I
found out what a fake you were.

He advances on a whimpering Peter.

EVIL ED (CONT'D)
Peter Vincent, 'The Great Vampire
Killer', indeed!

He throws himself at Peter, shrieking, jumping on his back,
opening his mouth wide to sink his fangs into him.

Peter grabs the cross from his pocket and thrusts it directly
into Evil Ed's face, slamming it squarely between his eyes.

His skin sizzles and cracks, smoke rising. Evil Ed backs
away, his hands held to his face, falling into a corner.

Evil Ed drops his hands from his face, revealing the sign of
the cross branded into his forehead. He turns to look into
the wall mirror, but there's no reflection.

EVIL ED (CONT'D)
What have you done to me?

He takes a step toward Peter and Peter thrusts the cross at
him, backing Evil Ed up.

PETER
Back!

EVIL ED
The master will kill you for this.
But not fast. Slowly, oh, so
slowly

PETER
Back. I say back!

Evil Ed snarls at him like some feral animal and suddenly
throws himself headlong out the window in an explosion of
shattering glass, leaving Peter gasping for breath.

CLUB RADIO - NIGHT

Charley slams the phone back into its cradle in frustration.

CHARLEY
He doesn't believe me!

AMY

I'm scared, Charley. I'm really scared.

CHARLEY

I am not gonna let him get you. Amy. I promise.

(then)

You got Peter Vincent's number?

AMY

He doesn't care about us! I paid him to be there today.

CHARLEY

It doesn't matter, Amy. We don't have any choice. Now, give me his number.

Sweeping through the front door of the club and moving toward the dance floor like a god among mere mortals, walks Jerry Dandrige. The colored lights of the dance floor highlight his hair, accentuating his gracefulness.

Charley stands at the phone waiting for Peter to pick up, Amy looks out onto the dance floor, catching a glimpse of Jerry appearing and disappearing as he moves through the dancers. She is drawn closer, Jerry disappearing again, only to magically appear before her.

He stops just at the edge of the floor and holds his hand out to her, THE POUNDING, SENSUAL BEAT OF THE FUNK ROCK WASHING OVER THEM BOTH. His eyes burn into hers, willing her to come to him.

She can't help but take his hand as she glides out onto the dance floor.

CHARLEY (CONT'D)

(into the phone)

Look, you gotta help me. Dandrige has me and Amy trapped in this club downtown.

Peter cowers, frozen with terror.

PETER

No, Charley, I'm sorry. I... I just can't do that.

CHARLEY

(increasingly desperate)

But Mr. Vincent, you've gotta come!

(MORE)

CHARLEY (CONT'D)

Come on, you're the only one who
knows what's going on.

INT. CLUB RADIO - DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

Amy turns and moves away from Jerry but stops as he comes up behind her, slowly running his hands down her body, slipping a hand between her legs and twirling her about, only to let her slide down his body to the floor.

She rises, already physically changing as the heat between them builds, her hair more swept back, her cotton blouse now silk, clinging to her body. She tries to move away from him through the dancers, but the attraction is too strong.

Her clothes and hair continue to change, Amy, the girl next-door, more and more the girl of Jerry's thirsty dreams. As they dance, their bodies press against each other.

She throws back her head, exposing her smooth arcing throat. Jerry pulls back her collar and bends down, his fangs beginning to lengthen. Just as he's about to sink them deep, she jerks back, meeting his eyes again.

She melts and pulls her collar back for him.

She steps forward, slowly sinking to her knees in front of him, a supplicant worshipping her demon lover.

Jerry looks down at her and lifts her to her feet, spinning her about in a mad dance that takes them past a wall of floor length mirrors. Amy can't help but look at herself and her desired - only to realize he isn't in the mirror, only she.

He's about to penetrate her with his fangs - when Charley is suddenly there, grabbing Jerry and pulling him back.

CHARLEY

Let her go!

Jerry looks down at Charley then slowly turns and plants a sensual kiss on Amy.

CHARLEY (CONT'D)

You filthy son-of-a-bitch!

Charley swings at Jerry, who catches Charley's fist in the palm of his hand, forcing him to his knees.

JERRY

You shouldn't lose your temper,
Charley. It isn't polite.

He tightens his grip, slowly squeezing Charley's fist, the knuckle bones grinding as Charley's face contorts in agony.

CHARLEY

You can't kill me here.

JERRY

I don't want to kill you, Charley.

He squeezes harder causing Charley to cry out in pain.

JERRY (CONT'D)

I want you to bring Peter Vincent to my house, just the two of you. That is if you ever want to see Amy again.

He shoving the boy to the floor as he disappears with Amy into the swirling mass of dancers. Charley reappears behind him, grabbing his shoulder.

CHARLEY

Let her go!

Just then TWO BOUNCERS approach, one pulls Charley and Amy away, leaving the other to face Jerry.

JERRY

(to Bouncer #1)
She's mine!

BOUNCER #1

You want chicken, man, you go someplace else.

JERRY

Out of my way.

BOUNCER #1

(challenging him)
Move me.

Jerry snarls, his eyes glowing, the hint of fangs beginning to protrude over his upper lip. The nails on his fingers pop out into razor sharp claws.

Bouncer #1 screams as the talons whistle through the air, tearing the Bouncer's throat out with one swipe.

Jerry hands hand snaps out, grabbing the other Bouncer, lifting him in the air then flinging him onto the dance floor. Pandemonium erupts, people stampeding toward the front door.

Charley and Amy fight their way through the madness and down the stairs. As the wave of panicked humanity sweeps toward them they are separated as Charley fights to get back to her.

CHARLEY

Amy! Amy!

He watches Amy get swallowed up into the terror-stricken mob when suddenly she is scooped up by Jerry. He pauses for a moment to look up at Charley, who is helpless to do anything, pulling her away with him.

CHARLEY (CONT'D)

Amy!

EXT. CLUB RADIO - NIGHT

Charley bursts through the entrance of the club just in time to see the black Jeep roaring away down the street, Evil Ed peering out the back window, pointing at him and laughing wildly.

INT. PETER VINCENT'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Charley runs to Peter's door, banging on it.

CHARLEY

Peter! Peter, open the door!

PETER (O.S.)

Who is it?

CHARLEY

It's me, Charley Brewster, let me in, come on.

The door cracks open an inch, a chain across the latch.

PETER

Are you one of them?

CHARLEY

What are you talking about?

PETER

Here, grab this.

Peter thrusts his cross out through the crack as Charley does as told. No smoke. He hurriedly pulls the boy inside.

Peter re-latches the door and hurries back to his packing.

CHARLEY

Peter, we don't have very much time. Dandrige chased me and Amy all over town. He trapped us in this place called Club-- What are you doing?

PETER

I'm leaving.

CHARLEY

You can't.

PETER

Just watch me.

CHARLEY

But Dandrige has Amy. He says he's gonna kill her unless we come to his house!

Peter stops and stares at Charley, stunned.

PETER

Oh, my God.

(then)

The police, I'll call the police--

CHARLEY

(stopping him)

No, Peter, no. They won't believe you. I've tried.

(quietly)

Peter, it's just us. We're going to have to save Amy.

PETER

I can't.

(then, with great difficulty)

I... I was paid to be there today.

CHARLEY

I know.

PETER

And you still want me to help you?

CHARLEY

Yes! You're Peter Vincent! The Great Vampire Killer!

PETER

That is a character in a movie!
(quietly)
That isn't even my real name. I'm
terrified. I'm sorry, Charley but
I am.

CHARLEY

I can't do it alone, Peter. If you
don't help, Amy's going to die.
Me, too, probably.
(nothing from Peter)
Please, Peter.

PETER

(tears streaming down his
face)
I'm sorry, Charley.

INT. DANDRIGE HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

A hand places a cassette into a player and pushes play. Amy,
now dressed in a thin chiffon gown, lies on the floor. As
the pulsing music permeates the room, Amy regains
consciousness, opening her eyes, searching the room, landing
on the painting of the woman that looks just like her.

JERRY

(re: painting)
She's someone I knew. A long time
ago.

Jerry turns away from the window, weaving his way across the
floor toward her, every move a suggestion, an invitation.

AMY

Where am I? Where's Charley?

He slowly removes his shirt, joining her on the floor

He gently pushes her head down on his shoulder, exposing her
tender young neck, kissing her as he goes.

And then he slowly bends down, his mouth opening to expose
those two, razor sharp fangs.

She goes to speak but he stops her then traces her lips with
his finger. Their gaze locked, she removes the top of her
gown, letting it fall to the floor as they kiss passionately.

He kisses her neck then rears back, sinking his fangs into
her.

Her body arches, both arms pressing him to her, her body clinging to his. She bucks under him like a sexual climax, only better, much better.

And just underneath her moans of ecstasy is a HORRID, GREEDY, SUCKING NOISE, Jerry Dandrige, feeding, as two thin strands of blood slowly run down the back of her alabaster skin.

RECAP: ACT II

Waiting to go live on-air.

NEWSCASTER (ROSARIO DAWSON)

Oh no, they found another body of a young woman early this morning in back of the Sheraton Mall. She was decapitated like the other two. Who wants to hear this kind of news?

As if answering her question.

PETER VINCENT (MARK HAMILL)

Not me. I've been sitting here in my tiny apartment, my bag packed to flee and I can't do it. I can't leave Charley and Amy to the horror of Jerry Dandrige and his ghouls, Billy Cole and now Evil Ed. I have to help Charley save Amy, but I'm so terrified I can't do it. But if I don't I'll have to admit to myself that my entire professional life as an actor has been a lie. Oh, Charley, the tears are welling up in me.

(taking a breath,
staunching the tears)

My Vampire hunting Kit, where is it? Ah, here it is. I have it in hand. Now all I had to do is go forth. Lord, please help me, for my sake and theirs I go to fight the Undead...now, one foot in front of the other...

AS HIS FOOTSTEPS PROCEED ACROSS THE ROOM AND A DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES, another VOICE is heard, this one dripping with hatred and rage...for himself as well as others.

JERRY DANDRIGE (CHRIS SARANDON)

He's coming, Peter Vincent, I can feel him. As well as that boy, Charley Brewster.

(MORE)

JERRY DANDRIGE (CHRIS SARANDON)

I gave him a choice, something I never had, but he selected to fight me, and now his fate is sealed. I admire him for it, to save Amy, a girl who is my love reborn, not his, oh, so many centuries ago. But I have to destroy both him and the mountebank actor to survive and perhaps save her. I am cursed with no one but myself to blame, but I will save her, by making her one of my own, and the fool Peter Vincent, his courage will fail and if it doesn't I will destroy him, and the boy? Well, I will destroy him, too, if I have to, even as I hate myself for doing it.

NARRATOR (JACK DANIEL)

And so, now into the Third Act and the end of Fright Night, though I suspect as does Jerry Dandrige, once known as Geralt del Catura, that it will never end...

EXT. DANDRIGE HOUSE - NIGHT

Charley walks through the darkness, with cross and stake held in his hands, slowly approaching the Dandrige house, Charley growing more and more nervous with every passing second.

He stops to stare at the huge, silent house. It seems to have assumed a life of its own, turning into a hulking monster.

Charley grips his stake and hammer and checks his cross, squares his shoulders and starts the slow walk toward the brooding house

Suddenly a hand snaps out of the darkness, grabbing him by the shoulder.

PETER

Peter Vincent, ready to do battle with the undead.

He is dressed as The Vampire Killer, his kit slung over his shoulder.

He hands Charley his box of movie props and opens it.

CHARLEY

Peter, this is serious--

PETER

I am serious.
(looking into the kit)
Let's see, now, flashlight, stakes,
hammer. Ah, yes, a cross.

CHARLEY

What about Billy Cole? How are you
going to stop him?

Peter pulls out a pistol from the box.

PETER

With this. It is from Orgy of the
Damned.

CHARLEY

What if he's not human? Bullets
aren't going to stop him then.

PETER

He walks around in the daylight,
now doesn't he? Hmm?

CHARLEY

Yeah.

PETER

Then he is human.
(turning toward the
hulking house)
Come on.

Peter marches toward the house, followed by Charley.

CHARLEY

Peter, you don't have to do this.
I want to thank you--

PETER

(cutting him off)
Not now.

But Peter's eyes are on the malevolent house as he begins to
slow, his nerve draining away.

CHARLEY

What's wrong?

PETER

(trying to be brave)
Nothing. Nothing at all.

The two of them start toward the house but Peter stops, grabbing Charley.

PETER (CONT'D)
Are you crazy? Not the front door.
Let's go around to the back, sneak
in.

The front door slowly SWINGS OPEN ON CREAKING HINGES, a dark gaping hole like an open mouth, ready to swallow them.

CHARLEY
Too late.

PETER
(to himself)
I am Peter Vincent, The Great
Vampire Killer. I am Peter Vincent
The Great...Vampire...Killer --

They disappear into the house, the door SLAMMING behind them.

INT. DANDRIGE HOUSE - NIGHT

Charley and Peter stop and stare into the darkness. Charley nods up at the grand staircase to a balcony at the top, a circular eye of multi-colored glass staring down.

CHARLEY
This way.

The sound of wings flapping as they start up the stairs.

PETER
Do you hear something?

CHARLEY
No.

PETER
(stopping him, terrified)
Let's come back at dawn. He'll be
asleep then and we'll have a better
chance of getting Amy.

CHARLEY
And Amy will be dead by then, too!
Now, come on.

Charley turns to start up the stairs only to hear the sound of nails SCRAPING along the banister from above. Jerry steps forward into the light, his talons lifting the varnish as he walks.

JERRY

Welcome to Fright Night. For real.

CHARLEY

Where's Amy?

JERRY

(smiling)

Up here. All you have to do is get
by me.

Peter whips out his cross, thrusting it at the vampire.

PETER

(in his vampire killer
voice)

Back, spawn of Satan!

JERRY

(laughing)

Oh, really?

He reaches out, takes the cross from Peter's hand and
crumples it, contemptuously tossing it aside.

JERRY (CONT'D)

You have to have faith for this to
work on me, Mr. Vincent.

He starts down the stairs again, Peter backs away, terrified.
Charley steps forward, staring up at Dandrige.

He thrusts his cross at the vampire.

CHARLEY

Stop! Back!

Jerry backs away from the cross, disappearing into the
darkness. Charley glances back at Peter.

CHARLEY (CONT'D)

We're gonna make it--

Suddenly Billy Cole steps out of the darkness in front of
Charley and viciously backhands him across the face. With a
scream, Charley goes over the stairway railing, plunging to
the hallway floor below.

Jerry appears in back of Billy, leaning on him and smiling
down at Peter on the stairway.

Peter, terrified, tears down the steps and out the front
door.

INT. BREWSTER HOUSE - NIGHT

Peter smashes through the front door, yelling up the stairway.

PETER
Mrs. Brewster! Mrs. Brewster?

He grabs the phone from the table and punches out a number.

PETER (CONT'D)
Operator, get me the--

No dial tone. He holds the phone up only to see the cord has been ripped from the wall.

PETER (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
Mrs. Brewster!

He races up the stairs and bursts through the door of Judy's room to see her in bed, the back of her head to him.

PETER (CONT'D)
Mrs. Brewster, thank God. The phone wires have been cut!

He reaches out, turning her over on the bed to face him... only it isn't Judy.

EVIL ED
I know. I did it.

PETER
Where is Charley's mother?

Evil Ed whips off his wig, gleefully dropping it to the floor.

EVIL ED
Well, apparently she's working nights. But she left a note.
(unfolding the crumpled note and reading it)
Mmm, mmm. His dinner's in the oven.

Evil Ed roars and lunges at Peter as Peter races out of the room and down the hallway only to hit a table in the dark, crashing to the floor on the landing, the table splintering beneath him.

He suddenly hears a growling, low and deep and vicious, coming from the other end of the hallway.

A huge wolf appears out of the master bedroom, it's eyes glow like red hot coals in the dark, saliva dripping from its huge fangs.

PETER

Ah!

With a terrible snarl, the huge animal bounds down the hall toward him.

Peter screams and picks up a splintered leg of the table just as the wolf launches itself into the air as Peter slams the jagged piece of wood into the animal's chest, its snapping jaws missing his throat by inches.

The beast hits the railing, plunging over the side, in a blur of fur and fangs, hitting the chandelier and crashing down into the floor below. The wolf lays there, the long wooden splinter buried in his heart.

Peter hurries down the stairs, stopping above him and watching in fascinated horror as his limbs regenerate, becoming more human. Evil Ed, part wolf part boy, is changing back as he tries desperately to remove the stake impaled in his chest. He falls over struggling, the humanity leaking back into his eyes, his face transforming into that of a normal teenage boy.

He looks up at Peter, reaching out to him, trying to speak, and then he dies.

INT. DANDRIGE HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jerry comes through the door with Charley over his shoulder and dumps him on the floor where Amy lies, curled up in a fetal ball.

JERRY

You wanted her, there she is.

He nods at Amy as Charley opens his eyes, regaining his senses, just as Jerry plunges a wooden stake into the floor.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Here, you're going to need it.
Just before dawn.

Charley sees Amy lying there, her body trembling.

CHARLEY

(to Jerry)
What have you done to her?!

Jerry exits, the sound of the key turning in the lock as Charley crouches over her.

CHARLEY (CONT'D)

Amy--

Jerry is whistling, then stops on the stairs and waits and waits.

BEDROOM - NIGHT

CHARLEY

Amy?

Charley turns Amy over, revealing that she has already begun to change, her upper lip slipping back, the beginnings of fangs.

CHARLEY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Noooooo!

INT. STAIRWAY - NIGHT

Jerry pauses, listening to the agony in Charley's voice as the scream dies away, smiles, then continues on.

INT. BREWSTER HOUSE - NIGHT

Peter stands, looking down at the young man that Evil Ed once was, slowly pulling the stake out of his chest. His mission clear as he heads out the door.

EXT. DANDRIGE HOUSE - NIGHT

Peter faces the brooding house, his stake and hammer in hand.

A quick moment of doubt crosses his face then he brings the stake up, his face now set hard with determination.

INT. DANDRIGE HOUSE - NIGHT

He slips through the front door, grabbing his vampire killer kit, pausing to look down the hall. The basement door is open, the sounds of Jerry and Billy working down there faintly heard. He hurries up the stairs.

At the top of the stairs Peter can hear Charley crying from behind a door and he quietly raps on it.

PETER
(whispering)
Charley? Charley?

Charley springs to his feet, hurrying to the door.

CHARLEY
Peter?

PETER
Charley, I'm going to have to break
the door down. You make as much
noise as you can.

Charley beats on wall and yelling for all he's worth.

CHARLEY
Help! Help, let me out! Help!

BASEMENT - NIGHT

Jerry and Billy are preparing a spare coffin for Amy, dumping dirt into it. They pause in their work as they hear Charley screaming.

Jerry smiles and takes a bite of his apple.

JERRY
I think she just opened her eyes.

BEDROOM - NIGHT

Peter leans into the bedroom door, snapping the lock, letting himself in, seeing Amy.

PETER
Grab her. Let's get out of here--

CHARLEY
We can't. Look.

He rolls Amy over. She is covered with sweat, and trembling more violently now. Her upper lip slips back revealing lengthening fangs and the beginning of red in her eyes.

PETER
Oh, my God.

BASEMENT - NIGHT

Jerry looks up.

BILLY
Something wrong?

JERRY
Yes. We have a visitor.

They head for the stairs.

BEDROOM - NIGHT

CHARLEY
Is it too late to save her?

PETER
No. Not if we kill Dandrige before
dawn.

CHARLEY
Are you sure?

PETER
So far everything has been like it
was in the movies. We'll just have
to keep hoping.

EXT. DANDRIGE HOUSE - NIGHT

At the bedroom window, the sound of heavy breathing, watching
Peter and Charley grab their wooden stakes. Jerry is out
there, clinging to the wall, upside down, watching them.

CHARLEY
Let's go.

Charley and Peter hurry out the door as Amy trembles on the
floor, changing, losing her humanity.

INT. STAIRWAY - NIGHT

Charley and Peter come out of the bedroom and start down the
steps only to find themselves facing Billy Cole coming up
from below.

BILLY
(smiling)
Well, what do we have here?
Vampire killers?

Peter pulls a pistol, one of the props from his apartment,
from his pocket.

PETER
Stop or I'll shoot.

Billy just shrugs and continues up the stairs.

PETER (CONT'D)
I mean it. Don't force me to
shoot!

Billy is just feet away from them as PETER FIRES, the bullet punching a neat hole through Billy's forehead, throwing him backward and tumbling down the stairs.

The sound of approaching footsteps on the balcony above. Peter and Charley stare up at Jerry stepping out of the shadows.

Charley thrusts his cross up at Dandrige.

CHARLEY
Stop!

Jerry whirls away with a wail, covering his face.

CHARLEY (CONT'D)
(to Peter)
Come on, we have him.

Jerry Dandrige's gaze snaps past Charley's shoulder, burning into Billy's corpse.

JERRY
(bearing his fangs)
Do you?

He turns and disappears into the darkness.

CHARLEY
What did he mean by that?

PETER
Nothing. He was just bluffing.

They continue up the stairs as behind them, Billy snaps up and begins to walk up the stairs, the first step groaning under him.

Charley and Peter freeze. They see the huge man coming up the stairs toward them, a thin trail of blood leaking from the bullet hole in his forehead.

Peter whips his pistol out and UNLOADS THE ENTIRE REVOLVER into Billy, the smoke obscuring their view of the stairway below.

A thud, then nothing. They begin to think they've killed him. Then more stairs CREAK as a pair of hands emerge from the smoke, then Billy reappears, going for Peter, grabbing him and jerking him into the air like a rag-doll, about to fling him over the balustrade.

CHARLEY

Noooo!

Charley slams his stake into the creature's heart.

Billy drops Peter crashing to the steps and staggers back, hanging there, the stake protruding from his heart.

Green goo begins leaking onto the steps, as the two watch in horror. Cole's hands bend backward as they dissolve, his face and body putrefying as the seconds tick past.

The legs turn to bone, dust falling out of the smoking clothes. What remains of the body, no more than a skeleton.

It tumbles backward down the stairs with a clatter, landing with a crash on the floor below, the smoking skull skittering across the floor.

CHARLEY (CONT'D)

Amy!

BEDROOM - NIGHT

They rush into Amy's room. Charley hurries to Amy, kneeling by her side. He gently turns her over to see her continuing to make the transition from the living to the undead.

CHARLEY

Amy?

Peter glances out the window, searching for Jerry as above him, the vampire clings flat to the wall. Jerry slowly draws back his clawed hand to tear Peter's throat out.

CHARLEY (CONT'D)

Peter?!

Peter turns back just as Jerry is within inches of striking.

CHARLEY (CONT'D)

(re; Amy)

She's worse. C'mon, we're running out of time--

The two men rush out of the room as the sound of flapping wings move away from the window and up the side of the house.

EXT. ROOF - NIGHT

Jerry lands, like some huge, nocturnal bird of prey.

JERRY

Ammmmy, awake! I command you to...
awake!

BEDROOM - NIGHT

Amy lies on the floor, hardly moving.

She begins to groan, throwing a hand over her face.

ROOF - NIGHT

JERRY

Tell me how much you love me, Amy.
Kill them! Both!

He roars in frustration and slams his elbow into the side of the chimney, crushing it.

BEDROOM - NIGHT

Her eyes open with a start. There's not a vestige of human life left in them.

SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT

Charley and Peter hear a crash above. They look up at the ceiling.

PETER

He's on the roof!

CHARLEY

I'm going up there.

Charley rushes to the stairs, followed by Peter. Suddenly, the sound of Amy screaming. Peter runs to her as Amy turns and growls at him. He holds his cross in front of him, causing her to shrink away, then running to the stairs as Jerry unseen looms outside the window.

PETER

Charley!

CHARLEY (O.S.)

He's not up here.

He points to the window.

CHARLEY (CONT'D)

Look out!

Peter looks out the window to see Jerry snarling just inches away. Jerry pulls away outside, disappearing into the darkness.

CHARLEY (CONT'D)

He's going downstairs!

PETER

Charley!

He runs after Charley when behind him there is suddenly a violent pounding at the bedroom door. What used to be Amy is trying to get out.

Charley runs down the hallway toward the basement as the huge stained glass window above Peter bursts apart in an explosion of shattering glass, Jerry plunging in from the outside.

Charley rushes in.

PETER (CONT'D)

(to Charley)

Stay back!

Charley freezes as Dandrige takes a step toward Peter but Peter whips out a cross, thrusting it at him.

PETER (CONT'D)

(to Jerry)

Back!

Jerry stops, first covering himself, then laughing at him.

JERRY

You have to have faith for that to work, Mr. Vincent. Remember?

Peter continues to hold his ground as the vampire jerks to a halt, staring with slowly dawning fury at Peter.

Peter peers over his shoulder, out the ruined window. On the horizon, the first pink tendrils of dawn are breaking, the clocks on the wall chiming, signaling that it's six am, dawn.

PETER

(smiling)

You're out of time, Mr. Dandrige.
Look over your shoulder.

JERRY

Nooooooo!

As the first ray of sunlight hits him he throws himself off the landing, hurtling through the air, his shape transforms, no longer a man, but now an enormous bat.

Peter runs down the stairs, pushing Charley aside as the bat goes for him, throwing him to the stairs and going for his throat. Peter jams the wooden stake in the bat's jaws as it violently gnaws away at it.

Charley jumps up to help Peter as the bat turns and sinks his fangs deep into a screaming Charley's arm. Peter pulls it back into an errant shaft of light coming from the shattered window.

The screaming bat pulls back and flies down the hallway, knocking over a sculpture and disappearing into the darkness.

PETER

Are you all right?

CHARLEY

Yeah. Quick he's in the basement!

He helps the boy to his feet, the two of them disappearing through the basement door.

BASEMENT - DAWN

Charley and Peter hurry down the stairs into the dark room, the floor a mass of antiques, its windows painted black to keep out the light.

PETER

Quick, his coffin, it's got to be here somewhere!

As they search the basement, the faint sound of a door creaking open.

PETER (CONT'D)

What was that?

CHARLEY

You keep searching. I'll check it out.

Charley appears down a row of antiques, stopping and staring up at the basement door above. It's open, allowing a sliver of light into the darkness.

From out of the darkness, Amy appears, a shadow, stopping and leaning in the doorway.

CHARLEY (CONT'D)
Amy? It's me.

AMY
(her voice a husky,
purring whisper)
I know.

Peter, looking for a release on a huge piece of furniture, finds a latch revealing a hidden alcove and Jerry's ornate coffin.

PETER
Charley, I found it!

AMY
Don't be frightened, Charley.

CHARLEY
(turning back to Peter)
Hurry, Peter, get it open!

PETER
He's locked it from the inside!

AMY
What's wrong, don't you want me
anymore?

Coming to his senses he raises up his cross, thrusting it in her face as Amy whirls away with a snarl, burying her face in her hands, softly beginning to weep.

AMY (CONT'D)
It's not my fault, Charley. You
promised you wouldn't let him get
me. You promised!

Charley stares at her, guilt boiling up inside of him.

Charley steps forward, touching her shoulder, letting his cross drop to his side.

CHARLEY
Amy--

She lifts her head to reveal a face full of huge razor-sharp, fangs flashing, dripping hungry saliva. She whirls and dives for his exposed throat, pushing him into a pile of furniture.

She grabs at him, he tries to dodge Amy but she leaps forward blocking his escape.

Back at the dais, Peter is pounding at the coffin clasp, trying to free it when finally it breaks.

Charley leaps over a pile of refuse in his desperation to escape, the girl vampire pounces on him, struggling to sink her fangs in his neck.

Peter throws the coffin lid open, sees Jerry resting beneath him, the king vampire's eyes closed.

He raises his hammer, about to slam the stake home.

CHARLEY (CONT'D)

Peter!

Jerry's eyes snap open, Peter finding himself face to face with the enraged vampire. Jerry snarls at him as Peter slams the stake home, missing Jerry's heart, the stake protruding from his shoulder, as the vampire rises up out of his coffin.

Dandrige pulls the stake from his chest and hurls it away sending it smashing into a far wall, shattering a small hole in a blacked out window and sending a thin ray of light spearing into the room.

Charley reaches for the blacked out window. Amy desperately tries to stop him as he knocks her back.

Jerry smashing Peter into a wall, his hands around his neck.

Charley breaks another window sending a bolt of sunlight streaming into the dank room. Jerry tries but cannot touch Peter, the sunlight protecting him.

Charley smashes another window as Jerry approaches him.

Peter breaks another window trapping Jerry between its beams. Jerry runs to his coffin but Peter beats him to it, slamming it shut with a THUD as he arrives. Peter tries to run but Jerry jumps over the coffin, blocking his escape and laughing triumphantly.

Jerry moves in for the kill just as Charley pulls a blackout curtain from another window, hitting Jerry squarely in the chest, picking him up and throwing him across the entire length of the room and pinning him against the far wall several feet above the floor.

He writhes in the golden beam, twisting this way and that, but unable to escape as his body leaps into flames, a million small fires breaking out all over him.

JERRY

Ammmy!

Charley runs to Amy and jumps on her to protect her as what is left of Jerry lets out one final death rattle, blowing out all the remaining basement windows in a cataclysm of fire and wind.

The vampire's body explodes in a whooshing ball of flame that incinerates him instantly, leaving nothing behind but the echoing scream of a soul finally going to hell.

Peter and Charley help Amy up, the girl he knew staring back at him, her fangs gone. She throws herself in his arms, weeping as Charley grabs Peter and pulls him into their embrace.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DANDRIGE AND BREWSTER HOUSES - NIGHT

The Dandrige house is dark, a "For Sale" sign prominently displayed on the front lawn. The dark house now seems innocuous and ordinary, free forever of the evil that once dwelt within.

There are a few lights on in the Brewster house, much as it was on the first night. And from Charley's bedroom window, the TV can be heard coming from inside.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.) (CHRIS HENDRIE)

Look, we've been going in a circle.

WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.) (ROSARIO DAWSON)

We're right back where we started from!

INT. BREWSTER HOUSE - CHARLEY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Charley and Amy lay on his bed, making out, the TV tuned in to Fright Night. They break for a moment as Peter Vincent comes up on the screen.

ANNOUNCER

Ladies and gentlemen, Welcome to Fright Night Theater.

PETER

This is Peter Vincent, back once more with you as host of Fright Night. I thought I'd let the vampires rest for a little while.

(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)
(winking to camera)
Right, Charley?
(back into his host role)
Tonight the threat comes not from
beyond the grave, but from beyond
the stars as alien beings stalk an
unwary summer camp in "Mars Wants
Flesh".
(pause)
I do not star in it.

Screams and gnashing of teeth from the television as Charley smiles, gets up and turns it off. As he heads back he casually glances out his window and freezes.

There in Jerry's window, looking back at him, are a pair of red, glowing eyes. But they are quickly gone. He moves to the window studying, watching. Nothing but darkness.

AMY
Charley, is something wrong?

He smiles and shakes it off.

CHARLEY
Nothing.

He jumps back onto the bed with Amy, the two of them beginning to make love as we move off and push out through his window, closing in on Jerry's window across the way.

The pair of red eyes reappear there in the darkness.

EVIL ED
(cackling)
Oh, you're so cool, Brewster!

FADE OUT.

THE END