Love at First Bite

By Robert Kaufman
Greetings from Martin's Comedy Movies

Children of the night...
shut up!
Renfield!
Yes, master.
I was getting the magazines, master.
How many times do I have to tell you, body temperature.
Yes, master.
Lots of ladies in the altogether
for you to drool over.
Trash.
Filth.
Pornographic!
Where is my fashion magazine?
Whatever master wants, master gets.
There she is.
Cindy Sondheim.
I tell you, Renfield...
every time I see her, I am more sure it's her.
The only woman I have ever loved.
Please, master...
that's the same thing you said
about the Countess de Montespan in 1672.
That was sex, Renfield...
this is love.
This one has a soul...
a very old soul.
A soul I have known before.
I bit her once in Warsaw,
in thirteen hundred and...
Thirteen hundred and...
- Renfield!
- 56, master.
Yes.
Yes, 1356, Warsaw, I bit her once.
I met her again in England
in nineteen hundred...
- 31.
- 31!
Two bites that time...
I knew her as Mina Harker.
But I lost her in that damn London fog.
I'll never forget it, master.
That was the time
Dr. Van Helsing nearly got you.
If it hadn't been for that cigarette case
I gave you for your 650th birthday...
he would have driven that stake
right through your heart.
What?
He would have driven that stake
right through your heart.
So what do you want from me, a medal?
Sorry, master.
Cindy and I are going down
to the cellar to take a little nap.
- Master, please be careful!
- What is it?
You nearly stepped on my dinner.
Forgive me.
Bon appétit!
- Renfield!
- Yes, master?
Didn't mean to bother you
while you are eating.
When you are finished, tidy up a bit.
Certainly, master.
"Cheating on your honeymoon can be fun.
"How to get your gynecologist
to tear up his bill...
"by yelling rape in the office.
"The 10 best states
to divorce your old man in.
"Husband-beating.
Ten men tell why they like it."
Sick.
Cindy Sondheim...
one day I will take you away from all of this.
Wake up, master!
Master, there's someone at the door.
They want to see you.
I think they are from the government.
- How do you know?
- They are wearing shoes.
"And therefore by a unanimous vote
of the Central Committee...
"it has been decided to turn this castle...
"into a training camp
for our young athletes."
You and your cockroach-eating friend
over there...
have 48 hours to get out!
Good evening, Comrade Count.
Wait one minute.
This is my home.
My people cleared the land.
We tortured innocent peasants for it.
We even murdered for it.
By Romanian law, that makes it ours.
Now you listen to me, stupid.
In 48 hours, we will be back here...
with trampolines, parallel bars, swings...
and Nadia Comaneci. Don't be here!
Don't be here?
Where am I to go?
You have a choice, Comrade Count.
 Either you spend the rest of your life
in an efficiency apartment...
with seven dissidents and one toilet...
or you gather your aristocratic shit together
and split.
Renfield!
Yes, master.
What is an efficiency apartment?
I don't know, master.
What's a toilet?
Get the monster.
The horses are harnessed, master. It's time.
So they've come to pay their respects,
have they?
Not exactly, master.
Perhaps it would be better
if you left in your coffin.
I could take it off the carriage.
Me, afraid of townspeople!
A bunch of yokels.
Come, Renfield...
we will give them a run for their money.
Get the wolfsbane.
Get your wolfsbane.
Torch him in the boat.
Hang him by his heels.
What do you want from him? Blood?
You dirty bat, you bit my mother.
- What is your name?
- Alexei Rugalov.
No, Alexei, I bit your mother,
and your grandmother.
And you, my child...
are you not afraid of Count Dracula?
You see, even a child knows.
The wolf is a very misunderstood creature.
He never kills for sport,
only what is needed.
And he always protects the young.
And the old.
Have your fun.
But remember this...
without me, Transylvania will be
as exciting as...
Bucharest on a Monday night.
Pardon me, would you like
Chicken Kiev, Chateaubriand...
or Veal Cutlet Florentine for lunch?
Everything you mention is dead.
Don't you have anything
that's alive and kicking?
I'll have the Chicken Kiev, miss.
Why don't you bring a nice juicy mouse
for little Salome here?
Could I have one, too?
That's funny.
"American slang.
"Putting on the ritz, getting dressed up.
"Flapper, a girl.
"Red-hot mama.
"Twenty-three skidoo." What is this?
"Copyright, 1926."
Renfield, you bungling moron,
this book is as out of date as...
I am.
Passengers for Flight 330,
please board immediately at Gate 5.
All right, what have you got?
Nothing, just a sitar I bought in Bangladesh.
Bangladesh.
Okay, strip him down, look in his eyes,
look in his ears, look in his nose...
and have him bend over
and touch his toes and look up there.
Lousy hippies!
What have you got to declare over $100?
Nothing, sir.
Oh, yeah? Then what's in there?
All that's left of my father.
I'm bringing him home
so I can bury him next to my mother.
That's his passport right there.
What did he die of?
He was half eaten by a lion
while he was on safari in Africa.
What was left, the vultures got at.
Would you like to see?
They chewed away his eyes
and his nose and his mouth.
But you can still identify him.
He's in three rather large pieces.
Get out of here.
Next!
Alvin, I told you to go find your roots.
But who told you to drink the water?
Passengers for Flight 330,
please board immediately at Gate 5.
Flight 217, now boarding at Gate 5.
Sir, would you like
limo service to New York?
Thank you very much.
And for you, only $25.
Hey, pal, why pay a limo to carry this thing?
I got a private car. Air-conditioned.
$10 flat. No tip. What do you say?
Master, there is a gentleman here
that says he'll take us into town for $10.
Master, what should I do?
All right, enough with the number
already, $7.50.
- But you carry the master.
- I always do.
Come along now, master.
I knew Brother Alvin.
And he was a swinger.
Praise the Lord.
He loved his booze.
He loved his women.
And my wife, too.
But most of all,
he loved his Cadillac Seville.
And it's a beaut.
I know because he left it to me. Hallelujah.
Praise the Lord.
I showed him how God...
wanted him to have a swell time
while he was alive.
Because, brothers and sisters...
when you is gone...
you is gone.
And ain't no way, nohow...
nobody's gonna bring you back here
once you is dead.
Good evening.
I am Count Dracula.
I would like a large suite with a bath.
I have a reservation.
This is not the lobby of the Plaza Hotel?
Hey, you. What's shaking, honky?
Good evening.
Forgive me, but could you direct me
to where I might find a taxi?
There ain't none.
They scared to come up here after dark.
Honky.
A honky? I am not a honky. I am Romanian.
You mean you was a Romanian, mother.
Hey, man, did you see Roots?
I wouldn't mess with him.
His grandfather was a Watusi.
A Watusi. A warrior.
The time is late, the man is tall...
but I got a date, so he must fall.
Let me have the mother.
It's thanksgiving time, turkey.
I ain't with these guys.
These brothers were just standing here.
Now I know my way home,
so you don't have to show me.
It's dudes like you
that give the neighborhood a bad name.
Raid!
Raid, house and garden bug killer.
Indoors or outdoors,
Raid hunts bugs down like radar.
And kills them dead.
- I win!
- You lose.
Master!
Happy to see you, too, master.
You psychotic, bungling moron.
There is a dead schwartz in there.
That's impossible!
Don't tell me impossible.
Look, go on, look for yourself.
Maybe he's just a late sleeper.
I'll have them get rid of it
immediately, master.
- After that, you'll arrange to get my coffin.
- Yes, master.
Meanwhile, I'm resting.
You will go to make discreet enquiries
as to the whereabouts of Miss Cindy.
I bought an American suit...
so I'll look just like everyone else.
I seriously doubt that, Renfield.
Nevertheless.
By the time I arise tomorrow evening...
the sun sets at...

7:

By 7:
where Cindy Sondheim lives.
But not for long. Right, master?
You can go in now.
Didn't I see him on Fantasy Island?
Now, you expect me to introduce my most
successful model to your employer...
this Count something.
- What did you say his last name was?
  - Dracula.
  - Count Dracula?
  - Correct.
  - The Count Dracula?
  - Yes.

Bob Evans from Paramount sent you, didn't he?
I mean this is a joke, right? It's a gag.
Crazy Bob, what a lug.
No. I'm not joking.
My master would like very much
to meet Miss Sondheim.
I'm sure he would be willing to give you
a commission if you could arrange it.
How much of a commission?
Well, he might make you a colonel
in the Royal Transylvanian Army.
That is, when the next
free elections will be held.
All right, you freak.
You have 30 seconds to get out
of my office or I call the security guard.
You have 30 seconds to tell me
where Miss Sondheim is or...
Or what?
You will eat your lunch in my office?
No, my lunch will eat you.
What is that? Oh, my God.

**Central Park, 9:**
Pose like that. I like that.
You're angry. You're not angry.
You're a happy woman.
Now you're angry.
Smile.
Beautiful. Little to the left.
Pet the dog.
Smile.
Come on, buddy. Step back.
I've come a long way to see her.
You and about 1,000 other schmucks.
Now, step back, buddy.
What the...
Get that dog!
Hold still, Cindy. He's not going to bite.
Hi. What are you doing here?
Stop that. That tickles.
Would you stop it?
You're cute.
- Come on.
- Wait. Hey!
Nobody pees on New York's finest.
Right to the dog pound.
Renfield.
You will do two things in the morning.
You will locate Miss Cindy Sondheim...
and you will go to Dunhill Tailors,
and buy me three new tailcoats.
Yes, master.
Better make that six.
This city is like living in a jungle.
They drove me too far tonight.
Don't worry, master.
I'm sure you'll meet her someday.
It's not that.
It's the $8 I had to pay for
this lousy dog license to get out of there.
I'm going out to get a bite to drink.
If you are hungry, master...
we could ring for the night maid.
The roof, please.
Morty, I love you.
- Morty.
- Yeah, honey.
Honey, how many times
do I have to tell you, if you want to do it...
off with the cufflinks.
Cufflinks?
I'm not wearing any cufflinks.
Well, then what's scratching my neck?
Morty, what is it?
It's my first wife.
I told you the check's in the mail.
You freaking skinny-legged yenta.
That's it.
No more Mr. Nice Guy.
Why don't you go to work, old man?
We have nothing to eat.
We do now. Look, a chicken!
A black chicken.
Boil the water.
Come back, black chicken!
Give us an egg or something.
Yesterday, dinosaurs...
and then elephants, and now, bats.
Well, why not?
Hi there, little fellow.
Are you all right, master?
No, I'm not all right.
What was that maniac drinking?
Tastes like the Volga river at low tide.
Let me help you out, master.
You'll be all right in a moment.
No, Renfield, I'm finished. I'm through.
I couldn't even scare
a field mouse at 20 meters.
In a city where...
taxicab drivers live in little cages,
who's afraid of a bat anymore?
Here, let me help you.
I'm not even a bat. I'm a black chicken.
I'm a yenta with skinny legs.
Take your hands off me, you myopic dwarf.
Renfield, I am finished.
Over, I'm a has-been. O-V-E-R.
But master, you are Dracula, son of Dracul.
You've been the reigning
Prince of Darkness...
for over 700 glorious years.
700 lonely years, Renfield.
Lonely, master?
But I thought you were happy living...
I mean, dying...
I mean, existing all those years.
I thought you were having fun.
Fun?
How would you like to go around...
dressed like a headwaiter
for the last 700 years.
Just once, I'd like to go to dinner...
dressed in a turtleneck and a sports jacket.
Happy?
How would you like to dine on nothing
but a warm liquid protein diet...
while all around you, people are eating...
lamb chops...
potato chips...
Mallomars.
Chivas Regal on the rocks with a twist.
How would you like
to not have Christmas presents.
Easter egg hunts.
Garlic toast.
No, Renfield...
help me back in the coffin.
I'm not going out tonight...
- or any other night.
- Yes, you are.
- No, I'm not.
- Yes, you are.
Oh, yes, I am what, you idiot?
Going out tonight, master.
What is that? Another little bug?
This is where she is tonight.
This is where she is every night.
You got this from the head
of the modeling agency, didn't you?
I got this from her secretary, when
I showed up at noon with my lunch pail.
Another snake, Renfield?
No, master.
A scorpion, perhaps?
No, better, master.
What could be better
than a scorpion, Renfield?
Six black widow spiders...
twelve fat earthworms...
two hairy caterpillars...
on rye bread with a slice of onion.
A triple-decker!
Was it something I said, master?
Are you a member?
I'm looking for somebody.
Aren't we all?
I'm telling you, Lisa,
he did a complete dump on her.
Good evening.
- Permit me to...
- No, thank you. I already ordered.
She put him through four years
of medical school...
two years of residency,
and a year of internship...
and now he won't even take her calls.
I tell you, my way's better.
You meet him, dig him...
you ball him once
and then adios, muchacho.
Lisa?
I am not a waiter.
I am an admirer.
Permit me to...
Go ahead. Have a seat.
Don't tell me, let me guess.
Let's see, you are either a magician
or you're into handwriting analysis, right?
Neither.
I've adored you from afar, Cindy Sondheim.
How did you know my name?
How does one know
the wind's name is Mariah?
You're weird. You know that?
Look into my eyes and tell me what you see.
They're bloodshot
and you had too much to drink last night.
- What else?
- I don't know.
You tell me.
Love.
I love you.
And I can give you eternal life.
Shit. I knew it, an insurance salesman.
I've already got Prudential.
I am Count Vladimir Dracula.
I do not sell life insurance.
Don't get so hostile.
I mean, you walk over here...
and you start to tell me you love me?
How could you?
You don't even know me.
Maybe the only thing you know...
is I don't want to get married,
or something like that.
I know many things about you.
Secret things.
Really?
Like what?
Like...
you enjoy having your ankles licked.
Listen...
maybe we can go back to my place.
Or your place? Whichever.
I can't believe I said that.
Come on in.
Can I get you anything?
A broom, perhaps.
I hate housework. It killed my mother.
I'll see you in a minute. I'll be right back.
Make yourself comfortable.
Room 903, please.
What time does the sun rise in the morning?

6:
I want you to call me at 6:00.
A wake-up call.
Something sexy
Et voil.
What do you think of the real me?
I'll be right out there.
I've got the thing to put us in the mood.
Hold on. Don't go anywhere.
So that's where you've been
for the last two days.
And I thought you were lost, you little devil.
There you go.
Hi.
I got us some champagne
and a little Maui Waui. Really heavy shit.
I do not drink wine...
and I do not smoke shit.
So much for that.
How sweet.
I've got just the thing for you.
We'll get you a half a lude,
a Perrier water, a twist of lime...
and a Perc chaser. Perfect. I'll be right back.
There's just one thing I want to tell you
before we do it.
This is purely physical.
I don't expect to see you after tonight...
and you are not obliged to call me,
there is no commitment.
- Are you listening to me?
- No.
Why not?
Because you're not saying anything
we want to hear.
I don't know what you mean.
- I'm just trying to be honest.
- Don't be honest.
What should I be?
Beautiful.
Be romantic.
Be mine.
There's just one more thing,
I'm not on the pill.
They were giving me migraines.
But I'm all right. I mean...
I'll be all right from the 14th to the 19th,
and today's the 16th, right?
Is it the 16th? I'm not sure if it's the 16th.
What are you doing?
That's so kinky! Are you biting me?
I don't know, Jeffery.
It just wasn't like what we have.
You mean, dinner, the movies,
occasional sex to relieve anxieties.
- More than that?
- More, it was...
It was wild...
it was crazed.
It was the most unbelievable
sexual fulfillment...
I've ever experienced.
Why don't you come to the office
next Monday for a shot of penicillin?
Don't be snide, Jeffery.
I want to get to the bottom of this.
All right, let's analyze this.
- That's what I'm here for.
- That's right.
Let's see...
the first time this happened,
you blamed it on low blood sugar.
The glucose tolerance test...
which I paid for, proved negative.
The time before that, you said
you were having a double-crisis day...
- according to your biorhythm chart.
- I was.
You were? No...
last night you were on a
definite optimistic upswing.
- That's true.
- So much for that bullshit.
Doctor, I think
you're losing your objectivity.
- Really?
- Yes.
Moving right along, the time before that...
you claimed the CIA had planted
a mind-bending drug...
in your feminine hygiene spray.
But we checked it out...
they never heard of you.
So what's left?
What is it that causes you to behave
with such rampant promiscuity...
little Miss Hot Pants?
- It couldn't be that?
- What, Jeffery?
Spit it out. Just say it.
Well, either you're angry with me...
because of my ambivalence about
committing to a definitive relationship...
after nine years.
Or, this is probably the case here...
it's a fantasy.
- A fantasy?
- Yeah.
You call this a fantasy?
Did you ever see a dynamite hickey like that before?
Well?
- Oh, my God!
- What?
- No!
- What?
- No, it can't be.
- It can't be what?
- Dracula!
- How did you know his name?
Dracula, alive.
Of course he's alive.
I told you, I was just with him last night.
- Cindy, darling...
- What?
You met him a long time ago.
You were a little girl.
He was a very great man.
- Count Dracula?
- No, my grandfather, Dr. Fritz Van Helsing.
He was the first man to discover the thing...
- you slept with last night.
- Thing? Excuse me.
Last night, tell me,
how many times did he do it?
Two and...
a half. I fell asleep.
No, I mean,
how many times did he bite you?
Just once.
I told you, it was our first date.
I was just sitting there, at the disco,
talking to Lisa on the phone...
Quiet.
It was your first date and your last date.
Don't be ridiculous.
You're a jealous toad, Jeffery.
Page 58, yes, here it is.
"Three bites from the vampire,
and the victim is doomed."
Darling, if that monster bites you two more times...
you will become a vampire, a living corpse.
Look, if last night was any indication of what it's like to be a corpse... it sure beats the hell out of living.
- Cindy, I'm serious.
- Jeff, you're crazy.
Vampires in New York City, in the 20th century? Really! Sweetheart, darling...
trust me.
Your life is in danger. I almost love you.
Can I just see him?
Meet him, with you, I mean?
I don't know.
He's meeting me for drinks at 8:00 and then he's taking me for dinner.
- Don't you screw it up.
- No. Thank you.
- That's time.
- Really? Already? Gee, time goes so fast.
Where's my lighter?
- Sweetheart.
- Yes?
There's one other thing. You haven't paid for any of these sessions... in over a year.
It's not for me.
The accountants are all over me... and so I would like a little, you know.
Oh, God, I forgot my checkbook. It's on the sink, I remember.
Jeffery, do you think it'd be all right if I paid you Tuesday?
I'll remember my checkbook on Tuesday. Sure, darling...
because you know what Freud said: "If you don't pay for it, you don't get better."
I remember.
- Thank you, Jeffery. Bye.
- Bye. Later, pumpkin.
Dracula! Alive! In New York! I won't let him get her.
I won't.
Why don't you go and get yourself something to eat...
and be back in an hour.
Uncola for me, please.
- Well, where is he?
- He'll be here.
Another fly-by-night character.
Good evening, my beauty.
Roses.
They're beautiful.
- Aren't they beautiful, Jeffery?
- Flowers.
Don't touch the thorns.
Vladimir, I'd like to introduce you
to my psychiatrist, Dr. Jeffery Rosenberg.
Jeffery, Count Dracula.
It's a pleasure to meet you, Dr. Rosenberg.
- Likewise, Count.
- Please call me Vladimir.
And I will call you Shrink.
We are in America.
Did you have a nice day, my beauty?
Ren ran my ass off all day.
He may be the best photographer
in New York City, but he's still a bitch.
- They've a right to their life.
- Yes, I know, Jeffery.
They love in their way, we love in ours,
who's to say which is right?
By the 21st century, homosexuality
will probably be the normal lifestyle.
Excellent. Cigarette?
I do not smoke! Thank you very much.
The mirror is broken.
A small accident. Forgive me, Doctor.
I almost forgot,
I bought you something, too, darling.
Really? For me? How sweet. What is it?
- It's a good-luck necklace.
- Thank you.
It's very interesting.
- Oh, God, it smells awful.
- Yes. It's made of garlic.
Garlic? I don't think that's funny, Jeffery.
You're getting to be a bore, Rosenberg.
Von Helsing, Count Dracula.
My grandfather was Dr. Fritz Van Helsing. I changed my name to Rosenberg for professional reasons. He practiced in London. Is the name familiar to you? Van Helsing! I should have known. Your grandfather was a very wise man. But unfortunately for him, I was wiser.
- Yes, but the race goes on.
- What the hell are you men talking about? Are you stoned, Jeffery?
Did you sneak a joint out of my purse? Let him continue, he is most amusing. You won't find this amusing, Count.
- What have you there, some wolfsbane?
- Something more powerful than wolfsbane. Well, Count, what do you say to that? I would say, leave Cindy alone, and find yourself a nice Jewish girl, Doctor. - Shit! It's the other one, isn't it? - Good evening, Dr. Rosenberg. - Better luck next time. - One last thing. I have no more time for games, Dr. Rosenberg. Look into my eyes, Count Vladimir Dracula. Look deeply into my eyes. You are getting sleepy. Knock it off, Jeffery. I'm starving. I'm going to have you find the truth out about this man one way or another. Sleeper and sleepier. Do not teach your grandmother how to suck eggs, Rosenberg. It is you who is getting sleepier and sleepier. You are falling into a deep sleep. Pleasant, warm. Close your eyes. Soon you will be under my power. Look it, I can't stand much more of this competitive macho shit... you guys, I'm warning you. Sleeper and sleepier, Count.
Drowsier and drowsier, Rosenberg.
You're almost asleep by now.
- No, you are.
- No, you are.
- You are.
- No, you are.
I'm going home.
Sleep.
- Are you gentlemen...
- Sleep!
Sleep.
Who's there?
Cindy!
Oh, it's you.
Why don't you just go back to the Plaza...
and play your little boy games with Jeffery.
Open the door.
I can't. I have company.
I don't want to be disturbed.
Very cute. I told you, I've got a man in here.
Now you do.
Why, you arrogant S.O.B.
I'm Dracula, a great power...
and yet I'm humbled before you.
You're the only woman I've ever loved.
You belong to me.
Look it, I'm not your slave.
Now, I've asked you nicely to leave.
Now I'm going to call the police.
I mean it.
You sought experience...
and none has satisfied you.
You long for something wild
and overpowering...
to sweep you beyond thought.
- I heard a rooster crow.
- A rooster? In New York City?
- It is late. I must go.
- Wait a minute. Come on.
We could go to bed,
maybe get in a little quickie?
No. With you, never a quickie.
Always, a longie.
Until tonight.
Hey, when you come back tonight, it's okay to use the front door. I'm telling you, I didn't do it. You gotta get it right, man. Take it easy! Who's in charge here?
Thank you.
I'm sorry, Lieutenant, please let me go. I swear I'll never do it again. It was just one hubcap. Yeah, sure. What about the other three? Now, you tell me the names of the boys in the gang... and maybe I'll give you a break. I don't know their names. I just met them walking down the street. And you know we all look alike. Smart ass. Russell, I'm gonna throw the book at you.
- Just a minute, Lieutenant.
- Who the hell are you?
I just happen to be a doctor of psychiatry. I think this boy's telling the truth. I think he knows what he's done and he's sorry. Well, let me tell you... today, Corvette hubcaps and tomorrow... Chase Manhattan Bank goes up in smoke, that's right. Russell...
I want you to take this. Go to this clinic next Tuesday at 9:00... ask for Dr. Shapiro, and you tell him that I sent you.
- Is that agreed?
- Yes, sir. Thank you. Lieutenant, unlock the handcuffs. Are you sure? There are no guarantees, Lieutenant, only chances. Okay, you must know, you're the doc. Russell, if you make a monkey out of me... I want you to get out of here. Don't want you to ever come back here again...
unless you're selling
Girl Scout cookies, okay?
Girl Scout cookies, Boy Scout cookies,
oatmeal cookies, sugar cookies...
anything you want. I know
where the guy parks his truck at night.
And I'll... At a discount.
No, for free, both of you.
Do you feel better?
Yes, I do. It's crazy, I know, but I really do.
So do I.
- I almost forgot why I came in here.
- Oh, yeah? What's up, doc?
A little joke I... It just feels so good.
Lieutenant,
my name is Dr. Jeffery Rosenberg...
and I want to talk to you about a man
who sucks the blood out of people.
Loan shark? What's his name?
No, this is no loan shark. This is a vampire.
Vampire?
A vampire.
His name is Dracula, Count Dracula.
And he bites people in the neck
and he drinks their blood.
O'Brien.
Get that rotten kid back in here. Quickly.
Somebody. Murphy.
We're gonna need all the help we can get.
Get this crazy psycho out of here
before I kill him. Get him out!
Wait.
It's very hard to believe this, I know.
It's a difficult thing to believe.
Out!
They wouldn't believe my grandfather.
Get him out!
- Can I help you with it, sir?
- No, that's fine.
Thank you.
Thank you.
I'm sure you'll find everything
to your satisfaction, sir.
I'm sure I will.
If there's anything you need, my name is Billy.
Hello, Billy.
I got everything I need right here in this little old bag.
If you catch my meaning, Billy.
You need ice?
No ice.
You won't be disturbed, sir.
You have a nice weekend.
A nice long weekend.
- You, too, Billy.
- Thank you, sir.
Thank you.
Every now and then...
it certainly helps...
to have a patient doing five to 10...
for breaking...
and entering.
Can I really do this?
A Freudian wouldn't do this.
A Jungian would do this.
A Reichian would do this.
But I'm a Freudian.
But I'm also a Van Helsing.
In the name of all the Van Helsings who have ever lived.
Burn, baby, burn.
Who's smoking?
This is a perfect example...
of a man taking charge of his own life.
And I feel...
pretty good.
Fire. Room 903.
Master.
Let it burn!
We got to run, guy. Come on.
Let it burn!
Let me go! I'm a doctor.
I know what I'm doing.
See, he's a vampire.
And he's got to be destroyed. He's filth.
Decadence. He's unclean.
He's got to be destroyed.
And you know what I think?
I'm not sure about this, but I suspect...
that he's better in bed
with my girl than I am!
This guy has really flipped.
Who's that for?
It's not for me. Get the air bubble out.
Dr. Donahue.
Call 276.
- How are you?
- I'm fine.
Been keeping busy?
Let me see. What are you're doing?
It's nothing. I'll show it to you
when it's finished.
Okay.
I picked up something for you to eat.
- Am I going to be in here that long?
- No.
I thought I ought to get a couple extra,
so the others wouldn't get upset.
They are upset. That's why they're in here.
That's right.
Listen, it's cool. Everything is cool.
I talked to your answering service
and told them the doctor is on vacation.
Marry me.
Jeff, please.
I've been thinking. We should get married.
You always said I don't wanna get married.
You do. I was gonna tell you Tuesday,
when you came into the office.
I'm getting the house, Largemont,
22 minutes from midtown.
Good schools. No tennis court,
but there's room for one.
We'll love it there.
Jeffery, please.
A dog, you've always wanted one.
I found one.
She's not spayed. I wanted to talk
about it first. Though I'm not Catholic...
Jeffery, you're getting hysterical!
I know, I'm sorry.
Okay. Cindy...  
get me out of here quickly.  
You know I'm not insane.  
All right.  
It's all been arranged.  
But you've got to promise me to be good.  
No more carrying on!  
No, I'll be good.  
I'll be better than good. I'll be perfect.  
- No more fires?  
- No.  
- No more possessive tantrums?  
- No.  
No more fires.  
I promise. No more fires.  
Promise?  
Okay, you'll be out of here in no time.  
Don't worry. Go back to your drawing.  
Visiting hours will be over  
in 15 minutes, please.  
Attention. Visiting hours will be over  
in 15 minutes, please.  
You did real well, Renfield.  
Thank you, master.  
A combination getaway car  
and mobile home.  
When we get inside,  
I want you to play it real cold.  
I believe that's "real cool," master.  
Cool. Yeah.  
We're going to make a hoist.  
- Heist.  
- Heist.  
I'm sorry, we're closed.  
We've come to make a withdrawal.  
We have a very sick man in the car  
who needs blood desperately.  
That's a hearse!  
So maybe we're a bit late.  
I told you, we're closed.  
The only thing closed...  
are your eyes.  
Fill out these cards and follow me.  
What type are you?
Ruthless.
We didn't come to give. We came to take.
Give us all your blood
in small, unmarked bills.
Master, that's "bottles."
Bottles.
Of course. Forgive me.
We are new at this.
If you two freaks don't get out of here...
I am going to scream my head off.
If you scream loudly, they'll think
you are frightened by a mouse.
Master, we hit the jackpot!
Only in America.
Plastic disposable bodies.
It's like a supermarket.
Master, it'll be wonderful at the reception
when you marry Miss Cindy.
How they danced
on the night that they bled
I propose a toast.
Here's blood in your eye.
Close your eyes and hope to die.
Are you sure your eyes are closed?
Open them now.
Vladimir, that's lovely.
What is that?
A blood...
ruby.
And what are those little birds?
It's nothing. A creature of the night. It flies.
Must have been very expensive.
How did you afford it?
I put a little away for a very long time.
What's wrong? You seem so sad.
I don't know.
I think I love you, Vladimir.
And part of me
still wants to be independent.
Part of me wants to be taken care of.
And part of me would like to be
a wife and a mother.
Part of me still thinks
I am just, like, an expensive whore...
who'd sell anything from dog food
to mouthwash for $1,000 a day.
Oh, God!
I'm so confused.
You were born in the wrong time,
Cindy Sondheim.
In the other age,
things were simpler, less complicated.
Do you remember how many women had
nervous breakdowns in the 14th century?
- No.
- Three.
Why do you treat me so well, Vladimir?
Without this face that I wake up every
morning looking for the first wrinkle...
I'm nothing.
Do you think of me as special?
Yes, of course.
Then how can you think of yourself
as nothing if I love you?
Besides...
I can arrange it...
so you never have to look in a mirror again.
I can arrange it so you can.
The second way to kill a vampire, Count.
Three silver bullets through the heart.
Jeffery!
No, Rosenberg.
That is a werewolf.
A werewolf. Really? Are you sure?
No harm done. The man's all right.
This was for a werewolf.
No problem. Calm down. Take it easy.
I'm a doctor and I know what I'm doing.
He's all right. He's even got a little color.
Not to worry, my dear.
It's a small annoyance.
Who are you?
Do you know, whenever I'm with you, I see...
Places...
in my eyes...
that you've only seen in dreams.
Yes.
They've not been dreams.
Nor do they ever have to be again.
It's just incredible.
I finally know what I want.
What about your career?
I don't know.
Sometimes I think a career to a woman
is kind of like...
fooling around to a man.
I mean, it's a lot of fun.
Till the right person comes along.
What about Rosenberg?
Jeffery.
He just doesn't make me feel
the way you make me feel.
What are you doing?
What does it feel like I'm doing?
Feels so cold.
Finally after 712 years...
to have someone bite me again.
You can see him now.
Physical therapist,
please report to Room 264.
Hi, Doc.
Remember me?
"All of the victims had two puncture marks
on their necks.
"But no one could remember
how it happened."
Absolutely! Dracula.
"Nothing was stolen
and no one was sexually molested.
"Turn to Page 46."
Thirty years in the force,
never cracked a big one.
And now here's my big chance.
I have to go after a vampire.
Why couldn't it have been a drug bust?
Although no one has ever
gone after a vampire before.
No one has ever tried.
Except me.
So, after four victims
and the blood bank robbery...
Page 23, you finally believe me.
I don't know what to believe, Doc.  
A lot of funny things  
going down in this city.  
Not funny, Lieutenant!  
Page 38.  
Come on, Ferguson.  
Help me turn to Page 46.  
I'll do more than that, Doc.  
I'm going to get you out of here. Come on.  
Leave everything to me.  
Oh, my God!  
I've lost her forever. He's drained  
all the blood out of her. We're too late.  
Jeffery, will you calm down?  
This is an herbal mask...  
you've seen me wear it a million times.  
Herbal mask?  
Yes. But you're right, you're too late.  
We're in love. Now get out of here.  
You call this love? Look at this.  
Two sets of bites.  
I don't know. It looks awfully small to me.  
You're sure that's not prickly heat?  
We've still got time to save her.  
Come on, I know he's in there.  
- No!  
- Get out of here.  
We can't go in without a search warrant.  
You know the law.  
If we don't, her immortal soul  
will be lost forever.  
And if we do, I lose my pension.  
Come on. I know a friendly judge.  
Oh, Jeffery.  
Listen, we're getting married next week.  
I'm registered at Bloomingdale's.  
I'm okay with crystal but I'm a little short  
on china and silverware.  
You get nothing from me!  
Say what?  
A search warrant, Your Honor.  
We need a search warrant right now.  
There's been a rash of bat bites in the city.
Maybe you've read about it.
A blood bank robbery. And this girl has
these two red holes in her neck.
We have reason to believe
this is the work of a vampire.
A vampire.
That's right. That's why we need
the warrant right now.
So we can grab him
while he's still sleeping in his coffin.
I cannot believe what I'm hearing.
Your Honor, let me shed some light on this.
Listen, honky.
Didn't you see Roots?
I loved Roots.
And Brima is a terrific dancer.
You better believe it.
And our people have come a long way...
for you to be coming in here
with that voodoo scary Dracula shit.
Now I want you to haul ass
out of my courtroom...
before I really get mean.
Your Honor, I'm a doctor of...
Look at this.
It's him.
Yeah. Or a rock group. Come on.
Are you coming or aren't you?
I can't do it, Doc. I told you. I'm sorry.
You bring him down. I'll do the rest.
All right. You stay right here.
Wait a minute.
- You may need this.
- He's already dead.
You can't come in!
I'm in. Where is he?
He's not here. Now, why don't you
leave us alone, for God's sake!
Where is he? Where's his damn coffin?
I know he's here somewhere.
Who does this patent leather pump
belong to? Cinderella?
He's in here somewhere and I'll find him.
It's me! I don't see any pictures of him.
You know why there are no pictures of him?
Because you can't
take any pictures of him. That's why.
Here somewhere.
So we meet again, Dr. Rosenberg.
Where's your master?
He's at the airport buying tickets
for our flight home tonight.
Why did you tell him that?
Because the bad guys always tell
the good guys what they're going to do...
just before they try to kill them.
He's absolutely right, Miss Cindy.
That's part of the rules, but in this case,
we are the good guys.
Shall we let history make that judgment?
Certainly, Rosenberg.
Is there anything else you'd like to know?
Yes. Do you like centipedes?
Why do you ask?
There's a beautiful one
in front of your left foot.
Where?
And you call yourself a doctor.
Jeffery!
Come on. You're coming with me.
No, I'm not. Look it, I love him
and he loves me.
Why don't you just walk around the block
and explain that to yourself?
Okay. I'm sorry.
I've been way out of line here.
I'm really sorry. You've seen the last of me.
All right. Sorry to see it end this way.
One way or the other, sister.
Nightie-night.
Please, God.
Not again.
Please don't mess with that big switch
up there in the sky.
Jet lag.
What's going on here?
Quiet!
It's another brown out. We're stuck.
Somebody got a match?
He's right. Relaxez-vous.
I got a lighter in my right-hand pocket.
Would one of you guys wanna reach in,
grab it, and flick my Bic?
Excuse me.
I've got it.
Well, the important thing is not to panic.
Too many people in here.
Somebody's got to go.
What are you talking about?
This is an elevator, not a lifeboat.
Maurice.
Hello, honey.
Hello!
Animals.
People in a blackout become animals.
Renfield, where is she?
She's gone. Rosenberg took her.
Rosenberg. Where?
I don't know.
They only left a few moments ago.
Master, what are we to do now?
Where are we to go?
Airline tickets to romantic places.
- London!
- Dorchester Hotel.
- England.
- Just like the good old days.
Where am I?
- What happened?
- You tell her. Poor darling.
It's all right. Cindy, relax.
Everything is gonna be all right.
- Long flight.
- Now I remember.
Let go of me, Dr. Rosenberg.
I'm gonna scream.
No screaming. I'm becoming unglued
as it is. God, I think I'm gonna faint.
If you do, it'll have to be
standing up, fruitcake.
Vladimir!
I'm coming to save you.
We're gonna be saved!
You fools!
How stupid can you be?
That was the voice of Dracula.
- Dracula who?
- Dracula who?
Dracula, lady. That blood-sucking vampire.
Haven't you read the newspapers?
He's on his way down here...
for this girl, and after her,
God knows who's next.
Come on, let him have it.
Listen, can't believe what's going on here.
Take care of your mother. Bolt the doors.
If anybody breaks in, tell him
your father is cop, that'll scare him.
- What are you doing?
- It's for my den.
I hate Princess phones, don't you?
You can't do that.
Give me that back!
Lost my dime.
- There.
- Do not forget, lady. You owe us.
I won't.
Don't forget to tell them we're here, darling.
Now remember, honey...
Mrs. Knockwood in 14B.
Please, turn off the pot roast.
Quickly, my darling. Hold on tight.
Honey, can we stop by the apartment
so I can pack a little overnight bag?
Of course, my darling. Which floor is it?
We're saved!
Listen, kid. I'm sorry about that, you know.
You kind of went bananas.
Look, if you ever need me
anytime of the day or night...
I'm right across the street at St. Vincent's.
Such a nice Jewish boy. A doctor, yet.
Why you need a meshugennah blonde
like that for?
My sister Lina, she has a daughter.
Ferguson.
I had her, but he took her up the elevator shaft.
All right. What goes up must come down. Come on.
You're all under arrest. Every one of you!
Get your $10 flashlight. How about it, sir?
$10 for a flashlight?
- Supply and demand.
- I'm a cop, you know.
$2 for a flashlight. Get your $2 flashlights.
Where the hell are they?
Gentlemen, could you tell me exactly what you did during the blackout?
- Is this local or network?
- Local.
- Live or tape?
- Live.
There's a vampire loose in the city.
Lock up your wives, your sisters, your daughters, and your sweethearts.
No!
This is Edward Calvin reporting...
- He's already got my girl.
- Come on.
There they are.
Come on.
...reporting on the street coverage...
Protect yourself. Looks like a bat!
Lots of strange happenings, we're gonna find out the details later.
- Hi, Doc.
- Hi, Russell.
See you at the clinic.
I told you so.
Maybe it's just therapy.
Doc, look.
A bike. Come on.
They're following us. Isn't it exciting?
What following? What?
Something I should know?
Hang a right on Queens Boulevard.
Proceed due north on the Van Wyck Expressway.
Forget the Grand Central
and the Belt Parkway. This takes us right in.
That's terrific. Would you like
to come up here and help me drive?
If necessary.
He's heading to the expressway.
I told you, we're stuck.
It could be backed up for miles.
Erwin Newman, driver 10763.
I command you to defy the laws
of centrifugal force.
Close your eyes.
Yes, master. I mean, mister.
Oh, this is great!
I won't have to get
my tires rotated this month.
Drive on the grass.
That I can't do. It's illegal.
I'm not talking to you. I'm talking to the car.
He'll get himself killed doing that.
Told you, he's already dead.
Doc, how much did you say
that girl owes you?
Counting Friday, $7,452.
But it's not the money.
There's a good chance I love her.
Watch out for that oak tree!
Tell him, lady.
I haven't been driving
for the past five minutes.
Eat your heart out, Burt Reynolds!
Vladimir, they're still kissing.
Isn't that sweet?
How romantic.
Erwin, put on some music.
All right!
Use the radio. Call for help.
Yeah, what am I supposed to do?
Tell them this is Lt. Ferguson...
I'm on a stolen bike with a psychiatrist...
chasing a vampire who's going to
bite this girl on her neck...
so she can turn into a bat.
Yeah, tell them that.
There goes my pension.
We're almost there.
How much do I owe you?
Owe me? Forget about it.
I've been driving people to the airport
for 32 years...
and this is the first time
I ever took a flight. Thanks a lot, buddy.
I only wish the missus was here.
I don't know how it could have happened.
It's dreadful.
The coffin is supposed to be
on Flight 602 to London.
When it arrives in Jamaica, it'll be sent
on the very next flight to London.
But that will be too late.
My master will disintegrate.
He'll turn to dust.
Master, we have a problem.
We have a terrible problem.
Correction, Renfield.
Several terrible problems.
Age before beauty. Follow me.
Listen, when you go through customs,
be careful with that little bag.
But, master, the coffin's
on its way to Jamaica.
What else is new? I'll see you in Jamaica.
Quick. The runway.
Jamaica. Aisle seat. No smoking.
What's the movie?
In Cold Blood.
Vladimir, stop. It's too late.
There is another way.
The third bite?
I don't know, Vladimir.
I mean, you're a beautiful lover.
And you're a great dancer.
You go through doors great.
I don't know
how you're gonna look as a bat.
I just don't know what to do.
You'll have to tell me what to do.
You must make the choice.
No.
As for me...
in a world without romance...
it's better to be dead.
I'm pretty sure I love you.
What am I saying? Of course I love you.
I think.
Do it now, Vladimir.
The third way to kill a vampire...
Herr Count.
A wooden stake through the heart.
Stop it, Doctor.
Stop it. No good. They're gone. See?
They disappeared.
- Gone.
- Oh, no.
Cindy, don't go.
Come back. I need you.
Let's talk about it.
Look. The check.
She paid me everything she owes me.
She left me, but she learned something.
She's a responsible person.
Or whatever.
What was it with that guy?
I mean, what did he have?
Was it the accent? "Good evening."
No, I think it was the cape.
- The cape?
- The cape.
- Don't be ridiculous.
- Try it out.
Let's see what it looks like.
There.
What do you think?
Definitely, it was the cape.
- It really looks terrific on you.
- You think so?
I think so.
Listen...
Doc, I have an anniversary coming up.
My tenth.
If I came home this Friday night
with a bottle of wine, a dozen roses...
wearing that cape, I think it would
drive my wife up the wall.  
Can I borrow it for just one night, please? All right.  
Thanks, Doctor.  
But I want it back Saturday for the weekend.  
– Sure. I'll even have it cleaned. All right?  
– Okay.  
Thanks.  
This isn't it so hard.  
I think I'm gonna love immortality.  
There is one small disadvantage.  
You can only live by night.  
That's all right with me.  
I mean, I could never really  
get my shit together till 7:00, anyway.