

The Vampire Trap

by
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FADE IN:

Red letters on a black screen: THE FOLLOWING IS A
TWENTIETH-CENTURY FOX FILM.

EXT. LOS ANGELES - STREET NEAR THE DOCKS - NIGHT

The door of a bar opens, spilling LIGHT and MUSIC onto the STREET. A drunken sailor appears, supported by another MAN. The man, a VAMPIRE, steers his victim into an alley.

Across the street, an unmarked WHITE VAN with machinery on its roof.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

Three CEO-type MEN, a YOUNG MAN and a harsh-faced WOMAN with a SWOOP OF HAIR across her forehead watch the VAMPIRE and his victim through the van's blacked-out windows.

FIRST CEO MAN
Is that...?

YOUNG MAN
Sh! He can hear you.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

The vampire fastens on his victim. The man spasms, falls.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

SECOND CEO MAN
He killed him!

WOMAN
He had to.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The vampire, satiated, exits the alley. He strolls toward a sleek car parked further up the street.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

The young man opens a laptop computer. Formulas fill its screen, and a single, blinking word: EXECUTE?

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The vampire lifts an electronic key toward his car.

His THUMB presses the button as

INT. VAN - NIGHT

The young man's FINGER hits the ENTER key.

EXT. Street - NIGHT

SMOKING BLISTERS RIP across the vampire's SKIN and before he can move or cry out he EXPLODES in a BLINDING FLASH OF LIGHT, all FIREBALL and geysering BLOOD.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

FIRST CEO MAN

My God!

The young man pulls a CONTRACT from an attaché.

Hands shaking, the CEOs sign the document and exit the van.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

They walk to their expensive cars, skirting wide the smoking, bloody patch of street. They drive away.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

The young man begins to turn the ignition key.

WOMAN

Wait.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

She runs to the smoking spot. Side-stepping the blood, she chalks on the wall above it two interlocking RINGS, one RED, one GREEN. She turns, her FACE exultant.

DISSOLVE TO: TITLE SEQUENCE

EXT. LOS ANGELES - GALAXY CINEMA - NIGHT

A neon MARQUEE proclaims the midnight show of KING OF VAMPIRES. POSTERS bear the legend BASED ON A TRUE STORY. A BANNER reads DESMOND SHARPE UNDEAD IN PERSON!

A crowd of excited young people queues up: black, ripped leather and fishnets, torn lace, stage blood and glitter.

A FOX TV reporter, REMY RAMIEREZ, interviews a pretty girl with orange hair, sharp cheekbones and pointed chin.

REMY

So who are you and what exactly goes on in there?

ORANGE-HAIRED GIRL

I'm Amborella, and we dress as the characters in the film, act out the songs, talk to the screen, and throw things in the cinema.

REMY

So it's like "Rocky Horror!"

AMBORELLA

Kind of!

A BLACK LIMO appears, gliding to the curb. The crowd goes nuts, the TV CAMERAS and LIGHTS swivelling to the car.

The door opens and out steps DESMOND SHARPE, too handsome for his own good, Byronic Hero to the hilt, a cape even, shadowed by a PUBLICIST. He waves, the crowd SCREAMS.

REMY pushes toward him, camera CREW in tow.

REMY

Desmond, Remy Ramierez, Fox News!

DESMOND

Enchanté, Remy!

REMY

Wow, isn't this amazing? Your movie has made over a hundred million dollars, and now this!

DESMOND

I had no idea I inspired such
worship! I'm touched, truly.

REMY

Desmond, you're notoriously
difficult to interview, but you
say you really are a vampire?

DESMOND

I'm an actor, Remy. I get paid to
pretend. Besides, what is a
vampire if not the fulfillment of
one's deepest desires? Excuse me!

He sweeps past her into the lobby, his publicist trailing.

INT. CINEMA STAIRCASE- NIGHT

Desmond leads the way up to the balcony. His cell phone
rings. He pulls it from his inside jacket pocket, answers.

DESMOND

(into phone)

What. We've had this conversation.
Ask me, he had it coming. Well,
I'm here now, so... Fine. I'm
fine. I'll see you later. No, I
already ate. No, Roselawn. Bye.

They enter the reserved balcony, move close enough to the
front to see without being seen.

INT. CINEMA AUDITORIUM

It's an ornate, decaying, ex-legitimate theater with a
stage. BELOW, gothy KIDS run around, music POUNDS from the
speakers, red balloons BOUNCE. Half-naked FIRE DANCERS
writhe on the stage. It seeths with feral, barely-restrained
sex and violence and Remy's CAMERA CREW records it all.

DESMOND

Oh.

PUBLICIST

Not what what you expected?

DESMOND

I knew the movie would succeed: we pumped millions into advertising, and you know most people are sheep who will do exactly what they're told. But I never imagined this!

Unable to resist, he moves into sight at the front of the balcony. The AUDIENCE spot him and SCREAM.

DESMOND

And stage blood instead of real.
Marvelous!

PUBLICIST

Any other 'vampires,' Desmond?

DESMOND

They are as mortal as you, my friend.

The lights CUT, the audience CHEERS, catchily malevolent MUSIC begins. The AUDIENCE rush the stage as A BLACK-HAIRED, DIABOLICAL MC and three macabre female DANCERS lip-sync a song off the KING OF VAMPIRES soundtrack.

AUDITORIUM AND STAGE - NIGHT

MC

OH, NOW YOU'VE DONE IT
LOOK WHAT THE CAT DRAGGED IN
OOH, NOW YOU'VE BEGUN IT
THAT'S A PRETTY SNARE YOU'RE
SNAGGIED IN
BUT DON'T WORRY OR DISTRUST
DON'T FREAK OR BE AFEARED
IT'S CLEAR YOU'RE ONE OF US
AND WE'RE ALL MAD HERE

MC AND DANCERS

OH SO GLAD YOU CAME
BABY WE GOT GAME
TAKE IT TAKE IT TAKE IT!
C'MON N' COME INSIDE
SAID SPIDER TO THE FLY
BREAK IT BREAK IT BREAK IT!
WANNA BLEED YOU'LL NEED US

WE NEED YOU YOU FEED US!
SHAKE IT SHAKE IT SHAKE IT!

MC
AND IF YOU'RE NOW REGRETTING

FIRST DANCER
REMORSE!

SECOND DANCER
ASHAMED!

THIRD DANCER
REPENTING!

MC
'FRAID YOU'VE CROSSED THE LINE OF
NO RECALL

FIRST DANCER
NO SAYING AU REVOIR

SECOND DANCER
BABY, YOU'RE THE STAR!

MC AND DANCERS
WELCOME TO OUR CUTTHROAT CARNIVAL!

MC AND DANCERS
OH SO GLAD YOU CAME
BABY WE GOT GAME
TAKE IT TAKE IT TAKE IT!
C'MON N' COME INSIDE
SAID SPIDER TO THE FLY
BREAK IT BREAK IT BREAK IT!
WANNA BLEED YOU'LL NEED US
WE NEED YOU YOU FEED US
SHAKE IT SHAKE IT SHAKE IT!

MC
AND IF YOU THINK IT'S TOO
OUTRAGEOUS

FIRST DANCER
GROTESQUE!

SECOND DANCER
BIZZARE!

THIRD DANCER
CONTAGIOUS!

MC
AND ALTOGETHER ISN'T VERY NICE
THEN WE HAVE A NEW POSITION

FIRST DANCER
DON'T REQUIRE AN AUDITION

THIRD DANCER
EV'RY CEREMONY NEEDS A SACRIFICE!

Amborella is shoved onstage, clad in CORSET, LONG GLOVES and FISHNET THIGH-HIGHS. The audience CHEERS, howling for blood. She's pushed around, but at a crescendo she breaks away, a SMILE breaking out on her face as she skips along the stage edge, she and the audience lip-syncing together:

AMBORELLA AND AUDIENCE
OH SO GLAD YOU CAME

She starts to strip: a glove comes off.

BABY WE GOT GAME

The other glove comes off.

TAKE IT TAKE IT TAKE IT!

The corset drops, revealing a sparkly, skimpy BLACK BIKINI.

The MC sets up a STRIPPER'S POLE upstage center, and as the song goes into a dive-bombing CHORD she runs for it, spiralling around it down onto the stage, ending up in a crawl, her eyes now locked on Desmond's.

C'MON N COME INSIDE
SAID SPIDER TO THE FLY

At the lip of the stage she stands.

WANNA BLEED YOU'LL NEED US

She runs a hand down her throat, daring him to ravish her.

WE NEED YOU YOU FEED US

The music hits the BRIDGE and the MC rolls onto the stage a SMALL REFRIGERATOR. He places a GALVANISED TUB center stage and hooks it to a ROPE descending from the flies.

The audience at the stage cover themselves with PLASTIC.

BALCONY - NIGHT

DESMOND

What is this? This isn't in my movie!

PUBLICIST

I don't know! Apparently it's a thing they do here!

AUDITORIUM AND STAGE - NIGHT

The FRIDGE opens, it's full of BLOOD PACKS.

The DANCERS toss the packs from hand to hand in time with the music, slashing them open, adding them to the STAGE BLOOD already in the tub. As the music RISES the TUB rises, hauled aloft as the Amborella takes her place beneath it.

DESMOND

No, no, no, no!

The music climaxes, the tub tilts and she's bathed in it, FLASHDANCE meets CARRIE, and she has the widest, sunniest GRIN on her face, couldn't be happier. She and the audience SCREAM the lyrics at each other as the dancers whirl:

AMBORELLA AND AUDIENCE

OH SO GLAD YOU CAME
BABY WE GOT GAME
TAKE IT TAKE IT TAKE IT!
C'MON N' COME INSIDE
SAID SPIDER TO THE FLY
BREAK IT BREAK IT BREAK IT!
WANNA BLEED YOU'LL NEED US
WE NEED YOU YOU FEED US
SHAKE IT SHAKE IT SHAKE IT!

She does, blood flying from her body onto their plastic.

BALCONY - NIGHT

PUBLICIST.

Whoa.

DESMOND

I um uh.

AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

As the song fades, rhythmic CLAPPING begins. It's the BEAT of Desmond's SONG from KING OF VAMPIRES, and Desmond himself, in the balcony, stands as if he has no choice, unclasps his cape, places his foot upon the railing.

PUBLICIST

Desmond, Jesus!

He steps over the railing.

PUBLICIST

Fucking Christ!

Desmond drops to the theater floor, twenty feet below, unharmed. The crowd is on its feet, beyond rapture.

REMY

(To her CAMERAMAN)

Did you get that?!

CROWD

DES-MOND! DES-MOND! DES-MOND!

Desmond parades to the stage, savoring the moment. He mounts the stage steps. Amborella holds out a BLOODY HAND, and he takes it, tries to embrace her.

AMBORELLA

(backing off)

Sticky! Sticky!

Desmond takes the spotlight and lip-syncs his own voice, as Amborella and the MC slip quietly backstage.

DESMOND
 WHEN THE MOON IS FULL
 AND THE BLOOD IS HIGH
 AND YOU'RE NEEDIN' SOMETHING NEW
 JUST CALL MY NAME
 IT WON'T BE THE SAME
 AND I WILL COME TO YOU

He grabs one of the dancers, per the choreography of his movie. The girl almost orgasms right there, but acts it out, mock pulling away so he can spin her into a dip.

YOUR DESIRE YOU'RE DENYING
 BUT WE BOTH KNOW YOU'RE LYING
 I'M HERE AND MY APPETITE'S UNDAUNTED
 SO THOUGH YOU SAY NO WAY
 YOU KNOW I WON'T BE SWAYED
 SO JUST LIE BACK AND RELAX
 YOU KNOW YOU WANT IT

The dancers and audience join in.

ALL
 YOU KNOW YOU WANT IT
 STOP PRETENDING YOU'RE EVER SO PURE
 FEED YOUR NEED AND FLAUNT IT!
 YOU KNOW YOU WANT IT!
 YOU KNOW YOU WANT IT!
 YOU KNOW YOU WANT IT!

DESMOND
 IT'S A SUMPTUOUS SUMBISSION
 WHEN YOU FREE YOUR INHIBITION
 AND IF YOU NEED A NUDGE
 MY SKILLS ARE VAUNTED
 MY LUSCIOUSNESS I'LL LAVISH
 YOUR RELUCTANCE I WILL RAVISH
 TIL YOU OVERFLOW C'MON!
 YOU KNOW YOU WANT IT!

ALL
 YOU KNOW YOU WANT IT
 QUIT REPRESSING THAT NASTY ITCH
 TANTALIZE, TEASE AND TAUNT IT!
 YOU KNOW YOU WANT IT!
 YOU KNOW YOU WANT IT!
 YOU KNOW YOU WANT IT!

DESMOND
 I'M YOUR FAVORITE TEMPTATION
 THE THRILL YOU CAN'T RESIST
 I AM THE CONSUMMATION
 DEVOUTLY TO BE WISHED
 COME TO ME I'LL CURE WHAT AILS YA
 COME TO ME I'LL FULFILL YOUR DREAMS
 COME TO ME I WILL ASSAIL YA
 I'M SURE I'LL MAKE YOU SCREAM

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE CINEMA - NIGHT (MUSIC UNDER)

The white van pulls up, followed by two more.

INT. VAN. - NIGHT (MUSIC UNDER)

The young man opens his laptop. WORDS move across the screen in time with the music: RADIATION SIGNAL CAPTURED. GPS UPLINK COMPLETED.

INT. CINEMA - NIGHT

DESMOND
 AND IF WE GO ALL THE WAY
 BEST SURRENDER TO DECAY
 YOUR COUNTENANCE
 GHASTLY-IZED AND GAUNTED
 IF IT'S DARKNESS THAT YOU SIGH FOR
 BABY IT'S TO DIE FOR
 BUT YOU CALLED ME
 SO I KNOW YOU WANT IT.

ALL
 YOU KNOW YOU WANT IT
 BE THE BLOODY SPECTRE AT THE FEAST
 IT'S YOUR BANQUET YOU CAN HAUNT IT
 YOU KNOW YOU WANT IT!
 YOU KNOW YOU WANT IT!
 YOU KNOW YOU WANT IT!

YOU KNOW YOU WANT IT
 STOP PRETENDING YOU'RE EVER SO PURE
 FEED YOUR NEED AND FLAUNT IT!
 YOU KNOW YOU WANT IT!
 YOU KNOW YOU WANT IT!
 YOU KNOW YOU WANT IT!

The song ends and it's a BOUNCING OVATION, 500 people jumping up and down in mutual delirium. Desmond soaks in the ovation, gestures for quiet. The crowd hushes.

DESMOND

Oh! Oh, you have no idea what this means to me. To have your love, to be acknowledged; I have lived so long for just this. I love you all. Long live the Galaxy Cinema, long live "King of--"

A GIGANTIC BLAST OF LIGHT BLINDS EVERYONE.

FIRST DANCER

Dafuq?

Slowly, DESMOND looks at the back of his hand, which is impossibly, undeniably, BLISTERED and SMOKING.

He looks up as COMMANDOS in body armor appear at the CINEMA DOORS, across the BALCONY, and from the STAGE EXITS. They hold rifle-like WANDS and wear MACHINES on their backs.

DESMOND

Mortals.

The man from the van steps forward into the aisle.

YOUNG MAN

Move away from the dancers!

Desmond steps forward.

DESMOND

Harm not the audience. Whatever your argument, it is with me.

YOUNG MAN

Then you had best come quietly, hadn't you? Come, sir.

Glancing at Remy's CAMERA, Desmond decides. In dead silence, he walks off the stage, toward the commandos.

FIRST DANCER
(whispering)
Is this part of the show?

AUDIENCE MEMBER
(whispering)
Is this part of the show?

REMY
(whispering)
Is this part of the show?

Desmond is almost there when a commando racks a SHOTGUN.

From the stage, Amborella —still in the bikini but sans stage blood and fishnets— SCREAMS.

AMBORELLA
NO!

The distraction is all Desmond needs: he whips an ELBOW into the young man's CHEST, simultaneously knocking the SHOTGUN up. It BLASTS both barrels. Mass PANIC ensues, 500 people rushing the exits, Remy's CREW lost in the bedlam.

INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

Desmond BATTLES through the lobby, taking out KNEES and punching HELMETS as PANICKED MORTALS flee through the cinema's OPENED DOORS. A commando raises his WEAPON. Desmond, enraged, sweeps over him, ripping open the man's throat before smashing through a LOBBY door.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Desmond runs toward his LIMO, but THREE COMMANDOS pop up behind it, wands pointed. They pull their triggers, and Desmond's FACE is whipped with WELTS. He reels back.

INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

A DARK-HAIRED MEDIC rushes to the fallen commando. The young man, rubbing his chest, comes up.

YOUNG MAN
How bad is it?

MEDIC

Easy! Let me look! Not too. He
only cut an external jugular.

He presses his HANDS against the bleeding WOUND. The young
man pulls a walkie-talkie from his belt.

YOUNG MAN

He's getting nasty. Take him.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Desmond whips around: limo blocked, wands everywhere. He
tenses to leap for the rooftops.

A sudden BLAST of WAVY GREEN LIGHT blocks him. In quick
succession comes ANOTHER, then ANOTHER. Looking up, he sees
the three walls CONVERGE, forming a pyramid, pinning him to
Earth. He puts out a HAND, and his SKIN SIZZLES.

YOUNG MAN

We'll burn you! We'll burn you
like we burned that young one!
Do you believe me?

Desmond snarls, at bay and not happy about it.

REMY and her CREW emerge from the cinema. They're filming.
The PUBLICIST emerges, on his cell.

YOUNG MAN

Good. In that case, Cousin, I
think this one belongs to you.

The WALL of LIGHT in front of Desmond PARTS, molding itself
around the form of the WOMAN from the van, that swoop of
greying hair across her forehead, the rest pulled back into
a parsimonious bun. She wears a dark dress, spectacles, a
lab coat, and a machine. She raises her wand.

WOMAN

Hello, movie star.

She pulls her trigger.

BLACK SCREEN.

