

VAMPIRE TRAP

"VAMPIRE TRAP"

A screenplay by

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FINAL DRAFT
January 23, 2004

VAMPIRE TRAP

FADE IN:

EXTREME LONG SHOT- EXTERIOR HORIZON OF SAN ANTONIO - MID-AFTERNOON (3-4 PM) FROM DIRECTION OF BARRACKS MUSEUM WITH ALAMO SHRINE IN LOWER CENTER- HOLDING AT A NATURAL HOVER OVERLOOKING ALAMO PLAZA "YELLOW ROSE OF TEXAS" BEGINS TO PLAY IN THE BACKGROUND

CREDITS ROLL

CAMERA DROPS LOWER, ZOOMING SLIGHTLY AND PROCEEDS TO MOVE FORWARD

UNRECOGNIZABLE PERSON SEPARATED FROM CROWD SEEN RUNNING BELOW ACROSS COURTYARD

INCREASE ZOOM TO FOLLOW PERSON- MOVING IN AN ARC TOWARDS DRT BUILDING

ZOOM INCREASES AS PERSON ENTERS DRT BUILDING (FX) SPLASHES INTO BUILDING

LONG SHOT-ANGLE ON PERSON ENTERING

NOW RECOGNIZABLE AS A YOUNG LADY, VISIBLY SHAKEN HOLDING A BASKET THAT RACES PAST SMALL CROWD OF PEOPLE ENTERING AND LEAVING BUILDING. LOOKS AT ELEVATOR BUT CHOOSES STAIRWELL INSTEAD.

MEDIUM SHOT ANGLE FROM STAIR LANDING- GIRL ENTERS STAIRWELL RACES UP.

CAMERA PANS TO FOLLOW SEEING ONLY OCCASIONAL HEAD OR HAND AS GIRL CONTINUES UP THE STAIRS

MEDIUM SHOT AT LANDING EXIT

GIRL PASSES BY CAMERA AND BURSTS THROUGH THE DOOR INTO HALLWAY. CAMERA FOLLOWS AS DOOR BEGINS TO CLOSE SLOWLY.

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MEDIUM SHOT SLIGHT ANGLE DOWN HALLWAY

GIRL RACES THROUGH HALL. CAMERA ADJUSTS SLIGHTLY AS GIRL ALMOST PASSES OPEN DOOR WITH NAMEPLATE AT EYELEVEL OUTSIDE CASING:

DEMA LEE ASHWORTH/ CURATOR

ANGLE ON MELODY

MELODY

(WINDED)

Mrs. Ashworth.

ANGLE ON MRS. ASHWORTH

Mrs. Ashworth jumps in her seat, startled at Melody's sudden intrusion.

MRS. ASHWORTH

OH! GOODNESS CHILD, YOU LIKE TO HAVE SCARED THE LIVING DAYLIGHTS OUT OF ME.

ANGLE ON MELODY:

(scared, breathing heavily)

ANGLE ON MRS. ASHWORTH:

(seeing the panic in Melody's eyes she begins to stand and walk around her desk)

Goodness child. What's wrong.

MEDIUM SHOT OF ASHWORTH AND MELODY

Melody (still winded) hands straw woven wastebasket to Mrs. Ashworth who takes in one hand while reaching out to comfort Melody with the other.

MELODY:

I was... changing ...

museum pieces...

like you asked.. I-I'm sorry. I dropped it.

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ASHWORTH:

OH DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT DEAR, HUSH NOW, IT'LL BE OK.

ANGLE ON MELODY

MELODY:

NO, YOU D-DON'T
UNDERSTAND. IT BROKE,
IT BROKE OPEN.... IT FELL OUT.

ANGLE ON MRS. ASHWORTH

MRS. ASHWORTH

(LOOKING PERPLEXED, BEGINS TO STIR THROUGH THE WASTEBASKET)
DEAR, THIS IS JUST AN OLD BOX, MEANT FOR HOLDING SIMPLE HAPHAZARD
OBJECTS.

(LOOKING UP AT MELODY)

THERE'S REALLY NOTHING OF VALUE HERE. REALLY.

ANGLE ON MELODY

MELODY:

(TAKES THE BASKET FROM MRS. ASHWORTH AND BEGINS TO DIG THROUGH ITS
CONTENTS FRANTICALLY)

IT WAS RIGHT-

(STOPS SUDDENLY THEN RETRIEVES A SMALL HANDMADE TABLET WITH A
RIBBON BINDER)

AH- HERE IT IS.

(EXTENDS BOOKLET TO MRS. ASHWORTH WITH HAND SHAKING)

MEDIUM SHOT

MRS. ASHWORTH

WHAT IS IT CHILD?

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MRS. ASHWORTH:

(Sees that Melody is visibly trembling)

ANGLE ON MELODY

MELODY:

(SWALLOWS HARD WITH VERY TIMID, TEAR FILLED EYES)

I READ IT. IT FELL OUT WHEN I DROPPED IT... FROM THE BOTTOM... A
BROKEN HIDDEN, SECRET PLACE... IT JUST FELL OUT. I-I READ IT. IT-

MEDIUM SHOT PANNING TO FOLLOW THE TWO BEING SEATED

Mrs. Ashworth places her hands upon Melody and moves her toward a
small couch on the wall.

MRS. ASHWORTH:

There, there child. You're not making any sense. Let's just sit
here and have a look-see.

(Mrs. Ashworth smiles at Melody then turns her attention to the
antique booklet)

CLOSE ON MRS. ASHWORTH

Mrs. Ashworth:

Oh my.

(places hand over her mouth, looks up incredulously at Melody then
back to her reading)

FADE TO:

EXTERIOR: LONGSHOT TOWARD PLANTATION THROUGH FOLIAGE-
NIGHT- VIENESE WALTZ MUSIC PLAYS LOW IN BACKGROUND
CAMERA ZOOMS SLOWLY, APPROACHING THE HOUSE

VAMPIRE TRAP

MALE VOICEOVER BEGINS

VOICE

Shortly after the Battle of New Orleans began to fade into our memories, in the sleepy village of Lisbon, Louisiana; Charles Sallier Williams was throwing a shin-dig. It was an enormous celebration of his recent victory over his long time rival, the merchant magnate Louise LeBleu. His sugar cane holdings, tenant farms and banking establishments were insufficient to satisfy his lust for power and wealth. This celebration was of the recent acquisition of the very property we were celebrating upon, the esteemed Fontenot Estate on the Calcasieu River.

FULL SHOT OF BALLROOM

People standing around conversing, dancing and drinking (music).

VOICE:

Invitations had been sent out to all persons of property throughout the region, regardless of their standing in the community.

MEDIUM SHOT ON CHARLES

Charles dressed in black tie laughing pompously with a small crowd of men. Charles' eyes continuously scan the room.

VOICE:

Charles was gloating over his triumph with any who would listen when he saw her out on the balcony.

CLOSE ON CHARLES

His eyes lock on an unseen target, his eyes crease and licks his lips slightly then tips back a drink he was carrying.

MEDIUM SHOT TO BALCONY

Woman is seen outside leaning on the balcony railing.

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VOICE:

Jaclyn Clement, or more properly stated, the widow Mrs. Jaclyn Clement was an absolute vision of loveliness that captured the eye of every man at the festivity.

ANGLE ON CHARLES

Places his empty glass on the tray of a passing servant as he begins to step away from the men. He turns briefly back to them..

CHARLES:

Excuse me gentlemen, but I must see
to my other guests.

(walks away toward balcony muttering lowly to himself)

Delicious. I must have a taste of
something from her kitchen.

(He wipes his mouth licentiously)

MEDIUM SHOT ON CHARLES AS HE PAUSES AT THE FRENCH DOORS OF THE
BALCONY

His eyes scrutinized the unknown woman

MEDIUM SHOT ON JACLYN

Jacklyn is looking out into the yard toward the gazebo, her white gloved hands perched gently like twin doves upon the banister.

MEDIUM SHOT FROM OFF BALCONY TO SEE JACKLYN AT THE RAILING WITH
CHARLES APPROACHING STEALTHILY FROM BEHIND

His eyes devour her as he pauses to take pleasure in watching her hips sway to and fro as if in step with the music playing in the ballroom. He smiles as he listened to her melodic humming.

ANGLE ON CHARLES

CHARLES:

So.... Are you enjoying my
little party Mrs. Clement?

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ANGLE ON JACLYN

Oh yes sir, I am.

(She answered in a musical Southern accent without so much as turning her head to acknowledging him nor to cease her rocking.)

But you have me at a
disadvantage sir. You are?

ANGLE ON CHARLES

CHARLES:

Williams,

Charles Sallier Williams.

(Bowing at the waist, his feet coming together with a click)

But whatever happened
to your escort?

ANGLE ON JACKLYN

JACKLYN:

I'm afraid I came alone
tonight sir. As you seem
to know me, you know that
I am a recent widow.

MEDIUM SHOT OF BOTH

CHARLES:

Yes Ma'am, I am aware and
certainly I offer my condolences
for your husband's untimely
demise; however, I thought
I saw you with Alexander Dumas
just a few moments ago.
You see I remember his invitation
but I don't remember him mentioning
he would be escort you and
I know I had not included
your name on my guest list.
Your recent tragedy and
all you understand.

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ANGLE ON JACKLYN

Turns her head to look at Charles with a disarming smile

JACKLYN

Oh, that brash young fool that
was with me earlier? I am confident
that he is digging his grave with
his tongue in some out of the way
corner of your magnificent festivity.

ANGLE ON CHARLES

CHARLES:

No doubt. He always was a impetuous one.
(Chuckling lightly)

CLOSE ON JACKLYN

JACKLYN:

To be honest with you sir, I came
to your festivity because I simply
cannot bear being alone much these days.
Your servants allowed my entry
without complaint.

ANGLE ON CHARLES

CHARLES:

(Being charming he lightly bows)
Then it seems I need to give
someone a raise, to have extended
an invitation to such an angel.

ANGLE ON JACKLYN

JACKLYN:

Sir?

ANGLE ON CHARLES

CHARLES:

Charles, please. I insist.

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MEDIUM SHOT ON BOTH

JACKLYN:

Charles; would you be so kind as to
retrieve my shawl. I love this night
air but it gives me such a shudder.

(She trembles as her arms cross to embrace her body)

ANGLE ON CHARLES

CHARLES:

I shall return momentarily.

(Clicking his heels ostentatiously he offers another bow and
departs)

MEDIUM SHOT OF BOTH

After he left, Jacklyn moves back from the rail of the veranda,
lifting the front of her dress to slightly expose Alexander Dumas,
on his knees with his hands clinging to her supple white thighs,
his face busily manipulating her soft, dark curls.

ANGLE ON ALEXANDER FROM JACKLYN'S VIEWPOINT

His tongue laps greedily as she rotates her pelvis forward,
pressing hard against him as she reveled in the pleasure he
offered.

MEDIUM SHOT

Her hands entangle in his hair, her nails scratching his scalp
through her gloves nearly to the point of bleeding.

ANGLE ON JACKLYN

JACKLYN:

Alexander.

(Cooing in a melody of bliss)

LOW ANGLE ON ALEXANDER- PARALLEL WITH HIM

He looks up at her, his face wet with the obedient look of a dog
answering his master, anxious to appease.

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ANGLE ON JACKLYN

Looking down at Alexander she lightly tips his head up by touching the underside of his chin.

JACKLYN:

You've been such a dear...

(stroking his face gently, her eyes gaze deep into his soul.)

MEDIUM SHOT

Alexander stands slowly as she cradled his head deftly within her hands.

ANGLE ON JACKLYN AND ALEXANDER

JACKLYN:

But all this work has made me
famished. I simply must have a bite.

CLOSE ON JACKLYN

(Forcefully moving his head to one side she bared his neck as she bent her head forward while pulling him closer and placing her mouth over its flesh.)

CLOSE ON ALEXANDER

Strange sounds, a concoction of agony and ecstasy escaped his open mouth. His eyes remained open at first, staring into an unseen abyss, the spark of life gradually dimmed until they closed, his body falling limp into her arms.

ANGLE ON JACKLYN

Looking back over her shoulder she sees Charles returning. Holding the dry carcass by the nape of its neck she tosses it behind her over the balcony into the shrubbery below as easily as a wad of paper into a wastebasket.

MEDIUM SHOT OF BALCONY

Charles enters from the side.

JACKLYN:

Charles. You are such a
gentleman. Thank you.

(turns to accept her wrap)

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CHARLES:
Your eternal servant my dear.

JACKLYN:
An intriguing thought Charles...
(A charming smirk appears upon her lips)

ANGLE ON CHARLES
Charles places her shawl upon her soft shoulders. As her hands touched the shawl he noticed a small spot red on her gloved hand.

CLOSE ON CHARLES
CHARLES:
Oh my dear lady!
(quickly taking her hand into his)
Have you injured yourself?"

ANGLE ON JACKLYN
JACKLYN:
Oh its nothing. Just a splinter from
the railing or perhaps a thorn from
that beautiful rose hedge I was
admiring when I arrived.
(she pulled her hand back and licked the spot clean with the tip
of her tongue)

ANGLE ON CHARLES
CHARLES:
Perhaps we should...
(He attempted to retake her hand but she moved to prevent him)

ANGLE ON JACKLYN
JACKLYN:
Its nothing.
(She fixed her eyes on his in a hypnotic gaze)

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ANGLE ON CHARLES

CHARLES:
Hmmm. Yes. You're right,
its nothing."

CLOSE ON JACKLYN

JACKLYN:
Charles?
(Her voice returned to the melodic tone)
That gazebo I saw out there
in the back.... Can we go out
to look at it.?"

ANGLE ON CHARLES

CHARLES:
Well, I don't know Ma'am,
it is dark, and there are snakes
and such creatures out yonder."

CLOSE ON JACKLYN

JACKLYN:
I'm not afraid...
(She leaned over placing her palms upon his chest, her eyes
looking sweetly into his)
Unless you are?
(She pushed herself back and turned away)

ANGLE ON CHARLES

CHARLES:
Perish the thought!
(He puffs up as he stands a little taller)
The day when Charles Sallier Williams
fears anything! Let's go look
at the gazebo.
(One hand slid to her waist as the other gestured politely the
direction of travel.)

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MEDIUM SHOT OF CHARLES AND JACKLYN AS THEY PASS THROUGH THE BALLROOM

THEN PANS TO FIND A SKULKING TRIO IN BALLROOM

The ominous trio closely follow the movements of Charles and Jacklyn.

The three looked out of place for the region and had kept to themselves and relatively hidden throughout the night. Although they all were wearing clothing fitting the occasion, their mannerisms marked them easily in the crowd.

CLOSE ON JACKLYN FROM SIDE

Jacklyn noted the trio in the corner of her eye.

MEDIUM SHOT OF TRIO

the men acted with all the nonchalance they could muster as they walked toward the exit.

MEDIUM SHOT ON CHARLES AND JACKLYN AS THEY WALK OUT THE DOOR

Jacklyn did not turn toward them nor did she make any comment to Charles about them.

ANGLE ON PROFESSOR KAUFMAN

KAUFMAN:

There she goes with her next victim.

Grab your bags gentlemen, we have
work to do.

(The trio hasten to get their coats and bags they had brought with them)

EXTERIOR: MEDIUM SHOT ON ENTRY

As they crossed the yard toward the gazebo, Jacklyn could see a tinge of apprehension in Charles. She walked fearlessly in the grass while he was vigilant for any sign of snakes, especially the ever present and deadly Water Moccasin while swatting the occasional mosquito.

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ANGLE ON CHARLES

CHARLES:
Don't these insects bother
you at all?

ANGLE ON JACKLYN

JACKLYN:
Oh they'll go away if you
ask politely enough.

CLOSE ON CHARLES

Suddenly he noticed that the insects quit biting, in fact, oddly enough, they quit everything. No insects in sight, no mosquitoes, lightning bugs, no crickets; even the frogs had quit croaking their songs of love.

CHARLES:
Hmm.. That's odd.
Can you hear that?
(He strained to hear the sound)

ANGLE ON JACKLYN

JACKLYN:
I don't hear anything.

ANGLE ON CHARLES

(He looks around perplexed)
Exactly, my dear. Exactly.
I can't recall when this has ever
happened this late in the summer.

ANGLE ON JACKLYN

JACKLYN:
It doesn't make any difference does it?
I mean, after all, we 're here. The stars
are above us, the night air washing us
clean of the soil of life. The magnolias
are in bloom; the Cyprus trees are embracing
us as we dive into the stillness of the
night. I love the night, don't you?

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ANGLE ON CHARLES

CHARLES:

Yes, I do. That was very profound my dear.
Are you a poet by nature?"

CLOSE ON JACKLYN

JACKLYN:

I am a woman by nature sir. A woman.
A very, lonely woman, now that my husband
has passed over that Great Chasm."

ANGLE ON CHARLES

(He reaches his arm around her to comfort her)

I should imagine you would be. A beautiful
young woman, such as yourself, must require lots of
the proper sort of attention. That is to say-

CLOSE ON JACKLYN

Sir?

(She intentionally interrupted him)

I asked you out here....
privately, for one reason."

ANGLE ON CHARLES

CHARLES THINKS

(excited)

*'I knew it. This delicate flower is
hiding a fire in her bosom.'*

(His heart beat rapidly.)

CHARLES:

Yes, my dear. What
might that be?"

ANGLE ON JACKLYN

JACKLYN:

Do you think it would be improper
for me ... for me to ask you..
(She pauses, looking timidly toward the ground)

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MEDIUM SHOT ON THE COUPLE

CHARLES:

(He takes her hands in his, stopping their slow walk to the gazebo)

Anything my dear, you can ask your servant Charles for anything your precious heart desires.

ANGLE ON JACKLYN

JACKLYN:

(Smiling)

You are so kind Charles. Would you...
would you be kinder still and....
hold me? I need to feel a man's arms
around me. I need your comforting."

(Immediately he responded opening his arms to envelope her, closing his strong arms around her, he squeezed gently)

CLOSE ON CHARLES

CHARLES:

I would have died to do so dearest lady.

CLOSE ON JACKLYN

JACKLYN:

You don't know how good it is to hear you say
that Charles.

Mmmmm.

Your embrace. It feels so good, so strong;

I feel so warm, so safe in your arms.

(Her arms tighten around his back and shoulders, rubbing him up and down his back)

ANGLE ON CHARLES

He fels a warmth growing between his legs as he held her, hoping that she would ask for more although it really didn't make a difference. How many women before had tried foolishly to tell him 'no'? He was a man accustomed to getting his way and right now he desired to know her. It would just make it easier to get into her if she were willing.

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CHARLES:

Jaclyn? I was wondering...?

ANGLE ON JACKLYN

JACKLYN:

Yes Charles.

ANGLE ON CHARLES

CHARLES:

I was wondering... since your husband's protracted illness, some sort of anemia as I recall. I mean, as weak as he must have been,..... how long has it *been* for you? You know, as far as performing *wifely* duties."

CLOSE ON JACKLYN

JACKLYN:

Charles!

(She pushed him back pretending to be shocked at his inquiry)

Should we be even discussing

such vulgar topics?!

(She fan herself with open hand)

ANGLE ON CHARLES

CHARLES:

I only mention it because, well ...
as a friend, I would be willing to offer my
services to *assist* you in overcoming
this delicate quandary.

MEDIUM SHOT ON BOTH

JACKLYN:

Oh I see.

(She falls back into his arms)

JACKLYN:

You are a true gentleman Charles, ready to rescue a damsel in
distress.

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CLOSE ON JACKLYN FROM CHARLES' VIEW

JACKLYN:

And I am in distress Charles. My tummy
flutters with butterflies as I cuddle
with you here. I can feel a *tickling* in
my insides that perhaps a lady
shouldn't speak of. I-

ANGLE ON CHARLES

CHARLES:

Speak My dear. Say whatever
is on your mind.

(He responded as he caressed her supple body with his lustful
hands, his breathing becoming labored and slow as if the air had
thickened to a paste)

CLOSE ON JACKLYN

JACKLYN:

Charles...

(in a discordant tone)

I fear I am wanting you to take me,
to fill me, to make me feel
like a woman again.

(Turns away shamefully)

But I am afraid that you
may think less of me if I...

Oh my,
I am becoming warm... so warm
just talking about it.

MEDIUM SHOT ON BOTH

CHARLES:

Jacylyn, I think you are an angel, a heaven sent angel that can do
no wrong. Whatever you want of me, is yours.

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ANGLE ON JACKLYN

JACKLYN:

Then I can wait no longer.

(She falls to her knees and hastily begins to unfasten the buttons of his breeches but as one button resisted, she grabbed the open sections of cloth and ripped them open, the remaining buttons flying off into the darkness.)

CLOSE ON CHARLES

CHARLES THINKING:

(His mouth opens in a silent gasp)

My God! She is a hungry one.

MEDIUM SHOT OF BOTH

(His hardening flesh spilled out into her hands and she instantly gobbled it up into her mouth. As Charles hissed a soft moan she pulled it out and began to lick it from base to end, smiling as it jumped at each touch of her tongue)

ANGLE ON JACKLYN

She opened her mouth allowing him entry again but without closing her lips. Holding the sides of his pelvis she rolled her head in circles, permitting the head of his throbbing manhood to explore every surface of her soft, warm mouth as well as massaging the roof of her palate. Charles' hands rode her head, carefully caressing her hair, moan after deep moan pouring unconsciously from his throat, his eyes locked on the beautiful sight of her onslaught.

CLOSE ON CHARLES FROM BELOW FRONT

CHARLES:

(whispers)

Dear God in heaven..

(sighs heavily)

Yes.

.mmmmmmm

(thinking)

I knew there were such women but I never thought I'd ever find one..

VAMPIRE TRAP

He watched, his eyes widening, almost as if witnessing some horror.

CLOSE ON JACKLYN

She licked his hardness like a lollipop, licking and tasting the salty dew that accumulated at its head.

MEDIUM SHOT ON BOTH

His legs weakened, began to wobble until he collapsed back onto the wooden swing behind him.

ANGLE ON JACKLYN

Moving forward so as not to permit his escape, she again engulfed him completely.

MEDIUM SHOT ON BOTH

Charles moves his hips back and forth

CLOSE ON CHARLES

His eyes roll and his mouth to fell open as he gasps for breath.

ANGLE ON JACKLYN

Jacklyn accelerates her onslaught with almost frightening intensity.

ANGLE ON CHARLES

Charles quivered with mouth open. He had never been taken to such heights before.

CHARLES:

Oh God...

.(Moaning low)

Jacklyn, I'm... I'm going to...to...

CLOSE ON JACKLYN

JACKLYN:

No. No you aren't sugar.

She suddenly stops to pinched just below the head of his penis hard, halting the seemingly inexorable explosion.

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MEDIUM SHOT ON BOTH

Charles trembles as he silently gasped for the air that seemed to have abandoned him, his chest heaving.

JACKLYN:

We have to save something for me,
don't we Charles.

(Stands to look at Charles eye to eye)

CLOSE ON CHARLES

CHARLES:

Yes-s-s-s-s....

He manages to hiss weakly

CUT TO LONG SHOT ACROSS LAWN TO SHRUBBERY

Standing far back in the shadows, the three men moved forward in the darkness looking toward the gazebo. They had lost the couple after they went outdoors but the unmistakable sounds of lovemaking assisted their search.

ANGLE ON WATKINS

WATKINS:

There they are.

He whispers with excitement pointing toward the gazebo

ANGLE ON REV WEHRT

REV. WEHRT:

Are you certain about this
Professor Kaufman?

ANGLE ON PROFESSOR KAUFMAN

PROFESSOR KAUFMAN:

I've never been more so. I recognized her when I saw her last week and knew then what had to be done. I contacted you two as you are the only men I trust with this abominable responsibility.

VAMPIRE TRAP

ANGLE ON REV WEHRT

WEHRT:

Yes sir. I understand, but ... I mean,
are you absolutely sure.

ANGLE ON WATKINS

WATKINS:

He's right Professor. Look at them;
they only slipped out here to make love.
She's not killing him and if she was,
may God grant that I be murdered
in such a fashion.

LONG SHOT OVER ENTIRE BACK OF PLANTATION WITH RIVER IN VIEW
Lightning flashed and thunder rumbled portentously at that
particular moment giving them a start.

MEDIUM SHOT OF THREE CO-CONSPIRITORS LOOKING OVERHEAD AND AROUND

CLOSE ON PROFESSOR KAUFMAN

PROFESSOR KAUFMAN:

Don't ever say that again!

(Dr. Kaufman warned Watkins with a slap across the face with his
palm.)

Such speech is blasphemous when
speaking of these creatures!

ANGLE ON REV WEHRT

REV WEHRT:

Gentlemen, gentlemen, please. We must stay
focused here. Dr. Kaufman, I'm somewhat in
agreement with Brother James here. I don't see
any murderous acts being performed here. The only
work of Satan I can say is evident tonight is the
wanton display in that gazebo and our wicked,
surreptitious observation of them.

VAMPIRE TRAP

ANGLE ON WATKINS

WATKINS:

The reverend is right Professor.

I don't feel very comfortable watching them.... [ahem]
(His finger loosening his collar.)

Y'know, with them... uh...
doing what they're doing.

ANGLE ON PROFESSOR KAUFMAN

PROFESSOR KAUFMAN:

Don't be misled by your first impression
young man. I understand your misgivings and
it is because of those ethics of yours that
we are restraining ourselves. After all,
we don't want to murder an innocent, no?

ANGLE ON WATKINS

WATKINS:

Sir, you are very correct there, but I would
be willing to wager my month's wages that she
hasn't been *innocent* in a long time.

My God.(deep breath)Look at that!

LONG SHOT FROM BEHIND TRIO TOWARD GAZEBO

The trio watched as Jaclyn climbed up on the swing where Charles
sat..

MEDIUM SHOT OF JACKLYN AND CHARLES

Lifting her dress placing her moist hub into his face, to which he
happily relented. His hands reached deep into the recesses of her
dress to find her sinuous body warmly awaiting him, his warm pink
tongue he parted her velvety flesh.

ANGLE ON REV. WEHRT

The Reverend takes a handkerchief from his pocket and wipes his
brow of the beads of sweat gathering there.

VAMPIRE TRAP

ANGLE ON JACKLYN

She grasps the chain supporting the swing with one hand, the nape of his neck with the other, her hips swaying with his moments. His fingers gently tickled her inner thighs as she whimpered and whined at his tender touch. Pressing against him she rocked her hips to and fro, her knees bending, her buttocks rolling in circles in time with a muted demonic melody.

CLOSE ON REV. WEHRT

REV.. WEHRT:

Good Lord.

He looked around to see if the others had noticed him squirming uncomfortably. They hadn't.

MEDIUM SHOT ON TRIO

The Professor was single-mindedly checking the bags to insure sharp points on the stakes and that they had ample supply of crosses and holy water.

CLOSE ON WATKINS

James Watkins was in wide-eyed wonder at the exploits he was witnessing.

CLOSE ON REV. WEHRT

The Reverend glances at Watkins.

ANGLE ON WATKINS

CAMERA TILTS TO STOP AT WATKINS CROTCH

The reverend observes a large wet spot on Watkins crotch.

CLOSE ON REV. WEHRT

The reverend quickly looks down at his own crotch then turns his body to obscure his fall from grace.

WEHRT:

Devil's work indeed.
(Whispering to himself)

VAMPIRE TRAP

MEDIUM SHOT ON JACKLYN AND CHARLES

Charles continues his assault upon her, kissing her moistness, occasionally licking from her anus to the swollen pearl rising before him.

CLOSE ON CHARLES

He spreads her tender petals to allow better access. Forming a tiny 'O' with his lips, he takes the tender nub into his mouth, sucking it skillfully, tenderly as she threw back her head enraptured by his proficiency.

ANGLE ON JACKLYN

JACKLYN:

Yes! Yes!

She grabs his head firmly. Eat me.

Eat me up God Damn it you clever bastard.

Eat me.

MEDIUM SHOT ON CHARLES AND JACKLYN

He reaches up into her dress, feeling her torso then fights his way to her breasts, squeezing them firmly, pinching her hard swollen nipples. He feels her body shiver and vibrate as she pulled his face hard against her wet curls.

ANGLE ON CHARLES

Charles moistens his little finger in the juices that flowed between his mouth and her burning mound of love then, with it properly lubricated, he worked it slowly into her anus with slow, progressive circular motions until he had it fully into her and proceeded to wriggle it within her. She gasps for air.

Pinching her nipples hard with his other hand, he withdrew it as well and wet the fingers of that hand in similar fashion as the last. Covered with his saliva and her loving juices, he placed two fingers slowly into the liquid heat of her moist welcome.

Turning the hand so that his fingers could bend toward her belly he began to rub them against her.

VAMPIRE TRAP

ANGLE ON JACKLYN

She sighs deeply, panting like a wild animal as her hips seemed to try throwing him off but he held tightly, moving in every direction she did in perfect harmony with her as she released her hot fluids into his eagerly awaiting lips and equally hot tongue.

MEDIUM SHOT ON THE TRIO

The observing trio's blood froze as they watched and heard her howl. James Watkins's looked around covering himself as he felt his manhood screaming to be released.

The reverend turned around covering his face with his hands to conceal breathing a deep sigh into them. Dr. Kaufman was only more certain than ever that he had found the vampire plaguing this countryside.

ANGLE ON JACKLYN

JACKLYN:

Stand up.

She commanded as she sprang from the swing and to the floor of the gazebo and breathing deeply.

I want you to take me unnaturally.

I want you to do it-

NOW!"

ANGLE ON CHARLES

Charles stood and was watching as Jaclyn removed her dress and slip then turned her back to him.

Unnaturally? I don't -

CLOSE ON JACKLYN

JACKLYN:

Sodomize me, God Damn it!

Now!

Bending forward she grabs the railing of the gazebo offering him the beautifully supple curves of her bottom.

VAMPIRE TRAP

CLOSE ON CHARLES

Understanding completely now, he grabs her buttocks firmly to spread her cheeks to ease his passage as he presses the head of his hard shaft against the tiny wet hole and slowly begins to enter.

As the head of his penis entered, she jumps somewhat as her sensitive orifice consumed him.

CHARLES:

Oh my precious.... My precious lady,
you are so good to me. I've never had a woman
do so much to me.

ANGLE ON JACKLYN

JACKLYN:

Au contraire Charles, it is you who are being
good to me. You just keep it up, you are
showing a lot of promise.

MEDIUM SHOT ON CHARLES AND JACKLYN

He reached under her body, supporting her abdomen with one hand, squeezing her breasts and manipulating her nipples with the other.

His hand massages her constantly as he pushes deeper into her willing cavity. He holds her firmly, kissing her back lovingly as he withdrew.

ANGLE ON JACKLYN

Looking back

JACKLYN:

Don't pull all the way out Charles darling.
I don't like it when you do that.

ANGLE ON CHARLES

CHARLES:

Yes.. mmmmm Ohhhhhhhh, you feel so good,
like silk. You are such an incredible lover.

VAMPIRE TRAP

She takes deep breaths as he continues in and out slowly, panting as if she were in labor. He pinches her nipples hard then his hand comes up to her shoulder and pulls her tightly against him. His thrusts are steady, constant as he moves deeper and deeper in the recess. He feels the muscles of her abdomen relax as well as those within her. With each moment, the more she unwound, the deeper he would enter.

CLOSE ON CHARLES

CHARLES:

Ohhhhh My God woman! What are you doing to me?
I've never felt such passion.... such-

MEDIUM SHOT ON CHARLES AND JACKLYN

He pulls his hand back to his mouth and places his fingers within to lubricate them with his saliva. He moves his hand around her bottom and begins to massage her swollen nugget.

ANGLE ON JACKLYN

She chuckles with delight like a baby playing with a new toy in its crib, cooing and squealing softly.

MEDIUM SHOT ON BOTH

He moves down after a few minutes to cross the threshold of her moist petals' entering her vagina. As his thrusts from behind grew deeper he could feel the pressure of his fingers, moving them back and forth to coincide with his hip thrusts.

ANGLE ON WATKINS

WATKINS:

I'm sorry sir, I can't stand
much more of this!

REV WEHRT

I agree.

VAMPIRE TRAP

ANGLE ON PROFESSOR KAUFMAN

PROFESSOR KAUFMAN:
Very well then, lets move in.
Do you have the items with you ready?

MEDIUM SHOT ON TRIO

They all nodded, holding up the crosses, hammers and stakes.

ANGLE ON PROFESSOR KAUFMAN

Dr. Kaufman had a leather bag over his shoulder lying on his side. He threw the flap back, looked inside and with resolve in his eyes, returned their nod.

PROFESSOR KAUFMAN:
Very well then gentlemen. Reverend,
if you will move to the left, Watkins to the right,
I will move from the center and we will
press her toward the river."

ANGLE ON WATKINS

WATKINS:
Can't she escape by swimming across?

ANGLE ON PROFESSOR KAUFMAN

PROFESSOR KAUFMAN:
No. Vampires cannot cross water of their
own volition. A human must assist
them. Now, let's go.

LONG SHOT OF TRIO THEN SCROLLS THROUGH A CLOSE VIEW THE FACES OF
EACH OF THE TRIO

The trio separated to converge on the gazebo; the Reverend and Watkins held their crosses out before them, each shaking with fear. The fear was a two-edged sword, one side was frightened at the prospect of the Professor being wrong, the other, the greater trepidation, that he was correct.

VAMPIRE TRAP

ANGLE ON CHARLES

Charles was lost in a whirlpool of pleasure; his mind spun as the walls of her mellifluous viscera enveloped him, flooding his senses with ecstasy. He propelled himself again and again into her silken envelope, his head thrown back, mouth open, saliva pouring down his lips. He was abandoned to the pleasure that seized him.

ANGLE ON JACKLYN

Charles legs begin to shake thus she is aware he was near to ejactulation no matter what she did.

MEDIUM SHOT ON JACKLYN AND CHARLES

Jacklyn tenses her internal muscles and he grunts a deep growl.

JACKLYN:

Oh yes, my pet. I think you are
soon ready for...

CLOSE ON PROFESSOR KAUFMAN

PROFESSOR KAUFMAN:

Whore!

(Holding up a cross high before him.)

Release that man and face me.

Face your death you wanton slut!

ANGLE ON JACKLYN

She stands up straight and looks at him angrily.

JACKLYN:

I wondered when you would come out of hiding.

I wish I could say more for your timing.

MEDIUM SHOT ON JACKLYN AND CHARLES

Jacklyn turns to Charles who stood there shaking with his torn pants still around his boots. She tears open his coat and shirt, ripping them from him completely as easily as removing a sheet from a bed. His arms dangled loosely at his sides as if he were too weak to prop them up.

VAMPIRE TRAP

JACKLYN:

I'm sorry darling but I'm going to need
a little strengthening for this.

CLOSE ON CHARLES

He looks blankly at her.

ANGLE ON JACKLYN THEN BACKS AWAY SLIGHTLY TO ALLOW A BETTER VIEW
OF CHARLES

Jacklyn's brown eyes transform a fiery maelstrom of dark crimson
as she bares her teeth then sinks them deeply into his neck
drinking deeply as his head fall back and his eyes close.

MEDIUM SHOT TO INCLUDE JACKLYN, CHARLES AND PROFESSOR KAUFMAN

Jacklyn sat Charles gently into the swing and turns once again to
face the Professor.

JACKLYN:

Now, what can I do for you gentlemen?

ANGLE ON PROFESSOR KAUFMAN

PROFESSOR KAUFMAN:

(surprised)

Gentlemen? Then,

(whispering)

you know of the others?

ANGLE ON JACKLYN

JACKLYN:

(Smiling confidently)

Certainly, I've been waiting for you all evening
for you to gather your nerve. You humans are so
pathetically predictable.

MEDIUM SHOT ON PROFESSOR KAUFMAN WITH THR OTHER MEMBERS OF THE
TRIO SLINKING INTO VIEW

PROFESSOR KAUFMAN:

I will kill you tonight, foul creature.

VAMPIRE TRAP

ANGLE ON JACKLYN

JACKLYN:
Will you?

Raising her hands she disappears in mysterious mist.

ANGLE ON REV. WEHRT

Cloud forms behind Rev Wehrt as Jacklyn reappears behind him.

JACKLYN:
Tell me sir, did you enjoy watching us fuck?
(Looks down at Reverends crotch)
Mmmm, I see by that protrusion in your
pants that you did. Wouldn't you like a
taste of this yourself?

ANGLE ON JACKLYN FROM BACK SLIGHTLY BELOW HER WAISTLINE TILTING UP
TO SEE WEHRT'S FACE

She spreads her legs wide apart, massaging her creamy thighs with
her palms.

CLOSE ON REV. WEHRT

His eyes widen as his mouth falls agape then looks up into her
eyes.

MEDIUM SHOT ON JACKLYN AND REVEREND

JACKLYN:
Drop that silly cross
and come here to me.

Her open arms beckon.

REV. WEHRT:
I-I...

JACKLYN:
Drop it.

ANGLE ON REV. WEHRT

The cross falls to the ground and he moves toward her slowly.

VAMPIRE TRAP

ANGLE ON JACKLYN

JACKLYN:
Who are you my dear sweet voyeur?

ANGLE ON REV. WEHRT

REV. WEHRT:
Isaac. Isaac Wehrt.
Mumbling almost coherently, hypnotically.

CLOSE ON JACKLYN

JACKLYN:
The REVEREND!?
Haughtily smiling bloodstained teeth
This is too rich a meal for even I to savor. Come here Reverend.
She commanded as she knelt to the ground.

MEDIUM SHOT ON JACKLYN AND WEHRT

Wehrt stops before her, allows her to unfasten his breeches, pull them down to his ankles then he steps out of them in silent obeisance.

ANGLE ON JACKLYN ROM WEHRT'S VIEW

She reached up taking his stiffening manhood in her hand.

JACKLYN:
Have you ever had a kiss Reverend?
A real kiss.

ANGLE ON REV. WEHRT

WEHRT:
I-I never believed this...
that YOU were possible. I lost my
faith years ago.
Looking down at her, his breathing deep and arduous as she took his erection into her mouth and began to suck, her head bobbed on his stiffness.

I had come to believe that there was no God,
that we made our own heaven, our own hell
here on earth. And now, I- I see you and...

VAMPIRE TRAP

MEDIUM SHOT ON JACKLYN AND WEHRT

He looks up to the sky while heaving a sigh that sounded like a ghost moaning in torment.

LOW ANGLE ON JACKLYN

Jacklyn pulls away looking up at Wehrt then baring fangs wide she attacks.

MEDIUM SHOT ON KAUFMAN AND WATKINS

The professor and Watkins come running as fast as they can, arriving just as she buried her fangs into his thigh.

CLOSE ON WEHRT

Wehrt's eyes gloss

(FX) VIEW FROM WEHRT'S EYES-

ACCENTUATED SOUNDS OF HEARTBEATS, BREATHING, CREAKING, THE RIVER, INSECTS, ETC.\

(FX)- CASCADE THROUGH IMAGES OF PEOPLE, ANIMALS, RIVER, ETC. IN SHIMMERING COLOR

As Jacklyn bites into him, myriads of colors and sounds flooded his senses. For a moment he was aware of every living thing around him; he could see the threads of life, the golden spider web that held them all together. He could hear the insects breathing and could taste the decay of the swamp in his mouth. He shook uncontrollably as his thick hot juices shot from his hard, throbbing shaft then he fell to the ground.

ANGLE ON JACKLYN- CAMERA FOLLOWS AS SHE STANDS ERECT

JACKLYN:

There you are reverend,
a little taste of heaven.

She smiled like a mischievous sprite as she pushed a dribble of his semen from her lips, into her hungry mouth.

VAMPIRE TRAP

ANGLE ON WATKINS

WATKINS:

Hellish creature!

Watkins shoves his cross toward her causing her to withdraw.

God! It's true. It's all true.

He trembled uncontrollably as fear overtook his mind, tears streaming down his face.

MEDIUM SHOT ON TRIO OPPOSING JACKLYN

Jacklyn moves back as Watkins and the Dr. Kaufman pressed her in the direction of the river. She hissed at them, baring her fangs, holding her hands before her as a shield.

JACKLYN:

Who are you!?

ANGLE ON PROFESSOR KAUFMAN

KAUFMAN:

I told you, I am your death. I have had the good fortune to study under Dr. Von Helsing in Amsterdam. I'm certain you know him.

ANGLE ON JACKLYN

JACKLYN:

Oh yes, the BASTARD!

She stared at the professor with scorching indignance.

Are you his protégé then?

ANGLE ON KAUFMAN

KAUFMAN:

No.

Holding cross before him.

But I do share his aspiration to remove such unclean beings as you from the world.

I will stop at nothing to destroy you.

VAMPIRE TRAP

ANGLE ON JACKLYN

JACKLYN:

And did Von Helsing tell you
everything about us?

(sneering contemptuously)

All our powers, our weaknesses?

Jacklyn backs from the men and closer to the river. She looked
over her shoulder to find it was only a few feet away.

ANGLE ON KAUFMAN

KAUFMAN:

Yes. Yes he did you stink from hell!
That's how I knew how to trap you here.

ANGLE ON JACKLYN

INSECT NOISE INCREASES

JACKLYN:

And I as well...

(smiling victoriously)

I *think* he may have neglected to tell
you one thing dear man.

ANGLE ON KAUFMAN

RUSTLING IN GRASS NOISES

KAUFMAN:

And **that** being?

ANGLE ON JACKLYN

JACKLYN:

Why, our complete command of creatures
of the night, of course.

HISS OF VIPER(S)

MEDIUM SHOT OF WATKINS

Watkins begins to cry out as snakes began to strike at his legs.

VAMPIRE TRAP

CLOSE ON KAUFMAN

Kaufman looks down in horror.

CLOSE ON KAUFMAN'S FEET

A large black water moccasin, its mouth dripping with venom strikes Dr. Kaufman's calf.

MEDIUM SHOT ON KAUFMAN

He staggers, bending low to pull the snake loose when he was stricken again and again by more of them.

MEDIUM SHOT OF WATKINS

Watkins drops his cross as he stumbles in shock towards the river. Without warning, a large alligator burst from the waters.

(FX) CLOSE ON ALIGATOR

The alligator's teeth sink deep within Watkins arm, capturing him.

CLOSE ON WATKINS

Look of shock upon his face as he stares at the alligator.

(FX) MEDIUM SHOT OF WATER'S EDGE

Several other alligators have gathered and are visibly moving into the large splash where Watkins feet disappear beneath the murky water.

(FX) ANGLE ON KAUFMAN

STARING INTO BOILING WATER- (ALIGATOR TAILS AND/OR BODIES VISIBLE)
Kaufman watched in revulsion as his ally fell prey to the reptiles.

KAUFMAN:

(talking to himself)

My God, what have I done...?

I was too overconfident.

VAMPIRE TRAP

MEDIUM SHOT OF JACKLYN

PANNING TO FOLLOW HER

Jaclyn walks slowly toward Kaufman (still battling snakes), the moonlight accenting her perfect frame. She lifts his face in her hand and squatted to look into his eyes.

ANGLE ON JACKLYN

JACKLYN:

Jacklyn looks into his eyes like an animal assessing its prey.

CLOSE ON JACKLYN

JACKLYN:

You, my dear sir,
are no Von Helsing.

A smirk of disdain on her face, as she turned her hand sharply breaking his neck.

SOUND OF NECK CRACKING AND AN INTERRUPTED GRUNT

With a maniacal grimace, she shreds his corpse into pieces.

LONG SHOT OVER LANDSCAPE TOWARD JACKLYN WITH GAZEBO, WERHT,
CHARLES AND WOODS IN VIEW OVER LAWN

Jacklyn scatters Kaufman's remains over the yard. Small animals began to run up from the darkness, steal tiny pieces of what had once been a man, then rush back into the cloak of darkness, from which they came.

ANGLE ON JACKLYN

Arms outstretched, standing tall, smiling benignly

JACKLYN:

Feed my precious pets.

CAMERA DOLLY TO FOLLOW JACKLYN'S MOVEMENTS THEN LOWERING WITH HER
Walking over to the waking Reverend, she squatted before him.

VAMPIRE TRAP

LOW ANGLE ON JACKLYN FROM SLIGHTLY BEHIND (TO ONE SIDE) TO ENCOMPASS WEHRT

Placing her fingers within herself as his eyes began to open then removing them from her vagina she placed them to his lips and into his mouth.

JACKLYN:

I want you to remember me.
(smiling sinisterly)
Taste me.

ANGLE ON WEHRT

Wehrt's props himself as his open mouth envelopes her two fingers and she watches him suck the liquid from them.

SIDE ANGLE OF JACKLYN

DOLLY TO FOLLOW HER TO THE GAZEBO

She stands, looks at Wehrt as he collapses back to the ground unconscious then walks to the gazebo and helps Charles to stand.

MEDIUM SHOT OF GAZEBO

JACKLYN:

I think it's time for us to be going
Charles. Let's go back to my home, I've
had enough foreplay. I'm ready for you
to really love me now.

MEDIUM SHOT OF GAZEBO PULLS BACK TO LONG SHOT OF GAZEBO

A cloud descended upon them. When it dissipated, they were gone.
FADING TO EXTREME LONG SHOT OVER PLANTATION

MALE VOICE (WEHRT)

There are stories. There are always stories, legends that follow such horrible scenes. The bodies that were found strewn about the yard and garden as well as those near the river were not easily explained. James Watkins' father received what remained of his body and had it buried just outside of Lisbon. The exact location is unknown as it was not in the town cemetery and was done quickly in the still of night. **His mother did not attend.**

VAMPIRE TRAP

CLOSE ON WEHRT AS HE SITS SCRIBBLING INTO A NOTEBOOK

MALE VOICE (WEHRT)

Charles Sallier Williams simply disappeared
Leaving behind vast wealth and property,
which was eventually transferred to a legal
firm in New Orleans.

There are some that say Charles was the
murderer; others that he was murdered although
his body was never discovered. Which prompted
others to say the swamp took him. At any rate,
not so much of a hair was ever seen of him
again after that night.

They discovered me naked, covered in blood
and babbling nonsensically. I was consigned to
live out the remainder of my days in a
sanitarium but I managed to escape.

CLOSE ON WEHRT

LOW COMMOTION IN BACKGROUND

Wehrt pauses as he looks around nervously then continues his
writing hastily.

WEHRT VOICE:

The house of the widow Clement was closed
and sold as she moved away. Some said she went to
New Orleans while others contend she traveled
abroad. The most unusual narrative was that she
moved west to Texas, settling near San Antonio.

MEDIUM SHOT OF WEHRT

CAMERA BACKS AWAY WITH COMMOTION NOISES GROWING IN INTENSITY

WEHRT VOICE:

It is there that I have followed her and I believe I know her
location but she is well protected.

VAMPIRE TRAP

MEDIUM SHOT OF WEHRT AS HE SCOOTs BACK FROM HIS WRITING
Wehrt takes his notebook and places it in the bottom of a small
box and conceals it with a thin board cut to size.

CLOSE ON WEHRT

Wehrt turns as a crowd of men burst into his location. He lifts
his hands in surrender as the men swarm upon him yelling in
Spanish and jabbing him mercilessly with bayonets then move on to
other areas.

MEDIUM SHOT OVER ALAMO BACKING AWAY TO ENCOMPASS ENTIRE ALAMO AND
SURROUNDING AREA OF SAN ANTONIO

Santa Anna's men pour over the landscape of the Alamo killing
everyone in sight.

CAMERA TILTS TO VIEW BRIGHT SUNLIGHT

DISSOLVE TO

CLOSE ON MRS. ASHWORTH

ASHWORTH:

(sighs heavily as she ends the narrative and turns to Melody)

MEDIUM SHOT ON BOTH SITTING ON COUCH

Melody remains fearful as Ashworth places journal in her lap then
takes Melody's hand tenderly in her own

ASHWORTH:

Dear, you don't actually believe this
do you? I mean it's so...

MELODY:

I know, I know.

ANGLE ON ASHWORTH

Dear girl... Melody. This just isn't
possible. It's just a story, a work of
fiction from someone that had the
time to write it.

VAMPIRE TRAP

ANGLE ON MELODY

MELODY:

Yes Ma'am, I realize that. It's just that somehow... somehow the story seemed so real to me. As if the person was actually facing death..

MEDIUM SHOT ON BOTH

ASHWORTH:

Dear. It was the Alamo. The Alamo. They were all facing death. The writer was simply distracting himself from one terror by writing about another.

(Looks at her watch then out the window from her seat)

I know just the thing. We recently dug up a historian that should be able to put you to rest. Do you think that would help?

MELODY:

I-I guess so... but???

CAMERA PANS SLIGHTLY TO FOLLOW ASHWORTH

ASHWORTH:

Hush now, just hand on just a second.

(Stands and walks to desk to pick up phone and presses internal intercom button and talks low, unrecocognizably, with someone)

Yes, thank you, we'll be right down.

ANGLE ON MELODY

Silently watches Ashworth, occasionally looking back to notebook on the couch beside her as if it were a thing alive; a serpent, which may bite at any moment. She scoots slightly away from the book then snaps back to Ashworth as the elderly woman places phone in cradle and turns back to Melody.

VAMPIRE TRAP

ANGLE ON ASHWORTH

ASHWORTH:

(Smiling)

Alright Dear, let's go on down.

(Ashworth takes the hand of Melody while placing the other hand on her back as she stands)

She says she'll wait for us
if we hurry on down.

CLOSE ON MELODY

MELODY:

Where is she?

(Eyes large, doe-like, afraid as she stops suddenly)

DOLLY SLOWLY DOWN HALL AS TWO WALK TOGETHER

ASHWORTH:

She's has an office in the basement dear,
you know, in the archives. She's been
there all day.

(With gentle nudging, Ashworth manages to get Melody to move again)

Don't worry, she's not a stuffy old
matron like me, you'll like her.
She's a hoot.

(Smiling then suppresses a laugh).

Do you know what she told me?

ANGLE ON MELODY

MELODY:

No. What?

MEDIUM SHOT ON BOTH JUST IN FRONT OF ELEVATOR

ASHWORTH:

She was telling me...

(chuckling)

She said that Jim Bowie was know
not so much as the size of his knife
as much as the size of his...

VAMPIRE TRAP

ANGLE ON MELODY

Snaps head as elevator 'DINGS'- announcing its arrival then opens empty.

MEDIUM SHOT ON BOTH

The two enter the elevator laughing then turn to face the exit as Mrs. Ashworth presses button.

ASHWORTH:

See, I told you. She has so many stories like that. She told me that Travis had once...

Voice fades as the elevator door closes.

LONG SHOT ON ELEVATOR AS IT OPENS IN THE BASEMENT

Melody steps out slowly with some physical inducement by Ashworth.

FEMALE VOICE:

(In a sweet Southern accent a disembodied voice calls out from the dark)

Is that you Dema Lee?

ANGLE ON ASHWORTH

ASHWORTH:

Yes, yes it is. I-

ANGLE ON BASEMENT FROM ELEVATOR

Stacks of papers, books and artifacts abound in the dimly lit basement as a shadow moves in the background with the slow sound of footfalls, shuffling, approaching.

VOICE:

Just leave her Dema. Don't worry. We'll make quick friends. She'll be fine.

ANGLE ON ASHWORTH

ASHWORTH:

Very well.

Backs away into the open elevator as she pushes gently against Melody..

Don't worry child. You'll be fine

VAMPIRE TRAP

CLOSE ON MELODY

MELODY:

Mrs. Ashworth?

(The door closed with Mrs. Ashworth staring silently, still smiling as she disappeared from sight)

VOICE:

Melody.

(Melody spins quickly to look into the darkness of the basement)

VOICE

Come here dear.

The voice rings so friendly so inviting, so full of charm

ANGLE ON MELODY

DOLLY WITH MELODY AS SHE CREEPS DOWN DOCUMENT LITTERED AISLE

Melody strains to be courageous, head and eyes jerk from side to side

MELODY:

Where are-

(Elderly hand touches Melody's arm startling her)

AHHH!

ANGLE ON ELDERLY LADY

ELDERLY LADY:

Oh I'm sorry honey. I didn't
mean to scare you.

MEDIUM SHOT ON BOTH

MELODY:

No. It's my fault.

Melody sighs deeply seeing the old woman.

I'm just so jumpy over this-

VAMPIRE TRAP

ANGLE ON ELDERLY LADY

ELDERLY LADY:

I know honey, Dema Lee told me. Look here
child, these stories have been
around forever.

ANGLE ON MELODY

MELODY:

Yes Ma'am, but, this thing I read...
Melody holds out the folded manuscript)
it was so....

ANGLE ON ELDERLY LADY

ELDERLY LADY:

They always are baby, they always are.
(Takes notebook from Melody)
You see, I expected things like this
to pop up. That's why I asked Dema Lee
to make some changes in the displays, to
'stir the pot' if you please.

ANGLE ON MELODY

MELODY:

Really? You expected it?

ANGLE ON ELDERLY LADY

ELDERLY LADY

Oh yes child, to be sure. You see, during
the eighteenth century there abounded so much
superstition, so much fear of the unknown, that
writers liked to take advantage of that. Especially
in areas like Louisiana where there was so
much talk of voodoo, ghosts and yes,
even vampires.

VAMPIRE TRAP

ANGLE ON MELODY

MELODY:

With a sigh of great relief her face reddens
I feel so foolish Ma'am, I really
appreciate your taking the time to help
me with this. I really do. I can't believe I-
(Melody shrugs her shoulders, and rolls her eyes then places one
hand on her heart)
I'm sorry. I'll be going now.

ANGLE ON ELDERLY LADY

ELDERLY LADY:

Phshaw! You think nothing of it child.
That's my job, to sort out these things.
Now you just give me a hug and then you can get
yourself some rest and we'll both feel better.

ANGLE ON MELODY

MELODY:

Yes Ma'am.

(Melody bends slightly toward the elderly woman with hands
extended)

Oh, I'm sorry ma'am but I
didn't get your name.

CLOSE ON MELODY

Melody's eyes widen and she begins to grunt almost imperceptibly
then sinks slowly to the floor in the woman's arms.

CAMERA TILTS TO SEE MELODY FALLEN OVER ON THE FLOOR WITH EYES WIDE
OPEN BUT WITHOUT THE SPARK OF LIFE IN THEM. THE WOMAN FEET ARE
SEEN NEXT TO HER.

CAMERA TILTS UP, TRAVELING UP THE BODY OF THE WOMAN TO SEE THE
ELDERLY WOMAN TRANSFORMED- YOUNG.

VAMPIRE TRAP

CLOSE ON JACKLYN

JACKLYN:

You can call me Jacklyn child.

Jacylyn wipes a trickle of blood from her lip with the pad of her thumb then sucks the remainder off her index finger.

EXTERIOR - NIGHT

LONGSHOT OVER ALAMO PLAZA BACKING AWAY TO EXTREME OVER SAN ANTONIO
"San Antonio Rose" PLAYS IN BACKGROUND

ROLL CREDITS

FINIS

MAIN CHARACTERS

Mrs. Jaclyn Clement- a beautiful raven hair woman of wealth and property, a recent widow with inextricable passions.

Charles Sallier Williams- a man of great wealth and property whose passions include the attainment of the unobtainable. His wealth is exceeded only by his ego and arrogance.

VAMPIRE TRAP

Alexander Dumas- a local landowner with eccentric fervencies for the arts. Considered to be lazy and foolish by most persons of means. He had recently become the master of his estate by the death of his parents in fire.

Reverend Isaac Wehrt- Local Methodist minister with little left to believe in but the ease of life and position in the community prevent him from stepping down.

James Watkins- A good man well known and well liked within the community. Recently returned from studies abroad and frequently seen with leaders in the community in attempts to do good works and change the world for the better. A young man with a fire in his breast for his fellow man.

Professor Heinrich A. Kaufman- Learned man and teacher in his mid-forties who had accompanied young Watkins home from Europe after hearing the news the lad had received from his family regarding mysterious deaths in the community.

Mrs. Dema Lee Ashworth- Graduate of the University of Texas, member of the Daughters of the Republic of Texas (DRT) and curator of the Alamo Shrine.

Melody Hembree- Graduate student from the University of Texas and an intern at the Alamo Shrine for the DRT