ROCKET HUDSON: SECRET AGENT VAMPIRE

By

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FADE IN

TITLE CARD:

1990 – SIX MONTHS PRIOR TO “OPERATION DESERT STORM”

CURRENT GASOLINE PRICE AT THE PUMP: $1.06  CURRENT PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES: GEORGE HERBERT WALKER BUSH. CURRENT AGE OF KIM KARDASHIAN: 10, BUT ALREADY WEARING A 36 DD BRA.

INT. BUILDING - NIGHT

A group of MEN are gathered around a circular table. On it is a tray of appetizers.

The BROOKLYN building is DILAPIDATED.

What was once a meat-packing plant is now the hideout of some very nasty GUYS from the other side of the world.

OMAR SHALABAR, a mysterious CREEP, begins the meeting.

OMAR
Gentlemen, it’s nice to see you all here tonight without your turbans. Schlomar, Momar, Flomar, good to see you without your forty-two wives for a change. Do they ever let you guys out of the tent? Kondar, nice to see you with a hair color that suits you.

Kondar removes his pink TOUPEE.

KONDAR
(shrugging)
I put it on for the night. Goes well with my shoes, huh?

Omar samples the stale Pita chips.

OMAR
Can’t we ever get these meetings catered by a decent company?

KONDAR
My brother-in-law runs a catering outfit. I’m sure he could get us a good price.

Kondar tosses a carrot stick to Omar.
MOMAR
Thank you, Omar, for finding this place for the meeting and letting our beards unwind. The tight roll-up is heck on the neck.

FLOMAR is struggling with his beard. He pours sangria, spilling most of it on his caftan.

OMAR
Don’t mention it.

Flomar blots the wine but cannot stop the stain from setting.

FLOMAR
My beard does not want to relax. I will loosen it with my foot.

His beard keeps rolling up, slapping his face.

Muffled laughter is replaced by serious faces and forced coughs.

OMAR
Try holding it down with a paper weight.

He places a snow-globe of RONALD REAGAN down on the beard.

FLOMAR
There. I think I’ve got it.

MOMAR
Your beard reminds me of my first virgin. She was impossible to pin down!

OMAR
Let’s keep it civil in here.

The beard rolls up again, hitting him in the face.

FLOMAR
I remember like it was yesterday that my beard was just a mustache.....

One of the MEN grows impatient.

SCHLOMAR
Enough of your foolish shenanigans!

Schlomar pounds the gavel. He removes his FAKE BEARD.
Underneath is his real beard, same size, same color.

SCHLOMAR (CONT’D)
OPEC must increase oil by fifty per cent or we will lose our caftans to the Americans. Each barrel we sell at ridiculously low prices bring us closer to our financial and spiritual doom. Give this Bush character what he deserves. Chaos!

Half the room agrees, half doesn’t.

An in-grown TOENAIL is causing Omar pain. He sits at an angle, gnawing at the APPENDAGE.

OMAR
Schlomar, you moronic ox! If we raise prices through the tent, the Americans will respond with war. OPEC must not be disbanded.

He cannot stand the pain!

OMAR (CONT’D)
Will someone find me a bottle of Doctor Scholl’s Ingrown Toenail Elixir?

One SUPPORTER nods and leaves the room.

SCHLOMAR
Stop your bellyaching. Be a man, not a goat! We will give them war. And after we defeat the swine-scented Westerners, we will begin another war with China, the rising sun.

Omar is rubbing his toe.

OMAR
Uh, Schlomar, you mean Japan. Japan is the rising sun.

Schlomar scratches his beard as COOTIES fly toward the light.

SCHLOMAR
China is the rising sun.

OMAR
No, it’s Japan. It’s an outdated saying, I know, but it’s Japan that is the rising sun.
SCHLOMAR
China, I’m sure of it. It’s China.

The men break into in small groups to discuss the issue.

OMAR
It’s Japan. I remember their flag.

SCHLOMAR
No, it’s China. I’ll bet your first eight wives on it.

Omar seeks out the group ELDER.

OMAR
Bovine, what say you?

BOVINE awakens from his nap.

BOVINE
Japan is the known as the land of the rising sun. China is the land of the Rolex Rip-Off.

The group of TERRORISTS laugh. Bovine takes a quick but deserved bow.

OMAR
Good one, Bovine. It’s true. Last week, I received a Rolex as a gift and my cousin confessed later he bought it from China. I had to slice off his forearm with the watch still on it.

BOVINE
(shrugging)
Whaddaya gonna do?

OMAR
(confidentially)
To tell you the truth, the arm took a licking, but the watch kept on ticking.

SCHLOMAR
(very angry)
I will find a way to influence the price of oil now and forever. I will kick off their socks and knock them down.

BOVINE
It’s “knock their socks off”.

SCHLOMAR
Quiet! Do not interrupt a man who may or may not have a camel inside his pants.

The gang is beginning to realize SCHLOMAR is crazy.

OMAR
It’s not a good idea to piss off Americans. They have the power to stop you.

SCHLOMAR
Nonsense. We will keep our oil and wild pigs of Iran will run through the streets of America.

OMAR
What’s that going to prove?

SCHLOMAR
That we are strong! And they are weak. A-a-and they will have great big pigs running in their streets, causing traffic snarls and dropping loads of pig shit everywhere.

Omar takes off his SANDAL and throws it at Schlomar.

OMAR
Pigs running through the streets of America? You are crazy. Look at your outfit. Those sheets? Where did you buy them, K-Mart? The Martha Stewart collection?

Many in the room laugh hysterically.

MOMAR
That Martha! What a gal!

One MAN actually takes out a giant poster of MARTHA in a BATHING SUIT and HANGS it on the wall.

BOVINE
And I thought I was the most irrational of the insane.

Dissent is in the AIR.

SCHLOMAR
Give me the ingredients of dissent and I will give you-
OMAR
-Bacon, lettuce and tomato
sandwiches? I’ve been up against
the Americans. They have lots of
white toast and plenty of
mayonnaise. These guys know how to
fight!

SCHLOMAR
Someday, Omar, someday my dream
will come true. Wait, my oil laden
friends, just wait. I will lead
our rebellion through the nineties,
and the oughts. Does that sound
right? The oughts?

The supporter who left earlier returns with a bottle of FOOT
OIL. More discussion among the MEN occurs.

One bearded MAN speaks up.

BEARDED MAN
The naughts. I think it’s the
naughts.

Omar rubs the foot elixir on his right big toe.

ANOTHER BEARDED MAN
No, I think it’s the zeros. Or the
naughty oughties. Hey, I made a
joke!

OMAR
The Americans will send their best
agent to kill you in any decade.

SCHLOMAR
And who might that be?

EXT. MEETING - NIGHT

A WINDOW CRASHES!

A dashing CREATURE OF THE NIGHT flies through the veranda,
dressed in black with lighting fast moves.

The human EYE cannot follow this creature as he is moving too
fast!
INT. MEETING - NIGHT

The men swoon and whimper. A FEW write down their phone numbers with small heart-shaped salutations.

ROCKET HUDSON, the debonair, handsome-to-a-fault SECRET AGENT VAMPIRE hovers over Schlomar, his arms raised, ready to attack.

His black coat opens to reveal a taut body, the body of an experienced ASSASSIN.

Hudson winks at OMAR.

ROCKET HUDSON
Still trying to hoard all the oil in the world? Not on my watch!

TERRORISTS scatter out the back door.

Schlomar is quivering in fear!

Rocket’s FANGS come into full view, dripping with blood.

Schlomar turns his face away. Rocket manages to keep his neck firmly in place. He dives in for the kill.

Schlomar crumbles to the floor.

HUDSON wipes his mouth with a beautiful white handkerchief.

OMAR
Hammer, don’t hurt ‘em!

Rocket does a double-take.

SCHLOMAR
(gasping for air)
I was going to begin culinary school next week. Superchef Schlomar Shah. Al-Jazeera television promised me a cooking show on Tuesday nights.

Hudson delights in the taste of Schlomar’s blood.

ROCKET HUDSON
My agents will bite and stake the rest. I’m watching my waistline.

SCHLOMAR raises his fists in defiance!

SCHLOMAR
Death to the West!
Rocket straightens his shirt, carefully removing a strand of Schlomar’s hair from his right shoulder.

He displays a wooden STAKE, cocks his head a bit, and THRUSTS it through Schlomar’s heart.

SCHLOMAR WINCES IN PAIN!

His eyes close!

AGENTS burst through the DOOR.

OMAR speaks to HUDSON as though they were old FRIENDS.

OMAR
Good to see you again, Hudson.

ROCKET HUDSON
A double agent like yourself comes in handy right about now. War is coming.

OMAR
I’m afraid so, Rocket. Unless you can get the Americans to invest in green, eco-friendly power, oil will continue to be the gold of the future.

ROCKET HUDSON
That’s why we must protect OPEC at all costs.

They shake hands.

OMAR
My friend, before you fly out of here, can you help an old buddy?

ROCKET HUDSON
What is it?

Omar throws his foot up into Rocket’s face.

OMAR
It’s my ingrown toenail. It hurts like a fucked mother.

ROCKET HUDSON
Don’t you mean.....?

Rocket slices open the toe with his pinky fingernail.
OMAR
Wow! The famous Hudson Signature Slice. It is impressive.

BUCKETS of PUSS fly out.

ROCKET HUDSON
Watch the outfit, moron.

The tow reduces in size immediately.

OMAR
Thanks, Rocket. I needed that.

TITLE CARD:

IT IS NOW 2015.

THE WORLD IS A MESS. THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT CONTINUES TO RELY ON A SECRET ORGANIZATION.... V.E.I.N. (VAMPIRES ELIMINATING INTERNATIONAL NUISANCES)

IT IS RUN BY A PERSON KNOWN SIMPLY AS “THE COMMISSIONER”. INSIDE THE SECRET HIDEAWAY IN NEW YORK CITY, HE RUNS THE ORGANIZATION WITH UTMOST SECRECY.

INT. V.E.I.N. HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

The COMMISSIONER paces from behind a veiled curtain, his face and body hidden but for his LARGE FEET.

THE COMMISSIONER (V.O.)
If ever there was a time for action, it is now. Rocket Hudson and agents like him are needed more than ever.

A decorated WALL in the room showcases 8X10 glossy PHOTOGRAPHS of various agents, including ROCKET HUDSON, GEORGE CLOONEY, MICHAEL JORDAN and the entire NEVILLE FAMILY.

THE COMMISSIONER (V.O.)
Rocket Hudson is over 300 years old. He is an attractive man, wouldn’t you say? Hudson is a bit of a rogue, hard to handle, but always on the side of justice. And he always smells nice.
EXT. DARK MANHATTAN STREET - NIGHT

Through an alley, Rocket approaches a secret passage way connected to the brick work of DANTE’S, a popular watering hole.

Five designated red bricks have small blood stains shaped like HEARTS.

Rocket pushes them in order and glides effortlessly through a small hole.

The TUNNEL is small, dark and narrow.

INT. TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

Hudson gets halfway through the tunnel and sees GEORGE CLOONEY, another AGENT, headed the other way.

ROCKET
Hey, Clooney, good to see you. On another case?

George stops to chat.

GEORGE CLOONEY
Just got done with a very long briefing with our boss. They want another Oceans film with Brad, Matt, Andy.... the whole gang. The government thinks it’ll shore up relations with Pacino, who we all know is the Anti-Christ.

ROCKET
Boy, what a hard life! But watch the chatter... loose lips sink ships.

Hudson takes a pair of HUMAN LIPS out of his pocket, holds them in the palm of his hand as they gossip about V.E.I.N.

TALKING LIPS
....so, then the werewolf bites the vampire agent in the nose, and blood is everywhere, but our boss just won’t write the dumb werewolf up, and God knows he’s had three verbal warnings and I just think too many verbal warnings without a written warning to back them up is nonsense.....
The two MEN stare at the lips.

GEORGE CLOONEY
Anyway, Matt’s gained thirty pounds, Brad wants his kids in the film and Sandra Bullock wants in, so Julia’s pissed. I don’t need these headaches. And my wife now wants to direct.

ROCKET
Just remember why we do what we do. Let’s have dinner some time. You choose the main course.

GEORGE CLOONEY
How ‘bout Gwyneth Paltrow, say, my place, in a week?

ROCKET
Great. I’ve been wanting to sink my fangs into her for years.

GEORGE CLOONEY
Me, too, Rocket. The girl has no verve or substance, just goop.

ROCKET
And plenty of it.

CLOONEY comments on HUDSON’S fashions.

GEORGE CLOONEY
You’re outfit is so cool. Black on black on black on black....

ROCKET
I’ve worn this for two hundred years and it still works.

They both walk their separate ways, out of the tunnel.

INT. DANTE’S - CONTINUOUS

Rocket enters through the back of the bar, and walks to his favorite booth, where he pushes a button and a secret door opens behind it.

A nearby COUPLE having drinks see Rocket sit down one moment and the next, disappear through the back of the booth.

They simply shrug as they consume their drinks.
INT. V.E.I.N. HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

The door behind the booth is stuck for a moment. Rocket hits it with his hand, and it opens.

He spots a fellow AGENT.

The beautiful strawberry-blonde WOMAN with large breasts, thin waist and gorgeous legs greets Hudson.

She is CHEEKY SPIRIT, agent-in-charge for the New York office.

CHEEKY
The door still sticks. I’ve told the Commish sooooo many times. It’s the union. They won’t work with vampires without a waiver.

Rocket and Cheeky give the V.E.I.N. salute, a lascivious licking of the lips, followed by a wide smile and a display of beautiful white FANGS.

ROCKET
Been a long time, kiddo.

CHEEKY
How long?

ROCKET
I believe it was the Ben Affleck case. Counting cards is one thing, but draining Vegas’ top casinos with his secret mind control device is quite another.

CHEEKY
You did a great job with him. Now all he does is play the slots.

ROCKET
You helped, dear.

CHEEKY
Let’s get down to business.

ROCKET
What’s up?

They move to her inner office.
INT. SPIRIT’S OFFICE – NIGHT

Cheeky’s office is decorated with elaborate art from all over the world.

CHEEKY
Make yourself at home.

ROCKET
Thank you for inviting me in. The place looks great. You’ve added a Warhol. And some African art. But I’m not familiar with this unusual sculpture.

Rocket stops and stares at a piece which confuses and amuses him both.

It’s a MAN dressed as a WOMAN, with oddly designed facial features. The entire structure is made from scrap TIN.

CHEEKY
It’s darling, isn’t it? The agency gets a little angry with me when I purchase sculptures like this, but I spend most of my time here. Why not?

ROCKET
Why not, indeed. I like it.

CHEEKY
It’s a Clayton Bailey. It’s rather...

ROCKET
Cheeky?

She smiles as Rocket walks around in a mirrored circle of desks and couches which serves as Cheeky’s office.

She lights a CUBANO CIGAR and offers one to Rocket.

He declines, but lights up a RUM CROCKETTE.

Hudson yawns.

CHEEKY
Am I keeping you up?

ROCKET
Sorry. My cat is sleeping with me temporarily.
CHEEKY
Isn’t that a bit cramped?

Rocket sneezes.

ROCKET
Just until he gets settled. And, wouldn’t you guess, I’m allergic.

CHEEKY
Where’s he been?

Cheeky sneezes.

ROCKET
Hong Kong. He had a case over there and he’s still not over the jet lag.

CHEEKY
Amazing work our animal agents do. The Bush 43 assassination attempt, averted by our zombie monkeys, comes to mind. Someday, I’ll write a book about them.

ROCKET
Too late. Those zombie monkeys already have a deal with Knopf. Word is Bush has a thing for one of the monkeys.

He walks past a beautiful large MAP of the world and STOPS at the wet bar with small, labeled decanters of celebrity blood:

CHARLIE SHEEN (powder-white), MADONNA (virginal red) and KANYE WEST (a fake-looking gold).

CHEEKY
Care for a shot?

ROCKET
Not today, I’m still on my 30 day cleanse.

Rocket picks up a V.E.I.N. recruiting pamphlet from the table.

CHEEKY
The pamphlet is new. Recognize the agent on the cover?

Hudson looks at his own face. He is smiling, with his fangs in full view.
ROCKET
Still recruiting? “We promise a world of intrigue, excitement, and full dental.” Not bad copy.

CHEEKY
You’d be surprised on the influx of applicants lately. The entire Kardashian family is in the last of the interview phase as we speak, but one of them is holding out for free weekly eyebrow squeezing.

ROCKET
Well, even without looking into a mirror, I’d swear you’re not a day over 300.

CHEEKY
303, but who’s counting? I should be happy... last week at Dante’s I got carded.

ROCKET
By the way, I ran into a support beam on the way in.

Cheeky throws a dart right into an empty picture frame of the Commissioner, the inscription: “YOUR FACE HERE.”

CHEEKY
Stupid mortal carpenters. Given a chance, they’d screw up a pine box. I’ll have lunch with them later. Literally.

ROCKET
You called me in here tonight for a reason?

Cheeky picks up an OIL FUTURE’S REPORT from the desk.

CHEEKY
Oil’s hovering at around $59 a barrel now, American prices as of last closing.

Cheeky spins around in her chair. She’s having a good time briefing Rocket.

ROCKET
So? The fluctuations go from fifty to one hundred dollars a barrel. What’s the problem?
CHEEKY
We’ve heard things lately that
would indicate a change. A change
for the worse. Oil is about to
skyrocket. It’s already started in
parts of Europe.

ROCKET
What does that have to do with me?

CHEEKY
Several of our agent-vampires were
murdered and staked for this
information. OPEC is about to
raise oil over three hundred
dollars a barrel without our
government’s knowledge or blessing.
That means-

ROCKET
-Over fifteen dollars a gallon for
every American at the gas pump.
Over twenty a gallon in Europe.
Shortages in some of the smaller
countries. Riots in the cities.

Rocket follows her with his eyes as she speaks.

CHEEKY
That’s right. Chaos everywhere.
And when the mortal population
sours, we are the ones who suffer.
We think the President may be
involved, but at this time, he is
simply a person of interest.

Rocket glances at the photograph inscribed to Cheeky from
PRESIDENT BRILLSTEIN.

The photograph is only the back of his head.

He is staring at a photograph of HIMSELF, looking at another
smaller photo of HIMSELF, looking at another one even
smaller.

ROCKET
I’ve had dinner with the guy. He’s
as exciting as drinking sour blood.

Cheeky picks up a plane ticket and hands it to Hudson.
CHEEKY
I’m sending you to Madrid. There you will look for a man named Joseph Van Helsing to help you unravel the scheme and put a stop to it.

ROCKET
Van Helsing? You’ve got to be kidding.

CHEEKY
No relation to our ancient nemesis. But just the same, be careful.

ROCKET
I was born careful.

Rocket removes his favorite handgun, the Beretta 85FS Cheeta.

He places it in the holster, but not before Ms. Spirit has had a chance to show him hers, a Beretta Px4 Storm.

CHEEKY
Check in with the local office when you get there. Remember, no shape shifting, flying, or any other vampire nonsense over the ocean. The Commissioner wants all agents to assume a normal mortal appearance when traveling.

Rocket removes his white folded hanky from his breast pocket and gently wipes the corners of Cheeky’s mouth.

ROCKET
Your fangs are dripping.

CHEEKY
Damn these artificial blood vials. They’re the new thing for agents, but the blood has a metallic after taste similar to chrome. Gross!

ROCKET
Give me the real deal any day. Warm blood, champagne, moonlight and someone to pick up the check.

CHEEKY
Be careful, Rocket and good luck.

Rocket glances again at the artwork and shakes his head. He vanishes into the wall behind Cheeky’s desk.
HUDSON cannot resist his favorite parting routine.

ROCKET
(as the WICKED WITCH)
I’m melting... I’m melting!

Cheeky giggles.

CHEEKY
I taught you that back in 1912, at Houdini’s house, remember?

ROCKET
Take care. And remember: Only you can prevent fang decay!

EXT. SEAFOOD RESTAURANT - NIGHT
Rocket Hudson is hungry. He’s waiting for the right HUMAN to satisfy his ravenous hunger.

He settles on a stout MAN leaving the restaurant. He purposely bumps into him to stop the flow of traffic.

MAN
Excuse me, sir.

The fat moron is far too pompous for Rocket to care about.

ROCKET
I need your fish oil for my journey across the ocean.

MAN
You need what? Fish oil? Are you crazy?

ROCKET
Food good?

MAN
What? Is the food good? Yes.

ROCKET
Fresh?

MAN
(laughing)
The salmon’s fresh. I ate two pieces. I also walked out on the bill.
Hudson notices the FAT OAF has a small R circled in a red background.

ROCKET
Bingo. You’re governmentally marked for my protection.

FAT OAF
Who the hell are you?

ROCKET
No need for anger. I just wanted to know if you had your fair share of Omega three oil tonight.

FAT OAF
Listen, buddy, I’m ready to....

Rocket slices the man’s THROAT right down the middle.

TITLE CARD:
WORRY NOT VIEWERS. CERTAIN HUMANS HAVE BEEN SELECTED BY THE I.R.S. AS PRIME CUTS FOR V.E.I.N. EMPLOYEES.
IDENTIFICATION IS A SMALL R ON THE PERSON’S NECK.
THE FAT OAF WHO JUST GOT SLICED WAS ONE OF THEM.
HE FAILED TO PAY HIS TAXES FOR TEN YEARS STRAIGHT.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

ROCKET
(licking his lips)
Not bad tasting for a degenerate wife-beater.

Rocket pulls the OAF easily to an alley.

He runs into a WEREWOLF who has followed Hudson into the alley.

WEREWOLF
You going to eat all that? Come on, toss me a bone.

The WEREWOLF startles Rocket for a moment, but soon, he and the fellow hairy AGENT bond.
ROCKET
  You damn werewolves, if it weren't for us vampires, you’d never eat at all.

Rocket tosses him the FEMUR BONE.

Rocket’s signature SLICE rips the OAF’S body down the middle.

WEREWOLF
  I’ve heard about the Signature Slice, now I’ve seen it!

The WEREWOLF is gasping for food, saliva dripping from his fangs.

ROCKET
  Go ahead, take what you need.

WEREWOLF
  I’m on a case, too. Sure, it’s probably not as glamorous as yours, but it’s a case, right?

The werewolf gobbles the earlobe.

ROCKET
  I suppose. My hunger caused my blood sugar to crash and I took it out on you. Sorry. What’s your case?

WEREWOLF
  I’m to tail a respected member of our organization. Report back to Ms. Spirit.

ROCKET
  Who is he... or she?

WEREWOLF
  I won’t get that information for another three hours. Until then, Spirit told me to follow you, that I might get lucky and find a free meal.

Rocket puts his arm around the AGENT.

ROCKET
  We’re in this together.
WEREWOLF
Yes, we are. And may I say, it’s a pleasure to be working beside you.

The werewolf HOWLS.

Rocket covers his ears.

ROCKET
To the Commissioner!

WEREWOLF
Yeah... that guy!

Rocket and the werewolf raise each of the man’s bones high in the air and touch, as if they were glasses of wine.

EXT. ROCKET’S MANSION - LATE EVENING

Rocket peers into the window and watches his butler CAVENDISH, a short GOUL with steely-blue eyes, a wonderful aide with the highest of etiquette skills, carefully de-bone the fish course.

ROCKET’S party is in full swing.

He walks through the solid concrete WALL from the outside with ease.

INT. MANSION - CONTINUOUS

CAVENDISH
(startled)
Good evening, master. I trust your evening has been fruitful. Will you be dancing tonight?

He takes Rocket’s coat and scarf.

ROCKET
Oh, God no, Cavendish. Dancing those crazy moves? I’m a tango guy, you know that.

CAVENDISH
Yes master.

ROCKET
What have I told you about using that word with guests here?
ROCKET (CONT’D)
Tonight, here, I am simply Mr. Hudson or Rocket.

Rocket unstraps and removes his gun.

CAVENDISH
May I take your gun, Mister Hudson?

ROCKET
That’s more like it. You may.

CAVENDISH
Sir, there are three women and one man wearing crucifixes around their necks tonight. I’ve located them and marked their clothing with a X.

Cavendish tries to adjust Hudson’s shirt and tie, but Rocket slaps his hand away.

ROCKET
That is sweet of you, Cavendish, but I have my own way of spotting the crucifix.

CAVENDISH
How is that, sir?

Rocket twirls around and gestures on his right foot, as though he was GENE KELLY.

ROCKET
If I feel myself being growing close to a crucifix, and becoming weak, I simply slice off the chain with my pinky-

CAVENDISH
-Ah, the Signature Slice.

ROCKET
Yes, well, I slice off the chain, kick away the tiny cross and no one is the wiser.

Cavendish brushes off the dandruff from Hudson’s shoulders.

CAVENDISH
Visiting chef Anthony Bourdain is in the house and is cooking with garlic. Lots of it.
ROCKET
I know garlic when I smell it. If I smell it, I stay away from it. Give the man some room with his creations, Cavendish. He’s part of your family, isn’t he? A culinary ghoul? And an agent.

CAVENDISH
(sighing)
He’s a distant cousin. Too much garlic for my humble taste.

Cavendish is miffed.

ROCKET
You know I fully appreciate your involvement with my life and my missions. No manservant has ever gone to this much trouble for me. Might I remind you that today is our one hundred year anniversary.

CAVENDISH
You think I’d forget?

Cavendish offers Rocket a gift a small vial of blood.

ROCKET

CAVENDISH
It’s from the neck of Greta Garbo. I’ve been saving it for a time like this.

ROCKET
Oh, how sweet. And I have something for you.

Out of a burlap bag, Rocket hands Cavendish the head of RICHARD M. NIXON, with an eye dangling out of the socket.

CAVENDISH
His upper lip is still sweating.
Oh, Mas-

ROCKET
-Cavendish?

Cavendish clutches the gift to his chest.

CAVENDISH
I so much appreciate your kindness.
ROCKET
I was going to wait for another hundred years, you know, let the head get a little bit more, you know, aged, but what the heck, it’s a hundred years together.

CAVENDISH
Oh, no, this is perfect. I shall save him for later. And I thought you’d forget about the one hundred years.

ROCKET
I may be a vampire secret agent, but I do have a heart.

INT. MANSION - CONTINUOUS
Rocket goes to a secret compartment off the lobby.

INT. SECRET COMPARTMENT - NIGHT
The entrance is opens by squeezing the two breasts on the sculpture of EVE. Once open, they both PEEK inside the tiny room.

There, bound and gagged, is a ZOMBIE.

CAVENDISH
This is the gentleman I told you about earlier today, sir. He’s one of the spies. And a zombie to boot.

The MAN’S body jerks and spasms.

ROCKET
Has he talked yet?

CAVENDISH
Nothing but name, rank and zombie number.

Cavendish closes the door to the tiny room.

ROCKET
Try and get what you can out of him. I must mingle.
CAVENDISH
Of course, sir. Perhaps I will team up with him and do away with you some time later tonight.

Cavendish closes the secret compartment.

ROCKET
Oh, that famous Cavendish sense of humor.

INT. MANSION - CONTINUOUS

Cavendish stops the music and BANGS A GONG in the front of the room.

He uses his deepest baritone VOICE, which still comes out as a high, squeaky tenor.

CAVENDISH
Ladies and gentlemen, Rocket Hudson.

INT. BALL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Rocket’s adorable pure white SIAMESE cat, KABISS, scoots into the party. The cat is also an agent.

ROCKET
Hello everyone! I’m here!

The GUESTS swoon over him. He spies a pretty young WOMAN in the corner of the room.

Her name is MURIEL MOUDANE, 33, curvaceous, with a smile that lights up the room and staggers Rocket’s unearthly powers.

Rocket deftly glides across the dance floor without touching the ground.

When he reaches Muriel, he STOPS-SHORT.

MURIEL
My name is Muriel. Mister Rocket Hudson, I presume.

ROCKET
Where have you been for the last thousand years of my life?

Muriel’s face reddens with shy embarrassment.
MURIEL
Rocket Hudson? That’s an unusual name.

ROCKET
That’s what my mother wrote in the ship’s manifest.

MURIEL
I’m with that man over there. The one with the eye patch.

She points to CLAUDE QUENELLE, a man who collects BOOS and HISSES wherever he goes.

ROCKET
He’s an arms dealer and now we suspect him of moving into the black market oil business. Much too much a slime bag for a pretty young thing like you.

She bats her pretty eyes at Rocket.

MURIEL
His law firm handled my father’s estate. My father was in the lumber business. Built coffins originally, back in the late nineteenth century. His name was Mathew Moudane.

Rocket’s face lights up.

ROCKET
Old Matt? I knew him well.

MURIEL
You did?

Rocket stares into her eyes. Muriel is taken aback, momentarily HYPNOTIZED.

ROCKET
He was a very nice man. Very considerate to me. I loved his work, especially what he could do with a simple pine box. Amazing. Later in his life, he designed beautiful coffins for me. But you are about to forget that part of the story.

Muriel snaps out of her dazed.
MURIEL
I feel light-headed. I need to sit.

CLAUDE eyes them from across the room.
Cavendish approaches.

CAVENDISH
Would the madam care for an aperitif?

Muriel is still dizzy.

MURIEL
No. I think I’m fine now. Whew! What happened?

ROCKET
Would you care to dance?

Rocket sees the cross around her neck. He feels queasy.

MURIEL
Oh, yes.

Rocket takes Muriel by the arm and flawlessly slices the tiny crucifix off with his pinky fingernail.

He feels better almost instantly.

ROCKET
Let us dance into the night!

Rocket takes Muriel’s hand. As he does, he sees a GUEST who looks out of place.

Rocket leaves Muriel.

MURIEL
Where are you going?

ROCKET
I’ll be right back, my dear.

INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

Rocket finds Cavendish just as he was about to bite into RICHARD NIXON’S head.

CAVENDISH
Yes sir?
Cavendish drops the head and it bounces down the small set of stairs near the ballroom.

ROCKET
Cavendish, do you know that man over there?

Rocket points to the man across the dance floor. Cavendish uses a tiny pair of binoculars.

CAVENDISH
You mean the man with a gun?

Rocket does not see the small handgun with the silencer attached, aimed at Rocket.

ROCKET
Yes!

CAVENDISH
The one who also has another gun in his other hand pointing at your new lady friend?

Rocket looks again and sees that the man indeed has pointed a gun at Muriel and Rocket.

ROCKET
Yes, Cavendish. That man over there, he bothers me. I know him from somewhere. 1990? An OPEC meeting in Brooklyn? A meeting of hairy old men with beards? One of my training missions with the younger agents?

CAVENDISH
Omar Shalabar. The famous double agent.

Rocket shrieks out loud.

ROCKET
That’s him. Cavendish, you have my undying-

CAVENDISH
-Never say undying to a ghoul.

ROCKET
I need to disarm him and ask him a few questions.
INT. BALLROOM - CONTINUOUS

CAVENDISH
Shall I go after him? You shouldn’t leave your own party.

Rocket looks around to see the party in full swing and many GUESTS waving him over to talk with them.

ROCKET
I’ll talk to him outside.

CAVENDISH
And miss the fish course?

Rocket quickly grabs Omar. Omar struggles.

EXT. ROCKET’S HOME - NIGHT

OMAR is now in Hudson’s clutches.

ROCKET
(flying)
Hello, asshole!

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - CONTINUOUS

Omar breaks free of Hudson by holding up TWO CROSSED WOODEN APPETIZER SKEWERS from the party.

A meatball clinging for life falls from one of the skewers.

OMAR runs into Central Park.

Rocket flies HIGH ABOVE, easily spotting him.

Hudson SWOOPS down in front of the would be ASSASSIN.

They both land on an empty SOFTBALL diamond.

Omar unintentionally slides into home plate just as Rocket lands on top of him.

ROCKET
You’re outta there!

OMAR
That was much too fast.

ROCKET
I’m Rocket Hudson.
Omar is shaking in his shoes.

OMAR
I’m terribly afraid.

ROCKET
Your guns please.

Omar hands over two guns.

OMAR
You don’t think I was going to shoot you, do you?

ROCKET
You had a gun pointed at me and my lady friend. In my own home? Are you crazy?

OMAR
What’s your next move?

Rocket steps in close.

ROCKET
Who are you working for?

OMAR
I can’t tell you that.

ROCKET
Then you shouldn’t have slid.

OMAR
Why?

ROCKET
You were out by a mile!

Rocket’s fangs materialize and his demeanor is much more menacing.

OMAR
You’re going to kill me?

ROCKET
You’ve sold out America? Why? You could have reformed.

OMAR
Why do anything? Why get up in the morning? Why eat breakfast? Why surf the net for Asian porn?
ROCKET
You’re a sick individual who needs years of therapy, lots of love and a good woman who will hold you at night?

OMAR
Uh, yeah. But money is a tight second. Your current nutcase president of these United States....

BAM!

A lone GUN SHOT rings out.

Omar slumps over DEAD.

ROCKET
(incredulously)
President Brillstein?

OMAR
(choking)
His wife. The first lady..... she’s... she’s.... involved.... got to get out.... have proof.... scratch.... above my right earlobe......

Rocket SCRATCHES Omar above his right earlobe.

OMAR (CONT’D)
Aahhhhhh! Thanks, Hudson.... Uuggghhh!

Omar’s BODY covers home plate.

Rocket looks around but sees NO ONE.

There is more gunfire aimed at Hudson, but the bullets go right through him.

Rocket flies straight up, into the sky, to get a better look at the SHOOTER.

He sees nothing.

TITLE CARD:

CONTRARY TO POPULAR BELIEF, THE SUN DOES NOT KILL VAMPIRES, BUT IT DOES WEAKEN THEM. VAMPIRE SECRET AGENTS DEPEND ON OTHER WAYS OF EXISTING DURING A BRIGHT SUNNY DAY.
EXT. HOUSE IN QUEENS - DAY

It is a bright, sunny day.

Rocket has arrived at his all-around-inventor-of-unusual-gadgets, LUMENESCO, a mortal man Rocket has known for years.

Hudson runs to the door, COVERS his face, and KNOCKS.

Lumenesco answers in his pajamas, “GUARDIANS OF THE UNIVERSE” bottoms, and a “DJANGO UNCHAINED” top.

INT. LUMENESCO’S BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Rocket and Lumenesco walk down the rickety old stairs. Inside, Rocket gets back most of his strength.

LUMENESCO
How ya been, Hudson? I heard you saved the President’s life back in Baltimore.

The stairs creak as the two men walk.

ROCKET
He seems like a good man. His wife? She’s a real dilly.

LUMENESCO
Who thought a Jewish guy could and would be elected President?

ROCKET
Well, Max’s done a good job so far.

LUMENESCO
Max? Aren’t we the cool cat?

ROCKET
Lumey, I am a cool cat.

Lumenesco pushes the NOSE of a RUSH LIMBAUGH photograph, opening the door to his office of LETHAL GADGETS.

INT. BASEMENT OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

LUMENESCO
I’m serious, I don’t trust the guy. I check my savings account everyday.

Rocket shakes his head.
ROCKET
You and the rest of the anti-Semite Americans.

LUMENESCO
He’s got your approval? That means a lot to me. When a old, O-L-D man like you approves of the guy... I’ll think about it.

ROCKET
School lunches now include a mandatory bowl of matzo ball soup for all kids under sixteen.

LUMENESCO
Humor? From Hudson? I don’t think so.

They reach their destination.

ROCKET
Yeah, you’re right.

Lumenesco slides an enlarged PHOTOGRAPH of 1973 ANGIE DICKINSON aside.

A secret room appears.

INT. BASEMENT’S SECRET ROOM - CONTINUOUS

ROCKET
My new weapons?

Lumenesco picks up a small object that fits well in the palm of Rocket’s hand.

LUMENESCO
Just for you. A Bullet Beggar.

Rocket holds it and rubs the ball in his hands for a brief moment.

ROCKET
What does it do?

Lumenesco grabs it back.

LUMENESCO
Don’t rub it. It will unleash the extremely poisonous oil deep within it. The oil seeps through the hands.

(MORE)
You’ll be dead in less than a minute. Well, you won’t, but a mortal will.

ROCKET
Why is it called a Bullet Beggar?

LUMENESCO
Once a person is exposed to the oil, they beg for a bullet to the head. It’s easy to carry and Homeland Security hasn’t caught onto it yet. It’ll pass through security at the airport.

ROCKET
Airport security? That’s a good one!

They both laugh.

LUMENESCO
Step over here.

Lumenesco removes a belt from the wall. He flings it out in front of him.

When he touches a small button on the belt, it becomes a sword.

ROCKET
Does it come in a 32 inch waist?

LUMENESCO
Sure, and if you find anyone who is still a 32 inch waist, I’ll give it to him.

Rocket smiles as tries stabbing a nearby fern. The plant falls and the leaves turn brown immediately.

ROCKET
Something to have on an annoying date.

After Lumenesco touches the button again, it becomes flaccid.

LUMENESCO
Available in black or brown.

ROCKET
What else you got?
Lumenesco takes out a small device which he slips onto the back of his left hand.

LUMENESCO
It’s a slingshot. It fires sleep-inducing pellets when it hits the target.

ROCKET
I’m fine at night. But put it aside for me just the same.

LUMENESCO
New assignment?

ROCKET
You know the rules.

Lumenesco scratches his groin. His pajama bottom is open you-know-where.

LUMENESCO
Anything else?

Hudson reaches over, snapping the crotch closed.

ROCKET
Yeah, give me some throwing knives, the ones coated with cyanide, and some of those balls with poison oil. But I’m telling you, if these new items don’t work, I’ll have a word or two with you.

LUMENESCO
Yes?

ROCKET
And the word will be good-bye.

LUMENESCO
I get it. Oh, one more thing.....

Lumenesco hands a vial of pills to Hudson.

ROCKET
More crap to for my carry-on?

LUMENESCO
I just came up with these. I call them SuperPills. They’ll keep your powers as strong during the day as the night. They come in grape or mango.
Rocket pops one for the ride home.

ROCKET
Lighten up on the president. He’s trying hard.

LUMENESCO
There goes the neighborhood.

ROCKET
You’re Jewish, for God’s sake!

LUMENESCO
Well, I.....

Rocket leaves the basement with his gadgets.

ROCKET
Don’t you have a bag for all of these?

LUMENESCO
Bag will cost you ten cents. You know, the new law?

INT. UPSCALE RETIREMENT HOME - NIGHT

Rocket has come here before his mission to visit his great-great-grandfather, HORATIO HUDSON.

The room is bleak. Just a coffin and a night stand.

Horatio hardly recognizes his favorite nephew.

HORATIO
Rocket? Is that you?

ROCKET
Yes. Did I frighten you?

Rocket gazes into the old man’s eyes.

HORATIO
Oh, Rocket. How kind of you to visit me. An old man needs his loved ones around him at the end.

ROCKET
Nonsense! You’re over three thousand years old. You’ve got another two-three hundred years at least.
Horatio’s weakened limbs try to raise a glass of BLOOD to his lips......

Finally, Hudson has to go.

HORATIO
 Thank you for coming.

Rocket holds the glass up to the light and inspects it.

ROCKET
 This blood is thick and gooey.
 Whose was it?

HORATIO
 It’s the last of DaVinci’s. I wanted his artistry flowing in my veins, so I bit him and kept a pint.

ROCKET
 And?

HORATIO
 (softly laughing)
 I painted for months. My work looked like it was done by a six year old.

Rocket gently fluffs the pillows for Horatio.

ROCKET
 I must be going.

HORATIO
 Where is my favorite secret agent going off to now? China? Iran? Waukesha?

ROCKET
 I’m going to.....

Rocket catches himself.

HORATIO
 Even an old man like me can still be tempted by our enemies. Stay quiet my son, stay quiet.

Rocket empties the vial of thick blood from DaVinci into his favorite UNCLE’S throat.
ROCKET
Good bye, my friend. I’ll send you
a young nubile girl to have and to
hold just as soon as I get back.

HORATIO
Good luck. Our kind cannot survive
on blood alone. Find someone to
love. And do it before you’re a
thousand years old. Do it this
decade!

Rocket nods and leaves the room.

Horatio COUGHS and COUGHS until he produces a HUMAN FINGER.

He smiles as he places it on the night stand.

INT. VIRGIN AIRLINES FLIGHT 666 - NIGHT

It is hard for a vampire to travel with MORTALS, but not
impossible. A small amount of SOIL is lined inside his
travel carry-on.

Hudson relaxes in first class and reads the latest JAMES
PATTERSON thriller.

INT. MADRID AIRPORT - NIGHT

Rocket quickly makes his way through CUSTOMS.

INT. ROCKET’S HOTEL BEDROOM - DAY

Cavendish has arrived with Rocket’s COFFIN. Rocket climbs
in.

KABISS greets Hudson with a tired MEOW.

INT. V.E.I.N. MADRID HEADQUARTERS - PAST SUNDOWN

Rocket is meeting with the STATION CHIEF, his ex-wife, JILL.

JILL
Hello, Rocket.

ROCKET
Hello, Jill. You look good.
Divorce agrees with you.

She is even more gorgeous than Hudson remembers.
JILL
Four husbands and not one of them met your standards.

ROCKET
My standards are high.

JILL
I’ll say. He has to be able to fly, drink blood, stay out all night long, sleep all day, save the world three, four times a year and screw like there’s no tomorrow.

ROCKET
You don’t have to save the world three or four times a year. Couple of times, max.

JILL
I’m only half a vampire. You’re the real deal. You taught Dracula how to dance.

ROCKET
Dracula! What a wimp!

Jill flies over to Rocket.
She clings to his neck.
They banter back and forth.

JILL
You never lost it, kid.

ROCKET
Who’d find it if I did?

Jill fondles her necklace. It is a heart-shaped locket with Rocket and Jill’s pictures inside.

JILL
I still wear it from time to time. Knowing you were coming, I decided to put it on... for old times sake.

ROCKET
It looks beautiful on that neck of yours. You always had a gorgeous neck. And the rest of you... that wasn’t bad either.
JILL
Thank you, Rock. Tell me, what do you know of this Joseph Van Helsing?

ROCKET
Nothing more than what Cheeky, uh, Miss Spirit, told me about him. That I was to meet him here and he would be my contact. Why?

JILL
I’m afraid we have a leak in the organization. A mole.

ROCKET
Really? A little one or a hedgehog?

JILL
It could be coming from here, it could be coming from New York, I haven’t found out enough about it yet. Just that one of our best agents-

ROCKET
-I’m your best agent!

JILL
-One of our mediocre agents...

ROCKET
Thank you.

JILL
She was found this morning wearing a garlic necklace, a wooden stake through her heart and, for good measure, her head was lying on her stomach, the eyes staring out into space. It was quite a sight, even for our organization.

ROCKET
And you think this mole did it?

JILL
Perhaps you know her? Angela Oppenheimer?

Hudson shakes his head.
JILL (CONT'D)
She was the granddaughter of J. Robert Oppenheimer, the so-called father of the bomb.

ROCKET
I had no idea he was one of us.

JILL
He wasn't. Angela was bitten in '98. After her initial reluctance to join our-

ROCKET
-They all resist in the beginning.

JILL
After her initial reluctance, she became one of our best field agents, in Italy and Spain. And now, it's the deep freeze for her.

ROCKET
So what does that have to do with Van Helsing?

JILL
So far, nothing. But we know the mole has a certain marking on one of his forearms.

Rocket rolls up his sleeves.

ROCKET
Neither a mole nor a hedgehog am I.

JILL
Everyone is a suspect until proven innocent. You should know that Rocket.

ROCKET
You’re lucky I’m on your side or you’d be a goner.

JILL
(laughing)
Are you kidding? I could take you with both my boobs tied behind your back!

ROCKET
Could not.
JILL
Could too.

ROCKET
Could not. Double could not.

JILL
Jesus Christ, Hudson.

Rocket and Jill grow closer.

KISSES start flying......

ROCKET
Could not.

JILL
What time is your appointment?

ROCKET
Nine a.m.

JILL
We’re working in daylight? You’ll need to be on your toes, Hudson.

ROCKET
I’ve got protection. Hey, what say you and I go find us a couple of tourists and have dinner?

JILL
Thought you’d never ask.

INT. PLAZA DE SANTA ANA - MORNING

Rocket is meeting Joseph Van Helsing at the Plaza de Santa Ana, a very public spot where some of Spain’s most famous literary characters are remembered by great ARTISTS.

Rocket bluntly calls out for Van Helsing, an odd idea, but one that works.

ROCKET
Joseph! Joey? Come out, come out wherever you are. I’m looking for Joseph Van Helsing. Anyone here by that name? I’m supposed to meet this man with a white fedora, but I think that’s a little too Hannibal Lecter, if you know what I mean.
Joseph Van Helsing APPEARS out of the blue, white fedora and all.

An attractive WOMAN is at his side. Rocket approaches them in the huge plaza.

JOSEPH VAN HELSING
Mister Hudson? My, you make quite a spectacle of yourself, don’t you?

ROCKET
We secret agents must remain secret unless we’re stumped. Then, we just act like visiting morons from Nebraska. The woman? She’s not part of the deal.

JOSEPH VAN HELSING
(defiantly)
Allow me to introduce you to my friend. She is one of the leading oil speculators in Europe. Her name is Alexa Green.

Rocket shakes the hand of the beautiful BRUNETTE.

She is dressed like a businesswoman, but underneath, Rocket senses a repressed sexual TIGER just waiting to prowl the nightlife.

As his powers are somewhat weakened, Rocket keeps one hand on his gun and the other near a Bullet Beggar.

ROCKET
So, Mister Van Helsing. May I call you Joe?

JOSEPH VAN HELSING
Why not? You have been for the last minute, before we met.

Rocket bows at the waist.

ROCKET
Douche! What is the nature of this meeting, Joey?

JOSEPH VAN HELSING
An arrangement of sorts. I contacted your agency in hopes of curtailing the impending oil rise.

Rocket sizes him up.
ROCKET

Why do you care?

ALEXA breaks into the conversation.

ALEXA

I have proof that renegade OPEC members are planning a huge increase in oil. Rogue sheiks have gotten together to unfairly and illegally force the price up, up, up. Riots and chaos in the streets will prevail.... and thus, prevent the latest fashion shows in Milan. That’s why.

Rocket seems more interested in Alexa’s body than her mind.

ROCKET

How did you get this information?

Rocket brushes up against Alexa for a moment.

He deftly places tiny GPS BUG in the lining of her SKIRT.

ALEXA

My heart and soul belongs to my tiny homeland Kuwait. I used my feminine charm to discover information. In my home city of Al Jahri, we know vampires exist. My great-great grandmother was a ghoul.

ROCKET

Anyone I would know?

ALEXA

I do not fear you, Rocket Hudson, nor do you interest me sexually. I only fear what will become of Kuwait when oil hits three or four hundred a barrel. The world will explode in anarchy.

ROCKET

And think what an oil change will cost at SuperLube?

Alexa suddenly bolts into an alley. Rocket takes out his Beretta.

Van Helsing and Hudson SEE what Alexa saw first: Three armed GUARDS marching their way, guns drawn.
Rocket fires at the FIRST GUARD who had his sword up in an attack position, killing him with one shot.

The SECOND GUARD’s arm is sliced off by Rocket’s belt-sword, so swiftly that the guard hardly even notices.

The THIRD GUARD gets the Bullet Beggar and, much to Rocket’s chagrin, begs for a BULLET in seconds. The ARMLESS GUARD picks up his limb to carry with him as he runs away.

VAN HELSING
That was close.

Rocket addresses the ARMLESS GUARD.

ROCKET
Hurry home, little weasel. Tell your masters it was me who sliced off your appendage.

ALEXA has VANISHED.

VAN HELSING
We’ve scared her off. Do you know how much convincing it took on my part to bring her for this meeting? She’s a scared rabbit.

ROCKET
Hopefully, the rabbit will find her way back to the hole. And I’ll be waiting.

VAN HELSING
To kill her?

Hudson laughs.

ROCKET
No, silly, to bang her!

EXT. MADRID – SUNSET

Rocket flies over the CITY looking for Alexa. The BEEPING from the bug planted on Alexa is getting stronger and stronger.

He swoops into her villa, entering her boudoir.

INT. ALEXA’S BEDROOM –CONTINUOUS

Alexa is stunned to see Rocket.
ALEXA
How did you get into this room?
There’s only one entrance. And
it’s over there.

ROCKET
I’m a secret agent, my dear. We’re
capable of doing anything.

He gathers her in his arms and makes his way to her bed.
There, he places her under the sheets and gently kisses her.
They have passionate sex.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Rocket and Alexa are in bed, kissing. A great time has been
had by both.

A naked and woozy Alexa gets up and stumble to the bar.

ALEXA
My God, Rocket, what have you done
do me? I’m shaking like a leaf.
It’s been well over two hours and
still, your appetite is
undiminished.

Rocket leans his head on his right hand, tickling the hairs
on his chest.

He admires Alexa.

ROCKET
You bring out the animal in me.

ALEXA
I don’t want to seem like a prude,
but I’ve got to stop for a little
bit. I’m exhausted.

Rocket throws a pillow at her. She ducks and it hits a lamp,
knocking it over and smashing it into pieces.

ROCKET
Now I’m in for it. Sorry.

Alexa looks at the broken pieces.
ALEXA
It was a gift from Claude. I’m glad it’s broken. Go ahead, break some more.

Rocket SMASHES the small table next to the bed.

ROCKET
Oops!

Alexa holds an ANTIQUE dear to her.

ALEXA
Okay, okay, okay. Stop!

ROCKET
Let’s screw some more.

ALEXA
In time, Rocket. I have to rest my kus.

Hudson understand all too well.

ROCKET
I’m hungry for you!

ALEXA
We have plenty of time.

ROCKET
Hell, what time is it?

Alexa looks at her watch.

ALEXA
Five thirty. A.M.

Rocket rises rapidly.

He kisses her hard and fondles her breasts. She arches her neck.

Rocket’s FANGS appear, but he DEFERS.....

THE SUN IS RISING!

ROCKET
I’ll call you later today. There’s a few questions I’d like to ask you, but I don’t have the time right now.

Alexa is left wondering what just happened.
INT. HUDSON’S HOTEL ROOM – DAYBREAK

Cavendish has prepared Rocket’s coffin properly. It looks like a bed.

His trusty old manservant is waiting for Rocket’s arrival, arm outstretched with a white cloth napkin draped over it.

Rocket flies in the window!

ROCKET
Honey, I’m home. I just met the most beautiful woman in the world.

Cavendish guffaws.

CAVENDISH
Every day, everywhere we go, you meet the most beautiful women in the world.

Rocket strips off his black clothing, letting the items drop wherever they may, like a spoiled CHILD.

Cavendish follows dutifully behind him, picking them up.

ROCKET
Tonight was different, Cav. Tonight, I may have met my match in the field of lovemaking.

CAVENDISH
Of course, sir.

ROCKET
I am in need of some deep, heavy sleep.

A STARK-NAKED Rocket gets into his coffin.

CAVENDISH
Any stories to send master off to sleepy-land tonight?

Rocket sits up in the coffin for a moment.

ROCKET
No, I’m good. Thank you anyway.

Cavendish puts away a giant STORY BOOK and tucks Hudson in his coffin.

CAVENDISH
No lullabies?
ROCKET
No, not tonight. I’m good.

CAVENDISH
I shall make sure no one disturbs you. What time shall I awake you?

ROCKET
Six. I’m going to a ball tonight.

Rocket’s “blankey” could easily belong to a four-year old.

CAVENDISH
Sweet dreams.

ROCKET
Make sure my tux is pressed and ready to go. And I forgot to eat, so please leave a vial of fresh blood or a body by my bed for a late-night snack.

CAVENDISH
Very good, sir. Good night.

ROCKET
Night-night, Cavendish.

Cavendish continues to stand in front of the coffin like a robot as Rocket Hudson goes to sleep.

CAVENDISH
(singing)
“Go to sleep and good night.....”

INT. HUDSON’S BALCONY - VERY EARLY DAY

WE SEE:

A SHOTGUN aimed at Hudson’s coffin.

A BLAST that hits its TARGET.

The TARGET?

HUDSON’S COFFIN!

An empty coffin.

Hudson grabs the shotgun from his ex-wife’s sweaty hand.

ROCKET
Looking for me?
Jill turns to see Rocket HOVERING above the terrace grounds. She tries to shoot again, but Rocket is too quick for her. He knocks the shotgun out of her hands, picks her up and twists her pretty head, breaking her neck instantly.

Cavendish enters the room. He recognizes JILL.

    CAVENDISH
    That bitch is still around?

    ROCKET
    Show some respect.

Cavendish bends over to inspect the corpse.

    CAVENDISH
    An amicable divorce settlement, sir. You got the cat. She got dead.

Rocket flips her body over.

There is a smear of make-up on her right forearm which hides the TATTOO of a shark.

Upon further inspection, it is a seared-flesh BRAND, with four capital letters spelling out MECA.

Rocket inspects the shotgun shells.

GARLIC-LOADED SHOTGUN SHELLS!

    ROCKET
    She warned me about herself! Shells packed with garlic.

He bends over the body and gently KISSES her.

Cavendish finds a STAKE and a MALLET in her satchel on the terrace.

    CAVENDISH
    And these were supposed to finish you off? Sir, how is it that you’ve... come alive during the daylight hours? I know you may exist, but how did your power return to you in sunlight?

The room is awash in a daybreak SUNSHINE.
ROCKET
Lumenesco came up with some new toys for me. The pills give me a lift, if you will, during the day, but only for a short time. As long as they remain active in my bloodstream, I’m as deadly as I am at night. I took one minutes before I heard a rumbling out on the terrace.

CAVENDISH
You’re a credit to our company.

Jill’s body is twitching. Cavendish kicks her head and it STOPS.

ROCKET
I’ve got to find out who sent her. I thought she could be trusted.

Cavendish places the STAKE on Jill’s chest.

He grabs the MALLET....

HE HESITATES....

CAVENDISH
Do you mind, sir?

ROCKET
Huh?

Rocket peers over the body. One of Jill’s EYEBALLS are hanging out.

CAVENDISH
I haven’t eaten since yesterday.

ROCKET
Go ahead. But don’t fill up on her. You know what the doctor told you. The un-dead have a ton of cholesterol. And not the good kind, either.

Cavendish pops the TREAT into his mouth.

CAVENDISH
(smacking his lips)
Delicious. Truly delicious.
ROCKET
Stake and drain her for me, will you? I’ve got to get back to bed, I can feel the SuperPill wearing off.

CAVENDISH
Very good, sir. One stake and drain coming up.

Cavendish cleans the area while Rocket goes back to sleep in his coffin.

As the manservant drives the stake through Jill’s heart, her left eyelid opens one last time.

Cavendish whistles as he is draining Jill.

INT. JILL’S OFFICE - NIGHT
Hudson has gone to Jill’s office before the ball.
He notices a packet marked “CONFIDENTIAL AND TOP SECRET”.

ROCKET
(reading)
Situation: CRITICAL: U.S. President and First Lady involved.
RECOMMEND: Hudson be eliminated.
Activate usual protocol.

Rocket puts the paper down on the desk. He feels around the bottom of Jill’s desk and discovers a hidden compartment.
He finds a personal note from Jill, with a key attached.

JILL (V.O.)
Rocket, you’ve no doubt killed me by now. This key will unlock the case. But first you must earn it. Squeeze that slime ball Claude Quenelle. He’ll talk. I love you. It was only money I wanted. And the thought of pulling one over on you. Love is the most important thing in the world. Find a mate. Did I squeal like a pig as I died? Hope not....

Rocket takes the key.

He flies out of the office, past the large photograph of President Brillstein, the First Lady, Hudson and Jill.
INT. HUDSON’S ROOM – NIGHT

Rocket has arrived just as Cavendish is filling Rocket’s coffin with FRESH SOIL.

CAVENDISH
Master, you startled me!

ROCKET
Sorry, Cavendish, I didn’t mean to, but you’re so easily frightened.

Rocket walks behind Cavendish.

ROCKET (CONT’D)
Boo!

Cavendish just about JUMPS out of his clothes.

CAVENDISH
I sincerely wish you wouldn’t do that, sir. I may have a heart attack, and then what would you do? Hire a new manservant? Are you brain dead? Oh, yes, that’s right... you are.

Hudson DRESSES.

His TUXEDO fits as though TOM FORD has made it just for him.

The LINING reveals that to be TRUE:

“MADE ESPECIALLY FOR ROCKET HUDSON BY TOM FORD... WITH EXTRA CROTCH ROOM!”

Cavendish brushes the shoulders.

They stand in front of a mirror. Cavendish is alone.

ROCKET
Any problems?

Cavendish reads from a small notebook he’s pulled out of his coat pocket.

CAVENDISH
I had to pay off the hotel clerks the usual dead body fee. Disposing of bodies isn’t as easy as it used to be. And as you saw, your soil arrived, fifty pounds of it. It’s heavy. Oh, and I want a raise.
ROCKET

A raise?

Cavendish pleads with his boss.

CAVENDISH

It’s only fair, sir. I think a forty per cent cost of living raise for the last hundred years is in order, don’t you?

ROCKET

Twenty.

CAVENDISH

Thirty. And we shall speak of this no more.

ROCKET

And you’ll throw in a free cave cleaning once a year?

CAVENDISH

Agreed!

ROCKET

White-glove clean. Not like the last time. I had to hire Merry Maids.

CAVENDISH

You have no idea how hard that was for me. Ghouls are lousy negotiators.

ROCKET

Find Van Helsing.

CAVENDISH

Where will you be?

ROCKET

At the ball. I’m the star attraction. It’s at the U.S. Embassy. They’re honoring me with some sort of medal from Madrid’s Secret Service. One forgets how we secret agent vampires must keep up the public relations side of the agency.

CAVENDISH

Shall I kill this Van Helsing for you, sir?
ROCKET
No, just hold him here. I need him to be interested in talking to me, if you understand?

CAVENDISH
Battered, but not broken?

ROCKET
Precisely.

Rocket walks right through the WALL and out to the elevator.

INT. U.S. EMBASSY BALLROOM - EVENING

All eyes are upon Rocket.

Muriel is there, in the middle of the ballroom. Rocket approaches her immediately.

ROCKET
Weren’t we about to dance?

A surprised Muriel graciously allows Rocket to take her hand.

They WALTZ, giving OTHERS pause to reflect on dance lessons.

MURIEL
I never thought I’d see you again, Hudson.

They COMMAND the FLOOR.

ROCKET
You have me and that’s all that matters. By the way, my name is Rocket.

MURIEL
You have gotten under my skin.

The music SWELLS as the DANCE continues. Muriel can barely keep up with the MASTER.

ROCKET
I’m sorry about the previous evening, but tonight is ours.

MURIEL
Oh, Rocket, hold me.

He escorts Muriel outside, onto the balcony.
EXT. BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

Rocket and Muriel GAZE into each other’s eyes. As her gorgeous NECK turns to one side, Rocket decides upon her fate.

ROCKET
Muriel, have you ever known a vam....?

MURIEL
A wha?

ROCKET
A vam.....

MURIEL
Vam? What’s a vam?

Rocket adjusts his tie. His hands are SHAKING.

ROCKET
I’m sort of a late night kind of guy. You know, all night movies?

MURIEL
Speak up darling, I can’t hear you.

ROCKET
I’m a creature of the night.

Muriel laughs.

MURIEL
Rocket, you can’t even wake me until nine.

Rocket CARESSES her hair and she responds with a KISS.

A KISS so gentle.... Rocket TREMBLES!

ROCKET
Muriel, I’m a creature of the....

The PRESIDENT interrupts Rocket’s confession.

PRESIDENT
Why, Rocket, what are you doing out here? The medal? It’s time, son.

Muriel is startled by PRESIDENT BRILLSTEIN.
ROCKET
Mister President, allow me to introduce Muriel Moudane. Muriel, this is the President of the United States of America.

PRESIDENT
Max Brillstein, nice to meet you. Rocket, come inside. Muriel, I’d love you to meet my wife, Tammy. She’s around here someplace.

Rocket puts on a happy face. Tammy is WHISPERING to Claude Quenelle.

ROCKET
Would you excuse us, Muriel?

PRESIDENT
We’ve got quite a show for you tonight.

ROCKET
Can’t wait, sir. (Leading him away) Where’s your lovely wife?

Brillstein pulls Rocket to one side.

PRESIDENT
Rocket, it’s embarrassing if you don’t look like you’re impressed with me.

The President takes Rocket’s arm. Hudson gently, but firmly pulls away.

INT. BALLROOM - CONTINUOUS

Rocket and the President have left MURIEL out on the terrace.

The President’s WIFE, an exceedingly attractive LADY who speaks perfect Spanish, is addressing the Middle European Council Affairs, or MECA.

MECA! The same four letters on Jill’s forearm!

FIRST LADY
As we go forward with this agreement with our oil-developing nations, we will find the courage and hope for our tomorrows.

(MORE)
The dependance upon oil must be diminished, and our green energy has to be developed, here and in America. For our children. And, ladies and gentlemen, nuestro futuro es con nuestros hijos.

Applause erupts in the EMBASSY.

Muriel tries to approach Rocket, but there are many FOREIGN DIGNITARIES. As it comes time for his medal, Hudson exits the building by walking right past the President and THROUGH THE WALL near the south entrance.

Guests LOOK for Rocket when the President calls out his name, but he is GONE!

DISAPPEARED.....

INTO THIN AIR!

EXT. MURIEL’S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Muriel is combing her hair, sitting on the edge of her bed as Rocket Hudson flies in the window.

Muriel SCREAMS at his sudden arrival.

MURIEL
Rocket? You’re... here. In my bedroom. How?

ROCKET
I arrived to say good night to you in person.

MURIEL
But? When?

ROCKET
Just this second. I flew on the wings of Gossamer. Well, Gossamer had no idea I was on his back. You see, I can change into a-

MURIEL
-Nevert mind darling....

ROCKET
No, I feel I owe you an explanation.

Rocket moves closer to Muriel.
MURIEL
Are you trying to confess something?

ROCKET
Let me explain myself. I’m different than your regular guy.

She kisses him hard.

MURIEL
I’m in love with you, Rocket. In one night, one crazy mixed up night, I fell for you like a ton of bricks. Why did you disappear? I felt so alone after you left. It was as though you simply went through a wall.

Rocket STARES right at the CAMERA.

ROCKET
You see, Muriel, I’m a... a... a vam-

She kisses him again. He can’t let go of her.

MURIEL
-You don’t have to confess anything tonight.

ROCKET STANDS HIS GROUND!

ROCKET
God damn it lady, I’m a vampire! A real live, I mean, dead vampire!

MURIEL (confused)
What? Like in the movies?

ROCKET
Movies, books, musicals, they’re all fake. Except for anything with George Clooney. He’s the real deal.

Muriel turns away.

In one moment, she’s gone from loving Hudson to FEARING for her life!
MURIEL
I-I had my suspicions. I didn’t think they existed.

ROCKET
Oh, they do, let me assure you. But there are all types of vampires. Kind ones, evil ones, middle-of-the-road ones, Republicans, Democrats, Independents....

MURIEL
And which are you?

Rocket Hudson, for the first time in his 300 years, feels the urge to be honest with a woman.

MUSIC SWELLS........

ROCKET
I’M ROCKET HUDSON, SECRET AGENT VAMPIRE!

Muriel looks around, expecting a LIVE ORCHESTRA!

MURIEL
I don’t believe you. Where are your fangs?

ROCKET
Right here.

Rocket reveals two large, white FANGS.

MURIEL
My God! Don’t you floss?

Rocket resists the urge to bite into her neck.

ROCKET
I can retract them. I can use them for good. You see, Muriel, I work for the United States of America. When things go wrong, they call in my agency. And things have gone horribly wrong here, Muriel. I have to make them right.

He smiles at her now with NO fangs. Just 32 Pearly Whites.

MURIEL
If you were a vampire, I couldn’t see you in my mirror.
She gets up and walks over to her dressing table. She reaches for a hand held MIRROR, and brings it close to Rocket.

There is no REFLECTION of ROCKET.

She FAINTS!

When she gets up, Hudson is holding her.

ROCKET
Are you alright?

MURIEL
I’m very woozy.

Muriel stands up again and wants to leave. As she reaches the door, ROCKET is there, instantaneously.

ROCKET
Hi there, it’s me!

MURIEL
Oh, my goodness.....

ROCKET
Please don’t leave, Muriel. I want you to know who I am. And this is the only way I know how.

She calms herself.

MURIEL
Hold me, Rocket... just hold me.

As she hugs him, it’s OPEN SEASON again with her neck.

ROCKET
(mumbling)
Discipline, Hudson, discipline.

He embraces Muriel for what seems to be an ETERNITY.

INT. MADRID HILTON – NIGHT

The President of the United States and the First Lady are in their suite.

A Secret Service detail of six AGENTS are crammed into an adjoining suite.
PRESIDENT
I’m pissed, Tammy. That jerk in
black left before the medal was
presented. I mean, just who the
hell does he think he is? I’m the
fucking President, for Chrissakes!
He’s just a vampire secret agent.

FIRST LADY
I’m just glad that bloodsucker’s on
our side.

PRESIDENT
I’d watch what I was saying, dear.
They have terrific hearing. He’s
not the most docile man at times.

The President hops on the bed and bounces up and down. He
acts like a SCHOOL KID who just passed his first test.

FIRST LADY
Well, if he bites me, just plunge a
stake in my heart. I don’t want to
live for eternity. I won’t be able
to keep up with the fashions.

PRESIDENT
Come, bounce with me. This is fun.

FIRST LADY
Max, has anyone ever told you that
you’re an American idiot?

SHOTS are fired from an unknown SOURCE.

The President SHIELDS his wife with a PILLOW shaped like BUGS
BUNNY.

A BULLET goes directly through BUGS, just missing Tammy’s
bosom.

AGENTS run into the suite.

INT. SUITE - CONTINUOUS

PRESIDENT
What’s going on?

The President has jumped on top of his wife to protect her.

(Unfortunately, due to his GIRTH, it’s not a good thing.)
FIRST LADY
Max, you fat pig, get off!

The President sits up. The First Lady straightens her hairdo.

Another AGENT runs into the room.

AGENT
We need to move. Now!

The President and Tammy follow the AGENT to a PROTECTIVE DEVICE.

It is a BULLET-PROOF, plastic egg-shaped SHELL, with enough room for two people.

INT. PROTECTIVE EGG SHELL - CONTINUOUS

The President and the First Lady scream from inside the cramped space. A lone AGENT is with them.

FIRST LADY
Max, what’s going on? What are we doing in this damn thing?

PRESIDENT
Just don’t fart.

The FIRST LADY sees how CRAMPED it is inside.

FIRST LADY
What is this thing?

PRESIDENT
It’s gonna save our asses, that’s what this is!

The EGG flies out the WINDOW.

EXT. SUITE - CONTINUOUS

AGENT
This is the Eggshell Protective Pod, or EPP for short.

FIRST LADY
It’s so tiny! And the drapes......

An ODOR wafts through the small flying container.
PRESIDENT
Tammy?

FIRST LADY
Don’t look at me!

The PRESIDENT slowly turns to an AGENT with a RED FACE.

RED-FACED AGENT
Sorry. I get gassy in times of strife.

EXT. LANDING SITE - NIGHT

The SHELL has landed in the woods outside Madrid.

The President and the First Lady are SAFE.

The President cannot BREAK the EGG (the LATCH of the shell).

He SCREAMS in hopes of someone finding them.

PRESIDENT
Help! Help! I’m scared!

SOMEONE finds them.

Just not the right person.

CLAUDE QUENELLE is directing the SHELL from his mobile Center of Operations.

He has arrived with his HENCHMEN to pick up the President and his wife.

The HENCHMEN approach the shell and open the door.

CLAUDE
Be careful, gentlemen. It’s the First Lady of the country. We have to work fast!

They work quickly, as if they’re expecting SOMEONE.....

SOMEONE NAMED ROCKET HUDSON.

FIRST HENCHMAN
Come on, lady, get outta this thing. We need to go.

CLAUDE
Hurry up! That fucking vampire secret agent will be here soon.
FIRST HENCHMAN
Isn’t it “secret agent vampire”?

SECOND HENCHMAN
Actually, the words are interchangeable. Like “jumbo large shrimp” or “large jumbo shrimp”.

Claude looks at his old TIMEX.

CLAUDE
You’re correct. But enough about silly English language phrases. Do you have the equipment ready?

The henchmen NOD in UNISON.

The SECOND henchman displays his stake and hammer, while the FIRST henchman takes the President and First lady away to the mobile unit.

BOTH HENCHMAN
(together)
Let’s go, we’re ready!

CLAUDE
Morons! You’re never ready for Hudson.

Rocket FLIES in, lopping off the first henchman’s HEAD with one long slicing action of his BELT-SWORD.

His his fangs extend and BITE the SECOND HENCHMAN, leaving his neck RIPPED OUT.

Claude takes off in his mobile UNIT with just the First Lady in tow.

PRESIDENT BRILLSTEIN is saved by Rocket once again.

ROCKET
This is becoming a habit, sir.

PRESIDENT
Thank God!

ROCKET
God had nothing to do with it.

PRESIDENT
Looks like there will be another medal for you.
The President cleans himself up a little and realizes his WIFE is missing.

Rocket IMPALES the henchman whose neck he ripped apart with his own stake and mallet.

The henchman SHRIVES and BURSTS into flames.

ROCKET
To Weyauwega with you!

PRESIDENT
I’ve been to Weyauwega, Wisconsin on my last campaign trip. It’s not so bad.

ROCKET
Have you ever hung upside down there on a Saturday night in December? After the coffee shop has closed? And the sole traffic light has broken? And the lone hooker who doubles as its local sheriff tries to arrest you?

PRESIDENT
Well, no, but.... Rocket, you must save my wife.

ROCKET
Claude hasn’t gotten that far. I can track him. But first, we’ve got to get you back to the Secret Service. Hop on.

Rocket motions to the President to get aboard his BACK.

They FLY through the air. As they fly, the President wants answers.

EXT. SKY ABOVE MADRID -CONTINUOUS

The SUN is coming up. Rocket pops a SuperPill.

PRESIDENT
Pardon me, Rocket, but how can a vampire work during the day?

ROCKET
A friend of mine in Brooklyn makes a pill that allows me to retain my powers during the daylight hours. But it’s only temporary.
PRESIDENT
Who were these goons, Rocket? And why the kidnapping of my wife?

ROCKET
It has to do with the impending price increase of oil in the world, sir. Oil’s about to increase dramatically.

PRESIDENT
How do you know that?

ROCKET
Just trust me, sir, I know it. The key I got from a dead associate is the key.

The President SLIPS off.

HE DROPS HUNDREDS OF FEET PER SECOND.

Hudson DIVES down and CATCHES him.

PRESIDENT
I could have died!

A couple of BIRDS fly nearby.

ROCKET
You need to watch yourself, Mister President. The traffic up here is crazy.

One of the birds POOPS on the President’s coat.

HUDSON doesn’t SEE the POOP.

Brillstein flicks the POOP on Rocket’s jacket.

PRESIDENT
So, a key is the key?

ROCKET
A key is the key.

PRESIDENT
What does the key open?

ROCKET
Don't know yet. I was about to find out, but your situation came up. You took precedence mister President.
PRESIDENT
I take precedence? How can I take President? I’m already President.

ROCKET
You want me to drop you? Your kidnapping took precedence, mister President.

PRESIDENT
Oh. I never finished college. Don’t tell anyone.

As they fly above Madrid, Rocket gets a message from Cavendish from his SECRET AGENT EARPIECE.

ROCKET
Go ahead, Cavendish.

CAVENDISH
Master, you’re not going to believe this. Van Helsing is dead. His brain was stolen. It’s set up to look like you were the culprit. Your fang DNA is all over the remains. Madrid police are like flies on-

ROCKET
-Shit?

CAVENDISH
-Oh, the wit, sir.

Rocket does a NOSE DIVE.

The President’s false teeth fall out. They CHATTER all the way down.

ROCKET
At the moment, I’m a little busy. Where is the body now?

CAVENDISH
At the Madrid morgue. May I steal it, sir?

ROCKET
No, I can’t afford you that luxury right at the moment. I’ll visit the place right before sunrise, if I have the time. Would you like to say hello to the President?
CAVENDISH
Do I have to?

The President is a little MIFFED upon hearing the rejection from a GHOUL.

ROCKET
Make sure my coffin is ready to go.
I’m exhausted.

CAVENDISH
I just hope you are alright.

ROCKET
Good bye, Cavendish.

CAVENDISH
Good bye... men of the air....
flaying men of action.... men with wings.... men with verve and substance!

ROCKET
Cav, no more Mad Dog 20/20 while on duty, alright?

CAVENDISH
Very good, sir.

Rocket can hear Cavendish emptying the bottle of wine in the sink before he ends the TRANSMISSION.

Hudson sets down outside the Presidential suite. Brillstein heads for safety.

INT. PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - DAY

ROCKET
I’ll find your wife. Don’t worry.

PRESIDENT
(trying to speak with no teeth)
I mow you mill. Mood muck.

ROCKET
I’m using a new GPS service called the Vampire Directional. Apple invented it for us.

PRESIDENT
Meally?
ROCKET
Jesus, how I long for the good old days of dictators and imperial wizards!

Rocket heads for the Madrid morgue.

INT. MADRID MORGUE - NIGHT

The Commissioner is behind a veiled window at the Madrid MORGUE.

Rocket has just entered.

COMMISSIONER (V.O.)
Rocket has found Van Helsing’s body. The right arm has the same markings as Jill’s, with the four capital letters burned into his flesh. MECA. Rocket also finds the missing brain has left a gaping whole in the skull. He finds a digital tracking bug inside the brain.

Rocket INSPECTS the body.

COMMISSIONER (V.O.)
There is only one man who could perform such an procedure: Doctor Erich Von Frankenstein, a mad, not crazy... well not in the literal sense... but a really irate scientist who felt he needed to destroy all vampires. His wife was turned into one the night of the 1988 Republican National Convention. Senator Quayle had a secret love affair with Freda Frankenstein, Erich’s gorgeous wife. The doctor never forgave the future Vice-President. Would you?

Rocket finishes inspecting the body.

He glances toward the COMMISSIONER’S veiled platform.

ROCKET
(yelling)
You think you could keep it a little more interesting? Tell some old jokes to keep the audience happy?
COMMISSIONER
Two vampires walk into a bar. The first one says, “I’m thirsty.” The second one says, “That’s funny, you don’t look Transylvanian!”

ROCKET
Holy Christmas.....

INT. ROCKET’S HOTEL ROOM – SUNRISE

Rocket is exhausted. An ODOR most FOUL greets the secret agent vampire.

ROCKET
(from the coffin)
Cavendish, light a fucking match. Who the hell did you have for dinner?

Cavendish comes out of the bathroom with an issue of “VAMPIRE TODAY” magazine.

CAVENDISH
Shall I crack a window?

Cavendish sees the police arriving at the hotel as he opens the front window.

ROCKET
Let me get some sleep, please.

CAVENDISH
I’m sorry, sir, but it seems the police have arrived.

Rocket climbs out.

ROCKET
I’ll have to get a cat nap later. Right now, I guess I shall have to deal with them. Pesky buggers.

CAVENDISH
That they are, sir. May I fire upon them?

ROCKET
As fun as that may sound to you, I am unwilling to let my manservant be arrested for murder.
CAVENDISH
Very good, sir. What shall I do?

ROCKET
I’ll meet them in the lobby. Clean up around here if they insist on coming up. And quit eating those gluten-laden tourists!

Cavendish heads back toward the bathroom. He grabs the magazine.

CAVENDISH
Oh, God! Where’s the Pepto? I’m sorry, sir. Next time, I’ll stop eating when I reach the colon.

ROCKET
Next time you’ll fast during the mission!

Hudson pops a SuperPill.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY
The Commandant, HECTOR INGLASIAS, and his OFFICERS, have detained Rocket on the stairs of the hotel.

HECTOR
Ah, Rocket Hudson. Nice to finally meet you. I am Hector Inglasias. I heard you were in our fair city. How are you enjoying it so far?

Rocket tries to move along.

ROCKET
So far, so good. I have a lot of work to get done, so please, excuse me.

Rocket begins to leave, but the Commandant uses two steel batons to make a CRUCIFIX.

Rocket laughs like a SCHOOLGIRL.

He WHACKS the Commandant’s head with the BATONS.

Rocket knocks out the four POLICEMEN before they even knew what hit them.
ROCKET (CONT’D)
Step out of the way before I get really angry.

HECTOR
I will not tolerate this kind of violence in my city whether or not the American president has lost his wife.

ROCKET
(whispering in HECTOR’S ear)
How did you know the First Lady was missing?

Hector realizes he has blown his cover.

HECTOR
Guards! Detain him!

FIGHTING begins. Two COPS are knocked out cold with ROCKET’S fists.

The next THREE go down with a blazing kick to all of their GROINS at one time.

The next TWO witness this and, fearing for their lives, run away.

Hudson catches up to the cops at the front door, slicing their heads off, and picks them up by his extended fingernails, slicing open their necks.

Rocket picks Hector up and FLIES him out of the hotel.

EXT. MADRID’S CITY LIMITS - SEVEN A.M.

Rocket puts the Commandant down, STAKING both hands in the ground with sharpened tree limbs.

The PAIN is excruciating. The fully-fanged Rocket Hudson questions Hector.

ROCKET
I’ve two questions for you. First, where is the First Lady?

Hector is confused.

HECTOR
You want to know where the First Lady is first?

(MORE)
HECTOR (CONT'D)
Or is the second question going to be the same as the first?

ROCKET
Who’s first?

HECTOR
(smiling)
Second base.

Rocket holds up the key he found in Jill’s office.

ROCKET
What does this key fit?

HECTOR
The key? Does it fit the First Lady on second base?

Rocket gouges the Commandant’s eye with his right fingernail, now another three inches longer and as LETHAL as a scalpel.

ROCKET
I get it. You enjoy pain.

HECTOR
Bite me, Rocket. I’ve always wanted to become a vampire.

ROCKET
I’ll bite you after you answer my questions. Where is the First Lady?

HECTOR
I have the address. But Claude is there. And he’s waiting for you.

Rocket puts the key in front of Hector again.

ROCKET
And this key? What does it belong to?

HECTOR
A safe deposit box.

ROCKET
Do you think you could work for my agency if I bit you and transformed you into a double agent?

The pain is making Hector go in and out of consciousness.
HECTOR
I can help vampire agents. If the money’s good.

Rocket inflicts more pain.

ROCKET
Where are the First Lady and Claude hiding out?

Hector is enjoying the pain.

HECTOR
In a house owned by Erich Von Frankenstein. 145 Mocking Bird Lane. The key fits a box in the Madrid Central bank. Now bite me.....

Rocket leans over him and his FANGS jet out from his mouth.

Fang juice is dripping on Hector’s uniform.

Rocket bites the Commandant’s neck, lunging back and forth, time after time, until the blood is drained from his body.

Hudson takes a nearby sharp BRANCH and drives it into Hector’s heart. The Commandant’s eyes bulge out of their sockets.

Rocket grabs the eyes and POPS them into his mouth.

ROCKET
(chewing)
Hey, these aren’t bad!

INT. 145 MOCKING BIRD LANE – NINE A.M.

The DOOR snaps open with ease. Hudson snoops around.

ROCKET
Geez! How gouache! Look at this wallpaper!

INT. BASEMENT – CONTINUOUS

Becoming a BAT, Rocket flies into the basement, then becomes himself as soon as he hears VOICES from the enclosed room.

He walks through the wall with ease, bursting in on the First Lady kissing Claude Quenelle. She is on top of him.
Moans of ECSTASY emanate from Claude.

ROCKET
I guess the President has another mule kicking in his stall.

The First Lady is SHOCKED. She draws near to Rocket.

But first, she needs to climb off Claude’s erect member.

FIRST LADY
Not a moment too soon! I’m hurt, can’t you see? My neck? It’s been bitten.

Rocket inspects the bite.

ROCKET
Just a nick. You won’t turn from that. Who bit you?

Doctor Erich Von Frankenstein comes out from a SHADOW, with wigged-out white HAIR, baggy PANTS, wearing a white COAT.

His FACE is full of LEECHES.

Draped around his neck is an old stethoscope, stencilled KOREAN CONFLICT in small letters.

He wears a necklace of GARLIC bulbs.

DOCTOR FRANKENSTEIN
I am so very happy to finally meet you Rocket Hudson.

The necklaces jiggles and makes lots of noise as he walks.

ROCKET
So, you are the master mind behind all of this nonsense in Madrid? You turned Jill? Killed Alexa? You’re behind this oil business?

DOCTOR FRANKENSTEIN
Give me a break. One question at a time.

ROCKET
Sorry, I’m just a little bit revved up. Forgive me. I’ve heard a lot about you, Erich. You really should go with individual cloves. The whole bulb necklace-thing really doesn’t work.
Claude Quenelle manages to slip out the door unnoticed.

DOCTOR FRANKENSTEIN
Let me tell you a little story. A long time ago, when I was just an intern, my father, the great Doctor Ludwig Frankenstein, had mastered the fine science of reviving the dead. He did so with finesse. He was a man of verve and substance. But your agency destroyed him. He died before telling me the secrets of life.

Rocket feels the effects of the SuperPill WAINING and must tidy this mess up fast.

He lifts the doctor by his lapels.

Hudson’s strength is disappearing with every single MOVE.

ROCKET
I killed him in ‘44, right before he was to give the secret to those idiotic Nazis. Now I will kill you!

Alexa flies into the room from the top of a balcony above.

From the looks of her newly-stitched head, she has a new brain, courtesy of FRANKENSTEIN.

She’s also turned into a VAMPIRE!

DOCTOR FRANKENSTEIN
Remember her?

Rocket attacks Alexa! ATTACK after ATTACK!

LUNGE after LUNGE!

HUDSON’S SuperPill has just about lost its powers.

ROCKET
Well, Alexa, can’t say the operation did much for your looks. The stitches alone take up most of your face.

ALEXA
Quiet! I will kill you once and for all, Hudson. Your body will be donated to Goodwill!
ROCKET
You think you can stop me?

Alexa attacks again, and Rocket manages to fight her off, but he is losing STRENGTH..... FAST!

FIRST LADY
Would you care to know how I fit into this arrangement?

ROCKET
(fighting)
I’m just dying to know.

The First Lady swings around to face Rocket eyeball to eyeball.

FIRST LADY
My husband is an idiotic moron!
His view of this world is archaic.
The future is me. Me, sitting in the White House. Me, sitting on the presidential toilet. Me, me, me!

ROCKET
Your husband is not aware that you’re a horse’s ass?

Alexa is unable to stop her brain stitches from coming apart.

Rocket takes one last lunge at Alexa while she is momentarily inspected by Dr. Frankenstein.

He pushes her straight through the room, until her back lands on a sculpture of FRANKENSTEIN’S MONSTER holding a sharpened walking CANE outward.

She is quickly IMPALED upon the wooden STAKE.

ALEXA DIES INSTANTLY IN A BALL OF FLAMES!

Rocket quickly fires his Beretta at ERICH.

The bullet hits the FOREHEAD, exuding a milky substance. Rocket takes a taste, then spits it out.

DOCTOR FRANKENSTEIN
Hudson! Ugh, I-I’m dying.

ROCKET
Yes, and your brain ooze is revolting.
DOCTOR FRANKENSTEIN
Tammy! Save me.

Rocket takes deadly aim at TAMMY.

FIRST LADY
I am the First Lady of the United States of America!

Rocket shoots her, too, once in the HEART, once in the HEAD.

ROCKET
I didn’t vote for you.

Rocket climbs up the stairs from the basement, weak and nearly done for.

INT. HEARSE - DAY

A hearse driven by Cavendish has ARRIVED and is waiting for Rocket outside the basement entrance.

Cavendish has brought a COFFIN, smaller, but sleep-worthy.

Rocket crawls inside.

INT. COFFIN - CONTINUOUS

ROCKET
How did you track me?

Cavendish drives like a 16 YEAR-OLD-KID who just got his license.

CAVENDISH (O.C.)
I’m an agent, boss. My job is to look after you. And I did. I followed you, albeit slowly, to your destination. I waited for you to do the heavy lifting, so to speak.

ROCKET
Will wonders ever cease?

Rocket settles in the coffin. He continues his conversation from the inside.

CAVENDISH (O.C.)
Are you happy to see me, master?
ROCKET
(yelling)
I need some deep, deep sleep. Have you brought the bed time storybook?

CAVENDISH (O.C.)
I’m sorry, I just can’t keep up with saving you and remembering the little book with stories of monsters, ghouls and goblins. Are we going home, sir?

ROCKET
Shut-up, will ya? This case isn’t solved. I have to tell the President of the United States that I shot and killed his bitch of a wife.

CAVENDISH (O.C.)
Oh, that’s a conversation I would not want to have, sir.

INT. HEARSE - CONTINUOUS
A CAR comes out of nowhere and almost HITS the hearse.
Cavendish SWERVES to avoid a head-on collision.
The car turns around and follows great speed.
Cavendish SPEEDS up.
THE RACE IS ON!

ROCKET (O.C.)
What the hell is going on?

CAVENDISH
We’re being chased, sir. I thought you killed them all.

Rocket gets up HALF WAY from his coffin and LOOKS outside.
A Range Rover is following them. He cannot recognize the DRIVER.
Rocket starts shooting from the back window.

ROCKET
Speed up, Cavendish. I’m not myself right now. I’m weakening. My aim is not very good.
CAVENDISH  
Then let me assist you, sir.

Cavendish opens the glove compartment and removes a huge MAGNUM .44, complete with an automatic sniper’s scope attached.

He can hardly hold it, much less fire it.

ROCKET  
Jesus! Where did you find that?

Cavendish fires one bullet STRAIGHT into Rocket’s heart by mistake.

Cavendish is MORTIFIED!

CAVENDISH  
Oh, my, sir, what have I done?

The bullet has PASSED through HUDSON’S body. Rocket picks it up and examines it.

ROCKET  
Where on earth did you buy this?

CAVENDISH  
Guns R Us, sir. They have everything an assassin may need.

Cavendish fires again, with one hand on the wheel.

One shot hits the right TIRE of the trailing car, and it SKIDS off the road, turning over twice before landing in a ditch.

A small FIRE in the gas tank fills the air with smoke.

ROCKET  
Quickly, Cavendish, let’s go see who it was.

Rocket crawls out of his COFFIN.

Both AGENTS leave the car.

EXT. CAR – CONTINUOUS

CHEEKY SPIRIT staggers out of the car. She is BURNING.

Rocket does nothing to help the MOLE.
ROCKET
First my ex-wife, now you? Why? What would make you help those bastards?

CHEEKY
The money. It’s just too good to be true. I came over to Madrid to help Claude and the others and got caught up in the whole thing. The First Lady made me an offer I couldn’t refuse.

ROCKET
Even if it meant betraying our country?

CHEEKY
(choking)
Don’t let me die by flames, Rocket. You know that’s the most dreadful way.

ROCKET
Sure, kid. I always had a soft spot in your heart for me.

Rocket pulls out a sharpened STAKE and POUNDS it through her heart.

Cavendish POKES out one of her EYES and pops it in his mouth.

CAVENDISH
(chewing)
Shall we go, sir?

Rocket shakes his head at Cavendish.

ROCKET
Sure. I’m exhausted.

INT. HUDSON’S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Rocket has slept for 15 hours.

Cavendish stands ready for orders, with a perfectly starched white napkin folded over his arm.

CAVENDISH
May I get you someone to eat, sir?
ROCKET
I’m not hungry. I must get in touch with the Commissioner. I still need to talk with the President.

Cavendish helps Rocket out of the coffin.

CAVENDISH
I’ve taken the liberty of calling the Secret Service and explaining some of the details.

ROCKET
And?

CAVENDISH
They’re not a happy bunch over there. The President is upset. But, she was a bitch, sir.

Rocket seems a little bit more relaxed.

ROCKET
Well, then, the way I see it, I must get to that bank’s safe deposit box. But I need to speak with the Commissioner first.

CAVENDISH
The Commissioner has been holding for a few minutes.

Rocket smiles brightly.

ROCKET
Thank you, Cavendish. What would I do without you?

CAVENDISH
Host a cooking show? Direct Asian porn? Become a dental assistant?

Rocket picks up the HOT LINE, and begins speaking to the Commissioner.

CAVENDISH (CONT’D)
Say hello for me will you? We’re dear friends.

Rocket covers the phone with his hand.
ROCKET
What do you mean? No one’s even met the man as I understand it. I certainly haven’t and I’ve been working for him for centuries a long, long time!

CAVENDISH
Just say hello, that’s all I’m asking.

Hudson speaks into the RED PHONE.

ROCKET
Yes, Commissioner. Thank you. Me, too. Yes, it was quite a surprise. My ex-wife went rogue, Cheeky went rogue. I’m afraid the First Lady is dead. No, I haven’t told him, although Cavendish says he has spoken to the Secret Service. Yes? Oh, he’s fine, sir. Yes, he’s a dear.

Rocket looks over at his MANSERVANT and smiles.

ROCKET (CONT’D)
Cavendish says hello. Is that right? Good friends, huh? I didn’t even know you allowed anyone to see you. Really? Sir, there is a big problem. Oil. It’s going to start rising fast, regardless of what I can do in the next twenty-four hours. I just wanted you to be aware of that. Tell who goodbye? Boo-Boo? Really?

Rocket hangs up the hot line. Cavendish is anxious to hear what the Commissioner had to say.

CAVENDISH
What did he say, what did he say?

ROCKET
Boo-Boo?

CAVENDISH
What? That man cannot keep his mouth shut!

Rocket continues to taunt his manservant. Rocket walks with his hands behind him, in a circle, teasing Cavendish.
ROCKET
Boo-Boo? I cannot believe it.

Cavendish walks away muttering under his breath.

CAVENDISH
(quietly)
Sonovabitchmotherfuckingasshole!

ROCKET
What was that, Cavendish?

CAVENDISH
Oh, nothing sir. Next time you speak to him, you might want to tell him that I still have the negatives of Seabiscuit and the four-foot, three inch Albanian jockey.

Rocket is laughing so hard, he loses control of himself and turns into a BAT for a moment.

ROCKET
I can’t afford to be entertained by your past now, we have work to do.

CAVENDISH
Where are we off to next?

ROCKET
Bank of Madrid. A certain safe deposit box.

CAVENDISH
Did he really call me Boo-Boo?

ROCKET
Dead Scout’s honor.

CAVENDISH
That big lug!

INT. SAFE DEPOSIT ROOM - DAY

Jill’s PAPERS inside the box are printed in Farsi. It’s too much to read there. He hides them under his shirt.

Rocket places some cash and two more SuperPills inside his right coat pocket.
INT. OFFICE OF DOCTOR DEREK HELM - DAY

Rocket has come to see his FRIEND and professor of Saudi Arabic Studies at the University of Spain-Madrid.

His name is DOCTOR DEREK HELM.

His resemblance to DEAN MARTIN is uncanny. Rocket shows him the papers.

ROCKET
Look these over and tell me what you think.

Derek looks them over, and sits down, takes off his glasses and SIGHS. He reads, then sighs, then reads some more.

DEREK
It’s unbelievable.

Derek give Rocket the documents back.

ROCKET
What is?

DEREK
These documents suggest that a number of oil sheiks outside OPEC have cornered the market and will jack up the price of oil to three hundred American dollars per barrel by the end of the year. And it says the White House is aware of it and they’re on board. It makes no sense. Why would the President-

ROCKET
-Or the First Lady? The President may know nothing about this. I have to trust you completely, Derek. Can I?

DEREK
Rocket, I love you like a father. Everybody loves somebody sometime.

Rocket does a DOUBLE TAKE.

ROCKET
A man named Claude Quenelle is involved with a group known as MECA. Do you know him? And MECA?
DEREK
MECA is a front.

ROCKET
And Erich Von Frankenstein?

DEREK
That creep? My uncle Matt arrested him last year when he caught him going through customs with a tackle box of human brains and some worms.

Rocket looks over to the PHOTOGRAPH of AGENT MATT HELM on the wall.

ROCKET
Is Matt still active?

DEREK
Just with women. His karate chopping days are over. Your agency got bigger and took over for the most part. There’s not much work left for guys like him. Plus, he’s 89.

ROCKET
Say hello to him for me next time you see him.

DEREK
Will do. So Doctor Frankenstein is still alive?

ROCKET
Not as of yesterday. But his plan is. The oil market is going to go through the roof. I can’t even stop it!

DEREK
Vanity was never one of your weak points. One day you will have to allow me to interview you for the record. A vampire secret agent tell-all. A record of your exploits.

ROCKET
Sure, sure. And why not a film after the book? Maybe a TV show?

DEREK
Why not?
ROCKET
A manservant who finds my dinners on the streets of Madrid, magic pills that enable me to retain my powers in the daylight hours, beautiful women who bed me as easy as one, two, three? International intrigue? Only Harvey Weinstein would buy that screenplay.

DEREK
Weinstein already has! George Clooney is slated to star.

ROCKET
Figures.....

Derek is SHOT by an arrow fired from a CROSSBOW.

The ASSASSIN runs through the high scaffolding, atop the building, with the BOW on his back.

Hudson FLIES after him.

EXT. ROOF - CONTINUOUS

Rocket has caught up with the MAN.

He smacks the ASSASSIN in the groin, doubling him up in pain.

He goes to work on his face, pummeling it until it looks like spaghetti.

Rocket’s interrogation is BRUTAL.

ROCKET
Who are you?

Rocket slices off the guy’s right ear.

MAN
My name is Cheech Chingaua. I am a paid assassin for MECA. Let me go and I’ll tell you everything.

Hudson dangles the man over the edge of the building.

ROCKET
How big is MECA? The real one, not the phony one the First Lady addressed the other night. That was just a cover.
Rocket sways CHEECH’S torso back and forth.

CHEECH
I give up. I don’t wanna die by your hands.

ROCKET
Whose hands do you wish to die by?

Cheech wiggles out of Rocket’s grip. Rocket follows, gun out and BULLET BEGGARS ready.

CHEECH
If I talk, I want immunity from prosecution, a new identity and ten million dollars cash. Or nothing at all.

ROCKET
(sighing)
Have it your way. It’s nothing at all by a nose!

Rocket drops Cheech.

He falls fifteen stories down, LANDING upon a LADY with a shopping cart.

The woman dies instantly, but Cheech gets up, and hobbles away.

EXT. GROUND FLOOR – CONTINUOUS

Cheech gets in a CAR and speeds off.

Rocket looks inside his pocket and pulls out one of the two remaining SuperPills.

He POPS it in his mouth and immediately.

He is REBORN!

I/E. THE MOVING CAR – CONTINUOUS

Rocket FLIES after the car, LANDS, and enters through the back seat DOOR, as if he’s gliding through a wall.

Cheech and the DRIVER, Claude Quenelle, are more than just surprised. Claude screeches on the brakes and the car slides to a stop.
Rocket bites the neck of Cheech Chingua and drains his blood in record time.

Claude gets out and runs!

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Rocket glides past Quenelle, landing on top of him and slicing off his arms. Quenelle is bleeding all over the road.

ROCKET
So, Claude, how are you? Limbered up?

Claude is shivering with fear, on the verge of passing out in shock.

CLAUDE
Just kill me, Hudson.

Quenelle crawls on the road, trying to make it to the woods.

ROCKET
Now what’s all this about raising the price of oil? You’re going to just kill the American consumer, not to mention the European vacationing tourist, as despicable as they are.

CLAUDE
You can’t stop it, Hudson. Even the President of the Untied States is on board.

*Hudson explodes in rage!*

ROCKET
That’s impossible! I know him and, except for his lack of taste in women, his big belly and his poor taste in clothes, he’s an honest man. I saved that bastard’s life twice now.

Claude is BLEEDING out.

CLAUDE
I won’t help you any further, Hudson. You’ll have to find out yourself.

(MORE)
CLAUDE (CONT'D)
But your naive view of your
President is just that... naive.

ROCKET
Bastardo!

INT. PRESIDENTIAL SUITE BATHROOM - AFTERNOON

Rocket has walked through the wall of the bathroom, entering
undetected as the President SITS on the toilet.

INT. BATHROOM - AFTERNOON

Startled, and out of toilet paper, BRILLSTEIN looks up to
find Rocket Hudson in front of him.

PRESIDENT
What the fuck, Rocket? Can’t a
President get him some privacy?

Rocket hovers over the President.

ROCKET
Sorry, but this is the only way I
can safely interrogate you without
killing off most of your Secret
Service detail.

PRESIDENT
What do you want?

Rocket sits on the sink next to the toilet. He sees that the
President is reading the “Shouts and Murmurs” page from THE
NEW YORKER magazine.

ROCKET
Is it funny this week? You know,
the state of humor in major
magazines is in need of adjustment.
I mean, what would a young Woody
Allen do nowadays, for example.
Who would he submit to? Maxim?

PRESIDENT
What do you want?

ROCKET
I want an answer! Are you behind
this shit with the oil or was it
just your wife?
PRESIDENT

Was?

ROCKET
I killed that bitch and I’d do it again in a heartbeat.

PRESIDENT
(crying)
I loved her.

He turns the magazine sideways, as if it had a CENTERFOLD.

ROCKET
I love the old red, white and blue, as silly as it sounds, and she sold it out right down the river.
(sniffing) Jesus Christ, Brill! What have you been eating? Can I get a courtesy flush?

He flushes the toilet.

PRESIDENT
Your welcome!

ROCKET
Did you sell us out to those bastard oil motherfuckers?

The President puts down the magazine. He is slightly slumped over. His underpants have little HEARTS.

PRESIDENT
My wife came up with the plan. It seemed so simple. Oil was to rise, steadily, then out of control. Rioting was to occur in the streets of America. I would solve the crises, one after another. The sheiks make billions, short selling their own oil and I breeze through another term in office. Then it would be Tammy’s turn. She would be elected, and we would change the laws so she could serve three terms. It all hinged on Quenelle and his group of oil pigs. We planned to stay in the White House until at least 2028.
ROCKET
You were going to allow this madness to go on until oil hit three hundred dollars a barrel?

PRESIDENT
Please, Rocket, you don’t understand.

ROCKET
Oh, I understand alright. How did you get OPEC to look the other way?

PRESIDENT
The sheiks that were involved with Quenelle and the rest all had blackmail material on the OPEC directors. Frankenstein said he could control them with hypnotic trances. I thought it was all a game.

ROCKET
A game that is stopping right now.

Rocket lifts the President up by his armpits.

PRESIDENT
Hudson... please!

ROCKET
Your wife was a bitch. Did you know she was cheating on you with Claude? And probably von Frankenstein, too. She was planning on her own Presidency, without you.

The President FLUSHES again.

PRESIDENT
May we go outside?

ROCKET
No. I enjoy stinky, sordid surroundings with puny penis presidents.

PRESIDENT
You have no idea what pressure I was under. The had me with that gal Alexa. They had pictures.

(MORE)
PRESIDENT (CONT'D)
They were going to release them
online if I didn’t go along with
their plan.

Rocket’s FANGS are in full view. They drip BLOOD with an
angry force.

ROCKET
You will resign the office of the
President by noon on Thursday, when
you get back to Washington. This
is over, as of now. You’ll pull a
Nixon.

PRESIDENT
Pull a Nixon?

ROCKET
Yes. You will go on national
television. You will resign,
claiming stress after the
unfortunate death of your wife.
She died of a mysterious illness
associated with spoiled hummus.
That’ll keep them guessing until
your Vice-President takes the oath
of office.

PRESIDENT
You know my Vice-President?

ROCKET
We used to hang out in SoHo,
picking up fat girls on Saturday
nights. He’s a chubby chaser.
He’ll make a fine President.

The President cries.

PRESIDENT
How do you know I won’t just have
you killed?

ROCKET
Because you’re too much of a pussy.
You couldn’t stand up to your old
lady, right? How are you going to
stand up to me?

INT. PRESIDENTIAL PARLOR - DAY

The President’s hand is close to the Secret Service emergency
button.
Hudson RIPS it out of the wall.

ROCKET  
(as Ronald Reagan)  
There you go again...

The President reaches for the phone.

Rocket YANKS out the entire wall.

PRESIDENT  
I’m not resigning, Hudson. I’m not a pussy.

ROCKET  
Then I will kill you. But I could also turn you into one of us. Or, I could turn you over to OPEC.

PRESIDENT  
(sobbing)  
I don’t look good in a turban.

ROCKET  
There’s no crying in treason. Remember that.

The President sees a Secret Service AGENT. He motions for him to help with Rocket’s threatening behavior.

AGENT  
Freeze!

ROCKET REALIZES THE AGENT IS RIGHT BEHIND HIM.  
He turns and notices it is a young MAN.

ROCKET  
Son, how old are you?

Rocket’s FANGS are now right above the young MAN’S face.

AGENT  
I’m twenty-eight years old, Hudson.  
And this is my President, a man I have sworn to protect with my life.

The AGENT’S hand is shaking with fear. Rocket tosses the gun down with a slap on the wrist.
ROCKET
Don’t fret. The world needs more men like you, tough, a stand-alone type. Is this your first encounter with one of my type?

The agent NODS. He SWEATS. He POOPS in his pants.

AGENT
What are you going to do with those fangs?

ROCKET
Nothing. For the moment. But I want you to look deep within my eyes.

The agent is HYPNOTIZED.

PRESIDENT
Don’t be a pussy, son!

ROCKET
Do you see that man behind you? The President?

AGENT
Yes. He is the President of the United States of America.

ROCKET
That’s right. But he’s done a horrible thing. He’s sold us both out. He’s a nobody anymore, just a title. Do you understand?

AGENT
Yes.

The agent is now a temporary ZOMBIE.

ROCKET
And as such, bears no similarity to the President of the United States. In fact, he is, indeed, an enemy of the Constitution. He is out to destroy our blessed United States. Do you see that?

The agent gazes into Rocket’s eyes.

AGENT
Yes! Yes!
The President begins to back up.

ROCKET
And as an enemy of our great country, he must be stopped by any means necessary.

AGENT
By any means necessary.

The President screams out.

PRESIDENT
Don’t shoot me, I can make you a millionaire.

AGENT
By any means necessary.

PRESIDENT
No! I’ll give you the answers to questions voters have asked for years: Roswell was real and Honey Boo-Boo is a descendant!

AGENT
Shut up! I must stop this threat to our constitution. I will kill him!

PRESIDENT
Don’t shoot me. I was just a patsy!

Rocket looks at the MAN who once was the leader of the free world.

AGENT
Mister President....

The AGENT aims his gun, pulls the trigger back, cracks his neck a few times, and stands ready to fire.

ROCKET
Secure the President, young man. Put your gun away.

The agent cuffs the President.

Rocket talks to the SECOND AGENT running into the scene with his gun drawn.

SECOND AGENT
What happened here?
ROCKET
Where’s the Vice-President?

The second AGENT holsters his weapon.

SECOND AGENT
Skiing in the Rockies, I think.
Either there or Miami Beach,
looking for some chubby gals.

ROCKET
You’d better contact him. Tell him
Rocket Hudson said it’s time to
take the oath of office.

SECOND AGENT
Really?

ROCKET
Really. This President is toast.

Rocket STUMBLES. He is losing his powers and needs some well-deserved sleep.

Cavendish enters the hallway.

He approaches a very weak Hudson.

CAVENDISH
Shall I wrap you, sir?

Rocket throws off the shawl, in the manner of the LATE, GREAT JAMES BROWN.

Hudson moves a few feet, Cavendish places it on him again, and a few feet further, he throws it OFF his shoulders again.

ROCKET
Just get me home, Cavendish.

Cavendish tries to wrap him again, and again....

Rocket throws off the SHAWL once again.

CAVENDISH
A bit of a long day, sir?

(JAMES BROWN is rolling over in his grave.)

ROCKET
Please, please, please...

Cavendish is not impressed.
CAVENDISH
You don’t have his voice, master....

ROCKET
(singing)
Please, please, please...

He throws the shawl off his shoulders again and again.

TITLE CARD: SIX MONTHS LATER

INT. V.E.I.N. HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Once again, the COMMISSIONER speaks from BEHIND VEILED SECRECY.

COMMISSIONER (V.O.)
Agent Rocket Hudson had done it. He saved the world once again. Disgruntled President Max Brillstein resigned. Oil dropped, slowly at first, but eventually, resting at sixty dollars a barrel. Gasoline dropped to three dollars a gallon in America. Quenelle was never found. Rocket was awarded the Star of Service from newly-promoted President Eddie “Fastball” Larson, the first bachelor to hold the office and the first man to use his middle name in quotation marks. No one knew what became of Max Brillstein. No one really cared. In the end, the world was saved. And Rocket Hudson’s legend grew.

INT. HUDSON’S OFFICE - SIX P.M.

Rocket Hudson is with a pretty young newcomer, PLENTY ENUFF. They are discussing recent cases.

ROCKET
Your work on the Zarconian case is making progress.

PLENTY
His bleached white hair hid the antennae. He’s from Zarcon alright. The Chevy Camaro was really his space ship.

(MORE)
He counted on those diners, drive-ins and dives to hide him from our agents. But we found him outside Texas in a dive named CURT’S. We’ve shut down the Food Network, except for Bobby Flay, who cried so much we just had to let him keep his show. But the case is not over yet.

ROCKET
When the Commissioner promoted me to New York office Chief of Operations, he did so with the understanding I would be taking on a new agent. You’re it.

Plenty has her fangs out, and is dripping a little BLOOD on the desk.

PLENTY
Thank you, agent Hudson. I am a stickler on keeping all relationships professional. I never bite on the first date, and never with a fellow agent.

ROCKET
You’ll do just fine.

Plenty admires the artwork on the walls and the unusual sculptures in the room.

PLENTY
I love the works you have. What is that sculpture?

ROCKET
It’s a Clayton Bailey. I had all of the previous works place in storage, but this one I liked.

INT. HUDSON’S MANSION - NIGHT
Cavendish has arranged a glorious feast for Rocket.

He arranges the BODY ever so PERFECTLY as he tells his Rocket about the recent phone call he received.
CAVENDISH
The White House called again, sir. They wish to express their deepest gratitude for your work with the Vlasic pickle case. Eddie? Is that our new President’s name?

ROCKET
I’m afraid so, Cavendish. What about his middle name?

CAVENDISH
Fastball. With quotation marks. Quite the human, if you ask me.

ROCKET
Tell me, what does it take to get a man like you a lady friend? I’ve got a couple lined up for you, but I’ve never known your type. What is it?

CAVENDISH LOOKS ROCKET STRAIGHT IN THE EYES!

CAVENDISH
Why, master, haven’t you figured it out yet? I’m gay. And proud of it. Very proud.

Rocket STAGGERS.

ROCKET
Well, you learn something new everyday.

CAVENDISH
Is there a problem with that, sir?

ROCKET
Of course not. I’m glad you’ve come out to me. Now, you need to tell the Commissioner.

CAVENDISH
Who on earth do you think I’m dining with tomorrow night at Dante’s? He’s good to me, master. Just like you.

ROCKET
I’m happy for you, Cavy. But this doesn’t mean you’re leaving me, does it?
A sly smile comes over Cavendish’s face.

CAVENDISH
Well, master, if there’s nothing else, I’ve got to change for the Gay Pride Parade. This year, I’m dressing as a scary vampire.

INT. ROCKET’S BEDROOM – NIGHT

Rocket has invited MURIEL for late night champagne and caviar.

They meet in the middle of the bed, kissing each other with great PASSION.

ROCKET
Muriel, I am so glad we are seeing each other again. Nothing can stop tonight. I’ve told Cavendish, even if the world is on the brink of disaster—

MURIEL
-It always is with you, Rocket. Come here.

Muriel kisses him. She tickles his neck with her lips.

ROCKET
Will you become one of the undead?

MURIEL
Oh, Rocket, I-I don’t know....

Rocket is about to BITE her when we.....

FREEZE FRAME

EXT. BATTERED VAN – DAY

The former President of the United States is in a Comcast repair van outside Boise, Idaho.

A young BOY approaches the van.

YOUNG BOY
(peering in)
Hey, mister, aren’t you the former President of the United States?
MAN
No, I’m just a guy who’s doing his job.

YOUNG BOY
You’re the former President of our country. You resigned in disgrace.

MAX
Did not. I resigned in Washington.

YOUNG BOY
Why are you working with Comcast?

MAX
Comcast offers an excellent starting salary, great health and covers 35 per cent of dental. Nobody covers 35 per cent of dental.

The young boy runs away.

INT. VAN - DAY

Max turns to his WIFE, former FIRST LADY Tammy Brillstein, now a GHOUL with a freakish FACE.

TAMMY
What’s all this racket up here?

Max is frightened.

MAX
Honey, are you alright?

Tammy gnaws on a decapitated Erich Von Frankenstein. She chews on his left arm and pops an EYEBALL into her mouth.

TAMMY
Hey, these are good!

Max KISSES his wife. Her right CHEEK falls to the floor.

MAX
Don’t fret sweetheart. I’ll get the glue gun.

FADE OUT

THE END