

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 lightning 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-blond 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 CROOKETTE.

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 nations. 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
 accross 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 GHOUL 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

Why, Cavendish. How thoughtful.

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 a 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 m 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)

Aaahhhh! Thanks, Hudson....
Uuuggghhh!

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.

Lumensco answers in his pajamas, "GUARDIANS OF THE UNIVERSE" bottoms, and a "DJANGO UNCHAINED" top.

INT. LUMENESCO'S BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Rocket and Lumensco 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.

Lumensco 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)

LUMENESCO (CONT'D)

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 stumbles 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

Lumnesco 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)

FIRST LADY (CONT'D)

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

-Never 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 SHRIVELS 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....
flying 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
wiggled-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 WANING 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 Chingaua 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. They 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)

PLENTY (CONT'D)

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 Vlastic 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