

THE CHRONICLE

"The King Is (Un) Dead"

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TEASER

FADE IN

INT. CHRONICLE - CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Chyron: World Chronicle. Conference Room. 10:00 PM.

At fever pitch. Wes lays out his cameras. Two LACKEYS put up a room-dividing screen. Grace walks-and-argues with Donald.

GRACE

It's so unfair. Tucker and Wes score the story of a lifetime and I get to drag my finely-sculpted ass to a Brooklyn gutter to do yet another skid-row vampire story?

DONALD

It's a natural. Out of the entire staff you have the most first-hand experience with vampires.

GRACE

How many times do I have to tell you? I didn't know he was a vampire until our second-to-last date!

Donald shoots Grace a conversation-ending look. Grace throws up her arms and storms out, ignoring an unusually gung-ho Tucker entering the room beside her:

DONALD

Tucker, Wes, behind the screen. Move it. I need you geared up and pronto.

TUCKER

Donald, I just want to let you know, I've been preparing all week for this. I've watched the tapes, read the research...

DONALD

Good man. Now let's quit your grinnin' and drop your linen.

Donald hands each a garment bag. Tucker and Wes head behind the screen to change their clothes.

(CONTINUED)

WES

Are you sure we are going to blend
in wearing these?

DONALD

You think I'd send two of my best
men after the Holy Grail of tabloid
journalism and not give them the
right tools? I personally selected
this equipment after years of
R&D....Now restate your mission
parameters.

WES

Again?

(off Donald's look)

Oh, come on, D - It's not like we
haven't done stuff like this
before.

DONALD

You have done nothing like this
before. Your target is the most
mysterious, reclusive being on the
face of the Earth.

Donald hits a button, a CGI map appears on the flat screen. A
legend reads "CONFIRMED SIGHTINGS SINCE 1977."

DONALD (cont'd)

Your days of teething on candy-corn
fluff about aliens and dragons are
over. This is D-Day, TET, and the
Invasion of Grenada all rolled up
into one.

WES

What is this, "Full Metal
Chronicle?"

But Tucker snaps to, enthusiastically repeating the orders
with military precision:

TUCKER

Donald. Our target's only been
spotted sporadically in twenty-five
years. He has a loyal cult of
followers, but chooses to remain
underground.

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

TUCKER (cont'd)

According to Sal's most reliable intelligence, the subject always appears at rallies of his worshippers and imitators, always during the closing rituals, always between twenty-three and zero hundred hours.

WES

Suck-up.

Donald gives Wes the kind of look drill sergeants give their men before making them run up a hill. Twice.

WES (CONT'D) (cont'd)

(grudgingly)

We insert at twenty-three hundred. We have one hour from recon to completion. If we haven't acquired the target by midnight, it's over. If we engage the target we are to use extreme measures to obtain conclusive photographic evidence.

TUCKER

The operation will be conducted under top secrecy. We are not to use our real names or disclose our occupation at any point.

DONALD

And you'd better be on top of your game.

(to the Lackeys)

Remove the partition. Time to see if our camouflage is worth everything our operatives went through to acquire it.

The Lackeys remove the divider to reveal Tucker and Wes dressed in Elvis Presley outfits!

Tucker wears the '68 comeback special leather ensemble, Wes sports the gold lamé suit from the *50,000,000 Elvis Fans Can't Be Wrong* album.

TUCKER

Don't worry, Donald. By midnight tonight, The Chronicle's gonna have the first picture ever taken since The King of Rock and Roll faked his own death.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DONALD

(looks at his watch)

Like the man says. It's now or
never.

As Tucker and Wes don their sunglasses:

CUT TO BLACK

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN

INT. HOTEL/CONVENTION CENTER — NIGHT

Chyron: Elvisopolis 3000 International Elvis Impersonator Competition. Jordanaire Hotel & Convention Center. 11:00 PM.

Tucker and Wes enter, taking it all in.

The lobby bustles with Elvi of every race, color and creed: a testament to the staying power of The King of Rock & Roll.

TUCKER

- people never give The King credit for his sublime sense of irony. The man starred in a movie called *Clambake* where they never actually go to a clambake - it was genius.

WES

That's how you spent your childhood? Watching Elvis movies on UHF?

TUCKER

Elvis Saturday Matinee, 8 AM, Channel 52. Never missed it.

WES

No *Superfriends*, no *Thundarr the Barbarian*, no *He-Man and the Masters of the Universe*?

TUCKER

Not everyone in our generation is a raving sci-fi geek. In a straight fight, I'd pick The King of Rock'n'Roll over Han Solo or Captain Kirk any day.

WES

That's it. This discussion is over. The line must be drawn here.

TUCKER

What? You go on and on about Jango Fett and Qui-Gon and Darth Maul, and those people don't even exist.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TUCKER (cont'd)

Elvis Presley rode a motorcycle,
drove a race car, always did right
by his mother, and you gotta admit,
Priscilla's way cuter than that
Queen Amidala chick.

WES

Let's just observe silence 'til we
get the call from Pig Boy, OK?
Think of our friendship, man.

A VENDOR in Elvis garb steps in front of Tucker and Wes:

VENDOR

Peanut butter and banana sandwich?
Just like the King used to love.
Five bucks a pop.

Tucker enthusiastically exchanges a fiver for a sandwich:

VENDOR (cont'd)

Thank you verra much!

Wes grimaces and sidesteps the Vendor.

TUCKER

You got something against The King?

WES

Easy there. I saw The King.

TUCKER

How could you have seen The King?

WES

My mom and dad worshipped Elvis
Presley. In 1977 we drove four
hours up the southern tier
expressway to the Binghamton War
Memorial Arena so I could see him
myself. They even dressed me up
like The King, which was kind of
embarrassing even at the age of
three.

INT. STADIUM — NIGHT - GAUZY DREAM-LIKE FLASHBACK, B & W

Chyron: **Binghamton War Memorial Arena. May 26, 1977 10:47 PM.**

Dressed in an Elvis costume, LITTLE WES walks between a sea
of grown up legs toward the brightly-lit, heaven-like stage.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WES (V.O.)

My parents sent me up to the front to see if I could get a scarf from the man. I was scared to death. I got to the stage and there he was, this god-like figure my parents had been talking about forever.

Little Wes looks up to see The King of Rock'N'Roll. Backlit. The light bounces off his sequins in great shafts. The King reaches down, handing Little Wes a scarf.

Whereas the rest of the scene is in black and white, the scarf is in brilliant color.

Off Little Wes's astonished expression...

RESUME ON TUCKER AND WES - PRESENT DAY

TUCKER

He gave you a scarf? That's huge!
(off Wes's shrug)
I can't believe it. Most of the people in this room would kill to have met The King like that. I envy you. I really do.

WES

Whatever. He was my parents's idol. Not to mention that *Star Wars, Episode 4: A New Hope* opened that exact same week. The King never had a chance.

TUCKER

I don't believe it. This entire mission is wasted on you.

WES

You're just trippin' 'cause for the first time I'm the skeptic and you're the believer. Now, if you can't handle being in that freaky Friday place with me, I'm sorry...but I just don't believe the King's alive.

TUCKER

I'm not saying I totally believe it myself...but if he were...and we got a picture...wow!

Tucker's cell phone RINGS. As he clicks on:

INT. THE ARCHIVES — CONTINUOUS

Chyron: **World Chronicle Archives. 11:03:30 PM.**

Pig Boy sits behind a computer, talks through a headset.

PIG BOY
Code name Harum Scarum here.

OPEN SPLIT SCREEN WITH TUCKER

TUCKER
This is Kid Galahad. King Creole
and I have successfully inserted
into ground zero.

Wes rolls his eyes.

PIG BOY
Good, because I just hacked into
the hotel computer and I have a
hunka-hunka burning info for you.
There may be hundreds of Elvis fans
down there, but only one is using
one of the original, bona fide code
names The King used to use whenever
he checked into unfamiliar hotels.
(beat)
Tennessee C. Beale.

TUCKER
Of course. TCB. That was The King's
motto. "Taking care of business."

PIG BOY
Not to mention that he's in room 1-
8-35 - Elvis Presley's birthdate.
If The King is attending
Elvisopolis 3000, that's our best
shot at finding him.

Tucker and Wes head for the elevators.

CLOSE SPLIT SCREEN

EXT. SKID ROW CONVENIENCE STORE — NIGHT

Chyron: **Hannover Place. Brooklyn. 11:08 PM.**

A peevish Grace walks out with the STORE'S PROPRIETOR, who
leads her to the gutter, where a filthy HOMELESS GUY (VINCE)
swills from a bottle of Night Train.

(CONTINUED)

GRACE

That's the guy who saw the vampire?

PROPRIETOR

That's Vince all right. I guess he found a new way of getting attention. Whatever you do, don't get him started on his ex wife.

Grace takes a deep breath, approaches Vince.

GRACE

Excuse me...hi...are you the one who saw the vampire?

VINCE

You from the press?

GRACE

Why, you want to call your agent?

Vince shoots Grace a confused look.

GRACE (cont'd)

Great. I've successfully used sound to confuse my opponent.

(waving her hand in front
Vince's face)

Hello. Yes I'm a reporter. Do you want to talk about the vampire?

The not-all-there Vince looks up and holds out his bottle:

VINCE

Wanna ride the Night Train?

GRACE

No, thank you, honey, I had some with dinner.

VINCE

I ain't talking to no one who don't ride the Night Train!

Grace gets up to go.

GRACE

Then I guess we ain't talking.

VINCE

It's the rats...that's why he's in the sewer, he feeds on them when he can't find humans to bite.

CONTINUED:

GRACE

(turning around)

You saw that? In what sewer?

Vince smiles, then holds up the bottle of Night Train, wiping the bottle neck with his filthy sleeve in an effort to appear enticing.

Grace shakes her head, takes the bottle, and tries to contain her revulsion as she takes a minuscule swig -

VINCE

Hey, c'mon, wolf it!

Vince nudges Grace's arm. She spills the high-octane wine all over her shirt. It's everything Grace can do not to lose her temper...or her dinner:

VINCE (cont'd)

Sorry...sorry...I'll take you to the vampire, this way...

GRACE

(under her breath)

Donald. I am going to snap your neck like a twig.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Chyron: Jordanaire Hotel & Convention Center. Generic Corridor. 11:12 PM.

Tucker and Wes case the hallway.

A door opens to reveal a still-spry, sixty-something man decked out in full 1970's white and red, sequined Elvis Eagle jumpsuit. He carries a shiny gold-plated Halliburton Zero briefcase.

This is JESSE.

TUCKER

My god...that could really be him.

Jesse puts on a pair of thick, gold-rimmed, orange-lensed sunglasses (with the initials "EP" in diamonds bridging the lenses) and strides off with a purpose.

WES

That could be anyone in this hotel. Where's he going?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TUCKER

Closing ceremonies, like Pig Boy
said. They must be starting by now.

WES

(points the other way)
Closing ceremonies are that way.

INT. BALLROOM – NIGHT

**Chyron: Jordanaire Hotel & Convention Center. Ballroom. 11:13
PM.**

The P.A. rings over a crowd of Elvi. Strauss's *Also Sprach
Zarathustra* plays over an ANNOUNCER.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Ladies and gentlemen! Elvises of
all ages! Please welcome your host:
three time World Elvis Impersonator
Champion...Kingmaster Lobo!

A tall, dark and handsome Elvis impersonator with a magnetic
personality, impressive physique, and somewhat ominous black-
sequined jumpsuit and cape takes the stage.

This is KINGMASTER LOBO.

KINGMASTER LOBO

Thank you very much! The past three
days have been a big hunk o' love
for us here at the Elvisopolis 3000
Elvis Impersonator Competition. So
before we jump into the midnight
Gospel jam, I want you to put your
hands together as I, Kingmaster
Lobo, announce the winners of this
year's competition!

A BLAST of confetti shoots out of an air cannon on the
ceiling, showering the cheering conveners. As the confetti
falls:

INTERCUT WITH

INT. SERVICE CORRIDOR OVER THE BALLROOM – NIGHT

**Chyron: Jordanaire Hotel & Convention Center. Service
corridor over the ballroom. 11:14 PM.**

Jesse nimbly makes his way across the narrow catwalks. The
voice of Kingmaster Lobo ECHOES from below:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KINGMASTER LOBO

Our first award of the night. Best Asian Elvis Impersonator...and the Burnin' Caddy goes to...

(pauses for the drumroll)

...Tran Ho Lee, also known as "the Saigon Elvis!"

Another confetti cannon BOOMS.

A startled Tucker trips on a pipe. Jesse turns, but Wes crouches in time to avoid detection. Jesse keeps walking.

WES

(a whisper)

What's this guy up to?

TUCKER

I don't know. But Pig Boy said if The King were here, he'd be going downstairs. So we've got someone creeping up above a huge crowd of people carrying one of those metal briefcases.

Jesse turns around and continues his walk. Tucker and Wes quietly get up, following. Whispering.

WES

And if spy movies have ever taught us anything, it's that good guys never go up over a crowd of people carrying one of those metal briefcases.

As Tucker and Wes continue, a NOISE sounds behind them. The two turn...nothing. As they look around:

TUCKER

You thinking what I'm thinking?

WES

I'm thinking we just lost sight of our nutjob.

TUCKER

I'm thinking maybe he caught sight of us.

Tucker's words are confirmed when Jesse steps out from the darkness a few meters behind them! Before Tucker and Wes can react, Jesse reaches under his cape and -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THWOCK! THWOCK!

- twin crossbow bolts impact against the vertical beams of wood holding up the catwalk! Tucker and Wes's eyes widen: the prudent course of action is abundantly clear.

Tucker and Wes turn and run!

Jesse squeezes the trigger on his crossbow and fires away, giving chase with steely determination! As Tucker and Wes race away from Jesse...

INT. SEWER - NIGHT

Chyron: Somewhere Beneath Livingston Street. Brooklyn. 11:16 PM.

Vince leads Grace into the dark, frightening place. Grace fumbles to turn on her maglite:

VINCE

...and then she left me, just like that, cryin' in the chapel.

GRACE

Oh, Vince...that's terrible. Now can we please stop talking about your ex-wife?

VINCE

That's right. My ex-wife. She was too much...but I guess now and then there's a fool such as I. That's when your heartaches begin.

A NOISE sounds behind Grace. She spins.

GRACE

What was that?

Grace points her flashlight and spots a dog rummaging through a pile of garbage.

VINCE

That's just a hound dog.

Vince throws his bottle at the dog. It YELPS and runs away. A cold wind then hits the sewer tunnel as Grace stands.

VINCE (CONT'D) (cont'd)

(opening a new bottle)

I don't like the looks of this anymore. We gotta get out here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRACE

(snatching the bottle)
Grace Hall didn't ride the Night
Train just to run away from this,
you got that? Now move it!

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

**Chyron: Jordanaire Hotel & Convention Center. Another Generic
Corridor. 11:17 PM.**

Tucker and Wes turn the corner into the corridor, panting.

TUCKER

I think we lost him.

WES

Great. Now we gotta find him again.

Wes's cell phone RINGS.

WES (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Yeah?

GRACE (FILTERED)

Wes, it's me.

INT. SEWER CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

Chyron: Mysterious Chamber in the sewer. 11:17:30 PM.

A weird room lit by racks of candles. Vince cowers behind
Grace as she looks at a strange, off-camera object.

WES

Grace, where are you?

GRACE

Way down...in the ghetto.

OPEN SPLIT SCREEN WITH WES

WES

We're on our mission, what's going
on? Did you find the vampire?

GRACE

I think I found some serious
trouble.

WES

Well it ain't exactly fun in
Acapulco here either. What is it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRACE

I may have found one of the
vampire's victims...

FULL SCREEN ON GRACE

As she shines her flashlight ahead to reveal what she is
looking at: a strange, altar-like bed.

ON THE BED

Lying perfectly still, is a pale complected ELVIS
IMPERSONATOR with twin bite marks on his neck! Vince reacts
with terrible fear.

GRACE (CONT'D) (cont'd)

...he's an Elvis impersonator.

RE-OPEN SPLIT SCREEN

WES

Your vampire killed an Elvis
impersonator?

Tucker reacts. Grace gets closer and closer:

GRACE

I guess...maybe...the bite marks
don't look all that fresh. I'm
gonna get closer.

WES

Closer, are you nuts? Get the hell
out of there!

But Grace reaches forward - and the Elvis Impersonator's eyes
snap open! His lips flare to reveal sharp fangs! His hand
snaps up to grab Grace's wrist.

Vince SCREAMS.

WES (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Grace, are you OK? Grace!

But Grace drops both her phone and flashlight - as she does:

CLOSE SPLIT SCREEN WITH THE STUNNED
TUCKER AND WES

RESUME ON GRACE AND THE VAMPIRE

The flashlight rolls. The vampire rises, his grip on Grace
unyielding. Vince continues to SHRIEK and runs away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The vampire firms his grip on Grace, coming closer and closer, baring his fangs as he moves in for the jugular. Grace lifts up her bottle of Night Train and splashes it on the vampire's face.

The vampire clutches his eyes and gives the SCREAM of a man in terrible, burning agony. Grace shoots the bottle a surprised look...before she SMASHES it on the vampire's head.

The vampire reels back into a bank of candles...the bank breaks his fall. Candles fly everywhere, giving Grace enough time to grab a couple of candles, and jury rig a cross.

The vampire moves in for the kill.

Grace raises the cross. The vampire lets out a terrible, inhuman WAIL, then, getting his footing, pushes off, knocking Grace down as he makes a beeline for the chamber entrance.

The vampire is out of there so fast that the cold wind of his wake blows out all the candles in the chamber.

Grace gets back to her feet and grabs her flashlight - shining it into the sewer. The vampire is nowhere to be seen. Grace is alone.

Off the moment...

CUT TO BLACK

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN

INT. JESSE'S HOTEL ROOM — NIGHT

**Chyron: Jordanaire Hotel & Convention Center. Room 1835.
11:21 PM.**

The door BURSTS open. Tucker and Wes scramble inside in full mission critical mode. Tucker dials his cellphone. Wes pockets his lock pick, then springs into action, opening every drawer in the place, searching...

WES

Grace still isn't answering her phone. We have to go look for her before she becomes vampire bait.

TUCKER

No. Grace is miles away and we have a psycho crossbow guy doing God knows what up in the rafters...with a metal briefcase.

WES

Right. We can't let these people get hurt...even if The King never did make a sci-fi flick.

TUCKER

Wait a second...she's answering -
(into the phone)
Grace, are you OK?

Grace's voice rings out through the speaker:

GRACE'S VOICE (FILTERED)

I got all shook up but that's all right. I'm on my way to the hotel.

TUCKER

On your way here? Why?

INT. TAXI — NIGHT

Chyron: Taxicab #81677. 11:21:30 PM.

A very un-New York scene: the DRIVER (a young man of indiscernible ethnic origin and a thick euro-asian-middle-eastern accent) has the pedal so far into the metal that he himself is white with fear.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRACE

Hang on a sec.

(to the driver)

Could you BE any slower? What's this car running on? Ensure?

DRIVER

You are going to kill us both, woman!

GRACE

Every mile you go over fifty is a dollar I'm adding to your tip...so step on it already!

The resigned driver crosses himself and accelerates. As Grace gets back on the phone:

OPEN SPLIT SCREEN WITH TUCKER

GRACE (CONT'D) (cont'd)

OK, Tucker. I called Pig Boy just after I got out of that sewer...

(beat)

I have him doing a search on all of these Elvis impersonator competitions to see if there's been any vampire-related killings. Maybe the vampire I saw has been on the prowl.

TUCKER

And you think that vampire's on his way here?

GRACE

The guy's wearing a pompadour, sequins and a cape, it's either the Elvis convention or Wigstock.

(to the driver)

Faster, prune juice, faster!

Wes looks up to Tucker as he pulls open a drawer full of electronic parts and equipment:

WES

Aw. Tuck B. Check it. This is extraordinarily bad.

Wes looks through the drawer, finds a piece of blueprint paper with a complex drawing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRACE

I heard that. What is it?

TUCKER

(looking at the drawing)

Looks like some kind of schematic.

WES

Yeah, circuits, chips, some kind of a trigger...the works. Could be some kind of a detonator or something.

Grace's cell phone BEEPS.

GRACE

That's Pig Boy. I'm gonna do a three-way conference.

Grace pushes a button on her phone:

INT. THE ARCHIVES - NIGHT

Chyron: **World Chronicle Archives. Research Hub. 11:22 PM.**

As Pig Boy removes a printout from a nearby databank:

PIG BOY

Grace, it's me. I have some serious vampire/Elvis confluence here.

OPEN THREE WAY SPLIT WITH TUCKER
AND GRACE

TUCKER

Sal, it's Tucker. I'm on the line.

PIG BOY

You mean Kid Galahad?

TUCKER

Let's knock that off, OK?

PIG BOY

Hey. Don't be cruel.

TUCKER

Sorry, but Wes and I just got attacked by some head-case up in the rafters. We need to know if what happened to us is related in some way to Grace's vampire story.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PIG BOY

According to my search, there's been at least one vampire killing at every single one of these Elvisopolis contests since they started about twenty years ago. No one's put the pieces together but the M.O., twin bite marks and exsanguination are all the same. Now get this...all the dead people? Their bodies disappeared from the morgue. Must have become vampires themselves.

GRACE

Maybe the guy who attacked you was also a vampire. I mean he was creeping up there in the dark...

TUCKER

A vampire? That doesn't explain the schematic drawing.

PIG BOY

What schematic drawing?

TUCKER

Something we found - we're not sure what it is but it can't be good.

PIG BOY

Double trouble, huh?

TUCKER

There's a courtesy fax machine here. We'll send it over. And work fast, there's hundreds of people down there for the closing ceremonies, we need to know what we're up against.

PIG BOY

I'm on it like a flaming star.

Pig Boy clicks off.

CLOSE SPLIT SCREEN WITH PIG BOY

GRACE

Look...I'm almost there, meet me in the lobby in two minutes, OK?

(CONTINUED)

TUCKER
You got it.

Grace turns to the driver as she clicks off:

GRACE
Hey granny, would it help if I got
out and pushed?

CLOSE SPLIT SCREEN WITH GRACE

RESUME ON TUCKER AND WES IN THE ROOM

WES
You really think that guy who
attacked us was a vampire?

TUCKER
One thing's for sure. The real
Elvis Presley wouldn't be doing
whatever it is this guy's doing.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

Chyron: 11:24 PM

Tucker and Wes rush into the lobby, looking for Grace:

TUCKER
Where the hell is she?

WES
I'll just call her.

As Wes dials his cell phone:

OPEN SPLIT SCREEN WITH GRACE

Grace's phone RINGS. She clicks on:

GRACE
Wes?

WES
Grace? Where are you?

A BURST OF FEEDBACK hits Grace's phone.

GRACE
In the hotel. Where are you?
There's a weird echo on the line.

CONTINUED:

Wes hears Grace, looks toward her split screen and sees her: she's only a few meters away.

WES
I'm right here, Grace.

Grace turns toward Wes and steps over, entering his split-screen. This is the first time she has seen Wes in his gold-sequined tuxedo.

GRACE
Hey Wes, how come you're dressed like Little Richard?

WES
Shut up!

CLOSE SPLIT SCREEN

TUCKER
(to Grace, re: Wes's outfit)
Hello! *50,000,000 Elvis Fans Can't Be Wrong*, what are you, drunk?

Tucker's remark takes on a new meaning as he leans over to smell the Night Train on Grace.

GRACE
Can we please just go find the vampire?

The three sally forth...until an ANNOYING SECURITY GUARD (who will be referred to as "TULSA MCLEAN") cuts them off.

"TULSA MCLEAN"
Where do you think you're going?

GRACE
Me?

"TULSA MCLEAN"
No, the other dye-job in my line of sight who isn't wearing an Elvis costume. This is an Elvis impersonator competition, nobody gets in who isn't wearing an Elvis costume.

WES
(to Tulsa)
You're not wearing an Elvis costume.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

"TULSA MCLEAN"

Excuse me? This happens to be an exact replica of the casual military uniform worn by The King when he played the role of "Tulsa McLean."

Wes looks at Tucker, who nods in agreement.

TUCKER

That'd be in *G.I. Blues*.

GRACE

Oh come on!

As Grace and Wes argue with "Tulsa McLean," Tucker's cell phone RINGS. He clicks on.

TUCKER

Sal, what is it?

OPEN SPLIT SCREEN WITH

INT. THE ARCHIVES - CONTINUOUS

Sal studies the schematic under a gooseneck magnifying glass.

PIG BOY

I figured out that schematic you faxed me and it's a manure sandwich no matter how you slice it. That thing's a bypass for the sprinkler system. It lets someone load up a sprinkler pipe with the chemical of his choice, and shoot it over the ballroom using a remote control.

TUCKER

Load up a sprinkler? With what?

PIG BOY

I'm sure it ain't Fruitopia.

TUCKER

But how much damage can he do with one sprinkler?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PIG BOY

There's a couple of possibilities. If he's your garden variety psycho, he could be dousing everyone with Ebola, or incendiary fuel, or even a highly concentrated form of sulfuric acid, any one of which could cause a world of hurt. If he's a vampire and he's working with the one Grace found, they could be shooting a potent nerve gas into the room. With everyone paralyzed, he and his buddy could feed to their heart's content.

(beat)

You better call the cops, have them evacuate the place.

TUCKER

Without proof? I've been arrested one too many times this year. I'm going to take Wes back up there, if he's got that device rigged up, then we call the cops.

PIG BOY

But you have less than half an hour before they end the closing ceremonies.

TUCKER

So we'll do it quickly.

PIG BOY

Does this mean you're dropping the whole "photographing The King" part of the mission?

CLOSE SPLIT SCREEN

Tucker clicks off and rushes back over toward Wes, Grace and Tulsa McLean - all in mid argument:

GRACE

I'm serious! Ann-Margret wore these exact same Capri pants in *Viva Las Vegas!*

"TULSA MCLEAN"

Let me make this as clear as Kentucky rain. Either you get your Elvis on, or it's return to sender.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TUCKER

Wes, we gotta get back up...there.
(trying to be discreet)
We're missing the big closing
ceremony.

GRACE

What about me?

TUCKER

You gotta find your...guy in the
Elvis costume before he...you know.
Maybe you ought to get yourself
Elvis'd up somehow and get to the
ballroom too.

Tucker pulls Wes away. Grace looks at "Tulsa McLean," who stands between her and the rest of the lobby, looks her up and down and shakes his head.

He is not about to let her in. Desperate, Grace looks around and sees the Peanut Butter and Banana Sandwich Vendor behind her. She steps over toward him:

GRACE

Hey...buddy! How much for the
costume?

VENDOR

What?

GRACE

The Elvis costume. All of it. I'll
give you fifty bucks.

VENDOR

You gotta be kidding. I make my
living in this thing.

Grace rummages through her purse, pulls out a wad of bills.

GRACE

One-hundred bucks?

VENDOR

My grandmother sewed on every one
of these sequins by hand before she
died of rheumatism.

GRACE

Stow it, John-Boy. I have three
hundred...and that's all.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VENDOR

That's a nice watch. Is that a
Maurice Lacroix?

Grace shoots the Vendor a look that could freeze vodka.

INT. BALLROOM – NIGHT

Chyron: 11:27 PM.

Kingmaster Lobo hands a "Burnin' Caddy" award to an ELVIS KID whose ELVIS MOM looks on approvingly.

KINGMASTER LOBO

Pacer Burton, winner of the Burnin'
Caddy for the best child Elvis.

Another blast of confetti shoots down from above.

INTERCUT WITH

INT. SERVICE CORRIDOR OVER THE BALLROOM – CONTINUOUS

Chyron: 11:27:15 PM.

Tucker and Wes follow the span of a red pipe...

WES

Follow the red pipe, that's the
sprinkler system.

Wes aims his mini maglite on a red pipe. As he follows, he hits on a vent, through which he can see into the ballroom:

ON THE BALLROOM: WES P.O.V. THROUGH THE VENT

KINGMASTER LOBO

And now for the best female Elvis
impersonator, drum roll, please...

RESUME

Tucker continues to move beyond Wes. Wes then spots a mechanical gizmo hooked up to a sprinkler pipe.

On top of the gizmo is a large plastic container about the size of a water bottle.

WES

Tuck B. It's that trigger
thing...and it's got some kind of a
container attached to it.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WES (cont'd)
(beat)
That was easy to find.

Now a few meters away from Wes, Tucker shines his light on something.

TUCKER
I think I know why.

REVEAL THAT TUCKER IS LOOKING AT A CONGLOMERATION OF GIZMOS, RIGGED OVER A SERIES OF PIPER.

WES
(rushing over sees the
extent of the damage)
Man...there's just way too many
copies of *Die Hard* out there.

Wes reaches for a gizmo with his Leatherman tool.

TUCKER
What are you doing?

WES
You wanted proof, we call the cops,
have them evacuate the place and
then show them what we found.

Wes maneuvers around the gizmo, carefully prying it loose from the sprinkler pipe. A tense moment...

TUCKER
Careful...careful...

WES
Don't sweat it, Tuck B. In the
words of my last girlfriend: Wes
Freewald has the hands of a
surgeon.

With one last SNAP! Wes frees the potentially lethal gizmo from its housing. The two men heave a sigh of relief.

TUCKER
I'll call Grace, tell her to get
out of the ballroom.

The two men walk. As Tucker dials his cellphone and Wes handles the gizmo as the immensely dangerous and volatile thing it is -

INTERCUT WITH

INT. BALLROOM - CONTINUOUS

Chyron: Jordanaire Hotel and Convention Center Ballroom.
11:29 PM.

KINGMASTER LOBO

...Rusty Martin, winner of the best female Elvis impersonator...yeah, girls, girls, girls! I tell you, that little lady makes me go Girl Happy!

(beat)

And now folks, in the spirit of harmony between all Elvises, the time has come to present the award for best Elvis-inspired barbershop quartet to...

ON TUCKER AND WES

Still making their cautious exit when...

KINGMASTER LOBO (CONT'D) (cont'd)

...The Blue Hawaii!

And a confetti cannon goes off! The crowd goes WILD.

The BOOM of the confetti cannon startles Wes, who almost drops the gizmo...until Tucker drops his phone and rapidly spins around to take it from Wes as he stumbles.

The two friends share a relieved laugh...until Tucker turns around and trips on a pipe!

IN EXCRUCIATING SLO-MO

Tucker falls to the floor. The gizmo hits and SHATTERS! A clear liquid from the container splashes on Tucker's face!

WES

Tucker! Are you all right?

TUCKER

I don't know. It doesn't taste like anything. It's like water.

WES

You feel sick? Dizzy? Blurred vision? Internal organs liquefying in that Ebola kind of way?

TUCKER

I don't know...I don't know!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WES

I'm calling the cops and getting
you to the hospital.

The fluid from the gizmo runs off into the vent overlooking
the ballroom.

ANGLE ON KINGMASTER LOBO ON STAGE

Handing Golden Caddies to "The Blue Hawaiis" (four Elvi in
Hawaiian shirts and leis) when drop falls from the vent onto
his head.

Kingmaster Lobo's face turns sour and angry as he shakes it
off and steps aside. A second...third...and fourth drop fall
from above, hitting Kingmaster Lobo's lectern.

Kingmaster Lobo looks up, then turns toward the wings - where
several of his Elvis-Clad henchmen watch the show. He signals
to his henchmen and points up toward the rafters. The
henchmen scramble away.

END INTERCUT ON A WIDE SHOT OF THE BALLROOM STAGE

Seen from Grace's POV as she makes her way across the crowd.

SWISH-PAN TO FIND GRACE

Now dressed in full Elvis regalia, including press-on
sideburns, searching for the vampire when her cell phone
RINGS. Grace clicks on:

GRACE

Tucker?

OPEN SPLIT SCREEN WITH TUCKER

Making his way out of the rafters with Wes.

TUCKER

Grace, we're on our way out of
here. Did you find the vampire?

Grace looks around at all the Elvises around her.

GRACE

You kidding? It's like trying to
find a needle in a stack of
needles.

TUCKER

You'd better hurry, we're calling
the cops to evacuate the place.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRACE

How do you suggest I hurry?

TUCKER

You have a mirror, like a compact?

GRACE

Oh I get it, the vampire won't cast
an image...hang on...

Grace pulls out her mirror and scans the room...then the stage, where "The Blue Hawaiis" bask in their victory surrounded by Kingmaster Lobo and his sycophants.

BUT SEEN THROUGH THE MIRROR, THE STAGE IS EMPTY!

GRACE (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Oh...my...God...Half the people
here. None of them are showing up
in the mirror!

Tucker processes, then:

TUCKER

Wes...I just figured out what was
in that canister...

Wes nods, he's figured it out too -

WES & TUCKER

Holy water.

Before Wes can react, the two henchmen sent up by Kingmaster Lobo appear before him and Tucker...the two men take off their sunglasses and flare their lips...

...to REVEAL sharp fangs and glowing eyes!

GRACE

Tucker, are you listening to me?
I'm surrounded by vampires!

TUCKER

So are we.

As Tucker and Wes face the danger -

CUT TO BLACK

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Chyron: 11:34 PM.

Tucker and Wes run like hell around the corridor...only to find themselves cut off by the two vampires!

TUCKER
How'd they do that?

WES
I hate vampires.

Tucker and Wes turn to run away...only to find themselves cut off by Jesse!

Tucker and Wes exchange annoyed glances, then:

JESSE
Duck!

Tucker and Wes fall to the floor.

Jesse flares his cape out to reveal vampire slaying gear hanging from his belt. Jesse pulls out two stakes. The vampires hungrily rush their enemy.

Like a gunslinger, Jesse removes two stakes from his belt and hurls them at the vampires, hitting each one squarely in the chest.

The vampires die, vanishing into a puff of dust. Off Wes and Tucker's stunned look of surprise:

INT. JESSE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Chyron: 11:37 PM.

An annoyed Jesse pulls a gold-plated Halliburton suitcase out from under the bed as Tucker clicks off his cellphone.

TUCKER
Grace is on her way up.

WES
So let me get this straight, you're a vampire slayer?

CONTINUED:

JESSE

Teenage girls and sci-fi geeks say
"slayer." I'm a vampire hunter.

Jesse opens the suitcase to reveal a plethora of vampire-killing equipment: stakes, crucifixes, holy water, the works.

WES

Damn, look at all that gear...
that's a UV flashlight isn't it?
(picking it up)
Duplicates the rays of the sun.
Harmless to people but fries
vampires to a crisp.

Jesse snatches the flashlight from Wes's hand:

JESSE

Is either one of you going to
explain to me why there's a dozen
vampire Elvis impersonators up
there dismantling my foolproof plan
to kill the bad guys while sparing
the innocent?

TUCKER

We just didn't realize you were a
vampire...hunter.

JESSE

Great. I reckon there's a hundred
vampires in that ballroom. At the
stroke of midnight, they're gonna
go wild in the country and sink
their fangs into every last
upright, decent, mortal Elvis
Presley fan among them. Kingmaster
Lobo's never tried anything this
big before, but thanks to you two,
he may just get away with it.

TUCKER

Kingmaster Lobo?

JESSE

The guy hosting this abomination.
Let me tell you something, he looks
like an Elvis - but he's the devil
in disguise.

WES

Why don't we pull the fire alarm?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JESSE

They'll bolt the doors and start biting necks. That ballroom's gonna be a bucket of blood before a single fire engine gets here.

TUCKER

I don't get it. Why would vampires hide out as Elvis impersonators?

JESSE

They work at night. They can wear sunglasses to protect their eyes without anyone looking twice at them...and they get to wear capes and high collars.

WES

A major vampire priority.

A KNOCK at the door. As Jesse steps over, looks in the peephole, and opens the door to reveal Grace:

JESSE

And it gives them a way to increase their numbers. There's a lot of normal, hard working, dedicated Elvis fans are out there in that ballroom, and in less than twenty minutes those vampires are going to turn every last one of them into a soulless soldier of the undead.

(to Grace)

You must be Grace. Jesse Garon, professional vampire hunter.

GRACE

Wow. You get dental with that?

JESSE

It has its perks.

(taking a sniff of Grace)

Sorry to be rude, ma'am but have you been riding the night train?

Grace glares and enters. Tucker turns to Wes. Tucker's tone turns. He's been curbing his enthusiasm until now:

TUCKER

Wes...I think it's him....I think it's really him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WES

Oh, come on.

TUCKER

No. Look at him. The looks. The moves. It's just like I remember in the movies.

JESSE

What in the heck are you two going on about?

Tucker straightens up, trying to play it cool.

TUCKER

It's just - we tracked you down on solid evidence that the real Elvis Presley would be in this room.

JESSE

You think I'm the King of Rock'n'Roll?

TUCKER

You are staying under one of The King's old code names, and 1835, the number of this very same room is his birthdate.

JESSE

For the love of God. Do I look like Elvis Presley?

Tucker, Wes & Grace exchange looks, then turn, stare at Jesse and nod. An exasperated Jesse throws up his arms:

JESSE (cont'd)

Well, duh, people! We're at an Elvis convention, everybody here looks like the King!

GRACE

OK. Would this be a good time to talk about the vampires?

Jesse takes out his suitcase and straps on more of his gear:

JESSE

No. It's time to stop talking and start doing. Those sons of bitches have soiled the name of the King of Rock'n'Roll for the last time.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JESSE (cont'd)
I'm gearing up, going down, and
saving as many of those poor people
as I can before it's too late.

TUCKER
One man against a hundred vampires?
That's suicide.

JESSE
You gotta die of something.

WES
Oh, that's a sensical argument.

JESSE
Got a better idea?

GRACE
Matter of fact I do.

Grace whips out her cell phone:

INTERCUT WITH

INT. CHRONICLE - BULLPEN - VERA'S POD - NIGHT

Chyron: 11:40 PM.

The line RINGS. Vera clicks on.

VERA
Good evening, World Chronicle...oh
hi, there gorgeous...really? That
sounds just plain scrumptious...oh
yeah, that's exactly how I like it.

As she speaks, another line RINGS.

RESUME ON GRACE

GRACE
C'mon Vera, answer the phone!

RESUME ON VERA

Still on her call. The line rings...and rings...and rings...

VERA
So tell me, what are you wearing...

OPEN SPLIT SCREEN WITH

INT. VERA'S BOYFRIEND'S HOUSE - NIGHT

VERA'S BOYFRIEND wears a diving suit, hood and mask and holds a rubber chicken with a studded ring around its long neck:

VERA'S BOYFRIEND
The usual...and it's making me hot.

VERA
Oooh. Baby!

But the RINGING in Vera's phone bank keeps breaking the mood:

VERA (CONT'D) (cont'd)
Oh...hang on a second there Verne.

OPEN SPLIT SCREEN WITH GRACE

VERA (CONT'D) (cont'd)
What is it for god's sake?

GRACE
Vera! I need you to patch me in to Donald immediately!

VERA
I'm in the middle of something!

GRACE
Just do it!

Vera angrily pushes a button -

CLOSE ALL SPLIT SCREENS

INT. CHRONICLE - DONALD'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Chyron: Donald Q. Stern's Office. 11:41 PM.

Donald stands at a ready position, a hatchet in each hand. After a deep breath, he rapidly throws each of the hatchets at an archery target at the other end of the office.

Two bull's-eyes. Donald smiles. The phone rings. He clicks on.

DONALD
Stern here!

OPEN SPLIT SCREEN WITH GRACE

CONTINUED:

GRACE

Donald, in nineteen minutes a gang of Elvis impersonator vampires is going to strike out and turn every last mortal Elvis fan in this hotel into a bloodsucking freak!

DONALD

I was afraid of that.

GRACE

You were?

DONALD

You know me. Always on the lookout for mass vampire movement.

GRACE

Anything you can do to help us?

DONALD

I'm half an hour away. I'll be there in ten minutes.

Donald clicks off.

CLOSE SPLIT SCREEN WITH GRACE

INT. THE ARCHIVES - NIGHT

Chyron: 11:44:45.

Pig Boy scrambles for the BUZZING intercom.

PIG BOY

Yes?

OPEN SPLIT SCREEN WITH DONALD

DONALD

Sal, deploy vampire attack package delta, tell Vera to get ready for the field and make sure the nitro canister is hooked up to my Buick.

PIG BOY

Yes sir!

CLOSE SPLIT SCREEN

Donald takes a deep breath, then grabs a third hatchet from his desk and throws it at the target: another bull's-eye.

INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT

Chyron: 11:49 PM.

Kingmaster Lobo basks in APPLAUSE as he hands off yet another Burnin' Caddy to a pair of ELVIS TWINS.

KINGMASTER LOBO

Let's give a hand to Josh Morgan and Jodie Tatum, winner of the award for the best twin Elvis act. That's right, a pair of Kissin' Cousins if I ever saw one. And the best is yet to come!

INT. JESSE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Chyron: 11:53 PM.

Tense. The Gang paces nervously. Jesse looks at his watch:

JESSE

We're running out of time.

GRACE

If Donald says he's got a solution to this problem, he's got one.

JESSE

You'd better be right.

GRACE

He'll be here!

JESSE

Man, that's a hard-headed woman.

TUCKER

Excuse me, Jesse. You're what, in your sixties? Right?

JESSE

Give or take, why?

TUCKER

I was just thinking that's how old The King would be if he was still -

JESSE

Isn't it enough that I saved your life? Why are you trying so hard to make me something I'm not?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WES

Aside from it being the story of a lifetime?

JESSE

If I were Elvis Presley, which I'm not, why would I tell someone who's going to splash it on a newspaper?

TUCKER

Which is exactly why I think you really are Elvis Presley.

JESSE

Look you two, I've had it up to here with your suspicious minds. You gotta get it through your fat heads that I'm not Elvis Presley.

TUCKER

Who are you, then?

JESSE

An ordinary Joe who served in the army in the sixties -

TUCKER

Just like Elvis.

JESSE

- then in the seventies, I was deputized by the department of Justice...

TUCKER

So was Elvis - by President Nixon in 1970.

JESSE

Did Elvis Presley find a secret hive of vampires in Vegas? Was Elvis Presley stalked by the undead until he decided to fight back? Did Elvis Presley spend years of his life in the Far East turning himself into a killing machine, mastering ancient secrets of life extension and the martial arts... gaining the necessary strength and discipline to destroy the vampire menace?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TUCKER

I don't know, but if he had, that's
what I'd imagine he'd do!

The balcony door SLAMS open: a trio of ELVIS IMPERSONATOR
VAMPIRES storms the room! The Gang is stunned - but Jesse
doesn't miss a beat.

JESSE

For the last time -

He whips out his UV flashlight and points it at one of the
vampires.

The vampire covers his eyes as his face sizzles and smokes.

JESSE (CONT'D) (cont'd)

I!

Jesse then puts the karate moves on another vampire, staking
him where he stands...

JESSE (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Am not!

...then finishes off the last one by pushing a crucifix into
his forehead until it burns a cruciform groove into the
suckhead's skull. The vampire falls in agony.

JESSE (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Elvis Presley!

Tucker, Wes and Grace respond with an appropriately impressed
GASP...until a second team of vampires comes pouring in -

JESSE (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Ah hell.

- then the front door of the hotel room SLAMS open to reveal
Donald, followed by Vera! Both have large, exterminator tanks
strapped to their backs.

VERA

Die bloodsuckers!

Donald and Vera squeeze the nozzles on the hoses attached to
their exterminator tanks. An acrid foam pours out onto the
vampires.

The foul-smelling foam melts large holes into the vampires's
skin.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The vampires fall to the floor, writhing and SHRIEKING in pain as the foam literally melts them away.

TUCKER

What the hell is that stuff?

DONALD

That, my friends, is a highly concentrated extract of *Allium Sativum*.

Everyone shoots Donald a quizzical look. Everyone but Jesse:

JESSE

Garlic.

DONALD

Well, that's enough getting-to-know you chit-chat, we're gonna be late for our gig in the big room.

VERA

Bossa Nova, baby.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

Chyron: 11:57 PM.

The Gang follows Jesse as he leads the way to the ballroom.

JESSE

We're running out of time!

Through the ballroom doors up ahead, the fivesome can see...

INT. BALLROOM - CONTINUOUS

Kingmaster Lobo looks down from the stage at the audience -

KINGMASTER LOBO

Folks it's almost midnight and boy do we have a surprise for you!

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

The Gang pushes to the ballroom, neglecting to notice that they are being watched...by Security Guard "Tulsa McLean."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

"TULSA MCLEAN"

I have two individuals heading
toward the ballroom carrying
strange, unidentified tank-like
gear...repeat, possible threat, I
need immediate backup...I need
immediate backup -

No response. The Gang is almost at the ballroom doors...

"TULSA MCLEAN" (CONT'D) (cont'd)

And they're not wearing Elvis
costumes, repeat, they are not
wearing Elvis costumes!

RESUME ON THE GANG

As a squadron of SECURITY GUARDS descend on them.

Jesse, Tucker, Wes and Grace manage to pass, but in the melee
and confusion, the Guards take Donald and Vera down to he
floor.

DONALD

Let me go!

Tucker, Wes, Grace and Jesse keep moving straight into:

INT. BALLROOM - CONTINUOUS

Tucker, Wes, Grace and Jesse slide in. Before any one of them
notices that Donald and Vera has been detained, the doors
SLAM SHUT behind them.

The music stops abruptly. The crowd looks around, wondering
what the hell is going on. The place goes dark.

A spotlight falls squarely on Jesse and The Gang.

KINGMASTER LOBO

Glares from the stage, his eyes locking with Jesse's:

KINGMASTER LOBO

Welcome!

Tucker, Wes and Grace look back to see a group of ELVIS
IMPERSONATOR VAMPIRES, locking the ballroom door.

The place is sealed.

TUCKER

Oh no...caught in a trap...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JESSE
(nodding)
Can't walk out.

Off the looks exchanged in this terrible moment:

CUT TO BLACK

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN

INT. HOTEL LOBBY – NIGHT

Chyron: 12:00 AM.

Donald and Vera struggle to get up as the Armed Guards, headed by "Tulsa McLean" try to keep them down.

DONALD

For the love of God, man...you have to let us into that ballroom!

"TULSA MCLEAN"

Listen, Orkin Man, you're gonna put down those tanks right now or I'm gonna show you the true meaning of Jailhouse Rock!

VERA

Those people in there are in danger and if you don't let us in, I might just show you the meaning of heartbreak hotel!

"Tulsa McLean" draws his nightstick, points it at Donald:

DONALD

You're making a big mistake.

"TULSA MCLEAN"

If you think I'm letting you in there with that tank, you're messing with the wrong roustabout, mister.

Donald looks over at Vera and shakes his head. Following Vera's lead, the two put the tanks down.

INT. BALLROOM – NIGHT

Chyron: 12:00:30 AM.

Jesse and The Gang are still under the spotlight. Kingmaster Lobo addresses them across the darkness of the ballroom from his position on stage.

The audience is still oblivious to the true nature of the confrontation:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KINGMASTER LOBO

It's over, Jesse. You know I'm walking out of here a winner, so why not give up with a little dignity?

JESSE

This is between you and me, you need to let these people go.

KINGMASTER LOBO

After what happened in Vegas? You think I'm gonna let this go down without an audience?

TUCKER

(to Jesse)

What went down in Vegas?

JESSE

(to Tucker, a whisper)

Let's just say I'm not only his sworn enemy of his kind...I also sing "Love Me Tender" better than he ever could.

KINGMASTER LOBO

(to the audience)

So, folks, are you ready for the ultimate battle of the Elvis impersonators?

Thinking they are still watching a show, the audience goes WILD. As the APPLAUSE grows -

TUCKER, WES AND GRACE

Look through the darkness.

The vampires who locked the ballroom doors behind them are closing in - their fangs bared and ready to chomp...

JESSE

Reaches under his cape and covertly hands out the vampire slaying equipment...giving the UV flashlight to Tucker, a stake to Wes, the crossbow to Grace...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JESSE

(to The Gang, a a whisper)
Now you be brave now...take these
and get ready to try and get that
ballroom door open...get these
people out of here...and if it has
fangs, kill it.

KINGMASTER LOBO

(to the audience)
My friends, let's close out
Elvisopolis 3000 with a bang!

And the vampires pounce!

JESSE

(to The Gang)
Now!

The battle is joined...a chaos of bared fangs, screams, and
running-scared, good-souled mortal Elvis impersonators -

Tucker turns and shines the flashlight in one of the
vampire's faces - the vampire's face burns.

Grace nails another bloodsucker off with the crossbow. Wes
stakes one clean through the chest.

Jesse pulls out a stake and goes to work.

The audience sees the carnage and flees in every direction!

Their fangs bared and out for fresh meat, more vampires,
plough through the audience to get to The Gang, even as their
compatriots expire and vanish at the hands of our heroes.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Donald and Vera stand up as the SCREAMS from the ballroom
come through the barred-shut doors. The Armed Guards try to
open the door. "Tulsa McLean" shouts into his radio.

"TULSA MCLEAN"

No, I have no idea what's going on
in there - we're working on the
door right now!

Vera stands and picks up her tank. "Tulsa McLean" sees her:

"TULSA MCLEAN" (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Lady, I told you not to -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

But Vera simply smiles and clocks him on the face with the tank. "Tulsa McLean" is out cold.

Vera turns toward the door:

VERA

Everybody out of the way!

Vera SLAMS her tank into the ballroom door, trying to get the thing to open. Donald's face brightens. As he follows suit:

INT. BALLROOM - CONTINUOUS

The door is held shut by vampires. The audience runs scared in every direction, trying to find an exit wherever they can. At the center of the ballroom, Jesse, Tucker, Wes and Grace continue to fight the vampires - but this is a losing battle.

GRACE

There's too many of them!

TUCKER

I don't know how much longer we can hold out -

JESSE

We have to get these people out of here!

Tucker and Wes looks to Jesse, but they soon have to turn their attention back to the next wave of attacking vampires!

BEGIN SLO-MO SEQUENCE

It's exactly like the big battle in *Gladiator*, only with Jesse, Tucker, Wes and Grace...all dressed like Elvis Presley and destroying vampires in a hotel ballroom, and on a Sci-Fi Channel budget.

A vampire sneaks up on Grace and disarms her.

Tucker flashes and burns yet another bloodsucker, but another one grabs him from behind.

Wes drives his stake into another chest.

Wes GASPS for air, battled out to the point of exhaustion he turns to see Jesse, putting his kung-fu fighting moves on a bloodsucker - the light bouncing off the sequins on his suit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As Wes takes in the sight of Jesse: a noble and glimmering warrior in sequins and a cape -

FLASHBACK TO

INT. STADIUM - WES'S B&W MEMORY OF THE KING - NIGHT

The sound DROPS OUT. The gauzy flashback also plays in extreme SLO-MO as Little Wes looks up to see:

THE KING OF ROCK'N'ROLL

His sequins blasting shafts of light in every direction.

SMASH CUT TO WES IN THE BALLROOM

RESUME IN REAL TIME

An embattled Wes turns to Tucker, his face full of resolve:

WES

Tucker, shine that thing on me!

TUCKER

What?

WES

Just do it for god's sake!

Wes runs up to the stage, takes up a position at the center and slides on his shades.

Tucker shines the light on Wes.

The light bounces in every direction off Wes's highly-reflective gold lamé suit.

Powerful shafts of UV radiation burn into every vampire they touch, but leave every innocent in their path unharmed!

KINGMASTER LOBO

Realizes what's going on and dives into the wings before he can become a casualty.

JESSE

Sees the Kingmaster running away and gives chase.

ON WES

Now relishing the power:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WES (cont'd)
Yeah! Who's the King now, fool!

Wes directs be beams of light while doing his impersonation of The King's greatest poses - bouncing the artificial sunlight off his suit, making the vampires suffer and perish.

WES (CONT'D) (cont'd)
Thank you! Thank you verra much!

As Wes strikes another patented King of Rock'n'Roll karate move...

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

Donald and Vera raise their tanks, then:

DONALD
Now!

The two hit the ballroom door running. The door gives way!
A tumult of frightened civilians rages out.

INT. BALLROOM - CONTINUOUS

Wes bounces one last beam of light at a vampire, who expires promptly - the last in a great pile of dead vampires littering the ballroom floor around Wes.

Donald and Vera leap in through the still exiting crowd, nozzles in hand:

VERA
Hey! What happened to the party?

But before anyone can answer, Tucker gets spots Kingmaster Lobo is still in battle with Jesse.

Kingmaster Lobo clocks Jesse and runs out of a side exit to the ballroom. Jesse quickly recovers and gives chase.

TUCKER

Grabs Wes's stake and breaks into a run toward Jesse.

INT. SERVICE CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Jesse bursts in, only to be ambushed by Kingmaster Lobo.

Jesse lands a few punches on Kingmaster Lobo. Unfazed, Kingmaster Lobo picks Jesse up by the sequins and bangs his head on a pipe!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The defeated Jesse falls in a heap. Kingmaster Lobo scoops Jesse up and turns his head to expose his neck -

KINGMASTER LOBO

Like the wise men say. You
shouldn't have rushed in, Jesse.

- Kingmaster Lobos's fangs come out, but before he can deliver the death blow:

TUCKER

Enters and launches himself into Kingmaster Lobo with a mighty HOWL. The two men fall into a struggling heap, but the powerful vampire soon tosses Tucker aside like a rag doll:

Kingmaster Lobo rises, only to find himself face to face with Jesse, who opens up a can of kung-fu whup-ass on him, then stakes him through the heart with an Elvis-like flourish.

The two men stare at each other for a moment as Kingmaster Lobo falls to the floor, then.

TUCKER

What kind of Karate was that?

JESSE

Wing Chung...
(getting his breath back)
...I got me a black belt couple of
years back.

TUCKER

Really? Elvis had a black belt.

Jesse levels a stare, but before a word can be said:

KINGMASTER LOBO

Rises again with bared fangs, an ear-piercing SHRIEK and perfect horror movie timing!

Like Vincent and Jules in *Pulp Fiction*, Tucker and Jesse each produces a stake - with split second timing, the two hurl their stakes, this time hitting Kingmaster Lobo straight on the chest.

With an inhuman SCREAM, Kingmaster Lobo disintegrates in a howl of wind and a puff of dust.

TUCKER (CONT'D) (cont'd)

You want to say it, or should I?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JESSE

Go for it, baby.

TUCKER

(after a pause)

Elvis has left the building.

As the two men let out a deep, relieved breath.

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT FOUR

TAG

FADE IN

INT. HOTEL ENTRANCE – NIGHT

Chyron: **Jordanaire Hotel & Convention Center. Main Entrance.
12:15 AM.**

Chaos. POLICE OFFICERS interview PANICKED ELVISES. In the foreground, a FEMALE AFRICAN-AMERICAN ELVIS IMPERSONATOR gives her testimony to a NOTE-TAKING COP.

FEMALE AFRICAN AMERICAN ELVIS

They had fangs. They were trying to suck our blood.

(eyes getting damp)

I just want to go home and listen to my 45 of the King singing "He Walks Beside Me."

FIND Donald, talking to a POLICE OFFICER who takes notes:

DONALD

This was a mass hallucination. The people think they saw vampires, when what happened is the hotel accidentally served hallucinogenic mushrooms in the buffet. Some kind of a mix up in customs. The CDC called me directly to distribute that antidote in these tanks...but hotel security didn't allow it.

Donald indicates a cowed "Tulsa McLean," who holds an ice pack to his forehead.

POLICE OFFICER

That's all the explanation we need for now. If we need to contact you that's Donald Q. Stern M.D., right?

DONALD

(hands over a card)

M.D. Ph.D. Molecular biology.

FIND Tucker, Wes and Grace by the Valet. Jesse enters the scene from inside the hotel, now dressed in a crisp, 1950's suit, tie, and blue suede shoes.

JESSE

Gotta go cat go. Still a lot of bloodsuckers out there, defaming the good name of Elvis Presley.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TUCKER

Jesse. Before you go...

JESSE

Tucker. Believe what you want, but you gotta make peace with one thing. I'm not the King of Rock'n'Roll.

TUCKER

I knew you'd say that...but between you and I, it doesn't matter. Would it be nice to know The King's alive? Sure. And I wouldn't tell anybody. I was a fan before I became a reporter. I'd understand what'd drive someone underground, make him give up fame and fortune to pursue something greater than himself. Be honest - I'd give the story up just to know the King had that kind of mettle.

Jesse smiles, puts his hand on Tucker's shoulder:

JESSE

Ah hell, Tucker, I'm just gonna have to come clean now.

Tucker flashes a knowing smile. Jesse nods and leans in close, whispers:

JESSE (cont'd)

I'm not Elvis Presley.

(waving goodbye)

Stay cool, daddy-o.

Jesse winks and heads off as a VALET brings his car: a white convertible Cadillac with leopard-print seat covers.

Jesse stands in front of the car, tipping the valet...Tucker turns to Wes, Grace and Vera:

IN THE BACKGROUND

Jesse takes off his 70's Elvis wig, tosses it in the car. His real hair is a steel gray, cropped in a 50's style.

WES

I think I finally understand what my parents liked Elvis Presley so much. The man's a vampire hunter, what's cooler than that?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WES (cont'd)

(beat)

This entire night has been like
"Blade's Aloha From Hawaii."

TUCKER

(sad and resigned)

Wes...he's not Elvis Presley.

WES

I saw The King, Tuck B., and that
man's royalty.

A BELLHOP rushes by, carrying an acoustic guitar on a strap.

BELLHOP

Hey! Mr. Garon! You left this
behind!

As Vera speaks, Jesse puts on his sunglasses and takes the
guitar, walking toward the driver's side door to his car:

VERA

Garon...Jesse Garon. Hey...wasn't
"Jesse Garon" the name of Elvis's
twin brother.

GRACE

Elvis has a twin brother?

TUCKER

Had a twin brother. The official
story is he died at birth.

DONALD

(stepping up)

If you believe the official story.

GRACE

So maybe he's Jesse Garon.

TUCKER

Well maybe he's Jesse Garon but he
can't be the Jesse Garon.

Wes and Tucker look back...Jesse walks to the driver's seat.
For a moment, he is backlit by the headlights on the caddy -

IN SLO-MO

The backlit, guitar-wielding, sharp 1950's suit-wearing Jesse
shoots his goodbye to The Gang.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RESUME

TUCKER (CONT'D) (cont'd)
No...he would have told me
something - I know he would have -

WES
He told you something all right. He
said he wouldn't say anything.

Tucker and Wes look at each other, then at Donald.

DONALD
No need to worry. We'll get to the
bottom of your mysterious vampire
hunter the moment we get back to
the office and look at Wes's
pictures from tonight.

Wes looks down, produces his unused camera from a pocket.

DONALD (CONT'D) (cont'd)
You did get a picture of the guy,
right? Wes?

Jesse steps on the gas. The Cadillac speeds away.

Donald glares at Wes. Wes turns to look at Tucker.

As Wes and Tucker take off on a mad dash behind Jesse...or
Elvis...or whoever he may be...

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF EPISODE