

BUBBA NOSFERATU
CURSE OF THE SHE-VAMPIRES

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Story by
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Based on characters from the short story
"Bubba Ho-tep" by Joe R. Lansdale

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Nosferatu: n. 1. A person, such as a con-man, who preys upon others. 2. A reanimated corpse that is believed to rise from the grave at night to seduce the life from sleeping people. 3. A hideously ugly, blood-sucking vampire.

Bubba: n. 1. A trailer park resident. 2. A fan of southern-style music. 3. A good ol' boy who can take names and kick ass.

As the sound of EVIL SPIRITS and MALEVOLENT MUSIC builds, the MAIN TITLE crashes forward in shimmering letters:

BUBBA NOSFERATU
Curse of the She-Vampires

SHOCK CUT TO:

INT. NURSE ELLA'S ROOM - SHADY REST - NIGHT

TRUCK IN on NURSE ELLA MUMFORD, a pretty thirty-something African-American nurse, as she tosses in fitful sleep. GHOSTLY VOICES and the sounds of a HORRIFIC STRUGGLE bridge over from the opening title. Nurse Ella starts awake, almost crying out.

CLOSE on her face as an EXPLOSION is heard from just outside. A YELLOW GLOW lights up her eyes!

She gets up and runs to the window. We see REFLECTED IN THE GLASS a raging FIRE in the distance just beyond the trees. We HEAR the sound of a four thousand-year-old DEMON going out with a bang, screaming his last hurrah. The sound chills Nurse Ella's blood.

NURSE ELLA
My Lord in heaven...

EXT. CREEK BED OUTSIDE SHADY REST - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

Nurse Ella runs from the Shady Rest toward an embankment and down to a creek. Unearthly fire rages in the water, the SOUNDS of loose souls and evil magic still wafting in the air. REGGIE PORTER, the forty-something administrator of the Shady Rest, is already on the scene in a bathrobe, hunched urgently over the prone body of ELVIS PRESLEY, aged 73. Elvis is clad in a soiled white studded jumpsuit, TWO RIBS punched through a nasty WOUND in his side.

Nurse Ella takes this all in, her face going damn-near slack with amazement.

REGGIE
Nurse Mumford! Get over here!

NURSE ELLA
My God, it's Mister Haff!

REGGIE

Yeah and he's gone. Left the building for good. I'm gonna go call the morgue.

Reggie gets up. He lets out a sigh and starts back toward the Shady Rest.

NURSE ELLA

Wait Mr. Porter! What in the Lord's name happened here!?

REGGIE

(turns, irritated)
Can't you see?? Fell down the damn hill. Where were you? He's DEAD!

Reggie stalks off. We TRUCK IN on Ella as her face goes stony with resolve.

NURSE ELLA

Like hell he is.

She clenches her hand into a fist.

NURSE ELLA (CONT'D)

"Left the building." We'll see about that...

With determination, she straddles Elvis and slams her fist repeatedly into his chest. Her professional nature takes over and she gains a smooth CPR rhythm.

We MOVE IN slowly on Elvis's face, to a CLOSE-UP on his RIGHT EYE...and we FADE INTO...

INT. DREAM HALLWAY - DARKNESS

A hallway not unlike one in the dim, dank Shady Rest Home of BUBBA HO-TEP, but tinged with a dreamlike flavor, strange mists hanging in the air. From the darkness, we see OLD ELVIS trudging down the hall in a moth-eaten night robe, leaning on his walker, a pathetic decrepit old codger...

As old Elvis walks the hall, something miraculous begins to happen: with each new step, he seems to grow younger, his hunched waddle becoming more kingly, his clothes transforming each time he moves through dips of shadow and darkness, into the stage uniform of the rock god we know and love: sequined jumpsuit, cape, white boots, massive buckle and wide, studded belt.

The MUSIC transforms into the unmistakable build of Also Sprach Zarathustra, Elvis's classic signature stage intro theme (cribbed from the soundtrack of 2001).

FIGURES slowly materialize, walking next to him, as we shift to SLOW MOTION. Elvis has now become the iconic figure of legend, flanked on all sides by his legendary "Memphis Mafia" boys, a motley crew of assorted hangers-on and bodyguards, all in flashy bell-bottoms and haircuts from the early seventies. They stride purposefully down the hall.

Leading the way, is a shadowy FIGURE (COLONEL TOM PARKER) down a STADIUM CORRIDOR toward an epicenter beaming with lights and the sounds of a ROARING CROWD. The figure walks with a cane, a silhouette of Southern regality. His dimly-lit face is still not seen.

We can hear the crowd chant and stomp and clap in rhythm, muffled through stadium walls: "Elvis, Elvis, Elvis..."

As the music intro and the crowd chanting climaxes, the Colonel turns to face us...

SHOCK CUTS:

Elvis FIRES a gold plated revolver...

A flash of a DEMON VAMPIRE'S SHARP TEETH...

A SPRAY OF BLOOD as faces twitch and contort in agony...

Deep, terrifying laughter, coming from a dark, shadowy MAN IN BLACK, backlit, with long shocked hair...

Colonel Tom Parker WINKING with an evil smile, just barely glimpsed in this color-saturated MONTAGE.

The crowd goes crazy: "Elvis, Elvis, Elvis..."

The sound reverberates into BLACKNESS, fading away as we crossfade to:

NURSE ELLA (V.O.)
Elvis? Elvis? MISTER HAFF!

On the sharp sound of her last words, we:

SHOCK CUT TO:

EXT. TEXAS ROAD - DAY

CLOSE: A TIRE hits a pothole, JOLTING us back into the waking world!

WIDER, a ratty old Plymouth zooms down a lonely stretch of country tarmac.

INT. PLYMOUTH - TEXAS ROAD - DAY

In the backseat of the car, we find seventy-three year old Elvis as he jolts awake. His groggy eyes blink open. He looks around trying to get his bearings.

ELVIS POV: A forest of pine trees passing by the car window.

ELVIS

Whassup, man? Where the heck am I?

NURSE ELLA

Rise and shine, Sleeping Beauty.

Elvis manages to sit up, looking disheveled, hair askew. Nurse Ella is at the wheel, driving down a lonely stretch of road with a smile on her face. Elvis sees her and rolls his eyes.

ELVIS

Oh... you.

Suddenly, a sharp pain stabs through him and he lets out a grunt, noticing a wide white bandage around his rib cage.

NURSE ELLA

Now just settle down, Mr. Haff.
We've got us a long drive ahead.

Elvis is irritated and grumpy.

ELVIS

Where we goin'? I wanna go back to my bed. An' my name's not Haff. It's Presley. Elvis Presley.

NURSE ELLA

(sarcastic)

Oh that's right. You're not that Elvis impersonator, Sebastian Haff anymore. Now I remember. Well, we ain't goin' back to your bed.

(MORE)

NURSE ELLA (cont'd)

They punched our ticket at that place, thanks to your little--

ELVIS

Th' Hell you jabberin' on about?

NURSE ELLA

You were kicked out, Elllllvis. And I was fired! That's the thanks I get for saving your life. Don't you remember? It was in the paper.

Nurse Ella reaches back and slaps a COPY of the **Mud Creek Daily Picayune** into Elvis's hands. Elvis searches around the back seat and finds his GLASSES -- the silver framed "Elvis-style" ones with bifocal lenses -- and puts them on.

CLOSE on the paper's front page, we see a photo of an AMBULANCE in front of the Shady Rest with the headline: "Death in Mud Creek."

As Elvis reads the newspaper story out loud, we see BRIEF FLASHES FROM "BUBBA HO-TEP" of the events described:

ELVIS

"A retired Elvis impersonator and resident of a local old folks home, was found last night, barely alive, on the banks of Mud Creek."

NURSE ELLA

You were raving in the hospital for days about some "soul-sucking" four thousand year-old mummy named Bubba.

ELVIS

That's Bubba HO-TEP to you, lady.

NURSE ELLA

Oh whatever. Elllllvis.

Elvis sneers at her, returns to the paper.

ELVIS

"Sebastian Haff gave a sworn statement that he and a fellow resident had killed a supernatural creature that was preying on the home. Found dead on the grounds was resident Jack McLaughlin, 83, of unknown causes. Police are investigating. "

CLOSE on Elvis, he nods in reverence to Jack.

ELVIS
God rest your soul, Jack.

NURSE ELLA
I'm sorry about your friend.

We FLASH BACK to Elvis giving a goodbye salute to the "President" as the somber music swells.

BACK TO SCENE, Nurse Ella grouses:

NURSE ELLA
Poor old man, really thought he was JFK.

ELVIS
That part don't matter. He was my friend, and he gave up his life for me. Thank you. He said you were nice to him.

Elvis, saddened by the memory, stares out the car window.

ELVIS
(mutters)
And I still got a goddamn cancer on my pecker.

NURSE ELLA
There's no need to be crude. And please don't blaspheme in this here car, Mister Haff.

ELVIS
Aww, what th' hell's th' difference?

NURSE ELLA
Mister Haff, the lesion on your ...member...is NOT cancer. The doctor diagnosed it as a non-malignant boil. You know that.

ELVIS
I don't know nothin, lady.

Ella lets loose a long sigh, then grumbles.

NURSE ELLA
I got a good mind to let you just WALK to your new bed.

ELVIS

New bed? Where we goin' anyway?

NURSE ELLA

The Grand Dauphin Retirement Home. They say it's in a beautiful section of the Big Easy. Down New Orleans way, on the waterfront.

This seems to jolt Elvis a little. He looks back at her.

ELVIS

New Orleans? I ain't goin' to New Orleans.

NURSE ELLA

You were transferred there just after I was fired.

ELVIS

Transferred? By who?

NURSE ELLA

All I know is they're paying my gas for this trip, and they offered me a week's room and board while I look for a new job. So if I were you, I'd start counting my blessings and acting a little more grateful.

Elvis lets out a huff, stares back at the road.

ELVIS

Why'd you even care? You should'a just let me die on that damn riverbank like I was supposed to.

NURSE ELLA

Nobody dies on my watch, Mr. Haff.

We HOLD on Elvis as her words hang in the air.

NURSE ELLA

And why in the world are you so worried about New Orleans?

ELVIS

Bad mojo. Real bad. A movie picture. Never finished. It's all kinda hazy, but I remember we were down there to shoot it. All the Colonel's idea.

NURSE ELLA
Colonel? What Colonel?

ELVIS
Why Colonel Tom Parker. My manager.

We MOVE IN on Elvis's face as his wide eyed sunglasses fill the screen...and with the thunder of MUSIC, we:

CUT TO:

INT. ROAD INTO GRACELAND - DAY (1973)

CLOSE on the polished silver hubcap of A WHITE LINCOLN TOWNCAR, doing sixty on a stretch of Tennessee highway. An overblown 70's pop ballad, DON'T PULL YOUR LOVE OUT, kicks in with all its over-the-top, Vegas Cabaret glory. The limo pulls through the majestic gates of the most famous mansion in the world.

EXT. GRACELAND BACK LAWN - DAY (1973)

WHACK! A bare foot stabs into view, cracking a short length of TWO-BY-FOUR in half. OTIS FLANGER, a flabby young man with a bowl haircut, wearing a leather vest and wide bell-bottom pants recoils from the impact as the BOARD SHATTERS. We FREEZE FRAME on Otis as the screen SPLITS into multiple images of this curious character in various outfits and poses, like the title sequence of a 1970's-era Cop show. SUPERIMPOSED TITLES display "vital stats":

OTIS FLANGER:

Met Elvis: in the High School cafeteria
Skills: "BODYGUARD"
Specialities: Cooking
Hobbies: Eating

YOUNG ELVIS, age 38, finishes his kick and lands in a stylish crouch on the lawn, all in glorious SLOW MOTION. The King is decked out in an impressive MARTIAL ARTS GI with bright red trim and his own INSIGNIA emblazoned on the breast: "TCB: FAITH, SPIRIT and DISCIPLINE."

Still in SLOW MOTION, with the music rocking, Elvis faces off against his "Memphis Mafia". In a stylishly-edited sequence, we get the same cool split-screen INTRO for each fellow:

COOTER MAYHEW:

Met Elvis: in Third Grade
Skills: LIMO DRIVER, TROUBLE-SHOOTER

Specialities: "GUITAR TECHNICIAN", JU-JITSU

COOTER is husky and boisterous. Heavy on charm, he does well with the ladies.

SHELBY JENSON:

Met Elvis: in HIGH SCHOOL
Skills: GAMBLING, CHASING GIRLS
Specialities: FAST-TALKING, CARD-COUNTING

Next to Elvis, SHELBY is the best looking one, tall with a slick 70's razor haircut.

MARSHALL "STACK" MALONE:

Met Elvis: in the ARMY
Skills: SECURITY, ASSISTANT ROAD MANAGER
Specialities: 6th Degree Black Belt

STACK is the muscle of the bunch, built like an oak.

Each of these characters hold two-by-fours, which Elvis makes short work of, karate chopping them in half. Then it's hand-to-hand. Like "Dolemite", Elvis sends the boys flying, goofy looks on their faces. The unspoken rule: never let Elvis lose. This section of the sequence CROSS-CUTS with:

EXT. GRACELAND ENTRANCE - DAY (1973)

SLOW MOTION as the limo pulls into the driveway. A DRIVER in black suit and mirror shades opens the rear limo door.

SERIES OF CLOSE-UPS as a set of POLISHED BOOTS emerge and hit the cobblestone driveway. A long CANE taps the ground as an immaculately dressed gentleman strides toward the front doors of the mansion. We do not see his face, just images of his hand holding the cane, the back of his head, a cigar in his other hand. A royal stride to his step, COLONEL TOM PARKER, the true lord of Graceland, doesn't have to move fast for anyone.

We cut between Elvis's bizarre sparring match and the Colonel's arrival, finally ending with a CU on Colonel Parker's IVORY CANE HANDLE as he reaches up and...very politely taps on the front door with it.

EXT. GRACELAND BACK LAWN - DAY (1973)

Elvis turns to the boys and, like a drill sergeant, calls out:

ELVIS
Three-up cover formation!

The music kicks into high gear as Cooter, Stack, Shelby and Otis step forward with a series of slashing punch-and-kick show moves, working as a team. The formations are actually damn impressive. Elvis joins them and they work together on this fighting routine, in unison, covering all flanks. It's right out of a classic martial arts film...Punch, kick, advance. Repeat.

The scene reaches a crescendo as the entire team, in unison, throws a final punch and lets out a Bruce Lee cry: EEE-OOW!

ELVIS
Now THAT'S rock n' roll, baby.

The boys break out into exhausted laughter as a MAID approaches.

MAID
Mister Presley. Colonel Parker is at the front door.

Elvis seems a little nonplussed, wrapping a towel around his neck with a bit of a laugh.

ELVIS
Southern manners.

INT. GRACELAND FOYER - DAY - MOMENTS LATER (1973)

Elvis opens the front door. It swings wide... revealing the Colonel in all his attired Southern glory: SEERSUCKER SUIT, string TIE, straw boater HAT, SUNGLASSES, the works. He tips his cane to his hat in a polite salute.

COLONEL PARKER
Afternoon, Elvis. Won't you please invite me in?

The swagger and arrogance fade from Elvis's face. He seems to recognize the face of his master.

ELVIS
A 'course Colonel. Come on in, sir.

INT. GRACELAND JUNGLE ROOM - DAY - LATER (1973)

Elvis, still in his dojo outfit, sits across from the Colonel in the tackiest living room in America. The floor, ceiling and walls are covered with green shag carpeting.

There's a "tiki" flavor throughout, with leopard skin pillows on plush carved mahogany couches. The Boys loiter about, popping shots from the tiki bar, goofing off.

ELVIS

How was that trip of yours,
Colonel? You go out West?

COLONEL PARKER

Yes, Elvis. Hollywood. MGM Studios
to be exact. Looks like we're
makin' us a new movie.

ELVIS

More of that crap!? What color
swimmin' trunks am I gonna be
wearing on the beach this time??

COLONEL PARKER

Now, Elvis...it's been too long.

ELVIS

I'm not singin' in it, man.

COLONEL PARKER

Elvis, we'll still need a couple
songs to draw em in.

ELVIS

Sinatra doesn't have to sing in his
pictures anymore.

COLONEL PARKER

Sinatra's got an Oscar. You want
one too, then listen to what I'm
saying. This one's different from
anything you've ever done.

ELVIS

Colonel, I think I'm through with
movies...or they're through with
me.

The Colonel reaches across and lays his hand on Elvis' arm. It seems as if TIME HAS SLOWED DOWN as Elvis looks up at the Colonel, who raises his sunglasses and transfixes him with a mesmerizing stare.

COLONEL PARKER

You DO trust me... don't you,
Elvis?

In a slightly dreamed-out daze, Elvis responds:

ELVIS

Well, yes sir. I do, sir. And
whatever you say, I'll do.

The Colonel releases his touch and the spell is broken.

COLONEL PARKER

Good boy, Elvis. Good boy.

Another distinctive MUSIC CUE kicks in as we:

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. THE "LISA MARIE" - DAY (1973)

36,000 feet in the air, the "LISA MARIE", Elvis's famous Convair 880 jet, cruises above the clouds. We MOVE IN through a window in a CONTINUOUS SHOT along the luxurious interior of the airplane, passing the Colonel, who sits in a spacious recliner up front. He's talking a blue streak into a massive HANDSET of a circa 1970's AIR TELEPHONE.

The Boys are in the center of the plane, playing cards. Shelby makes a lewd joke and they all laugh. DOCTOR JACK, a dour physician dressed in a tacky suit, sits beside Elvis, his SPECIAL DOCTOR'S BAG open. Like a fishing tackle box, the bag is filled with a galaxy of multi-colored PILL BOTTLES. He chooses one and hands it to Elvis.

EXT. MGM STUDIOS - DAY (1973)

A spectacular image of the GATES at MGM PICTURES, as they swing wide. Elvis is at the wheel of a shiny black 1973 LINCOLN MARK IV which pulls onto the lot. The Colonel rides shotgun. Otis, Cooter, Shelby and Stack are tucked in the back seat.

EXT. MGM STUDIOS EXECUTIVE OFFICES - DAY (1973)

The Boys linger in a luxurious waiting room, swarming an obscenely well-stocked BAR. Elvis and the Colonel move toward the main door of a glitzy executive office. They reach the door ... just as a LOUD OBNOXIOUS VOICE calls out.

SUNNY (O.S.)

Hey, King! How's the rain on the
rhubarb?

BILL "SUNNY" DAYES, an annoying high-voiced TV comic (think Ronnie Schell or Dick Shawn) comes bounding over.

The Colonel, always smooth, casually whispers the required info into Elvis's ear.

COLONEL PARKER

It's Bill "Sunny" Dayes.

Sunny pumps Elvis's hand like his number one fan, his sleazy grin showing all teeth and Hollywood shmooze.

SUNNY

You gotta remember me, man! We made that Wild Bikini Love-In together, remember? 1967?

ELVIS

Sunny, I could never forget you.

SUNNY

I just got the word last night, I'm gonna be on this picture too, and I gotta tell you, it's some killer groovy news! I'm yer sidekick again. Just like old times, buddy, we're gonna take out the bad guys and tag some tail.

His laughter sours the air like a fart at a funeral.

Having had enough, Elvis makes a conspiratorial nod to Shelby, across the room.

SHELBY

Hey Sunny, you need a drink over here?

Without losing a beat, Sunny backs away to the bar, his fingers in the air like six-guns.

SUNNY

Duty calls! I'll see you cats later, huh. Let's hang some, okay? Great to be workin' with you again, King.

Elvis shakes his head. Was that guy for real? It's back to business for the Colonel over at the door:

COLONEL PARKER

Now remember, Elvis. I'll hold up one finger and you say: "That's right, Colonel." And if I hold up two fingers it's: "We do whatever the Colonel says."

ELVIS

Check.

INT. MICKEY BLANDMAN'S OFFICE - DAY - MOMENTS LATER (1973)

MICKEY BLANDMAN, a young executive with an excited edge to his voice, faces Elvis and the Colonel at a long teakwood desk. He pantomimes a movie screen as he lays it on thick:

MICKY BLANDMAN

It's called The Curse of The She-Vampires. Doesn't that title just give you the chills?

ELVIS

More like the runs. You talkin' about one of them terror pitures?

MICKEY BLANDMAN

But classy. We just signed the great Claude Killgore this morning to play the baddie.

ELVIS

Isn't that guy dead?

MICKEY BLANDMAN

Not yet. A little old. Check these out.

Blandman proffers a sheaf of LOBBY CARDS to the Colonel who quickly scans them and hands them to Elvis. CLOSE on the photos, we see CLAUDE KILLGORE in his famous roles from the 30's and 40's: an Egyptian Mummy, a dapper Nosferatu, Frankenstein's monster, the Phantom, Hunchback, etc.

COLONEL PARKER

Oh Elvis, Killgore's a legend. It was him, Karloff and Lugosi. Scared the hell out of me when I was a kid.

ELVIS

You tellin' me there're monsters...and I sing?

BLANDMAN

That's the cool part, Elvis. We get the best of both worlds. You play Clay Burton.

(MORE)

BLANDMAN (cont'd)

A freelance demon hunter who moonlights as a nightclub singer to rid the world of vampires. You've read the script, right?

ELVIS

Refresh my memory.

BLANDMAN

The story's a gasser! Spooky stuff. Set in New Orleans. We've got several hot new directors just dying to--

COLONEL PARKER

Yes, yes, fine. But what we don't want is to be stuck in a studio again, shooting all the scenes against that phony rear projection.

MICKEY BLANDMAN

Come again? Location on an Elvis picture? You gotta be kidding me. Only David Lean goes on location.

COLONEL PARKER

If we don't break from tradition on this project, Elvis just may not have time to participate.

The Colonel looks to Elvis, one finger touching his ear.

ELVIS

Thas right, Colonel.

COLONEL PARKER

In fact, I have already taken the liberty of selecting a truly authentic location down in New Orleans for our purposes, based on the ambiances called for in your "gasser" of a film script.

Blandman blanches. He's already afraid for his job.

MICKEY BLANDMAN

What's it gonna cost? This location.

COLONEL PARKER

Just a hair over a million dollars. And I'll be needin' that by the end of the day - in cash.

A long beat as Blandman digests this. Then, very even:

MICKEY BLANDMAN
Colonel Parker, sir...are you out
of your fucking mind?

EXT. MGM STUDIOS LOT - DAY (1973)

THEME MUSIC UP - CLOSE on a big fat SILVER BRIEFCASE, presumably filled with greenbacks, swinging at the side of Colonel Parker. WIDER, we see he and Elvis leading the boys back toward the Lincoln in a final, iconic SLOW MOTION SHOT.

INT. PLYMOUTH - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

Back to PRESENT DAY, we see the road reflected in CLOSE-UP in Old Elvis's sunglasses as he stares out the window, deep in thought.

NURSE ELLA
What're you mumblin' about back
there?

Elvis looks up, realizes where he is, then returns to staring out the window.

ELVIS
Nothin'.

The car barrels down the highway.

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

Nurse Ella stands in front of a "Men's Room" door. She listens closely. The sound of GRUNTING coming through from inside.

PULL BACK to see the Plymouth parked alongside a pump at the World's Creepiest Filling Station. In the middle of nowhere, it's a desolate place - grungy windows, rickety boards and a tin roof.

NURSE ELLA
Mr. Haff, are you making a B.M.? I
don't think you had one since the
day before yesterday.

From inside the rank john we hear:

ELVIS (V.O.)
 I can't do nothing with you
 hoverin' out there. For Christ's
 sake, get the hell back in the car!

Nurse Ella harumphs and exits frame.

INT. GAS STATION BATHROOM - NIGHT

Elvis lets out a harumph of his own, sitting on the toilet. His pants still on, he listens for a moment, making sure his nurse is gone...then reaches into a jacket pocket, producing a small unmarked SALVE JAR.

He unzips his fly and opens his trousers. Takes a look south. His face goes sour. Apparently it's pretty ugly down there.

ELVIS
 (to his member)
 What the hell YOU lookin' at,
 shorty?

Disgusted, Elvis rips the cap off the jar and gets a handful of the goopy yellow dick medicine we saw in BUBBA HO-TEP.

ELVIS
 Non-malignant boil, my entire ass.

He applies it to the infected area with a begrudged grumble.

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

At the pump, Nurse Ella watches the display count off gallons and dollars. Behind her the half-dead neon BEER SIGNS flicker, HILLBILLY EPHEMERA is everywhere. The pump clicks to a stop at \$42 and Ella reaches for the NOZZLE.

Suddenly, a HAND grabs hold of Ella's gas nozzle hand as a sleazy voice speaks from close behind her.

DOOLEY
 Lemme stick that nozzle in the
 cradle for you, honey.

Ella spins around to find DOOLEY JETER, a greasy, fat, fifty-something gas jockey sizing her up like a piece of Prime Grade-A. She jerks her hand away from his touch.

DOOLEY (CONT'D)

(leering)

You that old guy's nurse? Or's he
some kinda sugar daddy Elvis?

NURSE ELLA

Um, that's forty two dollars. And
it's none of your business. Here's
your money.

She holds out TWO TWENTIES and a FIVE. He takes the money.

DOOLEY

Don't get so sore.

Nurse Ella rolls her eyes, ignoring him.

NURSE ELLA

(to herself)

Lord, give me strength.

As she steps by him toward her car, Dooley suddenly takes her
by the arm and pulls Ella up close.

DOOLEY

Just give us a little kiss.

Horrified, Nurse Ella pulls away, but his grip is firm.

INT. GAS STATION BATHROOM - NIGHT

Elvis pulls his pants up, then leans over the grimy sink to
wash his hands. A STRANGE NOISE creeps across the soundtrack.
Elvis listens intently, his hands hovering over the running
water.

A beat. Nothing there.

He looks up into the bathroom mirror...and suddenly,
reflected in the mirror we see:

The face of COLONEL PARKER leering over Elvis's shoulder,
surrounded by a strange mist! With a voice smothered in a
hallucinatory echo, the Colonel begins to speak:

COLONEL PARKER

Hello, Elvis.

ELVIS

What th'... Sam Hill?

COLONEL PARKER

It's come time to TCB, Elvis.

Elvis is completely shell-shocked. As the Colonel's words echo away, Elvis spins to face: Nothing!

Was Colonel Parker there at all? Elvis rubs his eyes in bewilderment.

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

Rolling THUNDER is heard in the distance as Dooley leans in close...

DOOLEY

C'mon, your ol' man will never know. He's on the crapper. Just give us a little kiss.

Ella attempts to recoil, but he restrains her.

ELLA

Let me go, please.

DOOLEY

This party's just gettin' started.

Nurse Ella's face turns steely and she slaps at him. Dooley is too quick and grabs her arm in mid-slap with his other hand. Undeterred, Ella STOMPS down, getting him good in the foot with the heel of her shoe. As Dooley HOWLS and lets Ella go, she backs right into the arms of JED JETER, Dooley's even fatter, weirder son! Jed is about six-four and 300 pounds. He locks his arms around her, smiling a wicked checkerboard of missing teeth, hissing:

JED

Why, you're a little hellcat, aintcha? Got big daddy over there ALL worked up. Best just to let him have his way when he's worked up. Know what I mean?

Dooley comes back at her, his mouth dripping with drool. We can't tell if he's turned on or pissed off...but it's a real strange sight. As Dooley slithers his hands along Ella's goods, Jed keeps her nearly still as she struggles. Dooley's eyes are wide and crazy as he heaves his next words, his son giggling over her shoulder like a cartoon cat.

DOOLEY

Now let's try that again. Get friendly with me, sweet thing. Just a little taste. Yeah.

As his thick, slimy lips come within an inch of hers:

ELVIS (O.S.)

Now the way I see this thang...

Dooley whips around to find Elvis, firmly planted in his walker, standing right behind him. With a determined snarl, Elvis stares down the cracker.

ELVIS (CONT'D)

...is you got yourself two choices here.

With pretty good speed for an elderly gent in his seventies, Elvis's hands CUT THROUGH THE AIR and he strikes a martial arts pose, tiger fists at the ready.

ELVIS (CONT'D)

Left. Or Right.

DOOLEY

Now, don't get your diapers in a bunch, Grandpa. Your girl and me's just gettin' friendly. That's all.

ELVIS

Let'er go, you sick sacks o' shit.

Jed shoves Ella into Dooley's arms and steps toward Elvis. The mountainous redneck reaches for his TOOLBELT and yanks off a mean-looking MONKEYWRENCH. Slaps it into his hand. Reaches out a thick finger and taps it right in Elvis's chest.

JED

If I wuz you, old man, I'd be takin' back those words.

ELVIS

That's the trouble, son. I ain't you.

Without warning, Elvis jerks down hard on his walker handle. The walker leg pops up in the air, scoring a DIRECT HIT on Jed's nuts! Yelling, Jed makes a fast swipe with the big Monkeywrench...but Elvis - with just a bit more martial arts grace and speed than we'd expect - slips out of the way. Missing Elvis, Jed's momentum tips himself off balance.

As he heads for the dirt, the King plants a blunt elbow clean in the cracker's nose, popping it like a tomato. SPLAT! OUCH! The punishment fits the crime.

Elvis takes a deep breath and flexes his muscles a bit. He twirls his walker around once in the air, like a stickfighter, and plants it firmly in the ground. He makes it look graceful in a quirky-as-hell way.

ELVIS (CONT'D)
Shoulda told you boys...

Ella's jaw hangs open as she stands speechless, watching this bizarre turn of events. Dooley too is dumbfounded.

ELVIS (CONT'D)
...never fuck with the King.

Elvis aims his finger at Dooley. The drooling cracker gets the message and lets Ella go. She quickly gets in the car. Dooley watches, still stunned, as Elvis clambers into the back seat, slams the door. They tear out, leaving Dooley standing in the dust, next to the unconscious Jed.

CLOSE: On Dooley's face, as he watches them disappear, getting worked up again.

DOOLEY
Goddamn hit and run old fart!

Dooley grabs a BASEBALL BAT from near the register and rushes over to his close by PICKUP TRUCK. He jumps in, SLAMS THE DOOR and rams the key into the ignition.

He turns to the driver's windshield, and suddenly catches sight of SOMETHING in the rear-view mirror. A GLEAMING RED EYE, leering just over his shoulder! Dooley spins around to find himself face-to-face with a large VAMPIRE BAT, hanging upside down, right behind him! In a screaming BLUR of flapping wings, black fur and drooling FANGS, the creature leaps out of the Extra Cab in back and comes right at him!!!

WIDER: The whole truck bounces and shakes as a horrific DEATH STRUGGLE IS HEARD inside, with flapping wings and flailing hands.

As LIGHTNING STRIKES overhead, the camera cranes down to the ground and we see JED'S FEET prone, twitching in the foreground. We then pan to reveal...TWO HUGE VAMPIRE BATS clamped and sucking vigorously on either side of Jed's neck.

EXT. NEW ORLEANS OUTSKIRTS - VARIOUS - NIGHT

A ROAD SIGN illuminated by a brilliant flash of lightning reads "**Entering Orleans Parish.**"

Stormclouds billow, thunder rolls and lightning strikes as the Plymouth roars toward New Orleans. It's an epic establishing shot, our heroes arriving in the center of a gathering storm.

The Plymouth travels over a bridge, through an outlying SWAMP ...and enters the city proper. We see a series of dark and creepy traveling shots, moving past DESERTED HOUSES, smoldering trash can FIRES and assorted WRECKAGE, the residue of poverty and the most recent hurricane. The car moves out of the central city and toward the outskirts. It crosses another bridge over a dark marshland area and the Plymouth arrives at:

EXT. GRAND DAUPHIN FRONT GATE - NIGHT

The Grand Dauphin is a run-down old three-story Victorian MANSION. It adjoins a nearby CEMETERY, a decaying graveyard filled with massive above-ground marble crypts and headstones. The other side of the mansion is bordered by a murky, tree-shrouded SWAMP. Dramatic shots establish the locale, illuminated by lightning flashes in classic Hammer Horror style as it begins to RAIN.

INT. PLYMOUTH - NIGHT

Elvis stares at the mansion as they pull up to the main entrance. Rain coming steady now.

ELVIS

This ol' place seems familiar somehow.

NURSE ELLA

It should. I showed you the brochure this morning.

Elvis shrugs as Ella looks at him with a gentle sigh.

NURSE ELLA

Thank you for what you did back there. It was mighty chivalrous. I don't know how you did it, but I guess I sort of owe you one, don't I?

ELVIS

You don't owe me nothin'. We're even now. Let's just get this business over with and you be on your way.

NURSE ELLA

I promise you, if this facility doesn't work out, I'll--

ELVIS

I said you don't owe me nothin.'

Another sigh.

NURSE ELLA

Very well.

INT. GRAND DAUPHIN FOYER/RECEPTION - NIGHT

The chamber is huge and ornate, with a second floor landing overlooking a main reception area with Victorian-era columns and woodwork.

The main doors open and Nurse Ella, drenched from the rain, enters, struggling to pull a large travel TRUNK on wheels behind her. A sticker on the trunk reads "SEBASTIAN HAFF: A TRIBUTE TO THE KING." Elvis follows her inside, his walker losing traction on the slick marble floor.

The place is empty. There's no one in sight.

NURSE ELLA

Hello?

Her voice echoes. No response.

Nurse Ella rings the BELL on the counter. The long RING reverberates through the cavernous mansion.

A SERIES OF SHOTS show the mansion's various hallways and rooms of the place as the ring slowly fades. Still no answer.

Suddenly, Ella notices three ossified ELDERLY GEEZERS sitting in wheelchairs, in an alcove beside them.

NURSE ELLA

(surprised)

Oh, hello.

Elvis looks over at his new neighbors. The geezers stare blankly back at him.

ELVIS
 (irritated)
 Whattaya lookin' at?

Just blank stares. Elvis glances away, unnerved.

Nurse Ella picks up a clipboard from the desk, reads from it.

NURSE ELLA
 This here says if we come in after
 midnight, we're supposed to check
 ourselves in. You're in #47 and I'm
 four doors down in #51.

Elvis listens, rolling his eyes ruefully.

ELVIS
 Heartbreak Hotel, baby.

INT. GRAND DAUPHIN HALLWAY - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

As they move down a claustrophobic corridor, Nurse Ella and Elvis peer into the dimly-lit resident rooms. It's a sorry lot. The DENIZENS are confined to their beds. We can hear offscreen MOANING and the occasional WHIMPER.

Elvis and his nurse notice the TV ROOM, where we see another sad sight: a row of unsupervised OLD FOLKS, catatonic in their wheelchairs, some babbling and drooling, as they stare vacantly at a static-filled, old black and white TELEVISION SET.

Grimly, Ella pushes Elvis on.

INT. ELVIS'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Elvis's touring trunk drops into frame with a CLUNK and Elvis plops himself onto the bed with a loud groan. He empties his pockets and drops his silver MONEY CLIP with some bills in it on the dusty bedside table.

Elvis looks around the dark, dismal room -- with shelves of dusty OLD BOOKS and JUNK.

An antique Victrola RECORD PLAYER sits on a small dusty table nearby, the old funnel kind that plays 78s.

Nurse Ella moves to a nearby dressing mirror, wiping her finger through years of dust. She tries her best to put a positive spin on things.

NURSE ELLA
It's not so bad.

ELVIS
For 1955, maybe.

NURSE ELLA
You seem cranky. Do you have to
make another B.M.?

ELVIS
Just get out.

She gives up.

As she moves to the door, she turns back to Elvis with a concerned expression, like she wants to say something... but then exits and closes the door, leaving him alone.

Elvis lays back on the pillow and sighs. Same old situation. The SOUND of the rain is dismal and depressing.

ELVIS
(mutters to himself)
Oh gawwd. Here we go again.

He looks over, catching sight of his REFLECTION in the nearby mirror. Something tweaks his interest in his own image and he gets out of bed and moves over, getting a good long look at himself.

CLOSE: he touches his face, runs his finger along the lines of one of his wrinkles. We sense a subtle change in his appearance. Is he looking younger?

Elvis shrugs it off quickly, shaking his head. Then, he spots the old RECORD PLAYER and smiles.

LATER: CLOSE-UP of a 78 RECORD spinning on the old turntable. The tinny, crackling sound of SON HOUSE playing a blues guitar, his soulful singing voice floating across the room.

Elvis opens the curtains to a large window. Rain over, he looks down at a sprawling estate lit by moonlight, filled with trees and swampy marshes.

Just then, something below catches his eye:

A GROUP OF DARK FIGURES, with LANTERNS, shamble out of the shadows, carrying five long coffin-sized WOODEN CRATES. They hustle the crates into an entrance to the mansion's basement below, grunting with the heavy load.

HOLD on Elvis's face as he watches this strange business, his eyes narrowing. We now hear a YOUNG MAN'S VOICE:

VOICE (V.O.)

Let me tell you what this movie is all about, man...

INT. MOVIE MEETING ROOM - DAY (1973)

We are now back in time to 1973, as a young bearded MAN with glasses and an eccentric pep to his manner faces us in CLOSE-UP against a white wall. This is DIRECTOR ONE of the many young Turks under consideration to helm Elvis's new movie, a real Francis Ford Coppola-type:

DIRECTOR ONE

...it's about love and betrayal, lust and revenge. It's about a battle for the human soul and the true meaning of life and death.

In a JUMPCUT, we suddenly see DIRECTOR TWO in the exact same place, a young, fast-talking MARTY SCORSESE-type with a New York accent:

DIRECTOR TWO

It's about tits, about ass, about gory spectacle! Horror with a heart of gold, exploitation in the best sense of the word!

Another JUMPCUT brings us DIRECTOR THREE, a Woody Allen-type with a nebbish delivery:

DIRECTOR THREE

It's a didactic reflection, subtextual resonance, strong verisimilitude. I want to explore the deep Oedipal relationship between a man and his mother...

Finally we see Young Elvis sitting across the table with Blandman and the Colonel. The King hangs his head with a sigh:

ELVIS

Oh maaaayn. What say we just get Artie Nadel? He did a bang-up job on "Clambake".

Colonel Parker rifles through some papers, irritated.

COLONEL PARKER

Not available.

Everybody looks put off.

We JUMP CUT BACK to the meeting room in the exact same spot, bringing the image of twenty-five-year-old DIRK SILVER centerscreen. He's a cross between a young Billy Friedkin and a young John Cassavettes. With sunglasses and a thick ascot, he motions wildly with his hands as he speaks.

DIRK SILVER

No, no, no, they've got it all wrong. What this film needs is the European auteur approach. Godard meets Roger Corman! I see Clay Burton as a classic serial hero for the here and now. A 1970's role model for children, but tough enough for adults to identify with as well. A hard charger...yet sensitive, reflective.

ELVIS

What I wanna know is, what's this picture gonna be LIKE when my fans watch it later?

Silver looks Elvis directly in the eye.

DIRK SILVER

It will be the best you've ever made, Elvis. Picture it:

Silver NARRATES as IMAGES of the grand spectacle he envisions unfold: Elvis in a full black-leather JUMPSUIT, like a superhero, a gold-plated PISTOL in each fist. A sexy bevy of scantily-clad, all-bad VAMPIRE BABES slinking around poles in a striptease club, showing off fangs and flesh. A roadhouse bar fight with fists and chairs flying. The King standing toe-to-toe with the hideous, iconic CLAUDE KILLGORE, surrounded by monsters and facing impossible odds.

DIRK SILVER (V.O.)

A small town in the bayou backwaters besieged by the powers of darkness. And Clay Burton, rock singer by day, two-fisted demon hunting mercenary by night--facing off against a horde of vampire strippers in a garish den of inequity.

ELVIS
How's it end, man?

DIRK SILVER
You kill 'em all, Elvis. And get
the girl, of course.

COLONEL PARKER
(nodding his approval)
We may just have a deal, my young
friend.

The Colonel holds up two fingers to his temple. Elvis shrugs.

ELVIS
Whatever the Colonel says, man.

We do a 70's style FLIP-WIPE TRANSITION to:

An ESTABLISHING SHOT showing a small fleet of MGM TRUCKS passing a road sign which reads:

NEW ORLEANS: 25 miles

This shot launches us into a MONTAGE showing Dirk Silver's crew gearing up and starting production in Louisiana. There is a live-wire energy to this sequence which captures the rolling roadshow excitement of a real movie shoot taking over a location...

- The trucks are unloaded by an army of grips, gaffers, teamsters, assistants, and assistants-to-the-assistants.
- Arc Lights and camera rigs are pushed along. Generators are wired and fired up. The techs work their magic.
- A pretty young costumer, JILL TAYLOR, rolls a rack of Elvis's outfits across a parking lot filled with dressing room trailers. Jill is a simple girl in her early twenties, as country as a chicken coop. We TRACK WITH HER for a while and then...
- Dirk Silver descends into frame, riding a huge CAMERA CRANE next to his CINEMATOGRAPHER as he calls "ACTION!" on the first shot:

Elvis, as Clay Burton, steps from the driver's side of a sleek, black EL DORADO, looking tough and manly against a Magic Hour sunset in a graveyard. Shoves a CIGARILLO into his mouth, looking cool. We see quick images of Elvis digging up a grave and cracking open a coffin. As he opens the lid...

The pale woman CORPSE inside suddenly opens its eyes with a SCREAM! Elvis quickly stakes it through the heart with a thick wooden SPIKE.

EXT. BAYOU ROAD - DUSK (1973)

A long BLACK LIMOUSINE blows down a deserted road through an overgrown swampy bayou.

EXT. MANSION - DUSK (1973)

The limo pulls up at an old Victorian estate that bears a distinct resemblance to a certain mansion-cum-rest-home we are familiar with. Yes, this is the Grand Dauphin, although this sequence being thirty years previous, it's not near as run down.

Cooter gets out of the driver's side, goes around back and pops the trunk. He hauls the big silver briefcase from inside (with the MGM cash in it). Colonel Parker steps out of the limo along with SANDY STEWART, a beautiful young local girl who has long blonde hair and a big smile. The Colonel escorts her in a gentleman-like manner by the hand. Cooter comes over and hands him the case of money, which he takes in his other hand.

COLONEL PARKER

Cooter, I'd be much obliged if you'd cool your jets out here for a little while. Miss Stewart and I have some business to attend to.

He turns to Sandy with a bow.

COLONEL PARKER

Shall we be off, my dear?

She giggles and takes his arm.

INT. GRAND DAUPHIN UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR - NIGHT (1973)

Parker leads Sandy down a dimly-lit corridor.

COLONEL PARKER

I think you will be perfect for the role.

Sandy stops in her tracks and puts her hands on her hips.

SANDY

You know I don't do nudity.

COLONEL PARKER

(reassuring)

Oh I know dear. That won't be required. Come along now.

He takes her by the hand and we FOLLOW them along to a door at the far end which they enter.

INT. GRAND DAUPHIN UPSTAIRS DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT (1973)

The Colonel produces a key and locks the door behind them. They step into a large, elegant chamber, ceilings twenty feet high, old world wooden architecture and massive windows.

Soon, a STRANGE SOUND is heard, like muted voices, spooky phantom whispering. Sandy looks worried and excited. The Colonel gives her a reassuring look.

A smile creeps across the Colonel's face as, leading to the upstairs veranda, a set of FRENCH DOORS mysteriously part, and as a ghostly wind picks up, curls of STRANGE MIST crawl along the floor...

COLONEL PARKER

(to himself)

Always on time, my friends. I do admire punctuality.

The Colonel raises his cigar to his lips. Drags deep. Heavy deal about to go down here.

CLOSE TRACKING on the mist crawling across the floor, as a pair of SNAKESKIN BOOTS seems to materialize, the hardwood heels striking the floor, moving slowly toward the Colonel. Three sets of BARE FEET appear, following behind.

In the center of the procession are three sexy "Daughters Of Darkness", SONIA, NATASHA and HELGA: stunningly beautiful but with hard European features, and very little clothing. Sonia, the scheming slut of the group, has long dark hair pulled back in a braid. Natasha and Helga are a bit more wide-eyed, but ooze sex from every pore, twin sisters of evil with wild hair and full, black lips; the two move almost in unison with every move they make. Sonia's clearly the top bitch.

Sandy pulls back from Colonel Parker's arm, fearful.

SANDY

Oh, my.

The three women hang close to a central figure: the man with the snakeskin boots. This is PRINCE FRANZ GUSTAV BLACK, an imposing figure with long, black hair, pulled back in a pony tail. His face is stony with dark, mesmerizing eyes. His voice is hard, raspy from too many years and too many cigarettes. He has a slightly Southern accent, though he is descended from German royalty:

BLACK

Hello, Andreas... or should I call you "Colonel"?

COLONEL PARKER

When in America, Prince "Black".

SONIA (GERMAN/SUBTITLED)

(Why do you indulge this sideshow huckster? He's a waste of our time.)

PRINCE BLACK (GERMAN/SUBTITLED)

(Cool it.)

Parker bows deeply to Black and his entourage in a grand Southern style, then reaches over to take Sandy's hand, leading her forward, gentle and polite. He speaks to her softly.

COLONEL PARKER

Sandy, my dear, may I introduce you to my associate, Prince Franz Gustav Black. And his lovely wives. Natasha, Helga...and sweet Sonia.

Sandy swoons at the sight of the Prince. Black's eyes fix her with a DEEP PENETRATING STARE, and she seems to fall under a spell, walking slowly toward him.

The Colonel watches intently, his eyes narrowing, raising the cigar to his lips again.

The wives get a little hot and bothered, hissing just under their breaths as the hapless young woman comes closer to them. Prince Black reels her in, his eyes blazing with intense, irresistible power.

She now stands directly before him, her breath coming short in soft, desperate gasps. Prince Black lays a hand on her neck and casually pulls the string tie of her dress. Gravity does the rest and her dress falls to her feet. Standing naked, Sandy smiles, looking deep into the Prince's eyes when:

Sonia suddenly lunges forward and SLASHES at the girl's throat with her claws! Blood shoots out in a quick spray! The dark, evil vampire women bear their FANGS, pouncing on the poor girl, tearing into her just off-camera at the Prince's feet. As this feeding frenzy goes down, the Colonel raises his eyebrows, addressing the Prince:

COLONEL PARKER

I see your wives are as charming as ever.

PRINCE BLACK

Let's cut the chit-chat, "Colonel." None of us are in any mood for your phony "Southern gentleman" bullshit.

COLONEL PARKER

The South accepts me as one of its own. Simply because I have lived other lives, there is no reason to assume that this is not where I truly belong.

PRINCE BLACK

Where you belong is hanging from a meat hook. Our Clan only allows you to live because you still have value.

COLONEL PARKER

Indeed.

Colonel Parker sets his briefcase on a nearby table and pops the latches. He opens it to reveal the MILLION DOLLARS.

COLONEL PARKER (CONT'D)

A million American dollars, my good friend. Call it my parting gift to you.

PRINCE BLACK

Parting, Andreas? Hardly. We still have not been introduced to the other royalty you work for.

The Colonel dodges this subject and, thinking on his feet, quickly shifts gears to full-tilt salesman mode.

COLONEL PARKER

Speaking of royalty, Louisiana was the first home of the Fathers Of Darkness, two centuries ago.

PRINCE BLACK

You know I'm not talking about them, and I certainly don't need a history lesson from you, Andreas!

COLONEL PARKER

Indulge me, please. History only repeats itself for those who lack vision. Back then, your kind were hunted down and exterminated in these very backwaters. You DO remember how valuable my services were in the old country, helping you survive the Nazi witch hunts before the war. So it shall be again. Only this time, it shall be YOU who does the exterminating.

PRINCE BLACK

Pray tell.

COLONEL PARKER

Ours is a small gift. The ability to hypnotize a man, a wife, a child. But we have been thinking far too small. I am here on other business. Important business. I am here producing a major motion picture for MGM Studios. And movies, ladies and gentlemen, have the power to hypnotize the entire world, and that is no bullshit.

Black considers this for a moment.

PRINCE BLACK

What exactly do you have in mind?

COLONEL PARKER

The heart of power is Hollywood. If you could control Hollywood, you could control the entire human race. What's that worth to you, Prince?

On the floor Sonia pulls herself from her meal, blood dripping from her fangs, looking like she's just seen a Golden Goose walk into the room.

SONIA (GERMAN/SUBTITLED)

(And we could be in the movies, my love!)

Natasha eagerly chimes in, blood spilling from her mouth.

NATASHA (GERMAN/SUBTITLED)
(Just like Farrah Fawcett!)

COLONEL PARKER
I could certainly arrange with the director to find suitable roles in our new production for our fine lady friends here, were his highness so inclined.

Prince Black seems to chew on this.

PRINCE BLACK
Yes. That could be very...time-consuming, couldn't it?

Suddenly the creaky, distorted voice of an OLD WOMAN interrupts:

VOICE (O.S.)
{I hunger, my son. When shall I feast, as promised?}

The Colonel, taken aback, looks over...and, from the darkness at the edge of the room, we see a weird, INHUMAN FIGURE rolling towards us on some sort of motorized cart or wheelchair. It remains shrouded in shadows, but we can make out a few glimmering details...and there are RED EYES in the center of the creature's face that burn us with intense evil.

The Colonel is shaken somewhat, but holds it together.

COLONEL
(to the shape)
Well...hello.
(to Black)
Dear Prince, you hadn't informed me that your . . . other relations would be joinin' us.

The figure rolls forward, a malevolent, terrifying presence.

PRINCE BLACK
Don't play dumb, Colonel. You know why she's here. What is yours...is ours.

COLONEL PARKER
Oh, him? He's not worthy of your concern. Besides, I prefer to keep the music business separate.

The Prince steps forward, a simmering anger in his voice.

PRINCE BLACK

DO NOT EVER presume to tell me what
is worth my concern and what is
not, Andreas.

The Prince affixes the Colonel with a PENETRATING STARE. The Colonel tries his best to evade the Prince's willful gaze ...but his immense and overwhelming power grabs hold of Parker.

PRINCE BLACK (CONT'D)

You will bring him to us. Do I make
myself clear?

GULPING hard, the Colonel, barely able to speak, replies haltingly:

COLONEL PARKER

Crystal. My Prince.

As we MOVE IN for an uncomfortably close shot on the Colonel's face, his sweat-rimmed eyes filling the screen, we

SHOCK CUT TO:

INT. ELVIS'S BEDROOM - DAWN (**PRESENT DAY**)

CLOSE ON Old Elvis, as he thrashes in his sleep, mumbling. He starts awake, sits up and sees a FIGURE seated in the wheelchair by the door. It's a very dreamy vision. Elvis peers intently. He grabs his glasses and puts them on. The illusory figure slowly leans toward him, into the light.

ELVIS

Colonel?

It is Colonel Parker, although his skin is waxy and pale and there is a phantom-like quality about him.

COLONEL PARKER

Hello again, Elvis.

ELVIS

Get the hell outta here, man. You
ain't real!

COLONEL PARKER

I'm as real as you are, Elvis.

ELVIS
But you're dead.

COLONEL PARKER
And yet here I sit. And here we
are...

As Elvis ponders the Colonel's words, the LIGHTS come up and he looks over to see:

Nurse Ella throws open the WINDOW CURTAINS and the brilliant morning SUNSHINE streams through.

NURSE ELLA
Well, well, well, how's my favorite
patient feeling today, huh, Mr.
Haff?

Elvis blinks and looks back to where the Colonel was sitting, but sees only an EMPTY WHEELCHAIR.

ELVIS
You see someone in here? Just now?

NURSE ELLA
Excuse me?

ELVIS
Oh never mind.

Nurse Ella moves to a nearby TRAY sitting on a wheeled gurney and rolls it over to Elvis's bedside. A green cloth covers the tray.

NURSE ELLA
I thought we'd start out your stay
here by taking care of that little
... thing that needs to be taken
care of.

ELVIS
Ahh, forget it. I told you I been
lubin' the old crankshaft myself.

NURSE ELLA
What I had in mind was a more
definitive treatment.

She pulls the cloth off the tabletop, revealing a SURGERY TRAY containing a bottle of IODINE, a bowl of GAUZE, COTTON SWABS...and a GIANT LANCING NEEDLE. She brandishes the nasty sharp piercing implement, the silver tip gleaming.

ELVIS
Sweet Jesus, lady.

NURSE ELLA
Please, no blaspheming. If we can drain the infected pus from the boil, your recovery time will be much quicker.

ELVIS
You're gonna stick me with that thing?

NURSE ELLA
And after that, I'll cauterize it.

She demonstrates by revealing a miniature JET-FLAME, clicks it on and adjusts the nozzle to a bright hissing blue. Then shuts it off and sets it back on the table.

Elvis stares at this in total abject horror.

NURSE ELLA
You'll just feel a little prick, as it were. Unless you'd like me to anesthetize your penis first?

ELVIS
Honey, I have enough problems down there. The last thing I need is a numb dick!

Nurse Ella lifts a SYRINGE with a four-inch needle.

Elvis's horror turns to resignation, and then he just shrugs.

ELVIS
Go ahead. Hit me.

As Nurse Ella begins to pull back the bedclothes, Elvis picks out a spot on the wall and stares at it, bracing himself.

Nurse Ella holds the lancing needle up and pulls Elvis's pajama drawers down. Her brow knits in confusion at what she sees.

NURSE ELLA
Mister Haff!

She lowers the needle and looks at Elvis with a smile. Elvis halfway snaps out of his trance.

ELVIS

Huh? What?

He looks down and sees what she sees.

ELVIS

Well, I'll be damned.

Nurse Ella puts the needle back on the tray.

NURSE ELLA

Guess we won't be needing this,
will we?

ELVIS

I don't get it. Damn thing was
swollen up like a bloodshot evil
eye last night.

Nurse Ella rolls the tray away.

NURSE ELLA

You were probably just seeing
things, you were so tired. I told
you it was just a boil, and now
it's almost gone.

Nurse Ella moves away from him and Elvis pulls up his pajamas and levers his feet onto the floor, pretty smoothly. Gets out of the bed and, without even thinking about it, stretches his arms out, standing full upright, like a young man! Nurse Ella turns back from the tray and sees this. She reacts with mild amazement, then concern as she comes back over to him.

NURSE ELLA

Mister Haff, you be careful now! I
know you've been feeling better,
but your hip is still on the mend,
and...

She checks his bandaged rib cage.

NURSE ELLA (CONT'D)

. . . your ribs. They seem to be
much better.

ELVIS

Feels fine, too.

His nurse is consternated.

NURSE ELLA

I don't understand. You were a mess two days ago.

ELVIS

TCB, baby.

NURSE ELLA

You sit down in that chair and take it easy. I'll take you out for some air and we can see the grounds.

Elvis shrugs, and we see some of his vitality fade away. He waddles over to the wheelchair and sits.

ELVIS

I thought you an' me were over-and-out. I mean, you don't gotta take care of me no more, do you?

Nurse Ella unlocks the wheelchair, turns it and begins backing Elvis toward the door.

NURSE ELLA

You're still my patient. I'm responsible for you. But it's strange here, it gives me the jimmys. I just can't get a handle on who's running this place.

Suddenly a FIGURE is in the doorway behind them.

NURSE DUCKSOIL

That would be me.

Both Nurse Ella and Elvis start in surprise at the woman's sudden appearance.

NURSE DUCKSOIL

Good morning, Miss Mumford. My name is Nurse Ducksoil. I am in charge of this facility.

NURSE INGRID DUCKSOIL is a sallow, thin woman with sunken cheeks. The camera captures her in an ominous UP ANGLE as she glowers.

Elvis turns and gets a load of the strange nurse with an expression of bemused revulsion.

NURSE ELLA

Oh, you startled us. Err...I meant no disrespect. Umm, it's a fine establishment you have here.

NURSE DUCKSOIL

I see that you're checked in. I need to acquaint you both with several rules. Upstairs is off limits, as it remains a private residence. The downstairs basement is also off limits. There's no smoking within the building and you'll find "defib" paddles located in every hall. And a urine and fecal specimen will be required daily.

Ella rolls her eyes as Elvis blanches.

NURSE DUCKSOIL

I understand that you will be staying on for another week.

NURSE ELLA

That's right. I'll see that Mr. Haff gets settled before I leave.

Nurse Ella smiles nervously and starts moving out the door.

NURSE ELLA

If you'll excuse me, I'm going to take my patient out to get a little sunshine.

EXT. GRAND DAUPHIN VERANDA - DAY (LATER)

Nurse Ella wheels Elvis along a rickety wooden veranda which overlooks an immense, mysterious swamp that disappears in the distance into a shroud of vines and moss hanging from cypress and tupelo trees. A few OLD PEOPLE are milling about, sitting in wheelchairs. Elvis is wheeled across the veranda in SLOW MOTION as we take in the creepy surroundings.

CHIEF (V.O.)

My rule extended to the twelve nations of the Lakota Sioux.

JUMPCUT to a CU on a stoic, well-built old man of Native American descent, standing at the edge of the veranda, facing outward towards the swamp: THE CHIEF.

We catch him in the middle of a monologue, as Elvis sits behind him in his wheelchair. Nurse Ella takes a smoke break nearby, keeping half an eye on them.

CHIEF (CONT'D)
 Forty-six tribes, five thousand
 armed warriors, eight thousand head
 of horse. And twenty-seven wives.

Elvis chokes.

ELVIS
 Twenty-seven wives???

Elvis whistles in amazement.

CHIEF
 And I loved every single one. That
 was until the white man came along
 ...and fucked everything up.

The Chief sits down into his own wheelchair, parked alongside Elvis. For a moment Elvis turns contemplative.

ELVIS (CONT'D)
 You know I only had one wife.
 But I had me some girlfriends.

Chief looks over and sees Elvis with a sly smile.

ELVIS (CONT'D)
 And I loved every single one of
 them, too.

The Chief can't help but chuckle.

ELVIS (CONT'D)
 You got a name, man? I mean other
 than..."Chief".

CHIEF
 They called me the Bull. The
 Sitting Bull.

Elvis hardly misses a beat, putting tongue in cheek.

ELVIS
 So...you're the guy who sent the
 charge up from the south at Little
 Big Horn?

CHIEF
 You know your history.
 (beat)
 (MORE)

CHIEF (cont'd)

That was a day like no other. A hundred and forty years later they're still talking about it.

ELVIS

Custer's Last Stand. It's in all the school books. Some movies too.

The Chief spits on the ground, disgusted at the name.

CHIEF

Hollywood bullshit. Custer screamed like a woman and shit his pants when he was scalped.

ELVIS

Won the war though, didn't he?

CHIEF

My people are strong and resilient. Take away our land and we'll win it all back in our casinos.

ELVIS

Point. So, ahhh...I just got one question, Mister Bull: you look good and all, man, but how in hell're you still alive after a hundred and forty years?

CHIEF

Well...it's a little complicated.

QUICK WASH TO a fast-cut MONTAGE, illustrating The Chief's story: A group of 19th century western roadshow performers putting on a great Wild West Show to the amazement of a gawking crowd.

CHIEF (CONT'D)

I was a star attraction in Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show. That was in 1890. I was 74 years old. We reenacted the Little Big Horn every night of the week. Matinees too. We kicked Custer's ass hundreds of times.

We see a wildly-dressed Indian MEDICINE MAN tumbling off his horse and flailing on the ground during the show.

CHIEF (CONT'D)

One night in Wichita, a Paiute medicine man had a heart attack.

The Chief running over to help. The Medicine Man muttering incantations as he dies...

CHIEF (CONT'D)

When I got to him, he was already summoning the Great Spirit, asking for the blessing of eternal life. I guess there was a mix up.

ZAPPP!!! A jagged fist of lightning stabs down from the heavens, ensnaring The Chief and the medicine man. Everybody staggers back as the Chief is infused with an unearthly glow, and we WASH BACK TO the Chief telling his story:

CHIEF (CONT'D)

The old shaman's blessing froze me forever at this age. Some of my own people tried to do me in, but it didn't work, I cannot die. And it has become my curse as I have spent the last ninety-seven years shuffled around old folks homes all across the continent. I arrived here last week.

ELVIS

(ponders it)

Whoa. That's a tough story, man.

CHIEF

And what about yours? Mr. Elvis Presley.

Elvis gives him the narrow eye. He's been humoring this crazy guy so far...but now he can tell that this so-called "Chief" knows exactly who he is.

ELVIS

You know it's me? How?

The Chief nods and an unspoken bond passes between the two men, as Elvis sizes up the situation, wondering whether or not to trust him.

CHIEF

I'm full of surprises.

The moment is broken as Nurse Ella walks back over, a smile on her face, her smoke still lit between her fingers.

NURSE ELLA

You two gents getting along?

Elvis never takes his eye off the Chief, who nods to Ella.

ELVIS
Just peachy.

She unlocks Elvis's wheelchair and prepares to push him away.

ELVIS (CONT'D)
See you around the reservation,
Chief.

Elvis shoots him a mischievous look, but the Chief's expression turns dark.

CHIEF
Elvis. You keep your head down
. . . and don't stray after dark.

As Nurse Ella pushes him off, Elvis ponders that one.

INT. GRAND DAUPHIN DINING HALL - DAY

It's eating time and the room is full of old GEEZERS. Elvis is seated at a table and beside him is an annoying old coot named MONTY. Elvis digs into a plate of watery MACARONI.

MONTY
What the hell you supposed to be?
Some kinda rock n' roll guy?

Monty leans in closer than Elvis would like and peers suspiciously at him.

MONTY
You're the one moved in next door,
aren't ya? You're the guy playing
that loud rock music last night.
Right?

ELVIS
That was the blues, sir.

MONTY
I know all about you.

Monty gets agitated and jabs a finger at him.

MONTY
I went in your room and read about
you in that paper, that Texas
paper. If you're Elvis Presley,
then I'm Hoagy Carmichael.

Monty gets right in Elvis's face and leans in conspiratorially.

MONTY

Now Elvis, if you see any mummies tonight, you all gonna let me know, aren't ya?

Monty puts his hand on Elvis's shoulder. Elvis takes hold of his finger and, with a simple martial arts move, twists it over and pulls him in, nose-to-nose. Monty grunts, his big mouth momentarily paralyzed open, with half-chewed food in it.

ELVIS

I think I hear your nurse callin'.
It's time for your enema.

Elvis releases Monty, who rebounds into his FOOD TRAY. It topples off the table and falls on the floor with a loud CRASH! Everybody turns to look and Monty is mortified. He bends down for the tray...when he senses trouble.

He looks up to see Nurse Ducksoil looming behind him.

Monty is terrified. He stammers to talk and points at Elvis.

MONTY

It...it was HIS fault!

Nurse Ducksoil's glare could burn a hole in steel. Elvis watches as Monty relents and timidly submits, raising his hand out in front of Ducksoil in some kind of ritual.

WHACK! Without warning, Ducksoil lashes out with the STETHOSCOPE in her hand. The METAL CHESTPIECE whips across the back of Monty's outstretched hand with a sharp crack. Monty yelps.

NURSE DUCKSOIL

You've been marked, Mr. Montgomery.

We see a big red WELT growing on the back of Monty's hand.

She turns on her heel and exits. Elvis watches Monty tear up, then turns away with a grim expression. We HOLD on Elvis's face as we slowly

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GRAND DAUPHIN - NIGHTFALL

The sun drops behind the old mansion in TIMELAPSE. Wind blows and wolves howl, swamp crickets sawing creepy songs.

INT. ELVIS'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A record spins again on the Victrola and we can hear another blues guitar song playing. The sound is soulful and haunting. We see Nurse Ella in a ROCKING CHAIR near the door, Elvis in his bed.

NURSE ELLA

Well, you made a friend today.

ELVIS

I don't exactly know what to believe about him.

NURSE ELLA

Probably a case of dementia. Well, he's a nice man nonetheless.

She smiles vaguely, rocking, her mind adrift.

NURSE ELLA (CONT'D)

I never liked the blues all that much. Always reminds me of my Uncle.

ELVIS

He a musician?

NURSE ELLA

A singer. He raised me...took me on the road with him. I didn't have any other family. Those are good memories. When I was twelve he left me at an orphanage, said the road didn't suit a girl my age. I didn't see him again until years later.

ELVIS

What happened?

NURSE ELLA

Found him in a rest home in Alabama. He was sick. Bad care. They were treating him for the wrong thing, but...well, anyway, I was too late.

ELVIS
That why you got into nursin'?

NURSE ELLA
I suppose so.

They listen to the music for a while.

ELVIS
This here's Son House. Man, I grew up on this stuff. Used to go down to this old cat's porch, over on the edge of town. Us'ta sit there and watch him go. He'd have all his friends show up, play guitar all night. Man, that fella could sing. I was just a kid.

NURSE ELLA
You wanted to be a singer even then?

ELVIS
(contemplative)
Only thing that gave me pleasure.

A scowl crosses Elvis's face.

ELVIS (CONT'D)
You're just humoring me. You don't believe anything I say.

NURSE ELLA
Mr. Haff, isn't it time this charade ended? There ain't nothing wrong with just being yourself.

ELVIS
Just get the hell out.

Stung by his harsh words she moves to exit.

ELVIS (CONT'D)
And don't let the door hit you.

Nurse Ella shakes her head, flips off the light and shuts the door.

INT. GRAND DAUPHIN HALLWAY - NIGHT

Nurse Ella walks a few paces, then stops and lets out a frustrated sigh. A sudden CHILL blows through the air and she rubs her shoulders, her brow furrowing.

A WHISPER, seemingly from down the hall.

Nurse Ella looks, just in time to see a strange SHADOW vanish around a corner at the end of the hall.

The lights flicker overhead and dim.

NURSE ELLA
Hello? Someone there?

As she moves forward, we see the darkness behind her move, SHADOWS SLITHERING ACROSS THE WALLS, inching towards her like strange, phantasmal creatures. As Nurse Ella LEAVES FRAME, the shadows reach out, wisps of thick mist materializing to chase after her! We hear the WHISPERING SOUNDS reach a crescendo, and a SCREAM which muffles away to a low, pathetic whine as something mysterious happens off-camera...

. . . and then we PAN OVER to see the hallway where Nurse Ella was standing only a second earlier...but she has been swallowed by the creeping darkness! It disappears at the end of the hall, leaving nothing as we PULL SLOWLY BACK and the lights flicker again, leaving us alone in the hall.

FADE TO BLACK.

ELVIS (O.S.)
I know one thing for sure:
fightin' evil is a full time job...

INT. ROADHOUSE STRIP CLUB - NIGHT (1973)

FADE IN on a LONG PAN across an array of empty glasses and beer bottles.

ELVIS (O.S.) (CONT'D)
...and a dirty one, too. But
somebody's gotta do it.

TILT UP to reveal that we are looking up from a bar at Young Elvis now, in full wardrobe as Clay Burton acting in a scene from *Curse Of The She-Vampires*. Next to him sits Sunny Dayes, all greased up as his roadhouse sidekick lackey.

ELVIS

...And if that someone is me,
sugar, then I guess I just gotta
roll with the weirdness.

At the end of the bar, a raven haired beauty in a slinky outfit catches the eye of the two men. It's Laurina Famueax, played in the film by the thirtysomething blonde Raquel Welch-style scream queen-du-jour STELLA STERLING.

SUNNY

Yeah, boss, but what about fightin'
evil women?

Elvis give a wink to Stella, then backs away from the bar.

ELVIS

Well, lemme just tell you what I
think about that one, baby.

The MUSIC KICKS IN, a fast Jailhouse Rock-style shuffle, as Elvis launches into a full-out PRODUCTION NUMBER, which is fabulously choreographed and delightfully campy in the best over-the-top Hollywood rock musical tradition. The King works his way across the room, with three hotties falling in behind him, coming down the strip poles and dancing wildly. We see that they are the wives of Prince Black. Stella, the object of Elvis's affection, works her way coyly towards Elvis as he lays down the main lyric:

ELVIS (SINGING)

Well, its a dark night, honey and
I'm on the prowl, I'm playing
really dirty and I'm knockin'em
down, cause I'm a LADY KILLER,
baby! Yeah, I'm a LADY KILLER,
baby! I'm a man with a mission and
a spark in my eye, come and kiss
me, honey, and you just might die!

The place rocks out until it's time for Elvis to grab Stella and dip her for the big dramatic embrace...

...and she trips over her own two feet and flies into a table filled with prop glasses: SMASH!!!!

We hear someone yell "CUT!" And the set alarm goes off with an obnoxious BRANNGGG! The ASSISTANT DIRECTOR rushes over to help Stella up. Elvis stands, bemused, as Dirk Silver and the Assistant Director hoist the actress back to her feet.

STELLA

Get your hands off me, ape.
WHERE'S THAT WARDROBE GIRL?? GET
HER SORRY ASS OVER HERE NOW!!!

Jill The Wardrobe Girl, whom we saw just briefly before, hurries over with a sheepish look. She has a paper TAPE MEASURE draped around her neck. The Assistant Director and Dirk slink back, letting Jill absorb Stella's rage.

JILL

Miss Stirling, what happened?

STELLA

Don't call me Miss Stirling. I ain't some old lady, sister. My name is Stella and if you can't make a dress fit without tripping me in the middle of a take, I'll get your little ass fired. Do I make myself clear!?

She rips the skirt off from around her waist and shoves it in Jill's face. Stella stands half-naked in her underwear, red-faced from screaming.

DIRK

Are we good to go again, Stella?

STELLA

This is bullshit. I'm calling my agent!

She storms off the set, leaving everybody standing there somewhat shell-shocked. Jill holds the torn skirt in her hands, very near tears.

Elvis wipes his face and looks up to see Dr. Jack off to the side, who motions invitingly to his doctor's bag of pills. Elvis shakes his head negatively and then spots the crestfallen young wardrobe gal nearby, tears streaming down her face. He steps over to her.

ELVIS

Chin up, honey. We'll get the kinks worked out. You'll be okay.

JILL

Thank you, Mr. Presley.

ELVIS

That's Elvis to you, sugar.

Jill's face lights up as Elvis flashes the thousand watt smile.

Behind Jill, Elvis notices an old man in a wheelchair being pushed through the main door of the soundstage by a UNIT NURSE.

ELVIS

Saaay, who's the old dude rollin' this way?

JILL

Don't you recognize him? That's your co-star, Claude Killgore.

The legendary horror actor CLAUDE KILLGORE has seen better days. The eighty-year-old is slouched and tired, breathing through an OXYGEN MASK. Elvis is taken aback watching Killgore wheeled through a crowd of stagehands who all greet him warmly, shaking his hand.

Elvis turns to the Colonel, who is talking intently into a RED STAGE TELEPHONE.

ELVIS

(harsh whisper)

Colonel, I thought I was supposed to be working with hot young talent, not livin' fossils.

Colonel Parker quickly hangs up the phone as Killgore is wheeled toward them.

COLONEL PARKER

Now hold your horses, Elvis. You'd be surprised how agile these old timers can be. They know all the tricks.

The Colonel steps forward and warmly offers his hand:

COLONEL PARKER

Mr. Killgore, I am Colonel Tom Parker. I'd like to introduce you to your co-star. Elvis, meet Claude Killgore the greatest horror actor in movie history.

Killgore lights up and takes Elvis's hand in both of his.

CLAUDE KILLGORE

Why, Mister Presley. It's a genuine pleasure. I'm a great fan of your music.

ELVIS

(surprised)

Well, well, thank you sir.

As they begin to talk, the Colonel beams and. . .

. . . we settle on the other side of the room, where Dirk sits in a director's chair, surrounded by the Daughters Of Darkness who are draped all over him. He drags deep on a reefer, coughs and hands it to one of the girls.

Sunny Dayes saunters over, his sleazy Hollywood aura projecting in front of him.

SUNNY

Hey, Dirk, baby, how about saving some of that action for old Sunny?

Sonia turns and HISSES at him violently, showing REAL FANGS! Sunny starts, and backs away with his hands in the air.

SUNNY

Yeah, yeah, okay, baby!

He turns away, mumbling to himself:

SUNNY

Goddamn method actors.

Smiling, Sonia turns back to Dirk.

DIRK

Now be nice to old Sunny, girls.

She strokes Dirk's face and coos in an inviting, sexy tone of voice:

SONIA (GERMAN/SUBTITLED)

{American shit heel. Meat puppet,
we will eat your heart.}

Dirk, unable to understand, but appreciative of the tone, settles into her arms.

DIRK

Whatever you say, honey. I'm easy.

CLOSE, the HYPNOTIZING EYES of the she-vampire glow red and fill the screen. . .

INT. UNKNOWN GRAND DAUPHIN BEDROOM - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

A FIGURE is asleep in bed, tossing and turning, mumbling fitfully. It appears to be Elvis.

As we MOVE IN tight for a close-up on Elvis, the figure rolls over to reveal that it is actually MONTY, Elvis's annoying next door neighbor.

We hear a NOISE. Monty's eyes blink open. As he comes to his senses, he senses something and looks up to see:

A HIDEOUSLY UGLY VAMPIRE FACE inches from his nose!

Before Monty can scream, he's yanked violently out of frame and out of the bed!!!

The camera slowly PANS across the floor to reveal the doorway as, with superhuman strength, his body is YANKED AROUND THE CORNER out of view. WHUPPP!

INT. ELVIS'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

CLOSE on Old Elvis. He's not sleeping well either, mumbling and thrashing. He jolts awake, gathers his senses and notices a familiar apparition seated by the door.

COLONEL PARKER

You're not sleeping well, Elvis.

ELVIS

I might catch a few more winks if I wasn't bein' hovered over by ghosts.

COLONEL PARKER

Attitude, attitude, Elvis. What happened to your good manners and respect? May I remind you that I'm still the Colonel and...well, you're still Elvis.

Colonel Parker looks at him with an enigmatic expression.

ELVIS

I know goddam well who I am. It's everyone else who doesn't remember.

(MORE)

ELVIS (cont'd)

An' look where all your "respect" got me. A laughing stock. A bobbing head on every dashboard. You made me a joke. An' now you got me talkin' to a spook. Get the hell outta here, man!!!

Elvis throws himself back into the pillows looking up at the ceiling in frustration. Ready to tear into Colonel Parker some more Elvis looks back to find that...the Colonel HAS DISAPPEARED. He is alone in the dark room.

As Elvis tries to process this, he hears a WET NOISE outside from down the hall.

ELVIS

Well...goddammit.

Elvis throws the blankets off, rolls his feet off the bed and slips on his robe. We hardly notice that he's moving really well now.

Again, he hears the noise out in the hall.

Elvis grabs his walker and moves out into the corridor.

INT. GRAND DAUPHIN HALLWAY - NIGHT

Elvis looks up and down the deserted hall. Then he notices...

BLOOD-STAINED BEDDING out front of Monty's doorway next door. Elvis moves over to take a look and then sees...

A trail of CRIMSON, streaks and SHREDDED BEDDING down the hallway, leading to a dark STAIRWELL at the far end.

ELVIS

Hello?!! Anybody down there?!!

Elvis walks straight for his nurse's door, room 51, and knocks. No answer. He knocks again.

ELVIS

I need to talk to you. If you're ignoring me, I'm sorry for what I said, but there's something I gotta show you.

There's still no answer, so Elvis opens the door to reveal...

Nurse Ella's room is empty - HER BED IS UNSLEPT IN!!

INSERT CLOCK - Her night stand CLOCK reads 2:00AM.

A VAGUE NOISE, almost like a moan of pain, floats across the hall, just hardly visible from somewhere way down below. The MUSIC turns dark and sinister.

Though concerned about his missing nurse, Elvis moves toward the stairwell, an expression of grim determination on his face.

INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Elvis stops at the head of the stairwell which leads into the darkness below. He notices some DRIPS OF BLOOD on the stairs, halfway down. Elvis rattles down the steps, following the trail.

INT. BASEMENT SERVICE CORRIDOR - NIGHT

At the bottom of the stairs, Elvis steps into a long service corridor, which dead ends at the far end at a large DOOR. Elvis huffs once and presses on. The hall appears to be really ancient and torn up. A large, low-hanging, EXHAUST FAN with a blade spinning at high speed has apparently been torn partially loose from its moorings and is now jammed in the hallway. It takes some effort for him to duck under it. He sees more of the BLOOD TRAIL on the ground and follows it to the end of the corridor. Elvis takes a deep breath and opens the large heavy door.

INT. BASEMENT CHAMBER - NIGHT

As Elvis enters the room, we PULL BACK to see that the place is HUGE, carved from rock and earth, supported by wood beams. But what we really notice are TWO ROWS OF SHINY BLACK COFFINS, each on a raised platform. Several of the dozen coffins are ornate and beautiful, with gold trim, as if designed for royalty.

Elvis whistles as he takes a good look at them. He is surprised as he hears STRANGE SOUNDS, whispering voices, laughter...

Then a PITIFUL MOAN snaps Elvis out of it, and he spies:

THREE FIGURES, seated in wheelchairs, pushed up against the wall at the other end of the chamber.

As Elvis cautiously moves toward the wheelchairs, he can see that two of them are OLD WOMEN and one is an OLD MAN. A very familiar old man. It's MONTY, his next door neighbor!!

All are awake, but don't speak. Pale, shivering and moaning in distress, they are each covered to the chin in a WHITE SHEET.

ELVIS

Hey pardner...whattaya doin' down here?

Monty gasps in response, unable to form words. Then Elvis notices something stranger.

There is a BIZARRE MOVEMENT underneath the sheets covering all of the old folks. Their sheets appear to be PULSING up and down in the vicinity of their necks.

ELVIS

What the Sam Hill?

Elvis grabs the sheet covering Monty and rips it back to reveal...

. . . A HUGE VAMPIRE BAT has its jaws clamped onto Monty's neck, sucking on him vigorously! A lot of BLOOD drools out of the bat's mouth. Monty is a mess.

Elvis recoils in horror at the gory sight!

The bat is big and nasty. It has a wingspan of almost three feet and is covered with spiky, matted black hair. The bat's head suddenly swivels around and its big RED EYES are riveted on Elvis. It lets out a SHRIEK!

ELVIS

Hot DAMN!!!

Elvis winds up with his walker and unleashes a savage whack across the body of the furry creature. The bat tumbles to the floor and comes up screaming. The creature launches itself into the air and springs for Elvis, grabbing for him with its sharp CLAWS. Elvis ducks quickly, barely eluding it, as it flaps off into the darkness.

Elvis hears an INSANE SCREECHING and notices the sheets on the other victims are flapping furiously as the vampire bats underneath have roused and are trying to get out.

Elvis backs up quickly, but then spots an EMPTY WHEELCHAIR nearby. It's motorized! Elvis drops into the chair and, with some experience, his fingers fly across the switches and it powers up. He goes tearing up the aisle between the coffins and into the corridor, shrieking erupting from behind him.

THREE VAMPIRE BATS SWOOP OUT of the chamber, coming for him!

Elvis rams down on the joystick and the wheelchair BURNS RUBBER down the corridor.

The bats are fast and quickly overtake him. Elvis tries to steer the wheelchair as the incoming bats dive bomb him like German Stukas, snapping and biting at his face and ears. Elvis smashes one with his fist, but just as quickly another takes its place. Suddenly, up ahead he sees...

THE EXHAUST FAN!!! And if he continues at his present course and speed it's going to chop his head off!! With no other alternative, Elvis throws over the joystick and the wheelchair tips in a powerslide with a CASCADE OF SPARKS and crashes into a pile of BOXES!!!

Two of the bats are unable to pull up in time and FLY DIRECTLY INTO THE MANIFOLD of the exhaust fan.

BLAP!! THWACK!! A spray of BAT MEAT HAMBURGER, GUTS AND BLOOD spews out the exhaust side of the fan.

Elvis pulls himself from the wreckage of the wheelchair, gets to his feet. From a nearby bin of old discarded CANES and PROSTHETIC LEGS, Elvis yanks out a CANE. He moves as quickly as he can away around an intersecting corridor. He presses himself back against the wall, listening for the third bat...nothing.

Behind him in the dark, a bat head suddenly rotates into view, HANGING UPSIDE DOWN in the doorway!! With a shriek, the bat leaps for him, but Elvis is ready. He spins, his arm whips out and he snags the creature by the neck.

Elvis has a tight grip on the bat's throat. He tries to choke the thing out, but the bat thrashes wildly, snapping furiously with razor sharp teeth at Elvis's fingers.

The bat jerks Elvis's arm around, up into the air, then off to the side, practically knocking him over. The creature rips itself from Elvis's grasp and spirals up into the air.

Elvis tumbles to the ground.

Suddenly, down the hall, a dark shape steps around the corner.

CLOSE on a HAND reaching into a leather waistband and grabbing hold of a wicked-sharp TOMAHAWK.

The vampire bat, angry as all hell, banks sharply and then make a final screaming attack run!

Flat on his back, all Elvis can do is throw his hands in front of his face as death streaks toward him.

An arm raises the tomahawk and takes aim.

We now see the Chief as he HURLS THE WEAPON!

TRACKING WITH the tomahawk, as it whirls down the corridor and finds its mark, IMPALING ONE OF THE BAT'S WINGS right to the exposed beam!

The bat thrashes furiously, spinning around on the beam.

Elvis watches, stunned, as the bat rips its wing loose and flops on the ground right next to him, wounded and unable to fly. Elvis crabwalks backward, away from the thing.

The Chief stalks down the hall and, without a word, grabs the handle of his weapon and rips the tomahawk out of the beam.

Coolly and methodically, the Chief stalks over to the wounded creature, steps on its back, pinning it to the floor... and with a powerful swing, CHOPS THE BAT'S HEAD CLEAN OFF!

CHIEF

I never much liked flying rodents.

ELVIS

Me neither, man.

As Elvis stands and looks down at the BLOODY MESS of the carcass of the vampire bat we HEAR:

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR (V.O.)

That's gotta be the WORST looking rubber bat I have EVER seen.

CUT TO:

INT. CASTLE CHAMBER SET - DAY (1973)

The PROP GUY holds up a really fake BAT PROP for the ASSISTANT DIRECTOR to inspect. Young Elvis and his boys stand nearby with the Colonel.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR

Man, couldn't they do any better than that?

PROP GUY

It was all Kerry could come up with at the last minute.

Dirk Silver enters the set, the slinky Wives of Prince Black on his arms.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR

(harsh whisper)

Look, just get rid of that, Dirk'll freak if he sees it.

(To the crew)

Okay, saddle up, people! We've got one shot left and that's the weekend! I know you're all tired, but let's give it our best!

The CAMERAS are positioned as the crew prepares.

Claude Killgore is wheeled in from the shadows, taking deep breaths of oxygen. The prop man steps up and places a ruby red VAMPIRE RING on Killgore's finger.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

Settle everyone! Camera's up. Roll sound!

Elvis takes his position on set, holding a large silver CRUCIFIX and striking a pose where he will confront the evil Lord Of Darkness. Stella takes her place behind Elvis.

Jill carefully drapes the black VAMPIRE'S CAPE over Killgore's shoulders.

JILL

(whispers)

Break a leg, Mr. Killgore.

Killgore nods appreciatively and squeezes her hand as he sucks on his oxygen. Dirk settles back in his chair, the Wives on all sides of him.

Killgore is wheeled over to his mark in front of Elvis.

The CAMERA ASSISTANT scampers over and holds up his marker.

CAMERA ASSISTANT

Scene 426, Take One.

Clap! And he scurries out of frame.

DIRK SILVER

And...action, Claude.

Killgore rises from his wheelchair, takes off his oxygen breathing tube and wraps himself in his vampire cloak.

In the process the old actor seems to grow six inches and lose thirty years. The wheelchair is pulled away and Killgore steps up to his mark. With a flourish, he turns into camera and casts an intense glare at Elvis. As the scene begins, the horror icon grabs hold of the character and makes the campy dialogue sing...the entire crew is mesmerized.

KILLGORE

Clay Burton, my old enemy. You have once again set foot where angels fear to tread...only this time, you have stepped too far. You see before you the face of your destiny. And the destiny of the entire world. For I have watched your kind for centuries, planning my revenge. And now ... let a shadow fall across them all, such as they have never known. Let the burning of my evil touch them in their most private places and sear their flesh with the heat of hellfire. Let my victorious laughter mock all men and chill the blood of every woman and child! Let my awesome might reach across the land with no mercy! And let all who oppose me be banished beyond the blackness of a HUNDRED MILLION NIGHTS!!!

Everyone is blown away. Dirk Silver is so astonished that he forgets to call "cut" on the scene. The Assistant Director nudges him.

SILVER

What? Oh, yeah, CUT! AND PRINT!!

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR

Check the gate!!

The cast and crew burst into heartfelt applause.

Elvis is genuinely dazzled by the performance as Killgore acknowledges the accolades with gentlemanly bows. Elvis races over and pumps his hand like a number one fan.

ELVIS

Sir, that was terrific! I wish to heck I could put on a show in front of the camera like you do!

Killgore sits back down in his wheelchair as the crew prepares for the next shot.

KILLGORE

It's not about putting on a show,
Elvis. It's about honesty.

ELVIS

Well, if you can find honesty in a
script like this one, you do have
supernatural powers.

KILLGORE

The honesty comes from here.

(touches heart)

Not from the script. If you say it,
and you mean it, the audience will
believe it. The same way your fans
believe your sincerity, even in a
song about a hound dog.

ELVIS

(laughs)

Got it, compadre.

Elvis and Killgore's bonding moment is broken by a shriek.
They look over to see Stella in a raging fit, right in the
director's face:

STELLA

If I told you once, I told you a
billion, trillion damn times! The
song doesn't work because the lines
before the song aren't good! This
whole thing is SHIT!

DIRK

Ahh, piss off. You wouldn't know
classy cinema if it was fucking you
in the ass.

Silver turns and stalks away. The Wives follow earnestly
after him. Stella just stands there fuming.

Elvis and Killgore watch the tantrum play out from offstage.
Claude turns to Elvis ruefully.

CLAUDE KILLGORE

This business has never been
dignified, but at least we used to
treat each other with respect.

Stella stalks toward the exit. Killgore happens to be in her
path.

STELLA
Excuuuse me!!

Killgore steps out of her way and as Stella brushes past him she mutters.

STELLA (CONT'D)
Old washed up JERK!

An amused expression crosses Killgore's face and he turns to Elvis as they watch the prima donna exit in a big hurry.

KILLGORE
Ahh...the insecurities of the
terribly untalented.

From the other side of the set:

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR
And that's a picture wrap on Mr.
Claude Killgore!

The cast and crew break into applause as Killgore smiles and takes a dramatic bow. As everyone congratulates the elderly star, Colonel Parker steps to the fore, summoning everyone's attention by tapping his cane against a nearby Klieg light.

COLONEL PARKER
I'd like to thank you all for your
participation in this fine and
horrific venture. We're almost
finished, and in gratitude for your
services I've arranged a soiree
this weekend for one and all at the
lovely Grand Dauphin Mansion, which
I have rented for the occasion.

Everybody cheers again!

Elvis turns to Killgore with a rouge smile.

ELVIS
Guess we'll be lettin' it all hang
out tonight, man.

Killgore chuckles.

KILLGORE
Such celebrations are for the young
and fleet of heart, my friend.
(MORE)

KILLGORE (cont'd)

Besides...when you've been in this business as long as I have, you develop a ... shall we say... sense for the potentially malevolent.

ELVIS

(Joking)

You sayin' you think there might be some real vampires runnin' around here?

Killgore sits in his wheelchair as his Nurse arrives.

KILLGORE

The film industry is FILLED with vampires, Elvis. It's the darker corners you have to really watch out for. I bid you adieu...and good luck.

Killgore holds out his hand and the King takes it with a smile.

Over on the other side of the set, Dirk Silver is in his directors chair, with the Daughters of Darkness hanging on him as usual. A hand reaches into frame holding up a ROLLED FIVE DOLLAR BILL.

We pull back to see Sunny Dayes seated in a nearby chair handing the bill to Dirk.

SUNNY

What say let's get this party started early.

Sonny opens a small BUNDLE and begins laying out LINES OF COCAINE on a small MIRROR in his lap.

ECU as the LINES OF POWDER spill out onto the mirror.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. CHIEF'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

CU on ANOTHER KIND OF POWDER spilling out onto the floor.

WIDER, we see that The Chief is laying down a line of salt across the doorway entrance to his room. He moves into the center of the room and creates a large salt circle on the floor, muttering strange chants under his breath.

Elvis paces nearby, looking real worried.

CHIEF

No question, Elvis. What we're dealing with is a cult of blood-suckers. I wasn't certain before, but ever since you arrived, all hell's been breaking loose.

CAMERA MOVES IN on Elvis as he gets it and snaps his fingers.

ELVIS

Yeah, some kind of ...Bubba Nosferatu. I can buy that, I guess. Wouldn't be the weirdest thing that's happened to me this week. And my nurse has gone missin'. But what the hell's with the damn rock salt, man?

The Chief folds closed the SALT BAG, puts it away inside his own TOURING STAGE TRUNK. It's a similar trunk to the one Elvis has, but on the sides is painted a wild logo for "BUFFALO BILL'S WILD WEST SHOW" and the tag line "Featuring the Great Plains Warrior - Chief Sitting Bull!!"

CHIEF

Traditional demon perimeter. Once the incantations are spoken, no evil can enter this circle, unless invited.

Elvis examines the contents of the trunk which is stuffed with vintage Native American OBJECTS. He inspects a razor-sharp ARROW, and then hefts a stone WAR CLUB.

ELVIS

Yer just a regular Native American Van Helsing, ain't ya?

Elvis, still inspecting the artifacts, spies a LONG, BLONDE SCALP dangling inside. He pulls it out and examines it. Elvis's face blanches. Could this be General Custer's?

CHIEF

I've fought much worse than vampires in my day, Elvis.

ELVIS

Ever seen a ghost?

CHIEF

The spirits of the walking dead surround us.

(MORE)

CHIEF (cont'd)

It takes a special gift, a man of medicine, to see such things.

ELVIS

Well...I dunno about all that, but there's this one that's been bugging me every night since I got here.

CHIEF

Say what?

ELVIS

The ghost of my damn manager, man! And if I know Colonel Parker at all, he's probably teamed up with these goddamned bloodsuckers or something. Maybe if we can call him out in the open...

CHIEF

You mean an exorcism?

ELVIS

Yeah, yeah, a damn exorsisi... exorss...whatever! You think you could do it?

CHIEF

I might be able to try something. I'd need to modify the Spirit Walk ceremony. Perform the Ghost Dance.

ELVIS

Well let's rock and roll. Times a-wastin'.

CHIEF

Hang on a second, Elvis. If what you say is true, and your manager's ghost is in league with these creatures of darkness...then what about you?

ELVIS

Whataya mean whatabout me? I ain't no bloodsucker!

The Chief suddenly makes a really grim expression, hefting his trusty Tomahawk.

CHIEF

Perhaps not all the way just yet,
my friend...But I have noticed that
you're getting around pretty damn
well without your walker.

Elvis sort of does a double-take on himself. He is indeed standing fully upright, no hunch at all. And his ribs are completely healed! He looks at Chief and GULPS. Grasping for straws, Elvis points urgently at the salt on the floor:

ELVIS

The salt, man! If I was a
bloodsucker like those freaks back
there, I'd be toast inside the
line, right!?

The Chief relaxes some, but keeps a suspicious eye on Elvis.

CHIEF

The original vampires of this land
were tricky, sneaky motherfuckers.
You had to chase them back to hell
to scalp them.

ELVIS

Scalp? I thought a wooden stake
was the ticket.

CHIEF

Decapitation works, too. But a shot
straight to the head with a silver
bullet, exposing the brain, is your
best bet.

He makes a thrust with the Tomahawk, slapping it into his hand. WHAP! Stares intently again at Elvis.

ELVIS

Look, man...you SAW ME walking in
the sun when we first met!

CHIEF

Hollywood bullshit. The day can
weaken a vamp, but get real, Elvis:
how long do you think such
creatures would really last in the
long run if they exploded when
sunlight hit them?

ELVIS

Point.

Chief glares again. Elvis makes a face.

ELVIS

I AM NOT a vampire!!! Don't you have some kind of test I could take? Eat some garlic??

The Chief shakes his head and seems to fall back into thinking mode again, chewing over the situation:

CHIEF

But you could be under the curse of a vampire. It would explain your rejuvenation since you arrived here. And the ghost attached to your spirit...

ELVIS

So let's smoke him out, baby. Find out who the real bad guy is.

The Chief nods slowly.

CHIEF

As you say, my friend...rock and roll.

MONTAGE:

Chief begins pulling items from his trunk including CANDLES, BUNDLES OF SAGE and other herbs. He makes preparations for a ceremony, lighting one of the sage bundles and waving it around, smoking up the room. Elvis watches intently.

CHIEF

We must invite the traveler into our circle. But first we'll need something familiar, a possession of the spirit. Do you have such an object?

Elvis thinks for a moment and then reaches into the pocket of his bathrobe and comes up with his SILVER MONEY CLIP with about six dollars in it. It's engraved with the letters CTP.

ELVIS

Here, it's the Colonel's money clip. Well, actually, that damn thief kept my money in it.

CHIEF

It'll do nicely.

Coming out of MONTAGE, the Chief places the money clip in a circle of rocks. He and Elvis touch the clip, and the old Indian warrior begins chanting magic words. As Elvis readies himself, the Chief offers him a WRINKLED BROWN BUTTON MUSHROOM.

CHIEF

Come. We will walk with the spirits
and see from whence they came.
Steel yourself, Elvis...for this is
some mighty strong shit.

The Chief places one of the peyote buttons in his own mouth. As Elvis chews down on his mushroom he watches SHADOWS on the wall from the flickering candlelight which seem to grow, move and change.

As color drains from the image, the walls of reality part and Elvis watches a drug-induced picture show, with the Chief as his spiritual guide through the maelstrom. With a heavy use of shadows, in a BLACK AND WHITE TINTED German expressionism style, (think Murnau's "Nosferatu" meets Wiene's "Cabinet of Dr. Caligari"):

1940's AMSTERDAM COPS kick in a door to find a YOUNG Colonel Parker standing over a DEAD WOMAN hanging off a bed. CRASSSH! Parker goes flying through a window to escape them.

He crosses a small river at midnight carrying an overstuffed suitcase, with search lanterns and attack dogs on his heel.

CHIEF (V.O.)

The traveler was once a man,
fleeing Amsterdam under allegations
of murder.

The Colonel in the company of a FAMILY OF ROUGE GYPSIES, learning the skills of pick-pocketing. He performs as Master Of Ceremonies at their roadside attraction. Counts up STACKS OF MONEY in a sleazy back room.

CHIEF (V.O.)

He came to Eastern Europe to study
under the rouges of the road.
Learned his trade as a swindler.
Eventually struck out on his own.

The Colonel's hand slips into the pocket of a DARK GENTLEMAN in an even darker alley. He walks away with the man's wallet and we see that he has just ripped off Prince Franz Black, who turns to watch as TWO HENCHVAMPS appear to block the thief's escape...

CHIEF (V.O.)

Until he picked the wrong pocket.
And became a slave to creatures of
darkness.

1947: Night - A small cargo of COFFINS are loaded into a
tramp steamer in a harbor, as The Colonel greases the palm of
a stern NAZI SS OFFICER with a thick stack of bills...

CHIEF (V.O.)

Gravitating to the kind of work he
did well, the traveler lived many
lives in America.

The Colonel as a circus barker on a midway...

CHIEF (V.O.)

Finally rising to the height of
Southern society.

The Colonel enters a high society function with an
attractive, hairsprayed GAL on each arm.

CHIEF (V.O.)

And when rock n' roll music became
big money in the fifties...

A Cadillac pulls up in front of SUN RECORDS. We see TEENAGE
ELVIS in the recording studio. The Colonel watches the young
lad lay down his track, dollar signs in his eyes.

CHIEF (V.O.)

. . . I believe that is when you
came into the picture.

AND NOW, SUDDENLY...the Colonel actually turns within the
Vision Quest dream to face Elvis and the Chief, LOOKING RIGHT
AT US with a DEMONIC STARE!

COLONEL PARKER

And that brings us up to date, my
friends.

The Chief turns to Elvis in a horrified panic as the virtual
history lesson around them gives way to a roiling, thundering
storm of crimson clouds and lightning:

CHIEF

He can see us!

The Chief raises his hand protectively toward Elvis. With a
powerful BLOWBACK noise, the King is blasted backwards,
tumbling through the ether...

REALITY TEARS APART and Elvis lets out a howl as he falls through a rip in the space/time continuum, falling through a psychedelic fantasy...

SHOCK CUT TO:

INT. CHIEF'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Elvis crashes in a heap on the floor of the Chief's room, still inside the salt circle of containment! The temporal experience has played havoc with Elvis's mind. He calls out.

ELVIS

Chief!!

The Chief is gone. He gets a sense of where he now is... the room is empty...but then Elvis's eyes flutter up into his head and he loses consciousness.

The camera pulls out through the Chief's open window, far out, until we frame an establishing shot of the mansion at night. We hear over the image:

COLONEL PARKER (O.S.)

Elvis, I'd like to welcome
you...

MATCH DISSOLVE:

EXT. GRAND DAUPHIN - NIGHT (1973)

The same mansion, years earlier, as Young Elvis steps from the backseat of a limo, greeted on the front lawn by Colonel Parker himself.

COLONEL PARKER

. . . to the Grand Dauphin!

The place appears to be really rocking inside, with wild red-and-blue lights and gritty swampland ZYDECO MUSIC emanating from within. The lawn is filled with wild PARTY-GOERS and MOVIE TYPES, all swilling booze and champagne.

Elvis's Boys muster around The King, ready to rock.

COOTER

Look's like a real wild one, boss.

COLONEL PARKER

Please, boys, feel free to indulge
yourselves at will.

(MORE)

COLONEL PARKER (cont'd)

No expense has been spared. And Elvis, after you have enjoyed the revelry, I'll be upstairs with an acquaintance I'd like you to meet.

ELVIS

Thanks, Colonel. Don't mind if we do. Boys?

He nods and they file past Parker, walking up the small walkway and into the mansion.

We HOLD on the Colonel as he watches them go, a serious look suddenly falling over his face.

INT. GRAND DAUPHIN FOYER - NIGHT (1973)

POW! We are hit hard with images of the crazy party in FULL SWING, the Victorian mansion is bedecked in Goth finery, displayed are PROPS from the movie - tombstones, coffins, etc. Glittering lights and music and people are everywhere, dancing, laughing, getting it on in corners. We see crew members and other movie people... but lurking around the periphery and among the revelers are some dark characters, odd and malevolent THRALLS of the vampire Clan, presumably here to party on the Prince's invitation.

Cooter licks his chops, spying a nearby HOTTIE.

COOTER

So, King, what's the plan?

ELVIS

The usual, Cooter. Every man for himself and take no prisoners.

Shelby slaps him five and he and Stack scatter to the ministrations of the madding crowd.

Elvis, shadowed by Cooter and Otis slips through the sea of bodies and booze, into the hallway...

INT. GRAND DAUPHIN MAIN BALLROOM - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

Natasha and Helga, the Prince's twin wives have the packed room on fire, slinking along a pair of poles in an obscenely erotic stripdancing number, sliding like snakes to the grinding beat of the ZYDECO BAND on stage! A crowd of about fifty bump and grind on the dance floor, held in awe by the incredible sensual powers of the two vampire sisters, twins of evil.

Elvis enters the room and the CAMERA MOVES IN TIGHT as he surveys his kingdom. The Sisters spot him instantly and lick their lips with lusty smiles, beckoning him into the room. Elvis nods to them; but, after all, he IS the King, and is not as easily seduced by their powers. The place rocks out and we get amazing psychedelic images of the bewitched party-goers with FILTERS, FISH EYE LENSES and in sensual SLOW MOTION SHOTS.

In an adjoining room, a small PROJECTOR is set up and the PROJECTIONIST is showing "Curse" dailies on the wall to a small bunch of crew -- the scene of Elvis staking the vampire gal, the scene ends and both actors crack up.

Elvis skirts the periphery of the crowd, coming to an open doorway with a bead curtain sealing off the next room. He is about to enter...but what he sees just beyond makes him stop, and he hangs back, getting a load of:

INT. GRAND DAUPHIN GAME ROOM - NIGHT (1973)

In a lavish velvet lounge, Sunny Dayes holds court before Dirk Silver, who sits in a comfortable make-out position on a couch with Sonia, Prince Black's bottom bitch. The Assistant director and Stella Stirling are seated nearby, along with about five or six of the THRALLS we saw before. They're all drunk as skunks, but the Thralls remain silent and mysterious, watching CHAMPAGNE, MIRRORS FILLED WITH COKE and REEFERS being passed around.

Stella snorts wine through her nose as she laughs at Sunny's routine: a mean and nasty Elvis impersonation. He sings in parody to the tune of Elvis's "All Shock Up:"

SUNNY

(Singing as Elvis)

"When the Colonel makes a fuss,
thass when my brain turns to mush,
gimmie lots of pills and such,
I'm on drugs!

(Beat, strikes a pose)

I'm all fucked up!

The room laughs. Even Dirk Silver can't help himself. He hits a BONG, chuckling under his breath, with Sonia draped on him. She seductively licks Dirk's ear.

Sunny continues his impression still in Elvis character:

SUNNY

Whatssthat, Colonel, baby? Yeah,
Thassright! One finger for yes with
two fingers up my ass!

More laughter.

Just on the other side of the curtain, Elvis seethes with rage, clenching his teeth. He's about to charge in there fists-first and get into the manners-teaching business, when:

JILL (O.S.)

Mister Presley!

He looks over to see the fresh-scrubbed wardrobe girl coming towards him on the edge of the big dancing crowd. Elvis smiles, his eye half on the bead curtain. She approaches him, jabbering really fast:

JILL

Oh, Mister Presley, I'm so glad I
found you. I brought your costumes
for the big final scene, and I was
wondering ...well, I...

Elvis steps over to her, away from the Game Room.

ELVIS

Say, slow down a little, Missy.
Now what's happenin'?

JILL

Oh, I'm so sorry to bother you at
the party an' all, but I was hoping
you might give me just a minute or
two to do a final fitting, so I'll
be prepared for tomorrow. No
mistakes.

Plainly, this is an excuse to talk to him outside of work, but Elvis does not let on.

ELVIS

(paternal)

Sure baby. Whatever you need.

She smiles and leads him away from the party through a beaded doorway to a nearby bedroom.

INT. GRAND DAUPHIN UPSTAIRS DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT (1973)

MATCH CUT as the Colonel comes through another bead curtain (all the rooms seem to have them instead of doors) and comes into the empty, expansive room. HOLD ON HIS FACE as he suddenly feels something strange: a presence in the room with him.

The Prince steps from the misty shadows behind him; the Colonel smirks, not turning.

COLONEL PARKER

Save those parlour tricks for the rubes, Prince. I learned that one the day I was turned.

PRINCE BLACK

You've still not learned enough, "Colonel." At least not enough to show your betters the proper respect.

Parker turns with a smile and the two men face each other.

COLONEL PARKER

Respect is not earned in our modern world, my good friend. It is bought with cold, hard cash. And our business has been concluded.

PRINCE BLACK

You think you can wave a suitcase of American money in front of my eyes and be done with a hundred years of servitude to our Clan?

The Colonel gets right to it.

COLONEL PARKER

As agreed, the object of your affection is in the building.

PRINCE BLACK

Yes, downstairs ogling my wives.

COLONEL PARKER

I told you to leave them at home. But you know better.

PRINCE BLACK

Don't change the subject. Before this gathering is done, our accounts will be settled, snake. One way or another.

The two men glare at each other.

INT. GRAND DAUPHIN BEDROOM - NIGHT (1973)

Elvis watches as Jill pulls a cool black leather JUMPSUIT out of a box. It's a real beauty.

JILL

We took a template from your '68 comeback special suit, but it's constructed more like motorcycle leathers. I put protection in the elbows, shoulders and spine, even steel reinforced collar. It's actually fang-proof. Mr. Silver wanted authenticity. And that's not all, Mister Presley:

MONTAGE: Jill reveals the deadly weaponry that the special effects team has hidden into various parts of the vampire hunting suit. BLADES, BRASS KNUCKLES and even solid-silver, NINJA THROWING STARS with "TCB" engraved in them...which Elvis really digs, natch! We HOLD on his face as he smiles - Jill SMILES at him.

A MONTAGE kicks in to a higher gear as the ZYDECO MUSIC hits a higher volume, with an extra-loud rockabilly edge to it. Elvis gets into the costume, one piece at a time in a stylish series of shots, as Jill supervises and measures him. Of course, the King is eager to make a move on the demure young costumer. She is just as attracted as any red-blooded American girl would be...but she does her best to be professional about her job. She fits the suit just right on him, placing a SILVER CROSS on a chain around Elvis's neck, tricking him out with dual shoulder holsters that contain matching gold-plated .45 automatics. Jill opens a custom AMMO CASE containing AMMO CLIPS of SILVER BULLETS. One side is marked "LIVE" and the other "BLANKS".

JILL

Prop master's cast them up in solid silver, both live and blanks.

ELVIS

Blanks are for sissies. I been around guns my whole life.

Elvis grabs two live clips, slaps them in and turns to show off. He quickdraws the guns, spins them in unison and quickly reholsters them. Jill beams at him. He looks great in this outfit!

INT. GRAND DAUPHIN BALLROOM - NIGHT (1973)

The band is really pumping, the sisters are really dancing, the light show is building to a crescendo. We juxtapose with:

INT. GRAND DAUPHIN GAME ROOM - NIGHT (1973)

The party is getting sexy-crazy in here, too, Stella making out with three of the dark Thralls while Sunny snorts up a mountain of COKE with some weird GOTH CHICK. The raven-haired Sonia locks lips with Dirk Silver, and at the same time she makes eye contact out the door with the pole-dancing Helga. They stare at one another, one pole dancing, the other kissing. A look crosses between them...should they cross the line, can they contain themselves in front of all this fresh meat??

As Sonia comes up for air, Dirk lost in stoned bliss, she rears back and HER FANGS protract! It's feeding time!

WHAM! SPLATT! She lands hard on Dirk's neck and blood shoots out everywhere. The director groans in pleasure, going down in ecstasy as:

INT. GRAND DAUPHIN BALLROOM - NIGHT (1973)

With the room reaching one big mass orgasm, Helga and Natasha take their cue from Sonia and snap open their mouths like fanged serpents.

THEY LAUNCH THEMSELVES OFF THE STAGE and into the front ranks of men near the poles. They land hard on the human prey and each get a mouthful of neck flesh, ripping and tearing! Blood explodes like a paint bomb from Natasha's guy; Helga's fella gets his head ripped off in a gory spray! The THRALLS in the room take the cue and turn savage on the guests and suddenly the whole room erupts into a giant bloodbath!!!

INT. GRAND DAUPHIN GAME ROOM - NIGHT (1973)

Sunny Dayes lets out a howl of terror as the weird Goth Chick sprouts fangs and pounces on him. With the coke straw still rammed up his nose, he tries to flee but she rips into him as he screams!!!

Sonia tears at Dirk Silver's throat as...

Stella Stirling stumbles backwards out of the room in horror! Pandemonium explodes, matching the horror show in the ballroom!

INT. GRAND DAUPHIN MAIN FOYER - NIGHT (1973)

The action has spread across the whole first floor of the mansion now: it's loud, fast and bloody, with Thralls and Goth Vamps chasing the human guests and pouncing on them to rip out throats, gouge out eyes and tear off heads. It's a **BLOOD RIOT!!**

In the confusion, Cooter and Shelby stand back-to-back, not quite sure what to do.

Behind them we see into the "dailies room": the still-running projector has been knocked over, images of Claude Killgore looming menacingly into camera flicker across the wall, the projectionist being torn apart in the foreground.

Otis flees in terror as a vamp comes at him, his rolls of fat jiggling as he runs. Shelby steps out and knocks the mean bastard back with a swift Kung-Fu kick!

OTIS

What the hell's going on!

COOTER

I sure as shit ain't got NO idea!
We gotta get the King out!

INT. GRAND DAUPHIN BEDROOM - NIGHT (1973)

Elvis, resplendent in his black leather vampire-killer jumpsuit, shows it off in the full-length MIRROR, as the SCREAMING is heard just outside. Jill hears it and makes a face.

JILL

Golly! Are all Hollywood parties
this wild, Mister Presley?

Unaware of what's really happening, Elvis stays playful.

ELVIS

You ain't seen nuthin' yet, baby.
I'm ready to hunt me some she-
vampires!

He grabs Jill, ready to plant a hard-and-manly one on her lips.

BUT!!!!!! A SCREAMING PARTY-GOER is thrown through the beaded curtain and smashes into the big mirror in front of them with a terrible earsplitting explosion of glass and blood!

Elvis and Jill stagger back in shock.

ELVIS

Holy MOLY!

Jill screams at the mutilated corpse on the ground! Elvis holds it together.

ELVIS

Come ON, baby, thishere's the real deal!

He pulls her through the beaded curtain.

INT. GRAND DAUPHIN MAIN BALLROOM - NIGHT (1973)

Elvis and Jill run out and we PULL BACK, showing the room whipped into a frenzy of total bloody mayhem!

We see the two Sisters knocking down one warm body after another, the Thralls ripping the joint apart!

The Zydeco band is trying to fend off vampires with their instruments, swinging SAXOPHONES, WASHBOARDS and ACCORDIONS as weapons, creating a bizarre, music-like cacophony of sound!

A CANDELABRA is knocked over and the LACE CURTAINS explode in flame.

A vampire leaps from the second story landing, screaming down into the face of a stunned crew person.

Elvis is horrified. Then he spies the beaded entrance to the Game Room, and remembers who's in there:

ELVIS

Sunny!

He moves to the door and plunges in with Jill.

INT. GRAND DAUPHIN BEDROOM - NIGHT (1973)

Elvis sees Dirk Silver stretched on the couch with a blissful smile, in the process of being eaten alive by the evil Sonia. The blood thirsty witch looks up at Elvis, HISSING, and BLOOD SPURTS from the dying movie director's carotid artery.

Nearby, Sunny Dayes staggers to his feet, gushing blood from multiple bite wounds, his eyes all-vamped-up. He speaks with a malevolent vampire hiss at Elvis:

SUNNY

Hey, king...how's the rain on your rhubarb?

Stunned, Elvis steps back a pace, and instinctively drawing his gold pistol.

ELVIS

Whoa there, Sunny. You ain't looking so good, baby.

SUNNY

I'm...so...hunnnngry!

Bringing the gun to bear on Sunny, the King finds he just can't blow the poor bastard away. He holsters it, grabs Jill and they retreat back into the main ballroom, where...

INT. MAIN BALLROOM - NIGHT (1973)

...out of the crowd in a crimson flash, Helga and Natasha come screaming right at Elvis, bearing fangs! It's straight from the frying pan, into the fire!!

Helga leaps onto Jill, pulling her out of Elvis's grasp. Just at that moment...

Stella Stirling stumbles into the room and sees Elvis. Two Thralls converge on her.

STELLA

Elvis!!! Help!

Elvis looks to Stella, then looks to Jill valiantly fending off Helga.

ELVIS

Sorry, baby.

Elvis jumps to Jill's rescue as Stella is swarmed by hungry vampires and ripped apart.

Elvis shoves Jill out of the way and kicks Helga back. The King comes up holding his pistol and takes dead aim at Helga, but Natasha is upon him, slapping the weapon out of his hand! The gun slides across the floor.

Elvis slips his hands to his belt and both fists come up resplendent in BRASS KNUCKLES. Elvis unleashes a series of wicked jabs and Natasha goes flying. As Helga, cat-like, steps onto a table and leaps for Elvis...

Elvis flings a solid-silver, "TCB" THROWING STAR and nails the She-Vamp right in the forehead. Helga shrieks as her head and hair burst into flame!

Natasha lets out an angry howl as her sister dies.

Jill cowers behind Elvis as Natasha leaps for them in SLOW MOTION...

. . . and is BLOWN OUT OF THE AIR by six loud SHOTS, silver bullets blasting through her flesh. She explodes in mid-air!

Elvis's gold plated pistol is held by none other than Otis Flanger, who runs up with the rest of the Boys.

The boys brandish POOL CUES, WOODEN CHAIR LEGS, any kind of homemade weapon they could find. They form a protective circle around their boss as the rest of the Thrall vamps in the huge ballroom close in from all sides. Otis tosses the King's pistol back to him as Stack stands grimly:

STACK

(over his shoulder)

They're everywhere, Elvis! Got us blocked in!

Elvis grabs a pool cue, snaps it in half and strikes a stick fighter's pose.

ELVIS

We'll see about that! Boys, three-up cover formation!

With Jill in the center of the circle, the boys assume their well-practiced stance as a fighting unit. It's the moment we've all been waiting for!

With Elvis in the lead, they brutally lay waste to the vampire squad in the room, managing to dispatch several of them using the broken chair legs and pool cues and stake them dead!

It all goes down really fast, and Elvis makes good use of his vampire-killer jumpsuit, using the array of weaponry to hack and slash, as the boys work in unison with Elvis leading the calvary charge. Throwing stars and daggers and fast fists flash like lightning.

Finally they clear the room and stand victorious for the moment as the remaining Thralls retreat into the dark recesses of the burning mansion.

One last vamp stumbles over to them. It's Sunny Dayes, on his last legs, staggering like a shrivelled, messed-up zombie. Everybody looks at this poor, pathetic specimen of vamphood. Elvis shrugs, raising the gold gun.

ELVIS

Tuff love, baby.

BLAM! As Sunny drops, our heroes don't miss a beat. With the body BURSTING INTO FLAMES just behind him, off-camera, Elvis turns to the boys and indicates to Jill:

ELVIS

You guys get her outta here and safe. I'm headin' upstairs.

STACK

You don't wanna go up there, Elvis.

ELVIS

I sure as heck know I don't.

He pauses, and the CAMERA moves in on his face dramatically:

ELVIS (CONT'D)

But I just can't leave without the Colonel.

Elvis breaks off from his team and charges up the stairs toward vampire central. His posse exchange worried looks, then move on for the Foyer.

INT. MANSION UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR - NIGHT (1973)

Elvis sprints down the corridor and approaches a set of BEADED CURTAINS. He can hear voices coming from inside the room: a very heated argument.

INT. GRAND DAUPHIN UPSTAIRS DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT (1973)

The Colonel faces down the Prince, spitting with frustration. We see Elvis approaching from behind, coming up the hall beyond the beaded curtain.

COLONEL PARKER

I told you to leave those bitches at home!

(MORE)

COLONEL PARKER (cont'd)

This was supposed to be a meet-and-greet, not a goddamned free-for-all, Prince! It was just days until wrap! Couldn't they at least wait until the shooting was finished?! One more week?!

PRINCE BLACK

Your movie is of no concern to me, Andreas. We want your "King" and we want him now. I shall not be denied.

At the end of his rope, Parker loses it:

COLONEL PARKER

And I am telling YOU, Prince, that Elvis is my meat! I OWN HIM! He lives and breathes at my pleasure and I will own him until the end of his deluded, drug-addled life! You can rip apart as many of his two-bit, braindead friends as you like, but so long as there's a breath in my body and so long as the name and legacy of Elvis Aaron Presley can put money in my pocket, that's the way it **ALWAYS WILL BE!**

The Prince now looks at someone over Parker's shoulder, whom he hasn't noticed yet. Smirks.

PRINCE BLACK

Are you sure?

Parker catches on...turns and faces Elvis, who stands just inside the room with a deadly look on his face.

COLONEL PARKER

Elvis?! Why...my boy...please let me explain...

ELVIS

I've heard enough. Now I'm gonna tell you once, and I want you to listen real careful. Colonel, YOU ARE FIRED.

The Colonel's face goes slack. The Prince steps forward.

PRINCE BLACK

It's a pleasure to meet you, Mister Presley.

(MORE)

PRINCE BLACK (cont'd)

Shall we have a drink to celebrate
the dismissal of your manager?

He proffers a glass of BLOOD-RED WINE from a nearby table and holds it out to Elvis, staring into the King with eyes that beam incredible POWER. Elvis tries to look away, but the Prince has him hooked. He speaks in a trance:

ELVIS

Yeah...a drink don't sound so bad,
man...

He reaches out and takes the glass, and we see his face shimmer through the wine in a dream-like CLOSE-UP.

MISTS appear behind Elvis and solidify into seductive IVORY FINGERS with BLUE VEINS.

COLONEL PARKER

Don't look in his eyes, Elvis!
Snap out of it! Dammit, boy, LISTEN
TO ME!!!

The Colonel's voice cuts through and Elvis snaps out of the trance, the wine glass slipping from his hand to SHATTER on the floor! Elvis tears his eyes away from the gaze of the Prince...just in time to see queen bitch Sonia looming in over his shoulder like a Cobra, her fangs bared, preparing for the death bite!

Elvis quickly takes action and uses a simple jujitsu maneuver to flip the she-vampire over his shoulder. She lands on the ground before him with a heavy THUD...but with a supernatural snake-like twist, she whips around, eyes riveted on him, consumed with blood lust!!

The Colonel takes a protective step toward Elvis, but the Prince, using his unholy powers, stops him in his tracks.

With an inhuman howl, Sonia leaps at Elvis. He turns to get out of the way, but she lands squarely on his back, wrapping her legs around him. Now he's got a screaming, slinky-white monkey-on-the-back. Stumbling and smashing into things, Elvis manages to force her jaw away to prevent the fangs from cutting into his neck, and he staggers across the room, having no choice but to head right for the window!

SMASSSSHHH! Entwined, Elvis and the She-Vamp go blasting through the glass and the curtains entangle them as they fly out into the night!!!

The Prince, angry as hell, spins and fixes Colonel Parker with a savage look.

It's a staredown for these titans of terror until Parker notices something and looks down to the ground. The Prince follows his gaze to see SMOKE seeping up through the floorboards...

EXT. GRAND DAUPHIN COURTYARD - NIGHT (1973)

Elvis and the harlot-from-hell crash from the third story window, wrapped up in the curtains. They bounce off the covered porch and land on the lawn, right in front of where Jill and the Boys are piling into the limousine! Shelby's eyes go as wide as saucers:

SHELBY

Holy shit.

Elvis is stunned by the hard impact. The She-Vamp, however, shakes it off instantly, ripping free of the curtains and rolling Elvis over, grabbing him by the hair, jerking his head back to reveal his bare neck. Her mouth snaps open, revealing the long, snake-like fangs!

Elvis winces as Sonia starts to bite down and...

...we see in a SLOW MOTION EXTREME CLOSE-UP: one fang BREAKS OFF his costume's "bite-proof collar", but the other actually GRAZES HIS NECK and NICKS THE SKIN. But the tooth is dragged back making a long furrow across the flesh, just as...

. . . Stack and Shelby are on the case, grabbing Sonia by the arm and hair, tearing her kicking and screaming off of Elvis! The other boys swarm in and help the King to his feet.

Elvis yanks his remaining .45 pistol from the shoulder holster and takes aim as Sonia hurls the two boys off like rag dolls, turning on Elvis like a savage animal.

ELVIS

Baby, return to sender.

Elvis unleashes a full clip of silver bullets, and the witch shrieks in agony as she topples to the ground, roasting alive from the inside out in the most spectacular flameout yet!
BOOM!

The boys surround Elvis and they all stare in amazement at the BURNING PILE OF FLESH on the lawn.

They turn and watch the whole GRAND DAUPHIN GOING UP IN FLAMES behind them and the HELLACIOUS SHRIEKS from inside the burning building can be heard.

A dozen SMOLDERING VAMPIRES and THRALLS stagger from the structure. With hate in their eyes they stalk toward Elvis and the boys.

Dr. Jack, out of breath, comes running up to Elvis. He fumbles to get his DOCTOR'S BAG open, looking over his shoulder, distracted by the oncoming vampires.

DR. JACK
Elvis, the Colonel said you'd need something to take the edge off.

He offers an array of pill bottles up for Elvis to peruse. Without warning Elvis suddenly unleashes a WICKED KARATE KICK and sends the doctor's bag and the pill bottles flying in different directions. Dr. Jack falls backward onto the ground in SLOW MOTION.

ELVIS
You're fired, too. Pill pusher.

Elvis jumps in and slams the door in Dr. Jack's face.

ELVIS
Blow Dodge.

EXT. GRAND DAUPHIN - NIGHT (1973)

The limo screams toward camera and we see the GRAND DAUPHIN BATHED IN FLAMES.

INT. CHIEF'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

WE ZOOM BACK OUT from a CU of ELVIS'S EYE as it blinks open.

Elvis is still lying on the ground inside the circle of salt. He gets his bearings and slowly rises to his feet. He touches his and we notice a single FANG SCAR, long ago healed.

The room is still empty, with just an evil breeze flapping through the curtains. CLOSE on Elvis as he nods, ruminating as the past finally becomes clear to him.

ELVIS
So that's the way it was, huh?
Well, it's about time, time I show 'em the way it is, baby.

A grim resolve crosses Elvis's face. Now he knows the truth and what he has got to do. Music theme up.

INT. ELVIS'S ROOM - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

As the music builds a MONTAGE BEGINS. TIGHT CU on Elvis's touring trunk being thrown open.

SERIES OF SHOTS: A pair of WHITE BOOTS land on the bed with a thud. Elvis's hand pulls open a FALSE BOTTOM in the trunk and he brings out the pair of GOLD COLT .45 pistols. He slaps GOLD CLIPS with SILVER BULLETS in each one and puts the guns on his bed. A jewel-encrusted wide leather BELT is strapped on. A studded leather CAPE flutters onto shoulders.

Elvis turns into his mirror revealing himself standing resplendent in a white, red and turquoise, Native American-themed, studded JUMPSUIT. Across the cape is a dazzling beaded image of an EAGLE, clutching ARROWS in its talons.

For a moment, Elvis turns reflective. Then his anger builds and he begins to rant with rage...

ELVIS

Well I'll be damned if some
foreign, blood-suckin' sons of
bitches are gonna drain the souls
out of my new Injun friend, my
loyal nurse and...

SMASSSH! It's an iconic image in SLOW MOTION as the bedroom window explodes and a powerfully built, black-clad VAMPIRE leaps through and lands in the room, exuding menace.

Elvis recoils, takes a step and plops into his wheelchair.

COLONEL PARKER (V.O.)

You always were a clothes horse,
Elvis.

The Colonel steps into the room from the hall.

ELVIS

So you're not a ghost after all.

The Colonel smiles and ruefully shakes his head.

COLONEL PARKER

No, that I am not.

Elvis eyes his guns on the bed, just out of reach.

ELVIS

What happened to the Chief? Where
is he??

CHIEF

Well, I am sure I have no idea,
Elvis.

EXT. SWAMP MUD BANK - NIGHT

A loud, powerful, concussive RETORT echoes through the swamp and...

WHAM!! The Chief blows through a rip in the fabric of time and space and lands with a THUD on a tiny mud bank in the midst of a vast tree-shrouded swamp.

The Chief's eyes blink open. He collects his thoughts and rises to his feet, checking himself for injury. Satisfied that he is in one piece, the Chief surveys his surroundings. About a quarter mile away, he can see the DISTANT GLOW of the Grand Dauphin.

Then the Chief notices, across the black-water pond in front of him...

A ten-foot long ALLIGATOR slides into the water.

A few feet from the Chief, TWO EYES and a SNOUT surface on the pond, staring at him.

The Chief's expression hardens.

CHIEF

(to himself)

Looks like I just may be gator
food...

He looks the hungry gator in the eye and calmly draws his SCALPING KNIFE from his belt.

CHIEF

...or else I'm gonna have me a
flashy new set of moccasins.

INT. GRAND DAUPHIN HALLWAY - NIGHT

Chained by the wrists to the wheelchair, Elvis is pushed down the empty hallway by Nurse Ducksoil. The Colonel strides coolly alongside with the Henchvamp bringing up the rear.

ELVIS

I just got one question, Colonel.
Am I a vampire?

COLONEL PARKER

I assume you have noticed the positive effects on your physique while living in the proximity of the Clan. Your curse is to have been nicked by a she-vampire, but not bitten. Although for you there's hope.

ELVIS

You sold yourself to the goddamn devil!

COLONEL PARKER

That's not exactly true, Elvis. Prince Franz Gustav Black was my way out of Europe ahead of the War. I learned much from that fella. After our success in the music business, I tried to sever my ties, in fact that's why I brought you down here to film that ill-conceived terror picture. We funneled a cool million into their coffers. But their appetites are immense and unholy. Why you saw what happened at that cast party. It was a Blood Riot. You and your boys were lucky to get out with your skins. It was all so unnecessary.

Parker sighs with genuine regret.

COLONEL PARKER

And the movie was turnin' out so well too. Might've been your best acting job ever. But those wives of his just had to go and eat that young director.

They round a corner and proceed down the empty intersecting hall.

COLONEL PARKER

In the aftermath of those tragic events the Prince kept me on a very short leash. I realized after your "disappearance" that you'd swapped places with that tubby impersonator. The Prince let me set up shop in Vegas to plunder what I could.

(MORE)

COLONEL PARKER (cont'd)

We worked that ol' Sebastian Haff boy like a government mule... 'til he dropped. All the while I was searchin' for you. It wasn't until that little newspaper article in Texas showed up that I got you transferred here to the Grand Dauphin. Luckily your memory was damaged and you didn't remember your previous visit here.

I've been helping the Prince with his western expansion ever since. I set 'em up here in New Orleans. Made a killing investing in retirement communities, which provided his Clan with waystations all across the continent they could visit and feed on the captive "livestock" as needed.

But my first love was always the music business and I am so glad to be working with you again.

ELVIS

Workin'?! You kiddin'??

COLONEL PARKER

I have never been more serious.

They stop at a LARGE ORNATE DOOR and Parker turns to Elvis.

COLONEL PARKER (CONT'D)

Now Elvis, we are about to go into the meeting of our lives. The Prince is a very special man, extremely powerful. If we play our cards right, we can all be in the money again. So I'm asking you, for old time's sake, if you might just play one more for the Colonel. You know, the ol' one finger, "tha's right", two fingers, "whatever you say."

The Colonel smiles seductively, giving Elvis the old twinkle.

As the camera moves in on Elvis's face we see a brief, distorted FLASHBACK of Sunny Dayes's cruel impersonation of him and in an echoey voice we hear:

SUNNY

Thas right Colonel. That's one finger for yes and two fingers up my ass.

HOLD ON ELVIS, as he stares the Colonel down, a look of resignation breaking over his face. The Colonel winks at him.

COLONEL PARKER

Good boy, Elvis. Good boy.

The Henchvamp steps forward and opens the giant set of ornate double doors. They roll Elvis in for the final showdown.

INT. GRAND DAUPHIN UPSTAIRS DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT

The Colonel leads the way into the huge, elegant dimly-lit chamber. He turns back to watch as Ducksoil pushes Elvis into the doorway.

An edgy Elvis scans the room, looking for any opportunity. His face blanches as he spots:

Nurse Ella, trussed up and gagged, hanging by her tied hands, Vietnam-style, from one of the rafters. She whimpers and looks at him pleadingly.

ELVIS

Thass my damn nurse, Colonel! What the hell's she gotta do with--

He suddenly notices something.

JUST AS BEFORE the MIST crawls across the floor, and a pair of familiar SNAKESKIN BOOTS materialize. Three sets of BOOTS bring up the rear.

WIDER, now we see the entourage of DARK FIGURES coming towards the Colonel. As they come nearer, the lights reveal that three of them are serious-looking TOUGH DUDES in black outfits. The Prince and his posse have appeared in the center of the room. The Henchvamp at Elvis's side joins them, making it a foursome.

There is momentary standoff ... as the Colonel stares at the imposing foursome, led by the Prince, now wearing his hair, tribal-like, in LONG GRAY BRAIDS.

COLONEL PARKER

Welcome, my dear Prince. It's been a long time.

A WHIRRING NOISE is heard. Out of the darkness, the VAMPIRE QUEEN MAGDA, rolls up from the shadows behind the Prince and his entourage.

It's the same gruesome silhouette from the earlier meeting in 1973, puttering along in a motorized wheelchair. Her RED EYES beam through the darkness...

COLONEL PARKER

And may I say I am delighted to see that your lovely mother has joined us. Lookin' just as fine as she always has, fresh as a daisy! The years have certainly been kind to her.

A TERRIBLE VOICE FROM THE SHADOWS:

MAGDA (GERMAN/SUBTITLED)

{Cut the crap, Andreas! And get the hell on with it!}

She comes into FULL VIEW as her voice slithers in the air, revealing to us for the first time: a wrinkled, gnarly face filled with scars and hundreds of years worth of grim experience. QUEEN MAGDA is a knotted, hairless, hideous old crone, barley alive, drawing breath through a oxygen tube attached to a tank on her motorized wheelchair!

Elvis GULPS. He mutters under his breath:

ELVIS

(to himself)

It's a goddamn Momma Nosferatau.

Ignoring Elvis, Parker suddenly pours on his best Carny bravado and boldly announces...

COLONEL PARKER

Ladies and Gentlemen, may I present to you...Mr. Elvis Aaron Presley.

He turns to the door as Ducksoil wheels Elvis out from the shadows into view.

We see Nurse Ella's eyes widen. The truth of these vampires' belief in Elvis's true identity has just hit her harder than a Mack truck.

The Prince's eyes narrow to slits and, along with his pals', are riveted on Elvis. We can hear them all breathe, animal-like, almost feral. It's a creepy moment.

PRINCE

So this is the geriatric bloodbag that killed my wives.

COLONEL PARKER

It was no one's fault. That was all just a big misunderstanding. He was caught up in the moment.

PRINCE BLACK

Your arrogance is poison in my eye, Andreas.

QUEEN MAGDA (GERMAN SUBTITLED)

{Quit dicking around, my son, and kill this worthless son of a bitch!}

For a moment, the Prince seems nonplussed.

PRINCE BLACK

Will you please speak ENGLISH, mother? You're in AMERICA, now.

Magda HISSES wordlessly at her son. Seeing an opening, the Colonel steps forward with his hands together:

COLONEL PARKER

Quite right, my Prince! We all must communicate! There's no reason for--

PRINCE BLACK

Shut your mouth!

COLONEL PARKER

(Undaunted)

I am simply proposing--

PRINCE BLACK

Your proposals are worth nothing!

COLONEL PARKER

I have always fulfilled my contracts. I am a man of honor.

PRINCE BLACK

You are a man of incompetence! Since you brought us to America after World War II, you have been useless.

COLONEL PARKER

You boys were Germans. That was a tough sell in 1945.

PRINCE BLACK

And then that movie of yours was a disaster.

COLONEL PARKER

It's not my fault your "wives" couldn't control their lusts.

PRINCE BLACK

And you promised us a U.S. President, but he resigned before we could do anything with him.

COLONEL PARKER

How was I to know the man was a crook?!

The Colonel shifts gears and becomes conciliatory.

COLONEL PARKER

But that's all in the past. Now, that we've...ahh...reconnected, with the real Elvis, imagine the marketing opportunities...with your powers and his talent...

The Colonel is on a roll now.

COLONEL PARKER

Geezer rock is a huge business! Those old bands sell out arenas! We could all make millions!

Colonel Parker gives him the "one finger sign", but Elvis ignores it.

PRINCE BLACK

Your client doesn't seem particularly interested. For your plan to work, he would need to join with us, willingly.

The Colonel cranks up his pitch and gets right in Elvis's face.

COLONEL PARKER

Elvis, when I found you in that rest home, you were a pathetic, half-dead old husk. Nobody believed you were the real McCoy. I believed in you. Always have, always will. I brought you back here. Everything you ever had was because of me.

(MORE)

COLONEL PARKER (cont'd)

I made it happen. Force of will.
And I'll make it happen again.

ELVIS

(steely)

Let the Nurse go.

COLONEL PARKER

It's not that easy, Elvis. Your nurse has seen the way we operate, she knows things now. But there's more at stake here than her life, Elvis. Can't you see what's happening to you now! Look at yourself! In our presence, you're getting younger, stronger! If you wanna stay that way, then you gotta play ball! What the Prince is offering you is a drink from the fountain! A chance to be the King again! Forever!

The Colonel affixes Elvis with a stare and suddenly a bizarre set of hallucinatory images flood Elvis's mind. FLASHCUTS assault us, images of a possible future:

A younger-looking old Elvis, trim, gray and black hair, performing in Vegas, rocking the mike, working the crowd, looking good. Twenty year old girls side-by-side with middle aged ladies, fainting in the front row. The crowd chanting: "Elvis, Elvis, Elvis".

BACK TO SCENE, Elvis pulls away from the vision and spits rage at Parker:

ELVIS

Who says I wanna be back on top of the world? I got out of that game on my own damn steam, baby. It was killing me.

COLONEL PARKER

Then let's talk about what money can't buy. The love of your wife, Priscilla, and your daughter too. They still love you. Wouldn't that be nice?

FLASHCUTS again:

A hallucinatory image of hopelessly happy domestic tranquility, Elvis and PRISCILLA in a suburban backyard on the 4th of July, Elvis working the grill of a BARBECUE as his NEIGHBORS laugh, joke, drink beer and enjoy themselves. Fireworks fill the sky like roses and wildflowers...

BACK TO SCENE, Elvis tears himself out of the fantasy.

ELVIS

And live the rest of our lives as a family of vampires?! Excuse me, but that really sucks.

Now, Parker is just INCHES from Elvis, whispering passionately so that it's just between the two of them:

COLONEL PARKER

Come with me, Elvis. If you ever listened to me in your whole life, listen to me now. It's the only choice. The only way.

ELVIS

I'm through with you Colonel.

PRINCE BLACK

And so am I.

The Colonel is speechless.

PRINCE BLACK

Kill him.

QUEEN MAGDA (GERMAN/SUBTITLED)

{It's about time!}

The Henchvamps move in unison toward the Colonel, who takes a few steps back as they swarm around, ready to finish him.

The Prince turns his sights back to Elvis as Magda wheels up closer, drool spilling from her wide, toothy maw. The Prince trains his gaze on our hero and his eyes move down to the chains restraining Elvis to the wheelchair. He focusses an invisible blast of power and THE CHAINS FALL FREE.

PRINCE BLACK

So, Elvis, I figure it this way: If you don't want your eternal soul...my mother certainly does.

Elvis looks on in horror at the snarling old crone, Magda, as she growls and drools in anticipation, coming closer. The Prince hisses in his face, giving him the final score:

PRINCE BLACK

Mother Magda's a little picky about what she eats. Haven't gotten her to choke down anything decent in nearly a hundred years. That's why we really came here, my friend. That's what we were supposed to be doing the night you killed my wives. It was gonna be a meal of a king, fit for a queen.

Magda SQUEALS with an awful mutated laughter as the Prince's arm shoots out and grabs hold of Elvis by the neck. With his superhuman strength, the tall vampire lifts Elvis out of the wheelchair. Elvis flails and flops vainly.

PRINCE BLACK

Mother. Let me tenderize the meat.

His mouth opens inhumanly wide, revealing long, wicked-sharp canines!

Meanwhile, as the Henchvamps move in to kill the Colonel, suddenly, calmly, and without warning...

The Colonel reaches down and his fingers clench around the ivory handle of his walking cane; with a steely sound, he draws a LONG SILVER, DAGGER-BLADE SWORD FROM INSIDE THE CANE!

With one swift and well-practiced move, Parker slices across the neck of the first Henchvamp. In the same move, his other hand pulls a small caliber revolver from his coat pocket, he spins and...

EXTREME CLOSE UP on the revolver cylinder, as the hammer is drawn back we can see the gleam of a SILVER BULLET wheel across into the breech.

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

Each of the three remaining Henchvamps take a silver slug directly in their foreheads and shriek in dying agony. They topple to the floor and their HEADS BEGIN TO CATCH FIRE!

The CAMERA SWOOPS IN on Colonel Parker through a cloud of gunsmoke as the Henchvamps fall away and burn. The Colonel strikes a pose. His revolver is now aimed directly at the Prince.

COLONEL PARKER

Okay, my friend. Let's set the old boy down. Now.

Still holding Elvis, the Prince slowly turns his attention to Parker and snarls, bearing his fangs...and begins to LAUGH.

The Colonel shrugs.

COLONEL PARKER

This is NO laughing matter.

He aims for Black's face and pulls the trigger.

Click! The gun does not fire.

The camera MOVES IN tight on Parker as he looks at the gun in his hand. Sighs.

COLONEL PARKER

Shit.

The Prince snarls defiantly, turning his attention back to Elvis, whom he still has by the neck!

With a sudden unnatural fury, Parker snarls and in his open mouth we can see a healthy set of FANGS. He throws the gun to the ground and hurls himself into the air in a savage attack on the Prince, his dagger-blade sword drawn high. His supernatural vampire strength vaults him an easy TEN FEET INTO THE AIR, and he brings the sword up as he descends, aiming right for the back of the Prince's head!

But then...the Prince gives a LOOK and time and space seems to FREEZE! Colonel Parker stops in the air just above Prince Black, suspended "Matrix-style" in mid-leap!

QUEEN MAGDA (GERMAN/SUBTITLED)

**(Quit being such a fucking show-off
and kill him already!!!)**

The Vampire Queen sits like a hungry dog beside them, ready for her meal. It looks like it's all over for the King as the Prince raises Elvis up and pulls him close for the death bite. But suddenly, we RACK FOCUS to reveal...

...The Chief, poised at the other end of the chamber. The Chief's BOW is drawn taut, an ARROW loaded in the breach, and it's aimed dead to rights at the Prince.

The camera quickly slides down the length of the arrow to reveal that it is tipped with a gleaming SILVER ARROWHEAD!

The Prince is about to tear into Elvis's throat...

Thwap! The Chief releases. In SLOW MOTION the arrow flies true -- and with a grisly WET SOUND it impales itself directly THROUGH THE PRINCE'S NECK! CHUKKK!!!!
ARRRRGGGGHHHH!!!!

Elvis crashes to the ground and looks up to see the startled look on the Prince's face. The big bad vampire tries to speak ...but no dice. He reaches up and grabs the arrow, trying like hell to dislodge the damn thing as it sizzles and burns in his neck, but he is overwhelmed and hits the floor, writhing in pain!

The Prince's spell on the Colonel is broken and Parker crashes hard to the floor with a thud.

Like a machine, the Chief smoothly wheels, reloads and lets another arrow fly. It cuts through the air like a laser beam and slams into the beam that Nurse Ella is tied up to, slicing her bonds.

Nurse Ella tumbles to the floor. Gets to her feet, and sees Elvis, down on the ground:

ELVIS

Go! GET OUT OF HERE NOW!!!

Reluctantly, Ella scampers for an open corridor. Nurse Ducksoil, the last remaining lackey of Prince Black, starts after her...

BACK ON ELVIS as he collects himself and tries to get to his feet. A shadow falls over him and looks up and sees the old witch Magda! Not one to let a Kingly meal go to waste, she's wheeling her motorized wheelchair toward him.

Repelled, Elvis starts crab-walking backward across the floor, trying to flee from the pursuing old freak.

BUT SUDDENLY!!!

With a supernatural, animal-like ferocity, the old crone leaps out of her wheelchair and pounces on top of Elvis! He lets out a howl of revulsion as he finds himself face-to-face with the ancient woman, her fetid breath overwhelming him!

Meanwhile, across the room, we follow the Chief's MOCCASINS crossing the floor and we tilt up to reveal the powerful old warrior as he stalks the crawling Prince Black, who drags himself across the floor, struggling with the mortal wound.

INT. GRAND DAUPHIN UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Nurse Ella flees for her life. As the lights flicker overhead, she stops in her tracks as Nurse Ducksoil steps out and cuts off her escape.

NURSE ELLA
Sweet god in heaven.

Ducksoil takes a few steps forward.

DUCKSOIL
God is not here.

Getting her brain quickly in gear, Ella spies a nearby entrance to...the INFIRMARY! She dashes for it.

INT. INFIRMARY - NIGHT

As Nurse Ella enters the room, Ducksoil leaps through the doorway and lands on top of her. The two nurses tumble over the examination table and trays of MEDICAL IMPLEMENTS go flying everywhere. Nurse Ella slams into a cabinet and looks up to see...

Ducksoil has come up with a razor-sharp SCALPEL. She hurls herself back toward Ella. Ducksoil slashes savagely with the scalpel, but at the last instant...

Ella shoves a STEEL BEDPAN up between the scalpel and her face, using it as a shield. Like a nail on chalkboard, the knife savagely scrapes across the metal bedpan. After the slash, Ella jerks the bedpan up with a thud into Ducksoil's face. The scalpel goes flying as Ducksoil stumbles backward.

INT. GRAND DAUPHIN UPSTAIRS DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT

The Prince drags himself across the floor attempting to flee the Chief. The Prince summons what's left of his strength and manages to break off the impaled arrowhead. With a SICKENING JUICY SOUND the Prince pulls the length of the arrow shaft out of his neck and collapses.

The Chief reaches down and grabs the Prince's shoulder when suddenly...

WHAM!! In a totally unexpected and utterly lightning-fast move, The Prince spins and rams the arrow shaft deep into the Chief's kidney! The Indian Warrior lets out a pained gasp.

On the other side of the room, Elvis tumbles and struggles with the Queen Vampire, her wicked laughter stabbing our ears. He's got the old crone by the throat but her gnarled old hands scratch at his face.

It looks pretty bad for both of our heroes now!

INT. INFIRMARY - NIGHT

Nurse Ella gets to her feet and scans her situation. There's just one door and Ducksoil is closer to it. The pale, sallow Ducksoil smirks after her prey, then brandishes a LARGE SYRINGE with a 5-inch needle.

Ella makes her move and dashes for the door, but Ducksoil has got the drop. She leaps for Ella and as they crash into the examination table, Ella manages to grab hold of Ducksoil's syringe hand. Ducksoil bears down as Ella uses all her strength to prevent the needle from going where it's intended...right into her eye. Ducksoil has the advantage and the needle comes within millimeters of Ella's wide eyeball. Ella's free hand thrashes about the floor as she tries to find any kind of weapon she can use, when...

Ella's hand finds purchase on a ten-inch-long metal LANCE. Her expression turns steely.

NURSE ELLA
Gotta lance that boil.

Whap! She slams the lance right into the side of Ducksoil's head and the sharp tip penetrates right through the ear canal up to the hilt.

Ducksoil lets out a shriek and thrashes about wildly and topples off of Ella.

INT. GRAND DAUPHIN UPSTAIRS DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT

Elvis struggles with the old Vampire Queen, but her strength is formidable.

The Colonel, stunned flat on the floor, rolls up on one elbow and gets his bearings. He sees Elvis, in jeopardy from the old hag, and without hesitation, slides his SILVER BLADE CANE ACROSS THE FLOOR to him.

Across the room: With the arrow shaft stuck in his side, the Chief, though mortally wounded is undeterred. From his belt, the Chief draws out his SCALPING KNIFE and begins to chant in a long-forgotten language.

He grabs hold of the Prince's long braids and jerks back the vampire's head preparing to scalp him. This is one thing the Chief knows how to do well. Expertly, he slices across the Prince's forehead.

The vampire shrieks in terror as he realizes what is coming. The Chief slices deep around the crown.

THUNDER SUDDENLY CRASHES!

With a sharp tug, the scalp begins to come off. An UNEARTHLY WIND joins the THUNDER as the Chief's muttered incantations gain volume...

YANK!!! He rips the scalp free! The Prince's bloody, visible skull cap bursts into flames and his everlasting soul disappears into the ether.

BACK TO ELVIS - He takes hold of the Colonel's sword and looks up at the drooling, monstrous Momma Nosferatu.

WHACK! Elvis swings the Colonel's sword true, and the vampire hag's head tumbles through the air as a GEYSER OF BLOOD erupts from her severed neck!

Elvis gets to his feet, the smouldering remains going all jelly-like and steamy at his feet.

The good guys have won. It's all over. Or is it?

The Colonel sidles up behind Elvis, looking pleased with things. He brings out a long stogie, lights up with a smile.

COLONEL PARKER

Good work, Elvis. You have finally taken care of business, as advertised.

Elvis doesn't turn to face him, fuming over the remains of Momma Magda with the sword in his hand.

ELVIS

Advertised? You gonna put me in a mouthwash commercial now? Is that the plan? Another hundred years of selling out everything I ever was for a quick buck?

The Colonel speaks gently, fatherly now:

COLONEL PARKER

Elvis, you and I now stand together, victorious against immeasurable odds. The way it always was.

ELVIS

You were gonna sell me out to those vampires!

COLONEL PARKER

That's not true. I knew the only way to defeat them was together...as a team. Besides, I came to your rescue when the chips were down. Was it not I who provided the means to strike the final blow?

Elvis can't figure out what to say to that one. The Colonel is right.

COLONEL PARKER

You and I need each other, Elvis. We're joined at the hip. Youth and talent are fleeting. Life is cruel. Without me...without the power I represent...you are nothing but an old man. Come, Elvis, let's put the past behind us. Permanently.

CLOSE: On Elvis's face, as Colonel Parker's words reach him. And a TEAR rolls down his cheek.

Then he steels himself, raising the sword.

ELVIS

Colonel, I said it before, and I guess I gotts't say it again. You are FIRED!

He spins with the sword, ready to stroke the Colonel's head off...

...but the Colonel has vanished, leaving only his misty essence hanging in the air! The Colonel's voice hangs in an ethereal fog as Elvis watches it dissipate:

COLONEL PARKER (V.O.)

Then let us agree to disagree, Elvis. For the moment.

The Colonel's voice fades as Elvis gets a grip on himself and then quickly stumbles across the room.

Sitting Bull lies on the ground, mortally injured, his breath coming in short gasps. Elvis drops to his knees beside him.

CHIEF

I'm dying, Elvis. His blow cut deep. His power has released me.

ELVIS

Just hang in there, compadre. Lemme get my nurse, that gal can work wonders. She brought me back.

Elvis starts to go find her but the Chief grasps Elvis's hand. Elvis feels an electric surge as a GENTLE AURA surrounds him.

CHIEF

Your curse is gone too, Elvis.

The Chief lies back, at peace, ready to meet his maker. The Chief chants a few inaudible incantations and...

EXT. SUNSET MEADOW - DUSK

Elvis and the Chief are now in a mountain-rimmed meadow, illuminated by the golden-red light of a SETTING SUN. A group of NATIVE AMERICAN SQUAWS, surround them, having come to collect the Chief.

The Chief rises to his feet. Now in full Indian dress regalia...loin cloth, leggings and war-bonnet, he mounts a beautiful APPALOOSA. As the music swells, the Chief wheels his steed and leads his tribe off into a beautiful eternity.

INT. GRAND DAUPHIN UPSTAIRS DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT

Elvis still kneels in reverence.

But now he sees that...the Chief's body is gone!

Elvis nods somberly and stands as Nurse Ella appears at the entrance, her face and clothes torn and dirty from her fight with Ducksoil. She sees Elvis and smiles.

NURSE ELLA

Mister Presley! Elvis!

She comes to his side and grabs hold of his arm, surveying the carnage in the room.

NURSE ELLA

How're we doin'?

ELVIS

I think we're gonna need a new rest home.

They smile at each other and we slowly...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GREYHOUND BUS STATION - DAWN (1973)

The limo pulls to a stop at a bus station on the edge of town. A bus is loading up passengers in the background.

Young Elvis climbs out of the limo and helps Jill out.

JILL

Thank you, Elvis.

ELVIS

Now you take care of yourself, sugar.

Elvis reaches over and tucks a large roll of HUNDRED DOLLAR BILLS in her pocket.

ELVIS

And if you go through all that and get in some real trouble....

Elvis slides one his JEWEL ENCRUSTED RINGS off his finger, takes her hand and presses it into her palm.

ELVIS

...use this. Keep it someplace safe.

JILL

Oh Elvis, that's your ring, I can't need that.

ELVIS

It's okay baby. I get 'em wholesale.

Over at the bus, the BUS DRIVER, starts up the stairs into the bus.

BUS DRIVER
Last call for Fayetteville!

Elvis leans in close to the young woman.

ELVIS
I just got one piece of advice for
you, gal.

Jill looks up at Elvis dreamily, ready to kiss the King.

ELVIS
Stay out of show business.

Before she can react, Elvis quickly plants a kiss on her cheek. Suddenly overcome, she begins to swoon, but Elvis catches her. He puts her back on her unsteady feet and then clambers back into the limo. Cooter hits the gas and the limo pulls away.

BUS DRIVER
Miss, you gettin' on or not.

Jill looks down at the ring in her palm, inscribed in diamonds with the letters **T.C.B.** She turns away and steps shakily up onto the bus.

INT. LIMO - DAWN

Elvis leans back into the seat.

SHELBY
King. What about the Colonel? You
think he made it out of that bat's
nest alive?

ELVIS
(shrugs)
Don't know. But I do know one
thing: One way or another, the
Colonel can talk his way out of
anything, even eternal damnation.

The Boys let that notion sink in.

ELVIS
Cooter, wha's the next town, man?

COOTER
Bout two hundred miles up, King.
It's Texas, man, a little shithole
burg called Nacogdoches.

ELVIS

Good. You head for it. Somebody up there I want to see. Some dude named Haff...Sebastian Haff.

Elvis idly pulls up his collar and we see a small BAND-AID on his neck. A single DROP OF BLOOD drips down his neck from under the band-aid.

Music theme up.

EXT. HIGHWAY - SUNRISE (1973)

The limo blows past camera carrying young Elvis on to his destiny.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BAYOU SUNRISE - DAWN (PRESENT DAY)

As the sun rises over the tupelo trees which rise majestically from the Louisiana swamps, the sound of a car starter and engine cranking is heard.

A CAR HOOD is slammed shut.

Nurse Ella wipes her hands and then her brow and turns to old Elvis, who leans casually up against the Plymouth with the aid of his cane. She sighs.

NURSE ELLA

Phones out, car too...I guess we're on foot from here on out.

ELVIS

Suits me.

NURSE ELLA

We can call ambulances for the old folks when we get to town. But it's a good fifteen miles...and you are gonna take it easy.

The trunk is thrown open, revealing Elvis's wheelchair, folded for travel. Ella sets the chair down, unfolds it. Elvis sits down, smirking as Ella takes the handles, unlocking the ride.

ELVIS

Mother hen to the bitter end, huh?

NURSE ELLA

First mummies, now vampires. I got to keep a close eye on you. What's next, Elvis, The Wolfman?

ELVIS

I thought my name was Sebastian
Haff to you, honey?

NURSE ELLA

Not anymore.

They smile at each other.

AND NOW, in a final, epic shot, Ella and Elvis truck on down the road, she on foot, pushing him in his wheelchair.

ELVIS

You know, Ella baby, I think this could be the beginning of a heck of a friendship.

NURSE ELLA

Why thank you, Elvis. Thank you very much.

The two of them head up the road into the sunrise and on to their next adventure.

End Credits up:

Elvis returns in:

BUBBA SASQUATCH

Killer Apes of the Northern Woods

Roll Bubba Sasquatch trailer: