

E.

by

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from his book, The Two Kings.



this might be a true story

FADE IN:

A drift of sand whirls up around a miniature figurine of

ELVIS PRESLEY

clad in a Hawaiian print shirt and brandishing a sequined ukulele. A phosphorescent blue glow flickers in the background and a rainbow swirl of glitter shimmers around the captive King.

Eerily, as though someone were pulling strings, the miniature starts to gyrate it's hips. Faster...faster...faster...until it all gels into a scintillating blur.

But, it's just a toy -- one of those throwaway snow-globes in the convex shape of a glass ball. A puppet in the hands of

ALTON BEGGET

a good 'ole boy and henchman of the Memphis Mafia. Bored, he tosses the toy aside, steps to a rain-splattered window and peers out into the night.

OUTSIDE

the sodium-yellow headlights of an approaching vehicle scream through the stormy darkness. The nearing light seeps through the blinds and races down the hall into

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

An ancient re-run of *Hee-haw* blares on the TV with Buck Owens and Roy Clark astrummin' and ahollerin'. Alton picks up the phone, dials.

ALTON

(a whisper)

It's me. Car's here. See you when I see you.

He hangs up, straightens his tie and makes a smooth exit past some of the King's Court; seated at a coffee table, they're eating from large buckets of Kentucky Fried Chicken -- the Last Supper. They are captivated by the "Heee-e-e Haww-w-w, hyuck, hyuck, hyuck" that emanates from the TV.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Alton steps to a door, presses his ear close. After a moment, he knocks.

ALTON

E? Car's here.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - SAME

The inner sanctum -- walls padded with buttoned-back artificial suede, floors covered in plush, shag carpet. An enormous double King-size bed dominates the room.

The room is in complete disarray, signs of orgiastic frenzy abound. Pill bottles -- dilaudid, demoral, percodan, Valium, Dexedrine, placidyl, qualudes. Syringes. A vomit stain. Crumpled papers and clothes.

A HAND

donning oversized jeweled rings on each of its stubby digits, absently counts out heart-shaped pills.

A lonesome, gruff VOICE sings a familiar ballad.

VOICE (O.S.)

Love me tender, love me sweet...never let
me go...

The VOICE belongs to a man who we'll call "E", seated before a rococo vanity, his reflection in the mirror enshrouded in darkness.

E

You have made my life complete...

Another KNOCK at the door, then

ALTON (O.S.)

Time to rock n'roll, E. Car's waiting.

E

(yelling)

Lemme finish my goddamn song!

(beat)

You have made my life complete, and I
love you so...

"E" SMASHES his fist into the mirror, shattering it.

EXT. CAR PORT - NIGHT

A storm rages. Alton shepherds "E," sporting a hooded prize-fighter style robe into the backseat of a black Cadillac limousine. Doors are slammed and the car speeds off.

EXT. GATES - NIGHT

The eight-cylinder love machine pulls through the wrought iron gates, as a large plantation-style mansion looms in the background.

BURN IN: MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE -- AUGUST 16, 1977

The limo pushes through the crowd, as a throng of GROUPIES claw at the car, hoping to get a look inside. Through the window they can barely make out a raised scotch glass -- enough to send them into hysterics.

INT. CADILLAC (MOVING) - SAME

The hooded "E" toasts the passing groupies.

E
 Fuckin' vultures.
 (beat)
 Daddy gonna meet us there?

Alton turns around in the front seat.

ALTON
 Daddy's all set.

EXT. MEMPHIS STREET - NIGHT

Rain falls diagonally and soaks the concrete as the limo zooms through downtown Memphis.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

A remote industrial section. The Cadillac pulls up under the shimmery glow of rain-soaked nightlight.

The DRIVER steps out and opens the door as Alton and "E" quickly exit.

LOU

a big, armored and gruesome-looking thug, climbs out of the front passenger-side door and hangs by the car. Alton guides "E" up the loading ramp and into the ramshackle building's doorway.

ALTON
 I'll be right in, E.

Alton shuts the iron door and strolls back to the limo.

CONTINUED:

DRIVER
Anything else tonight, boss?

ALTON
Not tonight.

Suddenly, Lou pulls out a .38 service revolver and squeezes off a quick round into the sunken chest of the unsuspecting driver.

LOU
Not tonight, not ever.

Alton checks the lifeless driver's pulse.

ALTON
(continuing)
Nice shootin', Lou. We'll be out soon.

INT. WAREHOUSE - SAME

A vast abandoned carpet warehouse. A grease-stained bag of cheese burgers and fries from a place called *Mort's* overflows onto a card table and into the hands of

"E"

still in the hood, now slovenly chewing -- "E" is a happy camper.

E
What's all that racket, boy?

ALTON
(entering)
Caddy backfired.
(grabbing a couple fries)
So...want to check out what we got you?

INT. WAREHOUSE - ANTEROOM - NIGHT

Alton swings open a massive sliding door.

ALTON
There he is.

"E" slowly steps into the low-lit abandon room. He removes his hood to reveal his shockingly swollen face -- replete with bloodshot eyes and a few chins too many, it's ELVIS PRESLEY.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELVIS

Jesse Garon! What am I seeing, Alton?
On the soul of my dear departed twin
brother Jesse Garon Presley, I ask, what
am I seeing, boy!?

ALTON

As of tomorrow, as far as the world
knows, that's Elvis Presley. The King of
Rock & Roll.

Elvis moves closer to get a better look. The body of an

ELVIS IMPERSONATOR

lies dead on the metallic slab -- though he's a deathly blue
and beginning to smell, he's a dead ringer for Elvis.

ELVIS

And he's dead?

ALTON

Dead as a gun-shot she-bitch.

Elvis examines the body.

ELVIS

Well hell, Alton, it's kinda givin' me
the creeps now! Where'd he get this
swell jumpsuit and cape? And this
sapphire belt...damn! Those are my
pumps, Alton!

ALTON

Even has your birthmark tattooed on his
leg.

ELVIS

Get out. Who is this fella?

ALTON

We found him in Nevada. No one knows his
real name. He changed it to Elvis
Presley last year in Vegas courts. He
was developing a lounge act. Got no
family. No wife. Don't even have
friends.

(beat)

As far as the world knows, he's you, E.

ELVIS

I'm getting a funny feeling about this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Alton turns to him -- a moment of sincerity.

ALTON
You're doing it for your country.

Though he's nearly anesthetized, patriotism hits home. Elvis nods with heart-felt agreement.

ELVIS
So...what? You iced this guy?

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
I did, Elvis.

Elvis and Alton turn to the voice.

LOIS JOAD

a 25 year-old bombshell, emerges from the shadows -- she totes a woozy, sexy swagger and a raspy "suthun" accent.

ELVIS
Well, lookie here...

Alton steps to make the formal introduction.

ALTON
This is Lois Joad. She's been with the bureau for a few months now. She'll be responsible for you during your vacation.

LOIS
Hi there, teddy bear.

She sashays close to Elvis' burly mug -- the King coils his lips.

ELVIS
I'm gonna like my retirement.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The Elvis Impersonator is propped up in the back seat of the Caddy next to the dead Driver, who is now wearing Lou's clothes.

ALTON (O.S.)
Now, here's your new passport, driver's license, and some credit cards. Take 'em.

INSERT - a Vermont driver's license, Mastercharge, BancAmericard and U.S. Passport, all tailored for "Elvin Adam Press."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELVIS
How'd you get these, boy?

Elvis is arm-in-arm with Lois as Alton works his gold incisor with a toothpick.

ALTON
We're the government, Elvis. We can do anything.

Alton nods at Lou, who waits patiently by the car for further instructions.

ALTON (Cont'd)
(continuing)
All set, Lou. Take 'em back to Graceland.

Lou dutifully nods, drops into the Caddy. He guns the engine as the Caddy zooms away from the warehouse.

Our principals watch the car roll away. It slowly starts to sink in: Elvis is now officially dead to the world.

ELVIS
Feels kinda funny being dead.

LOIS
Take a year or two off and return to a hero's welcome.

ELVIS
A hero. Now that sounds good.
(beat)
So, where's Daddy?

Suddenly, from behind Elvis' head, Alton reaches around and GAGS our hero with a chloroform rag.

Elvis crumbles to the ground.

Alton opens his own shirt and rips out a WIRE TAP that's been taped to his chest. He tosses it to the ground.

ALTON
(to Elvis)
Welcome to the rest of your life, sucker.
(smiling, to Lois)
He's all ours.

Alton steps to the beaming Lois, who is all too ready to plant a wet one on him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LOIS
(in throws of passion)
Alton, there's something I have to tell
you, sweet-pea.

ALTON
What?

LOIS
I'm going it alone.

Lighting fast, she pulls away from him, opens a gleaming SWITCHBLADE and skillfully jams the piece into his gut.

Alton falls back in disbelief as a dark bloodstain start to grow through his shirt.

Lois smiles menacingly as LIGHTNING FLASHES.

MATCH CUT:

FLASHBULBS explode.

MONTAGE -- "ELVIS IS DEAD!" ARCHIVAL FOOTAGE.

AUDIO CUE: Cacophony of overlapping newscasts, commentaries, and sound-bytes on Elvis' life, death, musical legacy and effect on our American culture.

- a.) The hearse leaves the Graceland compound, following a police motorcade -- the like of which is awe-inspiring.
- b.) The funeral/the burial, including the somber faces of Elvis' DADDY and COLONEL TOM PARKER.
- c.) The hoards of MOURNERS outside Graceland lighting candles, singing songs, hugging each other, crying.
- d.) INTERCUT: Testimonials from manic FANS.
- e.) INTERCUT: Newspaper headlines screaming the story.
- f.) FAST MOTION PHOTOGRAPHY across a blinding array of Post-Elvis images: ANDY KAUFMAN's impersonation; shots and shots of knickknacks for sale in gift shops; records and discs stacked in record bins; tabloid headlines reporting Elvis sightings. A visual orgasm of Elvis.

WHITE OUT



monday

FADE IN:

EXT. JOAD HOUSE - MORNING

A small split-level place, left over from *Leave It To Beaver*, now crumbles from disrepair -- chipped paint, bent aluminum siding, a rickety porch, unhinged shutters, an untended and overgrown yard.

A freckle-faced PAPER BOY speeds by on a Schwinn Roadster and launches a paper at the front door. It hits with a THUD and lands in a pile of unopened junk mail.

BURN IN: SEATTLE, THE PRESENT

The door creaks opens and a pair of \$1.99 foam-rubber thongs appear, hairy toes sprouting from beneath. The toes belong to

ROGER DRUBB

a 40ish man of the "high-school hero" ilk -- he tries to hide his now frowsy appearance under an over-sized terri-cloth robe with thinning elbows. He looks over his flattened nose and quickly scans the neighborhood, then heads inside with the newspaper, whistling an atonal rendition of *Jailhouse Rock*.

INSIDE

Roger trudges through the strangely sparse interior, the place seems to be in a state of perpetual tag sale -- an ancient RCA TV, some haphazardly placed chairs, a coffee table, piles of newspapers. Interior design is decidedly *temporary*.

Roger stops at an end table, picks up a throwing dart and launches it across the room, scoring a direct-hit on a velvet

ELVIS POSTER

Pleased with his aim, Roger flips the poster the finger and dances himself into

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The operatic strains of Mozart's *Don Giovanni* waft from a small portable CD player as Roger slaps down the newspaper and starts pulling things from the refrigerator.

TWO VIDEO MONITORS

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

jury-rigged to the wall above the micro-wave presently reveal a LUMP sleeping beneath heavy blankets in a seemingly well-appointed space.

Roger mangles the aria using ridiculous hand motions to counter-point the dramatic rises and falls, as he angrily assembles a meager meal of cottage cheese and cling peaches -- the 1960's version of the diet plate.

He covers the food with a metal dome, slides it onto a home-made dumb waiter and slams the hatch shut. He presses the down button and turns to a wall calendar covered in black X's. Thursday has been highlighted and marked with dollar signs.

ROGER

Three more days, Roger...three more days.

INT. THE BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Cold and antiseptic -- it's about as cozy as a drug rehab center. Institutional metal furnishings, no decorative intrusions, two barred portholes in the wall. A shiny aluminum commode neighbors an equally generic sink/mirror combo -- they stand nakedly in all their prison-cell glory.

A few books -- Homer's Odyssey, Dante's Purgatorio, Joyce's Ulysses, Shakespeare's Henry V and the Bible rest on a lone bookshelf. A second-hand, stringless guitar is chain-linked to the wall beside a wooden karate practice dummy.

A BUZZER sounds noisily as the dumb waiter comes to a halt. The LUMP begins to rustle, thrashing about in frustration. Finally, it kicks off the blankets and stands in a huff. Lo and behold, it's

ELVIS PRESLEY

The long-deposed King of Rock & Roll sporting bikini underpants. Now a spirited 62, he's a veritable incarnation of Jack La Lane -- taut muscles, ripped abs...a shadow of his former self. This Elvis is very much alive...and he's pissed.

ELVIS

(eyes burning evil desire)

On the soul of my dear departed twin brother, Jesse Garon Presley, I ask, when will the madness end!?

Elvis paws an electric DOG COLLAR padlocked around his neck as he storms across the basement to the dumb waiter.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELVIS (Cont'd)
Please, Jesse Garon, just this once...

Elvis removes the covered tray and carries it to the floor beside his bed. He leans over, sniffs the metal tray cover.

ELVIS (Cont'd)
Oh, let it be...

He whips up the tray cover -- the super-model special.

ELVIS (Cont'd)
Dag-nabbit!

He hurls the metal cover into the adjacent wall.

ELVIS (Cont'd)
(shouting up the stairs)
Some day, Lois! Some day, you dang floosy! I'm gonna get you good!

Elvis desperately tears at his dog collar as he throws a side-long, wary glance at the sophisticated maze of LASER BEAMS, ominously guarding the rickety stairwell.

ELVIS (Cont'd)
I'm gonna see you rot in the jailhouse!

With that, he bum-rushes the stairs, his dog collar surges across the lasers sending an ELECTRIC JOLT through his body, crippling him. He crumples and tumbles down the stairs backwards.

Slowly, he pulls himself from the cold floor.

ELVIS (Cont'd)
(resigned)
Oh...what did I do to deserve this? Just give me a chance to mend my evil ways, Jesse.

INT. ROADSIDE PHONE BOOTH - DAY

A finely manicured finger dials 0.

WOMAN (O.S.)
Operator, I'd like to make a collect call to Japan. My name is Priscilla.

EXT. ROADSIDE PHONE BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

A late model Pontiac Firebird rests alongside the phone booth outside a gas station.

INT. ROADSIDE PHONE BOOTH - RESUME

The finger pulls a guitar pendant from between a shapely pair of breasts, tinkers with it in anticipation while waiting for the OPERATOR to make the connection.

WOMAN (O.S.)

Mister Yatsuki, it's me...Priscilla.

The voice belongs to LOIS JOAD -- two decades and a breast enlargement later, she's matured into a confident and headstrong woman with come-hither lips.

A wicked grin plays across her face as she launches into a brief conversation in fluent Japanese -- direct and business-like, she sounds like she's making important arrangements.

Finally, in a clipped, confirming manner.

LOIS

Oragato gazigh-mus. Sayonara.

She hangs up, the wicked grin becomes a dirty smile.

LOIS (Cont'd)

Crime of the fucking century.

INT. THE BASEMENT - LATER

Elvis drops his briefs and sits down on the toilet, props open his Bible across his lap -- his own private sermon on the mount.

He reads silently for an instant, then glares up at the ever-watchful lens of the security camera that infringes upon his privacy.

UPSTAIRS

Roger adjusts the contrast on one of the monitors -- Elvis' angry mug comes into full view.

ROGER

Two decades of this shit. Twenty cities in twenty years. Hope you like sushi.

(jabbing the screen)

Ha fucking ha, mother-fucker.

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

Elvis rifles through a free-standing wardrobe housing several well-pressed, meticulously hung warm-ups, kimonos and karate robes -- a rainbow of bright colors.

He considers his choices, then selects a lime-green Sergio Tacchini warm-up.

JUMP CUT TO:

CLAUDIA SCHIFFER'S BUNS OF STEEL

playing on a Sony Trinitron. Elvis masterfully mirrors the supermodel's ass-shaping efforts.

JUMP CUT TO:

WHACK! WHACK! WHACK! WHACK! WHACK!

Elvis kicks ass on his wooden karate dummy.

JUMP CUT TO:

Elvis meticulously flosses his teeth as he stares at a large wall clock.

ELVIS

(to clock)

Oh, would you look at that, ten o' clock.
My how the time flies.

JUMP CUT TO:

Elvis sits in the Lotus Position, rocking back and forth while ohming.

EXT. JOAD HOUSE - DAY

The Firebird ROARS to a halt in the driveway, Lois peels herself out and looks up to the sky -- a mass of oyster-gray clouds is forming. She heads

INSIDE

LOIS

Roger! Roger! I'm home!

(under her breath)

Where are you, you stupid putz?

Lois darts through the living area, past the stacks of newspapers.

(CONTINUED)

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Roger, now dressed in a baggy karate gi, opens the basement door and heads downstairs.

ROGER
(muttering to himself)
Feed Elvis. Workout Elvis. Elvis gets sick...clean up his barf.

INT. THE BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Roger trudges down the stairs, unharmed by the security laser beams.

ROGER
Let's go, Mr. Rock & Roll! Time to kick my ass.

Roger reluctantly picks up a sparring helmet and large, padded shield. He puts on the helmet, poises himself in a defensive stance.

ELVIS

still seated in a Lotus Position on his bed, rises and takes his position opposite Roger.

ROGER (Cont'd)
Whenever you're ready, "king." Let's get this over with.

Elvis stares daggers, unflinching -- the daily showdown.

ROGER (Cont'd)
Sometime today, bucko. I ain't got all...

With rattle-snake quickness, Elvis snap kicks Roger in the head. Roger takes a hard fall.

SMASH CUT TO:

Rage and fury. Elvis bashes his fists into Roger's pad, blowing him away.

SMASH CUT TO:

PHTUNK! -- Elvis spin-kicks Roger in the head.

SMASH CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VVVRROOOMP! -- Elvis flips Roger violently over his shoulder, then stoically delivers a long, gracious bow to his defeated tackling dummy.

A battered and bloody Roger, gathers himself and woosily bows in return. Roger drops the pad, dumps his helmet and heads up the stairs, rubbing his jaw.

ROGER
(spitefully)
Enjoy it while you can, asshole.

Elvis wrinkles his brow.

CUT TO:

A TELEVISION

where WENDY RICHARDS, your typical, plastic broadcast journalist, delivers a stand-up news report from Rodeo Drive.

WENDY
(filtered)
...To think it was outside this upscale boutique that one of the most vicious murders in Los Angeles history took place...

BURN IN: LOS ANGELES

WENDY (O.S.)
This sucks. Fucking sucks.

INT. AGENT'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Wendy points to her now frozen image on the TV.

WENDY (Cont'd)
This is horseshit, Ed. Worse. Horse vomit.

ED STEIN, an Armani-suited power agent, absently clips his finger-nails.

ED
Horse vomit? Wendy relax.

WENDY
Relax? What kind of agent tells you to relax? I'm on a tabloid news program. News! They make me chase down stories and report about rapes and murders and divorces and...dysfunctional celebrities!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ED

What did you do on your talk show?

WENDY

Yeah, but I was the star!

(gets a far-away glance)

Fucking Rosie O'Donnell. She ruined everything. I had a great thing going there. Then she came with her soft talk, her comedy, her...happy people.

(spinning to him)

I hate happy people.

ED

Listen, I need to know what you want. You want bit parts in films? Cameos on sitcoms? What?

WENDY

Bit parts? Cameos? Why don't I just do a douche commercial! I'm a major star and you have me booked as a correspondent on Hard Copy Lite!

Ed's heard this a million times.

ED

Wendy, you're not a major star. Sharon Stone, she is a major star. Demi Moore's a major star. However...I know you're unhappy and I made some calls...

(beat)

If you'd break more stories, I could get you a prime-time show...like Geraldo.

Wendy calms...considers.

WENDY

Geraldo. I like that...Wendy Live!

An ear-to-ear grin.

WENDY (CONT'D)

Ed, I like that.

EXT. JOAD HOUSE - NIGHT

An electric storm rages.

INT. MASTER BATHROOM - SAME

Lois lounges in the cramped sudsy tub, extends a long leg and soaps herself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LOIS

Crime of the century, Roger!

(beat)

Hell, I'm better than Billy the Kid.

Roger sits next to her on the toilet reading World Traveler magazine, pants around his ankles.

ROGER

Sure are Lois. God forbid you give me credit.

LOIS

Roger Drubb, best trainer in Seattle.

ROGER

(appeased)

And Portland and Cleveland and Topeka...

(reading)

Hey, how about Anguilla? The gem of the British Islands, this rustic beauty offers year-round sun and scorching heat.

LOIS

We've been in "rustic" dumps for two decades. It's time for luxury.

ROGER

Here friggin' here. Moving around, packing, unpacking, the veggie plates, the Bible readings. I'm sick of his shit.

(beat)

The Drubbs are not nomadic people.

LOIS

Well it's been for a good cause. Tomorrow's Tuesday, lover.

(beat)

Almost there.

ROGER

Yeah, well, I'm ready...maybe I'll take up racquetball. It's becoming chic again.

LOIS

Tell you what. After we hit Memphis and Yatsuki coughs up the 20 million, I'll buy you your own god-damn court. How's that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A smile creeps across Roger's face as LIGHTNING flashes outside, causing a

FILAMENT LIGHTBULB

to flicker and extinguish momentarily.

INT. THE BASEMENT - NIGHT

Utter darkness.

ELVIS (V.O.)

(a sad, weary mantra)

Ever since my baby left me, I found a new place to dwell, down at the end of lonely street called Heartbreak Hotel...

The solitary lightbulb flickers back on -- Elvis sits in bed, donning a yellow kimono, rocking back-and-forth in a near trance, trying to maintain what's left of his sanity.

He glances up at the bulb, continues singing.

ELVIS (Cont'd)

I've been so lonely, baby...I've been so lonely...I've been so lonely, I could die.

Another FLASH of lightning, a deafening blast of THUNDER, the lights go out.

Power restored, Elvis gets up and goes to the bookshelf to retrieve his Bible. Something catches his eye -- the sophisticated maze of

LASER BEAMS

across the stairwell. Elvis squints in thought and turns his attention toward the rain-soaked porthole in the wall.

OUTSIDE

a blinding FLASH of lightning erupts from the sky, extinguishing the lights for an instant and interrupting the laser's beams.

Elvis' eyes light up.

ELVIS

Well no shit...

INT. BEDROOM - SAME

Soft bedroom lights FLICKER on and off revealing Lois, lounging against a large pillow in a ratty double bed, wearing a satin camisole.

LOIS
(adjusts her bosom)
Hurry up in there, Roger.

INT. THE BASEMENT - SAME

Elvis kneels on the steps, inches from the laser beams. Beads of sweat dot his brow as he stares intently at the porthole on the other side of the room.

ELVIS
C'mon. C'mon.

Thunder RUMBLES in the distance.

INT. BEDROOM - SAME

Roger emerges from the bathroom with a towel around his waist. Lois eyes him hungrily as he drops the towel revealing a TIGER-STRIPED THONG.

INT. THE BASEMENT - SAME

The THUNDER is closer.

ELVIS
Please, Jesse Garon, let it work.

His eyes widen as he swallows hard. Massive THUNDER rocks the house, and LIGHTNING flashes through the basement with shocking intensity. The lights and the LASER BEAMS go out -- both extinguished.

Carpe Diem -- Elvis lunges forward, safe from harm!

Awestruck, he scrambles up the steps as the lights come back on. He turns back and glares at his electronic nemesis.

INT. BEDROOM - SAME

Roger lights a series of CANDLES & INCENSE sticks -- setting the mood. He moves to a chest of drawers and pulls out a BOTTLE of scented body oil.

LOIS
Mama's waiting Tiger.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Roger climbs onto the bed and heads for an immediate lip-lock. Lois moans for an instant, then pulls away.

LOIS (Cont'd)
(all business)
You didn't feed Elvis, did you? His
midnight snack?

ROGER
(not happy at all)
Ah, you gotta be kidding me! He can wait
until we're done.

LOIS
Do you want to screw this up? Huh?

ROGER
He can wait until we're done.

LOIS
(overlapping)
No. No he can not. This is Elvis! I
told you the day we met that Elvis was my
number one priority and someday he'd make
us rich...well Thursday is that day.

Roger climbs off the bed in a huff.

LOIS (Cont'd)
(venting)
It's taken me twenty years to fence the
little prize and with a twenty million
dollar pay-day coming up, I'll tell you
again what I've told you all along; shut-
up, split or die.

ROGER
Elvis sucks.

And with that, he waddles out of the room.

INT. THE BASEMENT - SAME

Elvis stands at the cellar door, trying to maintain his
composure.

ELVIS
(like a prayer)
Jesse, take me home...take me home.

He slowly begins to turn the knob, gives the door a push --
it won't budge.

INT. KITCHEN - SAME

The DOOR rattles against its BOLT LOCK.

An instant later, Roger enters cluelessly and pulls out a box of bran flakes.

INT. BASEMENT - SAME

Elvis considers the locked door -- hmmm, now what?

INT. KITCHEN - SAME

Roger pours bran flakes into a bowl, slops on a gelatinous pile of yogurt and hawks a big loogie into the mixture.

ROGER
Fuck you, Elvis.

He checks the security monitor. Immediately, he notices that something is askew.

He adjusts the monitor resolution as his blood pressure rises. He turns to the cellar door as

CRUNCH!

The door splinters off of its hinges -- Roger is thunderstruck.

CRUNCH!

Just then Elvis delivers a roundhouse kick that sends the door flying. Elvis spills into the kitchen and stares at the equally stunned Roger like a deer caught in the headlights.

No time for thought -- Elvis SMASHES his foot into Roger's jaw and makes a break for it.

INT. BEDROOM - SAME

Lois jumps from the bed, startled by the ruckus.

LOIS
What the fuck?

She storms out.

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME

There's trouble in Dodge as Elvis flies to the front door. Lois descends the stairs towards him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LOIS

Roger?!

Elvis grabs the lone set of KEYS off the keyhook and splits like a bat out of hell.

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME

Lois reaches the bottom of the stairs and gawks at the open door.

ROGER (O.S.)
(a primal yell)

LOIS!

Lois is torn between the front door and the scream. She chooses the scream and runs into

THE KITCHEN

and goes skidding around the corner smacking face-first into Roger, who looks like he's in desperate need of an exorcism.

LOIS

What the fuck happened?!

ROGER

He's gone.

LOIS

What!?

ROGER

(beat)

Elvis has left the basement.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - SAME

Pumped on adrenaline, Elvis fumbles with the lock to the Firebird -- he finds the key, drops the keys, picks them up and finally opens the door.

INT. FIREBIRD - CONTINUOUS

Elvis slams the door, jams the keys into the ignition and notices the

STICKSHIFT

ELVIS

It couldn't be a fuckin' automatic!?

Lois and Roger barrel through the door towards the car.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Near panic, Elvis rams his foot on the clutch and GUNS the sputtery V-6 relic. Working on instinct, he releases the parking break and throws the gearshift into reverse.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Roger leaps onto the hood of the Firebird as it jerks mightily and rolls down the driveway.

INT/EXT. CAR (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

Roger beats on the windshield madly.

ROGER

Stop now if you know what's good for you!

Elvis jams the stick into first.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Lois watches in abject horror as Roger rides the hood of the Firebird. Finally, he is thrown from the car. He peels himself off the pavement and rushes past Lois to the house.

ROGER

We got problems.

LOIS

No shit.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

The Firebird revs, jerks and BACKFIRES as it navigates its way through the rainy night.

INT. FIREBIRD (MOVING) - SAME

Elvis sweats profusely, glancing in his rear view mirror. He fights to see the road through the rain pounding the car.

ELVIS

(elated)

Daddy, your boy's coming home!

EXT. BUSINESS DISTRICT - NIGHT

The Firebird skids onto a main road, cutting off the on-coming traffic.

EXT. DINER - SAME

A lone SEATTLE POLICE CAR sits in the parking lot.

INSIDE THE CAR

A horrifyingly thin cop, LARRY FERMER, sits behind the wheel of the car with red-neck partner, BO "SMITTY" SMITH. Smitty drinks a Yoo-hoo, offers some to Fermer.

FERMER

No thanks, dairy products give me the squirts.

SMITTY

(gulping the Yoo-hoo)

Three fags are sittin' in a hot-tub. A glob of jism floats to the surface of the water. One of the fags looks at the other two and says "Okay, who farted?"

They yuck it up and high-five.

FERMER

Know any good nigger jokes?

Just then, the Firebird speeds past, skidding all over the road.

FERMER (Cont'd)

For the love of God...

SMITTY

God damn, dopeheads.

Smitty hits the "rollers," Fermer flips the siren.

INT. JOAD HOUSE - BEDROOM - SAME

Roger throws on clothes -- Lois whirls within her own shitstorm.

LOIS

How the hell did he get out, you moron?
How!?

ROGER

I don't know!

(beat)

I'm telling you, the laser was on, and he can't take off the collar!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LOIS

Dammit! We should've kept him in the shackles!

ROGER

So what do we do? Call the cops?

LOIS

And tell them what? The King of Rock & Roll stole our car?

INT. COP CAR (MOVING) - SAME

Smitty talks into the CB.

SMITTY

Seattle 338 to base. Possible DWI on Winston Blvd. Copy.

Up ahead, the Firebird rumbles down the road.

INT. FIREBIRD (MOVING) - SAME

A siren wails. Elvis looks in the rear view mirror.

ELVIS

(excited)

The calvary! Finally! The law!

EXT. BUSINESS DISTRICT -SAME

The Firebird jerks to a halt in front of a tangle of shops and bars. The cop car pulls up behind it as night-time REVELERS and STREET-PEOPLE wander on in the misty night.

ELVIS

flies out of the car in his rain-soaked yellow kimono, and bolts to Fermer's window.

ELVIS

Officers! Thank the Lord!

Fermer and Smitty jump out, nightsticks at the ready.

FERMER

(to Smitty)

Ah Jesus, looks like we've got the queen-mother himself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SMITTY
 (yelling to Elvis)
 Do not take another step, pretty-boy!
 Stay by your vehicle!

ELVIS
 (overlapping, ignoring)
 I've got to report a crime right away...

FERMER
 Listen, you gray-haired pansy! Do not
 take another step!

ELVIS
 Don't you know who I am?

FERMER
 I don't give a fuck.

ELVIS
 I'm the King of Rock & Roll!

SMITTY
 Yeah, and I'm Garth Brooks.

ELVIS
 Well then, Officer Brooks, I'd like you
 to consider my quite sizable case wi...

Fermer grabs Elvis and violently slams him against the hood
 of the car.

FERMER
 You have the right to remain silent,
 candy-ass. Anything you say...

ELVIS
 (overlapping)
 You're arresting me!? Jesse Garon, how
 can it be! Don't you know who I am?
 Don't you?

FERMER
 (continuing)
 ..in a court of law. You have the right
 to an attorney...

ELVIS
 (overlapping)
 I've been held hostage for twenty years!

Smitty whacks Elvis with his night stick, causing a well-
 founded SCREAM.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SMITTY
You'll stay down!

CURBSIDE

A doped-up, grunge couple, WEB and PHEE, watch from nearby.

WEB
Yo! Get yer camera out! We got some
Rodney King shit!

PHEE
Fuckin' -A!

She puts a VIDEO CAMERA to her eye and rolls tape.

VIDEO: Fermer whips handcuffs off his belt and manhandles
Elvis as he tries to cuff him -- he pokes, pushes, punches
and smacks the *King* around.

BACK IN THE STREET

Elvis struggles with Fermer and Smitty.

SMITTY
Restrain yourself! This is your last
chance!

ELVIS
You're making a big mistake! I've been
held hostage by a jezebel named Lois
Joad! I'm Elvis Presley for Christ's
sake.

FERMER
Pleased to meet you Mr. Presley. We're
haulin' your ass downtown.

Elvis bucks like a bronco, sending Fermer flying. He plants
a levelling side-kick in Smitty's gut that launches him into
the air.

Fermer charges, nightstick raised like a battle-axe, only to
fiercely introduce his face to Elvis' stern one-two punch.

Elvis surveys the situation -- two very sleepy cops and a
slew of WITNESSES.

BACK ON THE GRUNGE COUPLE

staring at the carnage with mouths agape.

CONTINUED:

WEB

Killer.

Elvis makes tracks past them as Phee captures all the action.

PHEE

Hello, smack money.

They knock fists.

EXT. JOAD HOUSE - NIGHT

The GARAGE DOOR yawns opens to reveal Roger and Lois cramped into a discontinued Volkswagon Thing. The Thing sputters to life and crawls out into the night, egged on by the bark of its unexpected BACKFIRE.

EXT. GRUNGE CLUB - NIGHT

A slew of raucous FLANNEL-WEARERS, coiffed and pierced to the nines, wait impatiently in line.

TWO POLICE CRUISERS

roll by, searchlights scanning the sidewalks -- the motley PATRONS shield their eyes, give the cops the finger and yell random incarnations of the clichéd "pork" insult.

ON THE SIDE

Elvis peaks his head around the corner and presses himself flat against the building as the cruisers pass. He considers his conspicuous yellow kimono.

ELVIS

Okay...this is bad.

From behind, an androgynous looking prostitute named LENNY emerges -- a fashion salad made of foppish hair, Givenchy shades and a leather vest, he walks like he's got a Saltine wedged in his butt.

LENNY

(a lisp)

Hey, Gramps. Got a quarter or something?

Startled, Elvis gives him a once-over -- a mixture of disgust and astonishment.

ELVIS

No. I...I'll tell you what. You know who I am?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LENNY
I have, like, zero clue, pops.

ELVIS
Really?
(beat)
Ok...well, I'm Elvis Presley.

Draws a blank with Lenny -- who?

ELVIS (Cont'd)
You know...Hound Dog, Suspicious
Minds...The King of...
(it's no use)
Never mind. Listen, I'll give you a
brand new Cadillac if you give me those
shades and that vest and maybe those
pants.

LENNY
Grandpa, I'll give you the best you've
ever had, but I only work for cash.

ELVIS
(disgusted)
I'm not looking for sex, you lascivious
wretch! Now gimme them jeans and your
name and I'll buy you a shiny new
Seville!

LENNY
No way, man.

ELVIS
(commanding)
Gimme them jeans, boy.

EXT. BUSINESS DISTRICT - SAME

Roger and Lois putter past the abandoned Firebird in the
Thing. COPS scour the scene -- the car is searched, dusted
and photographed.

INSIDE THE THING

ROGER
There's the car!

LOIS
Screw the car! Find Elvis!

BACK ON THE STREET

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Cops rope off and secure the crime scene as a bandaged and bloodied Fermer and Smitty force their way toward the teeming club.

EXT. GRUNGE CLUB - SAME

A fresh-faced UNIFORMED COP questions Lenny, who now wears Elvis' kimono.

LENNY

I mean, he-took-my-slacks!

COP

Your slacks.

LENNY

Yes, slacks. Well, they were denim, but very special to me. And my Holly Golightly sunglasses, and my calf-skin Versace vest from the spring collection...I'm freezing and probably on the verge of catching a pneumonia...

INT. GRUNGE CLUB - SAME

A noisy, rugged little place.

ON STAGE

a wild grunge band rocks hard as throngs of nappy-haired WHITE BOYS, wall-eyed from dope, have it out in the mosh pit. They happily welcome the lead singer, who spits on them and then lunges into the crowd.

IN THE CORNER

wearing Lenny's form-fitting denim slacks, Elvis watches the proceedings in child-like wonder.

ELVIS

Jesse, is this the legacy I've left?

Quickly, he moves toward a pay phone.

NEAR THE ENTRANCE

Fermer and Smitty push their way through the crowd, manhandling anyone who gets in their path.

AT THE PAY PHONE

Elvis waits patiently for a TEENAGE GIRL to finish her phone call.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELVIS

Could you hurry that up, honey, I need to phone home. Got some very important business to settle.

The girl gives him a blank look, then hangs up. Elvis assumes it's out of courtesy to him.

ELVIS (Cont'd)

Thankyouverymuch. Polite young girl you are, miss.

(dials, then:)

Operator, urgent collect call...my name is Elvis Aaron Presley, doll.

INT. OFFICE - SAME

Dark. Vacant. File cabinets and modular furniture. The phone RINGS.

A sophisticated answering machine picks up the call.

ANSWERING MACHINE

Hello! You've reached Graceland! For tour information, press 1! For fan club information, press 2! For gift shop hours, press 3!...

INT. GRUNGE CLUB - SAME

Elvis can't believe his ears -- defiance fights with curiosity on his face, hope battles disbelief.

ELVIS

How about if you're Elvis and you want to talk to your daddy or a bodyguard, huh!!??? Whaddya press for that!?

He slams down the phone.

ELVIS (Cont'd)

Jesse Garon, look down on me, brother, and guide me, for I am lost!

A cluster of flannel-wearers look at him as though he's just arrived on a ray of light from the planet Vorpada.

ELVIS (Cont'd)

Whaddy'all lookin' at? Now get!

(mumbling after them)

Grubby little dirt bags. Get some soap and water...maybe some shampoo, for my

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELVIS (cont'd)
goodness sake. Take a little pride in
what the Lord gave you.

Elvis casts a glance back towards the main room, notices

FERMER and SMITTY

moving in his direction. He spins his back to them and
quickly disappears through a doorway opposite him. The door
swings closed: WOMEN.

INT. WOMEN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A recruiting office for substance abuse. A pack of feral
CHICKS hunker around the stalls and sink snorting, shooting,
smoking and drinking.

Elvis mingles, no one cares.

ELVIS
My oh my, dear brother...what dreadful
den of sin is this?
(beat)
America's children -- overrun with sloth.
This is all my fault...

Frantically, Elvis searches from stall to stall for safe
haven. Finally, the last stall swings open, revealing

A PRETTY GIRL

wearing a backpack. Delicate features and mournful eyes, she
stares like a sad Athene in repose -- teeth clenched, she
holds a belt taut around her bicep. This is SARA, and she
prepares to load a syringe into her vein.

Elvis steps to her -- he's been there, but he's never done
that, exactly.

ELVIS
Uh, excuse me, miss...Miss?

Sara looks at him without recognition -- eyes like a dolls;
glassy, dull, lifeless.

ELVIS (Cont'd)
Miss, I really wish you'd reconsider your
situation here...it's just that...
(beat)
Miss...what's your name?

SARA
(removing the tourniquet from
her mouth)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SARA (cont'd)

Sara.

ELVIS

(touching her gently)

Sara. That's a pretty name. Daughter of Abraham. A great leader of people.

(beat)

Sara, mend your ways before it's too late.

SARA

(possibly hallucinating)

Are you...an angel?

ELVIS

(a wry smile)

No, baby...I'm Elvis.

Thunderstruck -- like she's seen the face of God.

SARA

(spaced-out wonder)

Elvis.

Considering, she lowers the syringe and allows the tourniquet to loosen. Elvis shepherds the wide-eyed Sara from the stall -- she looks like she's been saved.

ELVIS

Now, Sara, I need you to help me.

INT. GRUNGE CLUB - SAME

Outside the bathrooms, Fermer and Smitty have reached a momentary dead end.

FERMER

Okay, take the men's room, I'll take in here.

They split up.

INT. WOMEN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Fermer barges into the room, sizing it up -- the same chicks doing their various illicit activities. Next to the last stall, Sara rips the labels off several empty cigarette boxes and stuffs them in her backpack.

Fermer ignores the substance induced revelry and checks the stalls -- nothing in the first, a resounding "hey, asshole" from the second, Sara guards the third.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FERMER

(to Sara)

Hey. You. See anyone in here who
doesn't belong?

SARA

Like who?

FERMER

Old faggot. Big southern accent.

SARA

Nope. Uh-uh.

Fermer looks at her with distaste, then pulls out his
nightstick. He taps the stick against the closed stall door.

SARA (Cont'd)

It's my friend, asshole.

That ruffles Fermer's panties.

FERMER

That the respect you give to an officer
of the law, you little dooper? Someone
who keeps the streets safe from killers
and rapists and thieves? You liberal
kids...democrat scum...you make me sick.

He spins and storms out, loudly banging a garbage can with
the stick to punctuate his frustration.

SARA

(knocking)

Coast is clear...Elvis.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - NIGHT

A Tudor -- stone and brick, replete with bays and turrets,
high chimneys and tall leaded-glass windows. Stands of pine
dot the spacious lawn giving the house an air of archaic
fortification.

BURN IN: Quantico, Virginia

Somewhere, a phone RINGS.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Just like the NyQuil commercial -- a MAN snores, three
sheets to the wind, in a deep sleep.

The phone still RINGS -- the man SNORTS, then wakes sleepily.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAN
 (fumbles with the phone)
 Behr.
 (immediately alert)
 What?
 (frantic)
 Who else knows?
 (rising)
 All right. I'm on my way. No leaks and
 no press. You here me? No press.

EXT. BUSINESS DISTRICT - ARIAL VIEW - NIGHT

The search lights from a soaring news-copter sheds light on the scene, viewed through a video camera -- below, a full-scale police search is underway. A local news channel LOGO in the corner of the screen.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)
 (filtered)
 These shots live from News Chopper 7.
 The all-out search by police for the man
 who assaulted two Seattle Police officers
 earlier this evening with what's being
 described as "black belt-style" karate
 moves continues. Claiming to be the late
 Elvis Presley, the suspect is presently
 at-large and to be considered dangerous.
 Witnesses say he is Caucasian and roughly
 sixty years of age.

INT. GRUNGE CLUB - SAME

Sara peers out from behind the women's room door, checking to make sure the coast is clear. Seconds later, Elvis slinks out behind her and the duo make a b-line for the back door.

A HAND

grabs Sara, violently jerking her around by the backpack.

VOICE (O.S.)
 Where the fuck have you been?

The voice belongs to ALEX, Sara's abusive fuck-of-a boyfriend. Elvis steps to Sara's defense.

ALEX
 And who's the relic?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SARA
 (jerking away)
 I told you not to touch me. I'm getting
 out of here.

ALEX
 Not with my bag you're not.

He yanks the bag, she yanks back and the contents spill all
 over the floor -- hundreds of Camel Light proofs of purchase.

SARA
 (gathering them)
 Asshole. Look what you did.

Alex viciously grabs her by the hair, Sara SCREAMS. Just
 then

ELVIS

slams his fist into Alex's noggin, sending him sliding to the
 floor, unconscious. He grabs Sara by the hand.

ELVIS
 Come on. Let's go.

SARA
 Not without my humps.

She stuffs the rest of the proofs of purchase into the bag
 and takes off with a patronly Elvis.

EXT. PARKING LOT - SAME

The Thing sputters to a halt in a crowded parking lot behind
 the club. In the distance, stray cops search for clues.

ROGER
 Cops are crawling all over! What the
 hell's going on?

LOIS
 I have my hunches.

ROGER
 (in a panic)
 We gotta get the car back. They'll trace
 it to us.

LOIS
 (ice cold)
 Buddy-boy, the car's history and so are
 we.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROGER

Huh?

LOIS

We're outta town.

(beat)

Let's go. Drive.

ROGER

What about Elvis?

LOIS

I'm working on it.

The Thing zooms off. Just then

ELVIS and SARA

emerge from the back door of the club into the parking lot, eyes wary of the ever approaching dragnet.

ELVIS

Well little miss, I thank you for your kind assistance, but I must be on my way.

(kisses her hand)

I bid you a fine farewell. Remember, don't be cruel, you only live once.

He starts to sneak off.

SARA

Elvis?

He turns.

SARA (Cont'd)

Are you from heaven?

ELVIS

(flattered)

No, baby, I'm from Memphis.

He turns to go.

SARA

Are you going to Graceland?

ELVIS

Why, yes I am.

Sara stands and stares at him forlornly like an abandoned puppy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SARA
I'm coming with you.

ELVIS
What? Look darling, I'm in no position
to be responsible for you. I got my own
troubles closing in on all sides.
(beat)
You should go on home.

SARA
Listen. I don't know who you really are
or what's going on with you and the cops,
but you dress really funky and home for
me isn't exactly home if you know what I
mean.

(beat)
I don't got anything better going on, and
frankly, a guy walking into the ladies'
room saying he's Elvis is as good as
life's been lately.

With a face more tender than her words, Elvis can't help but
be bewitched by her vision.

ELVIS
(beat)
Hell, I'm on the market for a second
coming. Let's do it.

And with that, the duo disappear into the night.

FADE TO BLACK



tuesday

FADE IN:

EXT. FBI OUTPOST - DAWN

A windowless recession era building that betrays nothing -- nobody comes or goes. The Space Needle looms ominously in the background.

INT. DEPOSITION ROOM - SAME

A reel-to-reel TAPE RECORDER spins its wheels.

BEHR (O.S.)

Now lemme run this through one more time
so I got it straight.

FERMER and SMITTY

looking like death served up on toast, warily eye the figure that looms behind them.

BEHR (Cont'd, O.S.)

Indulge my feeble old mind, if you would.

Special Agent LEO BEHR prowls the room like a lion. An old school operative, today there's a fire in his eyes that hasn't been there in years.

BEHR (Cont'd)

You get the crap kicked out of you by an old-timer who claims to be Elvis. You lose him, impound his ride and check the registration.

AGENT JOHNSON, an upstart Ivy-Leaguer, watches from a chair.

BEHR (Cont'd)

(checks his notes)

Vehicle belongs to Priscilla Preston of 122 Belmont Road, where she's resided for nearly eight months with one...

JOHNSON

Roger Drubb, trainer at Sports Connection West.

(beat)

Priscilla Preston...nothing suspicious there. Works for Exotic Imports and Exports, Incorporated. Known Offenders comes up with zilch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SMITTY

With all due respect...

BEHR

(interrupting)

Ho, ho. It gets better.

(beat)

Now then, her car is stolen by a guy who claims he's Elvis Presley but kicks ass like Bruce friggin' Lee. So, you go to the Preston residence to report the stolen vehicle, but no one's home.

FERMER

Yeah, but...

BEHR

(on a roll)

Not only that, but the whole place is open, lights are on and it looks like they left in a hurry. So you go inside, without a warrant, I may add...

Fermer and Smitty fidget in their chairs.

BEHR (Cont'd)

You go inside and find your average bullshit house until you hit the basement and then it's whamo!

He hoists an industrial strength Zip-Lock containing the LASER APPARATUS.

BEHR (Cont'd)

State of the art, professional shit!
Personal detainment equipment!

Behr circles the table, gets in their faces.

BEHR (Cont'd)

Now, instead of doin' your jobs, you write up the info and move on, bringing it up to eight hours since the incident, and Ms. Preston and Mr. Drubb still haven't shown up.

(beat)

Now. Is that good police work or is that fiddling with your cocks?

Fermer and Smitty exchange an uncertain glance.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BEHR

(dead serious)

Here's a news flash. We got big problems on the loose, boys.

EXT. ROADSIDE MOTEL - SAME

Not the Bates Motel, but close -- a neglected, but weatherproof long low-rise with a neon "vacancy" sign. The Thing inhabits a plot of pavement outside a room.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - SAME

A shower-fresh Roger towels off.

ROGER

I understand being on a need-to-know basis, Lois. For God's sake, it's been that way for two decades. But this is ridiculous. You gotta let me in on what's going on?

LOIS (O.S.)

It's for your own good.

Lois pulls on a set of army fatigues, buttons them.

ROGER

All I'm saying is this: I'm not going to jail. No way-o-seeto. This body isn't made for that kind of lovin'.

LOIS

(diplomatic)

You want to go on your own, feel free.

She pulls out her familiar STILETTO, flicks it open, checks the blade.

LOIS (Cont'd)

Me? I'm gonna catch Elvis before Thursday and sell him to Yumo Yatsuki.
(a predatory grin)
Period.

ROGER

We don't even know where Elvis is! He could be anywhere!

She checks her gun: a stainless steel Sig Sauer P230 -- jams a clip in and cocks it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LOIS

I got some ideas.

(heading to the door)

We need to ditch The Thing and get us a new ride. Be out front in fifteen minutes if you still want in.

EXT. CAR DEALERSHIP - MORNING

The age-old embodiment of the American Dream: the Cadillac. All makes, all models -- they bask in the morning sun, shiny troops awaiting the call to arms.

ELVIS

still dressed like a leather bar poster boy, stares in wonderment at the gleaming display of metal and glass. Sara assumes the role of side-kick, looking like a chain-smoking recovering junkie.

ELVIS

Now we're talking, baby-doll.

INT. SHOWROOM - CONTINUOUS

Elvis and Sara saunter in, happy as a couple in a movie musical. Elvis is immediately drawn to the slick and sporty convertible Cadillac Eldorado TC.

ELVIS

Oh, would you lookie here? The things I've been missing, Jesse Garon.

Elvis opens the door, sinks into the driver's seat with an orgasmic sigh.

SARA

Who's Jesse Garon?

ELVIS

My best friend.

IN A PLATE GLASS OFFICE

a group of SALESMEN huddle around a coffee machine discussing sports stats. One of them, a shingly bald schmuck with a name-tag labeling him "TED," notices something.

TED

Ah shit.

BACK IN THE SHOWROOM

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Elvis paws at the dashboard touting a casino of digital NASA-like options. Elvis flicks on the radio, Sara dances like a runway diva.

Elvis starts the engine and gives it a good rev just as Ted saunters up.

TED (Cont'd)

Sir? Excuse me...sir? Can I help you?

ELVIS

Does she come in white?

TED

Sorry?

ELVIS

She purrs like a kitty-cat, this one.
I'd sure like her in white for my little girl here.

Ted turns to Sara, who bats her fawn-eyes, lights a cigarette and continues to dance.

TED

Miss, miss...you can't smoke in here.
(beat)

Listen, we're going to be very busy soon
and I'm afraid you're going to have to
shut the radio, turn off the car and step
out, sir.

Elvis kills the engine and climbs out.

ELVIS

Sara baby, would you excuse me and this
here gentleman for a minute?

SARA

(playing along)
Sure thang, daddy-o.

Elvis winks at her as she wanders off to examine the other cars.

ELVIS

Ain't she something?

(hushed)

Now listen...

(checks his name-tag)

Ted. I understand, I really do. White's
pretty popular. But white or not, I'll
take this baby for my girl.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELVIS (cont'd)

(beat)

I'm kinda in a rush though, so if you can have your boys get to work on her, I'd be obliged.

TED

(challenging)

Look pal, I'm afraid that's not possible. You're both going to have to leave.

Elvis glances at the other salesmen, who now gawk at Sara.

ELVIS

I understand. You don't have to be embarrassed that you don't recognize me. I've been laying kinda low. Fact is, I'm under some special circumstances. You probably heard I was dead.

(whispers, winks)

I'm kinda on vacation. Know what I mean?

Ted nods, waves over a burly SECURITY GUARD.

ELVIS (Cont'd)

So, I don't got my usual money clip on my person, see. I'll need you to bill me for this here ride. Send it right on down there to Graceland.

(beat)

I'll be there in a couple of days.

SECURITY GUARD

Sir, you'll have to vacate the premises.

ELVIS

What?

(beat)

Look, soon as I get some things straight with my affairs, I'll take good care of you. Always take care of friends, I say.

TED

(verge of violence)

Beat it, freak.

EXT. CAR DEALERSHIP - MOMENTS LATER

A quiet, pleasant primary-color kind of day. That is, until Ted comes crashing through the glass front window, shattering it into a million pieces.

A split second later, an engine ROARS to life and the Cadillac screams out of the showroom, narrowly missing Ted.

INT/EXT. CADILLAC - CONTINUOUS

The Cadillac burns rubber -- Elvis drives, Sara rides shotgun.

ELVIS

Now that's some mother fuckin' giddy-up!

(fixes his hair)

Elvis is on the loose, Jesse! Your twin brother's comin' home!

Ted peels himself off the curb as Sara flips him the finger.

SARA

Bye-bye, sugar pie.

Sara squeals with delight as the Cadillac speeds off.

INT. TRUCK STOP - DAY

A narrow steamy place, air heavy with hot grease. A hulking, remarkably fat short-order COOK flips burgers while draining a basket of fries in a fine show of ambidextrous grace.

A crunch of beer-drinking, burger-munching TRUCKERS crowd the counter, watching the Seattle Mariners on TV.

IN A BOOTH

Lois lounges, cleavage on display, as she licks the sides of her cigarette, lights up and inhales hungrily. Ever the vamp, she makes eyes with a rail-thin TRUCKER who sits at the counter. He snags his beer and struts on over.

TRUCKER

Mind if I take a seat?

LOIS

What's your name?

TRUCKER

Ernie.

LOIS

(a lascivious grin)

I wasn't planning on staying...Ernie.

Ernie flashes her a quirky, toothless smile.

INT. BIG RIG - MOMENTS LATER

A bosomy PIN-UP GIRL immortalized in a cheap calendar photo watches with a cheesy smile as Lois finishes hog-tying Ernie.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ERNIE

God damn, lady! I'm haulin' manure!
Heist someone with smokes or booze or
stuff you can fence! How you gonna fence
a loada shit?

LOIS

Shut up:

ERNIE

I got bills to pay! I need this load!

LOIS

(backhands him)

I'm not stealin' your haul. Just show me
the fastest way to Vegas without using a
highway.

CUT TO:

A PHOTO OF ALTON BEGGET

projected on a high-tech monitor.

BEHR (O.S.)

Alton Begget. FBI operative
extraordinaire.

INT. FBI SCREENING ROOM - DAY

Behr briefs Agent Johnson and a half-dozen other Fibbie
SUITS. The mood is grave.

BEHR (Cont'd)

Joined during the Hoover years in the
late fifties, did lots of surveillance
work, then served as point man on
Operation Fountain Pen.

JOHNSON

Operation Fountain Pen?

BEHR

August, 1977. We were all set to arrest
the La Rouche gang: the real "Memphis
Mafia" -- involved in a complex off-shore
money laundering scheme. These punks
made literally millions a year off
people, and one of their favorite targets
was Mr. Elvis Presley.

JOHNSON

Why him?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BEHR

Let's just say Elvis didn't exactly keep the books himself and his father, Elvis' alleged business manager, must've been getting a bit dotty.

(points to picture of Alton)

Alton Begget and Lou Fennerman.

(the next slide: Lou)

These agents went undercover into the Elvis entourage, the so-called "Memphis Mafia", to help us catch these money-laundering Cajuns.

The next slide: HENRI LEE LA ROUCHE.

BEHR (Cont'd)

Woulda sent Henri Lee La Rouche up the river for a long time. Woulda been a big score since he ran the gang's Memphis family.

Lights come on.

BEHR

(pissed)

Woulda, coulda, shoulda.

(beat)

Long story short, thousands of man hours went into this and I finally had my case. On August 16, 1977 Elvis and his father were to be taken in for depositions to a Grand Jury about their troubles.

JOHNSON

I thought this was National Enquirer bullshit. Elvis was ratting out the mob?

BEHR

And how. Things got so hot, we convinced Elvis to go into the witness protection program for a few months.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM (FLASHBACK) - NIGHT

Back at Graceland -- the ancient re-run of *Hee-haw* blares on the TV. Roy Clark and Buck Owens still astrummin' and ahollerin'.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BEHR (V.O)

Early on the morning of the sixteenth,
Alton and Lou snuck Elvis out of
Graceland.

Alton picks up the phone, dials.

ALTON

(a whisper)

It's me. Car's here. See you when I see
you.

He hangs up, straightens his tie and makes a smooth exit past
some of the King's Court -- they *hyuck* it up with Roy and
Buck as the camera lingers on one courtsman: Henri Lee La
Rouche.

EXT. CAR PORT (FLASHBACK) - NIGHT

A storm rages. Alton shepherds Elvis into the Cadillac.
Doors are slammed, the car speeds off.

BEHR (V.O)

The whole thing was perfect.

INT. WAREHOUSE (FLASHBACK) - NIGHT

Elvis slovenly chows on *Mort's* cheeseburgers.

BEHR (V.O)

They took Elvis to a warehouse while the
rest of the plan fell into place.

INT. MORT'S DINER (FLASHBACK) - NIGHT

The place is empty, save for a couple somnambulists and
insomniacs. In a booth, a side-burned Asian COWBOY, a CLOWN
and a FOOD MASCOT share an order of fries -- a closer look
reveals a disguised Agent Behr amongst the bunch.

BEHR (V.O)

Meanwhile, me and a couple other Fibbies
were at a nearby diner listening to
Alton's wire.

INSERT -- each man wears an earpiece that transmits the
events taking place at the warehouse.

DRIVER (O.S.)

(filtered)

Anything else tonight, boss?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALTON (O.S.)
(filtered)
Not tonight.

Then, a resounding BANG as Behr and the others exchange a knowing smile.

BEHR
That's one dead mobster.

EXT. WAREHOUSE (FLASHBACK) - NIGHT

In a quick series, Lou changes clothes with the Driver; Alton places the dead Elvis Impersonator in the back seat; Elvis receives his new identification; Lou speeds away in the car.

BEHR (V.O)
Lou ditched our dead mob driver and took the phony Elvis to Graceland.

INT. SCREENING ROOM - RESUME

Agent Johnson and the other Fibbies listen with bug-eyed attention.

BEHR (Cont'd)
He would be found at 2:30 in the afternoon, dead in the shitter. And Alton, he was all set to take the real Elvis to our safe-house in Vermont with an agent named Lois Joad from the Bureau's Department of Citizen Elimination.

JOHNSON
Lois Joad...

BEHR
(matter of fact)
Alton and Joad double-crossed us.

FLASHCUT TO:

EXT. WAREHOUSE (FLASHBACK) - NIGHT

Alton rips off his wire and throws it to the ground. ZOOM IN on the WIRE TAP.

ALTON (O.S.)
Welcome to the rest of your life, sucker.
(beat)
He's all ours.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The sounds of swapping spit, lips smacking, tongues trading love stories.

LOIS (O.S.)

Alton, there's something I have to tell you, sweet pea.

ALTON (O.S.)

What?

LOIS(O.S.)

I'm going it alone.

A resounding CLICK as the switchblade flips open.

EXT. MORT'S DINER (FLASHBACK) - NIGHT

Behr and the disguised agents storm out of the diner and hop into a sedan.

BEHR (V.O)

Alton gagged Elvis, then got whacked by Lois Joad. She took Elvis and we heard the whole frickin' thing.

Behr guns the ENGINE.

EXT. WAREHOUSE (FLASHBACK) - LATER THAT NIGHT

Behr and the Fibbies scour the deserted scene as Alton's body is zipped into a bodybag. Behr picks up Elvis' fake Vermont driver's license.

BEHR (V.O)

Time we got there, they were gone.

INT. SCREENING ROOM - RESUME

Behr eyes the group with the hard clarity of a hunting falcon.

BEHR

Biggest case of my life, biggest fuck up of my career.

(beat)

Twenty years. Henri Lee La Rouche runs a record company in New Orleans and runs dirty money for the mob. A demotion.

(beat)

Elvis and Lois? Couple leads here and there, but she's a bureau-trained operative. A real pro. She's either

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BEHR (cont'd)
killed Elvis or has been holding him for
reasons I don't know.

JOHNSON
You think Priscilla Preston is Lois Joad?

Behr nods his confirmation.

JOHNSON (Cont'd)
(eureka!)
Then the guy who stole her car is
really...

CUT TO:

EXT. STATE ROAD - DAY

The Cadillac throws up dirt as it speeds along a state
highway.

EXT. BACK ROAD - DAY

The Cadillac clips along, through woods bright with saffron,
scarlet and gold -- a kaleidoscope landscape. Past a sign
that reads: Welcome to Oregon.

INT/EXT. CADILLAC (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

The radio blares "Jailhouse Rock" as Elvis drives -- a lucid,
joyfully amused look plays across his face.

IN THE PASSENGER SEAT

Sara smokes a cigarette, hair flirting with the wind as she
sorts through a mess of Camel Light proofs of purchase -- her
bag is full.

ELVIS
Why do you carry around all that crap in
your bag?

SARA
They're my dry humps...Camel Lights.
(beat)
I'm saving up.

ELVIS
For what?

SARA
Thousand dry humps gets you a pool table.
But, I'm going after the biggie.
(her face lights up)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SARA (cont'd)
2500 for a trip to Egypt. I wanna see
the pyramids.

ELVIS
Sounds like you'll get lung cancer first.

Elvis glances at the fuel guage -- nearly empty.

ELVIS (Cont'd)
You got any money, honey?

SARA
Got fifty cents, daddy-o.
(beat)
Let's rob a bank or a convenience store,
or...

Elvis eases the car off the road.

SARA (Cont'd)
What are you doing?

Up ahead, a MAN wearing a cowboy hat stands by the side of
the road, duffle in hand, cigarette dangling, thumb pointing
sky-high.

ELVIS
Lunch money.

ROADSIDE

The car slows to a stop beside the hitchhiker.

DUDE WATSON

a black man who's pure Georgia southern via the Oakland
ghetto, steps to the car and peers in.

ELVIS
Where you headed?

DUDE
You a gambling commissioner?

ELVIS
I'm a singer.

DUDE
Then I'm going to Vegas to rip off some
casino patrons.

ELVIS
Well, if you got some money for my gas
and grits, then get on in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Dude tosses his duffle into the back seat, then hops over the door and climbs into the back.

SARA

I'm Sara.

DUDE

(shaking hands)

Nice to make your acquaintance, Sara.
Name's Dude. Dude Watson. Master thief
and cowboy at your disposal.

SARA

This here's Elvis Presley.

DUDE

No shit?

ELVIS

I shit you not.

Dude drags on his Marlboro, considers his new driving companions.

SARA

How much money you got?

DUDE

I'm holding about thirty clams.

ELVIS

You must not be much of a thief.

With that, Elvis slams the Cadillac into gear as the car roars away, throwing gravel in the dust.

INT. FBI OPERATIONS ROOM - DAY

A beehive of activity. AGENTS buzz about, tending to their respective tasks. Johnson storms past a row of computers, finds Behr watching a computerized traffic mock-up.

JOHNSON

This just came across police wires.

He hands Behr a fax document.

BEHR

(scanning)

Well I'll be a virgin schoolboy.

(whipping into action)

Okay people, listen up! APB on a red
Cadillac Eldorado convertible. One of

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BEHR (cont'd)

those real nice ones. Notify Bureau offices between here and Memphis. And lets not make this anything more than a milk run.

(to Johnson)

Get the jet ready. We're going to Vegas.

Behr marches off, leaving Johnson looking a bit lost.

JOHNSON

Yesterday he's a dead singer, today he's a big fucking pain in the ass.

INT. NEWSROOM - DAY

Lots of hustle and bustle. Data print-outs and trails of paper. Wendy Richards weaves through the battle-ground, stops at an office door, knocks and enters.

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

SALLY ASPEN, the fire-plug news director, wanders the room like an angry grizzly on coke, screaming into the telephone.

SALLY

I don't give a ferret's dick about when you think it should air! I just checked the name plate outside my big wooden door and you know what it said!? It said, Sally Aspen, news director! So I call the shots and if you don't like it, you can lick me!

She slams down the receiver, turns to Wendy.

SALLY (Cont'd)

I hate everybody! What do you want?

WENDY

I want to go to Vegas for two days.

SALLY

Kiss my sweet ass.

Sally storms out of the office, Wendy in tow.

INT. NEWSROOM - CONTINUOUS

Wendy struggles to keep pace with Sally and voice her case above the noisy room, still buzzing with light and activity.

WENDY

Look, I have a hunch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SALLY

A hunch? Who are you...Bob Woodward? I don't give a flying fuck about a hunch.

WENDY

(steps in front of her)

Listen. You know that Elvis story we're running tonight? There's talk all over the wires about a guy saying he's Elvis and breaking laws. He's at large.

(beat)

I'll lick you.

Sally's venomous mood lightens, the beginnings of a smile.

SALLY

Come back with a story or I'll take you up on that.

EXT. STATE ROAD -- DUSK

The Cadillac zooms down the road, driving head-on into the slowly contracting halo of color around the setting sun.

INT. CADILLAC (MOVING) -- CONTINUOUS

Elvis drives, Sara at his side wearing Dude's cowboy hat, all set to play deputy.

IN THE BACK SEAT

Dude searches through his small duffle, pushing aside a GLOCK 9MM PISTOL to find a hip-flask. He spins it open, takes a swig. Elvis eyes him in the rear-view.

ELVIS

So what kind of name is Dude?

DUDE

Family name.

ELVIS

Your daddy's name is Dude, too?

DUDE

I ain't got no daddy. My momma was workin' all the time, so I stayed at home and watched TV -- westerns mostly. Watched 'em all day long, nighttime too. Gunslingers, horses, schoolteachers, lawmen.

(beat)

They're my family.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SARA
So who's Dude?

DUDE
He's an old drunk.

SARA
You're named after a drunk?

DUDE
Rio Bravo. 1959. Directed by Howard Hawks. Dean Martin's character.

Elvis smiles wistfully -- he knows that picture.

DUDE (Cont'd)
I loved Dean Martin in that movie, and Dude's a much better name than "snot" or "little shit." So, I named myself.
(beat)
Named my two brothers and sister right from the same movie.

SARA
Yeah? What are their names?

DUDE
Colorado, Stumpy and Feathers.

Sara laughs as Elvis studies Dude in the rear-view -- a knowing curl of a smile plays across his face.

EXT. THE WANDER INN -- EVENING

An old aluminum-sided railroad car diner, nestled at the base of a bulging range of lush green hills. A pink neon sign flickers OPEN in the window.

The Cadillac pulls in and skids to a halt at the pump next to a white Minivan holding a screaming KID and a struggling YUPPIE MOM.

Our travel-weary trio stumbles out of the car. Elvis and Sara head inside as Dude stretches, scratches, and surveys nature's wonders.

He stares into the massive sky, focusing on a belt of three stars. He's just settled into some sort of dream, when a VOICE jars him from his reverie.

VOICE (O.S.)
That's the belt that holds up Orion's pants...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Dude turns to see a walnut-skinned MAN with ice-blue wolf eyes staring into the celestial heavens beside him. In oil-stained blue coveralls, he bares a striking resemblance to Mr. Mojo Rising...the late Jim Morrison.

DUDE

Sorry?

JIM

(an ancient memory)
Indians scatter on God's highway,
bleeding. Ghosts cloud the child's
fragile eggshell mind.

That one leaves Dude guessing.

JIM (Cont'd)

(gesturing to the pumps)
Filler up?

DUDE

(suspicious)
Ten dollars worth.

Dude marches toward the door, turns back and considers the man, who absently whistles the ever-popular DOORS theme, "Light My Fire".

DUDE (Cont'd)

(to himself)
If Jimi Hendrix is servin' you grits,
Dude, you get your ass outta here.

With that, he cautiously heads inside.

INT. THE WANDER INN - CONTINUOUS

A greasy spoon -- ceiling fans, plastic greenery, Grant Wood reproductions, bronze American eagles. A metal bin overflows with pamphlets advertising for places like Roadside America, Dutch Wonderland, the Corn Palace and Jesus in Wax.

Dude slides on in.

A YUPPIE MAN

heads out of the washroom, his young SON in tow.

YUPPIE MAN

(chiding him)
That's the last time you pee until we hit
Vegas. No more Cokes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

In the subsequent millisecond, Dude purposefully bumps into him and pick-pockets his wallet.

ACROSS THE ROOM

Sara flirts with the jukebox, playing some rock-a-billy tunes as she blows smoke rings.

Elvis sits at the counter as Dude sidles up and takes a seat on one of the ripped vinyl stools beside our hero. An old TV perched above the cash register blares the tabloid news program, *OFF THE RECORD*.

WENDY

(on TV)

Stay tuned for shocking footage of police brutality in Seattle! It's exclusive violence you'll only see on *OFF THE RECORD*. Next!

A dowdy waitress with prodigious melon-shaped breasts rambles up to counter, jawing a wad of gum -- we'll call her MELBA.

MELBA

(dry, like Sgt. Joe Friday)

Evening. Name's Melba. Yes, like the toast. Today's special's cowboy eggs. You want coffee?

Elvis stares dumbfounded at a 3 oz. ham steak -- like a bee to honey. No more cling peaches and cottage cheese.

ELVIS

(quickly)

How much are cheeseburgers?

MELBA

Cheeseburger's a buck twenty-five. Buck thirty if you want a beefsteak tomato and Spanish onion on that bad boy.

ELVIS

I'll take a half dozen. Rare. With the beefsteaks.

(scanning the menu)

And rustle up some fries with gravy, slaw and a Fresca.

MELBA

No Fresca. You'll have a root beer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELVIS

(winking at her)

Root beer's just fine, little mama. Put
it in a frosted mug for me.

(across the room to Sara)

Honey-pie?

SARA

Dry toast and dry humps, daddy-o.

MELBA

Huh?

ELVIS

(impressed with himself)

Just another way of sayin' cigarettes,
sugar.

Melba scribbles the order and eyes the off-beat trio as if
they were rubbing mayonnaise onto their genitals.

Dude counts the remaining cash, glances into the pick-
pocketed wallet -- American Express Travellers Checks
(because you don't leave home without them) and an array of
credit cards.

DUDE

(celebrating)

You know...I'm cutting down on saturated
fats, trying to watch my weight, but I'll
tell you what...gimme a piece of that
there pie.

Melba flashes them a confused, lop-sided grin and ambles off.

ELVIS

I know how that is, Dude. Dieting.
Gotta watch the belly or before you know
it you end up looking like a helium
blimp. Fried foods get you the most.
That and them hi-cal dishes like
chocolate cupcakes with the maple
frosting. That and those late-night pork-
rib barbecue binges with the hush puppies
and griddle-cooked okra.

It's a filibuster -- someone get Richard Simmons.

ELVIS (Cont'd)

That and them Tex-Mex plates with the
chip-chopped beef wrapped up in them
grilled tortillas with the bean paste and
a heap of sour cream.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELVIS (cont'd)
 (Earth to Elvis)
 And those frozen mac & cheese entreés
 from the Stouffers family.

He's speaking with old ghosts, drifting in his own semi-conscious dreamland.

ELVIS (Cont'd)
 (beat)
 That and them flapjacks with the whipped
 butter and glazed bananas.

Elvis is jolted out of his daydream as Sara drapes herself across his back and slides onto the next seat.

ELVIS (Cont'd)
 (politely to Melba)
 Ma'am...I'll just have one burger. Maybe
 just a fresh pickle on the side.

Dude smiles at his friend's sudden restraint.

CUT TO:

EXT. SEATTLE BUSINESS DISTRICT - NIGHT

A bruised and bandaged Smitty and Fermer, stop and go in their meter-maid golf cart, checking parking meters.

SMITTY
 Busted back to meter duty.
 (beat)
 We outta kill that Elvis turd-burglar.

FERMER
 Let's convene the brethren.

CUT TO:

INT. WANDER INN - RESUME

Dude eats his pie and turns his attention to the TV -- OFF
 THE RECORD has resumed.

ON THE TV

a grainy video-image of Elvis being bullied by Fermer and Smitty.

WENDY (V.O)
 (filtered)
 On the heels of last night's manhunt for
 a man claiming to be the late Elvis
 Presley, OFF THE RECORD has obtained this
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WENDY (cont'd)
exclusive tape of two unidentified officers using some very strong tactics with a man who at first glance seemed to be cooperating. One on-looker, had this to say:

Phee addresses the camera, pupils dilated.

PHEE
It was mega-vish. He was cryin' out that he's Elvis Presley, right? The dude who sang Dog Pound? And then he beat some (beep!) in' ass with these slammin' Kung Fu chops.

Back to Wendy.

WENDY
Elvis...or whoever he is, is still at large.

AT THE COUNTER

Dude is slack-jawed as he turns to glance at Elvis, who goofs around with Sara, oblivious to the television.

DUDE
Mary, mother of Jesus.

INT. BIG RIG - NIGHT

Lois at the wheel, truckin'. A sweaty, wide-eyed Roger grabs the CB and barks into it.

ROGER
Breaker, breaker, good buddies. This is Yosemite Sam and I'm hunting a wabbit by the name of Elvis. Anyone got a visual for me?

Lois SLAMS the receiver from his hand.

LOIS
Cut the convoy shit! The cops are looking for us.

ROGER
Why's that?

LOIS
Why do you think?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROGER

Christ. I don't like this at all. I say we abandon this whole thing and just go to Anguilla.

LOIS

Shut up. We're almost there.

ROGER

They got awful food in jail, Lois.

(rambling)

It's like gruel, with roaches and rat turds in it. And they make you eat it all, three times a day. You can't have a small portion and then stop eating whenever...

Lois jams a GUN into Roger's face.

LOIS

Last chance. Shut up, split or die.

Roger nearly swallows his tongue.

ROGER

Yeah, yeah...no problem. I'm in.

Ernie, still snugly hog-tied, suddenly pops his head up between them in the back seat.

ERNIE

Excuse me, honeymooners...but make the next right. Right there.

EXT. BACK ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The 18-wheeler makes a wide turn past a battered and dented sign: LAS VEGAS CITY LIMITS.

INT. CADILLAC (MOVING) - LATE EVENING

Dude drives into the night -- happy as a clam. Elvis rides shotgun, a violent BELCH escapes him.

DUDE

How you feeling, buddy? Not sounding...or smelling too good.

(beat)

Thank the Lord this is a convertible.

ELVIS

That heinous temptress had me eating fruits and grain and all sorts of hippie

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELVIS (cont'd)
 food for my entire time in the hole. I
 must be missing an enzyme for meat or
 something.

DUDE
 (confused)
 Who...her?

Elvis turns to look at Sara, who sleeps peacefully in the
 backseat, cradling her backpack and dreaming of dry humps.

ELVIS
 No, my kidnapper.

DUDE
 (skeptical)
 Ah-ha.

ELVIS
 (points to Sara)
 Me and her, we met in a bar. I think she
 needs someone to take care of her.

DUDE
 I think your right.

Elvis stares into the night sky: clouds lit by moonglow blur
 by overhead, all pearlescent and warm -- alive and inviting.

ELVIS
 (wistful)
 World's most luscious vehicle, the
 Cadillac. Driving one's like a pizza.

DUDE
 How's that?

ELVIS
 Even when it's a shitty one, it's still
 pretty good.

DUDE
 Always dreamed of owning one myself.

Elvis ponders that, a look of deep and ancient comprehension
 in his eyes.

ELVIS
 I dreamed that once too.
 (beat)
 I liked that dream.

A moment of silence.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELVIS (Cont'd)

Way I figure it, the Lord's punished me
for my evil ways...I started out okay,
but got off the path pretty good there.

(beat)

A third of my life underground.
Purgatory, you know. Testing my faith.
Well now I'm out, Dude. And I'm
fashioning to show HIM that I'm ready to
accept the KINGDOM of HEAVEN.

DUDE

You're not gonna kill yourself or
something?

ELVIS

Kill myself? This is my comeback. I'm
ready to start living.

CUT TO:

EXT. FBI TURBOJET (FLYING) - NIGHT

A specially outfitted Lear Jet emblazoned with the regal FBI
seal, soars through wisps of clouds, silhouetted against the
rising moon.

JOHNSON (V.O)

We got word from the Nevada police.

INT. FBI TURBOJET (FLYING) - SAME

Behr sits at a communications console beside Johnson, who
wears headphones. The cabin is crammed with high-tech
equipment, all lit up and WHIRRING.

JOHNSON (Cont'd)

Citizen Band radio transmission from
someone "huntin' a wabbit called Elvis."

BEHR

Did I tell you or did I tell you? I
oughta be in the FBI.

(over his shoulder)

Start licking your chops, boys. Our
cherries are starting to pop up.

IN THE REAR

a team of FIBBIES impassively prep for their arrival in Sin
City.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BEHR (Cont'd)
How long until we're in Vegas?

JOHNSON
Two hours.

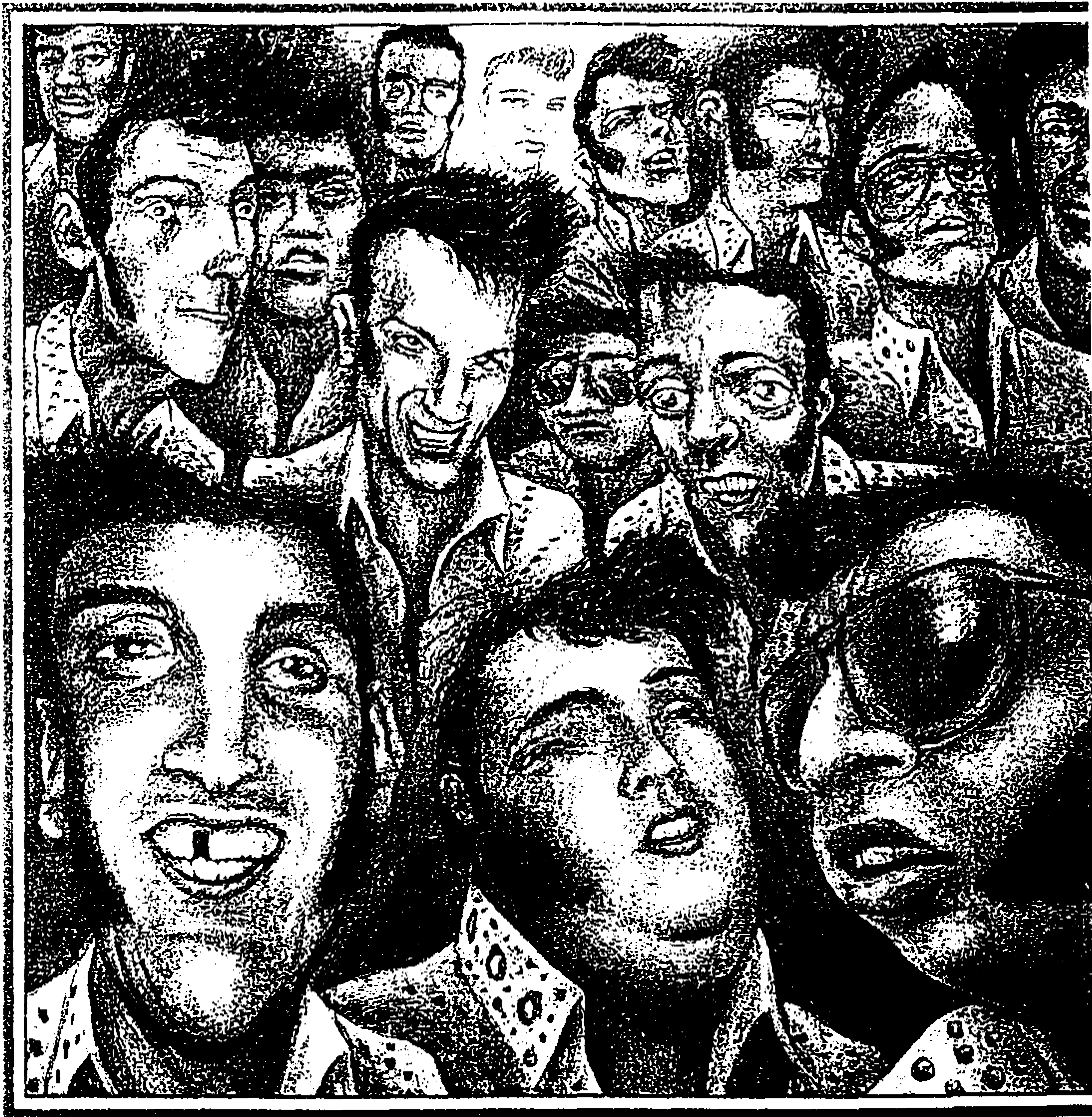
BEHR
Then sit with me and watch the in-flight
film. We got *BLUE HAWAII*.

JOHNSON
Sir?

BEHR
It's a joke, Johnson. Lighten up.
(gravely)
I want the Mickey Mouse patrol in Vegas
on maximum alert. And get us a suite at
the Vegas Hilton.
(beat)
Lois Joad's about to get her's.

FADE OUT

(CONTINUED)



wednesday

FADE IN:

EXT. US HIGHWAY 95 - DAWN

Nevada -- land of missile testing grounds and casinos. The Cadillac speeds down the road into the rising sun, enveloped in an umbrella of road dust.

EXT. FREEWAY OVERPASS - SAME

A Nevada STATE TROOPER vehicle waits on the overpass, poised to pounce on anything that passes too quickly.

INSIDE THE CAR

Troopers FITZHUGH and JUDD, both wearing Smokey the Bear hats, struggle to stay awake. Suddenly, the Cadillac zooms by -- the radar goes nuts.

FITZHUGH

Shit.

Judd takes a hit off his Vick's inhaler.

JUDD

Let her go.

FITZHUGH

No, I think that was him.

JUDD

We got ten minutes until shift change.

FITZHUGH

(ripping a sheet from the dash)
Check it out! Bo-SEEFUS! That was that
Elvis mother!
(snatches the CB)
Vegas Station, this is cruiser 206.

CUT TO:

A police SCANNER squawks on a desk.

FITZHUGH (Cont'd)
(filtered)

We got that Elvis mother, and he's with a
black fella and a young biddy.

A pizza-faced skinhead named LESTER, listens with rapt eyeballs as he vigilantly monitors the scanner.

INT. HELL-HOLE HOUSE - SAME

Party-place and hobby-home to a ragged cluster of neo-Nazi SHITHEADS, who huddle around a large map of the North-Western United States.

FERMER and SMITTY

stand before the group, assuming the roles of leaders.

FERMER

Okay, Hell-Hole brethren, listen up.
Logic tells us that our little faggot
will be riding the Hershey highway right
through Oregon and into Nevada.

Lester bounds into the room, all ants-in-his-pants.

LESTER

(horrible stutter)
Mister F....Fermer! Mister
Smmm...Sm....Smith!

The racist morons turn to him -- several of the young shitheads have swastikas tattooed on their foreheads, chests and biceps.

LESTER (Cont'd)

(struggling like hell)
The sccc...sccc...
(big breath)
sccc.....

FERMER

Scanner! What!?

LESTER

They fff...found...hh...him...in
Nev...N...N...Nev...NEVADA!

SMITTY

I knew it!
(to a random shithead)
Call the chapter in Vegas.

A wave of excitement swarms over the room as the shitheads grab baseball bats and pull out brass knuckles -- yee-ha, they might get to beat people up.

LESTER

(from the gut)
Ww...ww...wait!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Everyone freezes, Smitty plays drill sergeant.

SMITTY
(cruelly)
Spit it out, retard.

LESTER
(really trying)
He's...w...with...a...p...ppp...

SMITTY
What!?

LESTER
Ppp...pppoo...po....ppp...
(for the love of God)
Porch monkey!

Smitty spins to Fermer -- they lock eyes, share a predatory grin.

FERMER
Of course! It all figures.

Fermer steps away, speaking into the thin air -- a soliloquy of hate.

FERMER (Cont'd)
The ass-pirate and the spear-chucker,
harmoniously entangled in adventure.
It's a beautiful metaphor, their quest!
(with glassy eyes)
The skidmarks of the Republic journey
through the amber fields of grain of our
great nation, spreading lurid, rank
hedonism and...bad genetics, across this
great land.

The shitheads CHEER him on.

FERMER (Cont'd)
(turns to the group)
And right behind them is the democratic
leadership of this country, using their
elite fighting forces, the FBI, to chivy
the rats...chase and capture them for God
only knows what reason!

SHITHEAD #1
(chiming in)
Government's full of pinkos!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHITHEAD #2

Fruits and coons!

FERMER

Enough! Let's rip these creeps some new
butt-holes.

And with that, they rumble out of the house, like a football
team charging into battle.

EXT. US HIGHWAY 95 - MORNING

Telephone poles recede into the distance as the Cadillac
whizzes by, "Suspicious Minds" screaming from the radio.

INT. CADILLAC (MOVING) - SAME

Dude drives in bliss, Elvis by his side, basking in the sun.
Sara massages his shoulders, a cigarette dangling from her
mouth.

DUDE

Hey. Can I ask you something?

ELVIS

Shoot.

DUDE

Why do you say you're Elvis? Because
you're one-a-them big fans or a fella
with an show act or...because what?

ELVIS

(genuinely curious)

Dude, let me ask you something?

(beat)

Why is it that since I escaped that ice-
hearted abortion of a woman, I've been
getting nothing but the nix on me being
me?

(worked up)

I mean, I'm me. I'm Elvis. Look at me
now, son -- the Ed Sullivan show, forty-
nine feature-films, the '68 comeback
special, the concert from Maui on NBC,
the 133 concerts per calender year, the
records, son. The 99 gold records!

It's a captivating tale, but Dude's focused on the rear-view.

DUDE

Oh, boy. Cherry tops.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SARA

Shit, daddy-o. What're we gonna do?

Elvis cranes his neck, glares at the blazing red siren of the approaching Nevada Trooper.

ELVIS

Lose 'em, man! Drive!

DUDE

(already pulling over)

There's no place to go to! We got to hope it's just for speeding.

ELVIS

Ah, Jesse Garon, if I could only get my old driver back!

Dude eases the car to a roadside stop.

ON THE SHOULDER

The Nevada Trooper pulls up on the Cadillac's back bumper.

IN THE CADILLAC

Dude turns to Elvis, serious as hell.

DUDE

I never had one ounce of luck in my entire life, so out of the sheer goodness of your heart, tell me the truth.

(beat)

You really him?

ELVIS

(gravely)

The once and future King.

FITZHUGH and JUDD

climb out of the Nevada Trooper, pull up their duty belts and cautiously belly-up to the rear of the Cadillac.

JUDD

Allrighty, folks, listen up. We need ya to step on out of your fancy auto nice and slow like.

Sara's first -- she climbs out of the car, hands held high, giving the troopers an eyeful of her bare stomach and pierced belly-button.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FITZHUGH

(entranced)

That's good. Real good.

(back to business)

Now you two.

Simultaneously, Elvis and Dude throw open their doors and step from the car, without turning around.

JUDD

Put your paws on your heads and turn around, slowly.

They don't budge -- Fitzhugh and Judd exchange a concerned glance and unhook the button on their holsters.

JUDD (Cont'd)

(temper rising)

Perhaps you don't understand English too good.

(spelling it out)

I said, put your paws on your heads and turn around...slow.

Elvis catches Sara's fretful eye.

ELVIS

(low)

Don't you worry about nothing, baby-doll. Daddy-o's not gonna let anything happen.

SARA

Give 'em the goods, Elvis.

And with that, Elvis whirls, pointing Dude's Glock 9mm -- poised like a veritable gunslinger, he bares a shocking resemblance to Warhol's famed "Double-Elvis" portrait.

ELVIS

Y'all freeze or I'll put some steel in y'all's fluffy buttocks!

Fitzhugh and Judd mechanically obey, frozen.

ELVIS (Cont'd)

I appreciate the piece, Dude. I'm starting to get my step back.

(barking)

Now get 'em up, bluecoats!

The troopers throw their hands into the air in fear.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROADSIDE - MOMENTS LATER

Dude stifles a cheshire grin.

DUDE

For someone who's supposed to be dead,
you're sure full of piss and vinegar.

Elvis finishes his deed.

ELVIS

Whaddya think?

FITZHUGH and JUDD

stripped naked to their bare white assess, are duck-taped
butt-to-butt and foot-to-foot, rendered completely immobile
and muffled with tape over their mouths.

SARA

Indecent. Plain indecent.

ELVIS

I go overboard making them nude?

DUDE

Hell no. Ain't nothin' funnier than two
white boys with their asses taped
together.

Elvis nods his mutual assent, struts over and traces some
words in the dirt beside the butt-locked duo -- *ELVIS WAS
HERE.*

ELVIS

Y'all don't go nowhere now, ya hear?

EXT. K-MART - DAY

A trio of SNOT-NOSED BRATS merrily ride the miniature coin-
operated horses corralled in front of the retail monstrosity.

Roger exits, carrying a large shopping bag full of clothes
and makes his way to the

BIG RIG

docked in the rear of an enormous parking lot, jammed with
cars.

INT. BIG RIG - CONTINUOUS

Roger climbs in, drops the bags.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROGER

It's a fuckin' circus in there.
 (pulls out the clothes)
 I got what you said.

LOIS

Good. Let's change and grab a cab to the hotel.

ROGER

What are we going to do about him?

Ernie lies in the back, still hog-tied -- he's starving and beginning to atrophy.

ROGER (Cont'd)

He's not looking too good.

LOIS

(matter of fact)
 He's seen the show. He knows what's going on.
 (beat)
 Kill him.

She pulls out her gun.

ROGER

What?

She jams the gun into his hands.

LOIS

Which part of "kill him" don't you understand?

Roger shakily trains the gun on Ernie, his eyes squint to near slits. His finger tenses and slacks off on the trigger. Just then, Ernie starts to whimper, begging for clemency.

LOIS (Cont'd)

Do it before he craps in his pants!

Roger drops the gun to his side, his eyes beady and scared. He can't do it.

LOIS (Cont'd)

Just what I thought.
 (wrenching the gun away from him)
 You're a fucking jelly-fish.

BLAM!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Lois shoots Ernie in the face. He collapses, quickly deflates like a popped balloon. Roger stares in a nauseated trance, shuddering.

LOIS (Cont'd)
(to Roger)
Get dressed.

EXT. US HIGHWAY 95 - DAY

Hundreds of windmills spin in the desert breeze as the Caddy snakes up into the mountains separating no-man's land from Vegas.

INT. CADILLAC (MOVING) - SAME

Elvis back at the wheel, Dude rides shotgun with Sara bringing up the rear.

SARA
Yo daddy-o. Gotta drop the kids off at the pool.

He eyes her in the rear-view.

ELVIS
(confused)
What kids at what swimming hole?

SARA
The bathroom. I have to go to the bathroom, Elvis.

ELVIS
Can't you hold it?

SARA
Uh-uh. You gotta pull over. Pronto Tonto.

Elvis pulls the Cadillac to the side of the road.

EXT. YESCO BONEYAD - CONTINUOUS

Young's Electric Sign Company's wasteland in the desert -- a graveyard for long-retired signs that once lit up the Vegas night.

Sara grabs some loose papers from the back seat and hops out.

SARA
Be right back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELVIS

Be careful.

She winks at him and sneaks off behind an old Sahara Casino sign. Elvis and Dude bake in the scorching sun.

DUDE

Dang, it's hot.

(beat)

Way I figure, Vegas'll be my last hurrah, then I go legit. Gonna head out to New Mexico and start my own ranch for wayward travelers and lost souls. Someone wants to be a farm hand or cowboy like John Wayne or Ricky Nelson they can come on down to my ranch and play the part.

Elvis likes that.

ELVIS

Giving people a little piece of a dream.

DUDE

That's right. And you know what I'm gonna call my ranch?

ELVIS

What's that?

DUDE

(miming a marquee)

"Dude's Ranch"!

A thin smile plays across Elvis' face as they sit in silence, the air as intractable as hot cement.

DUDE (Cont'd)

Hell, I was thinking that maybe you might wanna come on down with me and play Ricky Nelson to my Dean Martin.

ELVIS

Me? I ain't ever been anybody's back-up singer.

DUDE

Uh-uh, not like that. It wouldn't be a second-fiddle situation, see. You and me'd be partners.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELVIS

Partners.

(beat)

Well I'm flattered, Dude.

DUDE

Yeah, you know, with you making your comeback and all, and my people skills, I figured we could do something real special.

ELVIS

(truly touched)

Well thanks, partner. I'll consider that offer. But, the only thing on my plate right now is getting home to see my Daddy.

(beat)

And don't compare me to Ricky Nelson.

Just then, Sara skips up and hops back into the car.

SARA

Ready.

With that, Elvis stomps on the gas and the Cadillac ROARS off.

EXT. THE STRIP - DUSK

Las Vegas: paradise for the misbegotten. The incredible electric-sign gauntlet -- neon and par lamps bubble, spiral, rocket and explode in sunbursts ten stories high.

GAMBLERS and TOURISTS riding the crest of chance move like lobotomy patients from one palace of majestic mediocrity to the next -- Caesar's, the MGM Grand, Treasure Island, the Luxor.

EXT. THE LAS VEGAS HILTON - DUSK

Formerly The International Hotel, the bastion of old-guard cool where Elvis Presley ascended to kingship -- he played 837 sell-out shows.

A LINCOLN TOWNCAR

with tinted windows, pulls up to the valet circle. Bright ribbons of red, orange and blue neon reflect off the gleaming metal as

AGENT BEHR

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

steps out of the car. His face is stoic, thoroughly intent.

INT. LOBBY - THE LAS VEGAS HILTON - MOMENTS LATER

Behr moves quickly through the grandiose foyer, Johnson and a team of FIBBIES follow like lemmings. The group rounds the corner and stop dead in their tracks, staring dumbstruck at

A BANNER

Spanning the width of the cavernous lobby, it reads: WELCOME ELVIS IMPERSONATORS -- 1996 US CHAMPIONSHIPS.

Behr drops his shoulders in dismay as he scans the lobby.

ELVIS IMPERSONATORS

of every size, shape and age fill the room, admiring each others costumes and hair-styles.

BEHR

Somebody's friggin' yanking me.

ACROSS THE LOBBY

Wendy Richards delivers a stand-up report, surrounded by ELVII (the Elvis plural).

WENDY

...And on the heels of Monday night's strange events in Seattle, Las Vegas prepares to host some Elvis-related mania of its own!

The Elvii ROAR in approval, crowding Wendy.

WENDY (Cont'd)

Who knows what to expect? This is Wendy Richards live at the 1996 Elvis Impersonator Championships for *OFF THE RECORD.*

The moment the ON CAMERA light flares off, Wendy scowls at her surrounding guests.

WENDY (Cont'd)

Fucking freaks. Get away from me.

EXT. THE STRIP - DUSK

The Cadillac rolls through, past the non-stop barrage of neon tackiness and hotel theme parks.

INSIDE THE CADILLAC

Elvis raises his arms in utter confusion, surveying the landscape.

ELVIS

What in the hell happened to Vegas!?
It's like Disney World threw up!

INT. HILTON SHOWROOM - DUSK

A glitzy BAND eeks out a fledgling cover of Elvis' *Hound Dog*, backing up their front man -- an acne-scarred HISPANIC ELVIS IMPERSONATOR.

A couple of big-bosomed cocktail WAITRESSES cater to the DRUNKS and CHEAP WOMEN who whine and cheese it up.

IN A CORNER BOOTH

A black-haired WOMAN in a slinky silver dress sits with an ELVIS IMPERSONATOR, replete with stick-on lambchop side-burns. She hides behind a newspaper, he sips a daiquiri.

CLOSER -- it's Roger and Lois...shhh, they're undercover.

ROGER

(panicked, through clenched
teeth)

I'm not going to the big house.

(beat)

That's one thing I'm not into, forced
prison sex.

LOIS

Shut up.. Don't make a scene.

Sweating profusely, Roger's side-burns start to come unglued.

LOIS (Cont'd)

Fix your lambchops.

Lois scans the lobby, checking out the Elvii -- her own personal Elvis is nowhere in sight.

ROGER

Maybe I should go bury that guy, Lois.
What if they find him and get our prints
off the wheel...

LOIS

(interrupting)

It's him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ACROSS THE LOBBY

Elvis saunters in, eyes all agog at the slew of Elvii. Dude and Sara stumble in behind, astonished.

ELVIS
 (utter disbelief)
 Jesse Garon...
 (beat)
 And the Lord said, "Many shall come in my
 name, saying I am Christ."
 (to Sara)
 Matthew, 24:5.

Elvis is paralyzed, watching the replicants pass before his eyes. Sara sniffs her armpits, recoils in stench-induced horror.

SARA
 (all cave-woman)
 Me need shower. Clothes.
 (grunting)
 Meat.

Dude cracks up, pulls out a deck of credit cards, flays them out.

DUDE
 Pick a card, any card.

Ooh, Go Fish -- she picks a Gold MasterCard.

DUDE (Cont'd)
 Nice choice.
 (walking off)
 I'm gonna go play some blackjack and find
 myself a cowgirl.

Meanwhile, Elvis is in the midst of a huge identity crisis, staring at the Hispanic Impersonator butchering his song onstage.

SARA
 (rousing him)
 Come on, daddy-o. Let's go get us a
 suite.

BACK ON LOIS AND ROGER

who watch the trio from their vinyl-boothed perch.

ROGER
 Who the hell are they?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Lois stands, smooths out her dress.

LOIS
I'm gonna go find out.

ROGER
Lets just grab him. He's right there,
ripe for the picking!

LOIS
Just stay put.
(beat)
Try and blend in or something.

Lois stomps off, tailing Dude into the casino.

EXT. US HIGHWAY 95 - NIGHT

Wires HUM above the endless barren landscape -- all scrub
brush and jaundice color clay dirt.

FITZHUGH and JUDD

still taped together and sunburnt to all hell, lie on the
side of the road struggling, covered in tumbleweed and road-
dust.

DOWN THE ROAD

Our familiar white MINIVAN, spilling with the sounds of Raffi
and Barney, slowly approaches.

INT. MINI VAN - SAME

It's our all-American family: BOB drives, wife RITA
navigates. In the back seat, little MINDY concentrates on
her workbook while littler STEVIE tries to jam a triple-A
Duracell up his nose.

BOB
First my wallet, now we're lost.
(beat)
That fucking travel agent. I knew we
should've gone to Carmel!

RITA
Language, Bob!

Just then, they roll past the ass-locked Fitzhugh and Judd --
Rita struggles to pick her jaw up off the floor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RITA (Cont'd)

Good goodness!

(calling to the back seat)

Let's keep our eyes on our workbooks,
kids! Reading's fun!

MINDY

Reading sucks!

STEVIE

(noting the roadside attraction)

Mom! Those guys are shitting on each
other!

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

Nothing succeeds like excess: gilt, ornate, silk-tufted and
chandeliered -- it's a study in overdone luxury.*THE WIZARD OF OZ*plays on the big-screen TV. It's the famed triumphant scene
at Emerald Square, blazing in all it's Technicolor glory.
The gang's all there -- Dorothy, Glinda, Tin Man, Scarecrow,
Lion, the little people.

AT THE WINDOW

Elvis places Dude's Glock 9mm on the nightstand and turns his
attention outside, his face awash in a neon glow. He stares
into the night wistfully at the cumulus of blinking Vegas
lights, yearning for yester-year. Just then, a lilting,
cheerful voice comes from the TV.

GLINDA (O.S.)

Just close your eyes and tap your heels
together three times...

Elvis turns to the TV, stares in wonderment.

GLINDA (Cont'd)

And think to yourself, "There's no place
like home, there's no place like home,
there's no place..."Entranced, he slowly starts to mouth the words, mirroring the
mantra that miraculously whisked Dorothy back to Kansas.
Suddenly...

SARA (O.S.)

What do you think?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Elvis turns from the TV, quickly wiping his misty eye.

SARA

stands in the doorway, hands poised on her hips, wearing a sexy A-line dress -- he's speechless.

SARA (Cont'd)

Well?

A little lip pout, then an awkward model's swivel.

ELVIS

(finally)

You're a vision, an absolute vision.

SARA

(blushing)

Really?

ELVIS

Really.

Sara tugs at her hemline, feigning shyness, then pulls out a box, all wrapped up in a too-big bow from behind the door.

SARA

Um...I got you a little something.

(handing it over)

Here.

ELVIS

For me?

SARA

(bites her lip)

Go on. Open it.

Elvis rips into it with the rapacity of a child on Christmas morning, stopping dead in his tracks when he sees what's inside.

A SEQUINED AMERICAN EAGLE JUMPSUIT

lies like an unveiled corpse, ready for resurrection. Elvis stares at it incredulously as his eyes slowly meet Sara's gaze.

SARA (Cont'd)

I believe you've got a throne to reclaim.

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ORANGES - LEMONS - CHERRIES - BELLS - BARS - BUCKAROOS

slot pictures CLATTER from left to right across the gleaming
maw of slot machines.

INT. HILTON CASINO - NIGHT

The childlike megalomania of gambling -- free drinks and
recycled oxygen.

A ROULETTE BALL

RATTLES on its wheel from groove to groove: WOMEN with
bouffant hairdos donning Capri pants wait anxiously for a
tiny piece of fate to be decided.

AT A BLACKJACK TABLE

Dude sits with an ear-to-ear grin...he's had one complimentary
cocktail too many, high on his recent luck.

BEHIND HIM

Lois appears, watching him like a hunter stalking her prey.
She takes mental notes as Dude rakes in the chips.

ABOVE THEM

A brass CEILING BUBBLE showcases their blurred reflection.

INSIDE THE BUBBLE

the "eye in the sky", a fiber-optic video camera, watches
them with unflinching focus.

CUT TO:

INT. FBI SURVEILLANCE ROOM - SAME

Interior design by G. Gordon Liddy: it's a make-shift war
room. Behr pores over a wall of MONITORS with drill team
precision -- Lois and Dude are in full view, unbeknownst to
him and the FIBBIES.

Johnson darts into the room, reading from a flowing computer
print out. The other Fibbies join the huddle.

JOHNSON

Okay, okay. Here's what we got. Of the
1,200 rooms in this joint, 288 of them
are registered under the name Elvis
Presley.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Behr lifts his chin, bewildered.

BEHR
(waiting)
And...

Johnson averts his gaze -- if you gave him a penny for his thoughts right now, you'd be getting change.

BEHR (Cont'd)
Come on, Johnson. Tell me that that's not it. Tell me that you're not telling me what I think you're telling me.

He looks to his brain trust of Fibbies for support.

BEHR (Cont'd)
(temper rising)
Someone please, for the love of Christ, tell me that F-B-I *Special Agent* Johnson isn't saying what I think he's saying.

They stare at him expressionless, blank.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Behr marches down the corridor, Johnson by his side holding a large key-ring and his trusty computer print out. Fibbies, weapons unholstered, try to keep pace behind them.

BEHR
(in no mood)
I haven't done a room-to-room search since I was a hall monitor in college.
(beat)
It's nice to know that the FBI has stooped to doing fucking panty raids.

The troupe stops at a door, guns at the ready, as Johnson pulls out a key and jiggles it in the door...oops, wrong key.

BEHR (Cont'd)
(losing patience)
Come on, Sherlock. Today.

Finally, he's got it.

JOHNSON
Okay, everyone. On my count.

They're ready to charge.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHNSON (Cont'd)

One...two...

CUT TO:

INT. HILTON SHOWROOM - SAME

ON STAGE: same band, new front-man -- a POT-BELLIED ELVIS IMPERSONATOR with a wretched toupée croons his own heart-warming rendition of *A Fool Such As I*...God, does he suck.

AT A REGISTRATION TABLE

Elvis watches the spectacle in disgust as Sara signs him up for the contest with a blue-haired EVENT COORDINATOR.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT SHACK - NIGHT

A battered 1960's pick-up sits outside a crumbling adobe hut.

NAZI (V.O.)

Found out what you asked. They're at the Vegas Hilton.

INT. DESERT SHACK - SAME

A whiskey-reddened NAZI fumbles with a PIPE BOMB.

FERMER (O.S.)

That good information?

NAZI

(stone faced)

You have to ask?

Fermer and Smitty swallow hard -- this guy makes David Koresh look like a choir boy.

SMITTY

So, how's it coming?

NAZI

All set...take it.

He hands it to Smitty, who examines it thoroughly.

NAZI (Cont'd)

It's a beaute. After you hit the switch, she's impact sensitive, touch sensitive, the whole bit. She blows at the slightest shock wave.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FERMER

We find our faggot friend, place this little baby in his hotel lobby and send a message to the pinko leadership of this country that there's no room for any minority interests and multiculturalism in our America!

CUT TO:

INT. HILTON CASINO - SAME

Somewhere, a CROWD cheers.

AT THE BLACKJACK TABLE

Dude has amassed a quite sizable stack of chips, a throng of people gathered around him -- OOHING and AAHING as he's dealt yet another BLACKJACK.

Lois makes eye-contact with him, flirting shamelessly.

LOIS

(all naive school-girl)

How do you keep winning?

DUDE

I got my lucky charm.

LOIS

What's that?

DUDE

It's my Dean Martin rabbit's foot. I keep it in my pocket...right here.

She takes the seat next to him, slides her hand onto his leg.

LOIS

Can I rub it?

DUDE

(thank you, God!)

You want to rub my lucky charm?

She stares at him with greedy, erotic eyes -- like a Siamese cat ready to pounce.

LOIS

Mm-hmm.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DUDE
(abruptly to Dealer)
You know, I'm about ready to cash in.

INT. HILTON SHOWROOM - SAME

ON STAGE: a HEFTY ELVIS IMPERSONATOR wearing a flashy jumpsuit reminiscent of Elvis' 1977 tour, belts out a fairly good cover of *Hound Dog* -- double-chin and all, he's a spitting image of latter-day Elvis.

BACKSTAGE

Elvis stands with Sara -- his eyes all hooded menace, watching the Impersonator, ready to beat some ass.

ELVIS
(impassioned)
I'm gonna win this damn contest, because
I'm me, dammit!

Just then, the Impersonator finishes his song, bounds off the stage to raucous APPLAUSE and accidentally bumps into Elvis.

ELVIS (Cont'd)
(in a huff)
Hey, mister!

SARA
(restraining him)
Elvis, don't.

IMPERSONATOR
WhatcanIdoforya?

ELVIS
What's your name?

IMPERSONATOR
Elvis Aaron Presley. Nicetameetcha...
(considering him)
Grandpa.

SARA
Elvis, come on...you're on next.

ELVIS
(it's getting ugly)
What's your real name...boy?

IMPERSONATOR
(intimidated)
Josh Rosenberg.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELVIS

Why'd you change it, huh? Joshua's a fine Biblical name. Son of Moses' minister, Joshua was. Lead the Jews for decades. Was a damn good servant of the Lord!

(in his face)

You're lucky to have that name, boy.

JOSH

(dropping his act)

Hey man, back off.

ELVIS

Yeah? Well, tell you what...why don'tcha just go get your own clothes and find your own band and make up your own bunch a songs? Huh? Sick of being nobody special? Afraid of taking a risk? Not talented enough to make it on your own? Well if that's it...if ya can't make up your own songs and ya gotta sing somebody else's...then sing 'em like you, not like...Elvis. Sing songs and get famous and make a million bucks. That's what America's all about.

(beat)

But let Elvis be Elvis.

JOSH

Who the hell do you think you are?

In a cold rage -- a slow, furious growl.

ELVIS

I'm Vernon Presley's son.

(beat)

The name's Elvis.

ON STAGE

The EMCEE steps to the microphone.

EMCEE

And now, without any further ado, our last contestant of the night, heeeeeeere's Elvis Presley!

Elvis bounds out, hands held high, assuming a triumphant return to the stage.

The AUDIENCE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

is stone silent. Save for the sequined jumpsuit, at 62, this guy doesn't look a thing like any Elvis they've ever seen.

ELVIS
(ok, now what?)
Yeah...so...

He looks side-stage to Sara, who nods encouragingly.

ELVIS (Cont'd)
(gaining confidence)
Now, this here's a song I wrote back in
1957. Made #1 on the charts that year.
(begins acappella, a voice
like velvet)
A-well-a, bless my soul
What's wrong me?
I'm itching like a man on a fuzzy tree
My friends say I'm acting queer as a bug.
I'M IN LOVE!

He swivels his hip, the trade-mark pelvic thrust. He pauses for effect...that did it.

IN THE AUDIENCE

Women reel in lust-struck shock. They SCREAM and rush the stage, others faint.

Elvis triumphantly strikes up the band.

ELVIS (Cont'd)
I'm all shook up!

And away we go.....!

NEAR THE REAR

Wendy Richards and her CAMERA MAN cover the estrogen-fueled bacchanalia.

SIDESTAGE

Sara dances to the delight of the surrounding Impersonators.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL SUITE - SAME

Still clothed, Lois rides Dude, playing cowgirl to his bucking bronco -- all hot and bothered, she climbs off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LOIS

Hang on, cowboy. Lemme get something
from my purse.

(beat)

Gotta play it safe.

She rummages through her handbag, pulls out a STILETTO, all
business.

INT. HILTON SHOWROOM - SAME

ON STAGE: Elvis sings his soul out, bringing the song to its
triumphant finish.

ELVIS

I'm in love, I'm all shook up!

The place goes nuts: hoots, hollers and chants. A revisited
moment in the limelight -- Elvis indulges, taking in the
crowd. Then...

ELVIS (Cont'd)

(walking off-stage)

Thankyouverymuch.

SIDESTAGE

Josh Rosenberg stares slack-jawed and awestruck as Elvis
approaches.

ELVIS (Cont'd)

That's how you sing an Elvis song.

With that, Elvis takes Sara by the hand and leads her off the
stage and through the THRONGS of swooning women headlong into

ROGER

Not so fast, asshole.

Elvis reels in amazement and without a thought to the wiser,
SLAMS his fist into Roger's face, shattering his nose.

With that, it's a madhouse -- pandemonium has broken loose as
people SCREAM and SECURITY GUARDS race to break up the
entangled duo.

ELVIS

pulls himself from Roger's grasp, turns to flee, and runs
face-first into the blinding light of Wendy's camera.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WENDY

(jamming the mike in his face)

Are you the man who attacked two police officers in Seattle?

Thinking fast, he grabs Sara's arm, lowers his shoulder and pushes through the crowd like a fullback -- Wendy and camera in tow.

The brew-ha-ha tumbles out into

THE LOBBY

as Elvis and Sara split up.

ELVIS

Go find Dude and meet me in the room.

SARA

What's going on!?

ELVIS

GO!

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - SAME

A middle-aged ELVIS IMPERSONATOR sits on the bed, shoulders trembling and sobbing with his head in his hands.

Johnson and a swarm of FIBBIES scour the room -- furniture is upended, clothes are dumped on the floor as two young HOOKERS are led out of the bathroom.

IN THE DOORWAY

Behr waits, patience waning.

BEHR

What do we got, Mr. Johnson?

JOHNSON

Got a 40-year old Elvis and two underage hookers.

BEHR

(disgusted)

I'm tired of playing vice squad. Someone find me Lois Joad.

INT. CASINO - SAME

Sara frantically scans the floor like a child lost in a department store, on a desperate search for Dude.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - SAME

Elvis charges into the room, adrenaline pumping. He makes a b-line for the Glock 9mm resting on the night stand, when he sees

DUDE

sleeping face down on the plush couch.

ELVIS

(shaking him)

Dude, wake up. We gotta go. They're here.

Dude is stock-still, unmoving. Elvis rolls Dude onto his back -- he's covered with blood.

ELVIS (Cont'd)

Jesse Garon...

Dude sputters to life.

DUDE

(weak)

Elvis...

ELVIS

We gotta get you outta here.

DUDE

Know what I always wondered?

(beat)

How come there ain't no black cowboys?

Before he can answer, Dude is dead in Elvis' arms. His eyes stare up in a mixture of entreaty and astonishment. Just then

A GUN IS COCKED

Elvis turns slowly to see

LOIS

gun poised, stepping from the shadows.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LOIS
Hi there, teddy bear.

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. GLASS ELEVATOR - SAME

Behr and crew load into the lift (which scales the exterior of the hotel), heading up.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - RESUME

Elvis backs away into the huge glass window, the Vegas skyline looms behind him.

His eyes dart from Lois to the Glock 9mm on the night stand.

LOIS
Want the gun?

Before he can answer, Lois BLASTS the gun -- spider-webbing the window behind him.

LOIS (Cont'd)
Go for it.

ELVIS
What are you going to do? Kill me? I'm already dead.

Lois levels the gun on him.

LOIS
Yeah?

She FIRES again, narrowly missing him and SHATTERING the window -- the desert breeze floats in.

LOIS (Cont'd)
Don't tempt me. Some people like their merchandise worn in.

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. GLASS ELEVATOR - SAME

Glass fragments rain down on the ascending vestibule. Behr's WALKIE-TALKIE squawks to life.

VOICE
(filtered)
We got shots on four! Shots fired on four!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BEHR
Four! Let's go!

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL SUITE - RESUME

The color has drained from Elvis' face -- his inquiring mind wants to know.

LOIS
(stepping closer)
What? Did you think I was some sort of
maniacal fan? A schoolgirl wooed by
your golly-gee charm? I liked having you
around?
(beat)
Get over it fuckball. You're product.

ELVIS
Always have been.
(a devil-may-care smile)
Hope you got a lifetime guarantee.

And with that, he launches himself

OUT THE WINDOW

cape fluttering in the wind, descending rapidly in free-fall
past

THE GLASS ELEVATOR

Behr and Johnson snap their heads in utter amazement and
press their noses to the glass, watching the winged blur
plummet.

EXT. HILTON POOL - SAME

A black-tie cocktail affair; a jazz TRIO plays -- a banner
draped across the deep end: WELCOME UNITED COLITIS
FOUNDATION.

Suddenly, Elvis rockets from the heavens, crashing through
the banner and into the pool -- the ultimate Nestea plunge.

CONVENTIONEERS scatter and SCREAM.

IN THE POOL

the concentric circles of waves slowly dissipate to ripples.
Seconds later, Elvis emerges from the depths like a crocodile,
paddles his way to the side and climbs out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Conventioneers stare in disbelief as he wrings out his cape and forces a lop-sided smile.

ELVIS
(to himself)
Ladies and gentlemen, Elvis has left the building.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - SAME

Lois looks out the window at the pool below, watching in abject horror as her prize waltzes himself away from the jaws of death.

She spins on her heels and storms out.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Lois races down the hall, hangs a hard left and beats it into the stairwell just as the

ELEVATOR DOORS OPEN

Behr, Johnson and the Fibbies scamper out and make a mad dash up the carpeted path toward the room.

EXT. HILTON - FRONT ENTRANCE - SAME

COPS and Hotel Security flood the scene as Wendy and her Cameraman interview everything that moves.

IN THE PARKING LOT

Fermer and Smitty sit in the pick-up, trying to keep a low profile -- in the rear, the shitheads sit toting Louisville Sluggers.

INT. PICKUP - NIGHT

They scan the frenetic hotel entrance.

SMITTY
Larry, I'm not so sure this is the best time...maybe we should wait.

FERMER
Wait? We've been waiting since the Civil War. Fucking Lincoln and his Emancipation Proclamation. Then it was women's suffrage. Chinks came over. Spicks came over. Dot heads...

With each passing word, Smitty grows more confident.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FERMER (Cont'd)

This is about re-claiming America for the
white man! This is our liberation!
Extricate from the masses and enfranchise
the elite!

(beat)

Now turn that sucker on, brother!

Pumped, Smitty flips the switch -- the bomb BLEEPs to life.

SMITTY

It's on!

FERMER

(raises his hand)

Now get it up for coward power!

The men HIGH-FIVE...not smart

KA-BOOM!!

The pick-up explodes into a FIREBALL, pieces of twisted and
blackened metal rain down.

ON THE SIDE OF THE HOTEL

Elvis shields his eyes from the explosion. Lurking in the
shadows, he surveys the madness.

ELVIS

Jesse...

Looking for safe haven and a way back into the hotel, he
slinks around the corner and descends a dark flight of stairs
into

INT. UNDERGROUND SERVICE ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

A dark and dank tunnel: power generators pumping oxygen and
electricity into the hotel BUZZ and HUM. Elvis walks in a
rubber-legged and beaten heap, arriving at the STAGE DOOR --
it's a familiar place.

He gives it an excited shove.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. HILTON LOBBY - SAME

Lois burst out of the stairwell, desperately searching for
Elvis -- only cheap imitations. She darts into the

SHOWROOM

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

scanning the floor for any sign of Roger -- nothing.

LOIS

Shit.

Just then, Sara walks out of the adjacent casino, looking doe-eyed and lost. Lois smiles menacingly -- she has a new target.

Quickly, she crosses the floor and grabs Sara by the shoulder.

LOIS (Cont'd)

Excuse me.

Sara turns, oblivious to the stranger, as Lois jams her GUN into the small of her back.

LOIS (Cont'd)

Keep cool, bitch.

(forcing her away)

Let's move.

INT. BACKSTAGE HALLWAY - SAME

Elvis snakes down the hall, shuffling past Impersonators of every shape and size. At the end of the hall, a COP approaches. Acting fast, Elvis ducks into the

GREEN ROOM

He emits an exasperated SIGH and waits for the Cop to pass.

VOICE (O.S.)

Quite a performance in there tonight.

Elvis whirls to see a bloody-nosed

ROGER

Before he has a moment to react, Roger SMASHES him in the face, knocking Elvis to the ground.

ROGER

That's for the broken nose you gave me in the fuckin' showroom.

A stern kick to Elvis' side.

ROGER (Cont'd)

And that's for the broken nose you gave me in Seattle.

(CONTINUED)

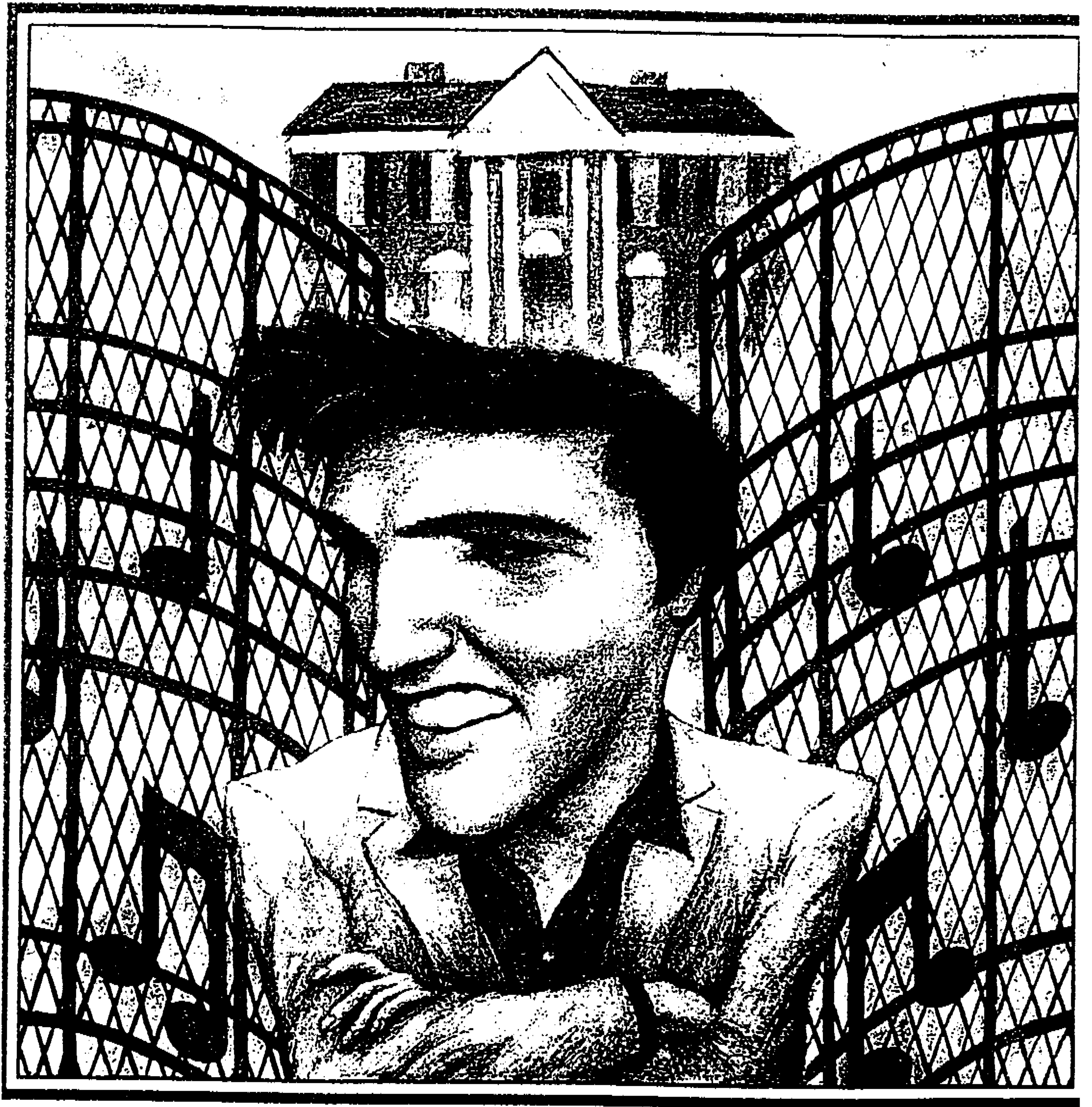
CONTINUED:

Elvis lies paralyzed in pain as Roger collects his thoughts.

ROGER (Cont'd)
(mocking Lois)
Split, shut up or die.
(beat)
Fuck Lois.

And with that, he KICKS Elvis in the face.

BLACK OUT



thursday

FADE IN:

A BLOODY SWITCHBLADE

glistens under night-light.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Lois stands under a dull mercury light, looking like a bit like Nosferatu -- dark circles under her eyes and breathing anxiously, she's the farthest from "cool" we've seen her.

LOIS

Honey, I'm at wits end. The Joan of Arc routine is nice, but lose the dramatics.

SARA

sits atop an oil drum, hands tied behind her back -- she's a crying bloody mess, her respective shoulders revealing the efforts of Lois' handiwork: she has jaggedly carved "ELVIS LIVES" into the soft skin.

LOIS (Cont'd)

How long could you possibly know him? A couple days? I mean, is this really worth it?

(unraveling)

I got too much invested in this to let you fuck me over. I coulda held him for ransom. Coulda bribed the record company...his family...but those fucks...kidnappers...they always get caught. I played David fuckin' Copperfield: I made ELVIS disappear!

(gathering herself)

I had patience. I found the buyer. And I'm gonna make the deal.

(beat)

So you either tell me where he's going or I'm going to cut your fuckin' eyes out.

Lois inches the blade toward Sara's eyes.

SARA

(quivering)

He's going home.

LOIS

Don't lie, little bitch.

CONTINUED:

Sara cries freely, knowing full-well that she's jeopardized our hero.

SARA
He's going to Graceland.

LOIS
(collecting her cool)
Well good. So are we. Let's go fly the friendly fucking skies.

EXT. BOEING 747 (FLYING) - NIGHT

The red-eye soars East into the night-sky, heading toward Memphis.

ROGER (V.O.)
Oh stewardess...

INT. BOEING 747 - FIRST CLASS (FLYING) - NIGHT

Roger holds his empty champagne flute into the air, beckoning the stewardess. Beside him, Elvis sleep like a babe...err, he's still unconscious.

ROGER (Cont'd)
Be a sweetheart, would you? I'm celebrating a strange turn of fate.

The STEWARDESS steps to him with a mandatory grin and gives him a refill.

STEWARDESS
Is your friend okay? Sure I can't get him a hot cup of coffee or a moist towlette?

ROGER
Narcolepsy. It's the damndest thing.

Roger toasts the slumbering Pop Icon.

ROGER (Cont'd)
Cheers, asshole.

EXT. LAS VEGAS AIRSTRIP - NIGHT

Rows of Lear jets line themselves, awaiting the arrival of their high-rolling owners. Lois ushers the slackened Sara (who now wears a sweatshirt) into

INT. HANGER - MOMENTS LATER

The duo move across the wide-open floor, Lois' GUN pressed snugly into the small of Sara's back.

LOIS

One word and it's over. Hear me?

A PILOT

loads bags into the cargo hold of a sleek jet.

LOIS (Cont'd)

Pardon me, sir? Is this the Chattanooga
Choo-Choo?

The Pilot turns, confused.

PILOT

Who the hell are you?

Lois sticks the gun in his face -- he buckles in fear.

LOIS

I'm Amelia Earhart.

(beat)

Get on the fucking plane.

INT. MEMPHIS AIRPORT - GATE - MORNING

Passengers spill from the jetway, as Roger pushes a now groggy Elvis into the teeming terminal.

ROGER

No more playing puppy dog for me. I
don't need her. I can do this. I'm my
own fucking man, for Christ's sake.
Hell, I've got my own dick.

The irritating BEEP! BEEP! BEEP! of an approaching airport cart cuts through the airport din.

ROGER (Cont'd)

(sizing up Elvis)

You look like shit. I can't sell you
like this.

(scanning the hallway)

A bathroom...

The annoying vehicle stops a couple feet from our duo, as a crusty VOLUNTEER WORKER helps a GERIATRIC MAN off.

Roger's eyes search for the bathroom. Suddenly...

CONTINUED:

Elvis yanks his arm away -- Roger's dead meat.

KRUMPF! Elvis quickly buries his knee in his crotch...ooh, that smarts.

THWACK! He slams his hands against Roger's head, boxing his ears.

With catlike dexterity, Elvis jumps into the idling cart and JAMS the gas, speeding away.

Roger, showing incredible resiliency, peels himself from the floor and gives chase down the

CORRIDOR

Elvis leans on the HORN, weaving the cart around PASSENGERS toting luggage. He glances over his shoulder -- behind him

ROGER

is gaining ground.

ELVIS
(pounding the gas)
C'mon, horse! Go!

Nearly hitting a smattering of STEWARDS, he swerves and CRASHES through a coffee-cart -- French Roast flies everywhere.

SCREEECH!

Elvis slams on the brakes, flies out of the cart and races down the

ESCALATOR

past the crowd of FAMILIES and BUSINESSMEN. Just then, Roger lunges for Elvis, narrowly missing.

Roger stumbles for an instant as Elvis sprints into the

LUGGAGE AREA

and through a set of automatic doors, finally reaching the

EXT. TAXI STAND - MORNING (CONTINUOUS)

Elvis races past the cluster of PEOPLE waiting for cabs and spots an idling GYPSY TAXI. Before he can get the door open,

ROGER

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

barrels out of the double-doors and launches himself at Elvis, flattening the King into the side of the car, drawing blood. Elvis crumbles to the ground.

ON-LOOKERS gawk as Roger calms the crowd.

ROGER

Memphis Police, people. Nothing to worry about. All set.

HI-YA!

A blind-sided karate chop sends Roger crashing to the ground as Elvis works him over with a series of punches and chops.

ELVIS

Never did an honest day's work in your life. Filthy parasite.

He examines his handiwork -- one unconscious Roger. Elvis wipes off his blood-stained face, turns to the crowd and throws his arms to the sky.

ELVIS (Cont'd)

Sing it in the streets, people! Elvis is back in town!

And with that, he ducks into the

GYPSY TAXI

Elvis is a proud, albeit bloody wreck.

ELVIS (Cont'd)

I'm going to Graceland.

RESUME ON ROGER

His broken frame is too dismantled to continue. He watches the cab speed away, collapsing in a cloud of exhaust.

EXT. GRACELAND - DAY

The plantation-style Southern Colonial situated atop its small hill. The meticulously groomed lawn is separated from the road by the G-clef gates.

It's a typical Graceland day.

ON THE GROUNDS

A crowd of roughly 100 ELVIS WORSHIPERS, TOURISTS and IMPERSONATORS wander freely about the property: some sing

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

songs, some conduct vigils, others smile for \$10 disposable cameras.

AT THE FRONT GATES

Wendy Richards delivers a stand-up report before two-dozen "ELVISTS," who hold candles, chant lyrics and pray.

WENDY

Welcome to Memphis. Behind me stands Graceland, home of the late Elvis Presley. A place where things have never been more hectic than in recent days. As you can see, the ever-growing population of Elvists -- a secular religion of people who worship Elvis Presley, have begun to flood the grounds of the mansion touting the second coming of the man they call King. Earlier this morning, we talked to some of the veteran Elvists.

VIDEO: ELVIST #1 -- a part-time greaser.

ELVIST #1

Elvis will rise again. Like a Phoenix rising triumphantly from the ashes of our broken world, Elvis is coming back, I tell you...so lock up your daughters.

VIDEO: ELVIST #2 -- a biker chick.

ELVIST #2

I know he never died. We talk all the time. He told me to buy my apartment over on Beale street. He told me not to go to Cancun last fall 'cause of the storm. Daily lottery numbers. Fresh produce and meats. He's a big help.

(wipes her nose)

He's a real swell boy.

VIDEO: ELVIST #3 -- a *Charlie's Angels*-haired woman.

ELVIST #3

I'm from Kalamazoo and I've seen him recently shopping in the market and at the Halo Burger and at the Bowling Alley. Hell, he rolled a 220 last week.

VIDEO: ELVIST #4 -- a church-bound man.

CONTINUED:

ELVIST #4

It's about time he showed up. We need him. I just wonder what he's been waiting for.

INT/EXT. GYPSY TAXI (MOVING) - DAY

Elvis stares pensively out the window at his old stomping grounds, long-since over-run with strip malls, multiplex theaters, fast-food joints, Blockbuster Video, The Gap -- a chronicle of 1990's retail.

ELVIS

(singing to himself)

So hush little baby don't you cry
You know your daddy's bound to die
But all my trials will soon be over...

The grizzled GYPSY CABBIE pipes up from the front seat.

GYPSY CABBIE

First time to Graceland?

ELVIS

Been there once or twice.

GYPSY CABBIE

Second most visited home in the world after the White House. They move about a million people a year through there.

ELVIS

(incredulous)

What did you say?

GYPSY CABBIE

(holds up a six pack)

Hey, want a hog?

OUTSIDE

The taxi comes to a halt at

GRACELAND PLAZA --

the shopping mall across the street from Graceland stocked with "Everything-Elvis" goodies. In front of the plaza, right smack-dab in the middle of the parking lot, rests the

LISA MARIE AIRPLANE

Elvis' private Boeing 727 emblazoned with a lightning bolt. A tour GROUP marvels at the monstrosity.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BACK IN THE TAXI

Elvis rolls down the window, taking in the scene.

ELVIS

Jesse, my jet's a side-show attraction.
(to the cabbie)
Let me out.

GYPSY CABBIE

Hey! You gotta pay!

But, he's already gone, shuffling down the sidewalk.

GYPSY CABBIE (Cont'd)

(under his breath)
Freak.

IN THE PARKING LOT

Elvis gawks at the themed-neighborhood that has emerged to supply the unending demand for Elvis "anything" -- the souvenir store, tour groups, the Lisa Marie Jet.

He wipes the smear of drying blood off his face and makes a half-assed attempt at piling his hair into a pompadour, then crosses the street and pauses at the grafitti-covered stone wall surrounding his property. He touches the wall, tracing his finger over the loving words.

After a moment, he straightens his battered frame and proudly walks through the famous gate, making his ascent up the driveway -- a triumphant Arnold Palmer heading toward the 18th green.

He heads through the throngs of tourists and wanderers holding vigils on his lawn -- like Odysseus returning from sea to find the suitors.

ELVIS

(under his breath)
Jesse, the place is overrun.

He strides up the front walk, climbs onto the porch and stares misty-eyed at his house, taking a moment to focus on the door knob.

ELVIS (Cont'd)

Thank you, Jesse. Thank you for guiding me home.

Elvis turns the knob.

INT. FOYER - CONTINUOUS

There's no place like home -- everything's frozen, circa 1977. It's the virtual embodiment of bad taste: shag, mirrors, kitsch...crap. Just then, Elvis pushes the door open and steps in.

ELVIS

Hello?

(beat)

Daddy?

The house is empty, dead silent.

INT. LIVINGROOM - CONTINUOUS

Elvis crosses the room, all is in order -- each and every item is exactly where he left it.

ELVIS

Lisa Marie? Anyone?

INT. BASEMENT STAIRS - CONTINUOUS

The mirror-lined stairwell reflects an infinity of images as Elvis makes the descent.

ELVIS

(muttering)

Jesse, my brother, how about a little pomp and circumstance?

With that, he turns the corner and is nearly trampled by a

TOUR GROUP

noisily clamoring out of the basement, led by their fearless TOUR GUIDE.

TOUR GUIDE

Elvis purchased Graceland in 1957 and lived here with his father until his death. Vernon Presley died two years after his son. If you follow me upstairs, we'll take a look at the raquetball court...

The group stomps up the stairs, jostling and bumping a thunderstruck Elvis.

ELVIS

Daddy...?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He collapses to the floor, sitting Indian-style, his head draped in his hands. Reeling, he cries freely. After a moment, he looks up, his eyes meeting the gaze of his own image.

A PORTRAIT

hangs on the wall. The oil painting captures the young, fit, gorgeous Elvis coupling the simplicity of the *Mona Lisa* with the transcendent power of a Byzantine Christ. He is perfection personified -- deified -- looking down on the broken 62 year-old Elvis.

Elvis' lip quivers in sadness -- he's made it home, only to find an empty house and defeat.

ELVIS

You can never go home again. That's what you told me, daddy. When we left the shack in Tupelo. When I got signed to make records. When mommy died. When I got my divorce...

(beat)

You can never go home again.

Elvis stares at his portrait, mesmerized, as a voice breaks the silence.

WOMAN (V.O.)

I'm sorry, sir.

(beat)

You'll have to stay with the tour.

ELVIS

(vicious)

I live here, dammit.

He turns to the voice, the color draining from his face when he sees

LOIS JOAD

pointing her gun at him from beneath a sweatshirt. She holds a shivering, frightened Sara by the wrist.

LOIS

Not anymore, asshole. Get up, let's move.

SARA

I'm sorry, Elvis.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He looks at her scabbed-over arms, emblazoned with "Elvis Lives".

ELVIS

(consummate sadness)

Baby girl, I'm so sorry I got you dragged into this.

(a plea to Lois)

Let her go. Please. Do what you want with me...I don't give a fuck anymore...but let her go.

LOIS

Save it. Move.

EXT. GRACELAND - CAR PORT - MOMENTS LATER

Lois leads Elvis and Sara out of the house, passed a TOUR GROUP looking at a display of several of Elvis' prized Cadillacs and motorcycles. Ignoring the crowd, Lois leads them to the

MEDITATION GARDEN

A serene memorial area about the size of a boxing ring. A small fountain set against a semi-circled columned facade, surrounds half the area. A large white ceramic statue of

JESUS CHRIST

presides peacefully over the space. Oddly, the engraving on the wide base of the piece reads: "PRESLEY".

A slow stream of TOURISTS walk in single-file around the perimeter of the garden. Some stop momentarily to offer prayer or recite lyrics.

Three JAPANESE TOURISTS merrily snap photos of each other as Lois, Sara and Elvis enter the area and take their place in line following the procession around to

ELVIS' GRAVE

Lit by an eternal flame, the plot is the resting place of Vernon, Gladys Presley (his mom) and Elvis...well, sort of. A small plaque sits in memoriam to Jesse Garon Presley.

Elvis stares at his grave for an instant, before he's jerked away by Lois and rushed over to the marble columns on the outskirts of the gravesite.

ELVIS

Lord, what are you up to?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AT THE DRIVEWAY

the two-dozen Elvists have begun their noon-time candle-light processional from the outside wall to the porch. In step, they chant "You Gave Me A Mountain" in gregorian-like unison.

A JAPANESE TOURIST

wearing an *I Love Elvis* baseball cap, taps Lois on the shoulder politely.

JAPANESE TOURIST

Pardon me, miss. Do you really think he's buried there?

LOIS

What did you say?

He beckons his Japanese cohorts closer.

JAPANESE TOURIST

I said, do you think Elvis is buried there?

LOIS

(confidently)

Not a chance.

CLOSER -- they're no tourists, because tourists don't carry GUNS.

YUMO YATSUKI, removes his touristy "I Love Elvis" baseball cap and steps forward powerfully.

YATSUKI

Priscilla Preston. Allow me to introduce myself.

Lois offers a slight bow, never taking her eyes off Yatsuki, keeping the gun under her sweatshirt carefully trained. Yatsuki's HENCHMEN respond in kind and place their hands on their own weapons.

LOIS

Yumo Yatsuki. The pleasure is mine.

Yatsuki's attention shifts to Elvis.

YATSUKI

Mr. Presley.

Elvis scans his options -- he's reached endgame.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELVIS

(defeated)

The Japanese, Lois? You're selling me to the fucking Japanese?

YATSUKI

You look tired. Awful.

(to Lois)

Have you been well taken care of?

ELVIS

No sir, I haven't

LOIS

(to the point)

It's been a long trip. I'd like to see the envelope.

She's over-eager -- sweating openly, eyes shifting, mouth dry, she looks like a junky in search of a fix.

LOIS (Cont'd)

C'mon.

Yatsuki pulls an envelope from his breast pocket, extends it to Lois.

YATSUKI

(whispering)

Twenty million dollars. Deposited as per your instructions. Here is your notarized cashier's receipt.

Lois takes the envelope, opens it and inspects the paper -- she smiles, laughs like a coquettish gargoyle.

LOIS

A-wop-babaloo-bop, be-lop-bam-boom.

The Japanese "tourists" subtly pull Elvis to them.

ELVIS

(quickly)

What about Sara?

Yatsuki looks at her with icy eyes...Sara's fate hangs in the balance.

THE ELVISTS.

continues their candle-light processional, chants wafting into the air.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

YATSUKI

(beat)

All right, throw her into the deal.

Lois is in no mood to negotiate deal-points. She clutches to Sara's arm.

LOIS

She's insurance.

(spitefully to Elvis)

Sorry, big guy.

With that, Lois backs away, her concealed weapon trained on Sara's back.

LOIS (Cont'd)

It's been wonderful getting to know y'all.

She leads Sara out of the Meditation Garden and down the center of the freshly mowed lawn to the main gate.

Elvis watches Sara walk away.

LOIS AND SARA

descend the hill toward the front gate.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

(through a megaphone)

LOIS JOAD! FREEZE!

CHH-CHHH!

Every person on the Graceland compound pulls a FIREARM --

THE CANDLELIGHT PROCESSIONAL

THE TOUR GROUPS

THE TOUR GUIDE

A LANDSCAPER

THE WANDERING VIGILISTS

A GUY IN A WHEELCHAIR

ROOFTOP SNIPERS

Lois turns in all directions, lost -- the turkey in a turkey shoot. Defeated, Lois drops her gun, raises her hands in the air.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AT THE FRONT GATE

Wendy Richards covers the action with her cameraman. She whips out a cellular phone, dials.

WENDY

Hello Pulitzer.

(to Cameraman)

Keep it rolling, chief. I'm getting my agent on the phone.

AGENT BEHR

dressed in a faded "Oak Ridge Boys" t-shirt, breaks from the ranks of candlelight vigilists and storms to Lois and Sara, flanked by Agent Johnson.

A Bell-Jet Ranger helicopter descends from the sky as Johnson pulls Sara from Lois and wraps her in a warm blanket, before whisking her away.

BEHR

Good to see you, Lois. Whatcha been up to lately?

AT THE MEDITATION GARDEN

Elvis watches the action, turns to a smiling "Yumo Yatsuki" who flips open an FBI badge.

AGENT SHIRO

Spencer Shiro. FBI. We've had this lined up for a couple months now. Lucky it took Lois this long to find a buyer.

(beat)

If she'd fenced you a decade ago, who knows?

Agent Shiro slaps Elvis on the shoulder as agents on the property safety their weapons, break ranks and walk to the main house.

AGENT SHIRO (Cont'd)

(over his shoulder)

You know, this whole thing woulda been a lot easier if you'd just stayed in the basement.

Shiro heads off, leaving Elvis numb, standing at his gravesite -- he looks one last time at the names of his mother, father and Jesse...finally, his own name.

Just then, Behr steps to his side, considering the grave.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BEHR
(finally)
Elvis, we met a long time ago.

Elvis turns to him.

ELVIS
I know. Some deal you got me.

BEHR
Can't say I blame you for being pissed.
But I've wanted this as much as you. I
mean that.

Elvis nods, resigned -- it's water under the bridge.

BEHR (Cont'd)
You know, we actually paid to rescue you.
We had to rent this place out when we
heard the drop was going down here.

Elvis smiles wryly -- gosh, that sounds familiar.

BEHR (Cont'd)
You got some serious customers handling
your marketing, you know that?

ELVIS
Some things never change, I guess.

BEHR
So what's next? Another Comeback
Special?

Elvis looks over his property: a circus -- as usual.

ELVIS
You know, I'm thinking I'd trade all this
for a beer and a cabin in the woods.

Behr nods, pulls out his wallet and removes a familiar
VERMONT DRIVER'S LICENSE. He hands it to Elvis.

BEHR
You might want to get that renewed.

Elvis looks at the ancient and weathered driver's license,
tailor-made for "Elvin Adam Press".

BEHR (Cont'd)
(low voice)
I'll tell your accountants where to
forward the bank statements.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BEHR (cont'd)

(winking)

Just keep me on the Christmas list. I
got a daughter in college and one with
braces.

Behr steps away as a lightbulb flickers to life in Elvis'
head.

ELVIS

Hey...

(beat, reluctant)

What happened to Lisa Marie?

Behr winces, not sure how to respond.

BEHR

Well, she's fine...but I suppose we
should talk about that another time.

A team of FIBBIES push a hand-cuffed Lois Joad past them,
giving Elvis a final moment of truth -- however, ugly to the
end, she SPITS in his face.

ELVIS

(wiping his face)

You know, the Lord tells us to turn the
other cheek.

(beat)

Fuck it.

WHAP!

Elvis slams his fist into her face. Fibbies peel her off the
ground and drag her into the helicopter. A moment later,
Sara steps to his side, and together, they head into
Graceland.

FADE OUT



the aftermath

FADE IN:

INT. STATE PENITENTIARY - HALLWAY - NIGHT

A heavy steel gate CLANGS shut -- Lois Joad, wearing shackles and a drab prison jumpsuit, is led down a dark, grim corridor by two PRISON GUARDS.

A PRIEST follows behind, reading her last rites.

INT. ELECTRIC CHAIR ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lois is strapped into "the chair."

BURN IN: *Lois Joad was arrested for the murders of Dude Watson and trucker Ernie Barnes.*

EXT. STATE PENITENTIARY - MOMENTS LATER

Outside the massive stone building, the LIGHTS FLICKER.

BURN IN: *She was never arrested for the kidnapping of Elvis Presley and (after having her tongue removed by government physicians) never mentioned the crime again.*

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

BURN IN: *Gnome, Alaska.*

Set in the middle of a frozen tundra, a lone HOUSE fights the swirling gusts of snow.

INT. GNOME HOUSE - NIGHT

A FIBBIE picks up a dish of cling peaches and cottage cheese from a kitchen counter, descends down

BASEMENT STAIRS

and places the plate on a small coffee table.

Roger Drubb sits in the windowless room, drawing at an easel. The walls of the room are papered with twisted renditions of Elvis, drawn in charcoal.

FIBBIE

Dinner time.

BURN IN: *The FBI placed Roger Drubb in the witness protection program in return for his testimony against Lois Joad.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CUT TO:

A TELEVISION

where Wendy Richards addresses the camera from a "Rivera-Live" style set.

WENDY
(filtered)

The resurgence of Elvis popularity just begs the question: "Is religion dead in America? And what can the government do about that?" Let's go to the phones.

BURN IN: "Wendy Live!" made its modest cable debut in the fall. Explaining its low Nielson ratings, the show's publicist says: "Wendy Live!" is still finding its audience.'

CUT TO:

EXT. GOLF COURSE - DAY

Agent Behr hits a monster drive off the first tee.

BURN IN: Special Agent Leo Behr retired to Florida. His handicap is seven.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT - DAY.

Sara, wearing a head-dress and jalapa, rides a camel.

BURN IN: Egypt

She shades her eyes against the scorching sun.

BURN IN: Sara got her trip. She did not get lung cancer.

The PYRAMIDS loom in the background, as Sara turns her attention to THE SPHINX, smiling with delight.

BURN IN: She burnt her "dry humps" and paid for the trip with an anonymous twelve million dollar birthday present.

CUT TO:

Tabloid newspaper headlines announcing Elvis sightings from every corner of the world.

BURN IN: By most accounts, Elvis Aaron Presley died on August 16, 1977...

EXT. WYOMING - PRAIRIE - DAY

A bed-and-breakfast on the prairie. A small sign reads:
"Dude's Ranch."

BURN IN: *However, several weeks ago on a Wyoming prairie, a place called "Dude's Ranch" opened for business.*

INT. GRACELAND - TROPHY ROOM - DAY

A wall-sized glass display housing all of Elvis' gold and platinum records -- it's nothing short of overwhelming: hundreds and hundreds of music industry awards.

BURN IN: *Between 1956 and 1960, Elvis Presley sold 50 million records. In 1984, he sold his billionth record, more than doubling the sales of his nearest competitor, The Beatles.*

FADE OUT

The End