

NOW OR NEVER

By

John Kamps

INT. DR. SHEMP'S OFFICE -- DAY

ALICE DRISCOLL sits on the sofa of her psychotherapist's Westwood office. It is a hazy morning. Coastal fog obscures a view to the ocean.

Alice looks away to keep from crying.

ALICE
Brian left me. My wedding is off.

Dr. Shemp SIGHS.

ALICE
(continuing)
What was that?

DR. SHEMP
What?

ALICE
You sighed.

DR. SHEMP
Did I?

ALICE
You did, clear as day.

DR. SHEMP
I suppose I'm disappointed.

ALICE
You're disappointed. For me or in me?

DR. SHEMP
For you of course.

Alice is silent.

DR. SHEMP
(continuing)
It's not unusual for a therapist to develop feelings about a patient, especially after seeing them for a number of years, as I have you.

Alice wipes her eyes.

ALICE
Feelings.

DR. SHEMP
 Friendly feelings, fatherly
 feelings -- it's part of the
 process of transference and counter-
 transference. Would you like to
 tell me what happened?

ALICE
 I came home late from work --

INT. ALICE'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Alice stares into the white vastness of a refrigerator empty
 of everything save a few condiments.

ALICE (V.O.)
 I was hungry. As usual, there was
 nothing in my fridge.

She closes the door and walks from her kitchen to her living
 room. An easel stands by the window. Canvases, some
 finished, some not, clutter the room. Alice picks up a set of
 keys from a table by the door.

INT. ALICE'S APARTMENT BUILDING -- NIGHT

Alice leaves her apartment and walks down the hallway.

ALICE (V.O.)
 I went to Brian's to see if he had
 anything.

She stops just a few doors down and puts her key into the
 lock.

INT. BRIAN'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Alice enters an apartment different from her own only in the
 decor. She heads straight for the kitchen.

Hanging on the refrigerator is a picture of Alice and a
 handsome man, BRIAN, taken on a ski trip.

ALICE (V.O.)
 He left a letter. Right where he
 knew I'd find it.

Alice opens the door and looks inside. Brian's fridge is as
 barren as her own.

A letter hangs from the top shelf with Brian's name signed at the bottom. She takes it down and begins to read.

INT. DR. SHEMP'S OFFICE -- DAY

Alice's session with Dr. Shemp continues.

ALICE

It said he was going to Alaska.
That it was something he'd always
dreamed of doing and couldn't put
it off any longer.

DR. SHEMP

Had he told you about this?

Alice shakes her head.

DR. SHEMP

(continuing)

So that's it? He's gone?

Alice shakes her head.

ALICE

Not quite.

EXT. LAX -- NIGHT

Alice stops her brown Volvo in the loading zone. She gets out of the car and runs into the terminal.

INT. LAX -- NIGHT

Alice scans the "Departures" monitor looking for a flight to Alaska. She locates one leaving for Anchorage through gate A26 at 8:30. She looks at the clock. It's 8:25.

INT. LAX -- NIGHT

Alice is at the security checkpoint leading to the gates. A GUARD is checking her manually with his metal detector. She looks like she's about to burst.

The Guard finishes and waves her through. She snares her purse from the conveyor belt and runs towards Gate A26.

INT. LAX AIRPORT -- NIGHT

Alice arrives at the gate to find Brian's plane in the last stages of loading. She pushes through the crowd, searching.

Parents are seeing off children, women give uniformed soldiers parting embraces.

She spots a man in newly-purchased adventurewear bending over to lift his backpack. BRIAN. He looks up and sees her. He doesn't appear completely surprised.

BRIAN
Did you get the letter?

ALICE
Alaska? Have you lost your mind?
We're getting married in four
months.

Brian withdraws, looks towards the gate.

ALICE
(continuing)
Aren't we?

BRIAN
I don't know. Maybe we should put
that on hold.

ALICE
On hold? Are we breaking up?
What's going on?

At the gate, a FLIGHT ATTENDANT picks up his microphone.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
Last call for flight 018, service
to Anchorage.

BRIAN
I'm sorry. This is something I
need to do. I have to go.

Alice and Brian lock eyes.

INT. DR. SHEMP'S OFFICE -- DAY

Alice's session continues.

DR. SHEMP
So then he left --

Alice shakes her head slowly.

INT. LAX -- NIGHT

Brian turns to leave. Alice, without thinking, reaches out and grabs hold of one of the straps on his backpack and pulls him towards her with surprising strength.

ALICE (V.O.)
Then it got a little ugly.

INT. DR. SHEMP'S OFFICE -- DAY

Alice sits before Dr. Shemp, eyes cast down.

DR. SHEMP
Ugly.

ALICE
There was some yelling, I was crying and trying to stop him from leaving -- physically -- it's a little blurry, but I think a security guard was involved. But, yes. He did get on the plane.

INT. LAX -- NIGHT

Alice, her face streaked with tears, her hair and clothes a mess, sits slumped in a chair watching as Brian's plane taxis away from the gate.

A Security Guard observes from a safe distance. He looks sorry for her.

INT. DR. SHEMP'S OFFICE -- DAY

DR. SHEMP
Had Brian ever exhibited impulsive behavior in the past?

ALICE
No.

DR. SHEMP
Any history of mental illness?

Alice shakes her head.

DR. SHEMP
(continuing)
What about his family?

ALICE
Not that I'm aware of.

DR. SHEMP
This isn't normal conduct. There
must've been warning signs.

ALICE
Brian was everything I ever told
you he was -- patient, successful,
kind, thoughtful, handsome -- are
these the signs of latent
psychosis?

Silence.

Dr. Shemp glances at a clock on the wall behind her.

DR. SHEMP
I'm afraid our time is up.

Alice takes her checkbook out of her purse and fills out a
check. Finished, she hands it to him.

DR. SHEMP
(continuing)
Perhaps over the coming week you
should give some thought as to why
you attract this kind of man.

EXT. LACMA -- DAY

Alice's car is parked beside a dumpster behind the museum.
She approaches the service entrance with a heavy bag slung
over her shoulder.

INT. LACMA (CHILDREN'S STUDIO) -- DAY

The studio is chaotic, packed with little kids playing with
legos, finger paint, cutting shapes out of construction
paper.

They are loosely supervised by KATHIE and BRANDIE, two
interns who are well-kept and ill-meaning.

Alice notices that a four-year-old BOY is systematically emptying cups of glue onto the table top. Kathie and Brandie stand GOSSIPING, completely oblivious.

Alice hurries up and takes a cup of glue from the kid's hand.

ALICE
(to the interns)
Didn't you notice what was
happening here?

Kathie and Brandie look at the mess on the table.

KATHIE
Oops. Guess not.

ALICE
Clean this up, okay?

Alice walks off. Kathie whispers to Brandie loud enough for Alice to hear.

KATHIE
I didn't realize there was a glue
shortage.

As Alice makes her way across the studio, she is intercepted by JUDY, her paranoid middle-aged boss.

JUDY
About your request for a door to
your office. I'm afraid we're
going to have to say no.

ALICE
Did you look at it? The frame is
already in place. All you need is
the door.

JUDY
We don't have any doors.

ALICE
What if I paid for it myself? It's
so noisy in here it's hard to get
anything done.

JUDY
I didn't want to get into this but
we have codes.

ALICE
Fire codes?

JUDY
Among others, yes.

Judy zips off. Alice sighs and heads for her office, a small cubicle at the corner of the studio.

IN THE OFFICE:

A WEALTHY WOMAN stands over Alice's desk changing her overfed child, who, at the moment, is naked and wiggling.

ALICE
What are you doing?

RICH WOMAN
Hunter had an accident.

The Wealthy Woman dumps a full and dirty diaper into Alice's waste basket.

RICH WOMAN
(continuing)
You don't mind, do you?

ALICE
Yes, I mind. This is my office.

RICH WOMAN
How was I supposed to know?

ALICE TURKEY
(conducting a brief tour)
Desk, file cabinet, telephone,
office.

The Rich Woman stuffs her child into a clean diaper.

RICH WOMAN
There's no door.

ALICE
What?

The Woman picks up her child, preparing to leave.

RICH WOMAN
Offices have doors.

INT. ALICE'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Alice is eating ice cream in front of the television. She sets the bowl down on the coffee table.

Her cat jumps up and licks up the rest. She reaches out and scratches behind his ears.

ALICE
Hello, Mr. Fabulous.

INT. ALICE'S APARTMENT -- LATE

Alice wakes up, having fallen asleep with the television on. She shuts it off and sits up putting her head in her hands.

INT. BRIAN'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Alice enters Brian's dark and empty apartment.

BRIAN'S BEDROOM:

Alice crawls into Brian's bed and buries her face in his pillow.

INT. LACMA -- DAY

It's the end of the day. Alice ushers the last few stragglers out the door. She pulls down an aluminum gate and locks it.

Kathie and Brandie are chatting as they clean up.

KATHIE
-- there I was sitting on a throne
on the banks of the Nile.

BRANDIE
What were you wearing?

KATHIE
A long gold dress with slits up
both sides.

BRANDIE
Like the Donna Karan we saw at the
Beverly Center?

KATHIE
Exactly. I had a killer retro tan
and bracelets winding up both arms
like snakes.

Alice walks by.

ALICE
What is this?

BRANDIE
Kathie saw a past-life medium.

Alice pauses to listen.

KATHIE
Anyway, there are these soldiers,
they're wearing these little
leather skirts --

Brandie makes a face.

KATHIE
(continuing)
They made it work. So they drag up
this slave or husband or something
and without thinking I say, "Off
with his head!"

BRANDIE
I have got to try this.

Alice moves towards her office, keeping one ear on Kathie.

BRANDIE
(continuing)
What's the woman's name?

KATHIE
Varya.

INT. DR. SHEMP'S OFFICE -- DAY

Alice is in another session. Dr. Shemp observes. His
expression is impenetrable.

ALICE
It's not fair, I miss him, and I
don't even get to be mad at him
because he's not here.

DR. SHEMP
Perhaps we should explore where
this anger is coming from.

ALICE
I think it's a natural reaction.

DR. SHEMP
We're not talking about what's
natural, we're talking about you.

ALICE
I thought I was getting married and
now I'm not. This hurts me.
Because I'm hurt I want to lash
out.

DR. SHEMP
Perhaps you're really angry with
your father.

Alice elects to ignore this interpretation.

ALICE
I realized last night that the
world is primarily unfair. I know
it sounds obvious, look at the
Holocaust for God's sake. It's not
a logical thought, more the sudden
realization that I've lived my life
believing that things come around,
that good things happen to good
people, that life affords us
compensation equal to our
suffering. But it's all delusional
bullshit, isn't it? Do you believe
in past lives?

DR. SHEMP
What do you mean? In the sense of
a Jungian collective consciousness?

ALICE
No, in the I was the third wife of
Henry the Eighth sense.

DR. SHEMP
I'm more from the object relations
school -- Winnicott, Fairbairn,
good breast, bad breast --

ALICE
There's a good breast and a bad
breast?

DR. SHEMP
According to Melanie Klein, yes.

Alice looks at her own breasts in turn.

ALICE
I had no idea.

INT. ALICE'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Alice is watching television in sweats. Mr. Fabulous is on her chest, PURRING. A half-empty bowl of popcorn sits on the coffee table next to a half-empty bottle of wine.

ON THE T.V.:

They're showing the "Wizard of Oz."

DOROTHY
(to Toto)
There's no place like home.

Alice reaches for the remote and shuts off the set.

ALICE TURKEY
(to Dorothy)
Speak for yourself.

Alice carries the popcorn bowl to the kitchen. The place is a mess. She dumps the bowl in the sink. She spots the Yellow Pages, thinks, and pulls it from the shelf.

She plops herself down at the table and looks up a listing. She finds it under "V" in a very small box. The ad reads:

Varya

Past Life Medium

"Escape to Yourself"

Alice reads off the number and reaches for the phone.

She stops herself just as she's about to dial.

ALICE TURKEY
(to herself)
Come on, Alice, get a grip.

INT. ALICE'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Alice lies in bed, tossing and turning, unable to sleep. Glancing at her alarm clock, she sees that it's two in the morning.

She rises from bed, taking her clock with her. She gathers up Mr. Fabulous and leaves the room.

INT. BRIAN'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Alice lies sleeping in Brian's bed with Mr. Fabulous curled up on top of her. Hearing FOOTSTEPS approaching, Mr. Fabulous wakes and looks around.

A key SCRATCHES in the doorway. Alice half wakes.

ALICE

Brian?

Alice sits up, comes to her senses. It can't be Brian. She hears the sound of someone entering the apartment.

ALICE

(continuing)

Oh my God.

Alice gets herself out of bed and to the door. She opens it a tiny crack and looks through.

IN THE LIVING ROOM:

What appears to be an INTRUDER enters the apartment. He's wearing coveralls and is carrying a cardboard box. Something in a soft case is hanging from his back. His hair is shaggy and unkempt but it's too dark to make out his face.

BRIAN'S BEDROOM:

Alice backs away from the door, terrified. She picks up the phone beside the bed but there is no dial tone, it's been disconnected.

There is a lot of THUMPING around outside. Alice is beginning to panic. She hears FOOTSTEPS coming towards her.

Alice slips into the closet and shuts the door.

INSIDE THE CLOSET:

Alice can hear that the intruder has entered the room. She gropes around for something to defend herself with and finds an old fraternity paddle.

The intruder tries to pull open the closet door. Alice slams it shut from inside.

There is a pause.

INTRUDER (O.S.)

Hello?

Alice says nothing.

INTRUDER (O.S.)

(continuing)

Is this Brian Doon's apartment?

ALICE

It's Doan. Brian Doan. Who are you?

KEVIN

I'm Kevin.

ALICE

Kevin who?

KEVIN

Just Kevin, I'm his sublet.

Alice peeks out the door. KEVIN stands before her, holding Mr. Fabulous who seems quite comfortable.

KEVIN

(continuing)

Do you live here?

ALICE

No. I --

She puts down the paddle.

ALICE

(continuing)

I guess I don't need this.

KEVIN

Is this your cat?

Alice nods.

KEVIN

(continuing)

Nice cat. Are you a homeless person? I could come back.

ALICE

No, I live here, in the building, I'm sorry --

She takes Mr. Fabulous from him.

ALICE
(continuing)
I'll get out of your way.

And she is gone.

Kevin goes to his box and opens it. It is full of groceries.

He finds a banana, peels and eats it. He takes a carton of milk and carries it to the fridge. He looks at the picture of Alice and Brian on the door.

IN THE BEDROOM:

Banana in hand, Kevin wanders into Brian's bedroom and flips on the light.

The imprint of Alice's body is still clearly visible on the right side of the unmade bed.

INT. ALICE'S APARTMENT -- DAY

Sunday morning. Alice stands before a blank canvas waiting for inspiration.

She dips her brush into a blob of yellow ochre but is wracked with indecision and cannot apply it.

She puts down her brush and soaks a wad of newspaper with paint thinner.

The solvent highlights a classified ad for Varya, the past life medium. The ad is identical to the one she saw in the Yellow Pages.

EXT. HOUSE OF VARYA -- DAY

Referring to an address written on a scrap of paper, Alice walks up to the door of a normal-looking house somewhere in Los Feliz.

She reaches out and knocks hesitantly.

A VOICE (with a faint Eastern European accent), calls out from inside.

VARYA (O.S.)
Yes? Who is it?

ALICE
It's Alice Driscoll, I had an
appointment for noon.

The door BUZZES. Alice pushes it open and walks inside.

INT. HOUSE OF VARYA -- DAY

Wind chimes move gently in the breeze from the skylight above. The walls are covered with abstract paintings. Alice pauses to look at one of them.

VARYA enters from the living room, drying her hands on a dishcloth. She is a handsome woman in her early forties and is dressed casually.

VARYA
Hello, I am Varya.

They shake hands.

ALICE
Nice to meet you.
(of the painting)
Did you do this?

VARYA
(of the painting)
It is my brother's. I am not an
artist, I have little interest in
suffering. But you, I see, are a
painter.

ALICE
How did you know?

Varya points to Alice's hands which are lightly stained with paint.

VARYA
You're a little early, come --

Varya leads her down the hallway.

INT. VARYA'S KITCHEN -- DAY

Varya and Alice are sitting at the kitchen table eating grilled cheese.

VARYA
It would be better if there were
tomato soup.

ALICE
This is great, I wasn't expecting
lunch.

Varya takes the last bite of her sandwich and wipes her hands
on a napkin.

VARYA
So. Tell me why you are here.

ALICE
Someone at work was talking about
you. I saw your ad. I usually
don't go for this sort of thing.

VARYA
But you are in a time of stress.

ALICE
Yes.

VARYA
And you were curious.

ALICE
I am curious.

VARYA
Our eyes illuminate only a dim path
before us and our memory distorts
what we leave behind. A dark
curtain obscures everything else. I
imagine that there are people in
the world who never wonder what is
behind the curtain. I find this
very strange.

Varya takes their plates to the sink and rinses them under
the tap.

VARYA
(continuing)
Have you ever had the feeling you
have lived other lives?

ALICE
I've always hoped there was
something more than this.

Varya fills a silver bowl with about an inch of water.

VARYA
You were raised a Christian?

ALICE
Catholic, yes.

VARYA
But you no longer practice.

Varya returns to her seat and places the silver bowl between them.

ALICE
I haven't been in a church since I
was ten.

Alice watches as Varya wets her index finger in the bowl. She holds it above the surface of the water.

VARYA
Leaving an emptiness you try to
fill with your art. Innocent
blood, the beauty of martyrdom --

ALICE
-- peace on earth and sexless
unions.

Alice watches a drop of water fall from Varya's finger into the bowl. The waves ripple and return in slow motion.

VARYA
Do you feel comfortable leaving
here now?

ALICE
Yes.

VARYA
Shall we go back?

Alice is transfixed by the water.

ALICE
We shall.

VARYA
If you find yourself somewhere you
don't like, simply say the word
"help" and we will go to another
place. Do you understand?

Alice nods. She watches as another drop falls from Varya's finger.

Alice hears the sound of HOWLING WIND. The water in the bowl darkens, eddies, and closes in, filling her entire frame of vision.

Alice retreats into her trance.

VARYA
(continuing)
Tell me where we are.

EXT. RIVER NEVA -- DAY

The water runs between the banks of the river Neva in St. Petersburg. An ebony troika is pulled briskly along the riverbank by two spirited white stallions.

Sitting in the troika is a BEAUTIFUL WOMAN, wrapped in gray sable, a member of the Russian aristocracy circa 1850.

ALICE (O.S.)
I think it's Russia, yes, in the
time of the Czars.

The woman and her troika and her magnificent horses gallop past, revealing an awful sight.

TWENTY PEASANTS are bound by long ropes to a barge of coal and are being used as human oxen to pull it up river.

At the head of the line are two massive, toothless PEASANT WOMEN whose backs have nearly been broken by hard labor.

The second one in line speaks to the first.

BABUSHKA 2 (RUSSIAN SUBTITLES)
Pull harder, Alice, the day is
short and our husbands are
drunkards.

The first peasant stops in her tracks.

BABUSHKA 1 (RUSSIAN SUBTITLES)
Did you say my name was Alice?

ALICE (O.S.)
Help.

IN THE SKY:

Dark, heavy clouds give way to a deep blue sky and rolling green hills.

VARYA (O.S.)

Where are we now?

A lovely white house is nestled in a wooded bower. A new model T Ford is parked in the garage. A very handsome MAN wearing work clothes circa 1920 searches the yard. He looks distressed.

HANDSOME MAN

Alice! Alice! Where did you go?

(looks around)

Alice!!

The Handsome Man goes inside the barn for a look.

BEHIND THE BARN:

The Handsome Man can be heard calling out from inside.

HANDSOME MAN (V.O.)

Alice!

Chickens, geese, and ducks scatter at the sound of his voice. The handsome Man comes out the rear door of the barn, seen only from the waist down. He stops.

HANDSOME MAN

There you are.

A large TURKEY stands frozen in fear, staring at the Handsome Man, who is revealed to be holding a well-sharpened ax.

HANDSOME MAN

(continuing)

Happy Thanksgiving, Alice.

ALICE TURKEY

Help.

INT. HOUSE OF VARYA -- DAY

Varya is at the stove pouring two cups of tea. She shakes her head.

VARYA

This is very unusual.

Varya sets the tea down at the table and resumes her seat.

ALICE

I don't know why I thought my past
lives would be any better than this
one.

VARYA

Could we try once more?

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD -- DAY

A 1960 Ford pickup ambles down a dusty road in the Deep South. It passes by a roadside diner called JUMBO'S and keeps going.

A woman sits on the front step, smoking a cigarette. She wears checked pants, a cook's shirt, and has a short apron tied around her waist.

Her hair is falling out of the bobby pins that have been haphazardly stabbed here and there. ANNE CARVER is the spitting image of the Alice of today.

ALICE (O.S.)

It looks like I'm a cook in a
diner. Somewhere in the Deep South.

VARYA (O.S.)

Would you like to go somewhere
else?

She looks up. Three long black Cadillacs are coming towards her at a pretty good clip.

ALICE (O.S.)

Wait.

Approaching the diner, the Cadillacs slow and turn into the parking lot.

ALICE (O.S.)

(continuing)

Let's see what happens.

Anne crushes her cigarette under her heel and heads back into the diner.

INT. JUMBO'S -- DAY

A small, clean place with six tables and six booths. It is mid-afternoon and completely empty. A waitress named DORIS sits in the corner booth over a magazine and a cup of coffee.

She hears the JINGLE of a bell over the door and looks towards it.

Four men swagger in. Their hair is lifted and slicked back, they wear black jumpsuits with the collars turned up and their pant legs are tucked into their boots. Wrap-around sunglasses shield their eyes. They are known as the MEMPHIS MAFIA.

Two more MEN follow closely behind.

The first has a fat, jowly face and a cigar crammed into the corner of his mouth. This is COLONEL TOM PARKER. He uses a cane purely as affectation.

The second is a modest Young Man in a tweed sport coat and black tie. Doris's jaw drops as she recognizes him.

DORIS

Is it -- are you -- him?

ELVIS

Yes, ma'am, I'm Elvis Presley.

Elvis sits with the others. Doris approaches and takes out her pen and order pad but her hands are shaking and the pad falls to the floor near Elvis's feet.

Elvis picks it up and hands it to her.

ELVIS

(continuing)

I think you'll be needing this.

INT. JUMBO'S -- LATE

Doris approaches the line, behind which Anne and Junior nervously await.

She tears a chit from her order pad and puts it beneath the spring on the order wheel, then she does it a second time, and a third, and a fourth, and to Anne's astonishment a fifth before spinning the wheel towards them.

DORIS
Order in.

INT. JUMBO'S KITCHEN -- LATE

Anne and Junior move through the kitchen preparing the King's order. Doris sits off to the side on a milk crate.

DORIS
Who'd have thought a man could be
that pretty and still be such a
man?

She looks into a small pocket mirror and applies red lipstick.

DORIS
(continuing)
My heart skid to a stop when he
smiled at me.

Junior looks at the order. He reaches into a drawer, counts off three hamburger patties, and slaps them on the grill where bacon sizzles near a neatly cornered pile of hash browns.

Anne slides open a refrigerated drawer beneath the cutting board and removes a covered pan. Turning back to the stove she fires the burner under a second skillet and pours in some oil.

ANNE
Which order is his?

DORIS
The five bacon and mustard
sandwich.

Junior flips four slices of white bread into a four slice toaster. Moving down the line, he stirs up a bowl of hush puppy batter and dollops silver dollar sized portions into the heated skillet.

DORIS
(continuing)
Do you think he'd take offense if I
asked for his autograph?

JUMBO
Definitely not. Elvis is a
generous man.

Anne shakes a layer of cornmeal directly onto the cutting board and smooths it evenly with the palm of her hand.

ANNE

What do you know about Elvis?

She reaches into the pan and fishes out two catfish fillets which have been marinating in mustard, cream, and various spices. She holds the fillets above the pan, allowing the marinade to run off.

JUMBO

I pick up a newspaper now and again.

(to Doris)

Get one for me too, would ya?

ANNE

He ain't gonna be in such a generous mood if you burn those hush puppies.

JUMBO shakes the pan and starts turning them with a fork.

ANNE

(continuing)

What are you going to have him sign?

Anne rolls the catfish fillets in the cornmeal and lowers them carefully into the skillet.

DORIS

I don't know, I hadn't given it any thought.

THE DINER:

The Memphis Mafia is horsing around; doing the spot trick, balancing unscrewing the caps to the salt and pepper shakers, trying to keep Elvis entertained.

Doris approaches, balancing all six of their plates. She sets down Elvis's first, then Colonel Parker's, then the others.

JOE, the mafia's ring leader, takes Doris aside and whispers something naughty in her ear.

KITCHEN:

Anne peeks out from behind the line. Elvis catches her looking at him. She quickly turns away, pretending to be busy.

BOOTH:

Elvis looks over his sandwich. He removes the top slice of toasted bread and reaches for the salt shaker.

KITCHEN:

Anne is watching again. She cringes.

Elvis is about to dump the salt when he changes his mind and sets the shaker down.

ANNE
(to herself)
Good boy.

BOOTH:

Elvis reassembles his sandwich. He raises it to his mouth and takes a bite. Chewing slowly, he finds himself transported into a state of complete bliss.

The Colonel notices and looks at him funny.

COLONEL PARKER
What is it, boy? You all right?

ELVIS
This is the best damn sandwich I
ever had.

INT. JUMBO'S -- DAY

The Memphis Mafia leaves the restaurant. Elvis is already gone. Colonel Parker waits behind in the booth, chomping on his cigar.

Anne approaches from the kitchen.

ANNE
You asked to see me?

Parker offers the seat across from him. Anne takes it.

COLONEL PARKER
 Elvis has been looking for someone
 who can come to Los Angeles and
 cook so as he doesn't get homesick
 while he's working there. Are you
 married?

ANNE
 No, sir.

COLONEL PARKER
 Kids?

Anne shakes her head.

COLONEL PARKER
 (continuing)
 Bad habits?

ANNE
 I like to sleep in on Sundays.

COLONEL PARKER
 Are you a fan?

ANNE
 I don't understand.

COLONEL PARKER
 A fan, an Elvis Presley fan?

ANNE
 I've heard Mr. Presley on the
 radio, but I must confess, his
 music does not move me.

INT. JUMBOS -- DAY

Junior is ringing out the register. Anne sits on a booth
 before it. Outside, one of the Cadillacs pulls away. The
 other one stays behind.

JUMBO
 I'd be hard pressed to name one
 good reason for you to stay here.

ANNE
 There's you.

Doris hops out of the back seat of the second limo and runs
 to the door as it pulls away.

JUMBO
You think I'll starve to death? Go
--

Doris bursts into the room.

ANNE
Did he do it?

Doris takes her underpants from her pocket and holds them out. "Elvis Presley" has been signed across the butt in big, broad strokes.

ANNE
He made you take them off?

DORIS
That was my idea.

INT. HOUSE OF VARYA -- DAY

Alice has awoken from her trance in a big way. She sits across from Varya with her eyes open wide.

ALICE
You have to send me back!

VARYA
I'm afraid your time is up.

INT. DR. SHEMP'S OFFICE -- DAY

Alice is in her session. Dr. Shemp looks uncharacteristically nervous.

DR. SHEMP
You don't really think you were a short order cook in a past life, do you?

ALICE
It was fun, it seemed real enough at the time.

DR. SHEMP
Freud said, "To live without a dream is impossible, but to live within a dream is insanity."

ALICE
You think I should stop seeing her.

DR. SHEMP
I don't tell you what you can and cannot do, that would be directive.

ALICE TURKEY
(to herself)
Why Elvis? I've never really been that much of a fan.

DR. SHEMP
It's natural to go through a state of denial. You've lost your fiancée. On the list of major stressors, it ranks closely with the death of a loved one.

ALICE
Which is sandwiched right between moving and losing your pet.

DR. SHEMP
There are healthier ways to deal with stress. You could go for a walk, or try diaphragmatic breathing.

Alice looks at him.

ALICE
You're right, I'm acting like an insane person. I'll call and cancel as soon as I get home.

INT. BRIAN'S APARTMENT -- DAY

Kevin sits in the window box with his guitar on his lap and a piece of peanut butter toast in his mouth. He strums a few awkward chords and hums something before chewing his bite. He puts down the toast and looks out the window.

IN THE STREET:

Alice leaves the building, holding a small paper sack. Kevin watches her unchain her bike and pedal off.

INT. HOUSE OF VARYA -- DAY

Varya opens the door to find Alice standing there, holding her paper sack.

ALICE
I brought this.

She fishes out a can of Campbell's Tomato Soup.

INT. LOS ANGELES INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT (1965) -- DAY

Carrying her suitcase in her hand, Anne steps from the walkway into the main terminal of LAX, and into the largest group of people she's ever seen gathered in one place.

She sets down her suitcase and opens her purse. She searches anxiously until she finds a well-thumbed piece of paper with instructions written on it.

EXT. LOS ANGELES INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT (1965) -- DAY

Anne steps into a taxi cab and hands the piece of paper to the DRIVER. He glances at it briefly and pulls away from the curb.

EXT. ELVIS'S BEL AIR MANSION -- DAY

A throng of GROUPIES have gathered at the scrolled iron gates outside Elvis's home away from home, hoping to catch a glimpse of the King. Anne's taxi pulls into the drive.

A SECURITY GUARD takes a look at her identification, checks her name off a list, and shows her through.

The Groupies look on enviously as she passes.

ANNE'S TAXI:

Anne rolls down her window as Elvis's mansion comes into view. The lawns are perfectly manicured, the bricks are washed white, a tacky fountain sprays water into the air.

BEEP! BEEP! A souped-up golf cart driven by a Memphis Mafia member shoots across the drive, forcing the CAB DRIVER to make an abrupt stop.

Three other carts follow right behind, one of them is driven by Elvis, though they're moving so fast it's hard to tell.

EXT. ELVIS'S BEL AIR MANSION -- DAY

The taxi pulls away and Anne carries her small suitcase to the front door. She sets it down and rings the bell.

MAGGIE, a middle-aged housekeeper, answers.

ANNE

Hello, my name's Anne. I'm the new cook.

MAGGIE

Maggie. Thank God you're here.

Maggie relieves Anne of her suitcase.

MAGGIE

(continuing)

Let me show you your room.

INSIDE THE MANSION:

As Maggie leads the way up a curving staircase, Anne can't help but gape at the crystal chandelier, the opulent paintings and statuary, the marble floor, and the impossibly high ceilings.

INT. ANNE'S ROOM -- DAY

Anne is alone in a pretty little room which has a view onto the drive. Her suitcase is open and she is unpacking.

Hearing the ROAR of engines, she goes to the window and looks out.

IN THE DRIVE:

Elvis and the Mafia are firing up their motorcycles. Elvis has a Harley Davidson, the others ride Triumphs.

Anne watches as they pull out in wing formation with Elvis leading the way.

ANNE'S ROOM:

Something startles Anne as she turns back to her suitcase. Colonel Parker is standing in the doorway, watching her.

COLONEL PARKER

I didn't mean to frighten you.

ANNE

With all the noise, I didn't hear you coming, Colonel Parker.

COLONEL PARKER

No need to be so formal. You can call me Colonel Tom. Do you have everything you need?

ANNE

It's beautiful, thank you.

COLONEL PARKER

A few rules before you start. You're here to cook, that's all. Elvis is a busy man, he doesn't need any friends and he don't need any advice. Any private life happens outside those gates. You're here because Elvis wants you here, but you are employed by me. If there are any problems you come to me first and last, understood?

ANNE

Yes, sir.

Colonel Parker turns to leave and pauses at the door.

COLONEL PARKER

Supper's at six.

INT. BEL AIR KITCHEN -- DAY

Anne is hard at work in Elvis's modern (c. 1965) kitchen. She slips into hot pads, opens the oven door, and slides out two perfect sweet potato pies.

She sniffs them as she sets them out to cool.

Removing her oven mitts, she reaches for a pastry brush and a stainless steel bowl.

PATIO:

Racks and racks of ribs cook slowly over white hot coals. Anne gives them each a generous coat of BBQ sauce.

KITCHEN:

Anne takes a damp towel from four loaves of freshly-risen bread. She adjusts the oven temperature and slides them inside.

She fills a glass of water at the tap and tosses it into the bottom of the oven, filling it with steam to brown the crust.

Moving to the fridge, she opens it and takes out four eggs. She cracks them into a copper bowl and whisks them until they're frothy.

On a covered platter are sectioned pieces of frying chicken. She dips the chicken into the beaten egg and dredges them in spiced flour.

She does this with four other pieces and lays them into a shallow pan of hot oil.

INT. BEL AIR DINING ROOM -- NIGHT

Elvis, Col. Parker, and the Memphis Mafia are seated around the table. What is left of Anne's magnificent meal is spread out before them.

RED

So I find this one girl, she's willing, she's pretty, but she's too damn tall. So she introduces me to her friend, just as good-looking, maybe even better, but she couldn't have even made five feet. I tell them this isn't going to work out, that Elvis likes a girl of average height. And the tall one says, how about we both go, it'll even out.

LAUGHTER from the Mafia. Colonel Tom smirks and lights a cigar.

Elvis doesn't even notice. He reaches for another piece of chicken and takes a bite. He shakes his head, unable to believe how good it is.

Maggie enters to clear the table. She reaches for Elvis's plate and he stops her hand.

ELVIS

I'm just beginning to hit my stride.

INT. BEL AIR KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Anne is putting whipped cream on the sweet potato pie. A tray of homemade peanut butter cookies is beside it, along with an icebox cake.

Maggie enters carrying an armful of dirty plates. She unloads them at the sink.

MAGGIE

I've always known those boys were pigs, but I've never seen them eat like this before.

Anne is pleased.

MAGGIE

(continuing)

Elvis would like you to come out and say hello when you've got a minute.

Anne freezes.

She ditches her apron and starts working on her hair.

INT. BEL AIR DINING ROOM -- NIGHT

Everyone sits around the table, smoking, drinking, and yukking it up. Elvis is dipping cookies in milk. Anne enters through the swinging doors. Jimmy looks up.

JIMMY

How'd you get in here?

Anne points to the door.

ANNE

Through there, through the kitchen, I --

COLONEL PARKER

Relax, boy, she's the new cook.

JIMMY

I thought you were a fan.

ALICE

No, sir, I am a paid employee.

JOE

You don't look like no cook.

ANNE

And what is that supposed to mean?

JOE

Cooks are big, fat, old and greasy.

ANNE
Just because I cook like your
momma, doesn't mean I gotta look
like her.

You could hear a pin drop.

ANNE
(to herself)
I can't believe I said that.

Low LAUGHTER is heard.

It's coming from Elvis. The others join in as if on cue. The only one who remains unamused is Colonel Parker.

ELVIS
I think Joe was trying to give you
a compliment.

ANNE
Growing up in a diner gives you a
sharp tongue.

RED
(to Joe)
She's right, though, your mother is
an ugly woman.

JOE
Watch it, Red. I won't take that
from you.

ELVIS
(to Anne)
Anyone who makes food this good is
entitled to say what they want.
What's your name, darlin'?

ANNE
Anne.

Elvis offers his hand and they shake.

ELVIS
Nice to meet you, Anne, I'm Elvis
Presley.

EXT. BEL AIR MANSION (POOLSIDE) -- DAY

Elvis sits poolside on a chaise lounge. He is wearing sunglasses and swim trunks and is reading a screenplay. A small electric fan is pointed right at him.

Anne exits the house carrying a tray with a Pepsi, a pitcher of crushed ice, and some Pepto Bismol. She crosses the yard and sets the tray down on a glass-topped table beside him.

ELVIS
Thank you, darlin'.

ANNE
(of the Pepto)
You're not feeling well?

ELVIS
I always get a little sick to my stomach when I'm learning my lines.

ANNE
Is it nerves?

ELVIS
No, it's the lines.

He puts the script aside.

ELVIS
(continuing)
Have you heard of a band called the Beatles?

Anne nods.

ELVIS
(continuing)
They're coming by this afternoon, I don't know if they're gonna be hungry or not.

ANNE
I'll have something ready.

ELVIS
The food's not too good in England, so be careful. You don't want to give `em culture shock or anything.

ANNE
I'll be careful.

ELVIS

I'm not sure I ever met a woman more difficult to impress. You're not an Elvis Presley fan, I tell you the Beatles are stopping by and you look like it's just another day. What does a man have to do?

ANNE

There's no need to impress me.

Anne turns to leave and turns back.

ANNE

(continuing)

But do warn me if Sinatra ever plans to stop by. I might want to change my dress.

INT. ANNE'S ROOM -- DAY

Anne lies on her bed, leafing through a magazine. She hears a car pull into the drive.

She goes to the window and peeks through the curtains.

IN THE DRIVE:

The FAB FOUR climb out of a black limousine. They take in their surroundings greedily, as excited as little kids.

Elvis greets them and shows them inside.

INT. BEL AIR MANSION -- DAY

Anne walks down the corridor into the bathroom. She is surprised to find Maggie there, sitting on the floor.

Maggie puts her finger to her lips and motions Anne towards her.

Anne complies, kneeling beside her. Maggie directs her ear to a vent, through which they can hear VOICES coming from the room below.

Elvis and the Beatles are jamming, they sing "LAWDY MISS CLAWDY."

Anne and Maggie listen with their ears glued to the vent.

INT. BEL AIR KITCHEN -- DAY

Anne is sitting at the kitchen table, working on a menu plan. Maggie is at the sink, doing the dishes from breakfast.

Elvis enters looking ragged in a white terry cloth robe. Anne gets up immediately.

ANNE
Morning. Can I get you something?

ELVIS
No thanks.

He opens the fridge, takes out a bottle of whole milk, and drinks down about half of it.

ELVIS
(continuing)
Could you bring lunch by the set today?

ANNE
Of course. Anything in particular?

ELVIS
What was it I had at the diner that first time?

ANNE
The five bacon and mustard sandwich?

ELVIS
Yeah, bring me four or five of those.

He reads her surprise.

ELVIS
(continuing)
The input's gotta match the output.

EXT. BEL AIR MANSION -- DAY

Anne sits on the front step of the mansion next to a wicker basket covered with a red checked cloth.

Red pulls up in his Cadillac. He hops out and opens the back door for her. She sets the basket on the seat.

ANNE
Could I sit in front? I get
carsick.

INT. RED'S CADILLAC -- DAY

Red drives down Melrose Avenue on his way to Paramount Studios. Anne sits beside him, taking in the sights.

Red fishes a package of Tareyton's out of his shirt pocket.

RED
You mind?

ANNE
Not unless you mind sharing.

Red shakes out two cigarettes and gives one to Anne. He flips open a Zippo and lights it for her.

RED
Ever been on a movie set before?

ANNE
No. It must be exciting.

RED
Sorry to burst your bubble. E says
if you have any taste for movies or
sausage you shouldn't watch either
being made.

ANNE
That's clever.

RED
See? It's so damn boring it's
turning Elvis into a philosopher.

Anne spots a sign.

ANNE
Vine Street! Where's Hollywood
Boulevard?

Red points to the left.

RED
Up that way five streets or so.
I'll take you by on the way back if
you'd like.

ANNE
That would be nice.

RED
Elvis really likes you. You probably know that all ready.

ANNE
Elvis likes my cooking.

RED
He didn't send me to just pick up the food.

Anne takes a drag off her cigarette.

RED
(continuing)
Elvis has always had the highest regard for people who take pride in what they do.

ANNE
What is it you do exactly?

He LAUGHS.

RED
I'm a catch-fart. Elvis farts, I catch it. No, I watch after the money.

ANNE
Isn't that the Colonel's job?

RED
The Colonel's got his own money to worry about.

EXT. MELROSE AVENUE -- DAY

Red's Cadillac takes a left turn into Paramount Studios. He signals to the Security Guard who waves him through.

EXT. SOUNDSTAGE A -- DAY

Red and Anne stand outside a soundstage on the Paramount lot waiting for the red light to go off.

Anne watches EXTRAS parade past in costume, STAGE HANDS move large backdrops, long cars pass by with tinted windows.

The light goes off and Red leads Anne inside.

INT. SOUNDSTAGE A -- DAY

Anne sits in a director's chair watching a take.

ON SET:

Elvis stands amongst potted palm trees against a painted backdrop of the view from a South Sea Island.

He is wearing a sailor's suit and hat and is strumming a stringless guitar to PLAYBACK. Buxom STARLETS dancing in bikinis surround him.

The song comes to an end. The DIRECTOR steps out from the wings.

DIRECTOR

Cut! That was great, Elvis, let's
break for lunch.

From the look on Elvis's face, he doesn't seem to think it was so great.

INT. ELVIS'S TRAILER -- DAY

Elvis sits at the small table in his trailer eating his five bacon and mustard sandwich. Anne sits nearby, not knowing what to say.

ANNE

Would you rather be alone?

ELVIS

You'd better stay in here where
it's safe. This town's crawling
with wolves.

ANNE

So what does that make you?

ELVIS

Me? I'm just a nice boy from
Tupelo, Mississippi.
(takes a bite)
Least that's what it says in the
papers.

ANNE

What's this movie about?

ELVIS

I play a kid from the wrong side of the tracks who sings his way into everyone's hearts. Same story, different location.

ANNE

Don't you like movies?

ELVIS

I love movies, just not mine. Someday I'd like to see Elvis do a picture with no songs.

ANNE

Why don't you?

ELVIS

No one thinks he can act.

ANNE

You're the one that matters. You are him, after all.

ELVIS

No, Elvis is a nice boy from Tupelo, Mississippi.

ANNE

Who sings his way into people's hearts.

A Production Assistant KNOCKS on Elvis's trailer.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR (O.S.)

They want you on set, Mr. Presley.

ELVIS

Thanks for lunch.

Elvis takes a last bite of his sandwich and rises to his feet.

He stops at the door and takes a deep breath, trying to summon some enthusiasm.

ELVIS

(continuing)

T.C.B., takin' care of business.

INT. ANNE'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Anne is asleep in her room at the Bel Air mansion. Faint MUSIC and LAUGHTER can be heard coming from far off.

The telephone beside her bed RINGS, startling her awake.

ANNE
 (into phone)
 Hello? Wait, I'll get a pen.

She finds a pen and a pad of paper in the night stand.

ANNE
 (into phone)
 Okay, go ahead. Ten cheeseburgers,
 six chocolate milk shakes, one
 strawberry, okay --
 (listens)
 What's a butter sandwich?

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE ELVIS'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Anne wheels a room service push-cart up to Elvis's door. Joe answers. He is sweaty, drunk, and his shirt is open to the waist.

JOE
 Anne, you're a peach. You can
 leave that right here.

Through a crack in the door, Anne catches a glimpse of Elvis standing on the bed.

He's wearing a gi tied together with a black belt and is working through a theatrical karate routine. Four adoring YOUNG WOMEN sit at his feet, drinking champagne from a bottle.

Joe wheels the cart inside and closes the door.

VARYA (O.S.)
 Alice --

INT. HOUSE OF VARYA -- DAY

Alice sits with her eyes open, staring into space. Varya SNAPS her fingers in front of her.

VARYA
Alice, wake up!

Alice comes out of it, albeit reluctantly.

VARYA
(continuing)
Your time is up.

ALICE
Oh. Already.

She goes to her purse.

ALICE
(continuing)
Strangest sensation. It's like
knowing yourself as a child.

VARYA
Would you like another appointment?

ALICE
Do you have anything tomorrow?

INT. ALICE'S APARTMENT -- DAY

Alice lies on the sofa eating potato chips watching "Wild in the Country."

ON SCREEN:

Elvis is driving a truck, fiddling with the radio. The lovely Tuesday Weld sits beside him. Miss Weld is frustrated by this action, she wants to talk.

Elvis continues to play with the radio. Arriving at a song he likes he turns up the volume.

ELVIS
(to Miss Weld)
You're going to hear music whether
you like it or not --

And he breaks into song.

INT. ALICE'S APARTMENT -- LATE

Alice is still watching "Wild in the Country." Mr. Fabulous hops up onto her chest for some attention, which he gets.

ON SCREEN:

Elvis and his therapist, played by the talented and somewhat older Hope Lange, are caught in a torrential downpour.

They take shelter in a hotel. Elvis tries for intimacy. Hope Lange holds him off.

She returns to her room, Elvis follows.

ELVIS
(to Hope Lange)
I'm in love with you.

They embrace with something more like tenderness than passion. The scene is really something.

A telephone RINGS.

ALICE'S APARTMENT:

It's Alice's phone. She sits up and hits "pause." She stares for a while at the image on her television and lets the machine answer for her.

ALICE'S MOTHER
(on machine)
Alice? It's your mother. Pick up
the phone, sweetheart.

INT. GELSON'S -- NIGHT

ALICE'S MOTHER pushes a cart through the meat section of the upscale market. Alice tags along reluctantly in sweats and sneakers.

ALICE
Why are you doing this?

ALICE'S MOTHER
Because I know you won't eat if I
don't.

Alice's mother takes something heavy from the case and drops it into the cart. Alice fishes it out and holds it up. It is a four-pound roast.

ALICE
What's this?

ALICE'S MOTHER
It's a veal roast.

ALICE
I'll never eat it.

ALICE'S MOTHER
What you don't eat you can use for
sandwiches.

ALICE
I don't eat veal, it's disgusting.
They live their whole lives in
these little pens unable to move
being force fed hormone-laced
protein.

ALICE'S MOTHER
A short unhappy life is better than
no life at all.

Alice gives her a look.

ALICE'S MOTHER
(sighs)
All right, put it back.

Alice does. Her mother immediately replaces the roast with a
five-pound package of hamburger.

INT. GELSON'S -- LATE

Alice and her Mother are third in a line of four at the
checkout counter.

ALICE'S MOTHER
Have you made up with Brian yet?

ALICE
"Made up"? Mom, we can't make up,
Brian is in Alaska.

ALICE'S MOTHER
They don't have phones in Alaska?

ALICE
He's gone. He didn't leave a
number. It's over.

ALICE'S MOTHER
Oh, baloney sausage.

ALICE
He sublet his apartment.

ALICE'S MOTHER

Really?

ALICE

Really.

ALICE'S MOTHER

If you only knew the half of what your father and I went through you'd think this was nothing.

ALICE

Here we go.

Alice's Mother takes a deep breath and Alice clamps her hands over her ears.

ALICE'S MOTHER

After his vasectomy, your Dad went completely berserk. He bought a yellow sports car and the whole catalogue of Herb Alpert and the Tijuana Brass. It seemed to be the soundtrack of the mid-life crisis. Then he started chasing Mrs. Polynsky around -

ALICE

I'm not listening -- blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, I can't hear you -- blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, BLAH!

-

Alice's Mother gives up.

ALICE'S MOTHER

I just don't want you to have unrealistic expectations of what marriage is like.

ALICE

There are no expectations, there are no children, there is no marriage!

EXT. ALICE'S APARTMENT BUILDING -- NIGHT

Alice's Mother is inside her car. Alice stands beside it, with two bags of groceries at her feet.

ALICE'S MOTHER

You know all I want is for you to be happy.

ALICE

I know.

Alice leans in and gives her a kiss.

ALICE'S MOTHER

Good night, sweetheart.

Alice's Mother looks to the building.

ALICE'S MOTHER

(continuing)

Watch out for the bum on your way
in.

Alice turns. Kevin sits on the sidewalk beside the front door and is sound asleep.

Alice's Mother drives off. Alice picks up her groceries and goes to Kevin. She shakes him lightly, trying to rouse him. It doesn't work. She pushes harder and he finally stirs.

ALICE

Kevin?

He looks at her.

KEVIN

I locked myself out.

ALICE

I see that. Come on, I'll let you
in.

INT. BRIAN'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Alice unlocks Brian's door and opens it for Kevin. He steps inside.

KEVIN

I have coffee.

Alice doesn't know how to respond.

KEVIN

(continuing)

I could make you some.

INT. BRIAN'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Alice sits alone in Brian's living room. Kevin enters carrying two, too-full cups of coffee. He sloshes some on the floor as he crosses the room.

He hands a cup to Alice. She gives a nod of thanks. Kevin sits opposite. He watches her sip her coffee like a little bird.

There is a long silence. Very long.

KEVIN
I'm not usually this gregarious.

ALICE
No?

KEVIN
I'm on a new medication. The first two weeks are the honeymoon period.

Alice smiles and looks at him for the first time.

KEVIN
(continuing)
What do you do?

ALICE
I'm a program director at the children's museum.

KEVIN
I don't know what that means.

ALICE
I'm an art waitress. If a parent decides their kid needs culture, they bring them in and I serve it up.

Alice looks around, taking stock of familiar objects. She notices Kevin watching her.

ALICE
(continuing)
How much do you know about me and Brian?

KEVIN
Pretty much everything. I've read your letters.

Alice looks startled.

KEVIN
(continuing)
I made some changes. I think
they're pretty good now. I come up
more often than I used to.

Realizing he's kidding, Alice opens her hand and looks at her
keys. She begins to remove Brian's from her ring.

ALICE
I meant to give this to you before.

KEVIN
Could you keep it? Then I'll know
for sure where it is.

INT. DR. SHEMP'S OFFICE -- DAY

Alice is in her session. Her hair is back and she is wearing
a pretty dress and shoes with heels.

DR. SHEMP
So instead of "Perfect Brian"
living down the hall, you now have
"Defective Kevin." He's
unemployed, delusional, and vaguely
suicidal.

ALICE
He's in the right apartment. I
might as well date him.

DR. SHEMP
You're not seriously thinking of
having a relationship with him?

ALICE
Of course not. He's the last thing
I need right now.

DR. SHEMP
That was a joke then.

ALICE
Yes.

Dr. Shemp forces a brief, weird smile.

DR. SHEMP
I'd like to tell you that you look pretty today.

ALICE
What?

DR. SHEMP
You look very nice today.

ALICE
Is this the psychologically healthy way to dress? Flowers signifying helplessness, fragile, easily-torn fabrics, awkward shoes to hinder any attempt at escape? The male ideal. I shouldn't be surprised you noticed.

Dead silence.

DR. SHEMP
If you ever decide you need more than one session a week, I could make time.

INT. HOUSE OF VARYA -- DAY

Already half in a trance, Alice watches drops of water fall from Varya's finger into the bowl.

VARYA
You're thinking of nothing, you're letting everything go. We're taking you back --

ALICE
(as Anne)
Ten pounds of pig's feet, please.

INT. WEST SIDE BUTCHER SHOP -- DAY

Anne stands at the meat counter with a long list. The cart beside her is almost full of wrapped items. A HELPFUL BUTCHER attends.

HELPFUL BUTCHER
Pig's feet, ma'am?

ANNE
That's right.

HELPFUL BUTCHER

Did you know you were in a kosher market?

ANNE

(covering)

Of course, I --

HELPFUL BUTCHER

You might want to try Hansen's on Third.

EXT. THIRD STREET -- DAY

Anne stands outside a small meat market on Third Street with her order wrapped in white paper. Another Helpful Butcher is giving her directions.

Red gets out of his Cadillac to lend a hand.

EXT. 83RD AND CRENSHAW -- DAY

Red waits nervously in his car in a predominantly African-American neighborhood. PASSERSBY eye him up like he's just arrived from another planet.

INT. CRENSHAW GROCERY -- DAY

A CLERK is rummaging through cartons of produce, helping Anne select various greens.

INT. ELVIS'S BEL AIR KITCHEN -- DAY

Anne stands at the stove, over a pot of boiling water. Beside the pot is a large frying pan filled with halved onions sauteing in butter.

Each one is turned carefully, revealing the golden brown underside. She extinguishes the heat from beneath the onions and uncovers two pie tins with the crust already pressed into the bottom of the pan. She arranges the onions neatly inside the pie crust.

Turning back to the stove, she pours two inches of cooking oil into another pan and lights a high flame beneath it.

She slides the top crust to the onion pie from between two floured sheets of waxed paper. She places it carefully on top and crimps it around the edges.

With a sharp boning knife she scores a rose pattern into the crust. She opens the oven and slides the pie inside.

She turns her attention to a cutting board where a heaping pile of cut and cleaned okra awaits. She covers the okra with salt and pepper. She snaps open a clean paper bag and pours in a cup and a half of corn meal.

She slides the okra into the bag, shakes it quickly and pours it into the pan with the hot oil.

From the refrigerator comes a bucket of washed and cleaned collard greens. Anne scoops them out with both hands and dumps them in the pot of boiling water.

She selects an apple from a basket on the counter, rinses it under the sink, and starts peeling it with a paring knife.

Maggie enters. She goes to the sink to wash her hands. She looks to Anne and notices that she has begun to have trouble with the apple.

The knife slips and she nearly cuts herself. Trying again, she is put off when a tremor, beginning at her shoulder, extends down the length of her left arm, forcing her to put down her work.

MAGGIE

You feel all right, dear?

ANNE

Fine, I don't know what it is.

MAGGIE

Do you need a doctor?

The tremor has subsided.

ANNE

There, it's gone. It's nothing.

Anne gets back to paring.

INT. BEL AIR DINING ROOM -- NIGHT

Elvis sits at the end of his long table. The Memphis Mafia are in their usual places doing their usual things. Everyone has finished eating but Elvis.

He slides the serving dish of collard greens towards him and loads up his plate. He salts the greens heavily and scoops some into his mouth.

While chewing he grabs another hunk of corn bread and some butter. He looks to a gravy-strewn serving platter and to his disappointment finds it empty.

Elvis notices that Red has an untouched pig's foot left on his plate.

ELVIS
(to Red)
You gonna eat that?

Red shakes his head. Elvis skewers the pig's foot.

The Colonel enters carrying a briefcase. He walks up to Elvis, looking mighty pleased with himself.

COLONEL PARKER
We need to talk a little business.

ELVIS
(mouth full)
I'll be there in a minute.

EXT. BEL AIR MANSION -- LATE

Colonel Parker sits out on the patio behind the kitchen, smoking his cigar. He watches through the window as Anne serves up apple pie with scoops of vanilla ice cream.

Maggie carries the plates into the dining room. Anne goes to the back door and sticks her head out.

ANNE
Would you care for pie, Colonel?

COLONEL PARKER
Thank you, I'll pass.

ANNE
Coffee?

COLONEL PARKER
If you don't mind.

EXT. BEL AIR MANSION -- LATE

The Colonel swallows the dregs of his coffee. He sighs and looks at his watch.

IN THE KITCHEN:

Anne is working on cleaning up the mess from dinner. Elvis enters with a toothpick in his mouth. He is all smiles and compliments.

Anne thanks him modestly and Elvis heads outside.

ON THE PATIO:

Elvis plops himself down next to the Colonel.

COLONEL PARKER

So I'm in my office today, minding
my own business, and guess who
walks in?

Elvis shrugs.

COLONEL PARKER

(continuing)

Abe Lastfogel, along with all three
of the Mirisch brothers.

ELVIS

Don't know 'em.

COLONEL PARKER

They produced "West Side Story,"
"The Magnificent Seven" --

ELVIS

Those are good pictures.

COLONEL PARKER

They got a fat distribution deal
with United Artists. They tell me
they're interested in doing an
Elvis picture. They start talking
about some book --

ELVIS

What book?

COLONEL PARKER

I don't remember.

ELVIS

Do you remember what it was about?

COLONEL PARKER

Shit, you know how I am about
books.

(more)

COLONEL PARKER(continuing)

So I let them talk for a while, then I say, I don't care what the picture is. You let us pick the music, pay us each a million dollars, and we'll get to the set on time. About two hours later, my phone rings. They tell me they're willing to meet my price.

ELVIS

You don't remember the story at all?

COLONEL PARKER

It was about two guys makin' a million dollars. Have you gone deaf? No one makes that kind of money in this town.

ELVIS

I don't want to do another cookie cutter picture.

COLONEL PARKER

Remember "Wild in the Country"? That film you did that was full of psychology and crap? Goodness be, that was interesting. So damn interesting that no one went to see it.

ELVIS

We shouldn'ta put in the songs.

COLONEL PARKER

The record was the only part that made money. People go to your pictures to hear you sing.

ELVIS

People get tired of the same old thing.

COLONEL PARKER

You were a millionaire thirteen months after you signed on with me. Are you trying to tell me I don't know my business?

ELVIS

You don't think I can cut it on acting alone.

COLONEL PARKER

Everyone wants to be something they're not. I'd bet my last nickel that Jimmy Dean and Marlon Brando wished they could sing like you.

IN THE KITCHEN:

Anne glances up from her work. She sees Elvis sitting before the Colonel with his head hung low.

INT. BEL AIR MANSION -- NIGHT

Anne is in her bathrobe, wheeling another midnight snack towards Elvis's room. She reaches the door and is about to knock when BOOM! A shot rings out.

Inside the room, a Young Woman SCREAMS. Anne turns the other way to get help.

She pauses, hearing what sounds like LAUGHTER.

Joe and Lamar back out of the room, drunk and fit to be tied. They are carrying a television with a shattered screen between them.

ANNE

Is anyone hurt?

LAMAR

I don't think Mr. Robert Goulet is feeling too well.

Joe points to the screen.

JOE

Took a slug right between the eyes.

INT. ELVIS'S TRAILER -- DAY

Elvis is in his trailer, eating a sandwich. Anne sits opposite. She holds a script and is helping him with his lines.

ANNE

(reads)

"If they do send you away, Tommy, you'll remember me, won't you?"

Elvis takes an enormous bite from his sandwich and speaks with his mouth full.

ELVIS

(from memory)

"Baby, the moment we leave port I'm going to dive down deep, rip my heart out of my chest, and lock it up tight in Davey Jones' locker. That way you'll know it will be waiting until I get back."

Anne reads the stage directions.

ANNE

"Lucy lies down, placing her head on a soft pillow. She looks up at Tommy, sad and dreamy. Tommy kisses the tip of his finger and dots her on the nose. He reaches for a seashell and puts it to her ear."

Elvis mimics holding a shell beside Anne's ear.

ELVIS

(mouth still full)

"Listen, can you hear the sound of the sea?"

ANNE

(reads)

"Tommy picks up a harpoon, holds it like a microphone, and starts to sing. Song to be determined."

Anne puts the script aside.

ANNE

It's a little hokey.

ELVIS

What do you expect, it's an Elvis Presley picture.

ANNE

Do you have the song?

ELVIS

(sings)

Davey Jones' locker, Davey Jones' locker, my heart's in Davey Jones' locker, waitin' to be freed --

INT. SOUNDSTAGE A -- DAY

The Memphis Mafia are sitting around a card table outside of Elvis's trailer, playing four-handed poker.

The Colonel approaches, chomping on his cigar. He stands over Lamar's shoulder. Elvis and Anne's LAUGHTER can be heard coming from inside.

COLONEL PARKER
Who's he in there with?

LAMAR
The cook, Anne. She brings in his lunch.

COLONEL PARKER
Every day?

LAMAR
Uh -- huh.

INT. ELVIS'S TRAILER -- DAY

Elvis is still working on his lunch while Anne reads the script silently to herself.

ANNE
(looking up)
This Lucy is a fool.

ELVIS
You saying you wouldn't wait for me?

ANNE
Nope. Course I couldn't keep a straight face if I saw a man singing into a harpoon, either.

ELVIS
How come?

ANNE
This man you play, he enlisted, right?

ELVIS
(in character)
"My country needs me, baby."

ANNE

A man's responsibility is to the ones he loves. Enlisting is just an excuse to run away. If his country needs him, it'll let him know.

ELVIS

Was your daddy a soldier?

ANNE

My daddy didn't need no excuse to run away.

ELVIS

Problem with my daddy is he's always hanging around.

Anne LAUGHS, then winces slightly.

ANNE

You don't have anything for a headache, do you?

Elvis reaches into the pocket of his leather jacket. He takes out a pill case made from two Sheriff's badges joined by a hinge.

He flips it open. Inside is a vast array of pharmaceuticals. He takes out a couple of blues.

ELVIS

Try these.

Anne hesitates.

ELVIS

(continuing)

They're all prescription.

ANNE

Are any of these aspirin?

Elvis hands her two aspirin. She goes to the sink and fills a glass. He picks up his script and tries to concentrate. Frustrated, he tosses it aside.

INT. ELVIS'S KITCHEN -- MORNING

Elvis and the Colonel are having breakfast at the small table in the kitchen. The Colonel reads "Variety." Anne is at the counter making a pot of coffee.

Elvis is working on a platter of grits, eggs, and sausage. He picks up a piece of toast, mops up some yolk, and stuffs it in his mouth.

Elvis pushes himself away from the table. He looks down at his stomach which is beginning to bulge out against his shirt.

He lifts up his shirt and exposes his belly. He pokes at it with his finger.

ELVIS
Am I getting fat?

No one answers.

ELVIS
(continuing)
I used to be thin as a split minnow. Now look at me.

COLONEL PARKER
I don't hear anyone complaining.

Elvis is still staring at his belly.

ELVIS
Anne, what do you think?

Anne looks.

ANNE
Wouldn't kill you to lay off the butter sandwiches.

Elvis is hurt. He pulls his shirt down, gets up from the table, and leaves the room.

The Colonel slams down his paper, furious.

COLONEL PARKER
What are you thinking?

ANNE
He asked for my opinion.

COLONEL PARKER
That doesn't mean he wants it. I thought I made that clear when you started here. No one tells Elvis what to do.

ANNE
Except you, of course.

Colonel Parker goes lobster red.

He holds up a finger and begins to yell but the sound is drained from his voice.

SNAPPING FINGERS ARE HEARD:

Alice wakes up in Varya's apartment. She looks very distressed.

VARYA
What happened? What is it?

ALICE
I think I'm about to get fired.

INT. ALICE'S APARTMENT BUILDING -- NIGHT

Returning from work, Alice keys her way into the lobby of her apartment building. She goes to the bank of mailboxes and something catches her eye.

Brian's mailbox, which now has a piece of masking tape affixed to it with Kevin's name, is stuffed to the gills with mail. It looks like no one has touched it for days.

INT. ALICE'S APARTMENT BUILDING -- NIGHT

Alice approaches Kevin's door with an armful of his mail. She knocks. There is no answer. She knocks a second time, harder. Still no answer.

Remembering she has the key, she unlocks the door and steps inside.

BRIAN'S APARTMENT:

Looking for a place to set the mail, Alice can't resist a look around. Stealing through the apartment like a thief, she finds that the place is a mess.

Dishes are scattered about. The floor is littered with clothes. An acoustic guitar is supine on the sofa.

Moving into the kitchen, she finds an empty spot on the counter and sets down Kevin's mail.

Out of habit, she opens the fridge and has a look. It is full to the hinges. Everything is industrial sized -- tubs of butter, a loaf of Wonder Bread, bananas. She takes out a giant jar of olives, pops a few in her mouth, and closes the fridge.

She tiptoes her way to the bedroom and finds the door ajar. Peering through the gap, she sees the imprint of a body in the unmade bed. Her memory flashes on Brian, sleeping, nude.

She turns from the door and leaves the apartment.

INT. ALICE'S APARTMENT -- DAY

Alice arranges an eggplant, a turnip, some apples, and some other fruits and vegetables on the window sill.

Behind her, a canvas rests on an easel. She finds a pencil, goes to the canvas, and begins to sketch the proportions of the still life.

Uninspired, she looks at her work and sets her pencil down.

EXT. NORTH SIDE STREET -- DAY

Alice rides through town on her bike. She pauses at a shopping district, dismounts, and drags her bike up onto the sidewalk.

She walks idly from window to window, leading her bike, not appearing particularly interested in anything until she spots a fabric store. Bolts of colored fabric are displayed in the window.

EXT. NORTH SIDE STREET -- DAY

Alice bicycles home with a fat package from the fabric store under her arm.

INT. ALICE'S APARTMENT -- DAY

Alice stretches black velvet over a frame.

INT. ALICE'S APARTMENT -- LATE

The black velvet canvas is up on the easel and Alice is painting away while listening to music.

She takes an apple from her still life and chomps into it.

INT. ALICE'S APARTMENT BUILDING -- NIGHT

Alice knocks on Kevin's door. She holds a painting covered in a plain brown wrapper. There is no answer. She knocks as hard as she can. Still nothing.

Worried, she uses her key and pokes her head inside.

ALICE

Kevin?

She steps in and looks around. She hears something. Snoring. Kevin is sacked out on the couch in a very deep sleep.

Alice removes one of Brian's prints from the wall and replaces it with her painting, leaving it wrapped. She pulls a blanket up around Kevin and exits quietly.

INT. ALICE'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Alice wakes with a start. Someone is knocking on her door. Frightened, she looks at her clock. It is four in the morning.

She puts on her robe and goes to the door.

ALICE

Who is it?

KEVIN (O.S.)

Kevin.

Alice unchains the lock and opens the door.

KEVIN

I had a dream you came into my room.

ALICE

I did. I didn't think you were home.

KEVIN

You tried to recruit me into the SS. And then your head got really big.

ALICE
That part was a dream. Did you
like the painting?

Kevin has no idea what she's talking about.

INT. BRIAN'S APARTMENT -- LATE

Alice lifts her wrapped painting from the wall.

ALICE
You don't pay much attention to
your surroundings, do you?

KEVIN
I lead a predominantly internal
life.

She hands the painting to Kevin.

Kevin looks at it like he's never been given anything before.
He carefully tears away the paper.

It is a picture of Elvis on black velvet. He is nude with a
body like Michaelangelo's David. He holds a large seashell
over his privates.

KEVIN
(continuing)
Shellvis.

ALICE
What do you think?

KEVIN
It concerns me.

ALICE
How come?

KEVIN
People will think I posed for this.

Alice smiles.

KEVIN
(continuing)
Are you hungry by any chance?

INT. CANTER'S -- NIGHT

The deli is dead empty. Alice and Kevin sit at a booth in the back. A TIRED WAITRESS with tired hair walks up, her arms full of plates. She drops off Kevin's order first.

TIRED WAITRESS

Short stack of blueberry pancakes,
side sausage, side bacon, home
fries, fruit cup, toasted bagel
with cream cheese.

(turns to Alice)

And one coffee. Will there be
anything else?

Kevin looks at Alice's coffee.

KEVIN

I'll have a coffee too, please.

The Waitress walks off. Alice looks at Kevin's food, her eyes wide.

KEVIN

(continuing)

Food's the only thing I still
enjoy.

The Waitress brings his coffee.

KEVIN

(continuing)

Thank you.

Alice watches him eat.

ALICE

Do you work?

KEVIN

Sometimes. I'm a musician, I was
in a band.

ALICE

How old are you?

KEVIN

My birthday's in a couple of weeks.
I'll be twenty-four.

Alice is shocked.

KEVIN
(continuing)
You know those guys who guess your
age at carnivals?

Alice nods.

KEVIN
(continuing)
I can beat them.

Alice reaches for his bagel.

ALICE
Do you mind?

KEVIN
Of course not.

She takes a bite and puts it back. Kevin looks down at the table.

KEVIN
(continuing)
You know how they say that some
people are born with old souls?
That they must've gone through the
circle of life and death many times
before because they seem to have
wisdom beyond their years?

ALICE
Do you think that's you?

KEVIN
I think so.

ALICE
Because you're so wise?

KEVIN
(shakes his head)
Because I'm so tired.

ALICE
Would you say the honeymoon is
over?

KEVIN
No. Thank you for the painting.

INT. SOUNDSTAGE A -- DAY

Elvis stands on the railing of a ship in the midst of a storm. Huge waves wash over him. Pull back to reveal that he is on a set being rocked back and forth by two Stagehands. The water comes from buckets, the wind from large, powerful fans.

DIRECTOR

Cut!

Elvis is helped off the set and is immediately toweled off by the Makeup Person. Lamar meets up and walks beside him.

ELVIS

Anne here yet?

LAMAR

Who?

ELVIS

Anne, the cook.

LAMAR

No one told you?

INT. ANNE'S ROOM -- DAY

Anne is in her room, packing her things. Outside, a car can be heard pulling up and coming to an abrupt stop. She closes the lid of her suitcase and pushes down hard, trying to make the latches catch.

Elvis appears in the doorway. He is in jeans and a t-shirt. His hair is still wet and is a mess.

ELVIS

What happened?

ANNE

I mouthed off to the Colonel and he fired me.

ELVIS

You did?

ANNE

The most cantankerous things just seem to come flying out of my mouth, I don't know what is wrong with me lately.

ELVIS

I thought that was just the way you were.

ANNE

It's not. Can you apologize for me?

ELVIS

What did you say to him?

ANNE

He was angry because I told you you're getting fat. Heaven forbid someone should tell you the truth for once in your life. See, there I go again.

Elvis looks down at his stomach.

ELVIS

It's your fault.

ANNE

I just make the food, I don't put it in your mouth.

ELVIS

You don't have to make it so good.

ANNE

I also accused him of running your life.

ELVIS

You did?

Anne nods.

ELVIS

(continuing)

You're not afraid of anyone, are you?

ANNE

Not lately.

Anne's left arm begins to quiver. She hides it behind her back.

ELVIS

If I talk to the Colonel, will you stay?

ANNE

Don't tell him I'm going to hold my tongue, because apparently I'm not capable.

ELVIS

Wouldn't dream of it.

The quiver becomes a shake. Anne clamps onto her left hand with her right, trying to still it.

ANNE

Now leave me be, I have to unpack.

Elvis smiles and leaves the room. Anne releases her arm. The tremors spread from her arm to her shoulders. Then, her whole body begins to shake.

Frightened, she slips into her bathroom and locks the door.

ANNE'S BATHROOM:

She sits down on the toilet, still shaking. She takes deep breaths trying to control herself, but her will does not seem her own.

After a moment, the tremors pass. She goes to the sink and finds some aspirin. She looks at the mirror and meets eyes with her reflection.

INT. EXAMINING ROOM -- DAY

Anne sits on a bench in an examining room, looking frightened and spent. DR. NORTHROP, early sixties, kind, enters with a clipboard.

DR. NORTHROP

Hello, Anne, how are you feeling?

ANNE

Better. Fine, actually.

DR. NORTHROP

(refers to chart)

You say this is the first time you've had a seizure of any kind. There's no history of epilepsy in your family?

ANNE

No, sir.

DR. NORTHROP
Have you had any headaches, nausea?

ANNE
Headaches.

DR. NORTHROP
Have you noticed or has anyone
commented on sudden mood swings or
changes in your personality?

ANNE
Yes.

Dr. Northrop thinks a moment. He hands his chart and a pen
to Anne.

DR. NORTHROP
Would you sign your name here?

ANNE
What am I signing?

DR. NORTHROP
Nothing, it's a test of your motor
skills.

Anne takes the pen and signs. She finds it surprisingly
difficult. The resulting signature is an uncontrolled
squiggly mess.

EXT. DR. NORTHROP'S OFFICE -- DAY

Red stands beside his car, holding the door for Anne. She
slides inside and he closes it behind her.

INT. RED'S CADILLAC -- LATE

Anne and Red ride down Wilshire Blvd. Red shakes two
Tareytors out of their pack and hands one to Anne.

RED
So what'd the doctor say?

ANNE
Nothing really. He gave me some
pills, wants me to come in for more
tests.

Red ignites his Zippo and passes it to Anne. She lights her
cigarette and takes a deep drag.

ANNE
(continuing)
Could you not tell Elvis I was
here?

EXT. BEL AIR MANSION -- DAY

Anne is out on the patio in a sundress and hat. A book is open on her lap. Her eyes are closed and she has dozed off.

Elvis comes out of the house. He is about to say something, when, noticing she's asleep, he pauses to look at her.

He approaches cautiously, kneels down, and shakes her arm. Anne opens her eyes.

ELVIS
What are you doing?

ANNE
I was sleeping. It is my day off.

ELVIS
Feel like keeping the boss company?

EXT. BEL AIR MANSION -- LATER

Anne waits while Elvis kick starts his '57 Harley. The engine jumps to life on the second kick with a loping rasp.

ELVIS
(over the sound of the
motor)
Hop on!

Anne bunches her dress up between her legs and climbs on behind him. Elvis dumps the bike into gear and they take off.

EXT. SUNSET BOULEVARD -- DAY

Elvis and Anne sweep down the curving, tree-lined street, heading east through Beverly Hills. Anne has one arm around Elvis's waist and is clutching her hat with the other to keep it from blowing away.

Elvis cracks the throttle to make a pass. Anne shrieks happily.

INT. RECORDING STUDIO -- DAY

Anne is in the control booth of a Los Angeles recording studio. An ENGINEER sits at the control board. Colonel Parker is in attendance as is the Director of the film.

The Colonel does not appear pleased to be sharing space with Anne.

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE SOUNDPROOF GLASS:

Are Elvis, four BACKUP SINGERS, and his BAND. The band is in the final stages of setting up. The Sound Engineer speaks into his intercom.

SOUND ENGINEER
(through speaker)
Elvis? We're ready. Should we
start with "Davey Jones' Locker"?

IN THE CONTROL BOOTH:

The Director turns to Anne.

DIRECTOR
(smiling proudly)
I wrote that one myself.

IN THE STUDIO:

Elvis looks over the music on his bandstand. He leans over his microphone.

ELVIS
It's a little early in the morning
to take on that masterpiece. I
think I'd better warm up first.

The Band Members and Backup Singers CHUCKLE.

ELVIS
(continuing)
Any requests?

CONTROL BOOTH:

ANNE
I've got one.

The Sound Engineer directs her to the microphone.

ANNE
 (into mic)
 Could you play "So Glad You're
 Mine"?

ELVIS
 I thought you weren't a fan.

Anne smiles and leans back to avoid the Colonel's glare.

IN THE STUDIO:

Elvis turns to his Band.

ELVIS
 (continuing)
 You boys remember that little blast
 from the past?

PIANO PLAYER
 I think we can manage.

Elvis nods to the drummer. He counts off a free bar and they begin to play.

ELVIS
 (sings)
 My baby's long and tall, she's like
 a cannonball, said every time she
 loves me, lord you can hear me
 squall -- I cried, ooooooowee, I
 believe I changed my mind. I said
 I'm so glad I'm livin', I cried I'm
 so glad you're mine.

EXT. CADILLAC DEALERSHIP -- DAY

Elvis pilots his bike into the parking lot of a Cadillac dealership on Wilshire Blvd. in Beverly Hills.

INT. CADILLAC DEALERSHIP -- DAY

Elvis is inspecting a shiny new convertible. It is silver-blue with a white interior and a white top. Anne stands by, trying to get her hair back under control.

ANNE
 It's a pretty car. Are you going
 to buy it?

A DEALER approaches.

ELVIS
I already did.

The Dealer hands Elvis the keys. He offers them to Anne.

ELVIS
(continuing)
I bought it for you.

It takes a moment to sink in.

ANNE
It's a nice thought, but I won't
accept.

ELVIS
I can't take it back.

ANNE
Of course you can.

ELVIS
No, I can't, get in.

Elvis opens the door for Anne. She gets in and slides over to the passenger seat. Elvis sits down beside her.

IN THE CADILLAC:

Elvis points to a custom gold plaque set in the dash. Anne looks. The plaque has been engraved:

To Anne Carver. Love, Elvis

For some reason this makes her sad.

ELVIS
(continuing)
When I was a little boy, my daddy
was sent to prison for writing a
bad check. My momma worked her
fingers to the bone for me. She
used to pick cotton in the fields
and drag me behind her on a burlap
sack. When I started making money,
I wanted to pay her back for all
she'd gone through raising me. I
bought her a nice new house in
Memphis as soon as I could. The
neighbors got upset with her `cuz
she was keeping chickens in the
yard and they didn't want no
livestock in their neighborhood.

(more)

ELVIS(continuing)

I never knew that chickens were livestock, but what can you say? She just didn't fit in. Then I bought Graceland and moved her and my Daddy in with me. She could do whatever she wanted at Graceland and I think for a while she was happy.

ANNE

Is Graceland as pretty as its name?

ELVIS

I think so.

ANNE

I'd like very much to see it someday.

ELVIS

I'll make sure you do.

ANNE

Promise?

ELVIS

Promise. So what about the car?

ANNE

You can't buy people's love.

ELVIS

No, but you can buy them Cadillacs.

Anne thinks about it.

ANNE

I don't have a license.

EXT. ELVIS'S BRENTWOOD HOUSE -- DAY

Anne's new Cadillac is circling the drive. The car swerves wildly, its speed increasing with each loop.

INSIDE THE CADILLAC:

Anne is driving, having the time of her life. Elvis sits beside her, genuinely frightened.

ELVIS

Brake, hit the brake.

Anne keeps accelerating. They veer off the driveway, heading straight for the garage.

Elvis reaches over with his foot and stomps on the brake.

DRIVEWAY:

The massive Cadillac skids to a stop just a few feet shy of the garage door.

INSIDE THE CADILLAC:

Elvis breathes a sigh of relief.

ELVIS
(continuing)
Your stopping could use a little
work.

He looks to Anne. Her arm is across the steering wheel and her head is leaned up against it.

ELVIS
(continuing)
What is it?

ANNE
Headache. It came on so suddenly.

INT. ELVIS'S KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Elvis sits alone at the kitchen table over a plate of cold fried chicken and cole slaw. He is drinking a Pepsi, looking over the lit-up L.A. basin.

Maggie approaches and reaches for his plate.

MAGGIE
Finished?

Elvis nods.

INT. BRENTWOOD DEN -- NIGHT

Elvis sits down at the piano. He lifts the cover and slowly begins to play a spiritual.

INT. ANNE'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Anne's door is slightly ajar. Elvis knocks softly and enters. He goes to Anne's bed and sits down beside her.

ELVIS
Still hurt?

Anne nods.

ELVIS
(continuing)
Here.

He gently props her head up on a pillow and massages her temples with his fingertips. Anne's face eases as some of the tension is released.

INT. ANNE'S ROOM -- DAY

Elvis wakes in Anne's bed. The drapes are open, allowing harsh light into the room. Elvis is shirtless. He raises the covers and looks down.

ELVIS
Lord, what have I done --

INT. BEL AIR KITCHEN -- DAY

Anne sits at the kitchen table in her robe. The newspaper and a cup of coffee are before her. Elvis enters the room in jeans and a white t-shirt. Anne smiles at him and gets up from the table.

ANNE
Good morning.

Elvis sits down, searching for the will to speak.

Alice finds a cup in the cupboard and fills it full of coffee from a pot on the stove.

ANNE
(continuing)
Thank you for last night.

Anne adds cream to the coffee and a lot of sugar. She sets it down before Elvis and resumes her seat.

Elvis takes a deep pull.

ANNE
(continuing)
I do believe you have a healing
touch.

ELVIS
What happened?

ANNE
You don't remember?

ELVIS
Not past ten o'clock.

ANNE
I was in a lot of pain. You laid
beside me and helped me through it.

ELVIS
That's all?

ANNE
(grinning)
Pretty much.

ELVIS
Give it to me straight.

ANNE
At some point in the night you
must've stripped yourself out of
your clothes, because when I woke
up you were naked as a jaybird.

ELVIS
That wasn't you?

ANNE
Please.

ELVIS
There are a lot of women who would
pay good money to wake up and find
me in such a state.

ANNE
Even more who get to for free.

Elvis thinks.

ELVIS
Did you look?

ANNE

I will not dignify that with a response.

ELVIS

I've got to keep myself pure, I've got a little girl waiting for me back in Memphis.

ANNE

How old is she? Thirteen?

ELVIS

She's seventeen and I haven't laid a finger on her.

ANNE

Do you love her?

ELVIS

Like she was my other half.

ANNE

Are you going to do right by her?

ELVIS

I'm gonna give it everything I've got.

ANNE

I have another question.

She takes an instamatic camera from her pocket.

ANNE

(continuing)

Does Kodak develop X-rated photographs?

Elvis snatches the camera from her hand.

EXT. HOSPITAL -- DAY

Red waits behind the wheel of Anne's new Cadillac, reading the paper.

INT. HOSPITAL (1965) -- DAY

Anne sits on a lab table in a paper gown. Her head is clamped into a restraint that keeps it perfectly still. Dr. Northrop prepares an injection. An X-ray TECHNICIAN attends.

DR. NORTHROP

This is an isotope which will allow us to observe circulation in the brain. It may hurt a bit.

Dr. Northrop injects the solution directly into the carotid artery in her neck. It hurts more than a "bit."

The Technician positions an X-ray cassette changer behind her head. He and the doctor retreat behind a protective screen.

A BUZZING sound is heard. The X-ray cassette rotates quickly, shooting off ten exposures in rapid succession.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM -- NIGHT

Anne lies in bed. Red stands beside her.

RED

Why are they keeping you overnight?

ANNE

The tests they do on me make me sick.

RED

Still no idea what's wrong?

Anne shakes her head.

ANNE

My doctor's meeting with a specialist tomorrow.

RED

I'll tell E not to worry.

Anne smiles thankfully and squeezes his hand.

INT. BEL AIR DEN -- NIGHT

Elvis, Red, some friends, and a small group of adoring YOUNG WOMEN, have gathered in a paneled rec room. Elvis sits on the edge of the pool table, reading from the Bible. Gospel of St. Luke, Chapter 11; Verses 38 -- 41.

ELVIS

"Now it came to pass as they were on their journey, that he entered a certain village; and a woman named Martha welcomed him into her house.

(more)

ELVIS(continuing)

And she had a sister called Mary who also seated herself at the Lord's feet, and listened to his word. But Martha was busy about much serving. And she came up and said, "Lord, is it no concern of thine that my sister has left me to serve alone? Tell her therefore to help me." But the Lord answered and said to her, "Martha, Martha, thou art anxious and troubled about many things; and yet only one thing is needful. Mary has chosen the best part, and it will not be taken away from her."

Elvis closes the book and turns to his disciples.

ELVIS

(continuing)

So what do you think?

YOUNG WOMAN 1

I think Jesus is saying, "Don't let the daily grind drag you down, focus on what's important."

ELVIS

That's good, baby. It ain't the work, it's the word.

One of the Young Women is enraptured and is nearly falling out of her dress.

YOUNG WOMAN 2

Do you think Jesus was attracted to Mary?

ELVIS

It wouldn't surprise me. Don't forget, Jesus was half man.

INT. DIAGNOSIS ROOM -- DAY

Dr. Northrop and a SPECIALIST are looking at Anne's X-rays. The circulation patterns in and around her brain are highlighted in bright relief.

The Specialist points to an area in the lower middle part of Anne's brain that appears as a blush.

He circles the area with his pen. He moves on to another X-Ray which shows the area from a different angle.

INT. EXAMINING ROOM -- DAY

Anne is dressed and is sitting on a chair. Dr. Northrop enters, holding a chart. His face is the picture of concern.

ANNE

You have bad news, don't you?

INT. HOUSE OF VARYA -- DAY

Alice is at Varya's table.

ALICE

Anne is dying.

VARYA

Are you surprised?

ALICE

Why wouldn't I be surprised?

VARYA

When were you born?

ALICE

(figuring it out)

She has to die so I can be born?

VARYA

Of course. It is a past life.

ALICE

But Elvis loves her.

VARYA

He told her that?

ALICE

Not in so many words, but it's pretty clear. He bought her a car.

VARYA

What kind?

ALICE

A Cadillac. Can't there be any overlap?

Varya shakes her head.

VARYA
Convertible?

ALICE
Yes. But her life is so much
better than mine, it's not fair.

VARYA
That's a nice car.

ALICE
Could I switch places? Cash in my
life for hers?

VARYA
Of course not.

ALICE
I know this life, I've lived it for
almost thirty years, I'm telling
you, it's not so great.

INT. LACMA -- DAY

Alice exits her office and walks up to Kathie who is helping
a little boy with his art project.

ALICE
Do you ever see Varya any more?

KATHIE
Who?

ALICE
Varya, the past-life medium. I
heard you talking about her one
day.

KATHIE
I'm over past lives.

ALICE
You're over them.

KATHIE
I'm into colonics now.

ALICE
(wishes she'd never asked)
Really.

KATHIE

They really teach you a lot about yourself.

EXT. RUNYON CANYON -- DAY

A rare, clear spring day. Alice and Kevin sit on the oversized bench with their feet dangling. The view extends to the ocean. There are snacks and beers between them.

ALICE

How'd you find this place?

KEVIN

I have a lot of important friends.

(pause)

What would happen if Brian came back today?

She thinks about it.

ALICE

I don't know. Why?

KEVIN

He sent me an address, a place to send my rent. Do you want it?

ALICE

No, I don't think so.

KEVIN

You sure?

She nods.

ALICE

My shrink says that it takes half as long to get over a relationship as you were in it. I was with Brian for four years, so I guess I'll be over him in two.

KEVIN

What if you came across the right guy before that?

ALICE

I'd probably walk right past him.

KEVIN

I think the misery of sensitive people is caused by the fact that they are delivered into rigid environments formed by people of bad intent over which they have no control.

Alice pretends to give this some thought.

ALICE

Sometimes I think I could get my nose pierced.

She drinks from her beer.

ALICE

(continuing)

Were you really in a band?

KEVIN

Yes.

ALICE

What happened?

KEVIN

Quit.

ALICE

How come?

KEVIN

It became too much about the money.

Alice laughs so hard she spits out her beer. Kevin hesitates then smiles along with her.

EXT. HOUSE OF VARYA -- DAY

Varya opens her front door and lets Alice inside.

INT. BEL AIR KITCHEN -- DAY

Anne opens the oven and slides out a standing roast of prime rib. She stabs a knife into the middle of it, pulls it out, and tests the temperature with her tongue.

Convinced it needs more time, she pushes the roast back in and shuts the door.

She disappears into the pantry and returns with a heavy canister of flour. It takes a lot of effort for her to carry it to the counter. Setting it down, she pauses to catch her breath and wipe the sweat from her brow.

She goes to the fridge and takes out a glass bowl full of eggs. Returning, she begins to get woozy, her steps are unsteady. She closes her eyes and takes a deep breath, trying to regain her balance.

An intense stab of pain hits her like a lightning bolt. The eggs fall from her hands. The glass bowl shatters. Her knees give way beneath her and she collapses on the floor.

INT. JOE'S CADILLAC -- DAY

Elvis sits in the passenger seat wearing a U.S. Navy officer's dress uniform. Joe is at the wheel driving as fast as he can. Red is in the back seat.

ELVIS

Did they say what kind?

RED

It's in her brain, in a place they can't operate.

INT. CEDAR'S SINAI -- DAY

Anne is in a hospital bed, being fed through a tube up her nose. She opens her eyes to find Elvis sitting beside her bed, still in uniform.

ANNE

You've been promoted.

ELVIS

I saved the crew from enemy capture. Made the world a safe place for democracy.

ANNE

And the girl?

ELVIS

She waited for me.

ANNE

Stupid girl.

ELVIS
Why didn't you tell me?

ANNE
I thought you'd go to pieces.

ELVIS
Do you want me to arrange for you
to go home?

Anne shakes her head.

ELVIS
(continuing)
Aren't there people you should be
with?

ANNE
My Mother died a few years back. I
wouldn't know my father if he was
standing right in front of me.

ELVIS
No sisters or brothers?

Anne shakes her head.

ELVIS
(continuing)
Then we'll take care of you at the
house.

ANNE
I don't want to be a burden.

ELVIS
I've been honored by your company
since the day we met.

Elvis leans down and kisses her on the forehead.

ANNE
You're taking this better than I
thought you would.

ELVIS
I've always been a crying on the
inside kind of clown.

Anne closes her eyes.

ELVIS
(continuing)
Does it hurt much?

Anne opens her eyes, nods slowly.

ELVIS
(continuing)
Do they give you anything for the
pain?

ANNE
Morphine.

ELVIS
Should I call the nurse?

ANNE
What time is it?

Elvis looks at his watch.

ELVIS
Quarter past five.

ANNE
It's okay, I get another shot soon.
Could you wait until then?

ELVIS
Sure.

Elvis takes her hand.

INT. ELVIS'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Elvis is in his room with Joe and Red and Jimmy and four
PRETTY YOUNG girls. Half-full wine and whiskey bottles stand
about. Music plays on the radio.

Elvis is all strung out, staring at the wall. Joe jokes with
the girls, trying to keep things light. A Redhead sits
beside Elvis. He turns and taps her on the shoulder.

ELVIS
You think I could break that coffee
table?

REDHEAD
What do you mean?

ELVIS
With my hand, like this. Smash
right through the motherfucking
table.

REDHEAD
(laughs nervously)
You're kidding, right?

Elvis rises to his feet. He swipes the bottles, ash trays,
and other crap off the table with one sweep of his arm.

RED
What the hell is going on?

ELVIS
I'm gonna break this table.

Elvis stands over it. Gets in position, takes deep breaths
to psyche himself up.

RED
That's pretty near four inches of
mahogany.

JOE
I seen him break bigger boards --

RED
It ain't gonna happen.
(to Elvis)
Break something else.

Elvis holds up his hand, requesting silence. He squares
himself, SHOUTS, and strikes the table with all his might.

If anything broke it was in his hand.

The girls grimace. Elvis stands stock still. Red
approaches.

RED
(continuing)
You all right?

In a fit of temper, Elvis throws over the table and stomps on
it repeatedly with the heel of his motorcycle boot.

No one knows what to do. Elvis keeps kicking the table again
and again.

Realizing it's futile, he begins to calm down. He looks at
the table. He looks at everyone in the room.

ELVIS
That is one solid piece of
furniture.

Elvis smiles. The others breathe sighs of relief.

ELVIS
(continuing)
I think I'm going to need another
drink.

Red turns up the radio. Joe picks up a bottle of wine and refills the girls' glasses.

Elvis goes to the bar, which is set up on a piece of glass on top of a dresser. His back is to the room.

He slides open a drawer. Inside is a turquoise-handled Colt .45 pistol. He drops the clip to check and see that it's loaded. It is.

He takes the gun from the drawer and raises it up. One of the girls notices and SCREAMS.

Elvis takes aim at the chandelier. BAM BAM BAM BAM BAM BAM BAM BAM BAM! One by one he shoots out the glass shaded lamps. The marksmanship is not bad for someone who's probably had enough Demerol to stun an ox.

ELVIS
(continuing)
I knew I could break something in
this room.

He sits down on the bed, still holding the gun. He is laughing, everyone else is quiet.

INT. REC ROOM -- DAY

Elvis stands beside a slot-car race track, set up to mimic the Daytona Motor Speedway. He is wearing a karate gi with a large Yin and Yang symbol embossed on the chest.

The track is realistic with grandstands filled with spectators, an astroturf infield with fake trees, and a pit row with little plastic mechanics.

He watches his car, a replica of a Plymouth Challenger, circle the track. Anne enters dressed in a robe. She finds a stool and sits down.

ELVIS
I didn't know you were here.

ANNE
They released me this morning.
Don't you have to be at the set?

ELVIS
We finished on Friday.

ANNE
What's next?

ELVIS
The Colonel's got something lined
up.

ANNE
You don't sound too excited.

ELVIS
Good money.

ANNE
What do you want to do?

ELVIS
I don't know, play the piano. Did
they tell you how long you have?

ANNE
I've already lasted longer than
they said I would. I appreciate
that I can be honest with you.

ELVIS
Did you know I have a twin brother?

Anne shakes her head.

ELVIS
(continuing)
His name is Jesse. He died the day
we were born.

Elvis points to the Yin and Yang circle on his chest.

ELVIS
(continuing)
As I go around this circle from
good to bad, travelling through sin
and temptation, Jesse is always
with me.

(more)

ELVIS(continuing)

I know deep in my heart that I will see him again. That he and my mother and I will be together one day. As sure as I'm sure of that, I know that you and I will meet again, that we will be reunited at a different time and a better place.

Elvis brings his car to a stop. He opens a drawer and takes out a red Mustang and a second control.

He sets the Mustang in a slot beside the Challenger and holds the control out to Anne.

ELVIS
(continuing)
Wanna race?

Anne takes the control. Elvis lines up the cars at the starting line.

ANNE
Am I the Mustang?

ELVIS
Yeah.

ANNE
I like Mustangs.

Elvis picks up his control.

ELVIS
Ready?

ANNE
Am I supposed to let you win?

ELVIS
Naw, cuz' if you do, I can just tell myself I was being a Gentleman.

ANNE
So I can kick your country butt?

ELVIS
You can try.

ANNE
And you won't pout?

ELVIS
 Pretty sure of yourself, aren't
 you?

ANNE
 Oh yes, very.

ELVIS
 On three. One. Two --

Anne doesn't wait for three. She puts down her thumb and her
 tiny car takes off.

ELVIS
 (continuing)
 You little cheat!

INT. BEL AIR KITCHEN -- DAY

Anne has dressed. She pulls some things out of the
 refrigerator, preparing to make lunch. Elvis enters in jeans
 and a t-shirt, his hair still wet from the shower.

ELVIS
 What are you doing?

ANNE
 Making lunch.

ELVIS
 You're white as a sheet. You
 should be resting.

ANNE
 Someone has to do it.

INT. BEL AIR KITCHEN -- LATE

Anne is sitting at the counter. Elvis has taken her place
 behind it. He drops four slices of Wonder Bread into the
 toaster and pushes down the lever. Moving on to the stove,
 he lights a burner and sets a skillet on top of it.

ELVIS
 The most common mistake in the
 preparation of the fried peanut
 butter and banana sandwich is to
 not toast the bread. If you fall
 into this trap, you end up with a
 mushy sandwich that's cold in the
 middle.

He opens the fridge and finds a stick of butter. He lops off an obscene amount of it and drops it in the pan. In the pantry, he searches and locates peanut butter and bananas.

Elvis picks up the frying pan and rolls it to spread the melted butter. The toast pops up. Elvis puts it on a paper plate and shows it to Anne.

He opens the peanut butter and finds a knife. He scoops some out and slathers it on the bread.

ELVIS
(continuing)
Don't skimp on the peanut butter
either.

A thick coat is applied to all four slices.

ELVIS
(continuing)
You shouldn't be able to tell where
the peanut butter ends and the
bananas begin.

Elvis puts two of the slices of bread into the frying pan. The butter bubbles around them. He peels a banana and slices it onto the bread.

ELVIS
(continuing)
You go lie down. I'll bring these
to you when they're ready.

INT. BEL AIR DEN -- NIGHT

Anne sits on the sofa with a blanket wrapped around her legs. Elvis is beside her. A plate with the finished fried peanut butter and banana sandwiches is on the coffee table beside two tall glasses of milk.

Anne picks up a sandwich. She looks at Elvis's expectant face and takes a bite.

ELVIS
What do you think?

ANNE
(swallowing hard)
Good. Thank you.

Elvis removes a heavy gold chain with a crucifix from his neck and places it on hers.

ANNE

Please, don't give me anything
else.

ELVIS

I'm a performer. I don't give, I
don't live.

INT. ANNE'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Anne is in bed, the light is on low. She is taking deep
breaths. Tears run down her cheeks. She is in great pain.

Elvis enters the room. He moves quietly across the floor and
sits down on the edge of her bed.

Anne grasps his hand and squeezes.

ELVIS

It's okay. Everything's going to
be okay --

His presence has a calming effect on her. She lets his hand
fall.

He reaches up and applies pressure to her temples. Her
breathing gradually deepens and evens.

ELVIS

(continuing)

There's nothing to be afraid of --

Anne drifts off to sleep.

VARYA (V.O.)

Alice. Alice. Alice!

INT. HOUSE OF VARYA -- DAY

Varya is on her feet, shaking Alice with all her might. She
won't wake up. Giving up, Varya goes to the phone and
punches a number.

VARYA

I knew this one was crazy.

EXT. HOUSE OF VARYA -- DAY

Varya's brother RALPH, a stout man in paint-splattered
coveralls, stands on her doorstep. Varya opens the door.

VARYA

Ralph, good. Come in, come in --

Varya hustles him inside.

INT. HOUSE OF VARYA -- DAY

Alice sits at Varya's table. She is in a deep trance. There is the trace of a smile on her lips.

Ralph and Varya stand before her.

RALPH

(heavy accent)

Did you try cold water?

VARYA

I tried everything. She won't wake up.

Ralph slaps Alice's face.

RALPH

Hey, you. Wake up.

Alice doesn't budge.

RALPH

(continuing)

This is very strange.

Varya looks at her watch.

VARYA

I have another customer in five minutes! I just can't have her sitting here like this.

Varya takes Alice by the shoulder.

VARYA

(continuing)

Don't just stand there! Help me move her.

IN THE HALLWAY:

Ralph carries Alice. Varya opens the door to a large closet and Ralph sets her inside.

RALPH

What are you going to do with her?

VARYA

I don't have time to think about that now.

RALPH

I could use her as a model. She sits very still.

Varya closes the closet door, leaving Alice in complete darkness.

INT. ANNE'S ROOM -- DAY

Anne wakes to find Elvis sleeping beside her, holding her hand. She slides out of bed carefully, so as not to wake him, and pads across the floor to the bathroom.

INT. ANNE'S BATHROOM -- DAY

Anne enters her bathroom and closes the door quietly behind her. She leans into the mirror and looks with dismay at the bags under her eyes.

She holds up her hand. It is shaking. She pulls open a drawer beside the sink and reaches for a bottle of prescription pain killers.

She pops the top and fishes for the pills. She winces, reacting to a terrible flash of pain. Her vision darkens and the room starts to swim before her eyes.

Another flash of pain, one hundred times stronger than anything she's ever felt before. Her knees fold beneath her like broken matchsticks.

She collapses on the cold tile. The aspirin bottle falls, scattering pills around her.

INT. CEDAR'S SINAI -- NIGHT

Elvis sits on a bank of chairs. He's been awake for thirty-six hours and looks it. Red sits beside him. Part of Anne can be glimpsed through a rectangular window in the adjacent room. A NURSE is tending to her.

The Colonel approaches Elvis.

COLONEL PARKER

How is she?

Elvis looks at him, doesn't answer.

RED
Sleeping.

The Nurse comes out of Anne's room.

NURSE
(to Elvis)
You can go in if you want.

INT. CEDAR'S SINAI -- NIGHT

Anne wakes in the stark hospital room. She is gaunt, colorless, and fragile. Elvis sits beside her, holding his head in his hands.

ANNE
Hey --

Elvis looks up and takes her hand.

ELVIS
How are you?

ANNE
Not so good. You?

Elvis shakes his head.

ELVIS
I don't think I can get through
this.

ANNE
You are loved by more people than
anyone on earth.

Anne closes her eyes. They reopen a moment later.

ANNE
(continuing)
Don't let them put me in a box, I
want to be cremated.

ELVIS
All right.

ANNE
I never saw Graceland.

ELVIS
It's not going anywhere.

The slightest hint of a smile from Anne. She closes her eyes. Elvis begins to shake. Losing a battle to fight back tears he leans over and kisses her.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. HOUSE OF VARYA -- NIGHT

It is the dead of night. POUNDING is heard coming from inside the closet where Alice was deposited.

ALICE
Let me out! I'm not dead!
Somebody help me!

More frantic POUNDING.

A just-awoken Varya stumbles out of her room in her pajamas. She clomps down the hall and opens the closet door releasing a severely disoriented Alice.

VARYA
Leave my house and don't ever come
back.

Alice is ruined.

ALICE (V.O.)
She told me she was a fake.

INT. DR. SHEMP'S CONDO -- NIGHT

Dr. Shemp lives in a swanky high-rise in Santa Monica. He looks a little sleepy and is wearing pajamas, slippers, and a robe. Alice sits on his sofa, fighting back tears.

ALICE
She said I was nuts and that she
wouldn't see me anymore.

Dr. Shemp passes her a box of tissues. Alice takes one and dries her eyes.

ALICE
How could I have made all that up?

DR. SHEMP

Your subconscious was trying to heal the wound created by the loss of your fiancée. Since you were not ready to face it in reality, it was cushioning the blow. With most people this process would have manifested itself in simple denial, but since you are a creative person, your subconscious devised a creative solution.

Alice is now crying full force. Dr. Shemp's heart goes out.

He gets up from his chair and sits beside her. He puts his arm around her and cradles her head against his shoulder. Alice stiffens.

He guides her face towards him and leans in to kiss her.

Alice recoils in horror.

ALICE

What are you doing?

DR. SHEMP

I was going to kiss you.

Alice goes pale.

ALICE

Oh my God.

She jumps to her feet, picks up her purse.

DR. SHEMP

You must've known I was attracted to you.

ALICE

This isn't happening.

She grabs her coat and reaches for the door. Dr. Shemp goes after her.

DR. SHEMP

Wait, we should talk.

Alice can't even look at him.

DR. SHEMP
(continuing)
We need to process what's happened
here.

Ignoring him, Alice pushes through the door and SLAMS it behind her.

EXT. ALICE'S APARTMENT BUILDING -- DAY

Alice gets out of a cab and enters her building. She still looks completely at sea.

INT. ALICE'S APARTMENT BUILDING -- DAY

Alice approaches Kevin's door. She finds it slightly ajar. She knocks.

ALICE
Kevin?

Alice pushes open the door and enters the apartment. She gasps.

Standing in the middle of the room, amongst backpacks and duffel bags is Brian.

BRIAN
Hello, Alice. It's good to see you
again.

ALICE
Brian. Where's Kevin?

BRIAN
I called from the airport. Told
him I was coming. He was gone when
I got here.

ALICE
You don't know where he went?

BRIAN
I'm sorry, I don't.

ALICE
You didn't know him from before?

BRIAN
No. He just answered an ad. Are
you guys friends or something?

Alice sits, hides her face in her hands.

ALICE
Are you back for good?

Brian sits beside her.

BRIAN
No. I came to pack up the rest of
my stuff. We need to talk.
Something happened to me in Alaska.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OCEAN OFF THE COAST OF ALASKA -- DAY

A salmon fishing boat is anchored off a majestic coastline.

ON DECK:

A group of manly, hardened DECK HANDS are hauling in a heavy net. Brian stands alongside them. He looks a little out of his element, but he's working hard to keep up.

He looks to the Deck Hand next to him. He is muscular and deeply tanned. His hair is closely cropped. A prominent tattoo of an anchor has been needled into his bicep.

Brian can't remove his eyes from him. The Deck Hand returns his look unflinchingly. An ocean of shared and unspoken knowledge opens up between them.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BRIAN'S APARTMENT -- DAY

Alice springs from the sofa and begins to pace before Brian.

ALICE
You're telling me you're gay?

BRIAN
I must have know something was
wrong, but I couldn't face it.

ALICE
Un-fucking believable! The four
years we were together, you weren't
really there at all, were you?

Brian is silent.

ALICE
(continuing)
Answer me! It wasn't real, was it!

BRIAN
Of course it was real. It
happened.

ALICE
But you weren't there! I made up
our whole relationship. After you
left I thought I knew what it was
like to be alone, but no, I had no
idea. Now I have retroactive
loneliness piled up on top of
everything else.

Brian tries to speak, but nothing comes out. Alice looks at him. The Elvis painting she gave to Kevin catches her eye. She goes to it and tears it down from the wall. She turns and leaves Brian's apartment, slamming his door behind her.

INT. ALICE'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Alice is in bed, tossing and turning angrily. Mr. Fabulous, wanting to play, leaps up and attacks her feet. This unsettles her further.

She rises from bed and goes to her closet. She drags out a cat carrier. She picks up Mr. Fabulous by the scruff of the neck and stuffs him inside. He meows from behind the wire door.

Alice clamps her hands over her ears and leaves the room.

IN THE KITCHEN:

Alice finds a bottle of Irish Whiskey above the sink. She pours some into a dirty glass, adds water from the tap, and drinks it down.

She makes the same drink again and carries it into the other room.

LIVING ROOM:

Alice sits on the edge of her sofa. She picks up her remote and puts it down again. She looks at all four walls. Her apartment seems confiningly small. She takes a sip of her drink. The taste makes her gag. In a fit, she throws it against the window.

The drinking glass breaks, the window glass holds. She watches the whiskey and water stream down the pane. Outside, someone passes. Was it Kevin? She hurries to the window. There is no one outside. In fact, there is no outside, just black.

INT. AIRPLANE -- DAWN

A red-eye flight. All the window shades are drawn, allowing the scattered passengers to sleep. Alice sits alone in an exit row. Mr. Fabulous is on her lap, still in his cat carrier. Alice's head rests on top of it. She is passed out.

A FLIGHT ATTENDANT makes an announcement over the P.A..

FLIGHT ATTENDANT (O.S.)
We are beginning our descent into
Memphis. Please make sure your
seats are upright and your . . .

Alice rouses. She sets the cat carrier on the vacant seat beside her. She reaches over and slides open the shade. She squints into the light of the coming dawn.

INT. TAXI -- DAY

Still the gray light of morning. Alice rides in the back of a taxi cab watching telephone poles go by.

They pass the locked gates of Graceland. A tired Guard stands in the guard shack. Mercury vapor lights extinguish themselves, their sensors signalling daylight.

The taxi driver slows. Alice tells him to drive on.

EXT. MEMPHIS LIBRARY -- DAY

Alice walks up the steps on her way into the main branch.

INT. MEMPHIS LIBRARY -- DAY

Alice sits at a computer terminal in the Reference Department. She enters the name **Carver, Anne** and does a search.

At the bottom of the screen appear the words:

0 entries found to match your search

INT. HALL OF RECORDS -- DAY

Alice stands before a CLERK at the hall of records.

ALICE

I was wondering if I could check
the records on anyone employed by
Colonel Tom Parker in the early
sixties?

INT. HALL OF RECORDS -- DAY

Alice returns a stack of files to the Clerk.

CLERK

Did you find what you were looking
for?

ALICE

No, but thank you anyway.

INT. MEMPHIS LIBRARY -- NIGHT

Alice is asleep on a table, surrounded by piles of books on
Elvis. A LIBRARIAN approaches and shakes her gently.

LIBRARIAN

We're closing, ma'am.

INT MEMPHIS HOTEL -- NIGHT

Alice is in a dumpy hotel in downtown Memphis. She opens a
can of cat food and spreads it out on a paper plate for Mr.
Fabulous.

EXT. GRACELAND -- DAY

A tour bus HISSES to a stop outside of Elvis's estate.
TOURISTS file out. Some snap pictures, all look to the house
wonderstruck, as if they'd just stepped through the pearly
gates. Alice is amongst them.

A PORTLY FELLOW, beside himself with excitement, shoots off
half a roll of film and turns to Alice.

PORTLY FELLOW

Is this your first time?

ALICE

It's beginning to look that way.

Portly Fellow looks at her funny. A TOUR GUIDE holds up her hand and waves.

TOUR GUIDE

Welcome to Graceland!

The crowd quiets a bit.

TOUR GUIDE

(continuing)

Please line up beside the gates,
our tour begins in ten minutes.

INT. GRACELAND -- DAY

The Tour Guide leads the group into the music room. A black Story and Clark piano is contrasted against white carpet and shiny golden drapes.

TOUR GUIDE

Friends and musicians would come to this room to sing and jam. Notable amongst them was James Brown. Although Elvis was most often seen with a guitar and could play it well, his instrument of choice was the piano.

The Tour has gathered in the TV ROOM:

A stark contrast to the tacky elegance of the Music Room, the TV Room is all mirrors and seventies low fashion.

A porcelain Monkey sits on a gilded coffee table.

The Tour moves through the POOL ROOM:

Four hundred yards of psychedelic fabric are stapled to the ceiling in pleats which converge at the center. The effect is dizzying.

The tour gazes in wonder at the JUNGLE ROOM:

A waterfall trickles over the slumpstone bricks which make up the far wall. Giant hand-carved chairs stand in three corners of the room, covered in what looks like zebra skin. Statuary includes rams, lions, tigers, and of course, a monkey.

THE AUTOMOBILE MUSEUM:

The group has scattered about. Some look at the Pink Cadillac Fleetwood, others the `56 Eldorado painted shocking purple.

Alice stands before the motorcycle exhibit, paying particular attention to a `57 Harley, just like the one Elvis took Anne for a ride on.

TOUR GUIDE

(continuing)

Elvis probably purchased over three hundred cars in his lifetime, and gave most of them away. He was a man of enormous appetites. If he liked something he would have to have ten of them, nothing was ever done in moderation.

Alice raises her hand.

TOUR GUIDE

(continuing)

Yes?

ALICE

Do you know if Elvis ever had a cook working for him named Anne Carver?

The Tour Guide thinks.

TOUR GUIDE

I'm afraid I've never heard that name.

ALICE

It would have been while he was in Hollywood.

TOUR GUIDE

I'm sorry.

(to the group)

If you'll please follow me --

EXT. GRACELAND -- DAY

The tour stands in the Meditation Garden before the graves of Elvis, his Mother Gladys, and his father Vernon.

TOUR GUIDE

Elvis died August 16, 1977 and was buried here in the Meditation Garden beside his beloved mother Gladys.

Alice reaches through the fence and lays her hand on his grave.

TOUR GUIDE

(continuing; smiles)

There are those, of course, who believe Elvis lives to this day. I'll let you draw your own conclusions.

EXT. TOURIST LOADING STATION -- DAY

Alice sits on a bench across the street from Graceland, waiting for the bus to take her back to the hotel. Members of her tour are milling about.

One of them steps aside, clearing her line of sight to a telephone pole which various ads and fliers have been stapled to. A bright yellow one catches her eye.

IT READS:

AUDIENCES WITH THE KING

Beneath the writing is a silhouette of Elvis and a telephone number.

INT. MADAME SCARLETT'S -- NIGHT

Alice and five other CUSTOMERS are sitting around a felt-topped table in a dark room full of red velvet and beads. At the center of the table is a crystal ball, behind the crystal ball is a SCARLETT, a medium. She strokes the crystal ball, putting herself into a kind of trance.

SCARLETT

We must now all join hands.

They do.

SCARLETT

(continuing)

Close your eyes and direct all your thoughts to summoning Elvis from the great beyond.

The room is dead silent.

SCARLETT
 (continuing)
 Wait, I think I hear something!

SHUFFLING FOOTSTEPS, followed by the sound of JINGLING gold chains.

SCARLETT
 (continuing)
 The King! He's here!

Everyone opens their eyes. Behind a semi-transparent screen stands a bad ELVIS IMPERSONATOR.

ELVIS IMPERSONATOR
 Hi, I'm Elvis Presley.

Everyone is impressed but Alice.

ALICE
 Give me a break.

She gets up from the table and leaves the room.

INT. MEMPHIS LIQUOR STORE -- NIGHT

Alice is at the counter, paying for a six-pack. She notices something on the shelf above the Cashier. It is a Jim Beam Elvis decanter. A white porcelain figurine of Elvis in a karate pose. The dates of his birth and death are embossed in gold leaf at the bottom.

INT. GREYHOUND BUS -- NIGHT

Alice is in the bus, staring out the window, watching the lights of Memphis recede behind her. Mr. Fabulous, in his carrier, is beside her. The Elvis decanter, in a plastic bag, is on her lap.

INT. ALICE'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Struggling with her luggage, Alice opens the door to her apartment. She enters the living room and sets the cat carrier down on the floor. She opens the wire door and Mr. Fabulous sprints out of the apartment like a cat possessed. Alice goes after him.

HALLWAY:

Looking around, Alice sees his puffy tail zip around the corner. She follows.

She rounds the corner just in time to see him disappear into Brian's apartment. She continues her pursuit, albeit with some trepidation.

BRIAN'S APARTMENT:

The apartment has been completely cleaned out. There is not a stitch of furniture, a shred of clothing, or scrap of paper. All the doors and windows have been left open for airing.

Alice looks around aimlessly. Mr. Fabulous comes to her, rubbing himself up against her shins. She picks him up without thinking and wanders into the kitchen.

THE KITCHEN:

The refrigerator, like the rest of the apartment, has been cleaned out and left open. Alice stands and stares.

INT. CHICAGO CHILDREN'S MUSEUM -- DAY

Alice supervises a group of FIFTEEN KIDS, all about nine years old. The kids are making hats out of different scraps of colored foam and fabric and are having the time of their lives.

Alice notices that one of the kids, JEROME, looks very sad. He is sitting apart from the others and isn't working. Alice goes to him.

ALICE
Jerome, where's your hat?

JEROME
I don't have one.

ALICE
You were working on one a little while ago.

JEROME
It's a dumb hat.

ALICE
Who said that?

JEROME

Someone.

ALICE

Could I see it?

Reluctantly, Jerome reaches under the table and retrieves his hat. He puts it on his head. It's a crazy, tall, Mad Hatter kind of thing.

ALICE

(continuing)

Wow!

Jerome pulls the hat from his head.

JEROME

I told you it was dumb.

ALICE

It's not dumb, it's fantastic.
Come with me --

INT. ALICE'S OFFICE -- LATE

Jerome stands beside Alice's desk. He is looking down at a Polaroid photograph, watching the image develop. It reveals itself to be a picture of him wearing the hat, smiling a broad, gap-toothed smile.

Alice takes a photo album from a shelf and sets it on her desk. Jerome watches as she opens it and flips through the pages. They are filled with photographs of kids in crazy hats.

ALICE

I like to save all the best work so
I can have it forever and show
other people.

She takes Jerome's photo and places it on a blank page in the album.

ALICE

(continuing)

Sometimes people say mean things
because they're jealous.

INT. ALICE'S OFFICE -- EVENING

The museum is closed. Alice has stayed late to catch up on some paperwork that is stacked high on her desk. She reaches for a bundle of mail, removes the rubber band, and flips through it.

Amongst the junk is something personal -- a colored envelope with her name written sloppily across the surface. She opens it. Inside is a handwritten invitation in the same sloppy script. It reads:

Birthday Party for Kevin

August 16, 2001

114 6th Street

8 p.m.

Alice looks at her watch. It is quarter past seven. The date on her Simpson's desk calender indicates that it is Aug

ALICE

Shit.

EXT. KEVIN'S PARENT'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

A cab pulls up in front of a three-story brick house in Hancock Park. Alice pays the driver and hops out. She has put on a dress and a long coat. In her arms is an oblong, wrapped package. Comparing the address beside the door with the one on her invitation, Alice hurries up the steps.

INT. KEVIN'S PARENT'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

A bear of a woman, who could only be KEVIN'S MOTHER, answers the door. She is somewhat formal in a billowy silk dress. She is so happy to see Alice she blushes.

ALICE

Hi, Is this where Kevin Waterman lives?

KEVIN'S MOTHER (HEAVY GERMAN ACCENT)

Yes, darling, come in, come in.

She leads Alice inside. The house is old-world European. Heavy chandeliers. Framed landscapes and worn velvet chairs. Classical music can be heard coming from a distant room.

KEVIN'S MOTHER

Let me take this.

She strips Alice of her coat.

KEVIN'S MOTHER

(continuing)

Kevin is in the study at the end of the hall. There is plenty of food, so eat, please eat.

Kevin's Mother disappears with Alice's coat.

Alice walks down the hallway, the music grows louder as she goes. The walls on either side are covered with the photos and awards of a piano prodigy.

One shows Kevin in a black cutaway standing before an orchestra, shaking hands with the conductor.

Alice arrives at the door to the study. The room has been decorated for a party, but there are no guests.

Kevin is seated at the piano, playing spectacularly. Alice's breath is taken away. Even more so when she sees the banquet. Every square inch of a ten foot table has been covered with fantastic looking food. A gorgeous birthday cake sits alone on a round table beside it.

Alice stands and listens until Kevin finishes.

ALICE

Happy birthday, Kevin.

Kevin gets up and goes to her. Alice hugs him tightly and long. She releases him and looks around.

ALICE

(continuing)

Where is everyone?

KEVIN

I'm expecting a late rush.

Alice hands Kevin his present.

ALICE

I got you this.

Kevin tears away the paper revealing the Elvis decanter.

KEVIN

Thank you. It's gorgeous.

Kevin looks at it some more. He places it in a position of honor beside his cake.

ALICE
Look at all this food.

KEVIN
Are you hungry?

ALICE
Starved.

Kevin hands her a plate.

EXT. KEVIN'S PARENT'S HOUSE -- LATE

Kevin and Alice sit side by side on the bench of a picnic table on the open-air back porch. Both have plates of food and are eating happily. Alice pops a crab-stuffed mushroom cap into her mouth.

ALICE
You have to try this.

She feeds one to Kevin.

KEVIN
What happened when Brian came back?

ALICE
I realized I missed you.

KEVIN
I think we were meant to be together.

ALICE
And how do you know so much at twenty- four?

KEVIN
I've been around.

They kiss.

INSIDE:

Kevin's Mother finds a book of matches in a kitchen drawer. She carries it through the dining room, into the study, and to the cake table.

She strikes a match and lights the candles. Written in frosting on the cake are the words:

Happy 24th Birthday Kevin!

August 16, 1977 -- August 16, 2001

The cake is lifted and pulled away, exposing the dates on the Elvis decanter.

Elvis Aaron Presley

January 8, 1935 -- August 16, 1977

FADE OUT: