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FADE IN:

EXT. CAESAR'S PALACE LAS VEGAS - NIGHT.

Marquee reads: **New Years Eve Appearing Live! Wayne Newton**

EXT. CAESAR'S SHOWROOM ENTRANCE

Amidst the noisy hustle of the casino, a 75 year old gray-haired, 185 lb. ELVIS PRESLEY is leaning coolly against a slot machine outside the showroom entrance.

Elvis is dressed in a John Varvatos double breasted tuxedo suit, diamond cuff links, black collared shirt, with a black bow tie.

He's eyeing the showroom entrance where two TUXEDOED MAITRE'D'S are checking names on their reservations list at the podium. Then, he hears WAYNE NEWTON begin singing "My Way" from the distant stage within the showroom.

SINGING FROM THE SHOWROOM:

*And now, the end is near,
And so I face the final curtain,*

ELVIS

Oy vey.

A sexy cocktail WAITRESS walks by.

WAITRESS

Cocktails?

ELVIS

No. Thankyou,thankyou,thankyouverymuch. Did anyone ever tell you look like Sharon Stone?

WAITRESS

Don't you think that whole Elvis impersonator thing has been over done?

ELVIS

Is this the last song in the show little mama?

He's eyeing the Maitre'd's.

In the distance he hears Wayne Newton

BACKGROUND WAYNE'S VOICE (singing)
*My friend, I'll say it clear,
 I'll state my case of which I'm certain.*

WAITRESS
 Yes Elvis. I think it is.

ELVIS
 Then, if you would please, excuse me, I
 should go.

Elvis straightens his tie, buttons his suit jacket, and begins to jog lightly up the stairs to the showroom's entrance, where he raises his hands into a karate chop to greet his hosts, and then shakes hands with one of the maitre'ds.

ELVIS
 Happy New Year Gentlemen.

As Elvis walks past him between the red velvet ropes that define showroom's entrance, the maitre'd opens his hand to see a hundred dollar bill.

INT. SHOWROOM - NIGHT

Elvis stands inside the rear of the showroom, and scans the tiered landscape of the audience's tables and stage.

BACKGROUND WAYNE'S VOICE (singing)
*I've lived a life that's full
 I traveled each and every highway
 And more, much more than this
 I did it my way*

Then, Elvis walks down around the side aisle, to the steps leading down to the area closest to the stage, and down a few stairs, to the lower level of audience seats adjacent to the stage. A spot light shines on Elvis, stunning him, as a deer caught in the headlights. Regaining composure, he waves to the audience. It's second nature. No one notices.

On stage WAYNE NEWTON, dressed in a blue velvet suit studded with rhinestones, holds a gleaming gold microphone and continues singing.

WAYNE

*Regrets I've had a few,
But then again too few to mention.
I did what I had to do,
And saw it through without exemption.*

At the side of the stage Elvis steps up on to an empty chair, and up on to a stage-side table top, and then up on to the stage, towards Wayne.

As Wayne continues the song, he looks sideways toward the approaching figure.

WAYNE

*I planned each charted course,
Each careful step along the byway.
And more, much more than this,
I did it my way.*

Wayne is squinting from the spotlight but, notices someone approaching him from stage right. As he sees Elvis, he extends his hand to shake it. And continues singing.

WAYNE

*Yes there were times I'm sure you knew,
When I bit off more than I could chew.
But through it all, when there was doubt.
I ate it up and spit it out.
I faced it all, and I stood tall,
And did it my way.*

Walking across the stage, Elvis waves to the crowd, bows to the crowd, ignoring Wayne Newton singing.

WAYNE

*I've loved, I've laughed and cried,
I've had my fill, my share of losing.
And now as tears subside,
I find it all, so amusing.*

Elvis turns left and waves, and bows. Elvis turns right and waves, and bows.

WAYNE

*To think I did all that,
And may I say not in a shy way,*

*Oh no, oh no, not me,
I did it my way.*

Elvis salutes the audience at center stage, ignoring Wayne. Then, Elvis abruptly turns and bows to Wayne, and extends his right hand.

Wayne extends his right hand to shake Elvis' hand.

Elvis's uses his right hand to take the microphone from Wayne's left hand, ignoring the attempted hand shake, and without missing a beat Elvis launches his voice into the last verse.

ELVIS (singing)
*For what is a man, what has he got?
If not himself, then he has not.*

Elvis, standing center stage, steps in front of Wayne and sings.

ELVIS (singing)
*To say the things he truly feels,
And not the words of one who kneels.
The record shows, I took the blows
And did it my way.*

Elvis dives down on his knees and sings.

ELVIS (singing)
Yes it was my way.

Elvis rises to his feet, and nods at Wayne.

ELVIS
Happy New Year everyone. God Bless.

As a courtesy, but perplexed, Wayne applauds, and again extends his hand again to shake his guests hand.

But Elvis, again, ignores the handshake, bows to the audience, and leans forward to the front row where he takes napkins being passed to him from ladies in the audience, wiping his brow, and passing them back.

Wayne stands stunned, arms crossed, at center stage, while the orchestra continues playing a reprise of MY WAY.

Elvis continues to bask in the adulation of a surprised audience, and takes another elegant slow bow.

The orchestra again plays an instrumental reprise of the chorus of MY WAY.

Elvis lunges into a karate stance.

From the audience, behind three rows of women grouped at the stage swooning, a man in a cowboy hat snaps a few flash photos.

On stage, Elvis prowls from stage right to stage left, bowing.

The orchestra conductor looks at Wayne for direction.

Wayne signals "keep playing".

The orchestra again plays an instrumental reprise of the chorus of MY WAY.

Then Elvis raises his right arm into his trademark "TCB" hand sign and exits stage-left, stepping down across the same empty table and chair he used to enter the stage deck, and down on to the floor of the showroom.

Elvis waves as the spotlight follows him, looking back just briefly to see Wayne clapping.

WAYNE

Good night everyone. Elvis Presley ladies and gentleman! (PAUSE) Hey Elvis? Maybe we should audition for American Idol? The nostalgia angle - we'd have a better shot at Idol then we did with The Ted Mac Amateur hour? (LAUGHS) We both lost.

The orchestra continues playing an instrumental reprise of the chorus of My Way.

WAYNE

I thought that impersonator's contest was next month? How time flies. And this doesn't look like a Dairy Queen? Goodnight, ladies and gentlemen. Good to see you again Elvis.

The curtain comes down on Wayne Newton's show, and the house-lights brighten.

A group of giddy older women surround Elvis as he walks from the side of the stage into the audience.

FEMALE AUDIENCE MEMBER 1.
Elvis!?! Elvis! (crying)

She pushes a showroom program and pen into his hand.

Elvis signs his autograph and hands the program back to her, and kisses her cheek.

FEMALE AUDIENCE MEMBER 2.
Oh my God, Elvis, OH MY GOD, I knew he'd
come back, I knew it!

The female autograph seeker looks shocked, disgustedly at her signature.

FEMALE AUDIENCE MEMBER 1.
No honey. I don't think so. Elvis always looped his "Y's"

Close up on signature of Elvis Presley's autograph with 'regular' "Y" in Presley.

Crying lady stops crying and is stunned.

Fan with program throws it on the floor.

INT. CINDER BLOCK BASEMENT MEETING ROOM - DAY.

CLOSE UP ON ELVIS PRESLEY: sitting half dazed

ELVIS (humming)

We're caught in a trap
I can't walk out
Because I love you too much baby

PULL BACK TO REVEAL A CIRCLE OF MEN:

ELVIS, DEAN MARTIN, SAMMY DAVIS JR., and JIM MORRISON, in an A.A. style meeting, sipping coffee from Styrofoam cups and smoking.