

ACT II

(Lights come up on the office of the Colonel. It is the next afternoon. THE COLONEL has been drilling ROSCOE mercilessly for 12 hours. THE COLONEL is fired up but ROSCOE is wearing out. He is in the process of playing air guitar in an effort to imitate Elvis. CANDY sits in the Colonel's swivel chair with his feet on the desk playing a reel to reel tape recorder of an Elvis instrumental. CANDY already has a five o'clock shadow and his clothes are wrinkled while his coat hangs on the tip of one of the longhorns on the front of the desk. He sips on a large cup of coffee. ROSCOE does a poor imitation of Elvis playing his guitar.)

COLONEL. Good, good...now slow it down, don't be in such a hurry...slouch a little bit...little bit more...lower one of them shoulders...keep that chin down...good, good...bend your left knee...keep walkin'...right foot out...keep walkin'...smile Roscoe, smile.

(ROSCOE drags himself about the room one shoulder drooping, his right foot crooked and his whole body slouching. He comes to a quivering halt mid-stage with his back to us.)

COLONEL. Now let's see that curled upper lip, Roscoe. Come on, give us that Elvis "sneer."

(ROSCOE whirls around to face us, baring his teeth in a grimace, his eyes bulging, his hands contorted.)

COLONEL. Alright, alright. kill the music. *(CANDY turns off the tape recorder.)* What's missin' Candy?

CANDY. *(Pretends to ponder the question.)* Hmm...maybe...ohh...I don't know...ELVIS.

COLONEL. *(Scowling at CANDY.)* You're doin' just fine, Roscoe.

CANDY. Listen Colonel, it's time for a break. You've been going at Roscoe on and off for nearly twelve hours.

COLONEL. We don't have time for another break. We've got a deadline. Roscoe's got it inside of him and I've got to get it out of him. *(THE COLONEL notices ROSCOE weaving.)* You don't want to let Elvis down do you, Roscoe? Elvis is countin' on you. You don't need to take another break do you?

ROSCOE. *(Punchy.)* Well maybe just a short...

COLONEL. *(Grabbing ROSCOE by the arm.)* Good boy. *(Dragging ROSCOE down center.)* Now let's get back to our voice work. You remember what we did this mornin'? *(ROSCOE flashes a thumbs up.)* Good. Let's try it again. Now just look out that way *(Indicating the*

audience:) and pretend like you're looking at the audience and say "Ladies and gentlemen...I'm Elvis Presley." You got that? Just say "Ladies and gentlemen...I'm Elvis Presley." Go.

ROSCOE. (*Clearing his throat:*) Ladies and gent...

COLONEL. Don't look at me...

ROSCOE. Ladies and...

COLONEL. Look out at the audience.

ROSCOE. (*Looking out at the audience:*) Ladies and Gentlemen...

COLONEL. Don't forget to smile...

ROSCOE. (*Trying to smile:*) Ladies and...

COLONEL. Keep your chin down...

ROSCOE. Ladies and gentlemen...

COLONEL. Chin down.

ROSCOE. Ladies and...

COLONEL. Keep your voice in the back of your throat.

ROSCOE. Ladies and gentlemen...I'm...

COLONEL. Back of the throat.

ROSCOE. Ladies and gentlemen...I'm Elvis...

COLONEL. (*Putting an arm around him:*) Back of the throat. Back of the throat.

ROSCOE. Ladies and gentlemen...I'm Elvis Presley...

COLONEL. Good, good...(Coaxing him with his fingers on ROSCOE's throat:) Like you're tryin' to gargle while you're talking. Like this: (*Gargling while he speaks:*) " I I I I'm Elvis Presley.

ROSCOE. (*Gargling:*) I I I I...

COLONEL. That's it. Like you got somethin' in the back of your throat and you can't cough it up. I I I I...

ROSCOE. I I I I...

COLONEL. (*Putting his fingers on either side of ROSCOE's cheeks to purse his lips:*) Loosen them lips.

ROSCOE. I I I I'm Elvis Presley...

COLONEL. Don't forget to smile... (*His fingers mashing ROSCOE's mouth into a horrible grin.*)

ROSCOE. (*Slipping into dementia:*) Ladies and gentlemen...I I I I'm...

(The intercom beeps.)

ROSCOE. I I I I'm Elvis Presley...

COLONEL. That's it, that's it. I I I I'm...

ROSCOE. I I I I'm...

COLONEL. Now you got it...

ROSCOE. I I I I'm...I I I I'm...

COLONEL. What is it Trudy?

ROSCOE. I I I I'm Elvis Presley...*(ROSCOE's "Elvis voice" is rapidly degenerating into a deep shaky vibrato.)*

INTERCOM. *(Trudy.)* There's a Mister Roselli, calling from Las Vegas.

ROSCOE. *(Now out of control, he screams into the intercom:)* I I I I'm Elvis Presley...I I I I'm Elvis Pre...

COLONEL. *(Clutching ROSCOE in a headlock, he drags him with him to the phone:)* Roselli?

ROSCOE. I I I I'm Elvis Presley...I I I I I'm..

COLONEL. *(Clamping his hand over ROSCOE's mouth:)* Put him on Trudy.

INTERCOM. *(Trudy.)* Ya Colonel.

COLONEL. *(Clutching ROSCOE close while talking:)* Tony...you rascal... don't you have better things to do than keep up with me? He, he, he. *(A slight pause.)* You don't. Well, I know you didn't call just to wish me Merry Christmas. He, he, he. What's on your mind? You did? They are? Well...you're gonna have quite a crowd on your hands what with all them...families flying in from New York and Chicago and Miami. Oh it'll be a good show all right. One of a kind. What's that? It better be. He, he, he. Listen, I gotta go...I got my hands full. Bye bye now.

COLONEL. *(Hanging up the phone:)* We're runnin' out of time, Roscoe. You're gonna have to give me more, a lot more. You've got to give me everything you've got. *(ROSCOE can't speak with THE COLONEL's hand still over his mouth.)* You ready to give me everything you got?

(THE COLONEL releases his grip and uncovers ROSCOE's mouth.)

ROSCOE. I I I I'm Elvis Presley...I I I I'm Elvis Presley...

COLONEL. *(Covering ROSCOE's mouth again:)* Save it for later. Don't use it up. Now let's work on them Elvis moves again.

(His arm still around ROSCOE's shoulder, THE COLONEL leads him down center.)

COLONEL. One thing about Elvis is that he's always moving. Even when he's standing still he's moving. He's moving some part of his body all the time.

ROSCOE. Yes, Colonel.

COLONEL. *(He lets go of ROSCOE and nervously paces back and forth.)* Remember Roscoe, Elvis prowls the stage. Like a panther. Go ahead. Let's see you prowl, Roscoe.

ROSCOE. Yes sir, Colonel. *(He gives THE COLONEL a thumbs up.)*

COLONEL. Okay, Candy. Hit it.

(CANDY presses a button on the tape recorder on the desk and we hear an instrumental version of one of Elvis' hit records. As the music plays THE COLONEL coaches ROSCOE on his movements.)

COLONEL. Go on, prowl Roscoe...prowl.

(ROSCOE tries to prowl about the stage. It is a mincing, embarrassing series of little steps and awkward posturing. He moves past THE COLONEL and goes around the desk.)

COLONEL. Prowl Roscoe. Prowl... *(ROSCOE panics and begins to run and hop.)* ...prowl...PROWL...!!!

(ROSCOE quickens his effeminate movements and circles around the desk again. In a panic to please the Colonel, ROSCOE starts running and leaping, his arms flaying his knees in the air.)

COLONEL. Prowl Roscoe...Prowl...STOP, STOP. STOP. That's not prowlin' Roscoe that's some kinda' Nancy-boy-tip-toein. Here... *(THE COLONEL picks up a stapler from the desk and hands it to ROSCOE.)* Pretend this stapler is a microphone.

(ROSCOE takes the stapler, unsure what to do with it. Raising the front end of it to his mouth we here a loud click. ROSCOE winces and grabs his lower lip having stapled himself.)

COLONEL. Hold that stapler like a six gun. *(ROSCOE holds the stapler away from his body with two fingers.)*

(CANDY sits in the chair watching with a look of weary disbelief as ROSCOE tries to pretend the stapler is a microphone.)

COLONEL. Remember to carry the cord to the microphone like a lasso. The stage is your prairie. You got that? The stage is your prairie.

ROSCOE. (*Suddenly inspired:*) The stage is my prairie. The stage is my prairie.

(ROSCOE tries to prowls the stage with his six gun and lasso repeating the line "The stage is my prairie.")

COLONEL. (*Grabbing the stapler from ROSCOE:*) Give me that damn thing. You hold the microphone like this. Then you twirl the microphone cord like this. Then you bend down and shake it.

(He and THE COLONEL stand side by side pantomiming the twirling of a lasso while they bend and shake their knees. TRUDY enters with a tray of sandwiches and stops dead in her tracks when she sees THE COLONEL gyrating. Even ROSCOE stops and stares at him as he shimmyes and shakes. THE COLONEL loses himself, shaking his hips and grinding to the music.)

COLONEL. Don't be afraid to swing them hips, Roscoe. Grind it out. You see what I'm doin'? Bump it out. SHAKE IT OUT BABY.

(CANDY turns off the music. THE COLONEL continues his mad gyrations seemingly unaware that the music has stopped.)

COLONEL. SHAKE IT OUT BABY...SHAKE IT...SHAKE...shake it...baby...shake...it.

(THE COLONEL comes to an embarrassing stop. He realizes that CANDY, TRUDY, and ROSCOE are staring at him.)

COLONEL. (*Out of breath he takes out his handkerchief.*) Well...you...uh...you get the picture, Roscoe?

ROSCOE. Oh yes sir...I get the picture.

CANDY. I think we *all* get the picture, Colonel.

TRUDY. And it will haunt us for the rest of our lives.

COLONEL. (*Putting the stapler back on the desk:*) Alright, alright, what're you all doin' standin' around? Everybody take five. Go on Roscoe, get outta here, go grab yourself a soda and then get on back in here and try on them jump suits we got in the back room.

TRUDY. Take one of these sandwiches Roscoe, I know you must be starved.

(ROSCOE grabs two sandwiches and exits stage right as TRUDY sets the tray on the desk and exits stage right, closing the door behind her. THE COLONEL gives CANDY a long look.)

COLONEL. (*Finally:*) Well...what do you think?

CANDY. I think you make one hell of an Elvis, Colonel.

COLONEL. (*Exploding:*) Never mind about me. I'm talkin' about Roscoe. What do you think?

CANDY. What do *you* think?

COLONEL. It's hard to say.

CANDY. It's not hard to say. He stinks.

COLONEL. It could be worse.

CANDY. It could only be worse if he didn't speak English.

COLONEL. We just need more time.

CANDY. We don't need more time we need more talent. Every time he gives you that "thumbs up" you can bet he's drawin' a blank.

COLONEL. It's *there*, if we could just bring it out of him.

CANDY. (*Wearily he takes his sports coat off the longhorns.*) Oh what's the use. Why don't we just throw in the towel? It was a crazy idea anyway.

COLONEL. What do you mean, "throw in the towel"? What do you think that phone call was all about? You think that was Avon calling? That was Roselli. That was his way of sending me a message.

CANDY. He's not Al Capone. He's just Bugs Roselli...

COLONEL. Don't call him "Bugs."

TOGETHER. He don't like to be called "Bugs."

CANDY. (*Putting on his coat:*) Yea I know. Listen Colonel...I'd do anything I could to help you but you're fighting a losing battle. I think it's time to let it go. (*He opens the door to leave.*) Tell Roselli the truth. Sometimes the truth works, Colonel.

COLONEL. I'm not beat yet. I can handle Roselli. Hell, if I can make Roscoe believe he's a dog then I can make... (*He stops short...inspired.*) ...I can make him believe...anything.

CANDY. (*Closing the door slowly:*) What...?

COLONEL. I can do it. There's nothin' to it...back in my Carnival days I used to hypnotize people for fifty cents a pop. I could put anybody under. Make 'em believe they was anyone.

(THE COLONEL *steps downstage with his back to CANDY thinking it over.*)

CANDY. (*Coming back into the room:*) Making somebody believe they're a dog is a long way from making somebody believe they're Elvis.

COLONEL. You want to bet? I've got the gift, Candy. I've always had second sight. *(Staring off into space.)* All I gotta do is make a man feel relaxed and at ease and then talk to him real soft and steady. People always said my voice was just the right tone to put folks under. Course it helps to say stuff like... "Your eyes are gettin' sleepy. You need to sleep...sleep." That kinda' stuff. Hell I don't have to say nothin' if I don't want to. I can put somebody out with the movements of my hand. *(He lifts his right hand and moves it about seductively like a snake.)* See that...just move my hand about like this and pretty soon my hand is like a cobra puttin' its next victim into a trance just before it strikes.

(CANDY has been watching THE COLONEL's hand-snake and his eyelids begin to flutter.)

CANDY. Sounds kinda'...crazy...to me.

(ROSCOE enters stage right while taking a bite from his sandwich.)

COLONEL. Usually I say somethin' like... "Listen to my voice..."

(ROSCOE immediately drops the sandwich from his hand and is instantly under the Colonel's spell. His mouth hangs open and the bite of sandwich is visible in his open mouth. His eyes close as THE COLONEL continues talking.)

COLONEL. My voice is like somethin' in the bottom of a deep well...listen to my words...you can hardly keep your eyelids open...they're soooo heavy...if only you could sleep...yes...sleep..."

(ROSCOE's head tilts back and his body sways with the words spoken by THE COLONEL. CANDY is also under the power of the Colonel's words as his head slumps, his eyes close. THE COLONEL is downstage center and doesn't notice either of them.)

COLONEL. *(Off handedly.)* And that's it. Nothin' to it. All that's left is to make a suggestion and the deal is done. Course I'd need a command word. A command word is a word that turns 'em on or off. It could be any word. "Boy" for instance. Boy's a good word. I could say something like... "When you hear the word "boy" you will become Elvis. You will sing like Elvis, talk like Elvis...you will be Elvis." Then I bring him out of it. "You will awaken now and remember nothing until you hear the command word." *(He claps his hands three times.)* And that's all there is to it. It's simple.

(ROSCOE and CANDY instantly awaken and are back to normal.)

CANDY. You're not really going to try... *(Surprised to see ROSCOE standing nearby.)* ...to try hypnosis are you, Colonel?

(ROSCOE sees his sandwich on the floor, picks it up, takes a hair off of it, smells it and resumes eating it.)

COLONEL. No, I guess not, Candy. It was just a thought. Besides... not everybody can be hypnotized.

ROSCOE. *(Stepping forward while munching on the sandwich.)* Sorry to bother you Colonel, but I'm ready to try on those Elvis outfits.

(CANDY pours himself some more coffee and turns to look upstage at the wall of Elvis photos.)

COLONEL. They're in the back room, Roscoe. Try one on. *(ROSCOE heads for the door stage left.)* I'm gonna go splash some water in my face. We've got a hell of a lot of work to do.

(ROSCOE enters the room stage left and closes the door behind him.)

COLONEL. *(Walking past CANDY he pauses.)* Boy...am I beat. *(He continues off stage right.)*

(THE COLONEL exits, closing the door. CANDY stands with his back to us looking up at a picture of Elvis on the wall. After a few beats he sets his coffee cup down on the desk. What follows is a Jekyll-Hyde transformation from CANDY to Elvis. With his back still turned to us he begins to writhe and convulse.

One of his legs begins to shake. We watch the back of his head as it slowly rises up from hunched shoulders. His back shifts as he looks slowly from side to side. He turns the collar up on his coat. Suddenly he whirls around to face the audience. His whole manner and gestures have changed.

We can actually hear him muttering in an Elvis sounding voice as if he's about to break into a song. His eyes have a sleepy quality, his right leg shakes, the left side of his upper lip quivers as it shapes itself into the famous sneer. He walks in a sexy manner down stage toward the audience and stops, swaying back and forth and sneering with his eyes nearly shut.)

ELVIS/CANDY. Ahhhh... Good evening ladies and gentlemen...I I I I I'm Elvis Presley.

(ROSCOE comes out of the room stage left wearing an Elvis jumpsuit, big belt, scarf, black wig and wearing a pair of high heeled boots. He crosses down in front of ELVIS/CANDY who watches him.)

ROSCOE. How do these shoes look, Colonel? They're a little big. Say, where's the colonel? *(ELVIS/CANDY continues to watch ROSCOE with mild curiosity.)* Oh, he stepped out. Well good. I need a break.

I'm so tired. You know something Candy, just between you and me I think this whole idea is crazy. The Colonel thinks that I can take Elvis' place for this job in Vegas but nobody can take Elvis' place. I mean there's only one Elvis. You know that.

ELVIS/CANDY. Uhhhh...Thank you very much.

ROSCOE. (*Grinning he turns to look at CANDY:*) Say, that was pretty good Candy.

ELVIS/CANDY. Ahhhh I don't know anything about no candy, little buddy, but ahhhh what's all this about the Commodore wantin' you to pretend to be me.

ROSCOE. That voice is really good. Could you show me how to do that?

ELVIS/CANDY. (*Stepping down stage:*) I I I I I don't know why the Colonel would want anybody to pretend to be me when he's got me right here and I could be me.

ROSCOE. Hey, maybe you should take my place.

ELVIS/CANDY. How come you're wearin' my clothes?

ROSCOE. (*Chuckling nervously:*) Hey, come on Candy cut it out.

ELVIS/CANDY. What's the Colonel up to, little buddy? How come he wants you to be me?

ROSCOE. Stop it will you. What's the matter with you?

(*TRUDY enters stage right.*)

TRUDY. Oh there you are, Roscoe. Say...you look pretty good in that costume. Have you seen the Colonel?

(*ELVIS/CANDY strolls about the room looking at the pictures on the wall.*)

ROSCOE. (*Hurrying over to TRUDY he whispers:*) Am I glad to see you Miss Trudy. Something's wrong with Candy.

TRUDY. What's wrong with him?

ROSCOE. He thinks he's Elvis.

TRUDY. (*Raising her voice:*) Elvis?

ELVIS/CANDY. (*Turning around to the sound of his name:*) Somebody call me?

ROSCOE. See what I mean.

TRUDY. Candy?

ELVIS/CANDY. Ahhh that's what my little buddy here keeps callin' me. I I I I'm Elvis.

TRUDY. What's with this "Elvis stuff"?

ELVIS/CANDY. I I I I like the way you talk.

TRUDY. Alright Candy...very cute.

ELVIS/CANDY. You sure are a sexy little frauline.

TRUDY. *(She looks at ROSCOE.)* What did he just call me?

ROSCOE. Sounded like he called you a sexy little frauline.

TRUDY. He's never called me that before.

ROSCOE. He's been calling me "Little Buddy".

ELVIS/CANDY. *(Gesturing to ROSCOE:)* Ahhh why's this guy wearin' my clothes? *(Looking at his own clothing:)* Ahhh how come I'm wearin' this outfit? Oh my god. I I I I look like Robert Goulet.

TRUDY. Alright Candy you've had your little joke.

ELVIS/CANDY. I I I I gotta go home and get out of these clothes. Is this here a back door?

(ELVIS/CANDY spots the room stage left. He rushes in, pausing in the door way to bump and grind for TRUDY before disappearing into the back room and slamming the door behind him.)

TRUDY. Candy stop this, I don't have time for such foolishness. *(Suddenly it dawns on her.)* Wait a minute. I know what's going on. He's done it again.

ROSCOE. Who's done it again Miss Trudy?

TRUDY. That elephant in the string tie.

ROSCOE. Elephant in the string tie?

(THE COLONEL enters stage right wiping his hands off with a towel.)

COLONEL. What elephant in the string tie?

TRUDY. Boy...you've got some nerve.

(ROSCOE is standing upstage behind the Colonel's swivel chair when he hears the command word "boy." He immediately faints behind the chair out of sight. As THE COLONEL and TRUDY keep talking we see ROSCOE emerge from behind the chair going through his Jekyll-Hyde transformation into Elvis.)

TRUDY. *(Walking down stage to THE COLONEL:)* How could you do such a thing?

COLONEL. What're you talking about?

TRUDY. You know perfectly well what I'm talking about.

COLONEL. What?

TRUDY. What you did to Candy?

COLONEL. What did I do to Candy?

TRUDY. You've got him walking around the office sneering at me.

COLONEL. Sneering at you?

TRUDY. Saying silly things and acting like Elvis.

(ROSCOE is still upstage, hunched over and wheeling about in the throes of his Elvis transformation unnoticed by THE COLONEL and TRUDY.)

COLONEL. Acting like Elvis? Why would he be acting like Elvis?

TRUDY. Don't play innocent with me. You hypnotized him.

COLONEL. What's she talkin' about, Roscoe?

ELVIS/ROSCOE. *(Whirling around, now fully transformed:)* I I I I don't know about no Roscoe but she sure is a sexy little frauline.

TRUDY. Roscoe!

(ELVIS/ROSCOE steps down stage and stands stage right of THE COLONEL and TRUDY.)

COLONEL. What do you mean callin' her a sexy little frauline?

(ELVIS/CANDY explodes out of the room stage left now wearing an Elvis costume and wig like Roscoe's. He does a karate kick out at the audience then stands chewing gum and admiring his own jump suit. Both Elvises proceed to move about the room gesturing like Elvis and striking poses from his famous stage shows.)

ELVIS/CANDY. This is more like it. What's up Commodore?

COLONEL. *(Turning to ELVIS/CANDY:)* What did you call me?

ELVIS/ROSCOE. What's up Commodore?

COLONEL. *(Turning to ELVIS/ROSCOE:)* What did you call me?

(THE COLONEL and TRUDY are trapped between the two Elvises.)

TRUDY. Now they're both doing it.

COLONEL. What the hell's going on? *(To CANDY:)* How come you're dressed like that?

ELVIS/CANDY. Ahhhh you tell me, Commodore.

COLONEL. Stop callin' me that.

ELVIS/ROSCOE. What's up Commodore.

TRUDY. Make them stop, Colonel.

COLONEL. Cut it out you two, you're scaring Trudy.

ELVIS/ROSCOE. I I I I'm Elvis Presley.

ELVIS/CANDY. I I I I'm Elvis Presley.

COLONEL. Stop talkin' like that.

TRUDY. It's like the Invasion of the Body Snatchers.

ELVIS/ROSCOE. I I I I'll talk any way you want, Colonel.

TRUDY. Then this isn't a joke?

COLONEL. Well it's not my joke, they were fine when I went to wash my hands.

TRUDY. Why are they both acting like Elvis?

COLONEL. *(It hits him.)* Oh my lord. It can't be. Great Caesar's Ghost. I'm better than I thought I was. I must've got 'em both at the same time.

TRUDY. What are you talking about?

COLONEL. What a show this would make. Bigger than the bearded baby or the five legged cat. *(Taking TRUDY aside:)* No time to explain Trudy, but somehow I must have hypnotized them both at the same time. I hypnotized them into thinking that they're Elvis.

TRUDY. Why did you hypnotize them?

COLONEL. I didn't do it on purpose.

TRUDY. How do you hypnotize somebody by accident?

COLONEL. Never mind. We've gotta get 'em back to normal.

TRUDY. Well snap your fingers or clap your hands and end all of this nonsense.

COLONEL. Snap your fingers...this ain't no T.V. show. This is real life. I can't bring them out of it without the command word.

TRUDY. The command word?

COLONEL. The command word.

(The two Elvises kneel before the audience with outstretched arms.)

TRUDY. Well say the command word then.

COLONEL. Alright, alright. *(He points his extended fingers at the Elvises.)* Listen to me very carefully. I'm going to say one word and when you hear that word you will no longer be Elvis...you will be your normal selves again. *(Biting his lower lip.)* Just as soon as...I say...that word.

TRUDY. *(After a long pause.)* Well go on...say it...what are you waiting for?

COLONEL. *(His fingers still pointing, he closes his eyes.)* Give me a second.

TRUDY. For god's sake Colonel say the word.

COLONEL. I can't.

TRUDY. Why not?

COLONEL. I've forgotten the command word.

TRUDY. What?

(The two Elvises continue to make Elvis sounds and karate moves.)

COLONEL. I can't remember the command word.

TRUDY. Why would you choose a command word you couldn't remember?

COLONEL. It was just a word I thought of off the top of my head.

TRUDY. Did you write it down?

COLONEL. *(Exploding:)* Why would I write it down when I didn't even know I was gonna use it?

TRUDY. You've got to bring them out of this.

COLONEL. I can't without knowin' the command word.

TRUDY. You mean they will be like this forever?

COLONEL. Just stop talkin' and let me think. *(Taking out his handkerchief:)* Boy...do I need a drink.

CANDY. *(Back to normal:)* I'll have one too, Colonel. Scotch neat.

ROSCOE. *(Back to normal:)* Coca-Cola for me.

(TRUDY and THE COLONEL look at each other.)

TRUDY. That sounded normal.

COLONEL. Yea, it did sound normal. *(Cautiously:)* Candy? Is that you?

CANDY. What do you mean? What kinda' question is that?

COLONEL. *(To TRUDY:)* Sounds alright to me. *(To ROSCOE:)* Roscoe...you all right Roscoe?

ROSCOE. Sure I'm all right. Why wouldn't I be?

CANDY. How come you two are staring at us?

COLONEL / TRUDY. We're not staring at you.

(THE COLONEL and TRUDY stare at CANDY and ROSCOE.)

COLONEL. *(To TRUDY:)* I must've said the command word without knowing it.

(The phone rings in the outer office.)

TRUDY. I better get that. *(She rushes out of the office.)* Thank god they're normal again.

CANDY. What did she mean...“normal”?

COLONEL. *(Chuckling:)* Well, to tell you the truth Candy, you and Roscoe haven't been yourselves for a while.

CANDY. *(Grinning:)* Not ourselves?

ROSCOE. *(Grinning:)* Why wouldn't we be ourselves, Colonel?

COLONEL. *(Chuckling:)* Well you better get ready for this one fellas because you're not going to believe what just happened.

CANDY. *(Chuckling:)* Okay...what just happened?

ROSCOE. *(Laughing:)* Yea...what happened?

COLONEL. *(Laughing:)* Boy...have I got a story for you two.

ELVIS/CANDY. *(He quivers and shakes violently as he becomes Elvis again:)* Ahhh what kind'a story have you got for me Colonel.

COLONEL. What? *(Backing away in horror.)*

ELVIS/ROSCOE. *(His legs suddenly shaking, his hips grinding:)* I I I I got a story for you too, Commodore. *(With swiveling hips he moves towards THE COLONEL.)*

COLONEL. *(Terrified:)* Oh no.

ELVIS/CANDY. *(A pinched scream:)* OW!!! Dance with me Colonel.

COLONEL. No...NO!!!!

ELVIS/ROSCOE. *(A pinched scream:)* OW!!! Dance with me Colonel.

(Both Elvises dance around THE COLONEL. ELVIS/CANDY grabs THE COLONEL and jitter-bugs with him as TRUDY enters.)

TRUDY. What's going on in here?

(ELVIS/ROSCOE grabs TRUDY. She screams. The two of them jitter bug for a bit.)

TRUDY. *(Finally breaking away from ELVIS/ROSCOE:)* What happened?

COLONEL. *(Breaking away from ELVIS/CANDY:)* They're back.

TRUDY. *(She screams:)* Aaughhh!

COLONEL. Stop that screamin'.

TRUDY. What happened to the command word?

COLONEL. I said the command word.

TRUDY. Then say it again.

COLONEL. I don't know which one of the words I just said was the command word.

TRUDY. All you have to do is remember what you just said to them.

COLONEL. My god woman, don't you think I know that.

TRUDY. What're we going to do?

(The two Elvies circle about TRUDY and THE COLONEL, mumbling and wriggling.)

ELVIS/ROSCOE. Thank you very much.

ELVIS/CANDY. Thank you very much.

COLONEL. *(Taking TRUDY away and downstage:)* Trudy, listen to me. You've got to concentrate.

TRUDY. Why do I have to concentrate?

COLONEL. I need for you to help me remember what the hell I've been sayin'.

TRUDY. Remember what *you've* been saying?

COLONEL. *(Grabbing her by the arms:)* Concentrate, Trudy. Think. Think. I need for you to help me remember what I said a few minutes ago because one of them words is the command word. What exactly have I been saying to Candy and Roscoe for the last five minutes?

TRUDY. Alright, alright...let me think...uhh...well...you said something like...listen to me or I want you to listen to me or...now listen...that was it... "Now listen, Elvis..." And then you said "Let me talk to you for a minute."

COLONEL. Good, good...what else.

TRUDY. And then you said...you said... "I have to explain something."

COLONEL. (*Handing TRUDY a pad and pencil:*) Here, write it down so's I can read it back to them.

TRUDY. (*Scribbling on the pad:*) Okay... "Now listen, Elvis." "Now listen, let me talk to you for a minute."

COLONEL. Now we're gettin' somewhere.

TRUDY. Then you said "I have to explain something."

COLONEL. Good, good...

TRUDY. And then...and then...can't *you* remember anything you said?

COLONEL. I been on my feet for 26 hours, it's a miracle I can remember my own name. I'm all shook up! (*Pause.*) Go on, what else?

TRUDY. Wait a minute...I remember...you said you wanted to drink something.

COLONEL. I did?

TRUDY. (*Scribbling and pausing occasionally to think:*) Yes...you said... you said...oh yes...I remember...you said "I need something to drink."

COLONEL. What else?

TRUDY. (*More scribbling:*) And then we thought they were normal again and you said something like "I think they're normal" and then I left the room to answer the phone.

COLONEL. Okay, okay give me that pad, let me try it out on them.

(*THE COLONEL cautiously approaches ELVIS/CANDY and ELVIS/ROSCOE who stand staring at him.*)

COLONEL. Candy...uh...Elvis...I got somethin' to say to you and I want you to listen real carefully to what I have to say. Every word. Understand?

ELVIS/CANDY. I I I I understand Colonel. I'll do just like you say.

ELVIS/ROSCOE. I I I I'll listen real careful to every word you say.

COLONEL. (*Reading from the pad:*) "Now listen...Elvis...let me talk to you...for a minute...I have to explain something...I need a drink.

(*ELVIS/CANDY and ELVIS/ROSCOE stare back at THE COLONEL without moving.*)

TRUDY. They don't look any different.

COLONEL. They haven't changed a bit. We must've left a word out.

TRUDY. *(Taking the memo pad from THE COLONEL and reading aloud:)* "Now listen...Elvis...let me talk to you...for a minute...I have to explain something...I need a drink." What could we have left out?

COLONEL. Boy...now I *do* need a drink.

CANDY. *(Normal again:)* We've got work to do, Colonel. No time for drinkin'.

ROSCOE. *(Normal again:)* I've got to try on another costume, Colonel.

(TRUDY and THE COLONEL look at each other.)

TRUDY. What did you just say?

COLONEL. *(Exploding:)* BOY...boy...of course...BOY. Boy was the word. How could I forget boy...It was boy...BOY!!!

(Without realizing it THE COLONEL is switching CANDY and ROSCOE on and off. Each time he says the word "boy" the two Elvises convulse and freeze in a different pose and posture. TRUDY sees this but THE COLONEL is too stunned by his realization to notice them. By the time the last "boy" has been said the two Elvises collapse to the floor.)

TRUDY. *(Jumping on THE COLONEL's back in an effort to stop him:)* Stop Colonel, STOP. Don't say that word again. They're going to shake themselves to death.

COLONEL. Good lord. You're right Trudy. You're right. *(TRUDY hops off his back.)* I didn't know what I was doing. Now that I know the command word...I can bring them out of the trance completely.

ELVIS/ROSCOE. *(Getting up off the floor:)* I I I I I feel like I just ate a marijuana brownie.

ELVIS/CANDY. *(Getting up off the floor:)* I I I I I feel like I *am* a marijuana brownie.

COLONEL. *(Stepping forward:)* Elvis...Elvis listen here you two. Listen to the sound of my voice. You hear only my voice. It's like a voice comin' to you from the bottom of a deep well. *(The two Elvises stare at THE COLONEL with wide eyes.)* Now I'm gonna say the command word one last time and then when I clap my hands you will no longer be... *(Stops himself as he spins around to face the audience.)* Wait a minute. Wait just a minute. Why should I change 'em back? This is just what we've been waitin' for.

TRUDY. What do you mean?

COLONEL. *(Taking TRUDY aside and down stage yet again.)* We've got our Elvis, right here.

TRUDY. You mean...

COLONEL. Sure...look at 'em. They move like Elvis, they talk like Elvis. We've got Instant Elvis. We can take 'em both to Vegas.

TRUDY. Is that legal?

(They both stand down stage with their backs to the Elvises who stand up stage frozen with eyes wide open.)

COLONEL. What're you talkin' about "Is it legal." This is no time to be legal. I've got 'em where I want 'em. They'll do anything I tell 'em to.

TRUDY. Are you sure?

COLONEL. Of course I'm sure. If I say... *(Raising his voice)* ..."Elvis go on outside and play in the street..." that's what they'll do. I'm in complete control. Don't you see?

(ELVIS/CANDY and ELVIS/ROSCOE dutifully turn in unison and walk through the stage right door and exit.)

TRUDY. But there's two of them.

COLONEL. So much the better. We can keep one of 'em as a spare.

TRUDY. You can't treat them like disposable diapers. You're holding them against their will. It's inhuman.

COLONEL. I didn't do this to 'em on purpose. It was an accident. No...it was fate. Providence stepped in and delivered me twin Elvises. *(Looks at his watch.)* We've got just enough time to pull this thing off. I think I see light at the end of the tunnel.

TRUDY. *(Looking over THE COLONEL's shoulder.)* I don't think I see anything at the end of the tunnel.

COLONEL. What're you talkin' about?

TRUDY. They're gone.

COLONEL. Who's gone?

TRUDY. The twins.

COLONEL. What do you mean the twins... *(THE COLONEL turns to look.)* WHERE ARE THEY?

TRUDY. You must have sent them away.

COLONEL. WHY WOULD I SEND THEM AWAY? Quick, check the bathroom and the hall. HURRY.

TRUDY. Ya Colonel.

(THE COLONEL goes to the door stage left and opens it.)

COLONEL. Candy, Roscoe...I mean...Elvis? Are you in there, son?
(To himself:) Don't tell me they wandered outside. Great Balls of Fire... (He runs for the door stage right and nearly collides with TRUDY.)

TRUDY. (Entering stage right:) They're not in the bathroom or the hallway. I didn't see them anywhere.

COLONEL. They're gone!! Great Jingle Bells, they've gotten away.

TRUDY. Take it easy Colonel.

COLONEL. What do you mean "take it easy"? You want 'em singin' to the lamp posts and shakin' their hips at every policeman on the street? The cops'll throw 'em in the drunk tank. Go look out front.

TRUDY. Ya Colonel. (She turns to leave and nearly collides with ELVIS/ROSCOE who enters stage right.)

COLONEL. There you are.

TRUDY. You shouldn't run off like that, we were worried.

ELVIS/ROSCOE. I I I I just went out to play in the traffic like you told me Colonel.

COLONEL. Where's the other one. (Grabbing ELVIS/ROSCOE by the lapels:) Roscoe...where's Elvis?

ELVIS/ROSCOE. I I I I I'm right here Colonel.

COLONEL. I mean the other Elvis. Where's the other Elvis.

ELVIS/ROSCOE. Ahhh there's only one Elvis, Commodore. That's me.

COLONEL. (Shaking him by the lapels:) Stop callin' me Commodore. Where's that...fella that was with you?

ELVIS/ROSCOE. Oh him...ahhh he took off...said he was goin' home.

COLONEL. Goin home?

ELVIS/ROSCOE. Said he wanted to sleep in his own bed tonight.

COLONEL. My god Agnes. He's headed for Graceland.

TRUDY. You've let an Elvis loose on the city.

COLONEL. We can only hope that he gets run over by a car.

TRUDY. COLONEL !!!

COLONEL. Something's gotta stop him. If he gets traced back to me I could go to jail.

TRUDY. You've got to bring Roscoe out of it, Colonel.

COLONEL. Are you out of your mind? He's the only Elvis I've got left.

TRUDY. You've gone too far.

COLONEL. I haven't gone far enough. Elvis...you ready to go to Vegas?

ELVIS/ROSCOE. I I I I'll go anywhere you say, Colonel.

COLONEL. Trudy...take him into the back room. Get him all set for the trip.

(TRUDY drags ELVIS/ROSCOE toward the back room door stage left.)

ELVIS/ROSCOE. Can I wear the purple scarf tonight?

TRUDY. Of course you can darling, anything you want.

(They plunge into the room stage left. THE COLONEL grabs the door knob and slams the door shut behind them.)

COLONEL. *(He leans against the door, his hand on his heart.)* I think I'm gonna have a seizure. If any of this ever gets into the newspapers I'll be...

(At that moment JILL TANNER strolls through the door stage right with a number of folded newspapers under her arm.)

COLONEL. ...damned.

JILL. Howdy Colonel. Still looking for the boy?

COLONEL. *(Breathing hard and wiping the sweat from his forehead:)* Well, I thought I smelled the scent of honeysuckle in the air.

JILL. Not honeysuckle, Colonel, newsprint. Fresh off the press. How do you like it? *(She holds up one of the newspapers. A bold headline reads ELVIS GOES TO WASHINGTON.)* "Elvis Goes To Washington." Has a wonderful Jimmy Stewart quality don't you think. This one's even better. *(She holds up a second newspaper. The headline reads THE KING MEETS THE PRESIDENT.)* "The King Meets The President." Sounds like a Rogers and Hammerstein musical. On the other hand you might prefer this one. *(Holds up a third paper. The headline reads TRICKY DICK NAMES NEW NARC.)* "Tricky Dick Names New Narc." I guess we'll go with Tricky Dick Names New Narc. I think it says it all.

(Unnoticed by JILL, TRUDY has emerged from the back room and drifts cautiously behind the Colonel's swivel chair where she sinks behind it until only her eyes peer over the back of the chair.)

COLONEL. I don't know what you think you've got there...

JILL. I'll tell you what I've got...I've got a source at the White House who says that your boy Elvis is staying at the Washington Hotel under the name of James Burrows.

COLONEL. James Burrows?

JILL. Incognito is the word, I believe. Mister Burrows is on his way to the oval office at this very moment to meet President Richard Millhouse Nixon.

(TRUDY jumps to her feet and gasps. She looks at THE COLONEL. THE COLONEL looks at her. TRUDY manages to laugh a low guttural laugh. THE COLONEL begins to chuckle. TRUDY imitates his chuckle. THE COLONEL begins to laugh. TRUDY imitates his laugh. They both laugh.)

COLONEL. *(Laughing:)* Elvis is meeting Richard Nixon? Why that's corn-fed nonsense.

(TRUDY bursts into uncontrolled laughter, picks up one of the headlines off the desk and points at it still laughing. THE COLONEL stops laughing. TRUDY continues to laugh. THE COLONEL and JILL watch TRUDY as her laughter continues almost hysterically. She laughs until THE COLONEL finally puts a stop to it.)

COLONEL. *(Finally:)* Thank you Trudy.

TRUDY. *(Instantly stops laughing and resumes her no-nonsense expression:)* Ya Colonel.

(TRUDY turns and walks out stage right closing the door behind her.)

JILL. I trust my source.

COLONEL. I think your source was drinkin' his breakfast.

JILL. He says this guy Burrows was dressed in a cape and had a belt buckle the size of Wisconsin.

COLONEL. Why on god's green acres would Elvis go to see the president?

JILL. My source says that Elvis is going to ask the President to make him a narcotics officer. He wants a badge and he's going all the way

to the top to get it. You can read all the details in this afternoon's late edition.

COLONEL. Late edition? You're not really printin' that stuff for the late edition are you?

JILL. In 300 newspapers across the country.

COLONEL. Including Vegas?

JILL. Of course Vegas.

COLONEL. You can't.

JILL. Oh yes I can.

COLONEL. No, no I mean you *can't*. If Rosselli sees that headline...

JILL. Who?

COLONEL. I mean if *anybody* sees that headline they'll know.

JILL. Know what?

COLONEL. That Elvis isn't here with me.

JILL. Well, he's not. He's in Washington.

COLONEL. No he's not.

JILL. Then where is he?

COLONEL. Listen my little snake berry, you print anything about Elvis in the late edition and it'll be your last edition.

JILL. Are you threatening me?

COLONEL. Ever since you came in here today you been sniffin' around for a story and I keep tellin' you there ain't no story.

JILL. You think I'm gonna sit back and let every newspaper in the country grab this up when I've got it in the palm of my hand.

COLONEL. You got nothin' in the palm of your hand. Elvis is not in Washington D.C.

JILL. Then where is he, Colonel?

COLONEL. Now sugar loaf, just think for a minute. Suppose you run one of them headlines and then Elvis happens to show up here in Memphis today? Well then you've just printed a lie haven't you. Maybe you should just sit on this till tomorrow. See what happens. That way you aren't printin' somethin' you can't back up and your paper ain't getting' its ass sued by yours truly.

JILL. Me thinks you doth protest too much, Colonel. You're not going to sue anybody. You can't afford to. Not with all the dirty little secrets I know about you.

COLONEL. What secrets are you talkin' about my little spitfire?

JILL. Do you really want to know?

COLONEL. Do you really want to tell me?

(She wanders over near the door stage left.)

JILL. Oh come on Colonel, we're both men of the world.

COLONEL. Are you tryin' to play "Let's Make A Deal" with me?

JILL. You tell me what's behind door number two, Colonel *(She leans back against the door)* and I'll forget the fact that you're an illegal alien...

COLONEL. Am I?

JILL. Born in Holland...

COLONEL. Really?

JILL. ...never applied for citizenship.

COLONEL. How careless of me.

JILL. You're not even a real Colonel.

COLONEL. I don't have to take this.

JILL. Actually you do. You're as phony as your accent. You came into this country illegally and you're still illegal. You came here running away from something and you're still running. What happened Colonel? You rob a bank in Holland or desert from the army or something.

COLONEL. You seem to have all the answers, you tell me.

JILL. I won't tell anybody anything if you tell me what's happened to Elvis. Tell me what I want to know and I'll tear up these headlines.

COLONEL. Not that there's a word of truth to anything you just said...but...I think we can do business.

JILL. Are you telling me that...Elvis is *in* the building?

COLONEL. I'm gonna tell you just what you want to hear, Miss Jill. *(He steps forward and looks into her eyes.)* You want to know where Elvis is...I understand... *(His voice becomes melodic)* ...we all want to know where Elvis is...but it's so late in the day...isn't it...so late... and you're feelin' sleepy aren't you...soo sleepy... *(JILL stares at him with wide eyes as he reaches for the newspapers in her hand)* ...why you

can hardly keep your eyes open...my voice sounds like it's comin' from the bottom of a deep well, don't it...far away...now...when I clap my hands Miss Jill you will be...

JILL. *(Completely alert and awake:)* Exactly like I was a minute ago. Nice try, Colonel. What were you gonna do? Blank out my mind? Hypnotize me into thinking that I'd never heard of you before? Some people can't be hypnotized Colonel, you know that. *(She laughs and takes the newspaper back from him.)* I'll give you one last chance to tell me the truth. *(Pause.)* No? Alright Colonel...have it your own way. You keep to your story and I'll print mine. *(She strolls to the door stage right.)* I thought you'd put up a better fight than this Colonel. You used to be top dog around here. Back when you had teeth.

(She exits closing the door behind her. After a beat THE COLONEL hits the intercom.)

COLONEL. Trudy, get me the editor of the Sunset Chronicle.

INTERCOM. *(Trudy.)* Ya Colonel.

COLONEL. *(To 'himself:)* I may not have teeth but I can still bite... *(Into the phone:)* Hello Harry? This here's the Colonel. Listen Harry, Jill Tanner was just here and you know how much I think of her, she's one of your best reporters, a fine journalist, but she just came by my office after seeing her doctor...oh you didn't know she was seein' a doctor?...well I hope I'm not tellin' tales out of school but she's been seeing a psychiatrist who's treating her for schiz-o-phrenia...well I've seen her like this before but not this bad. She was practically hallucinatin' right here in my office...oh nothin' serious...said that she was hearing voices talking to her...uh huh...she said the voices were tellin' her all kinds of crazy stuff...how the moon was about to crash into the Earth...how Elvis was running around Washington and having lunch with President Nixon...that kind of stuff...she even accused me of trying to hypnotize her. No, no I'm sure she's harmless, she probably just didn't take her medication today. What she needs is some time off...send her on a trip to the Bahamas...some place far away where she can rest...oh I'd do it today Harry. I'm no doctor but she looked to me like she was ready to snap...

COLONEL. *(Hanging up the phone he grins:)* Viva Las Vegas.

(To the throbbing beat of "Viva Las Vegas" [the opening instrumental part] the lights go out. The stage is still dark but several spotlights sweep the stage and audience as we hear an announcer booming over a loudspeaker.)

ANNOUNCER. Ladies and gentlemen. Tony Roselli and The Golden Horseshoe are proud to present for one night only the King of Rock and Roll, the one, the only...ELLLVVVI I ISSSS.

(The sweeping spotlights settle on ELVIS/ROSCOE as he appears up center stage. The opening instrumental from "C.C. Rider" breaks into the first of a medley of songs that he sings to the audience in a pretty good imitation of Elvis. The songs are only thirty second snatches of four or five of his most popular songs but as he shifts from one song fragment to the next he plays the room like Elvis, even surrendering his signature scarf to one of the ladies on the front row. He ends the medley with the final moment from "Viva Las Vegas." At the end of the medley the lights go out. The music fades and the lights come back up on the office of THE COLONEL. The door stage right opens and ELVIS/ROSCOE struts into the room, confident, cocky and commanding.)

ELVIS/ROSCOE. I I I I I still got it don't I Colonel? I I I I I still got it. Did you see them women climbin' all over me, stuffin' hundred dollar bills into my pants. Did you see that Colonel?

(THE COLONEL appears in the doorway, sagging, wrinkled and disheveled, wearing his Stetson cowboy hat for the first time. He grips the sides of the doorway trying not to fall over.)

COLONEL. Yea...I saw it.

ELVIS/ROSCOE. *(Happy and carefree:)* Ahhhh what's a matter Colonel. You look all worn out.

COLONEL. *(He crosses unsteadily to his desk:)* I feel like I've lived two lifetimes in the last 24 hours.

(TRUDY enters dancing. She is wearing a party hat that says "I Love Vegas" and carries a number of souvenirs in her arms. A stuffed teddy bear, a half dozen roses and a tiny flag on a stick that says "Welcome to Vegas.")

TRUDY. *(A bit tipsy:)* Vegas...the city that never sleeps.

COLONEL. *(He sits in his swivel chair:)* That's New York. How many drinks did you have?

TRUDY. *(Leaning against the wall:)* Vegas...the town where dreams go to die.

COLONEL. How much did you lose at the Black Jack table?

TRUDY. I won five thousand dollars. But that's not the point.

COLONEL. *(Taking a cigar from his humidor:)* Of course that's the point. Money's always the point.

TRUDY. I forgot I'm not speaking to you.

COLONEL. That's the first break I've had tonight.

ELVIS/ROSCOE. I I I I sang real good didn't I Miss Trudy.

TRUDY. Yes you did, Elvis. You were wonderful. We didn't know you could sing like that.

ELVIS/ROSCOE. I I I I don't think I I I I've ever been better, have I Commodore?

COLONEL. (*Looking at his cigar and speaking without enthusiasm:*) You were fine.

ELVIS/ROSCOE. (*Turning out to the audience:*) I I I I knocked 'em dead didn't I Miss Trudy?

TRUDY. Mister Roselli loved you...even when you signed his table napkin "To Bugs with hugs."

COLONEL. I hate to break up this little love fest but I think it's time to...put Elvis to bed.

ELVIS/ROSCOE. I I I I I'm not tired Colonel. I I I I'm ready to party. I I I I I think I'll head on over to Graceland and call some of my buddies.

COLONEL. (*Coming to his feet:*) Now wait a minute, son. You're not goin' anywhere.

TRUDY. If only we could leave him...like he is...just for a little while longer. He seems so...happy.

COLONEL. Well of course he's happy. He's in a trance, livin' in a dream world, everybody treatin' him like a king. Look at me. I've been to hell and back and I still don't have Elvis.

TRUDY. Then it's time to say good bye... (*She goes to ELVIS/ROSCOE and gives him a hug:*) I'm going to miss you. It was nice having an Elvis around the office.

ELVIS/ROSCOE. What're you talkin' about, Miss Trudy. I I I I'll always be around.

COLONEL. Oh no you won't..."boy".

ELVIS/ROSCOE. (*Grinning:*) How come you calling me "boy" Colonel?

(For an instant it looks as if the command word isn't working. Then suddenly ELVIS/ROSCOE collapses to the floor. THE COLONEL and TRUDY help him to his feet.)

ROSCOE. Where...where am I? What happened?

COLONEL. You're in the office Roscoe.

TRUDY. You must have...passed out or something.

COLONEL. Yea, you must've passed out or something.

(Suddenly TRUDY screams. She is looking through the open door stage right.)

COLONEL. What's wrong with you woman?

TRUDY. Colonel, look...it's...it's...

(Everyone looks just in time to see CANDY stepping into the doorway stage right. His Elvis suit is torn and dirty, his face is bruised and his hair is disheveled.)

COLONEL. What the hell happened to you?

CANDY. *(Dazed almost groggy:)* Damned if I know, I thought you could tell me. The last thing I remember I was listening to you talking about hypnosis. The next thing I know I'm getting my ass kicked by a couple of security guards over at Graceland. They said I was trying to break into the place. Why would I do that? How did I get to Graceland?

COLONEL. *(Turning to TRUDY:)* Must've been a blow to the head, brought him right out of it.

CANDY. What happened to me Colonel?

COLONEL. *(Innocently looking at his cigar:)* Damned if I know.

(TRUDY rushes to CANDY and helps him into the office on unsteady legs.)

ROSCOE. Gosh Candy how come you're dressed like Elvis?

(CANDY looks at his clothes in bewilderment.)

CANDY. I don't know. Say...are we still going to Vegas?

ROSCOE. Yea, when do we leave Colonel?

TRUDY. You've been to Vegas.

CANDY. I don't remember goin'.

TRUDY. You were never there.

ROSCOE. I wasn't?

CANDY. *(Leaning on TRUDY:)* How did it go?

TRUDY. Roscoe was wonderful.

ROSCOE. I thought I wasn't there.

TRUDY. Roselli really believed that Roscoe was Elvis.

CANDY. Well, that's swell. (*Rubbing his head with his hands:*) Is everything square with Roselli?

TRUDY. Depends on how you define "square".

CANDY. Did you get your IOU?

COLONEL. (*Turning away:*) Yea, I got it. (*TRUDY turns away.*)

CANDY. Well that's terrific. (*He looks from TRUDY to THE COLONEL:*) Isn't it? (*He looks to ROSCOE:*) Isn't that terrific Roscoe?

ROSCOE. Don't ask me. I never left the office.

CANDY. Colonel...what's going on?

COLONEL. Well...it's hard to explain Candy. A man can always find time to do the things he shouldn't be doin'. But there comes a time in every man's life when he has to come to grips with himself when he has to stop running from the truth. Sometimes he doesn't know which road to take. For the road goes both ways, Candy. One way the road takes him to all that is good and the other way takes him to all that is bad. I had to choose which road to take in Vegas. I couldn't pick the time or place, Candy. It was chosen for me by a higher power. I stood alone in the garden of good and evil...

CANDY. You stood at the roulette table and ran up another IOU.

TRUDY. (*Blurting it out:*) That's exactly what he did.

CANDY. I knew it. Don't ask me how but I just knew you were gonna do that. So, Elvis is gonna have to perform for Roselli again?

COLONEL. (*Still admiring his cigar:*) Not exactly...

CANDY. So he wants the cash this time huh?

TRUDY. Not exactly...

CANDY. Well...then...what *does* he want?

COLONEL. I took care of it.

TRUDY. He took care of it alright.

COLONEL. I can't help it if Roselli took a shine to you Trudy.

CANDY. What? Trudy...what's he sayin'?

TRUDY. Let's just put it this way Candy...the next time the Colonel goes to Vegas he's going to have to take a Trudy look-a-like with him.

CANDY and ROSCOE. A Trudy look-a-like?

CANDY. (*Looking at THE COLONEL in horror:*) You signed her name to the IOU?

(TRUDY, ROSCOE, and CANDY come together and stand facing down THE COLONEL.)

TRUDY. Well I hope you're happy.

ROSCOE. Yea, I hope you're satisfied, Colonel.

CANDY. I hope you've gotten everything you want.

COLONEL. (*Walking down stage with his back to them:*) Not by a long shot. Elvis is still missing...nobody knows where he is and I've got to know, you hear me...I've got to know. Where is my BOY!!!

CANDY and ROSCOE. (*Suddenly lurching to life:*) I I I I I'm Elvis Presley...I I I I I'm Elvis Presley...

(The two Elvises are back and immediately break into singing and karate poses. TRUDY screams while THE COLONEL buries his face in his hands shaking his head as the two Elvises cavort and sing.

Lights out. Music up.

We see a large poster spotlighted in the darkness, the now famous photograph of Elvis shaking hands with President Richard Nixon. December 22nd, 1970.)

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