

"THE KING AND I"

written by

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FADE IN:

INT. RESTAURANT -- NIGHT

Sitting at a table-for-two are PETE and HOLLY. They are near the end of their meal.

While Pete finishes his food, Holly fidgets with her glass, waiting for the right moment to speak.

Pete notices her uneasiness.

PETE

What's wrong? Is everything alright?

HOLLY

No, nothings wrong --

PETE

-- was it the food? Was there a problem with the food?

HOLLY

The food was fine Pete. It's just...

Pete puts down his fork. He gives her is full attention.

PETE

What is it babe? Tell me.

HOLLY

Pete -- are you married?

PETE

(choking)

What?! Married -- of course not!  
What gave you that idea --

HOLLY

-- because if you are, I swear to God, I just can't take that.

Holly clutches her knife tightly.

PETE

Calm down Holly -- calm down. Why would you think I'm married?

HOLLY

We've been dating for three months now, and you've never once taken me to your apartment. We always go back to my place -- so I figure you must be hiding something.

PETE

No... I'm not -- not hiding anything.

Pete begins to sweat. He takes a drink of water.

HOLLY

I dated this guy a few years ago -- same thing. Turns out he's got wife, kids, dog... swimming pool. Not again -- never again.

(beat)

I need to see where you live.

She stares at him, peering into his soul.

PETE

(nervously)

Sure, no problem. I didn't even realize that we'd never -- lemme just pay the bill and we'll go.

He swallows hard.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING -- HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Pete and Holly walk down the hall, and stop in front of one of the doors.

PETE

Well... this is it.

Holly stares at him, shifting her weight anxiously.

He takes his keys out of his pocket. He slides a key into the lock. He closes his eyes, takes a deep breath, and turns the key.

INT. APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

The door opens. Pete steps in and flicks on the lights.

The apartment is small, but cozy. Completely normal. Not a single thing out of the ordinary.

Pete takes a cautious step forward, looking around nervously. Before he can say anything, Holly brushes past him into the apartment.

She looks around, finding nothing. Finally, she calms down.

PETE  
See? No wife, no kids, no dog.  
(beat)  
Feel better?

Holly stares for a moment. Then she grabs him, kisses him, and yanks him down onto the couch.

HOLLY  
You're so hot right now.

PETE  
Uh... thanks?

They continue making out. Suddenly, Holly screams and pushes Pete off of her. She sits upright. Pete looks.

Standing across the room, silhouetted by the moonlight coming through the window, is ELVIS PRESLEY. He is wearing only boxers and a bathrobe. He stares for a moment, and then goes into the kitchen.

PETE  
Oh God...

HOLLY  
(stunned)  
Was that...?

PETE  
That's my roommate.

HOLLY  
But that was --

PETE  
-- yes. Elvis Presley is my  
roommate. It's a really, really  
long story.

HOLLY  
But he's... isn't he...

PETE  
No -- he's not. He's just here.  
(beat)  
Just hang on one sec -- I'll be  
right back.

Pete gets up and goes into the kitchen. Holly sits, mouth wide open.

INT. KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Elvis is bent over, looking inside the refrigerator. Pete walks in.

PETE

I thought you had plans tonight.  
What are you doing here?

ELVIS

Eh -- they fell through. Decided to  
stay in.

(beat)

That the girlie you been seein'  
Petey?

PETE

Don't even think about it! You stay  
away from her -- got it?

ELVIS

Relax hombre... I got it. Jeez.

PETE

Just stay in your room until she  
leaves. Please?

Elvis nods. Pete goes to leave.

ELVIS

Hey Petey -- you gonna eat this  
Chinese?

PETE

No. Go to your room.

Pete goes back into the living room.

ELVIS

Alright. The chicken-chow-mien is  
chicken-chow-mine.

INT. APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Pete sits back down on the couch. Holly just stares.

HOLLY

When I was a little girl, I had the biggest crush on Elvis.

PETE

I love you.

HOLLY

Just thinking about the way he shakes those hips...

PETE

Holly -- did you hear me? I love you.

She looks at him.

HOLLY

You what?

Elvis walks into the room, and leans up against the door jam, carton of Chinese food in one hand, and a fork in the other.

Holly sees him, and smiles. She waves. Elvis nods back at her.

PETE

Oh God -- no.

Pete thinks fast. He drops down to one knee.

PETE

Marry me. I know I don't have much, but I love you -- marry me.

Holly looks at him, and then back to Elvis.

ELVIS

(shaking his head)

Come on Petey... let her go.

Holly stares right into Pete's eyes.

HOLLY

I'm sorry Pete...

She kisses him on the cheek, then gets up and goes over to Elvis.

ELVIS

Second door on the left -- I'll be right in.

Holly nods, brushes his robe with her hand, and disappears down the hall.

Pete is still on his knee, stunned. Elvis walks over and sits on the couch.

PETE

I can't believe this is happening...

ELVIS

Come here man... grab a seat.

Pete sits down on the couch.

PETE

Why... why? Every single time, why? Why her?

ELVIS

Buck up there chief. Don't worry, you're day will come. You'll find true love soon enough. Trust me -- I know. I wrote like a hundred songs about it.

(beat)

Here -- you can have the Chinese.

Elvis puts the food carton on the coffee table. He gets up and starts heading for the bedroom. He stops.

ELVIS

Oops... almost forgot.

He goes over to the fridge, and takes out a can of whipped cream. He sprays some into his mouth as he walks toward the bedroom.

ELVIS

(muffled)

Uh-huh.

He goes into the bedroom.

Pete sits on the couch alone, stunned, defeated. Then, "A Little Less Conversation" can be heard playing loudly from the bedroom.

PETE

Every time... every single time...

As he sits on the couch, the credits appear, white on a black screen.