

APOLLO ELVIS

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FADE IN:

EXT. OCEAN - BOAT - DAWN

An old, eighteen foot, tired fishing boat, sits peacefully on the glass-like surface, as the sun slowly climbs out of the horizon.

In the distance, a small coastal town, adjacent to a national park, sits at the foot of sweeping green hills.

SUPER: APOLLO BAY, VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA

Aboard the vessel is an overweight, ELVIS PRESLEY (48), bushy greying beard, wearing a black regatta jacket, sunglasses and a beanie over his long greying hair.

SUPER: AUGUST 25th, 1983

A bell, on the end of a jiggling fishing rod, starts ringing.

Elvis steps over, picks the rod up and starts winding in the catch.

EXT. SMALL MARINA - MORNING

Elvis finishes tying up his boat. He picks up his icebox and makes his way along the pier.

He catches the eye of BARNEY (73), wrinkly face, slight, likable, who lifts his head, as he cleans and cuts his catch.

BARNEY

How did ya go, Elvis?

ELVIS

Yeah, not bad. Six flathead.

BARNEY

Good for you.

Elvis stops for the conversation.

BARNEY (CONT'D)

You know, if you upgrade your boat to a bigger vessel, you could go out further and get the big boys.

ELVIS

Barney, I haven't got the money to do that.

BARNEY

I'm just saying.

(Beat)

Hey! You know you're always welcome down at the fishing club. You've promised me a visit for the past two years.

Elvis grins as he keeps walking.

ELVIS

Barney. One day I might surprise you.

BARNEY

Mate! I'm seventy three years old. These days, nothing surprises me.

ELVIS

See you, Barn.

BARNEY

Take it easy, Elvis.

INT. SMALL SUPERMARKET - MORNING

Elvis, now wearing eyeglasses and a flat cap, walks through the aisles, pushing a trolley, picking up essentials.

Moments later he approaches, check-out attendant, MARY (66), upbeat, cheerful and wearing an apron.

MARY

Morning, Elvis.

ELVIS

Hi, Mary. You been busy?

MARY

Nah. Nice and peaceful.

Mary notices Elvis' purchases.

MARY (CONT'D)

You've got a bit more than normal here. We got visitors?

ELVIS

As a matter of fact, I've got my cousin coming to stay with me for two weeks.

MARY

That'll be nice. A bit of company.
Where's he or she from?

ELVIS

He's from Alaska.

MARY

Alaska? Has he been here before?

ELVIS

He came last year for a short stay.

Mary finishes processing the groceries.

MARY

Well, I look forward to meeting him
on Saturday night. Is he single?

They both laugh as Elvis hands her a twenty dollar bill.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Around three miles out of town, stands a neat, modest, two bedroom, double story, Cape Cod home. It's surrounded by trees, giving it complete privacy.

Elvis drives in and parks his nineteen-seventy, two door, Toyota Landcruiser, next to the porch.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Elvis carries in a couple of six packs of beers and places them on the bench, next to his ice box and groceries.

The sound of a faint horn from outside, stops him.

EXT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

He steps outside to meet, postal worker, NEVILLE (45), infectious smile, super positive, on his motor bike, holding mail in his hand. Elvis' face lights up.

ELVIS

Neville.

NEVILLE

Elvis.

Elvis walks over and gives him a high five, before receiving his mail.

ELVIS
How's things, buddy?

NEVILLE
Just great. I wouldn't be dead for
quids.

(Beat)
By the way, Judy and I are coming
Saturday night. We're looking
forward to it.

ELVIS
I appreciate the support.

NEVILLE
That's the least we can do. As you
know, we're big fans.

(Beat)
Look. I've gotta keep moving, but,
stay beautiful.

ELVIS
Likewise. I'll see you Saturday.

Neville clicks the bike in gear and takes off.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

A car pulls off the road and into Elvis' driveway.

The porch light flicks on.

The car stops next to Elvis' Toyota and out climbs, Elvis'
cousin, BILLY SMITH (40), short, slim build and a mustache.

Elvis, enthusiastically, walks out and greets him.

ELVIS
I smell a man from Tennessee.

Billy, with a big smile, walks up and hugs Elvis.

BILLY
It's the King of Rock 'n' Roll.

ELVIS
Billy, you lost weight?

BILLY
Fifteen pounds, my friend.

ELVIS
Good for you. How was the flight?

BILLY
Oh shit! Don't ask.

ELVIS
Come on. Come inside. A beer's
waiting for you.

INT. LOUNGE - NIGHT

Elvis and Billy sit on a long leather couch, in front of an open fire. They're both drinking beer.

BILLY
Graceland's going well. You gotta
hand it to Priscilla. She saw the
potential and now it's a major
tourist attraction.

ELVIS
She's a good girl.

Elvis takes a mouthful of beer.

ELVIS (CONT'D)
Has she talked about coming out to
see me soon?

Billy's face changes.

BILLY
Look. It still might be a bit
early.

ELVIS
Billy. I died six years ago.

BILLY
Yes. I get that. But it's too soon.
The last thing you want to do is
jeopardize the plan. Imagine the
press, the TV reporters, all that
shit? Not to mention the Feds
climbing up your ass.

ELVIS
And what about Lisa Marie? Does she
know yet?

BILLY
No.

ELVIS
No?

BILLY

Look, I agree with Priscilla on this one. Don't tell her until she turns eighteen.

ELVIS

That's another three years away.

BILLY

And don't worry. She misses you. She talks about you all the time. Have you got a video player?

ELVIS

Yeah.

BILLY

Priscilla's made a tape of Lisa Marie. I brought it with me. Beer?

ELVIS

Why not?

Billy climbs off the couch and heads over to the refrigerator.

BILLY

Are you still fishing?

ELVIS

Yeah. I love it.

(Beat)

You know, there's something about the ocean. It's so peaceful. It gives you time to think. Time to clear your mind.

Billy returns and hands Elvis a beer.

BILLY

Why don't we go out tomorrow?

ELVIS

The forecast is good. Why not?

They tap bottles.

INT. OCEAN - MORNING

Elvis and Billy, rugged up in winter clothing, hold fishing rods on a calm glass-like surface.

ELVIS
Billy, can you pass me the tackle
box?

BILLY
Sure.

Billy bends down and passes the box to Elvis.

ELVIS
I'm gonna run a different lure.

BILLY
Knock yourself out, man.
(Beat)
Tell me. Do you miss Memphis?

ELVIS
Of course. But this is home now.

BILLY
I wish I could come out more often,
but with the kids and--

ELVIS
--Billy. Don't apologize. I'm
happy.

Elvis finishes securing the lure and re-casts the line.

ELVIS (CONT'D)
How long do you think I can stay
here?

BILLY
Not sure. Nineteen seventy-seven
seems so long ago. In ten years
time, they'll be saying, Elvis who?

ELVIS
Not in this town.

BILLY
What's that supposed to mean?

Elvis starts laughing.

BILLY (CONT'D)
No. Seriously. What do you mean by
that?

EXT. MARINA - MORNING

Elvis and Billy walk along the pier, with Elvis carrying the icebox.

BARNEY (O.S.)
Morning, Elvis.

Elvis and Billy turn around to see Barney, standing in his forty-foot, slick fishing boat, screwing down a cleat.

ELVIS
Hi, Barney.

BILLY
(Whispering in the corner
of his mouth)
Did he just call you--

ELVIS
--Yup!

BARNEY
Elvis. The wife wants to go
Saturday night, so I guess I'll see
you there.

ELVIS
That'll be good, Barn.

BARNEY
Any chance of a Sinatra number?

ELVIS
I'll see what I can do, Barn.

Elvis and Billy walk off the pier and into the:

CARPARK

Billy, in shock, grabs Elvis' arm and stops him.

BILLY
He called you Elvis! What the fuck
is that all about?

ELVIS
It's nothing.

BILLY
Have you told him?

ELVIS
No.

BILLY
Don't bullshit me, man. Have you
told him?

ELVIS
I said, no.

BILLY
So why did he call you Elvis?

A police car pulls up next to Elvis and Billy, halting the conversation.

Police officer, GRAHAM STUBBS (35), burly, loud, winds down his window and pops his head out.

STUBBS
Elvis.

Billy's eyes widen in total disbelief.

ELVIS
Stubbsy! How's things?

STUBBS
Things are great, mate. Hey listen!
I've rostered the young bloke on
for Saturday night. So after the
show, we'll have a few beers and
the young bloke can give you a,
nudge, nudge, wink, wink, police
escort home.

ELVIS
Oh! That'll be great. Thanks,
buddy.

A muffled voice comes over the police radio, interrupting the conversation.

STUBBS
Duty calls.
(Beat)
I'll see you Saturday night, big
fella.

Police officer Stubbs moves on, as Elvis walks to his Toyota.

He looks back and notices Billy in total shock, staring at the police car leaving the carpark.

Billy turns his attention to Elvis. He storms over and angrily confronts him. He looks around to see if anybody's listening, before lowering his voice.

BILLY

You have a fisherman calling you Elvis. Now a cop is calling you Elvis. And what's happening this Saturday night? What the fuck is going on here?

Elvis starts chuckling.

BILLY (CONT'D)

You think this is funny?

(Beat)

Do you understand the gravity of the situation? Do you?

ELVIS

Billy. Relax. It's not what you--

BILLY

--What am I gonna tell Priscilla? Make no mistake. She will have you fucking shot. Jesus Christ!

ELVIS

Billy. Jump in the car. I want to show you something.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Billy's anger boils inside of him. He stares out the window, grinding his teeth. Elvis, however, is so relaxed, as they approach the main street.

ELVIS

I just remembered I have to make a stop.

Stubbornly, Billy doesn't answer.

Elvis parks the car outside a dry-cleaners outlet.

ELVIS (CONT'D)

I won't be long.

Billy stays quiet as he watches Elvis walk in.

BILLY

(Talking to himself out loud)

He must have told the whole fucking town. Why would he do that? Why?

(Beat)

(MORE)

BILLY (CONT'D)
Priscilla will have his balls for
breakfast over this.

Billy notices Elvis leaving the dry-cleaners, carrying a
white jumpsuit, wrapped in clear plastic.

BILLY (CONT'D)
What the fuck?

Elvis opens his door and carefully folds up the jumpsuit,
before handing it to Billy.

BILLY (CONT'D)
I'm not even gonna ask!

Elvis starts chuckling as he climbs in and starts up the car.

BILLY (CONT'D)
Elvis! You're freaking me out, man.
I'm, I'm really worried about--

ELVIS
--Can you see that banner draped
across the main street, up ahead?

BILLY
Yes! But--

ELVIS
--When we get closer, I want you to
read it out to me.

BILLY
What?

ELVIS
Just read the sign out to me.

Elvis pulls out of the carpark and moments later, he slows
down his speed.

ELVIS (CONT'D)
Okay. What does it say on the
banner?

Billy leans forward.

BILLY
This Saturday night at the Apollo
Bay Hotel, we present Apollo Bay's
one and only Elvis impersonator...
(Stunned voice)
Apollo Elvis.
(Beat)
(MORE)

BILLY (CONT'D)
Singing the hits from the King of
Rock 'n' Roll. Nine P.M. start.

ELVIS
That's me. I'm Apollo Elvis.

Billy looks like he's just seen a ghost.

BILLY
You're, you're a, you're an Elvis,
you're an Elvis impersonator?

Elvis chuckles.

ELVIS
I think I'm very good at it.

BILLY
Am I in a bad dream or something?

ELVIS
You want to know something funny?

BILLY
No. No, I don't.

ELVIS
I had a lady come up to me after a
show and say - great effort with
the look, but you really don't
sound like Elvis.
(Laughing)
Can you believe that?

BILLY
(Stunned)
I need a drink.

ELVIS
Billy. There's nothing to worry
about. Elvis is hiding as Elvis.

BILLY
Elvis is hiding as Elvis?
(Beat)
Fuck! I think I'm getting a
headache. Have you got bourbon at
home?

BLACK SCREEN

INT. MAKESHIFT DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

Elvis, in the plain white jumpsuit, stands in front of a full length mirror. He still has the bushy beard.

SUPER: SATURDAY NIGHT

He carefully places gold framed sunglasses on, but you can't see his eyes. He steps over and leans his head against the mirror. He's nervous.

A door opens up and an anxious Billy sticks his head in.

BILLY

I can't believe I'm saying this,
but you're on in one minute.

Elvis doesn't move.

Billy goes to leave but an instant wave of emotion hits him.

BILLY (CONT'D)

You're my cousin and I love you.

(Beat)

I love you. And good luck.

With eyes welling up, Billy closes the door behind him.

Elvis takes a deep breath and lifts his head off the mirror.

He turns and starts shadow boxing, before he slowly exits the room.

BLACK SCREEN

ANNOUNCER (V.O)

Ladies and gentlemen. Please give
it up for the King of Rock 'n'
Roll....

(Beat)

A--polllll-lo Elllll-vis.

The crowd start clapping and cheering.

FADE OUT: