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 isles, 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

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 is 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: