

COLLECTIBLE ELVIS

By Scott K. Van Den Berg

EXT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

A young Elvis Presley checks his reflection. It might be Elvis except that the sideburns are a decidedly different color than the greased hair, and more the texture of felt than of sideburn hair. Wesley rather, talks to the mirror. It certainly sounds like Elvis.

WESLEY

You talking to me? You talking to me?
Thank you very much.

Wesley checks his watch, an Elvis watch, reacting with panic.

WESLEY

Oh man!

He hurriedly squeezes toothpaste on a collectible Elvis toothbrush, then reconsiders and sucks some toothpaste out of the tube, swallows, puts on jeweled sunglasses and darts down a very narrow hallway to the livingroom. He wears the same black leather jumpsuit that Elvis wore for his 1968 comeback tour.

INT. LIVINGROOM - NIGHT

The small livingroom has a worn sofa along one wall, covered with a blanket bearing Elvis' likeness. A guitar case rests on the sofa. Wesley grabs it and a tiny amplifier which sets against one side of the sofa.

EXT. TRAILER COURT - NIGHT

Wesley exits a weather-beaten trailer and hops into a sad-looking old panel van which bears the license plate, "LV1S L1VS". A hand-painted sign on the side of the van reads, "Wesley 'Elvis' Wringer- Tribute to Elvis: Bookings Available, 555-505-0099".

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Wesley's panel van races past a steel building bearing the sign, "The Door Store and More, Equipment Rental Here". A bit further down the road, Wesley blows past an old Volkswagon. He doesn't notice.

INT. VOLKSWAGON - NIGHT

An attractive but serious-looking cowgirl, SALLY, drives. She wears a fancy fringed buckskin jacket and nice jeans. The Volkswagon is crowded with suitcases and clothes on hangers.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The Volkswagon signals and pulls into "The Door Store and More".

EXT. DOOR STORE - NIGHT

Sally alights from the VW, stretches and heads straight for THE DOOR STORE.

Sally opens the front door which bears a huge red sale sign and a price. Behind the door is another door, with another sale sign. Sally sighs and opens it. She is met with still another door and another.

Sally opens door after door, each bearing a for sale sign. Finally, over twenty doors later, Sally can see into the store.

INT. DOOR STORE - NIGHT

Gavin, a handsome but slightly oily salesman, stands in front of a counter which is festooned with obviously handmade signs offering deals of all kinds.

GAVIN

See anything you like?

Sally smiles, runs to the Gavin to throw her arms around him for a hug.

SALLY

Gavin, you dork.

GAVIN

Sally. You didn't tell me you were coming.

SALLY

Of course I came. I had to. How is she?

GAVIN

She's, you know. She'll be fine.

SALLY

Tell me.

GAVIN

Well she's going to need an operation but she's going to be fine. How did you get here? Did you drive all night?

SALLY

Yeah, I packed some things. Can I stay with you for a few days?

GAVIN

Sally, of course. Hey what did you think of the door thing?

SALLY

What? The fifty doors coming in? That was your idea, wasn't it?

GAVIN

Impressed?

SALLY

That was pure Gavin.

GAVIN

It's kind of existential, don't you think?

SALLY

Existential? More like being in a Bugs Bunny cartoon, you mean. Does the boss know you did this thing with all the doors?

GAVIN

He's going to be so surprised.

SALLY

You are going to be so fired.

GAVIN

It's a unique sales tool, sis. What do you think the boss is going to say?

SALLY

I think he's show you the door. That's what I think.

GAVIN

Sis, I have to level with you. Mom's operation is going to be expensive.

SALLY

How did this happen?

GAVIN

Well, you know Mom. Level headed about everything except Wayne Newton.

SALLY

She's going to be okay? Is she in much pain?

GAVIN

I should have gone with her but you know it's mostly women at Wayne's concerts.

SALLY

I don't understand what happened.

GAVIN

She rushed the stage to get a kiss. A bunch of ladies were crowded up there trying to kiss Wayne. Anyways, she broke her tibia and a femur. And you know seeing Wayne Newton was hard on her heart. You know how excited she gets.

SALLY

We'll have to pay for the operation somehow.

GAVIN

She still has most of the four thousand dollars she won at the nickel slots. She blew some of that money on bingo. Anyways it's not nearly enough. Fortunately I have a moneymaking idea.

SALLY

No.

GAVIN

What?

SALLY

No more of your ideas.

GAVIN

You haven't even heard it.

SALLY

Look at these doors. No offense,
Gavin, but your ideas never work.

GAVIN

This is sure fire.

SALLY

Yeah, so was the chinchilla farm.

GAVIN

That could have worked if only I
hadn't tried raising fox in the same
facility.

SALLY

You think? Talk about eating into
your profits.

GAVIN

Just hear me out.

SALLY

Or the edible stick deodorant.

GAVIN

Now that just needed more marketing
and maybe a couple more flavors.

SALLY

No Gavin. No amount of marketing was
going to make people buy Passion Fruit
Musk flavored stick deodorant.

GAVIN

It was innovative but practical.

SALLY

Practical? Practical? Who wants to
eat underarm deodorant?

GAVIN

It was Passion Fruit Musk flavored.
Anyway, this idea is different.

SALLY

Just stop.

GAVIN

It's the only way we're going to be able to pay for Mom's operation.

SALLY

I know I'm going to regret this.

GAVIN

Okay. This time I figured all the angles.

SALLY

I bet.

GAVIN

There are two little things, though.

SALLY

I knew this was coming.

GAVIN

It's not exactly legal.

SALLY

Woah! Not exactly?

GAVIN

Sally, we need a lot of money and fast.

SALLY

And the other little tiny thing?

GAVIN

We're going to need Wesley's help.

SALLY

No way.

GAVIN

Sally this is for Mom.

SALLY

Gavin.

GAVIN

He asks about you all the time.

SALLY
How has he been?

GAVIN
He misses you. You know he hasn't dated another woman.

SALLY
Really?

GAVIN
Scouts honor.

SALLY
I should never have dated my brother's best friend.

GAVIN
Sally, this is for Mom.

Sally sighs.

INT. GROCERY STORE - NIGHT

At the front of the produce aisle, beside a bin of bananas, Wesley performs as Elvis. Shoppers squeeze the fruits and push past him, oblivious. A bored employee pushes a two-wheeled cart, loaded with cans, right past Wesley without glancing his way. Only a garishly made up elderly woman pays him any attention and her attention appears lustful.

Wesley, strums his electric guitar and sings with total conviction and a bit less talent, an Elvis standard.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

Gavin drives. Sally fidgets in the passenger seat.

SALLY
You really think you can talk Wesley into this one?

GAVIN
We have to. For Mom. You can convince him. You're the girlfriend.

SALLY
Ex. You. You're the one who could always talk that poor boy into anything. You and your crazy schemes.

GAVIN
Crazy schemes.

SALLY
I never will figure out how you
convinced Wesley to let you practice
acupuncture on him.

GAVIN
I read in a magazine that acupuncture
was the next big thing. Even the
experts can be wrong sometimes.

Sally cringes.

SALLY
I can still hear his screams.

EXT. GROCERY STORE - NIGHT

A panel van bearing the sign, "The Door Store and More", pulls up in front of the grocery store. Gavin jumps out of the driver's side. He runs around to open the door for Sally.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

Sally quickly checks her makeup in the rearview mirror and straightens her hair.

EXT. GROCERY STORE- NIGHT

Finally Sally gets out.

GAVIN
Come on.

SALLY
You sure he's going to want to see me?

GAVIN
He never got over you. You'll see.

SALLY
I'm only doing this for Mom.

INT. GROCERY STORE - NIGHT

Wesley signs, to the tune of "Love Me Tender":

WESLEY

"Luvs and Pampers now on sale.
 Chicken Tenders too.
 Bargain prices every aisle.
 Low low priced for you."

A voice on the loudspeaker interrupts the big finish.

ANNOUNCER
 Clean up on aisle five. Clean up on
 aisle five.

Wesley strikes a final chord.

WESLEY
 Thank you very much.

Only the lustful woman applauds.

A shopper approaches him Wesley with a pen and paper. Wesley
 grabs it and signs his name. The woman scowls at the paper.

WOMAN
 What's this?

WESLEY
 That's my signature.

WOMAN
 You just wrote on my shopping list.

WESLEY
 I thought you wanted, you know, my
 autograph.

WOMAN
 I just wanted to know where the canned
 asparagus is at. Don't you work here?

WESLEY
 No mam, I'm a performer.

As the woman moves away, Wesley sees his friend, Gavin.

WESLEY
 (still talking like Elvis)
 Hey man. Did you see my act? I added
 a medley of Elvis gospel tunes only I
 changed the lyrics to a sensitive plea
 for folks to return shopping carts
 from the corrals outside.

Suddenly, Sally steps forward. She and Wesley lock eyes. Then she looks at her feet.

SALLY
Hey Wesley.

WESLEY
Sally.

SALLY
I heard you sing that last song.

WESLEY
Oh.

SALLY
Did you write the lyrics yourself?

WESLEY
Yeah, I-. Hang on a second. I have to get out of character.

Wesley closes his eyes and rotates his shoulders. He inhales deeply and exhales. He shakes out his fingers.

WESLEY
Okay. Sally, how have you been? You look-. You look really nice.

Wesley still sounds exactly like Elvis!

SALLY
I've been, you know. I've been the same. I'm fine. And you? Still doing the Elvis thing I see?

WESLEY
Yeah, I'm getting some pretty good gigs.

SALLY
Yeah? Good, good.

WESLEY
Yeah, I played The Strike Two Bowling Lanes during league finals week.

Wesley unplugs his amp and picks it up. Gavin takes the amp from Wesley's hand. Wesley doesn't notice. His attention is fixed on Sally. Obviously some chemistry is still there.

SALLY
Congratulations.

The three walk to the store exit.

WESLEY
They said they'd book me again soon.

SALLY
Great. That's great.

EXT. GROCERY STORE - NIGHT

They walk towards Wesley's car.

WESLEY
Yeah and I opened for Frank "Tito"
Valkovich at the Wappelo County Fair.

SALLY
Frank- Tito-?

WESLEY
Valkovich. He's the number one Tito
Jackson impersonator in the country.

SALLY
Wow!

They arrive at Wesley's VW.

SALLY
So it's going good for you then.

WESLEY
Oh yeah. Couldn't be better. Of
course I still have the paper route.

SALLY
Good.

WESLEY
Yeah. Income supplement.

SALLY
Uh huh.

Wesley clears his throat. Finally he doesn't sound like Elvis anymore. He sounds like himself.

WESLEY

How's your mom?

SALLY

Not so good.

GAVIN

That's why we're here. Let's take a ride.

INT. VOLKSWAGON - NIGHT

Wesley drives. Sally sits in the passenger seat. Gavin is crammed in the back.

WESLEY

Sorry about your mom. I'm glad to see you but I'm real sorry about your mom.

SALLY

Thanks.

WESLEY

I guess these things happen at Wayne Newton concerts.

SALLY

I guess.

WESLEY

Whips the ladies into a frenzy I hear. Listen, Sally I tried writing you.

SALLY

I'm sorry Wesley.

WESLEY

I got them all back.

SALLY

I know.

WESLEY

Return to sender. I had a blue Christmas without you. I was so lonely I could die.

SALLY

Stop that.

WESLEY

What?

SALLY

The Elvis thing. Always Elvis.
That's why I left.

GAVIN

So Wesley, we have a business
proposition.

WESLEY

What do you mean, that's why you left?
Things were going so well between us.

GAVIN

I have a real moneymaking idea.

SALLY

I started to feel like it was more
about Elvis than it was about me.
About us. You know?

GAVIN

This idea will work.

WESLEY

How can you say that? We had a quarrel,
a lover's spat.

SALLY

Stop speaking in Elvis lyrics!

INT. GROCERY STORE - NIGHT

A shopper pushes her cart up an aisle past a young employee with
bucket and mop, cleaning a spill next to an overturned pancake
syrup bottle. Meanwhile, we hear a bored voice on the intercom.

ANNOUNCER

May I have your attention please.
Elvis has left the produce aisle. But
you can still purchase a hunk a hunk
a colby jack cheese for only \$2.69 Per
pound. Thank you for shopping Hy Vee.

INT. VOLKSWAGON - NIGHT

GAVIN

I know my last idea wasn't so hot. Those oven mitts were selling okay, though, weren't they? I admit I should have researched the material before I bought it. Such a good deal, though. Never knew orlon could be that flammable.

Sally slick the bobble-head Elvis on the dash

SALLY

Look at you, you're still collecting Elvis bobble-heads and Elvis oven mitts and Elvis toilet seats.

WESLEY

They make an Elvis toilet seat?

SALLY

See? See what I mean?

WESLEY

What? You said there was an Elvis toilet seat and I was just asking.

SALLY

I was kidding, OK?

WESLEY

What about you? Still collecting Roy Rogers books and Roy Rogers toys and-.

SALLY

That's different and you know it.

GAVIN

Wesley! Sally! About this moneymaking idea.

WESLEY

I never stopped caring for you.

GAVIN

Guys. This idea is for Mom. For Mom's operation.

EXT. TRAILER COURT - NIGHT

The VW pulls up in front of the trailer.

WESLEY

So what's your idea?

INT. VOLKSWAGON - NIGHT

Gavin leans forward in his seat and pauses for dramatic effect.

GAVIN

We need to see your vacation slides
from one of your trips to Graceland.

Wesley is clearly delighted.

WESLEY

You want to see photos albums, home
movies, slides or MPegs?

INT. LIVINGROOM - NIGHT

Sally sleeps, curled up on the end of Wesley's couch. Gavin sits next to her, leaning forward, intently studying and taking notes. His face is bathed in the light from a projector screen. Half eaten bowls of popcorn and several cans of soda set on aluminum TV trays.

WESLEY

That's it for the slides from my 2003
Graceland vacation. Just a sec and
I'll show you the slides from
Graceland 2001 and 1997. Those were
good years.

Wesley stands by a Kodak slide projector, removing one carousel of slides. He places it on a stack of three and inserts a third.

A slide appears showing Wesley, dressed as Elvis but in a Hawaiian shirt, posing between two men in security guard uniforms. One is imposing and looks embarrassed to be in the photo. The other guard looks to be ninety-five pounds and appears

GAVIN

You even have slides of the security
guards. This is great.

WESLEY

The guards are great. Snake, that's
the little guard, he takes himself
kind of serious but he's a true fan.

GAVIN

You even know these guys' names? So how often do they make there rounds at night?

WESLEY

I never knew you were such a fan.

GAVIN

Oh yeah. I own a stack of Elvis CD's. He's the king, man. So, about these guards. I bet you even know the route they take when they make their rounds.

WESLEY

You never told me about your plan.

Sally stretches and yawns.

GAVIN

Sis, you missed at least two carousels of slides.

WESLEY

I can reload the ones from 2003 and 2004. I got some great shots of Elvis' bed and-.

Sally leaps up, almost knocking over her TV tray.

SALLY

No! No, that's OK.

WESLEY

I had no idea you guys were so interested in my vacation slides.

SALLY

Well, actually-.

Gavin rises from the sofa and puts his arm around Wesley. He steers Wesley to the sofa and sits Wesley down between Sally and him.

GAVIN

Look, we're going to level with you.

WESLEY

OK.

GAVIN

Like we said before, Mom isn't doing so well.

WESLEY

You know how much I care for your Mom. She always treated me like my own mom.

GAVIN

How 'bout those snickerdoodle cookies, huh?

WESLEY

Nobody makes snickerdoodles like your mom.

GAVIN

Yep, always ready to welcome you with a plate of warm snickerdoodles, right sis?

SALLY

Right, snickerdoodles.

GAVIN

Now, this plan may sound a bit, you know.

WESLEY

Unconventional.

GAVIN

Mmmm. Yeah, well that too.

WESLEY

Daring?

GAVIN

Yeah, Daring. I'd say daring but the word I was searching for-.

SALLY

Desperate.

GAVIN

Well yes, even desperate but the word I was reaching for is, well, the word is illegal.

Wesley jumps up from the sofa. Gavin pushes him back down into his seat.

GAVIN

Wesley, remember this is for Mom.

WESLEY

You know I'd do almost anything for your Mom, Gavin, but-.

SALLY

Wesley, hear this out. I know it's going to sound crazy but I just can't think of any other way to pay for Mom's operation.

WESLEY

Yeah, but if this is going to be illegal.

SALLY

Mom is one of the millions of underinsured, Wesley.

GAVIN

I know you'd do anything for Mom.

WESLEY

Well, like I said-.

GAVIN

That's how unselfish you are. But I want you to know that there will be enough money left over for you too. There must be something you need. Blue suede shoes. Hair gel. Rhinestones.

WESLEY

Well, this guy from Walla Walla is outbidding me on Ebay. I have seventy-two hours left. I'm trying to buy one of the TV sets that Elvis shot.

GAVIN

That Elvis shot. What do mean shot?

WESLEY

Elvis had a pearl handled revolver.
He used to get mad at the news and
shoot a hole in his television.

GAVIN
Get out of town.

WESLEY
You didn't know that? And you call
yourself a fan.

GAVIN
Hey, I know the music. Isn't that what
counts? You seriously want to buy a
shot up television? You know what it
would cost to fix it?

WESLEY
You don't fix a TV that Elvis shot.

GAVIN
Why would anybody shoot up a TV
anyway?

SALLY
He collects everything Elvis. He's
obsessed.

WESLEY
You never wanted to shoot your TV?

Gavin thinks for a moment.

GAVIN
Yeah but this was back before reality
shows, infomercials, Geraldo Rivera.

SALLY
Yeah but it was also before the remote
control.

GAVIN
Good point. OK, you want a shot up TV.
This is your chance.

SALLY
Wesley, will you do it for Mom? Will
you do it for me?

WESLEY

Do what for you? Is anybody going to
tell me the plan?

EXT. TRAILER COURT - NIGHT

Wesley storms out of the trailer, terribly upset. He rushes to the VW and starts it up. Gavin runs after him. Sally follows. Gavin motions for Wesley to roll down the car window, which he does.

GAVIN
Come on, Wesley.

WESLEY
Oh no. You must be crazy.

SALLY
Wesley, you haven't even heard the
whole plan.

WESLEY
You know, I expect these kind of
schemes from your brother. But you!

GAVIN
Just calm down.

WESLEY
Calm down? Calm down? Wen you said
illegal I thought, uh oh, maybe a fine
or something, but this!

SALLY
Gavin has it all worked out this time.
This time-.

WESLEY
This time? This time? This time I
could wind up doing the jailhouse rock
with some Bubba doing twenty to life
who wants to love me tender. This is
crazy.

GAVIN
Calm down. Where do you think you're
going?

WESLEY
I'm sorry but I'm leaving. I'm going
home.

GAVIN
This is Sally's car.

Wesley suddenly realizes this.

GAVIN
And this is your trailer.

Gavin whispers to Sally. She steps forward as Gavin backs away a few paces.

SALLY
Wesley, I know you're a little upset right now.

WESLEY
A little upset?

SALLY
I can tell because you're repeating everything we say.

WESLEY
Repeating everything? Repeating everything? You want to know why I'm repeating everything?

SALLY
Can you unlock the door so I can sit with you?

INT. VOLKSWAGON - NIGHT

Sally enters the VW and sits next to Wesley. Both sit for a moment without speaking.

SALLY
Remember when we took my car to the Blue Ridge Drive-In to see that Elvis double feature?

WESLEY
Sally, you know why I can't do this.

SALLY
You don't remember?

WESLEY

Of course I remember. "Clambake" and "Harum Scarum". Sally what you're planning is desecration.

SALLY

That was our second date and all you wanted to do is watch the movies.

WESLEY

How can even think about grave robbery? That's what it is you, know. What do you mean all I wanted to do is watch the movies? Don't you remember the way I played with your hair?

SALLY

Gavin can get the backhoe from the Door Store. We aren't going to get caught.

WESLEY

I remember your perfume. I even remember what you wore that night. You wore that red gingham blouse and the pleated denim skirt.

SALLY

Gavin has it all planned. Wesley, I really need you.

Wesley embraces her. They kiss, a long deep kiss. As their bodies shift, Wesley's elbow bumps the horn. It's stuck. The horn won't stop blaring. Lights begin to go on in the other trailers in the court. A couple dogs begin barking.

INT. LIVINGROOM - NIGHT

Sally and Wesley sit close on the sofa, holding hands. We can still hear the car horn outside. Gavin paces in front of them.

GAVIN

So it's all settled. We're going to have to go over the plan because we have to do this tomorrow night.

SALLY

Tomorrow night?

WESLEY

Tomorrow night.

Wesley stands.

WESLEY

I'm sorry. I can't. I just can't. I can't do this to the King.

SALLY

I was right about us. You care more about Elvis than you do about us.

WESLEY

I love you. I've always loved you but this. This is so wrong. It's desecration. You want to steal Elvis' body right out from Graceland and hold it for ransom?

GAVIN

There's no other way to pay for Mom's operation.

WESLEY

I can't be a grave robber. Especially not Elvis' grave.

Gavin puts his arm around Wesley.

GAVIN

Don't think of this as a grave robbery.

WESLEY

Oh no?

GAVIN

No. Think of this as the ultimate Elvis collectable.

WESLEY

What are you talking about?

GAVIN

How many fans have the autographed poster from "Girls, Girls, Girls"?

WESLEY

According to the 2002 edition of the Elvis Mania Collectors guide, besides me, there are approximately--.

GAVIN

How many shot up Elvis TVs are known to be in the hands of collectors?

WESLEY

Three. Of course, during his lifetime Elvis actually-.

GAVIN

Think carefully now, Wesley. How many fans own Elvis himself?

WESLEY

Huh?

GAVIN

After we dig him up you will own the ultimate one-of-a-kind Elvis collectable, Elvis.

Wesley's eyes glaze.

WESLEY

Hey, you're right.

GAVIN

And you'll have enough money to buy all three televisions with Elvis' bullet holes right there in the picture tube.

WESLEY

We wouldn't actually open it, would we? The casket, I mean.

GAVIN

No, no, of course not. Collectibles are worth more sealed in their original packaging, right?

WESLEY

Yeah. I mean, a 1967 fourteen inch posable Elvis doll in the original packaging is worth seventy-five to one hundred dollars more than the action figure alone.

GAVIN

Right. And remember, this is strictly a one-of-a-kind.

SALLY
Please, Wesley.

WESLEY
I'll do it. I'll do it for your mom,
for Elvis but mostly I'll do it for you,
Sally.

EXT. TRAILER COURT - DAWN

The VW's car horn still sounds but weakly.

INT. LIVINGROOM - DAWN

The three look tired and rumped. Gavin kneels in front of the coffee table, opposite Sally and Wesley who sit close to each other on the couch.

GAVIN
Let's go over the plan one more time.

WESLEY
Do we have to?

Atop the coffee table are two boxes of Hamburger Helper set a four inches apart with a third box resting on top to form a roof.

GAVIN
This has to go off without a hitch.
Okay, Wesley and Sally pull up in the
Door Store van, pulling the backhoe-.

Gavin takes a plastic Scooby Doo Mystery Machine toy and drives it up to the Hamburger Helper boxes. He uses a pointer as he speaks.

GAVIN
-to Graceland.

Gavin produces a Hot Wheels car and drives it around the back of the Hamburger Helper boxes.

GAVIN
Meanwhile, I cut the power.

WESLEY
Do you know how to do that?

GAVIN
I've worked with electricity before.

WESLEY

You have?

GAVIN

Sure, last year I rewired that old house that Tammy and Bob Van Gorp bought.

WESLEY

The blue two-story house?

GAVIN

The point is, I have experience.

WESLEY

Gavin, is that the house?

GAVIN

Yeah, that sounds like it. I did extensive rewiring so this is going to be a piece of cake.

WESLEY

The blue two-story house on West Third by the ball diamond?

GAVIN

Yeah. Can we move along now?

WESLEY

Gavin, that house burned down.

GAVIN

They're still investigating the cause.

WESLEY

Burned to the ground. It was in the paper. They think it was faulty wiring.

GAVIN

Think. They think. They don't know for sure. Any further questions?

WESLEY

Are we going to be back in time for me to do my paper route because otherwise I'm going to have to line up a substitute on short notice.

GAVIN

Better plan on a substitute.

WESLEY

I'll call Paul. He owes me.

GAVIN

Any further questions?

WESLEY

Where did you get that pointer?

GAVIN

Office Depot. Okay, let's get some sleep. It's what, three hours from here to Graceland and we still have to hook up the backhoe.

SALLY

I'm going to visit Mom as soon as visiting hours starts. I can sleep in the van on the way.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The van, hauling a backhoe, passes the highway sign reading, "Leaving Kentucky".

INT. VAN - NIGHT

Gavin drives. Sally sleeps in the passenger seat. Wesley is barely visible seated behind them.

GAVIN

I cannot believe you, man.

WESLEY

I'm sorry, OK. This isn't something I usually do. You never stated like a dress code.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The van passes the sign reading, "Welcome to Tennessee. They pass a roadside cemetery.

INT. VAN- NIGHT

Wesley peers anxiously out at the cemetery.

WESLEY

You said we won't have to open it,
right? The coffin, I mean.

Wesley sits in the back, dressed in a white sequined Elvis costume with rhinestones, wide belt and bell bottoms.

GAVIN

Yeah, yeah. We don't have to open it,
OK? Jeez!

WESLEY

What's the matter?

GAVIN

What's the matter? You want to know
what's the matter. I'll tell you
what's the matter. I never thought
I would have to say don't a white
sequined Elvis-in-concert costume to
a grave robbery, for Pete's sake.

WESLEY

I said I was sorry. But I didn't have
time to wash my black leather Elvis
1968 Comeback Special outfit.

GAVIN

What about jeans, Wesley? What about
like a black T-shirt and jeans? You
don't want people to see you robbing
a grave. You're going to get dirty.
I mean we are digging up a coffin.

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

The van pulls into a busy gas station. Gavin jumps out. Sally steps out and stretches. She walks around to Gavin. He pulls out his wallet and hands her a credit card.

GAVIN

Here, can you fill her up while I use
the restroom?

SALLY

No problem.

She puts the nozzle in the side of the van and swipes the card. Wesley walks over to her.

WESLEY

Your brother sure is in a mood.

A van pulls up on the opposite side of the pump. Unnoticed by Sally or Wesley, a costumed Elvis gets out and begins to pump gas.

SALLY

You shouldn't have worn your stupid Elvis outfit.

WESLEY

You used to like this on me.

Sally won't look at him.

WESLEY

Hey, I'm sorry. I should have worn something a bit less, you know.

SALLY

Conspicuous.

They don't notice another car pull up to the pumps. Another Elvis, a fat Elvis, wearing a flashy outfit, gets out.

WESLEY

Yeah.

She's still fuming.

WESLEY

Come on. You wanted my help.

SALLY

Yeah, I wanted your help alright. Just don't think I don't know why you agreed to help.

WESLEY

What? For you. For your mom.

SALLY

Not for me. You wouldn't help us until Gavin convinced you this was all about collecting Elvis. It's always about Elvis for you. It never was about you and me, was it? That outfit looks so stupid on you.

WESLEY

You used to like it on me.

SALLY

Elvis. Elvis. Elvis. That's all you ever think about.

WESLEY

What about you and Dale Evans, huh? And Roy Rogers. How many Roy Rogers collectibles do you own? How many Roy Rogers movies have you watched?

SALLY

Roy is the King of the Cowboys.

WESLEY

And Elvis is the King of-. He's the king.

SALLY

What kind of guy has himself buried in the backyard anyways?

WESLEY

Oh yeah? Roy had Trigger stuffed! And his dog too! Talk about weird.

SALLY

Elvis hated making his movies.

WESLEY

You used to love watching them with me. Remember "Clambake"?

SALLY

I watched those stupid movies to be with you, Wesley. That's the only reason. Boy was I dumb.

Wesley has no comeback.

SALLY

I thought you brought a change of clothes. What's in the bag, Wesley?

WESLEY

Look, I came along. I'm doing what you want.

SALLY

Instead of packing clothes, you brought along some stupid collectible, didn't you?

WESLEY

I'm risking jail for your mom. For you.

SALLY

It is a collectible, isn't it?

INT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

Gavin studies the Ho Hos and snack cakes. He doesn't notice a half dozen Elvis' in the place. One, dressed just like Wesley, picks out a hotdog from the rotisserie. Another pays for a bag of Doritos at the counter.

CASHEIRE

That's a dollar thirty two.

ELVIS 1

Thank you. Thank you very much.

Gavin glances up at the Elvis with the hotdog, then back at the Ho Hos.

GAVIN

Come here.

The hotdog Elvis looks around, confused, then, puzzled, points to himself.

GAVIN

Yeah, you. You have any idea how stupid you look?

Another Elvis, wearing leather, hears the exchange and approaches. Gavin doesn't notice.

GAVIN

Nobody, and I mean nobody but you would wear that stupid costume out in public.

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

WESLEY

You wanted me to help and here I am.

SALLY

I can't believe you brought some
stupid collectibles to our grave
robbery.

Sally runs to the van, climbs in and slams the door. Wesley sighs and grabs a squeegee from the bucket. He turns to face another Elvis, identically dressed, holding a squeegee.

Stunned, Wesley freezes. So does the other Elvis. Wesley slowly raises the squeegee. The other Elvis slowly raises his squeegee. Wesley slowly transfers his squeegee to his left hand. At the same time, the other Elvis transfers his squeegee to his right hand to mirror the action.

INT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

GAVIN

Look at yourself, man.

Hotdog Elvis scowls. So does the leather Elvis.

GAVIN

And you think you're going to pick up
a corpse looking like that?

Gavin grabs a pack of Ho Hos and looks up.

GAVIN

Looks like you stole a championship
belt from a professional wrestler.
You better hope Hulk Hogan doesn't
catch you. He'll put you in a full
nelson and pile drive your sorry butt.

Gavin really sees the hotdog Elvis for the first time.

GAVIN

You!

Gavin looks around and sees the angry leather Elvis.

GAVIN

You!

Gavin looks around the place and sees four other Elvis. Another Elvis buys a Coke at the counter.

COKE ELVIS

Thank you very much.

GAVIN
Um, pardon me Elvis.

Gavin smiles weakly at the other Elvises.

GAVIN
I didn't recognize you. That is I
recognize you. I thought you were
somebody else.

Gavin turns to a black man shopping next to him.

GAVIN
I thought he was somebody else.

SHOPPER
They all look alike to me.

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

With the squeegee in his left hand, Wesley strikes a concert pose.
He makes a peace sign with his right hand. Immediately the
squeegee Elvis does the same.

Squeegee Elvis laughs.

SQUEEGEE ELVIS
Sorry, man. I couldn't resist.

WESLEY
Phil? Phillip "Elvis" Ryerson of The
Elvis Experience?

Gavin streaks by and jumps into the van.

INT. VAN- NIGHT

SALLY
Did you get me a Diet Coke?

Gavin is pale and shaking.

SALLY
I said, did you get me a Diet Coke?

GAVIN
Something really weird is going on
here.

Gavin locks the doors.

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

SQUEEGEE ELVIS
You recognize me?

Wesley suddenly begins speaking with Elvis' accent.

WESLEY
Recognize you? You're Southern
Illinois' most celebrated Elvis
performance artist. Your rendition
of "Girls, Girls, Girls" inspired me.

SQUEEGEE ELVIS
Thank you very much. And you are?

WESLEY
It's me, Wesley.

Squeegee Elvis shrugs.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

GAVIN
I'm telling you the truth. This place
is crawling with Elvises. Comeback
Elvises, fat Elvises. I even saw one
in the costume from "Harum Scarum".

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

WESLEY
Wesley Wringer? Southern Kentucky? I
do all the songs from "Clambake" in a
medley for my finale?

SQUEEGEE ELVIS
Sorry, man. I just don't remember.
How do you think we sounded last
night?

WESLEY
Last night?

SQUEEGEE ELVIS
The Elvis Glee Club, man. Didn't you
dig it?

INT. VAN - NIGHT

GAVIN

I'm telling you, one minute, I'm talking to Wesley. Next minute, I look up and it's Elvis. And another Elvis. And another. And they're all really ticked off.

We hear a pounding on the van and Gavin jumps and screams. Wesley has his face pressed against the window.

SALLY

Let him in.

GAVIN

No!

SALLY

Gavin, are you crazy? Let him in. It's Wesley.

GAVIN

No it's not.

SALLY

Of course it is. You let him in right now.

GAVIN

How can we be sure it's really him?

SALLY

What?

Gavin rolls down the window a crack. Gavin He raises his lips to the crack.

WESLEY

Let me in.

GAVIN

State your name.

WESLEY

What?

GAVIN

Don't you know?

SALLY

Gavin, cut it out.

WESLEY

Let me in, Gavin. It's me.

GAVIN

Who snapped you with a towel in our sophomore gym class?

WESLEY

What?

GAVIN

Answer the question. The real Wesley would remember that. The real Wesley has been trying to forget for the past eight years.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The van rolls past a sign reading, "Graceland 14 miles".

INT. VAN - NIGHT

Wesley sulks. He no longer talks like Elvis.

GAVIN

So I'm not crazy. He saw them too.

WESLEY

Just drop me off at a bus station.

GAVIN

He saw them too.

SALLY

You promised you would help us.

GAVIN

Dozens of Elvises.

WESLEY

You don't want me. Sure, you want my help but you don't want me.

SALLY

You got that turned around.

GAVIN

Tell her about the Elvises.

SALLY

What is wrong with you two?

WESLEY

Gavin's right about the Elvises.
Tonight a whole Elvis Glee Club sang
"My Way" for a VH-1 Special.

SALLY

That explains all the Elvises.

WESLEY

That explains it alright. Every Elvis
tribute artist worth anything was
invited. Forty-eight Elvises and
seven Frank Sinatras singing "My Way"
for VH-1. I heard that the Sinatras
weren't getting along with the
Elvises.

SALLY

Huh.

WESLEY

I guess one of the Sinatras threatened
to put out a contract on several of the
Elvises.

GAVIN

So, crazy am I?

WESLEY

All those Elvises singing "My Way".
Only they changed the lyrics to,
(sings softly)
"We did it his way".

SALLY

That's nice, I guess.

WESLEY

Oh yeah. Real nice. Take me to a bus
station.

GAVIN

What a minute. So you're saying a
bunch of imitators sang in unison a
song about rugged individualism?

SALLY

Damnit, Wesley. We need you.

WESLEY

You just don't get it, do you? You don't need me. Nobody needs me.

SALLY

Stop feeling sorry for yourself.

WESLEY

Forty-eight Elvises. Any Elvis who is any Elvis. But not me. No, not Wesley.

SALLY

Oh. Well, you can't expect that they could invite everybody to this one little-.

WESLEY

They managed to invite Mahatma "Elvis" Ryerson, Song Chow, "The King" Yang. Joey, "Swivelhips" La Bonte. Hell, they even got Stan, "The Pelvis" VanderVande of Stanhope, for Pete's sake. He doesn't even sing. He's a minister at a wedding chapel.

SALLY

Wesley, I'm sorry.

WESLEY

You know what's worse? You know what's even worse? I got autographs from each and every one of those guys. Every one. Every single one. And you know what?

Nobody breaks the silence.

WESLEY

None of them ever asked for mine.

EXT. BUS STATION - NIGHT

The van pulls up. The door slides open and a miserable Wesley climbs out. Sally steps out and follows him. She carries his bag.

SALLY

Wait.

Wesley stops and turns.

SALLY
You forgot your bag.

WESLEY
It's not mine.

SALLY
Yes it is.

WESLEY
I got it for you.

SALLY
I thought-. I thought you said it was
a collectible.

WESLEY
You said it was a collectible. Well,
yeah it is. But I didn't get it for
me. I got it for you. After you left
me.

Sally hesitates.

SALLY
What is it?

WESLEY
Open it.

Sally reluctantly peeks inside, gasps and pulls out a lunchbox.

WESLEY
It's the Roy Rogers lunchbox you
always wanted. From the TV show.

He points.

WESLEY
See? There's his sidekick, Pat Brady
and Lulubelle, his jeep. See there?
There's Roy riding Trigger. And
there's Dale Evans and Bullet, the
dog.

SALLY

Oh my gosh.

WESLEY

You like it? I know you always wanted this for your collection.

SALLY

My gosh, Wesley. You shouldn't have done this. I mean, how did you-?

Sally carefully opens it.

SALLY

Oh my gosh, it even has the thermos intact. Those are so rare. Wesley, these are so expensive.

WESLEY

Not so expensive. I traded for it at the Marengo City flea market. Well, I threw in twenty bucks plus a trade.

SALLY

Traded? For what?

WESLEY

My Franklin Mint commemorative limited edition Elvis "68 Comeback Special plate.

SALLY

How could you? You loved that plate. Your collection. It means so much to you.

WESLEY

Yeah, well. Maybe it's not the most important thing.

Sally's eyes are tearing. She grabs his lapels.

SALLY

You know, I actually kind of like this stupid Elvis costume on you.

WESLEY

Yeah?

SALLY

Yeah. You know, I used to dream that I was Dale Evans on a runaway buckboard, headed for a perilous gorge, you know? Just like in "Duel at Diablo" or "Apache Pass" or "My Pal Trigger" or-.

WESLEY

Almost every Roy Rogers picture.

SALLY

Uh huh.

WESLEY

I used to dream that same dream when we were breaking up.

SALLY

And then, at that last minute. You rode up and rescued me. You, not Roy Rogers. You, Wesley.

She throws her arms around him.

SALLY

I don't love you for your Elvis. I love you for you.

WESLEY

Really?

SALLY

I bet Elvis never made that cute little face you do whenever you drink a Slurpee too fast.

WESLEY

I get a brain freeze.

SALLY

Every single time. I bet Elvis never got a little tear in his eyes when he saw a sentimental commercial on TV.

She kisses him.

SALLY

Remember when we used to play cowboy and Elvis?

WESLEY

Yeah.

SALLY

And I would lasso you?

WESLEY

I'm sorry I ever complained about the rope burns.

Gavin yells from the van.

GAVIN

Alright! That's enough. That's my sister your talking about. You guys are making me sick.

SALLY

Don't listen to him. He's the only guy I know who could incite an entire glee club to riot in less than five minutes.

They kiss once more.

SALLY

Wesley, honey?

WESLEY

Yeah?

SALLY

Let's get in the van.

They kiss again. Gavin lays on the horn.

EXT. GRACELAND - NIGHT

The van pulls up to the locked front gates.

INT. VAN- NIGHT

GAVIN

This is it.

WESLEY

Sally?

SALLY

Yes?

WESLEY

I wouldn't risk twenty years with a sweaty convict in an eight by ten cell with an exposed toilet for anyone but you.

They kiss.

GAVIN

You guys are making me sick.

EXT. TELEPHONE POLE - NIGHT

Sally and Wesley stand at the base of a tall pole, looking up. A kitten climbs, about halfway up. A large transformer sets at the top.

WESLEY

Wow!

SALLY

You can say that again.

WESLEY

Wow! Sure is tall.

Gavin appears with a large bolt cutter and a cloth bag with a handle.

WESLEY

Did you know it would be that tall?

GAVIN

I know what I'm doing.

WESLEY

Because they think that was an electrical fire at that house.

GAVIN

I'm telling you they're still investigating. Besides, a person can learn from his mistakes, you know. I learned a lot.

Gavin slings the cloth bag over his shoulder.

WESLEY

Hey, that's my paper route bag.

Gavin thrusts the bolt cutter into the bag and takes a deep breath.

WESLEY

Careful. I need that bag for my route.

GAVIN

Thanks for your concern.

Gavin starts to climb the pole.

SALLY

Be careful.

Gavin disappears up the pole. Sally and Wesley look up. They stand wordlessly for several moments.

It begins to rain, hard.

WESLEY

Sure is tall.

SALLY

You said that already.

GAVIN

(O.C.)

Hi kitty.

The kitten meows.

GAVIN

(O.C.)

Nice kitty, kitty.

The kitten hisses and spit and wails.

GAVIN

(o.c.)

Owww! Ouch!

Wesley and Sally wince.

GAVIN

(o.c.)

Oh God! Ouch!

Wesley and Sally, still grimacing, avert their eyes.

The cat stops wailing. It's quiet for a moment.

WESLEY

Are you okay?

GAVIN

No I'm not okay What do you think, you idiot?

WESLEY

Don't fall!

GAVIN

Shut up.

Wesley and Sally look up in silence for several moments more. Suddenly we hear a loud buzz and crackle as Wesley and Sally are bathed in a brief burst of light.

A moment later, the bolt cutter falls at their feet.

Another moment later, a charred and smoking cat carcass falls at their feet. Sally and Wesley grimace and look away.

EXT. GRACELAND- NIGHT

The van sits near the fence surrounding Graceland. The rain has almost stopped. Wesley attaches a handmade sign to the van which covers the Door Store sign. It reads, "Memphis Municipal Electric and Gas".

Sally, meanwhile, leans against the van, dialing a cell phone. She pops a stick of gum into her mouth and waits as the phone rings.

INT. SECURITY ROOM- NIGHT

Two uniformed guards sit at a long desk. TV screens in front of the desk show various shots of the interior and exterior of Graceland. An emergency light provides the only illumination besides the TV screens. The phone is ringing.

A burly guard, Harley, writes on a clipboard. We recognize the skinny guard from the Graceland slides, as Snake. He looks visibly shaken. Harley answers the phone.

HARLEY

Hello.

EXT. VAN - NIGHT

Sally chews her gum loudly and effects a coarse accent.

SALLY

Hello, this is Delores from City Electric and Gas. We're asking everyone to remain calm as you exit your facility in an orderly fashion, okay?

INT. SECURITY ROOM - NIGHT

HARLEY

Excuse me?

A third guard, a large man, enters, carrying a large flashlight.

THIRD GUARD

Power's out everywhere.

Harley waves him to be quiet. He pulls a cigarette from his shirt pocket and puts it in his mouth.

HARLEY

A gas main?

EXT. VAN - NIGHT

SALLY

Sir, please listen closely. Apparently someone dug his barbecue pit too deeply and without prior authorization for Memphis Electric and Gas. As you may know, Memphis Electric and Gas requires no less than forty-eight hours notice before digging. Please notify everyone in your facility. We need you to evacuate the premises in a rapid and orderly fashion. Do you understand, sir?

INT. SECURITY ROOM - NIGHT

Harley leaps to his feet.

HARLEY

Hell, yes.

He begins to hang up.

EXT. VAN- NIGHT

SALLY

Wait, sir. We are sending a repair truck to your location as quickly as possible. Do you understand, sir? Good. We will need you to leave your front gate open for our repair crew. You may evacuate and we will call your cell number to advise you when it is safe to return. And, sir? For God sakes don't let anyone smoke.

INT. SECURITY ROOM - NIGHT

Harley looks at his cigarette and bats it out of his mouth.

INT. VAN- NIGHT

Sally climbs into the passenger seat. Wesley climbs in the back.

Gavin sits in the front, his face half covered in Scooby-Doo band-aids of different sizes. More scratches are visible on his face that the band-aids haven't covered

GAVIN

Well?

Sally removes the gum from her mouth and now speaks normally.

SALLY

Piece of cake.

WESLEY

So everything is going according to plan, huh?

GAVIN

Look at my face, Wesley. Does this look according to plan?

WESLEY

Well, the power is dead.

GAVIN

I told you I could handle it.

SALLY

That poor, poor kitty.

GAVIN

That poor kitty? When we get the money,
I'm buying a dog. A really big dog and
the only thing I'm feeding him is poor,
poor kitties.

EXT. GRACELAND FRONT GATE - NIGHT

An SUV roars out of the open gate as the van with its crude,
hand-painted sign, enters. It hauls the backhoe.

INT. SUV - NIGHT

Harley, an unlit cigarette between his lips, drives with
determination. The large guard pulls out a lighter and leans
toward him.

HARLEY

Get that away from me. We ain't
lighting up til the next county.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

Gavin drives on.

GAVIN

Look at them. Told you this was going
to be easy.

Gavin reaches below his seat and pulls out a cell phone-sized
electronic device.

WESLEY

What's that?

GAVIN

Insurance.

WESLEY

Huh?

GAVIN

I bought this baby online. It jams
cell phones in like a mile radius.

WESLEY

I read about those. Those are so
illegal.

GAVIN

This could buy us a few precious extra minutes.

WESLEY

Gavin, those things are against the law.

GAVIN

Every time I think you are as stupid as you could possibly be, you say something to surprise me.

WESLEY

Thank you, Gavin.

GAVIN

You idiot. We're committing grave robbery and grand theft and you're worried about some misdemeanor that would probably get us like a two hundred dollar fine.

WESLEY

Oh yeah? Well, I could be sweating probably a year at a prison laundry to raise that kind of money if I don't buy any smokes from the guards.

GAVIN

You don't smoke.

INT. SUV - NIGHT

LARGE GUARD

I don't feel right about leaving Snake behind.

HARLEY

He had his chance. He wants to play Rambo, fine. His funeral. Besides, they can't say we left our post without nobody to close up.

INT. SECURITY ROOM- NIGHT

Snake watches one of the monitors. It shows the van backing the up to the grave sight.

EXT. GRACELAND GRAVE SIGHT- NIGHT

The van backs up to the grave sight in a shot matching the security camera. Gavin unhitches the backhoe and lines it up.

INT. VAN- NIGHT

We hear the backhoe. Sally and Wesley sit in the back.

WESLEY

Sally?

SALLY

Nervous?

Wesley begins to talk like Elvis again.

WESLEY

I'm all shook up. I feel really weird about this.

SALLY

Mom's in a lot of pain. She needs this operation.

WESLEY

Sally, what you're asking-.

SALLY

Mom asked about you.

WESLEY

She did?

SALLY

Yeah, she said, when she gets well again, she's going to make you a big plate of snickerdoodles.

WESLEY

Mmmm. Snickerdoodles. She said that?

SALLY

Between cries of agony, yeah.

We hear the backhoe shut down.

WESLEY

I know. It's just, I never broke the law before.

The van door opens. Gavin leans in.

GAVIN

Except at the drive-in with my sister.

SALLY

Shut up, Gavin.

GAVIN

Come on. I dug my part. Time for the delicate work. You dig Elvis, right?

Gavin extends a shovel to Wesley. He takes it.

WESLEY

That's not funny, Gavin.

INT. SECURITY ROOM - NIGHT

Snake holds a large flashlight and timidly exits.

EXT. GRACELAND - NIGHT

Snake exits a door and peers into the grounds. His flashlight cuts through a fine mist of rain.

Snake squints at a freshly dug hole in the ground. He sees some dirt fly out of the hole.

Suddenly, Wesley, dressed as Elvis, pops out of the hole. His costume is muddy and dirty.

Snake sees Wesley. Wesley sees Elvis. Both scream at the same time. Snake faints.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

Sally and Gavin exchange worried looks and bolt out of the van. Sally has a coil of rope over her shoulder.

EXT. GRACELAND GRAVE SIGHT - NIGHT

Gavin squats over the unconscious Snake. He grabs the discarded shovel and, for a moment, wields it like a bat over Snake. Then he reconsiders and checks Snake's pulse.

Sally, meanwhile, throws her lariat into the hole and immediately pulls Wesley from the hole.

SALLY

Haven't lost my touch.

Before untying him, she gives Wesley a passionate kiss.

GAVIN

Cut that out!

INT. SUV - NIGHT

The large guard holds the cell phone to his ear and shrugs at his partner.

LARGE GUARD

Must be the storm, huh?

EXT. GRACELAND GRAVE SIGHT - NIGHT

Sally and Gavin finish pulling a coffin from the ground.

Wesley squats over the unconscious Snake.

WESLEY

Are you sure he's-?

Snake's eyes flutter open. Snake sees Wesley. Wesley sees Snake. Both let out a scream and both faint.

INT. SECURITY ROOM - NIGHT

The large guard checks a TV screen showing, mostly in darkness, Snake confronting a figure in the grave and fainting.

Snake trembles in a chair, staring wide-eyed at the wall.

SNAKE

He rose from the grave. It was horrible. Horrible.

Harley enters, gingerly carrying a cup of water. Careful not to spill, he kneels before Snake and suddenly throws the water into his face. Snake recoils.

SNAKE

I have seen the living dead.

LARGE GUARD

I got something here. Does that look like a Kentucky license plate to you? Looks like a Kentucky plate to me.

SNAKE

Dug himself out of the grave.

HARLEY

We don't have much time before the police get here.

SNAKE

I wet myself and that's all I remember.

Harley stops the playback and pulls the videotape from the VCR. He pulls a large magnet from his shirt pocket and passes it over the tape. The large guard frowns at this.

HARLEY

Got to erase the tape. We got to make sure we find the body before the cops.

EXT. VAN - NIGHT

Gavin drives. Sally sits in the back with an unconscious Wesley. Wesley comes to.

SALLY

You okay?

GAVIN

You awake, buddy?

WESLEY

He saw me.

GAVIN

He saw Elvis. He won't recognize you. He thinks he saw Elvis, okay?

(beat)

We did it. Didn't I tell you? I told you we could do it.

INT. SECURITY ROOM - NIGHT

Harley walks a dazed Snake towards the exit. Snake clutches his flashlight, staring blankly. The large guard stands in front of a computer printer. He rips of ten feet of printout and tries to fold it.

LARGE GUARD

Hurry and get him out of here before the cops arrive.

HARLEY

How come I gotta take Rambo here with me?

LARGE GUARD

He saw the guy who snatched the coffin.

SNAKE

I have seen the living dead.

HARLEY

Lotta good he's going to be.

The large guard finishes folding the mile of paper and extends it to the large guard.

LARGE GUARD

Here.

HARLEY

What's that?

LARGE GUARD

It's a list of Elvis performance artists. I figure maybe that's what Snake saw coming out of the ground.

HARLEY

Snake? He's gone around the bend. You can't be listening to him. He's a mental case.

SNAKE

The dead will eat the flesh of the living.

LARGE GUARD

It's all we have to go on.

HARLEY

You think this job was pulled by some guy dressed up like Elvis? You're screwier than Snake.

LARGE GUARD

You got any better ideas?

Harley takes the list.

HARLEY

Okay but so long as we think the vehicle had Kentucky plates, why don't you just print the Elvis impersonators in Kentucky?

LARGE GUARD

That is just Kentucky.

Harley's face falls. The list unrolls all over the floor.

LARGE GUARD

One more thing.

HARLEY

Don't say it.

LARGE GUARD

Somebody's going to have to call him.

HARLEY

Don't look at me. He ain't going to like this.

LARGE GUARD

I called him about Lisa Marie and Michael Jackson. I'm not telling him about this.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The van rolls down the highway. The van takes an exit.

EXT. GRACELAND - NIGHT

The SUV exits the grounds. A moment later, several police cars pull into the grounds.

EXT. DENNY'S - NIGHT

The van pulls up in the Denny's lot.

INT. DENNY'S - NIGHT

Sally, Gavin and Wesley sit at a corner table. Half eaten breakfasts sit before them. Gavin holds out his coffee cup.

GAVIN

To us.

SALLY

To mom.

WESLEY

What if he recognizes me?

GAVIN

Are you kidding?

SALLY

Wesley, do you know how many Elvis tribute artists there are?

WESLEY

Four-hundred eleven.

INT. SUV - NIGHT

Harley drives. Snake stares straight ahead.

SNAKE

The dead are walking the earth.

INT. DENNY'S - NIGHT

SALLY

So, how much are we asking?

GAVIN

Huh?

SALLY

The ransom. How much are we asking?

GAVIN

For the ransom?

SALLY

Yeah.

GAVIN

Uhm, well, I don't know.

WESLEY

(to Sally)

I thought you said he had this all planned.

SALLY

(to Gavin)

I thought you said you had this all planned.

GAVIN

Hey, the heist went off without a hitch.

Gavin touches his bandaged face and winces.

GAVIN

Except for that cat.

SALLY

Who do we call with the ransom demands? How do we make the exchange?

GAVIN

How do we make the exchange?

SALLY

Damnit, Gavin. You said you had it all planned.

GAVIN

Alright. Alright. I got us this far, didn't I? Finish your breakfast and we'll take you-know-who back home.

SALLY

And just where are we going to stash the body?

GAVIN

Do I have to think of everything?

WESLEY

What are we going to do?

GAVIN

Calm down. Let's just finish our breakfast and we'll drive home, okay?

SALLY

Okay, everybody just stay calm.

WESLEY

No speeding. We can't get a speeding ticket.

A bored waitress approaches with a pot of coffee.

GAVIN

Do I have to explain this to you all over again? A speeding ticket is nothing compared to-.

SALLY

Wesley's right. Haven't you read about people who get stopped for speeding? The police ask to search the car. Next thing you know the driver is arrested for transporting ten kilos of marijuana.

Wesley leaps to his feet.

WESLEY

We're transporting marijuana?

Sally pulls Wesley down into his seat. Gavin holds out his coffee cup.

GAVIN

I'll take a refill here. Always joking, this guy. He's kidding.

The waitress fills Gavin's cup, then the others.

WAITRESS

(to Gavin)

Your girlfriend scratch you?

GAVIN

She's my sister.

The waitress' eyes widen. She hurries away.

SALLY

(to Wesley)

I was just using an example. We don't want anybody finding the you-know-what in the van.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The SUV drives down the highway.

INT. SUV - NIGHT

Harley dials his cellphone with his free hand.

EXT. BURGER KING - NIGHT

We hear a telephone ring.

INT. BURGER KING - NIGHT

A hand adorned with lots of rings puts down a burger and picks up a telephone.

ELVIS

Hello.

INT. SUV- NIGHT

HARLEY

Mr. King?

INT. BURGER KING - NIGHT

ELVIS

Speaking.

HARLEY

(o.c.)

Sir, this is Harley. Harley Matters from Graceland?

ELVIS

Uh huh.

INT. SUV - NIGHT

HARLEY

Sir, I don't exactly know how to tell you this.

SNAKE

I have seen the living dead.

The guard puts his hand over Snake's mouth.

INT. BURGER KING - NIGHT

ELVIS

This isn't about Lisa Marie and Michael Jackson again, is it? Has he been holding my grandson out third story windows again?

INT. SUV - NIGHT

HARLEY

No sir, it isn't as bad as that. Well, actually it is quite a problem.

INT. BURGER KING - NIGHT

Elvis listens.

ELVIS

My casket? Uh huh. Uh huh. You follow the clues and report everything to me. I'm calling a couple friends.

EXT. DENNY'S - NIGHT

The van pulls out of the parking lot.

INT. BURGER KING - NIGHT

Elvis dials.

ELVIS

Bruce? It's me. It's Mr. King. Bruce, I need a favor. Can you pick up Jimmy and head to Kentucky? Uh huh. This is an emergency. My body's been stolen.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Wesley anxiously leans forward in the back seat.

SALLY

No, you can't call them on a cellphone. They can trace the call.

GAVIN

How do you know that?

SALLY

Don't you watch any movies? I can't believe you didn't plan this.

GAVIN

How hard can it be? Look we just call Graceland and tell them that Elvis is fine for now and he'll stay fine if all of our demands are met.

SALLY

Which are-?

GAVIN

I'm still working that out.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The SUV drives past the same exit at which the van pulled over for Denny's.

INT. SUV - NIGHT

Harley talks on his cell phone. Snake still clutches his flashlight, petrified but now wears a necklace of garlic.

HARLEY

Yeah, we're making good time I guess but we don't know where we're going. Uh huh. I had to make a quick stop at an all night grocery store to buy some garlic. Snake was getting hysterical. Man, he stinks but at least he's quieter.

SNAKE

Up from their graves to stalk the living.

HARLEY

Yeah, I'm supposed to report to Mr. King if we catch any kind of break. He's bringing in some guys named, uh, Jimmie and Bruce. Who are these guys?

INT. SECURITY ROOM - NIGHT

A uniformed policeman dusts for prints. Another goes over a log book. The large guard whispers into the phone.

LARGE GUARD

I figured as much. He's bringing in his pals, Jimmie Hoffa and Bruce Lee.

INT. SUV - NIGHT

HARLEY

Get out of town. They're dead. Bruce Lee died in like the seventies and Jimmie Hoffa. He got knocked off in,

I don't know, the eighties, right?
They're dead.

INT. SECURITY ROOM - NIGHT

LARGE GUARD
Oh yeah? So's Elvis, right?

INT. SUV - NIGHT

HARLEY
Why don't anybody tell me these things?
Bruce Lee and Jimmie Hoffa are alive?

LARGE GUARD
(O.C.)
Don't spread it around.

INT. VAN- NIGHT

SALLY
A million dollars? That's your big
idea? A million dollars?

GAVIN
What? Too much? Not enough?

SALLY
It's kind of cliché, isn't it? A
million dollars? And you're not
really going to say, "Elvis is fine
and he'll stay fine if you meet all our
demands". I mean, come on.

WESLEY
How fast are we going?

SALLY
"Elvis is fine and he'll stay fine."
Think about it, Gavin. He's dead!

The van passes a cemetery.

WESLEY
How fast are we going?

GAVIN
Right at the speed limit, OK? I'm
driving carefully. OK, so I won't say

Elvis is okay. I just say something like, "I have the stiff and if you want him back-"

SALLY

Don't say stiff. That sounds so crude. Just say, "We have the-"

Suddenly we hear a loud bang and the van screeches to a stop.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

A deer flies high into the air in front of the van. The van rests on the shoulder of the highway.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

The coffin has slid forward. Sally rubs her head. Wesley rubs his neck.

WESLEY

What happened?

GAVIN

Oh God. I'm okay. I'm okay. Everybody okay?

SALLY

I'm okay.

GAVIN

Oh man. This is bad. This is bad.

WESLEY

What happened?

GAVIN

This is bad.

WESLEY

What happened?

GAVIN

We hit a deer. Wasn't my fault. Bam! Out of nowhere. Did you see that?

SALLY

That poor, poor deer.

GAVIN

Poor deer? What about the van?

SALLY

Poor deer.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Gavin exits the van to survey the damage.

GAVIN

That poor deer is sleeping with that poor cat now. God, I never knew how much I hated animals.

SALLY

Can we drive? Is the van okay to drive?

GAVIN

It's like a friggin' Alfred Hitchcock movie. I plan the perfect crime and animals come out of nowhere to punish me.

Sally gets out.

SALLY

Oh stop!

Bird poop appears on Gavin's shoulder. He says nothing but gives Sally a piercing stare.

SALLY

Gavin, can we drive the van?

Wesley gets out.

GAVIN

I don't know. Maybe.

SALLY

Because we don't want the police stopping to give us assistance.

WESLEY

We don't?

SALLY

No. They might notice our passenger in the back and ask questions.

WESLEY

Uh oh.

INT. SUV - NIGHT

HARLEY

I can't believe Bruce Lee has been alive all these years and you never told me.

LARGE GUARD

(O.C.)

You never asked.

HARLEY

Yeah? Well I'm asking now. Who else is alive? You can tell me. That gangsta rapper? You know, Tupac? How about Hitler? Is Hitler still alive?

INT. SECURITY ROOM - NIGHT

LARGE GUARD

Of course Hitler is dead. Don't be ridiculous. 1992, testicular cancer, Uganda.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The SUV drives past the cemetery.

INT. SUV - NIGHT

Harley still holds the cellphone to his ear. He squints out the windshield.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Harley sees the van and backhoe at the side of the road. Gavin uses the shovel to try to pry the dented fender away from the front passenger tire.

The SUV pulls up behind the van.

INT. SUV - NIGHT

HARLEY

I gotta call you back. I may be on to something.

Harley hangs up. Snake sits wide eyed, still clutching his flashlight. The guard notes the Kentucky plate. He pulls a small note pad from his shirt pocket and writes down the number.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Harley gets out of the van and approaches Gavin. Gavin notices the security uniform and is uneasy.

HARLEY

Evening.

Gavin continues working.

GAVIN

Hi.

HARLEY

Had a little trouble?

GAVIN

Yeah. Deer, out of nowhere.

Harley motions for the shovel. He takes over prying the fender away from the tire.

HARLEY

You from Kentucky, huh?

GAVIN

Yeah.

HARLEY

Drove down by yourself?

Harley stops prying at the fender and suddenly walks to the sliding side door of the van. He pulls it open.

GAVIN

Hey!

Harley looks in and is disappointed to see nothing.

HARLEY

I was just looking to see if you had any other tools.

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

Sally and Wesley struggle, carrying Elvis' coffin through the cemetery.

WESLEY

I can't believe we're doing this.

SALLY

We can't let them find Elvis.

WESLEY

Did we have to pick a cemetery?

SALLY

Where else can we hide him?

INT. SUV - NIGHT

Snake mumbles, wide eyed. He looks out his window at the cemetery.

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

Snake sees two figures struggling with a coffin.

INT. SUV - NIGHT

Snake looks terrified, He opens his mouth to scream.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The guard has squatted in front of the tire to examine the damage. Gavin rests on the shovel.

They hear a terrified scream.

The guard stands and begins to exit.

HARLEY

My wife. Probably saw a spider or something. Looks drivable. Good luck.

He rushes off.

INT. SUV - NIGHT

Harley jumps in the front seat. Snake cowers.

SNAKE

The cemetery. I saw them.

Harley grabs his cell phone and dials.

EXT. BURGER KING - NIGHT

A phone rings.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

A police car pulls up to the distressed van. An officer gets out and talks to Gavin. The officer walks around the vehicle, then squats to examine the fender.

INT. SUV - NIGHT

HARLEY

Yes sir, Mr. King. This has to be the guy. Backhoe and everything.

SNAKE

The flesh-eaters. We have to get away from the flesh-eaters.

HARLEY

Only thing is, there's no casket and nobody dressed up like you, sir. Uh huh. Yes sir, I got the license plate number right here.

He pulls out his notebook.

SNAKE

I saw them. The coffin. They were carrying the coffin.

Harley suddenly turns to Snake.

HARLEY

Say that again?

(into the phone)

No, not you, sir. Let me call you right back.

The guard starts up the SUV and pulls out.

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

Sally and Wesley struggle, carrying the coffin between tombstones. Wesley drops his side.

SALLY

Ow! Thanks.

Sally drops her side.

WESLEY

Sorry. He's heavier than I thought.
Although he did weigh about 220 pounds
at the time of his death.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The SUV U-turns across the median.

EXT. CEMETERY-NIGHT

SALLY

We have to find a place to hide this
thing.

The two sit on the coffin. Sally sees an open grave. She points
to it.

WESLEY

Oh no.

SALLY

Why not? It's perfect.

WESLEY

Not a very nice way to treat a
collectible.

INT. SUV - NIGHT

Snake looks out the window in wide-eyed horror as the SUV enters
the cemetery.

SNAKE

Oh no. Not here! Not here!

INT. LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

A trim older Japanese man, Bruce Lee, sits in the back with a
stocky older man, Jimmie Hoffa. A phone rings.

A tall, muscular thug drives. A nearly identical large thug sits
in the passenger seat. The passenger answers the phone.

SECOND THUG

It's for you. It's Mr. King.

Hoffa picks up the phone.

HOFFA

Elvis. Hey. How are ya? Sorry, Mr. King. Yeah I got Bruce with me and a couple of my boys from the union.

INT. BURGER KING - NIGHT

Elvis holds a burger in one hand and the phone in the other.

ELVIS

We have a lead. One of my men IDed the van. I'll have a friend at motor vehicles run the plate.

INT. LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

HOFFA

We'll be wherever you say in time for a, you know, a confrontation tomorrow night. We'll have you back in the ground in twenty-four hours.

INT. BURGER KING - NIGHT

ELVIS

I'd like you to take one of the security guards with you. He can identify one of the grave robbers. And Jimmie, one more thing. Thank you very much.

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

The SUV pulls into the cemetery and stops.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The officer talks to Gavin and points at the tire. Gavin nods. He sees the SUV in the cemetery.

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

Harley stands at the open passenger door, reaching in. He pulls a very reluctant Snake out of the vehicle.

SNAKE

For God' sake, I'm begging you.

HARLEY

Come on. You want I should leave you
all alone? Fine.

Harley walks off.

EXT. MAUSOLEUM - NIGHT

Harley listens. He approaches the mausoleum and slowly circles it. Sally, pressed against the mausoleum, moves to keep herself a corner away from discovery.

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

Snake slowly, timidly exits the vehicle.

SNAKE

Okay, I'm coming. Harley! Woo hoo!
Harley!

Snake clutches his flashlight and garlic.

SNAKE

Harley! Don't let them eat your
brains, Harley! Harley!

EXT. MAUSOLEUM - NIGHT

Hearing Snake, Harley stops circling the mausoleum. An instant later, Sally stops moving but Harley has heard her.

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

Snake keeps walking, peering into the darkness.

SNAKE

Come on, Harley. Stop kidding around.
Oley oley oxen free.
Harl-eeeeeeeeeeeeee!

Snake falls into the open grave.

Snake recovers and points his flashlight into the face of Wesley. Wesley, who is crouching on Elvis' coffin, sees Snake. Both men scream simultaneously. Snake promptly faints.

EXT. MAUSOLEUM - NIGHT

Harley, who is about to discover Sally, abruptly stops and turns towards the screams.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The policeman, hearing the screams, abruptly breaks off from talking to Gavin and jumps in his squad car.

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

Wesley scrambles out of the grave.

EXT. MAUSOLEUM - NIGHT

Harley rushes in darkness in the direction of the scream. He stumbles over a gravestone and falls to the ground, clutching his ankle.

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

Sally moves quickly and cautiously towards the grave.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The policecar, its flashers on, enters the cemetery.

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

The guard rises and gingerly applies weight to his ankle.

EXT. GRAVE - NIGHT

Sally and Wesley pull the unconscious Snake from the open grave.

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

The guard limps towards the grave.

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

The policeman exits his car and peers into the darkness. He starts into the cemetery.

EXT. GRAVE - NIGHT

Sally holds The unconscious Snake under his arms. Wesley holds his feet.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The van, with its lights out, drives slowly into the cemetery entrance and stops. Gavin turns off the engine.

EXT. GRAVE- NIGHT

Snake comes to, sees Wesley and opens his mouth to scream. Instead, he faints again.

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

Harley leans against a tombstone, rubbing his ankle.

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

The officer moves towards the mausoleum.

EXT. MAUSOLEUM - NIGHT

Snake sits unconscious against the side of the mausoleum, a bouquet of flowers in his lap. The officer arrives to see this.

EXT. GRAVE - NIGHT

Harley peers into the grave. He sees the coffin.

EXT. MAUSOLEUM- NIGHT

Snake's eyes flutter open. He looks down at the flowers in his lap. He screams.

EXT. GRAVE- NIGHT

In the grave, Harley holds up one end of the coffin. Hearing the scream, he drops the coffin and climbs out. Harley runs towards the mausoleum.

EXT. MAUSOLEUM- NIGHT

Harley arrives to find Snake cowering from the officer.

SNAKE

Get away. Save yourself. Get away.

HARLEY

Good evening, officer.

SNAKE

Don't let me eat your flesh.

HARLEY

I can explain everything.

The officer shines his flashlight in Harley's face. Harley holds his hand in front of his face. Snake shines his flashlight in the officer's face.

OFFICER

You realize this cemetery is closed to the public after sunset?

HARLEY

No, I didn't realize that. Sorry, officer. See, my friend here suffers from what you call a nervous condition.

OFFICER

So you took him to a cemetery in the middle of the night.

HARLEY

Yeah. See, that's his therapy.

OFFICER

His therapy.

HARLEY

Oh yeah. See, Snake here is an unfortunate case. He thinks he's seen the living dead.

SNAKE

I have seen the living dead.

OFFICER

So you take him to a cemetery in the middle of the night as therapy.

HARLEY

I know it sounds kinda, you know, unconventional like. It's sort of like tough love.

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

The van's light's snap on. Harley and the officer see it roar out the cemetery entrance.

Harley leans over to gently massage Snake's shoulders.

HARLEY

Calm down now. Calm down. That a boy. Look at me. Look at me. Look deep into my eyes.

Then suddenly, Harley violently shakes Snake by the shoulders.

HARLEY

There's no such of a thing as zombies.
Snap out of it! Snap out of it.

The officer restrains Harley.

OFFICER

Are you a licensed psychologist?

HARLEY

Well sir, I took two psychology
courses at community college and I did
pretty good. And Snake here is a dear
friend and colleague.

EXT. TRAILER COURT - NIGHT

Wesley and Sally lug the coffin on one side, Gavin struggles with
the other side as they climb the few steps up to Wesley's trailer
door and into the door.

INT. LIVINGROOM - NIGHT

Sally and Wesley pull the coffee table into Wesley's bedroom.
The three then push the coffin into place where the coffee table
was. Wesley solemnly drapes his Elvis blanket over the coffin.
Sally puts an Elvis ashtray on the table. Wesley adds an Elvis
coffee table book and a couple Elvis magazines.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DUSK

The limousine pulls to the side of the road and parks. A moment
later, the SUV pulls up. Harley gets out and approaches the rear
window of the limousine. The window rolls down to reveal Bruce
Lee.

BRUCE LEE

Mr. Snake?

HARLEY

No sir. I'm Harley.

BRUCE LEE

We were expecting Mr. Snake.

HARLEY

Well sir, he's in the car. I'll fetch
him in a minute. He's in kind of a
nervous condition.

HOFFA

He can identify the crumb who took the stiff?

HARLEY

Like I say, he's in a bit of nervous state but he seen the grave robber alright. Mr. Lee, sir?

BRUCE LEE

Call me Mr. Smith.

HARLEY

Oh, right! Sorry. I just have to tell you I've seen "Enter the Dragon" forty-two times so far.

BRUCE LEE

You must be a very lonely, miserable man.

Harley is clearly impressed.

HARLEY

Wow, talk about insightful. Could I have your autograph?

Harley walks back to the SUV, still very ,much impressed.

HARLEY

"The dead do not give autographs". That is so zen-like. Like out of a fortune cookie or, or like the title of a spaghetti western. "The dead do not give autographs."

INT. LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

Snake sits in the front seat between the two gargantuan Teamsters. The driver wears a chauffeur's cap.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

The Limo pulls up in front of a modest home.

INT. LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

In the back seat, Hoffa wears a green top coat and felt hat. Bruce Lee wears a dark jacket.

HOFFA

This is the place?

BRUCE LEE

This is the address which the matched
the license plate.

HOFFA

Don't look like anybody's home.
Ready?

Hoffa and Bruce Lee pull on gloves. The chauffeur passes his hat back to Bruce Lee. Lee puts it on. Lee and Hoffa put on dark masks.

We hear "The Flight of the Bumblebee" on trumpet as Lee and Hoffa get out, followed by the two gargantuan Teamsters.

Hoffa leans into the rear window.

HOFFA

(to Snake)

You stay right here.

Hoffa and Lee creep around to the back of the house. The teamsters crouch by the front windows.

EXT. TRAILER COURT- NIGHT

The Door Store van sits in front of Wesley's trailer.

INT. LIVINGROOM - NIGHT

Gavin snores on the sofa as Sally watches an old Roy Rogers movie on late night TV.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

Wesley rides down the street on his bicycle. Even to deliver papers, he is dressed as Elvis. In the baskets on the back of the bike, is a newspaper bag full of rolled up newspapers. Wesley expertly throws a paper onto a porch. He rides a bit further and throws another paper against a front door.

EXT. BACK YARD - NIGHT

Hoffa peers into a dark window. Behind him, a neighbors light snaps on. Everybody dives to the grass.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DUSK

Wesley rounds the corner to see the limousine. He whistles, admiringly.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

A squad car drives down a street, slows and stops.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

Wesley throws another paper, then drives up to the limo. He peers into the back window.

INT. LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

Snake looks out the window only to see Wesley staring in. Snake screams.

EXT. BACK YARD- NIGHT

Upon hearing the scream, Lee and Hoffa leap up from grass. Suddenly flashlight beams are upon them. Two policemen aim flashlights at them.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

The Teamsters run towards Wesley. He shrieks and pedals away.

As they run after him, Wesley, he continues to deliver papers. He looks behind him, terrified, but still manages to throw the next paper onto a porch.

EXT. BACK YARD - NIGHT

The police advance on Lee and Hoffa. Lee motions Hoffa back and gestures for the police to advance.

POLICEMAN

Just keep your hands where we can see them.

One officer unsheathes his nightstick. The other officer pulls his nightstick out as well.

POLICEMAN

You are under arrest. Place your hands on top of your head.

Lee shakes his head no.

One officer advances, brandishing his nightstick. The other is quick to follow. Lee pivots and grabs the nightstick arm of the first officer, causing his nightstick to knock the other nightstick into the eye of officer two.

The policemen fall back. The second officer rubs his eye.

POLICEMAN

Wasn't me. It was him.

The advance once more. Once again, Lee grabs the arms of the first officer, causing his nightstick to knock the second officer's nightstick spinning into the air. As it descends, Bruce grabs the arm that held the second officer's nightstick, causing him to slap the first officer hard. Lee then grabs the first officer's nightstick arm and causes his nightstick to bat the second nightstick out of the air and into the midsection of the second officer.

The second officer drops to the ground, winded. The first rubs his cheek.

POLICEMAN

Who is this guy? Bruce Lee?

Lee shoots a worried look at Hoffa.

HOFFA

What are you, crazy? Bruce Lee died in the seventies.

POLICEMAN 2

You realize you're resisting arrest!

The first officer pulls out his handcuffs with his left hand. He signals the second officer to do the same. The second officer picks up his nightstick. He then pulls out his handcuffs.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

Wesley pedals furiously. He looks over his shoulder and, in a panic, throws a paper at one of the Teamsters, hitting him in the head. Wesley widens the distance. As he disappears around the corner, a squad car pulls up and stops in front of the Teamsters. Two officers get out.

COP

Well, well well, What seems to be the problem, boys?

The Teamsters don't answer. The officers unsheathe their nightsticks. Cop 1 chews gum.

COP

I don't recognize these fellas. You, Frank?

COP 2

Nope.

COP

Who might you boys be?

TEAMSTER

We're Teamsters.

The officers' smiles fade to worried looks. Cop 1 swallows his gum.

COP

We don't want any trouble. You can go about your business.

COP 2

Sorry to have bothered you.

EXT. BACK YARD - NIGHT

The two officers are handcuffed to each other, struggling against each other.

EXT. TRAILER COURT - NIGHT

Wesley drives his bike so furiously he runs right into the side of his trailer and falls down. Immediately he picks himself up and races to his door.

INT. LIVINGROOM - NIGHT

Wesley bursts in, slams the door shut and leans against it as he locks the door. Sally stands. Gavin sits up slowly and rubs his eyes.

WESLEY

They're here. They found us.

SALLY

Who's here?

WESLEY

Giants. Giant, I don't know. Giant policemen.

Wesley holds his hand high above his head.

WESLEY

Like seven feet tall and shoulders. They had shoulders.

GAVIN

What are you talking about? What is he talking about?

WESLEY

They made me miss a delivery on my route. I'll get a complaint on my route.

SALLY

Wesley, get a hold of yourself.

WESLEY

We have to get out of here.

SALLY

Just tell us what happened.

WESLEY

These guys chased me. Somehow they know.

SALLY

Wesley, did they follow you here?

WESLEY

No. No way. I lost them.

SALLY

Good.

EXT. TRAILER COURT - NIGHT

The limousine turns off its lights and pulls quietly up across from the trailer.

INT. LIMOUSINE-NIGHT

The Teamsters sit in the front. Hoffa and Lee ride in the back. They no longer wear masks. Lee looks out the window through binoculars. Hoffa grabs the telephone and holds it out to Lee.

EXT. TRAILER- NIGHT

Sally crawls out a window in the back of the trailer and drops to the ground. Wesley climbs out and falls onto her.

INT. LIMOSINE-NIGHT

BRUCE LEE

Hello, Mr. King? I believe we have found the people you seek. Shall we bring them to you?

(beat)

Very well.

Bruce hangs up.

EXT. TRAILER COURT- NIGHT

Sally, Wesley and Gavin crawl on hands and knees past the limo. Still on hands and knees, they crawl into Sally's VW bug.

INT. SQUAD ROOM - NIGHT

The two police officers who confronted Lee and Hoffa sit in chairs. One has a black eye. The other wears bandages. The two officers who confronted the Teamsters also sit. An unhappy looking police captain stands, holding the back of an empty chair.

CAPTAIN

So the Chinese fellow, he hit you.

Policeman 2 points to Policeman 1.

POLICEMAN 2

No sir. He hit me.

CAPTAIN

He it you?

POLICEMAN 2

With my nightstick.

CAPTAIN

He hit you with his nightstick?

POLICEMAN 2

No Captain. He hit me with my own
nightstick.

CAPTAIN

With your own nightstick? Why did-?

POLICEMAN 2

He made me.

The Captain points at officer one.

CAPTAIN

He made you?

POLICEMAN

No sir, the suspect made him hit him.
Then I hit myself.

CAPTAIN

Then what did you do?

POLICEMAN

Well then I hit him in the stomach with
my nightstick.

CAPTAIN

The suspect.

POLICEMAN

No sir. My partner.

EXT. DOOR STORE- NIGHT

The VW screeches to a stop in front of the door store. The trio pile out and race to the store. Gavin frantically digs in his pocket and pulls out a key ring. He fumbles for the key and drops them on the ground. He jumps up and stabs at the lock with a key.

Headlight beams strike them. The limo pulls up. Wesley shrieks. The three rush in the front door.

INT. SQUAD ROOM- NIGHT

CAPTAIN

Did either of you ever lay a finger on
anyone besides each other?

The two men look at each other and sit in silence.

POLICEMAN 2

Well Captain, we would have except we handcuffed each other first.

CAPTAIN

You handcuffed each other?

POLICEMAN

He made us.

CAPTAIN

Why didn't you use mace?

POLICEMAN

Well, Captain. We were hurting ourselves pretty bad with just our nightsticks.

CAPTAIN

What was the other suspect doing this whole time?

POLICEMAN

He didn't have to do anything. He just watched.

The two cops try to suppress chuckles. The Captain turns angrily to them. They stop chuckling at look down at their feet.

CAPTAIN

You two.

COP

Yes sir.

EXT. DOOR STORE- NIGHT

Hoffa stands behind Bruce Lee. Lee opens the door to find another door. He opens that door to find another, and another and another.

INT. SQUAD ROOM- NIGHT

CAPTAIN

You located two more men in the vicinity at the same time. Is that correct?

COP

Yes, sir. Big men.

EXT. DOOR STORE- NIGHT

Lee opens another door and another and another.

INT. SQUAD ROOM- NIGHT

CAPTAIN

Did these big men make you hit yourselves?

COP

No sir.

CAPTAIN

Cuff yourselves with your own cuffs?

COP 2

No sir.

CAPTAIN

What did they do when you tried to arrest them?

The cops fall silent.

COP

We didn't try to arrest them, Captain. They were Teamsters.

CAPTAIN

Oh.

POLICEMAN 2

Want me to file a report?

CAPTAIN

Certainly not!

INT. VAN - NIGHT

Gavin drives wordlessly. A Teamster sits beside him. In the back seat, a Teamster sits between Wesley and Sally. The coffin rides in the back.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The van, still towing the backhoe, drives down the highway with the limo following.

INT. LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

Lee drives. Jimmie is the passenger. Jimmie cleans his revolver.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

GAVIN

Where are we going?

WESLEY

To jail! We're going to jail!

GAVIN

Listen, we were just driving along when a deer hit us and, I know this sounds crazy, but we just found this casket, just lying there on the side of the road.

WESLEY

Just lying there.

GAVIN

Hey, if it's yours, we don't want it.

WESLEY

You can have it.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The van takes an exit marked airport. The limo follows.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

WESLEY

We're caught in a trap. I can't walk out.

SALLY

Get a hold of yourself. You're speaking in lyrics again.

GAVIN

Hey, we're going to the airport?

WESLEY

I want to waive extradition. I can do that, can't I?

SALLY

Shut up.

WESLEY

I saw that on TV.

EXT. RUNWAY - NIGHT

A luxury jet sits at the end of a foggy runway. The vehicles pull up near the jet. Everyone gets out. The Teamsters escort Sally, Wesley and Gavin into the jet, followed by Hoffa and Bruce.

INT. JET - NIGHT

Sally, Wesley and Gavin step in and look around. The Teamsters push them further into the jet. Elvis rises from his seat. He holds a peanut butter and banana sandwich.

Snake sees Wesley and promptly screams and faints.

GAVIN

Good evening sir, there seems to have been some kind of mistake. You see, me and my associates here happened to find-

ELVIS

Sit down.

GAVIN

Yes sir.

Gavin promptly sits. He leans to Sally.

GAVIN

(whispers)

This is Wayne Newton's jet.

SALLY

What?

GAVIN

His private jet. I saw it on the Discovery channel. I'm telling you this is Wayne Newton's jet. I can't beleive our luck.

SALLY

We're going to jail.

GAVIN

Oh yeah.

(beat)
 But it really is his jet. The toilet
 and the sink handles are pure gold.

SALLY
 Shut up.

GAVIN
 I saw it on the Discovery Channel.

EXT. JET - NIGHT

Workers in coveralls load the coffin onto the jet. It only fits
 propped into a seat across from Snake. Snake points a shaky
 finger at the coffin.

SNAKE
 Who's coming out of there?

INT. JET - NIGHT

Everyone is seated except Gavin. Wesley looks out the window.
 We hear a flush and Gavin exits the restroom. He retakes his
 seat.

GAVIN
 A stewardess enters.

STEWARDESS
 Can I get you anything to drink?

SALLY
 Uhm, water thank you.

WESLEY
 Can I have a Pepsi?

GAVIN
 Could I have a mai tai, a little bag
 of peanuts and a parachute?

SALLY
 Gavin!

GAVIN
 What? Go ahead and get something to
 drink. The toilet is made of gold.

EXT. JET - NIGHT

The jet takes off.

A stewardess arrives with drinks. She approaches the unconscious Snake with a bottled water, screws off the top and throws the water in his face.

GAVIN

Where are we going?

ELVIS

To Graceland.

GAVIN

Look, you have the coffin back, safe and sound.

SNAKE

The dead are alive.

Gavin points to Snake.

GAVIN

We have nothing to do with that guy.

SALLY

Who are you people?

SNAKE

They are the living dead. That's Bruce Lee. That's Jimmie Hoffa. Risen from the tomb.

Snake points to Wesley.

SNAKE

And that's Elvis. No matter how many times you bury him, he comes back.

GAVIN

He's nuts.

Sally studies Bruce Lee's face. Then she looks hard at Elvis.

SALLY

Some say Elvis faked his own death. And Bruce Lee.

WESLEY

Come on. Why would anybody fake his own death?

GAVIN

Excuse me, is Wayne Newton on this flight?

HOFFA

Maybe for health reasons. Like if you make yourself dead, who's going to kill you? Am I right?

Hoffa grins at the Teamsters who laugh.

BRUCE LEE

Perhaps for reasons too inscrutable for the occidental mind to comprehend.

SNAKE

(pointing to the coffin)
Don't let him out!

WESLEY

Why would Elvis fake his death?

ELVIS

Maybe to get away from fans like you.

Wesley is hurt.

WESLEY

How can you say that? You don't know me. I'm Elvis' biggest fan.

ELVIS

Maybe Elvis had enough of everyone wanting a piece of him. A piece of his clothes, a hand full of his hair. He could never go anywhere.

WESLEY

I'm his biggest fan.

ELVIS

Grasping, smothering, collecting. It wasn't about the music anymore.

WESLEY

I love the music. I'm an Elvis performance artist.

He pulls folded sheets from his jacket and extends them to Elvis.
Elvis examines them.

ELVIS
You write you own lyrics?

WESLEY
Yeah.

ELVIS
I thought so.

Wesley takes this as a compliment.

WESLEY
Thanks.

Elvis picks up a guitar and strums.

ELVIS
(singing softly)
"Luvs and Pampers now on sale.
Chicken tenders too."

WESLEY
Was I so wrong? I love Elvis. Maybe
I got so caught up in the collecting,
the books, the posters, the dolls, the
hemorrhoid cream, the-.

ELVIS
Hemorrhoid cream?

WESLEY
I lost sight of what really mattered.

ELVIS
Hemorrhoid cream?

WESLEY
The music.

ELVIS
Why would they put my face on
hemorrhoid cream?

WESLEY
Sally. I almost lost the woman I love
all because of a lack of perspective.

ELVIS

Is that why you stole his coffin? For a souvenir?

SALLY

No sir, No we did a terrible thing. A terrible thing but we did it for the best of reasons.

ELVIS

Mam, there can't be any reason for doing a thing like this.

SALLY

We did it for Mom.

EXT. SKY- NIGHT

The jet begins its decent.

INT. JET- NIGHT

Bruce Lee holds a cell phone to his ear.

BRUCE LEE

Thank you.

Bruce flips the phone shut.

BRUCE LEE

(to Elvis)

I called the hospital. Her story checks out.

EXT. RUNWAY - NIGHT

The jet lands.

INT. JET - NIGHT

WESLEY

We don't have to go to jail?

SALLY

(to Elvis)

We can't thank you enough.

WESLEY

We don't have to go to jail.

Wesley and Gavin high five and hug.

SALLY

Not to look a gift horse in the mouth but this whole little incident has been all over the television. The police are involved. You can't just put the body back in the ground and pretend it didn't happen. Nobody has that kind of influence.

TEAMSTER

We're Teamsters.

Everyone falls silent.

SALLY

Oh. Well, okay then.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - DAY

Sally walks down the hallway followed by Gavin and Wesley. A nurse exits a room weeping. Her hand is full of tissues.

SALLY

Dear God.

Sally runs towards the nurse.

SALLY

Oh no. How bad. Tell me how bad.

NURSE

Excuse me?

Sally grabs the nurse's shoulders.

SALLY

Just tell me how bad.

NURSE

Wonderful. Absolutely wonderful.

SALLY

Wonderful? Why are you crying?

NURSE

I can't help it. He's just so- so dreamy.

SALLY

He? What are you talking about? How's my mother?

NURSE

Oh she's fine. He just finished singing to her.

SALLY

The doctor is singing to my mother?

NURSE

No, Wayne Newton.

SALLY

Wayne Newton?

NURSE

Isn't he dreamy? Somehow he found about your mother. He's paying for the operation. He just sang "Daddy Don't you Walk So Fast". How could you not cry? And he signed my mask.

She pulls her surgical mask over her face. It reads, "Wayne Newton. Let's operate."

NURSE

He kissed my hand.

She holds out her hand.

NURSE

I'm never washing this hand again.

A doctor appears.

DOCTOR

Nurse, they're ready for us in surgery.

NURSE

Coming doctor.

She exits.

Elvis exits the room carrying a guitar.

SALLY

Oh it's you, Mister um-.

ELVIS

King.

SALLY

King, right. You talked to Wayne Newton for us? I don't know how to thank you.

ELVIS

I just hope that you've learned a lesson from all of this.

SALLY

Oh we have. We have.

Sally starts for the door. Elvis holds her back.

SALLY

She's alright, isn't she?

ELVIS

Oh yes, mam. She wants some time alone with Mr. Newton.

EXT. MUSEUM - NIGHT

The sign outside reads, "Roy Rogers' Western Museum". The lights are off. The museum is closed. The Door Store van is parked out front with a horse trailer hitched behind.

INT. MUSEUM - NIGHT

A sign reading "Trigger" with information on the exhibit, stands before a stuffed horse.

Flashlight beams strike the horse.

A lasso is around the horse's neck. Sally pulls on it with all her weight. Wesley and Gavin push from behind.

We hear the Roy Rogers, Dale Evan's tune, "Happy Trails".

FADE TO:

INT. LIVINGROOM - NIGHT

Sally and Wesley cuddle on the sofa. A half-eaten bowl of popcorn rests in Sally's lap. An enormous object, covered in blankets, obviously Trigger, intrudes on the tiny livingroom.

Sally and Wesley are transfixed by the television set which we can only see from the back.

The camera swings around to reveal that there is nothing on TV. In fact, the picture tube has a bullet hole in it.

THE END