

GRACELAND GHETTO(revised)

(Ins Englische ,bersetzt von Sven Sorring)

-PROLOG-

Man 1:
Fifty thousand people in one week....

Woman 1:
Do we switch off this gadget now...or what?

Man 2:
Switch it off now and when we're upstairs, then switch it on again!

Man 1:
Fifty thousand in one week! I mean, wow! That's really...wow....

Man 3:
That's business, isn't it?!

Man 1:
Have you already seen the fleet of cars?

Man 4:
Why? What can you see there?

Man 1:
20 cadillacs. Incredible!

Woman 2:
Is that a separate tour?

Man 3:
Yes!

Woman 2:
How many different tours are there?

Man 3:
At least 20. And you pay for each of them! The only thing you get here for free is the oxygen you're breathing!

Woman 1:
And that's it? I mean, it's so small?...he died right here?

Larry:
No,no! Over there...in front of the bathroom!

Woman 1:
Aha! Have you been here already?

Larry:
Yes.

Man 1:
Now switch it on again.

Voice of Priscilla:

In these two rooms Elvis spent most of his time. They were his small, personal inner- sanctum. He had them built wherever he moved. In his private-jet, called Lisa Marie, which brought him to his shows, in the consulting room of his doctor, called Dr.Nick and in his Suite in the Hilton Hotel in Las Vegas. But Graceland was his favorite Home. He loved it. Here he always was happy and cheery- he wanted everybody to feel happy and to share this feeling. But not only here in Graceland. No ñ all over. His big Love was his audience. He gave us everything, his heart, his soul and his Love. He was a man, a very special man!

...on the 16th of August he died in this room...He will live forever...his Graceland will live forever.....

Colonel(off):
Got to rake it in! Bring in more business!

Voice(off):
Now, kids,do you know who Elvis Presley was?

Child 1:
He was a very famous man. He invented Rock`nRoll.

Child 2:
He lives in a huge house in Memphis and only comes out by night!

Child 3:
He is that tall,dark-haired guy who invented the electric guitar.

Child 4:
He was an old guy and was a king somewhere...

Larry:
I spent some years of my life with him. I was his hairdresser. And I was his friend. In that time I was writing my memoirs. But this, of course, is no biography. Actually, you're always telling your own story.

Reporter :
Elvis, is it true, you want to leave Hollywood?

Elvis:
What do you mean, Sir?

Reporter :
They say you don`t want to make any films anymore?

Elvis:
Well, I`ve been doing a lot of filming in the past years...and it was...I mean...I really had fun and I earned a lot of money, but, you know, I mean... Hollywood had a false picture of me. I knew this and couldn`t do anything against it.

Reporter :
Did Hollywood disappoint you, Mr. Presley?

Elvis:
No, Ma`am. ñNever argue with successì, an American saying.
I mean...The films were okay, girls chasing me, bad guys trying to get me,...and ...
in every second scene I`m singing my head off!
You know, I got tired of singing for the guys I had knocked down in my films.

Reporter:

That means, you want to go back to the stage again?

Elvis:

I wanna entertain the people. That`s my life! Till I drop dead!

Reporter:

Is it true that you- a few weeks ago, in Palm Beach, during shopping- you gave away three cadillacs and two Lincolns to strangers...as a gift, just like that?

Elvis:

Well, you know, ...I mean..yea, that`s correct. Why? Was it wrong?

Reporter:

No, no. Not at all, Mr. Presley! It`s just...I`m not so crazy about Cadillacs,...I`d prefer a little sports car!

Elvis:

David! David, go and get me a sports car...!

Reporter:

Mr. Presley, how is your wife doing? Priscilla?

Elvis:

Well, Ma`am, she`s getting more beautiful from day to day. I love her!

Reporter:

Is it true that you have no tax man working for you? That you have your taxes done by the state?

Elvis:

Well, Sir, you know, I`m a good American and I`d rather pay my tax than having sleepless nights. And there`s still enough money left over.

Colonel:

No one ever got tired of the ÑPresley-Productì. Let me explain: If you lined up all of Elvisí sold records,back to back, you`d have a line of 129.000 km - that`s almost three times as much as the circumference of the earth. If you played them without stop it would take you 26.000 years. You know what I mean? TCB, take care of business! He is my property!

Elvis:

You know...,I was lucky, really lucky. I just came along when there was nothing really happening in music. I really was very lucky.
Excuse me for a second....! Yes,David?
Okay,...You were the gentleman who wanted a sports car?

Reporter:

Yes, Mr. Presley, that was me.

Elvis:

Here are the keys! It`s out by the entrance. I hope you like the color!

Reporter:

Wow! For me? Wow, thank you, Mr. Presley!

Joe:

Okay, the show starts in two minutes!

Please, Ladies and Gentlemen, that was it! Thank`s for coming. Mr. Presley has to get ready for the show!

Elvis:
Okay, folks, lets take a picture! Joe, David, Red, you come here, Sonny!
Everybody`s got his mark? Show your marks! Okay, here we go!
We are morals cops!

Joe:
One minute to take off!

Elvis:
Let`s pray! Send me the light! I need it!

(Songs: Hound Dog & Trouble)

-- 1. SCENE --

Elvis :
I`m awake!

David:
Mornin`, Elvis!

Elvis:
David!

David:
Elvis?

Elvis:
Eight eggs...

David:
Today eight eggs!

Elvis:
David!

David:
Elvis?

Elvis:
Where is it?

David:
What?

Elvis:
The small bottle.

David:
What do you mean?

Elvis:
You know what I mean!

David:
Your cokes?

Elvis:
That`s fluid, pharmaceutical cocaine. David, it`s medicine, okay? Where is it?

David:
Elvis, you know what Dr. Nick told you.

Elvis:
David!

David:
Ok, no problem, okay, okay....

Elvis` voice:
Work means nothing if love is gone.
Colonel`s voice:
I know what`s good for you. You do what I want! Am I clear!

David:
Are you alright?

Elvis:
Tell Henley, I need a suppository for later!

Joe:
Good morning!

Elvis:
Joe!

Sonny:
Boss!

Elvis:
Sonny!.....David!

David:
Yea?

Elvis:
Notice something?

David:
You...you look good, Elvis!

Elvis:
Heh?

David:
What do you mean?

Elvis:
Go over to the bed.

Joe:
What`s wrong?

David:
No idea.

Elvis:
...and...?

David:
I can't find anything special, Elvis.

Elvis:
How many degrees have we got over there?

David:
Twenty, as usual...

Elvis:
And why did I sweat like a pig all night?

Joe:
What`s up, Elvis?

Elvis:
Over there it`s hot as hell!

Joe:
David, go down and tell Jerry he should fix the air-conditioning.

Elvis:
Is Red here?

Joe:
Yes. Downstairs!

Elvis:
I want him up here!

Joe:
Red should come up!

Sonny:
Good Morning, boss!

Elvis:
What`s so good about it?

Joe:
For instance your breakfast?

Elvis:
Okay, let me see...
Sonny....

Sonny:
What about going for a ride on our cycles?

Elvis:
What?

Sonny:
We could go for a ride...great weather for it.

Elvis:
Who is that?

Sonny:
Hm?

Joe:
(telephoning)
Hello?

Elvis:
Who`s that over there at the fence?

Sonny:
Where?

Joe:
(picking up the phone)
Elvis, it`s George. Wanna have a date tonight? George says she`s really sweet.

Elvis:
Tell him, he can keep her. I`ve had enough.

Joe:
Tell him he can keep her.

Elvis:
So, who is this?

Sonny:
I have no idea. I donít recognize him.

Elvis:
Fantastic! Joe, can you tell me who that is?

Joe:
If I could find those bloody glasses of mine...

Red:
Morning, boss.

Elvis:
Red.

Red:
Boss?

Elvis:
Red?

David:
Boss, Jerry says, the air-conditioning is working fine...

Elvis:
Fuck that bloody air-conditioning! We`ve got a crook running around on my property!

Joe:
Hey, that`s only the electrician, Elvis. I told him to check the alarm systems.

Elvis:
Where are the sausages?

Sonny:
That`s the electrician?

Red:
David! Sausages! Some more eggs?

Elvis:
Was a good movie, yesterday, wasn't it?

Red:
Yep! A good movie!

Joe:
Was a good movie, no doubt about that.

Sonny:
A good movie. Very good.

Elvis:
It is what I'm saying: was a very good movie. Red, what did I actually want from you?

Red:
What do you mean?

Elvis:
I've no idea, but I wanted something...

Red:
Yea?...well...ahmm..ahh...

Elvis:
To hell with it!

David:
Boss! Your sausages!

Elvis:
Ahh! Very good, David, very good!

Red:
I have some contracts from the Colonel...

Elvis:
So what? To hell with it!

Red:
Here, you must sign them.

Elvis:
Where?

Red:
Here...and here...

(They start singing...)
ÑSwing low, sweet cheriot...î

Dr. Nick:
Wow!!

All:
Morning, Ma'am!

Elvis:

Ah...,morning, Doc!

Dr. Nick:
Morning, Mr. Presley!

Elvis:
Hey, Red! What did I want from you before?

Red:
I have no idea?

Elvis:
Why don't you know that, for Christ sake? Well...,Red, to hell with it!

Red:
Yea, skip it...!

Elvis:
Doc, yesterday we saw a really good movie!
Joe:
A good movie!

Red:
Was a very good movie!

Sonny:
Good film, good movie!

Elvis:
You should go and see it!

Dr. Nick:
What was it`s title?

Elvis:
Ahhh...? Joe, what was the title?

Joe:
Wait...,wait: I don't know, but it was a good movie!

Elvis:
Yea! Was a very good movie. Right, David!

David:
Yea, it was ok...

Elvis:
David?

David:
Boss?

Elvis:
It`s not your day today, isn't it?

David:
Why?

Elvis
He doesn't get it. He just doesn't get it.
Do you know, David, do you know why I wanted to become a singer?

I didn't want to sweat anymore. I mean, after high school I was a truck driver, and then I worked for a dollar an hour in a weapons factory. Do you get it now?

David:
Ahm, I...

Elvis:
He just doesn't understand.
In those days jeans were the only trousers I could afford.
What do think I was working for, David?
I don't wanna wear them anymore- and I don't wanna see them anymore, ok?

Dr. Nick:
Where do you want to have the injection?

Elvis:
Under the shoulder blade.

Joe:
David!

Elvis:
Joe, we gotta do something about...Daddy and his wife.

Joe:
Well, what do you wanna do? I mean, Elvis, isn't that his business?

Dr. Nick:
Relax!

Elvis:
Sonny, joghurt!

Joe:
Don't you think so?

Elvis:
She is his wife! Ok?

Dr. Nick:
That's it!

Joe:
Don't ya think he should handle that himself?

Elvis:
Joe, they are married!

Joe:
I just wanted to say that...

Elvis:
Ring her. Tell her I'll give her 10.000 dollars to come here and talk to me about going back to Dad!

Joe:
What?

Elvis:
Just do it!

Dr. Nick:
Mr. Presley!

Elvis:
Doc?

Dr. Nick:
See you tomorrow!

Elvis:
Ma'am!

Joe:
Ma'am!

Sonny:
So long, Doc!

Elvis:
Red, what was the title of that movie?

Red:
I don't know.

Elvis:
Red, what do you know at all? Well....To hell with it!

Elvis:
What about a ride on the motorcycles?

Joe:
Are you fit enough?

Elvis:
What about a ride!?

Joe:
Ok, ok!

Elvis:
Sonny?

Sonny:
Good idea! I'll come with you!

Elvis:
What's the weather like?

Sonny:
Lovely weather!

Elvis:
`Ya think it's gonna rain?

Sonny:
Nope!

Elvis:
Are you sure?

Sonny:
Well, hard to say.

Elvis:
So what?

Sonny:
Well, I...don't know, Boss, ...what about you?...Do ya feel like taking
a ride?

Elvis:
Maybe...

Red:
You animal!!

Elvis:
Red! (to Sonny) Joghurt!

Sonny:
Ahm...Elvis, Larry is here!

Elvis:
Larry? Since when?

Sonny:
Since this morning.

Elvis:
Send him up.

Joe:
Do you need anything?

Elvis:
Nope!

Joe:
I`m downstairs, if ya need anything.

Elvis:
Okay. Ahm, Joe, call the movie house and ask them for the title of that movie
yesterday.

Joe:
Which movie?

Elvis:
Joe?

Elvis:
Hi, Lawrence!

Larry:
Hi, Aaron!

Elvis:
Got something new for me?

Larry:
ÑThe Biography of an Yogi! by Yogananda and ÑThe Discovery of the Third Eye!

Elvis:
Wow! Do you want a joghurt?

Larry:
No, thanks. ÑYou can live from the smell of a flower and from the shine of the sun!

Elvis:
Wow! Lawrence!

Larry:
Aaron!

Elvis:
Good to see `ya!

Larry:
Good to see you!

Elvis:
Can I offer you something?

Larry:
No, thanks. I`m alright.

Elvis:
Okay.

Larry:
How are you?

Elvis:
I had to think about our conversation, the other day.

Larry:
Yes?

Elvis:
Yes. It was a good conversation. It was really good. Hey, Lawrence, how are you? Everything ok?

Larry:
Everything ok.

Elvis:
That`s good. Very good. Okay. Shall we start?

Larry:
Whenever you feel like it.

Elvis:
ÑIt`s no worth working when there`s no love!, right, Larry?

Larry:
Sure.

Elvis:

You know, somehow I can understand the boys...I mean, if they could hear us talking like this, they'd like to put us in a mental home.

(Flash: Ginger and her mother)

Mother:

Ginger, he is twice as old as you are. I mean, what does he want from you?

Ginger:

Mom, he's a gentleman. He's not like the others.

Mother:

I don't know...and what's with John? You both were such a nice couple...

Ginger:

Look, what he gave me...

Mother:

My God! That must cost a fortune.

(End of the Flash)

Elvis:

That's what she means to me.

Larry:

What? Elvis?

Elvis:

Hm?

Larry:

Are you ok?

Elvis:

Sure.

Larry:

Really?

Elvis:

Well, ahm...my back. It's giving me hell the last days.

Larry:

Want a massage?

Elvis:

Yea! That would be great.

Larry:

Here, catch this.

Wow! Can't be that bad!

Elvis:

You've got me...!

Lawrence, how long are you doing this now?

Larry:

What do mean? Massaging?

Elvis:
No, I mean, you've been with me for how long?

Larry:
Since 64.

Elvis:
Wow! Do you think it was coincidence that we met each other?

Larry:
No. I don't believe in coincidence!

Elvis:
Yea, there's always more to it, isn't there?

Larry:
Right you are, Aaron.

(Flash: Red and Sonny)

Red:
What in hell are they doing in there?

Sonny:
Have no idea. Talking. How should I know?

Larry:
I think, our friendship is like the intersection of two different powers, which, coming from two different starting points, collide in one and the same goal. Understand?

Elvis:
Wow!

Red:
Colonel Parker said we should take care of Larry...

Sonny:
Why?

Red:
The Colonel knows why.

(End of the flash)

Larry:
You know what I mean?

Elvis:
Absolutely. Yea! I know what you mean.
By the way, how is it going with Stevie?

Larry:
Okay. Well, we have nothing in common anymore, you know.

Elvis:
Larry?

Larry:
Yea, we`re like...like two parallels. Know what I mean?

Elvis:
Ahmm...Yeah! I know what `ya mean.

Larry:
But it`s okay, we`re still friends, you know. I mean, she keeps the house, the children and the two dogs: Jing and Jang...

(Flash: Priscilla and Elvis)

Priscilla:
Elvis, can I talk to you?

Elvis:
Whereís my steak Priscilla? Why didn`t you see to it that the cook fix my steaks on time? If you took care a little bit more about all these things, then everything would be fine around here!

(End of the flash)

Elvis:
Lawrence, do you remember what Gibran says in the ÑProphetì: ÑYou`ll always be together, when the White Wings...?

Larry:
ÑThe White Wings of Death!ì

Elvis:
Ñ...When the White Wings of Death will divide your days! Yes, you will even be together in...in...?ì

Larry:
ÑIn the silent memory of God!ì

Elvis:
Yeah,yeah...and: ÑIn the silent memory of God. But leave space between each other!ì

Larry:
Maybe Stevie and I had too much space between each other.
Aaron, your hair is extreemly soft today. I`ll try to make another analysis, okay?

Elvis:
Yeah, but still, Lawrence. ÑEven when the Voice of Love can ruin your dreams, just like....like...?ì

Larry:
ÑJust like the north wind devastates the garden,...ì

Elvis:
Ñ...So apply to her!ì

Larry:
(Text took from the prophet)

Elvis:

Yeah, and ÑLove is your crown...î?

Larry:
Ñ...and your cross!î

Elvis:
I love that one!
Lawrence?

Larry:
Yes, Elvis?

Elvis:
I've got something new here.

Larry:
What is that?

Elvis:
They call it ÑBeautyî!

Larry:
I don't know if i...

Elvis:
Come on, Larry. Trust me. It's beautiful!

Larry:
Well, okay...

(They try ÑBeautyî and start to laugh...)

Larry:
I have to work, Aaron....

Elvis:
Larry, can you remember that girl who was here the last time?

Larry:
Ginger?

Elvis:
Yeah, Ginger. I can't forget that night.
No, no, no, not what you think now! Nothing in that way. No, I mean, we just talked...

Larry:
Wow!

Elvis:
This girl is innocent. She'd never hurt me. She is decent, just like Mom.
Finally I'm falling in love with a real woman!

Larry:
And what's with Linda?

Elvis:
Ginger is a ÑFourî, that's the best number for an ÑEightî, like me. I mean, you must feel that as well, Larry. You are also an ÑEightî. ÑEightî stands for mental balance, and, my God, that's what I really need.

Larry:

But aren't you with Linda?

Elvis:

Yeah, I've already talked to Linda's brother, you know. I told him, I like his sister.... I mean, she was there when Priscilla and I split up...

Larry:

You talked to her brother?

Elvis:

He works for me, you know? I mean, I had to get that clear.

Larry:

And when are you gonna tell Linda?

Elvis:

Today. Maybe tomorrow. Well, soon. I'm waiting for the right moment. I don't want to do anything wrong and I don't wanna hurt Linda, you know, but she is not the right one...

(Flash: Priscilla and Sonny)

Sonny:

Hey, Prish! What's up?

Priscilla:

I don't know, Sonny. I was just walking through the house, I can't sleep, you know...

Elvis:

I mean, Ginger reminds me of Mom. Her eyes, you know? I just keep drowning into them. Ginger is the one I was always looking for.

Sonny:

Hey, what's wrong? Are you okay?

Elvis:

What in the fuck are you two doing there?

Sonny:

Nothing, we just were...

Elvis:

Priscilla, go upstairs... did you get me? Please go up, okay, I'll be there in a minute.

Priscilla:

Thank you, Sonny...

Sonny:

Hey, Boss, there was nothing. We were just talking.

Elvis:

About what?

Sonny:

I just asked her how she was.

Elvis:

My wife? You're asking my wife how she is ?

Sonny:
But I just wanted to...

Elvis:
Do you wanna keep your job, Sonny? Hm? Do you wanna keep your job? Did you get me?

Sonny:
Of course, Boss...

(End of Flash)

Elvis:
Do you know what's the best thing about Ginger? She is interested in the things we believe in. Lawrence, everything is running after God's plan. Do know what? Pick me out a book for Ginger. You know what I mean, one to start off with.
What do you think?

Larry:
You wanna hear my opinion, right?

Elvis:
Well, yes.

Larry:
Okay, first of all: I don't really know Ginger. But I like her. She...she surely is nice, but...I mean, you two have only known each other for about two weeks...

Elvis:
Three!

Larry:
Aaron, I mean, time will tell. Just take your time.

(Flash: Mike Stone and Priscilla)

Mike:
I love you, Priscilla.

Priscilla:
I love you too, Mike.

(End of Flash)

Larry:
Ginger is not even twenty.

Elvis:
When I met Priscilla, she was fourteen.

Larry:
Yeah, and she still seems to be...

Elvis:
Hey, come on, Larry!

Larry:
You wanted to hear my opinion, didn't you?
Concerning Priscilla: you're not over it yet.

Elvis:
Reincarnation, Lawrence! Reincarnation! I thought Priscilla was my spiritual partner. Today I know she wasn't, at least not the right one. She was just the dress rehearsal.

(Flash: Red, Sonny and Joe, David)

Elvis:
Is she with him?

Red:
Listen, Elvis...

Elvis:
I asked you a question, Red. Is she with him?
Red:
Yes.

Elvis:
Fuck! God damn little son of a bitch!
Mike was my friend! I trusted him. My God, I even introduced them to each other! That can only be a joke!

Joe:
What's up, Boss?

Elvis:
I've had enough: I'm gonna kill him. I'm gonna blow his head off. I'm gonna get that pig and kill him.
Okay, Sonny! Here you are! You will do it! You're the best one for it!
I can rely on you!

Sonny:
But Boss, I can't kill Mike!

Elvis:
What are you saying? Of course you can do that!

Sonny:
But I can't kill anybody, boss, please!

Elvis:
Okay, okay, then I have to do that job!
That little pig has betrayed me!
Okay, come on! Pick up that fucking phone!

Mike:
Hello?

Elvis:
Mike! You are not gonna survive the end of this day, do you understand me? I'm gonna hunt you! The boys and I are coming to get you! I'm gonna get my M-16 and then I'm gonna blow your brains out! Did you get me? You little son of a bitch!

Joe:
Hey, Boss. Come on...

Elvis:
What? What?

Joe:
Please calm down! You've had your fun...

Elvis:
I've had my fun? Fun is starting now! I'm his fucking hangman!

(Song: "Can't help falling in Love")

-- 2. SCENE ñ

Ginger:
Darling?
He's awake!
Mom? It's me, Ginger....In Las Vegas, yes....I'm missing you....He wants me to stay here, but...

David:
Morning, Elvis, Ginger!

Ginger:
I'll ring you later, Mom, I can't right now...
Morning, David.

Elvis:
Where am I ?

David:
What's that?

Elvis:
Where am I ?

David:
In Vegas.
(to Ginger) When did he have his last ration?

Ginger:
Don't know. Around five.

David:
Go and get the doctor.

Ginger:
I didn't sleep all night. Sometimes I even had the feeling that he stopped breathing.

Sonny:
Morning.
(to David) The Colonel wants to talk to him.

David:
Now? Bad moment...bad moment.

Sonny:
Come, Elvis. It's time to get up.

Elvis:
David! The bottle!

Elvis (off):
Your soul is a battlefield!

Larry (off):
Take your time, Elvis!

David:
Morning, Doc!

Dr. Nick:
What did he take last?

Ginger:
Here....

Dr. Nick:
Where did he get this?

Sonny:
It came yesterday, by post...from L.A.,....I suppose...

Dr. Nick:
I told you so many times: you should control his medicine deliveries! If he goes on taking all that cortison, we'll end up putting him in diapers , so that he doesn't pee his pants when he's on stage!
(to Ginger) Sorry, Miss!

Elvis:
Doc?

Dr. Nick:
Morning, Mr. Presley.

Elvis:
Help me.

Dr. Nick:
What's up?

Elvis:
Pulled muscle. Was a tough show, yesterday!

Red:
A tough show.

Sonny:
A tough show!

David:
Yeah, a tough show!

Elvis:
But still: it was a good show!

Sonny:
A very good show!

Red:
A damn good show!

David:
Wow! It was a good show!

Elvis:
Do you know what happened? A girl from the first row just flipped out totally! She hopped up on the stage and...well...she jumped on me! You know, she was taller than me...you know what I mean? I was lying on my back and she was ...like Ñridingì on me. I couldn't get up, she was totally hysterical. Finally Sonny, Red, David and Joe pulled g her off me and threw her off the stage! Sonny, go on and tell the Doc what happened!

Sonny:
Yeah, we threw her off the stage!

Elvis:
There was just one problem. I couldn't get up again. You know why? My trousers were...wringing...wet! She had pissed on me from top to bottom!

Ginger:
Oh my God!

Elvis:
Sorry, baby! Anyway, thatís how I got a pulled muscle and now I need a painkiller!

Dr. Nick:
Here. Take two of these now. And two before the show, this evening.

Elvis:
Excuse me, Ma'am, but I'm not paying you eight hundred dollars per day for this shit!

Dr. Nick:
What do you mean?

Elvis:
These are Placebos, sugar pills, or whatever. I am sick ñ and you should help me. That's your job!

Dr. Nick:
Listen, Mr. Presley, my job is to take care of my patients. Your liver is too big, and the last blood-tests were...

Elvis:
Okay-okay!

Dr. Nick:
If you go on like this, then you'll be...then your bladder won't be able to

Elvis:
Hey!! I'm sorry, Ma'am, but I know what I'm doing! So, give me something for my pains!

Dr. Nick:
Sorry, I can't do this.

Elvis:
What did she say?

Dr. Nick:
I can't accept the responsibility for this anymore.
This is illegal!

Elvis:
What?

David:
Elvis, listen to Dr. Nick.

Elvis:
Who asked you?

David:
Those drugs are shit. You should know that.

Elvis:
They ère not drugs! It's medicine!
Here, it's all in this manual handbook for medicine! Read it....Explain it to
him, Doc,....You're smoking marihuana, just like your brother,that's a
drug!

Dr. Nick:
You're getting those drugs from some strange doctors. I can't check up on you,
when you...

Elvis:
Is this a plot against me, or what? You are working for me, did you get that!?

David:
Come on, Elvis, calm down.

Elvis:
What? What should I (gets himself a gun)
I should what? You know who you are talking to? Fuckhead!
Give me my Novocaine!

Dr. Nick:
Mr. Presley...

Elvis:
Just give me my Novocaine ñ and then, all of you get the fuck out of here!

Dr. Nick:
I can't take the responsability for that...

Elvis:
Well, then I'm gonna buy myself a god-damn drugstore! (shoots...)

Ginger:
My God!

David:
Shit-shit!

Elvis:

Why are you doing this to me, Doc?

Dr. Nick:
Mr. Presley, please calm down...

Elvis:
Shit! That's shit! I can't take this shit no more!

Joe:
(running in)
What in the hell is going on here!?

Elvis:
Get me another doctor!
I'm paying this doctor 800 Dollar per day - and all she gives me is shit!

Joe:
Come on. Elvis. Where's the problem?

Elvis:
Everything okay. No problem. Thank you, Ma'am.

Dr. Nick:
Mr. Presley, you should...

Elvis:
I said "thank you", Ma'am. Thanks a lot. Sorry that I... It was a hard tour for us all. You're doing your job very well... Okay, I'll ring you up when I need you, okay?

Dr. Nick:
Okay. (waltzes off)

Elvis:
Okay.
Well, Get me one of those hotel doctors.

Red:
Elvis!

Elvis:
What's up?

Red:
It's the hotel management.

Elvis:
So what?

Red:
They're asking you please to stop this. You've hit the water-pipe.

Elvis:
Well, I can see that! Where is the problem?

Red:
It's the hotel manager...

Elvis:
Give it to me. I'll talk to him.
(shoots at the phone...)

Joe:
Damn! Elvis, stop this shit!

Elvis:
What's wrong? Do you have a problem? Where is your sense of humor?
I'm sorry, sweetie! Hey, calm down. I was just joking! Okay? Okay?
Hey! Change in the weather! It stopped raining! What about going on a ride
with cycles? Sonny? Good weather for it!
What's wrong with you, Joe? Where is your sense of humor?

Joe:
Everything is clear, Elvis!

Elvis:
Fine! Then clean up this mess and get me Larry.

Joe:
Sonny!

Elvis:
And, Joe! Get Dr. Nick back and tell her, she'll get the money for her house,
I'll lend it to her, okay?

Joe:
Okay, Elvis!

Red:
Boss?

Elvis:
Red?

Red:
Boss!

Elvis:
Re...
Are you alright, Ginger?

Ginger:
I don't know...

Elvis:
What's wrong?

Ginger:
I don't know what I'm doing here...

Elvis:
You're here with me. We are together.

Ginger:
Maybe I should drive home to my parents and...

Elvis:
I need you here, Babe, you know that!

Ginger:
Elvis,....

Elvis:

We're gonna talk later, okay? After the concert. Hey, baby, we are in Vegas ñ go out and have some fun, enjoy yourself, have yourself a good time, okay? Vegas, baby! Vegas!

Ginger:

Okay, Elvis...

Elvis:

I love you, baby...

Ginger:

Yes, Elvis....

Elvis:

(finished with putting on clothes) Yeah!

Red:

You animal!!

Elvis:

(looking at Sonny cleaning up) Sonny!

Sonny:

Elvis!

(Colonel comes in...) Hi, Colonel! How was the match yesterday?

Colonel:

When you're finished then leave us alone.

Elvis:

Colonel.

Colonel:

I can see the headlines: ñShooting in Elvis's Suite in Vegas Hiltonñ. Fantastic publicity.

Elvis:

Was that it?

Colonel:

Sit down!

Elvis:

Why did you cancel the ñWest Side Storyñ? That was a very good movie. I would have had the chance...

Colonel:

That was nothing for you.

Elvis:

Listen, Colonel, I want to make a change...

Colonel:

Oh, yeah? In what way?

Elvis:

I'm tired of playing ñElvis Presleyñ 24 hours a day. Playing for you, for the rest of the world and for me....

Colonel:

No problem! Put on your jeans again, get into the next truck and go on driving 500 miles per day ñ in ten years you will have as much money put aside as you would have earned today in one concert.

Sonny:

Hey, Elvis...

Elvis:

Out! Get out of here! Get the fuck out of here!

Sonny:

Sorry, of course, Elvis....

Colonel:

Sit down.

Here. A three-weeks-guest performance on the west coast, two shows per day. Your salary you'll find on page 2, down at the bottom, to the right. Never did an entertainer get as much as that. Just an offer...
(Larry comes in) Some more clever books, Larry?

Larry:

Knowledge doesn't kill you, Colonel.

Colonel:

Don't drive him crazy, Rabbi.

Larry:

Rabbi...? May I ask you something, Colonel? Who is your Lord and Savior? Jesus Christ ñ am I right? A nice young rabbi. Welcome to the club.

Colonel:

Larry, Jesus made wine out of water. You're doing it the other way round. I'm not finished yet, Larry. You are a hairdresser. You are Elvis Presley's hairdresser. You're dyeing his hair once a week ñ and that you're doing well. Now I'm finished. (walks out)

Larry:

Hi, Aaron.

Elvis:

Lawrence...

Larry:

Here, forbidden stuff!

Elvis:

Sit down, Lawrence.

Sit down. I have to tell you something.

Larry:

Well, go ahead.

Elvis:

Things are gonna change. You understand me?

Larry:

...Not really...

Elvis:

Okay. Got something to write with?

Larry:
Yea, wait, here...

Elvis:
I just had a good talk to the Colonel. It was good, very good. We talked about things, you know... He really understands me..

Larry:
Elvis...I just had the feeling, as if the Colonel didn't...

Elvis:
Sonny!
In reality no one can tell you how to do this or that, Lawrence. When you start to be mechanical, you're dead.

Sonny:
You called me?

Elvis:
Give this to the Colonel. He is waiting for it.

Sonny:
Yes, Elvis.

Elvis:
Sonny. That's my guy!

Sonny:
Elvis.

Elvis:
Where were we?

Larry:
You were talking about changes...

Elvis:
Yes, changes!
Here you are...: our contract.

Larry:
Which contract?

Elvis:
We're going to make our first film together. And I want you to write the script.

Larry:
Me? But I'm not...

Elvis:
No-no-no. I know you can do it. Self-confidence, Lawrence! That's it, self-confidence!

Larry:
Elvis, I just talked to the Colonel...

Elvis:
That's all fixed. He understands me. And he really likes you.
Let me see... Lawrence, you know everything about the meaning of colors. You know all the secrets about breathing. Just investigate in that a little bit.

Larry:
Elvis, listen, I don't think...

Elvis:
No-no-no! We're into business already, Larry. I'm gonna produce the movie, you'll write it, and the guys all are going to play a smaller role. I'll be the speaker and...

Larry:
And the director!

Elvis:
Now you're into it, Larry:...and I'll do the direction.
What do you think?

Larry:
Well...What's the movie about?

Elvis:
The desert.

Larry:
Aahm...what?

Elvis:
Can't you remember? That day as we went into the desert, Larry?
Okay....Wait....: You see the desert...right in front of you...the sun...the sand.... everything's stinking hot... Behind the camera
You'll hear a little breathing....., Larry!

(Larry starts breathing)

Elvis:
Wow! That's grand! Fantastic! (starts breathing too. Sonny comes in. Elvis sees him and stops. Larry as well. Sonny breathes into the room and goes out again. They go on improvising...)

Elvis:
Then you hear a small drum in the background: Bum-bum-bum! (Larry joins in and they get up and dance...)

Then, from far away you'll see a small little spot....It's coming closer...and closer...Then you see that it's a word, ...You see an ÑEì!

Larry:
ÑEì!

Elvis:
ÑLì!

Larry:
ÑLì

Elvis:
ÑVì!

Larry:
ÑVì!

Elvis:
An ÑIi!

Larry:
An ÑIi

Elvis:
An ÑSi!

Larry:
You see an ÑSi!

Elvis:
Larry, it's ÑElvisi!!

Larry:
ÑElvisi?

Larry and Elvis:
ÑElvisi!!!!

Elvis:
That's perfect! It's incredible! Fantastic! What do you think?

Larry:
It's great! It's really great, Elvis! When do you want to start filming?

Elvis:
This year! Latest next year, Larry! We'll gonna do this! You and me. A movie!
You and me!
Larry, I can't anymore!

Larry:
What?

Elvis:
I can't anymore. Look at my hands.

Larry:
Hey, Aaron. Come on. What's wrong? Come, sit down, here, What's up? Tell me?

Elvis:
I spent more than 100.000 Dollars for Ginger ñ in only one month. A car for her, one for her mother, clothes, rings, bracelets. And then she tells me that she doesn't want to live here with me anymore. She wants to live back with her family. I love her, damn it, but that girl drives me crazy! This moment she's here, next moment she runs back to her mother. I told her she should leave home. I read everything to her about growing up...That one has to stand on your own two feet... God, I...
Maybe God doesn't love me anymore.

Larry:
What?

Elvis:
Maybe God doesn't love me anymore. Yes: God doesn't love me anymore.

Larry:
Elvis, listen..... Now listen closely...

Elvis:

What am I doing wrong? What's wrong with me?

Larry:

Of course God loves you. He just doesn't care about that you are Elvis Presley.

Elvis:

What?

Larry:

God doesn't care about that you are Elvis Aaron Presley.

Elvis:

Okay, then let's read the bible. Let me see: Ñ Everybody will find a way to God, but everybody finds his own.

You understand that, Larry? Do you understand that?

Larry:

Yes!

Elvis:

Good! I don't. You made me read, Larry. Every single night IO'm hanging over one of your books. I'm addicted, I wanna find truth, I wanna...wanna recognize and experience God, I wanna...I...

Larry:

Then try and find it in yourself.

Elvis:

What do you think I'm doing the whole time?! I just can't fit all this shit together anymore! And you were the one! You started all this! Larry! I'm meditating, I'm reading, I'm... And I didn't come to one single conclusion! Nothing! I believe, but nothing ever happens.

Larry:

What do you really want?

Elvis:

I want ...I want...

Larry:

What do you really want, Elvis?

Elvis:

Tell me about God!

Larry:

What?

Elvis:

Tell me about God!

(Flash. Interview with the hotel maid)

Reporter:

What happens when he comes through that door? Please tell us all the details.

Maid:

Well, he takes the elevator up to his room.

Reporter:

I mean, what does he do? He comes through that door and...Just try and explain it to me.

Maid:
He comes in through that door, passes by and takes the elevator up to his room.

Reporter:
And what's there? Is that the kitchen ñ or what?

Maid:
No, that's the stock elevator.

Reporter:
What do you think about Elvis coming here?

Maid:
Oh. That wonderful.

Reporter:
Do you know anything about him?

Maid:
Well, what do I know about him?

Reporter:
Yes.

Maid:
I was born in his hometown.

Reporter:
Are you going to tell him this? Are you going to speak with him?

Maid:
Well, that's all a little bit... it depends...

Reporter:
Are you happy to see him?

Maid:
Sure.

Reporter:
Would you show us where he is usually comes in?

Maid:
He comes through this door. The entrance has two doors.He comes in through this one, the one close to the entrance and the door goes like this. Then this one, the door from outside, swings back like this.

(End of Flash)

Elvis:
Why arenít you talking, Larry?

Larry:
I don't think you are listening to what I'm trying to say.

Elvis:
Well, in two hours I have to be on stage!

Larry:
I understand.

Elvis:
Larry, I'm not going to move , if you won't tell me what I should do. Not one step.

Larry:
That's a bad idea.

Elvis:
Why not, for Christ's sake! You got me where I am today. And that's good. But I wanna hear what you have to tell me. After all, you have your own life together!!

Larry:
But my life ain't your life.

Elvis:
No, there you're right. But you've still got Darlene. She makes you happy, am I not right, Larry? You can share everything with Darlene, can't you? God's ways are odd sometimes, Lawrence. Well, forget it.

Larry:
What's with Ginger?

Elvis:
I've got no idea. Perhaps at her mother's place.

(Flash: Darlene ñ Elvis ñ Larry)

Darlene:
Did you know that you saved my life, Elvis?

Elvis:
What?

Darlene:
A few years ago. I...I had a terrible time then.It was... I just didn't want to live anymore, you know? I said to myself: Ñ What in Hell, Darlene!? Put an end to all this. There is no sense to it anyway. What are you waiting for?ì I really was fed up. And then I all of a sudden heard your record, and I... but I'm sure you've heard this at least thousand times.

Elvis:
No, Darlene. I never get to hear such stories.

Larry:
You don't need nobody to tell you what to do.

Elvis:
Do you know that I'll never find out if a woman loves me - or Elvis Presley? Go on, Darlene.

Darlene:
There nothing to go on with...

Elvis:
But of course. I wanna hear everything. I just now found out that...I'm so...I mean... and you liked my songs?...I mean...

Darlene:
Yeah! I listened to that record a thousand times.

Elvis:
Wow! My God That's even more often than me...
But truly, Darlene...I'm not joking.... I want to thank you. God, Darlene!
That's more than I... I mean... Darlene? Come here! Come to me!

Larry:
I'm sure, Darlene already told you her story, didn't she?

Elvis:
Do you know what that means to me? Your story, Darlene?

Larry:
Elvis, she's the living proof that people love you for who you are.

Elvis:
You are the living proof that I'm able to love.
Larry, what do you like most about Darlene?

Larry:
Her feet.

Elvis:
Your feet.

Darlene:
My feet?

Elvis:
Yeah, your feet.

Darlene:
What's with my feet?

Elvis:
When I ... then I know if I like her or not.

Larry:
But to be honest, Darlene is different somehow.

Elvis:
To the others?

Larry:
Yes.

Elvis:
I know what you mean.

Larry:
I mean, she is so calm... in herself. She wants to know everything, but still she lets everything float. Both of us could really learn from her. Just recently, the other day she told me an old story from Zen-Buddism...

Darlene:
Elvis...

Elvis:

You know, Larry and you, you both are like a family to me... Larry is my only friend, we are... like brothers. You know what I mean?

Larry:

A student asks his master one day: "Master. I've now been following your instructions for years, I did what you wanted me to do, I meditated, but I wasn't enlightened until now

Why did I stay in the dark after all that hard work and sacrifices I made?" And while the student is waiting for an answer from his master, the master pours himself a cup of tea and he pours for so long, until the tea runs over the cup. Full of respect for his master the student watches the cup running over without saying anything. The tea dribbles to the floor. "Master!" he says after a while, "The cup is full! Why are you filling the cup although it's full?" His master starts smiling and says: "Here's the answer to your question. Just like the cup you are running over, because you can't fill yourself up more than you can take."

Darlene:

Elvis...I can't...

Elvis:

What's wrong?

Darlene:

I don't know...Larry and I...

Elvis:

What? What?

Darlene:

I think I should go now.

Elvis:

But this has nothing to do with Larry, okay? Nothing at all. Darlene? Okay?

Darlene:

Okay.

Elvis:

This belongs to us, doesn't it?

Darlene:

Okay, Elvis... I have to go now.

(End of Flash)

Elvis:

Larry?

Larry:

Aaron?

Elvis:

Is she your friend?

Larry:

Darlene? I guess so...That too.

SONG: "They remind me too much of you"

-- 3. SCENE ñ

Nurse:
I wasn't able to feel his puls. I thought...

Dr. Nick:
Yeah-yeah. It's okay.
Come on! Come on!

Nurse:
He's been unconscious for 38 hours...

Dr. Nick:
Prepare me a Methedrin-injection and go and get a bucket with icewater.

Nurse:
Maybe the dose was too big. I mean, we don't really know what he took before.

Dr. Nick:
Do what I'm saying, nurse!

Nurse:
Shouldn't we...

Dr. Nick:
Listen! This is not the right time for discussions. Get me the Methedrin ready!
Come on! Wake up, honey! Goddamn, wake up!

Colonel(coming in):
So, what's up with him?

Dr. Nick:
I guess we have a problem.

Colonel:
You have a problem, Doctor. So!?

Dr. Nick:
Thirty-eight hours ago I gave him a strong morphium-demerol-injection. He wanted one. Usually he sleeps like 30 hours. We often make this sleeping-treatment and usually everything is okay...

Colonel:
It doesn't look like it.

Dr. Nick:
It could be that he took some other medicine before that. I have no control over this anymore. His whole organism is totally upside down...

Colonel:
Listen, Doctor, I am not interested in your speculations..
What interests me, is that in two hours he has to be up on that stage. Is that clear?

Dr. Nick:
Put his head into the bucket, sister.

Red:
I'll help! David, come here!

Joe:
Elvis, wake up. Get his head out of there!

Red:
Shit, shit, shit. It doesn't work!

Dr. Nick:
This makes no sense. We need an emergency team. Nurse, call the ambulance. We have to take him to hospital.

Colonel:
You stay here!
Are you nuts?
That the last thing we need here! An ambulance! Blue light! Bringing him to hospital! Down there are like 30 journalists waiting for exactly such a story!

Dr. Nick:
I'm sorry, Colonel, but I can't keep him here.

Colonel:
What? What?

Dr. Nick:
He has to get into a hospital. I can't take the responsibility. To keep him here is too dangerous!

Colonel:
I don't think you understand. That's your fucking problem, Doctor! You brought him into this situation. And if you don't do something which gets him up on his feet again pronto then I'll give you some advice: Take off your coat and go and try to find yourself another job. Should something happen to him, then I'll take you to court ñ and believe me ñ You ain't got no chance! Not the slightest! Did you get me now?

Dr. Nick:
Nurse, 50 milligram Methedrin!

Sonny:
Fifty?

Red:
What?

Joe:
Fifty? That'll kill him!

Nurse:
I can't do that. Sorry, but that I'm not doing!

Dr. Nick:
Nurse...

Colonel:
Nurse! Should I read something in the papers tomorrow, about what happened here, then I'll know where to find you.
Sonny, take care of her!

Dr. Nick:
Hold him.

Colonel:
There we go! Joe, go and get that hairdresser! In one hour he will be ready,
is that clear!? And no deep talking today. Tell the Rabbi. Did you get me?
Joe:
Totally!

Colonel:
All these understanding people! Isn't that nice?

Dr. Nick:
Okay, he's coming...he's coming! Hold him!

Joe:
Red, hold him. Hold his feet!
Okay, I'll ring Larry.
(phones) He's awake. Send Larry up.

Dr. Nick:
See to it that he doesn't take any other medicine within the next few hours!

Joe:
Okay.

Dr. Nick:
In his own interest.

Joe:
Sure, Doc, thank you.

Joe:
(to Larry) A half an hour... Then you have to be ready.

Larry:
Hey, Elvis? What's wrong with you?

Joe:
No discussions today, is that clear!?

Larry:
What's wrong with him?

Joe:
Nothing. Everything's perfect.

Larry:
Nothing's perfect. Just look at him. Listen, Joe...

Joe:
Get going, Larry!

Larry:
Elvis? Can you hear me? Elvis?

Joe:
(phones) The Colonel was here. He okay again. The doctor says he will pull
through.

Larry:

Elvis, what did they do to you?

Joe:

Larry! I said: no discussions, okay!

Elvis:

Joe?

Joe:

Elvis?

Elvis:

Joe, leave us alone!

Joe:

Elvis, the Colonel told us to...

Elvis:

Get out!

Joe:

(to Larry) In 25 minutes you're done, okay?

Elvis:

You've got something new for me, Lawrence?

Larry:

No. Not today.

Elvis:

Well... what a pity.

Larry:

Shouldn't we hurry up?

Can I help you somehow?

I can't help you like that.

Elvis:

What did you say?

Larry:

Nothing. Come, Elvis, I have to do your hair.

Elvis:

We fight those symptoms until they disappear...

Larry:

Why are you taking all that shit?

Elvis:

Why don't you just go to hell?

Larry:

Because I'm your friend.

Elvis:

Fuck it. I ain't got no friends. I've got a payroll. And you're on that too. With all the rest.

Larry, where are you going ?

Larry:

I'm taking myself off the roll.

Elvis:
Oh yeah? Now you're against me, too?

Larry:
No, Elvis. I'm absolutely not against you. I'm just against all this shit here.

Elvis:
I thought you were my friend?

Larry:
But you just said that you have no friends.

Elvis:
Like the others...now they did it with you too, Rabbi?

Larry:
What are you talking about?

Elvis:
Larry, I trusted you. And now you're leaving alone.

Larry:
Elvis, I'm not leaving you alone, okay. I just can't watch it, how you are systematically ruining yourself with all that shit there.

Elvis:
What do you care about me ruining myself? You're walking out on me anyway. Leave me alone!! Get out of here!!!

Larry:
Okay.

Elvis:
Larry, you're really leaving? I didn't expect that from you, Larry.

Larry:
Damn it, Elvis...you just said...

Elvis:
No-no-no, go...It don't mean nothing anyway...

Larry:
God damn it, please stop feeling so sorry for yourself!

Elvis:
But...what shall I do, Larry? Larry, there is nothing in here anymore! There is nothing, do you get me? I can't smell, I can't see, I can't taste, I can't feel a thing anymore! Larry, the people are buying smaller cars...And I'm collecting big ones. Please forgive me... God, please forgive me! Help me!

Larry:
Elvis! Hey, Elvis!? Wake up! Wake up, Elvis! You've gotta come out of there!

Elvis:
Where...where is the way? Where is it?...Larry..I love you! Please take care of yourself! I'll be with you, I'll always be with you! Take care of yourself!

Larry:

Now, listen to me. Do you hear me? Listen, Elvis! Are you there? You have to get out of that shit! You need a break! It can't go on like that! Stop this bloody tour, just for two, three weeks, we'll fly to Hawaii. We're gonna rent a house at the beach, where ever... Just for two weeks! Take a break! You can read, we can talk about all this here. You would have time for yourself and Ginger... Why are you laughing?

Elvis:

A break...for two weeks? In Hawaii! You must be crazy! That's the craziest thing I've heard for a long time!

Larry:

Why?

Elvis:

Because I can't afford that!

Larry:

What do you mean?

Elvis:

When I don't do these shows every fucking day, twice a day: Ladies and Gentlemen: ÑWe proudly present Elvis Presley! When I don't do this, everything will fall apart!

Joe:

What's going on here?

Elvis:

Larry is planing a holidays for us all.

Joe:

Damn it, Larry! I definitely said: No discussions! Will you two stop that shit?

Elvis:

Get the hell out of here, Joe!

Joe:

Come on, Elvis, the show starts in one and a half hours.

Sonny:

Fucking hairdresser...

Elvis:

What did you say there?

Joe:

Calm down, Elvis.

Elvis:

What did you say there?

This man here, has more up here than anybody else here in this room! He is a wise man, he's a God damn saint!

Larry, I wanna just know one thing: why haven't I been enlightened yet?

Larry:

Because it's not enough to read about it.

Elvis:

Are you my friend, Lawrence? Are you my friend?

Joe:

Come on, now, you two. We ain't got no time for all this!

Elvis:

Red, come here. Come here! Explain to Larry what friendship is. The guys here were standing by my side all their lives....and i will never forget that.

Red:

Boss, listen...

Elvis:

Shut up, Red.

Don't stop, Elvis, don't stop! Just don't think about all this shit! As soon as you start to think, you can forget it! You're lost! So just don't you think! Just go on, go on...!

Joe:

Elvis, the doctor said today you shouldn't take any...

Elvis:

Do you love me, Joe?

Joe:

Sure, Elvis.

Elvis:

Then jump out of the window.

Joe:

What?

Elvis:

Jump out of the window, Joe! What's up? We're only in the second floor. That can't be no a problem for you.

Larry:

Elvis, that's sick.

Elvis:

Thousand Dollars?

Joe:

What?

Elvis:

Thousand Dollars. That's fair enough for a jump out of the second floor, don't you think so?

Joe:

Elvis, we've really gotta get going now.

Elvis:

David, what about you? Would you jump? For me? I'll go up to five-thousand dollars!

Joe:

Elvis, the Colonel is waiting, and we...

Sonny:

I would jump for you, Boss.

Elvis:

For God, Elvis and America... Yeah! That's my guy!
Ten thousand dollars, Sonny! Ten thousand! With your head first!

Sonny:

What?

Elvis:

You are a nothing without me, Sonny! Spell "Esoteric" for me, Sonny! Hm?

Sonny:

What?

Elvis:

A small, boring illiterate! Even that shirt you're wearing...I paid it!

Sonny:

Come on, Boss... what's wrong?

Elvis:

A joke! Was just a joke, wan't it? Come on, where's your sense of humor? Can't you take no fun?

Red:

Hey, Boss, for a sec I thought you meant it seriously.

Elvis:

It was good, wasn't it David! Come here, David! Here, beside me! David! What's the difference between me and Elvis Presley? What do you think?

Joe:

Yeah, and think fast...

David:

But, you are Elvis Presley?!

Elvis:

Oh, yeah? Come on, think once more!

Joe:

And think faster, we ain't got time....

David:

I don't know... I mean... I don't know what the difference is...

Elvis:

Good! 'Cause I don't know either!

Red:

That's a good one! He "doesn't know either"! That's good!

Elvis:

Why are you all laughing now?

Sonny:

A good joke, Elvis, a good one!

Red:
Yeah, That was a good one!

David:
A very good one!

Joe:
...Was good...!

Elvis:
That was no fucking joke, ass-holes.
Out! Get the fuck out of here! I can't stand the sight of you all! Out! You're making me sick! OUT!!!

Joe:
Okay, you've heard what he said! Get out! All of you! Now!
Listen, Elvis...

Elvis:
You too!

Joe:
Yes, but...

Elvis:
Out!

Joe:
Okay...

Larry:
You've heard him. He's sick of you all.

Joe:
We're gonna talk, Larry. We're gonna talk...

Sonny:
Fuck that bloody hairdresser!

Red:
Okay-okay-okay! Calm down, Joe! Calm down!

Joe:
Red, get Sonny out of here! Sonny, stop it! Now!

Elvis:
That was great, wasn't it, Larry? By high time, don't you think so? God, they're bloody ass-holes!

Larry:
Why are you doing this?

Elvis:
What do you mean? What did I do wrong?

Larry:
I don't know what to say anymore. I guess you know what you are doing.

Elvis:
Was it wrong what I did? Did I make a mistake?

Larry:
I don't know. What do you want to hear?

Elvis:
Your opinion ñ or haven't you got one?

Larry:
Elvis, I told you at least a thousand times...

Elvis:
But nothing really happened.

Larry:
You just have to...

Elvis:
Nothing changed.

Larry:
I can't help you, when don't help yourself!

Elvis:
Don't scream at me, Larry.

Larry:
But Elvis, I'm not screaming...

Elvis:
Don't scream at me! Am I speaking Chinese, or what? Don't scream!

Larry:
Elvis, all I want is that you....

Elvis:
Don't you ever scream at me, Larry!!!
Go away.

Larry:
What?

Elvis:
Go away. Just go away. Away...
There are thousands who can do your job, so just go away....
.....(Colonel comes in)
Larry?

Colonel:
Young man! It's time! Here!

(ÑKiss me quick! ñ ÑReturn to Sender! ñ ÑJohnny be good!)

----- PAUSE -----

(ÑAlso sprach Zaradustra!)
(Ñ The Wonder of You!)
(Ñ In The Ghetto!)

Elvis:
Where...where am I?

Sonny:
In Vegas.

Elvis:
I have to get back up on the stage...the show...

Sonny:
What?

Elvis:
The show...got to get...

Sonny:
Elvis, the show ended five hours ago. We're in Vegas, Elvis. Did you get me?
...Here, take this.
Okay...everything is okay. That's a good guy.

Elvis:
I have...have never ever stopped a show like that...

Sonny:
You only skipped the last song. No one noticed. Elvis, everything's okay.

Elvis:
Where...where is Larry?

Sonny:
What?

Elvis:
Larry...

Sonny:
Larry is not here, Boss.

Elvis:
Get me Larry...I wanna see Larry...

Sonny:
You've fired Larry, two years ago.

Elvis:
Larry..wanna...see Larry...

Sonny:
Shht...shhh, everything's okay,...shhh...

Ginger:
Morning.

Sonny:
Ginger.

Elvis:
Larry...

Ginger:
Sonny.

Hallo, darling.

I missed you. I missed you so much...Elvis? I can't anymore...

Elvis:

Hey, Babe, I need you...you're my one and only. Do you hear me?

Ginger:

Elvis, I can't go on like this anymore...

Elvis:

Okay-okay, you've gotta tell me all about your plans for the wedding. I'll have to talk it over with Joe, about all the arrangements. The limousine, what color should it be?

Ginger:

Honey, I don't know...I mean...the wedding...

Elvis:

White? Yes, I think that would be perfect. I 'm gonna rennovate the whole house... A new house, a new life.

Ginger:

I don't know if I'm the right one for...

Elvis:

What do you think about green wallpapers? Green? The healing color.

Ginger:

Elvis, please...

Elvis:

Okay-okay, the wedding...the ceromony...

Ginger:

You're hurting me...

Elvis:

Wait, wait... we're gonna marry in Vegas...No justice-of-the-peace, not just a few people in a hotel suite, I want a judge from the Supreme Court and a big hall, like a pyramid, to concentrate all the spirital powers on us. ...and you... I see you in a white dress...with buds of roses, what do you think about it?On your sweet little head a tiara... and on your little sweeties...

Ginger:

What are you doing?

Elvis:

Where are they...I can't find them...ahh,here they are... We gonna stick them into shoes of glass...

Ginger:

Like Cinderella.

Elvis:

Just like Cinderella, Babe... A white dress....Innocence...

Ginger:

Honey, that would be lovely, wonderful.

Elvis:
A white dress and the living Innocence...

Ginger:
But we have to wait till our wedding-night...I mean, you're alway so...I'm here all the time...and you.. we're never alone...we... and now..ohh, Elvis... Darling? Elvis?

(Dreamflash: Elvis and his mother)

Elvis:
I've been looking for you...always...my sweetheart..my little sweetheart... I've always been looking for you.

Gladys:
I'm here.

Elvis:
Mom...

Gladys:
My God, son.

Elvis:
Where were you, Mom?

Gladys:
Just look at that boy. Let's have a look at you.

Elvis:
Mom...

Gadys:
What have you been doing?

Elvis:
Mom, everything is gonna turn out right. I know it.

Gladys:
What did they do to you? Is that the thanks you get for everything.

Elvis:
Mom, don't say things like that! Don't say that!

Gladys:
Didn't I teach you anything?

Elvis:
Please, don't say that!

Gladys:
You've made it to the top!

Elvis:
Yeah, that's my mom! My little sweetheart... I've made it to the top, Mom! I did it! And do you know what? I did it for you! Everything I did, Mom, was for you! It's..It's the powerr between Heaven and Hell, Mom...You know what I mean... I had to learn to understand it, Mom...

Gladys:
It's God's plan, Elvis!

Elvis:
She has your eyes, Mom. All of them had your eyes. I've just got to ... I mean... They ain't no drugs, Mom. Do you understand me? They ain't no drugs!

Gladys:
I know, Elvis. You never took drugs.

Elvis:
No, never.

Gladys:
I'm so proud of you, son.
Did you ever see those children on the streets? They are selling that stuff in the schoolyards, on every corner, to children.

Elvis:
I know, it's terrible! It's so damn terrible!

Gladys:
You've gotta do something!

Elvis:
I'm gonna write a letter to Nixon! I'm going to write a letter to the President of the United States of America!

Gladys:
See, that's my son!

Elvis:
But what ... what shall I write him? What do you write to the President?

Gladys:
First of all you have to introduce yourself. You say who you are.

Elvis:
Dear President! First of all I want to introduce myself. My name is Elvis Presley! My name is Elvis Presley and I want to show you my greatest respect...

Gladys:
Tell him what you you think..

Elvis:
My God, Mom. What would I do without you?

Gladys:
The letter, son, the letter!

Elvis:
I'm worried! I'm worried about our country which is threatened by Communism and growing drug abuse. I love America, Sir, and I'm willing to do anything I can, to help my country!

Gladys:
I always knew that something great was going to happen, that you are really something special!

Elvis:

Now everything is clear, Mom!

Gladys:

Now you know what to do. It's God's plan! Your mission!

Elvis:

Mom, I now know! Finally I know!

Gladys:

Now, take some rest, son. Everything is going to be okay.

Elvis:

Tell me about Jesse, Mom. Mom? Jesse? Please!

Gladys:

Those days we didn't have electricity. We were waiting, your father was in front of the house, we were waiting and thought to ourselves, when will the baby come? At that stage we didn't know that I was to give birth to twins. The whole house seemed to be shining, dipped into this blue light. There was that wind. And then you both came, Elvis ñ Jesse Garon, your twin-brother, and then you. And Jesse... he wasn't breathing, and there was no possibility to save him..

To save your little life, we put you into a shoe-box, wrapped you all up, opened the stove and pushed you into it, to keep you safe and warm. I didn't want to lose you too.

When you were a small little toddler...and you were singing in church...I told your Daddy that you had this very special talent. He thought I was crazy. He said that every mother says this about her child.

But, I knew there was more to it. I just knew it. You got everything which was actually was meant for your brother. I somehow always knew it. But now... now everything will be okay.

(End of Flash)

Larry:

Sometimes I saw in the rear-view mirror that one of his cars was following me down the streets. Well, that was just the way he was. It was normal to me. He knew, if he wanted to talk to somebody or ring me up, then he knew where to find me.

Colonel:

So, where is he?

Ginger:

What? What's wrong?

Colonel:

Where is Elvis?

Ginger:

I don't know. He was here with me....

Joe:

I have no idea, Colonel...

Colonel:

Are you making fun out of me, or what's going on here?

Joe:

We really don't know.

Colonel:

Do you know where he is?

Ginger:

I have no idea. We were sleeping...and then you came...and...

Sonny:

He came down ñ sometime, I can't remember exactly ñ jumped into into one of his cars and raced down the street...

Colonel:

Why didn't you say this right away? He drove alone?

Sonny:

Yeah, he told us not to follow him. Everything went so fast. We couldn't do anything.

Colonel:

Idiots! Did you know that the shooting for the TV-Special starts tomorrow?

Joe:

Yes, but, I mean, he knows this too, doesn't he? I mean, he'll show up again, I'm sure.

Colonel:

Damn it, Joe! I actually thought you were a professional.

Joe:

I am one...

David:

I'm sure he was full of uppers. We weren't able to...

Colonel:

Did I ask you?

Red:

Jerry just called. Elvis is with him!

Colonel:

In Los Angeles?

Red:

No, Jerry said they flew to Washington. Yesterday evening.

Colonel:

What in the hell is he doing in Washington?

Red:

He wants to visit the President!

Colonel:

What?

Red:

Jerry says, he has a meeting with Nixon this afternoon.

Sonny:

Perhaps we all then are going to move to the White House!

Colonel:

That is not funny, Sonny!
(Telephoning) Larry Geller, please!

Darlene:
Darling, it's for you.

Larry:
Thanks.
Geller.

Colonel:
Was it your idea, Rabbi?

Larry:
Hello, who is this?

Colonel:
Here is Colonel Tom Parker, Larry. Did you dream that up all by yourself?

Larry:
What are you talking about?

Colonel:
Our common friend, Larry, should be up on the stage tomorrow, for the TV-recording of his show. Presumably there will be a little less than a billion people, all around the world, watching this.

Larry:
And so what?

Colonel:
Well, as I heard, Elvis didn't leave to do the TV-recording, but he left to go to Washington to meet President Nixon. And now, the best: He's all alone, without bodyguard, without doctor. You know what I'm talking about? And now, I thought to myself, try and ring your old friend, Rabbi Geller, whose idea this all probably was and give him the good advice, to tell Elvis to come back again, right away, before Rabbi Geller will get into real big fucking trouble. Did you get me!?

Larry:
Do you actually know what I always wanted to tell you, Colonel?
Fuck off!

Colonel:
Larry doesn't know anything.

Darlene:
What's wrong?

Larry:
It's just... about Elvis... Obviously he...
Ahh... I don't know... it's not so important, Darlene.

Colonel:
Red! Sonny! You're flying to Washington. Get him back! And don't start any discussions with him. I'm slowly getting tired of this bloody kindergarten! Tell him, he has a contract! Tell him, one doesn't play around with these people! No one can just do what he feels like! Not even Elvis Presley! He shouldn't go too far! And he is fucking close to the border! Tell him this did you understand me!?

Red and Sonny:
Yes, Sir!

Colonel:
Joe, do I have to do all this shit on my own?

Joe:
It's not me who takes 50 % from his earnings.

Colonel:
Joe, you too! Don't go too far! Goodbye!

Darlene:
Are you coming to bed, Larry?

Larry:
No...no, I have to ... I'd like to work a little...

Darlene:
What's wrong with you?

Larry:
Nothing. Really, nothing. Just you go to bed. I'll come later.
...Darlene?

Darlene:
Yes, my darling?

Larry:
Did you ever sleep with him?

Darlene:
What?

Larry:
Did you sleep with Elvis?

Elvis:
In the name of the Federal Drug Authority, you are arrested! Everything you're saying can be held against you!
What do you say now, Baby?

Ginger:
Elvis, where were you? The Colonel was looking for you all over!

Elvis:
Forget the Colonel. I was with Nixon!

Ginger:
But, Elvis...What?...

Elvis:
I can hardly believe it myself. I visited the President. I come in...into his working-room...Me!? ... That little boy from Memphis... and I volunteered myself for the FBI. Elvis Presley, Special Agent! Here, read this!
Do you know what I said? I said: Ñ Mr. President, you have your show! I have mine!ì

Ginger:
What? Really?

Elvis:

It didn't even take an hour and I got this certification! Good man, that Nixon! Good man! We talked it all over. I'm now the personal Drug Consultant of President Nixon! You know what I mean? From now on everything will change! I know it! I know now what to do!
I can feel it! Deep down, in here, Larry!

Ginger:

Elvis? Who are you talking to?

Elvis:

Everybody needs a life's work... Those ... those fucking drugs are the reason, that nobody has respect for the flag! I mean...look at the Beatles, Jimmi Hendrix, Janis Joplin...
They're no examples! Hey, you've gotta promise me that this stays between you and me, okay? I can now inform the FBI directly about these people...we're gonna...we gonna change this country! We're gonna change it!

Ginger:

And what's with me? What's with me?

Elvis:

Larry! Everything is so clear now! I know now what to do! It's God's plan!
It's my mission!

Ginger:

Elvis!!

(ÑYou don't have to say you love me!)

Joe:

They've arrested David last night!

Elvis:

What?

Joe:

They've arrested David last night!

Elvis:

What are you talking about?

Joe:

They're here in our house! Elvis!

Elvis:

What do you mean: They are here?

Joe:

They are here! Two of them! Two officers! Up in your room!

Elvis:

Where is David?

Joe:

We bailed him out this morning.
I sent him to the drugstore, to get your vitamins. Obviously he had something going on for a long time. Well, they caught him as he was buying cokes and speed from some stranger from New York. Perhaps he was dealing with this shit...

Elvis:
Is he here?

Joe:
Yes. He is waiting in front of the door.

Elvis:
Bring him in!

Joe:
David! You can come in!

Elvis:
Why did he do that? Joe?

Joe:
Why do we all do this, Elvis?
(David comes in...)

Elvis:
Why did you do that? Why? Look at me when I'm talking to you! David, why?

David:
Elvis, I...

Elvis:
Shut up when I'm talking to you! Why did you do that? You're dealing with drugs?
You're working for me ñ You're dealing with drugs and working for me? Are you totally nuts? What did I tell you? What did tell you? You goddamn little son-of-a-bitch!
Do you want to kill your mother? Next time they're gonna hang you!

David:
Elvis, listen, I...

Elvis:
Shut the fuck up! Dou you know what this is? Do you know what it is? I'm now the personal drug consultant of President Nixon! I gave my fucking word to the goddamn President of The United States of America! Do you know what that means? Do you know what you are doing to me?
One more time, David, one more time and I'm gonna blow your fucking head off!

Joe:
Hey-hey-hey! Elvis! It's David! It's our David!

Elvis:
It's David?

Joe:
It's only David, Elvis! Only David...

Elvis:
Okay, then. ìOnly Davidî! Out!

David:
I'm so terribly sorry, Elvis...

Elvis:

Out!!

David:
Sorry, Boss, sorry...

Joe:
Dr. Nick talked to the officers... 'cause of your pills... Just don't worry...

Elvis:
What do you mean?

Joe:
Well...ahhm..nothing...they just...they won't find anything...

Elvis:
My pills are not illegal.

Joe:
I know.

Elvis:
It's only medicine.

Joe:
I know...I know. It's okay...

Elvis:
Joe, I'm President Nixon's personal drug consultant.

Joe:
Yeah, sure.

Elvis:
I think you all still don't know and have not the slightest idea of what responsibility I'm carrying with me!

Joe:
Of course, Elvis! I do have...I mean...Hey, Elvis, I'm sorry, I just wanted to....

Elvis:
Now, leave me alone.

Joe:
Are you sure?

Elvis:
Yes, Joe, I know what to do, okay. Go and take care of Ginger.

Joe:
Okay.

Elvis:
Good. Joe. I can rely on you, can't I?

Joe:
That you can, boss, always! You know that.

Elvis:
Yes, I do. I know that.

Joe:
We're all behind you, Elvis.

Elvis:
I know.

Joe:
Everything okay?

Elvis:
Everything okay!

Joe:
I'm downstairs, if you need me.

Elvis:
Fine. Joe?

Joe:
Yes?

Elvis:
Everything will turn out right?

Joe:
Sure. Don't you worry, boss.

Elvis:
And you are downstairs, yes?

Joe:
I'll be waiting right downstairs. If you need anything, then...just...

Elvis:
Okay. That's good.

Joe:
So long.

Elvis:
All right.

Elvis:
(to the officers) Everything is all right?

Officer Nr.1:
Mr. Presley, Sir.

Elvis:
Right, okay. Well, I was informed about everything. Let's see. How can I help you?

Officer Nr.1:
Excuse me, Sir. What did you say?

Elvis:
Here!
Listen. I'm sure my friend, David Stanley, was somehow drawn into all this in a stupid way. I'm sure everything will be cleared up. We should work together.

I'm in contact with some very important people, you know? So, how shall start?
How can I help?

Officer Nr1:
I'm sure we can handle this by ourselves.
Thank you, Mr. Presley.

Elvis:
Listen, this piece of paper identifies me as a Special Agent of the Federal
Drug Authority. I'm the personal drug consultant of President Nixon.

Officer Nr.1:
That's nice to know, but can we do our work now Mr. Presley?

Officer Nr.2:
Sam! Come here! Look at this!

Elvis:
Well, how can I help you?

Officer Nr. :
Maybe you could just wait outside. Until we're finished. I'll be right with
you.

Elvis:
Now, I want you to look at this paper again. Closely, okay!

Officer Nr.1:
It's not necessary, Sir. It's a very nice piece of Ñ paperì. I'm sure the
president had good reasons to give you a thing like that. Congratulations,
Sir, but this piece of paper is nothing but a wall decoration, Mr. Presley.

Elvis:
Yes? No, listen: this shows that I am the personal Consult...

Officer Nr.1:
I think you don't want to understand me, Mr. Presley. This wall decoration
doesn't give anybody the permission to take active part in an action of the
Federal Drug Authority, okay. Just as I said: it's only a wall decoration. And
now, would you please be so kind and let us do our job?

Elvis:
But look at this paper...

Officer Nr.1:
Wait outside, Sir. Please!

Elvis:
That is...what? No, this is...I mean...it's...
Have you got any fucking idea who is talking to you!?

Officer Nr.1:
Yes, Mr. Presley. I think I know exactly who you are. You're doing your job ñ
and I'm doing mine. Okay?
Sam, could you escort Mr. Presley to the door?
Thanks very much, Sir. Thanks for your understanding...

Elvis:
But this can't be true? Listen, I'm the personal drug consultant of the
President of the United States! Hey, don't grab my arm like that! What do you
think I am? Listen.....II am.....personal....

Voice of Man:
Now, kids. Do you know who Elvis Presley was?

Child 1:
He was a very big man. He invented Rock'n Roll.

Child 2:
He lives in a huge house in Memphis and only comes out by night.

Child 3:
He is that tall dark-haired guy and he invented the electric guitar.

Child 3:
He was an old guy and was a king somewhere.

Elvis:
What does that actually mean, Larry: Ñ And so I face the final curtain...ì?
Shit! What is this?...Ginger! Isn't there anybody?...Ginger! In the name of
the Federal Drug Authority you are arrested. Everything you...can be used
against you!...I am the personal drug consultant of the President...I am the
personal drug consultant!... ÑI ate it up and spit it out, I faced it
all!ì...Mom! They aren't no drugs! Mom, not now! I can't just now!...ìFor
what is a man, what has he got?ì...Larry! It's my mission! It's God's plan,
my mission!...ì If not himself, then he has not!ì...Not now! Please, not
now! No....not now....!

Ginger:
Darling? Darling, I've just spoken to my mother...
Well, I'll go now...
Elvis? Elvis!
Joe! Joe!
Someone has to come up! Quickly!
Elvis!

Joe:
What's up? Shit! Elvis?
Call the Doc! Now! He should hurry up! And get the Colonel! Quick!
David! Sonny!

Ginger:
My God!

David:
Joe?

Sonny:
Shit-shit-shit!

Ginger:
My God!

Joe:
Where is that damn doctor?

David:
Breathe, Elvis, breathe!

Sonny:

Come on! You have to breathe!

Dr. Nick:
How long has he been lying here?

Joe:
I have no idea.

David:
Overdose?

Joe:
Why wasn't anybody with him? Damn it!

Dr. Nick:
Okay. Slowly: Breathe! Breathe!

Sonny:
Is he dead?

Ginger:
Elvis no....no....

(Elvis appears as "Ghost",. Watches
himself lying there and watches the
others reacting on him being dead...
He starts singing "My Way".....)

--- THE END ---