

Collecting Elvis

by

Timothy Hamilton

Last Edit 10-23-03

INT. LIVING ROOM

Two elderly people are dancing in a living room. They are flailing their hands above their heads. They are singing the Elvis hit "Hound Dog". They are laughing and thoroughly enjoying themselves. The man is JAMES BUGBY; he is late 60's, and is wearing a tourist hawaiian shirt and tourist shorts and sunglasses. The woman is LINDA MONROE; she is also in her late 60's, and is also dressed in vacation apparel.

A 15 years old girl, CHAINS wears a faded jean jacket decorated by silver chains she wears faded jeans and gloves with the fingers cut out. She tries to look tough.

On the floor beside them is a stack of Elvis albums.

CHAINS
(Look of impatience. Rolling eyes.)
Come on. You guys are gonna get us caught.

LINDA
(Mocking.)
Ewwwwwww.

BUGBY
(Mocking.)
Ewwwwwww.

LINDA
(Mocking.)
Ohhh.

BUGBY
(Mocking.)
Ohhhhh.

Linda and Bugby continue a swing dance and laughing.

BUGBY
So does this mean we have to go to...
to... to...to Jail.
(Laughing Uncontrollably))
Ha. ha. ha. ha.

LINDA
(Laughing uncontrollably)
Ha. ha. ha. ha.

Chains walks over and picks up the albums.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHAINS

We finally get to Memphis and you guys go nuts.

LINDA

Memphis.

BUGBY

Memphis.

CHAINS

I'll be in the car.

Chains exits.

CUT TO:

EXT. DRIVEWAY

Chains sets albums into the trunk of the car. Linda and Bugby pull the door to the house closed behind them. They dance to the car. Each has various Elvis items in their arms.

Chains opens the drivers side door and sits in the drivers seat and slams the door behind her. Bugby and Linda get into the car.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM

Chains is sitting in a chair at a table. In the background, arms crossed leaning against a wall near a coke machine is a Juvenile OFFICER JAMES. Officer James is a black detective dressed in a white shirt and tie, badge over belt. DETECTIVE SMITH is a middle aged white detective dressed in a white shirt and tie, sleeves rolled up and cigarette in his mouth.

DET. SMITH

So let me get this straight. You leave jewelry and cash. And you only go for Elvis records.

CHAINS

(At table. Arms crossed. In monotone voice.)
And other collectibles.

Det Smith takes drag off cigarette. Looks at Officer James. Officer James shakes his head in disbelief.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DET. SMITH
Unbelievable.

OFFICER JAMES
I have a novel idea for you. How about
if you start at the beginning.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE

Chains and an older woman have a stack of old lottery tickets. The older woman, Irma is in her 70's, short, feeble and has a cane. The cashier behind the counter just shrugs and goes back to his duties.

Chains and the lady are putting tickets into the scanner box to see if there is a winner.

IRMA
One of these is going to hit.

CHAINS
I think we're just cleaning up the
parking lot.

Irma's hand shakes but she still manages to put one ticket in after another in the scanner box.

CLERK
And don't think I don't appreciate it.
That parking lot looks spotless. In
fact, help yourself to a drink at the
fountain kid. On the house.

IRMA
One of these is going to hit.

Irma continues scanning each ticket and now has two piles on the counter: one for discards and one for unchecked tickets.

Chains walks over to the fountain drinks and looks them over. She grabs a large cup. One of the nozzles has an "Out of Order" sign on it.

CHAINS
(Over her shoulder to the
clerk)
Which one is out of order?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLERK

The Cherry cola thing. No one ever drinks that anyway.

CHAINS

No kidding. Yucko.

Chains pulls out a big cup and fills it with ice and then cola.

CLERK

He kid if you're looking for cash, I could kick in a couple of bucks if you want to mop the floor. It's on my duties for the shift but (shrugging his shoulders) you know.

IRMA

She's worth more than a couple bucks.

CLERK

Okay. And a couple candy bars.

Chains points at a bag of fritos.

CLERK (CONT'D)

And a bag of chips.

Chains holds up two fingers.

CLERK (CONT'D)

Okay two bags.

CHAINS

Okay deal. But just the floor here?

Clerk walks to edge of a side door and wheels out the mop bucket and mop.

CLERK

Up to the edge of the cooler doors.

CHAINS

That's cool.

CLERK

But two medium sized bags.

Clerk extends mop handle to Chains.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

IRMA
(Loudly)
Got one. Four correct numbers.

CLERK
No way?

Chains walks over to Irma and looks closely at the ticket.

CHAINS
(To the clerk)
Hey.....way.

The clerk walks around from behind the counter and examines the ticket. He then places it in the scanner box.

IRMA
Pay up. I think it is four million.

CLERK
Okay. Hold on. You get something, but it ain't a lot. Let me check on the schedule.

The clerk returns behind the counter and picks up a laminated sheet and sets it on the counter with a ruler.

CLERK (CONT'D)
It looks like.....three hundred and seventy five dollars.

CHAINS
Pay up.

IRMA
I want the four million.

CLERK
It's three hundred and seventy five. Here take a look at it yourself.

Chains looks at the ticket then the laminated sheet.

CHAINS
Hmmm. I think he's right.

IRMA
It's four million. Read the ticket.

CLERK
Actually I think it says "up to four million."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Chains looks at Irma and shrugs her shoulders.

CLERK (CONT'D)

Hey listen it's not my money. I wish someone around here would win it.

CHAINS

Okay. So can you give us cash?

CLERK

I think so. I need to call my boss. I think I can pay out up to five hundred bucks.

Clerk picks up the phone and dials. Chains walks over to the mop and returns it to the bucket and wheels it back to its original position.

CHAINS

That's a clean motel for tonight. Ohhhh. An actual hot shower.

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. FORD FAIRLANE - DAY

James Bugby is driving. The car is barely moving. Linda and Bugby are trying to find a store number. Linda is looking over Bugby's shoulder. Bugby is squinting to try to read the sign. Linda is looking through a pair of opera binoculars.

BUGBY

My eyes have had it. I just can't make it out very well. My heavy duty binoculars are in the trunk.

LINDA

We need a younger set of eyes dear.

BUGBY

Isn't the number 5826?

LINDA

Yes. But that doesn't look like a pawn shop to me.

BUGBY

Maybe this is God's way of telling us not to sell the Roy Orbison stuff.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LINDA

(Looking at the Map)

Oh I see. We are on Stuart Avenue, not
Stuart Street.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - DAY

Bugby is walking down a hallway sipping a drink through a straw. He is wearing a Hawain tourist shirt, sunglasses, flipflops and khaki shorts. He is drinking a soda from a big cup. A handwritten sign is taped outside the door to a room. The sign reads, "Cancer Support Group." Bugby enters the

MEETING ROOM.

The group of about 14 persons, all varieties and ages are assembled in a large circle sitting in plastic chairs (waiting room variety). MOLLY, the moderator is a middle aged woman dressed professionally.

MOLLY

Yes. Welcome. Come on in. We have an extra chair right here. And you are?

BUGBY

James Bugby. Everyone just calls me Bugby.

Bugby walks over to a chair and pulls it into an open area. Next to him is LINDA MONROE and another older man, JERRY. Persons speak ad-libbed greetings to Bugby: "Hello", "Hi Bugby", Welcome Bugby."

MOLLY

So where were we. I think Mrs. Monroe was going to discuss her diagnosis and doctor's prognosis.

LINDA

Uh well. Lets see. First, its Miss Monroe, I am no longer married, but my friends call me Linda. So please everyone call me Linda. My diagnosis wasoriginally lymphatic then the liver....and after three operations they just said.....well eat food I don't like and I will live between three months and three years.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JERRY

Things happen in threes. Always in threes.

CARL

That is basically what I was told. I have been cooking Tofu.

BETTY

(Correcting him)

Tofu.

CARL is a meticulously dressed man in his 70's with big horn rimmed glasses.

CARL

Yeah. That stuff. I also drink cod liver oil. It's supposed to be the bodies natural lubricant.

BUGBY

Wait. That's the stuff that is supposed to enlarge the Penis.

Carl gives a sour look to Bugby.

BUGBY

Does it work?

CARL

On...Well it supposed to help the body heal itself.

BUGBY

Thank you very much, but I'll stick with my Cherry Cola.

LINDA

Oh I used to love those when I was a kid.

BUGBY

So why stop? If you're like me they told you you're toast anyway.

MOLLY

Let's not get too sidetracked. This is a cancer support group, not a cooking class.

MERL

I think it's break time. I am supposed to take my pill and I need water.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MOLLY

Okay people. Five minutes and lets try to keep it to five minutes.

They all stand and filter out of the room. Jerry and Carl move to the window in the room. Linda and Bugby walk out of the room into the

HALLWAY

Linda walks to the drinking fountain. Bugby is behind her. She takes a drink and turns.

LINDA

When I was a little girl my sister and I used to walk up to Melton's drug store and the man there would put real cherry flavor in the cola.

BUGBY

Ah....and I bet they used real cola also then?

LINDA

Yes. They did.

BUGBY

Care for some fresh air.

LINDA

Yes. That would be nice.

They both stroll to the end of the hallway.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOSPITAL - STEPS - DAY

LINDA

My sister passed on three years ago.

BUGBY

No kids?

LINDA

Three all married and grown. You?

BUGBY

Just my daughter and she lives in California.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They walk down the steps and toward the sidewalk.

LINDA
No wife?

BUGBY
She passed on five years ago. Some heart thing.

LINDA
Oh. I'm sorry. Seems like everyone has a heart thing around here.

BUGBY
And that's the problem with these doctors they analyze everything and feel nothing.

LINDA
So what did they analyze you as having?

BUGBY
Can't you tell? Its in my brain.

LINDA
Oh.

BUGBY
I think that my vastly superior intellect eventually pushed all the mere human tissue out of the way.

LINDA
So how long did they give you?

BUGBY
Let's see. As the doctor put it. For ten persons identical to me, four of them would live one year, five would live two years and 1 would....well not hang around long enough to go to cancer support groups.

They arrive at an edge of the lawn where cars are parked on the street. In front is a shiny red mint condition 1967 Ford Fairlane.

LINDA
Wow. Look at that. What a great looking car.

BUGBY
1967 Ford. Want to go for a ride?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LINDA

That's yours! Well it's beautiful.

Bugby goes over to car and gets keys out.

BUGBY

Come on let's give it a whirl. We can get you a cherry cola at the quick shop.

Linda reluctantly opens the car door.

LINDA

What about the group ?

BUGBY

Let them get their own cherry cola.

Bugby starts the car. Bugby and Linda drive off.

INT. HIGHWAY STYLE TRUCK STOP RESTAURANT

Chains, Linda and Bugby have just met. Linda and Chains sit in a booth. Linda sips her coffee and Chains is sips her coke. Both are picking at their food on their plates.

LINDA

The eggs leave a little to be desired.

CHAINS

This cola is nasty.

LINDA

I never drink cola anyway. Ever since I was a kid.

CHAINS

Oh.

LINDA

When I was a kid, I wanted the good stuff and the good stuff was root beer and safras and Cherry cola.

CHAINS

Yuck, Yuck and Double Yuck.

LINDA

Oh. It was the best.....We would get some extra money and I wanted the SPECIAL drink. Cherry Cola. Back then they had to add the cherry flavoring in special.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bugby arrives with his plate from the buffet.

BUGBY

Can you believe it. Only two types of fried pork; bacon and sausage. How can I die of high cholesterol if they don't give me more fried pork.

CHAINS

What? You want to die?

BUGBY

No sense escaping the inevitable.

CHAINS

Is he always like this?

LINDA

Yeah. Get used to it.

BUGBY

So where are you from anyway?

CHAINS

Does it matter?

BUGBY

Well since they only have two types of pork and it's not likely that we will be forwarding your body back for cadaver studyno. Just Asking.

LINDA

Well we are from Minnesota originally.

CHAINS

Okay.

Chains is looking at her food. She is uncomfortable.

LINDA

I mean that is where we met. Where we were when we met.

CHAINS

Well didn't WE meet in Arkansas.

LINDA

Yes.....Yes...I guess we did.

CHAINS

Well that is where I am from then.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BUGBY

You don't sound like Arkansas.....the drawl I mean.

CHAINS

Well too bad. That's where I'm from.

BUGBY

And when I asked you if you could drive you gave me a fake drivers license fromNorth Dakota...orwell one of the Dakotas.... somethin.....

CHAINS

(Becoming Angry)

Listen. Is that important? I did not hook up here to go through a job interview.

Chains throws her napkin on her food and slides to the edge of the booth.

A beat.

CHAINS (CONT'D)

Do you want me to drive or not?

BUGBY

Okay. Take it easy. Why so sensitive?

LINDA

We were just making conversation.

CHAINS

The less you ask about me the better.

Linda and Bugby look at each other.

CHAINS (CONT'D)

And I won't ask you about anything either.

BUGBY

Okay. If that's the way you like it.

CHAINS

That's the way I like it.

Bugby looks at Linda.

BUGBY

Okay

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

LINDA

Okay.

CHAINS

Okay.

BUGBY

Let's pay our tab and get out of here.

Bugby picks up the small plastic tray holding the check and they slide out of the booth.

CUT TO:

INT. AUTOMOBILE - CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY

The Fairlane pulls up to a gas pump. Bugby exits car and removes cash from his wallet.

BUGBY

(Happy)

Fill it my good lady. Time to wet the whistle. I know what I am having. Cherrrrrry Cooola.

Linda exits and is leaning on the top of the car

LINDA

Cherry Coola here too.

BUGBY

And for the Chauffer?

CHAINS

Anything but Cherry Cola.

Bugby goes into the store. Chains and Linda are alone.

LINDA

Ms. Wallace how many miles to Knoxville.

CHAINS

I go by Chains. My name is chains.

LINDA

Yes. Sorry, I mean-

Linda doubles over holding her stomach.

CHAINS

You okay?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LINDA

Yes. Just give me a second. I think a good nap would do me well.

(Wincing Slightly)

How did we do at the last one?

CHAINS

Six Albums. All original covers. And two scarfs. You sure you're okay?

LINDA

How many names in Knoxville?

CHAINS

Ask Bugby. I don't remember. Two at least.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM

Detective Smith is towering over Chains. Officer James is pacing.

DET. SMITH

(taking drag on cigarette)

Okay and how pray tell did this over the hill gang acquire the names of these Elvis collectors?

CHAINS

Conventions.

DET. SMITH

(mocking and looking at James)

Uh huh. Conventions.

OFF. JAMES

(mocking)

Of course, Conventions.

CUT TO:

INT. ELVIS COLLECTORS CONVENTION - DAY

Several tables are set up with various merchants and collectors. Bugby and Linda sit behind a table with a display of memorabilia and a sign that says "SIGN UP TO WIN."

A large square box at the end of the table with ink pens and forms for contestants to fill out and insert into the slot in the top of the box. STUART, a nerdy looking man picks up a pen and fills out an entry form and looks to Linda.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STUART

Why do you want to know what our top two items are?

LINDA

We plan on selecting a worthy collector for our Grand Prize.

STUART

What is the grand prize?

LINDA

It's a BIG Surprise!

STUART

That's good enough for me.

Stuart finishes the form and slides the entry into the top of the box.

LINDA

Make sure your address is legible. Good Luck.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM

OFF. JAMES

And thiscouple....they met in a cancer ward?

Chains sits with her arms crossed and stares at the table head down, disinterested.

CHAINS

Cancer support group.

DET SMITH

And out of the blue, they decide to rob houses. You expect us to believe that?

CHAINS

(Looking up.)
Collect memorabilia, not rob houses.

DET SMITH

Well do they OWN this memorabilia?

CHAINS

They said no one can own the King.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DET SMITH

Well you can own a Jail Cell for awhile.

OFF JAMES

Be you're own king.

CUT TO:

INT. AUTOMOBILE - DAY

Chains drives. Bugby sits in the passengers seat, Linda in back seat. Chains looks at an address on one of the contestant slips.

CHAINS

3934 Wyoming. This is the place.

BUGBY

Okay. Synchronize watches.

CHAINS

(frustrated)

We're only going to be in there for five minutes.

LINDA

(Looking at watch)

Three 0 five on the nose.

BUGBY

(Tinkering with watch)

3:05. Got it.

LINDA

Neighbors at work. Coast is clear.

Bugby opens a brief case with various locksmith items. Many keys dangling. He lifts a small set of binoculars and looks toward the front door.

BUGBY

Looks like that is most probably a West lock with deadbolt.

(Turning to Linda)

Sweetie, how much time do we have?

LINDA

Well if they left for the appointment, like she said. I am guessing 20 minutes at least.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHAINS

How about we make it five and cut the dance routine.

BUGBY

I feel a song coming on. Laaaaaaaaaaaa

LINDA

Laaaaaaaaaaaa.

BUGBY

(Taunting Chains)
Only fools rush in.....
(continues as he exits car.)

LINDA

(Joining in Elvis style)
But I can't help falling in love....
(continues as she exits car.)

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM

DET. SMITH

I get it. That was the beauty of the plan. You only took the few pieces that were treasured.

CHAINS

Uh huh.

DET. SMITH

And with no signs of entry, the victims think they just misplaced some valuables.

CHAINS

Bugby said most collectors are in it for the money. They don't appreciate the King. They collect for the wrong reasons. They put it away and won't even notice.

DET. SMITH

Some of that stuff is supposedly worth a lot of money, I suppose. Although who would buy it. James, you're used to playing wet nurse to lying punks, I'm not. I've got to get some air. Oh, and while you're at it, see if you can find out where they stashed Elvis's cape.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Det. Smith Exits the room.

Officer James reclines and stretches to get comfortable.

OFFICER JAMES

So it was a happy rosy time for you all?

CUT TO:

INT. FORD FAIRLANE - MOTEL PARKING LOT - MORNING

Chains sips on her convenience store coffee. She looks over her sunglasses at Buggy and Linda who enter the car, Linda in front seat, Bugby in back.

BUGBY

Okay. We're set.

Chains puts the car in gear and finishes a big drink of coffee. The car moves through the motel lot to the edge of parking lot exit.

LINDA

Miss Wallace.

CHAINS

(Sighing)

Here we go.

LINDA

What do you mean "Here we Go?"

CHAINS

Whenever it's "Miss Wallace" it's something dramatic.

LINDA

Oh. Well. Le me start over. Chains.

Chains drives without reacting.

LINDA (CONT'D)

Oh Chains. Miss Chains.

CHAINS

Okay. what's going on?

LINDA

You have been drinking.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHAINS
Oh Yeah. Good thing.

LINDA
Good thing?

CHAINS
Yeah. Hate to think I am only a pothead.

LINDA
Don't think I haven't noticed. The
little hotel bottles disappearing.
Whiskey, Irish Cream.

CHAINS
I need something that goes with coffee.
give me a break.

LINDA
What about cream?

CHAINS
Show me a drunk cow and I'll go for it.
Until then-

LINDA
Cream or sugar or anything.

BUGBY
Or doughnuts.

LINDA
It's 8:00 in the morning! You are 16
years old!

CHAINS
Thanks for the lecture.

LINDA
(Becoming angry)
I didn't hire a drunk to drive us. And
if I need to-

BUGBY
Hold on. Hold on. She's driving okay,

LINDA
She's intoxicated.

Linda lifts Chain's coffee out of the console.

LINDA (CONT'D)
Here. Smell it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Linda hands the cup to Bugby.

CHAINS
Hey. That's mine.

BUGBY
Okay. Lets just everyone settle down.

LINDA
She's driving drunk and she could get us
all killed.

CHAINS
So? What are you worried about? an
early departure?

LINDA
I don't like a drunk driving us around.

CHAINS
Miss Monroe face facts. We are all three
fuck-ups.

Linda abruptly turns her back to Chains and faces the window.

LINDA
I don't appreciate profanity.

CHAINS
Like it or not we are three fuck-ups who
got fucked over and now we are in a
fucked up position doing what we fucking
want.....and you know what? We keep
going....and you know when we're going to
stop?

Chains extends her hand to Bugby who hands her back her
coffee.

CHAINS (CONT'D)
When someone makes us.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The Fairlane passes a sign "MEMPHIS CITY LIMITS."

CUT TO:

Our Apologies.

Due to the writer's desire to protect this script from piracy or copyright infringement, the remainder of this script is not available for public viewing.

Only Financial Investors, Investors in Kind, Limited Partners, Technical Crew or Cast Members may gain access to the remainder of this script.

For further information about becoming an investor, crew or cast member, please drop us a line at JoAguirre@HamandRye.com.