

BEING ELVIS
(sample, 1st 10 pages)

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FADE IN:

EXT. ELVIS TRIBUTE CONTEST-MAIN STAGE -- EVENING (FLASH FORWARD)

Darkened stage. Spotlight on a white sequined jump suit.

JEAN-GUY PARIS (pa-ri) (32), tall and thin, attacks the microphone.

He belts out the first verse of an upbeat Elvis song... in French. Live band joins in.

Switches to English after the first stanza.

The 1000+ crowd roars.

FADE TO BLACK.

JEAN-GUY PARIS
Merci. Merci beaucoup!

EXT. HONEYBEE GOLF COURSE VA BEACH -- DAY (PRESENT)

A line of four golf carts whiz by at an accelerated speed.

TEE BOX #12

Four carts come to skidding halts. CHARLIE MACARTHUR (62), polyester-decked mild-mannered Filipino, scribbles down his score.

CHARLIE
What did you guys have?

WILLIE WHITE, (61) an African-American, comfortable in his own linebacker size and skin, lumbers out of his cart.

WILLIE
Par for me.

CHARLIE
Four?

WILLIE
No, seven.

CHARLIE
Par was four.

WILLIE

Par for me is seven.

BOOKER JONES, (67) Caucasian, a throw back from the sixties, pulls his driver out of his bag as he reties his ponytail.

BOOKER

Eight.

CHARLIE

You've gotten eight on the last four holes.

BOOKER

Man, that's only because you make me pick up my ball after eight!

JORGE HERRERA, (52) a sharp dressed and image conscious Latino, wipes down his driver to see his own reflection.

JORGE

Siete, por favor.

Charlie strolls to the tee box, driver in hand, tees up ball.

BOOKER

What did you have, Charlie?

CHARLIE

Birdie.

BOOKER

Birdie? Could have sworn you hit it at least four or five times.

JORGE

You must have counted some of your strokes, Amigo!

WILLIE

Charlie, how come you're so good at golf and we're so bad?

Charlie addresses his ball, wags his club.

BOOKER

Because Charlie "believes" he's a good golfer. You just gotta believe the right things.

JORGE

Si. We all "believe" we suck.

PING! Charlie's drive would make Tiger Woods proud.

Charlie watches his ball roll in the distance.

CHARLIE

Someone once said, the uglier a man's legs are, the better he plays golf.

The three look at each other's BARE LEGS and then at Charlie's, covered in POLYESTER PRINT GOLF SLACKS.

JORGE

Ah, the pantalones!

#12 GREEN

The foursome walk onto the green, balls scattered across. Charlie's is two feet from the hole.

Charlie walks up to mark his ball. He sings an Elvis tune.

CHARLIE

"I'll have a blue Christmas without you... I'll be so blue just thinkin' about you."

BOOKER

So, Charlie, what's Christine's plan after graduation?

CHARLIE

Still college and biology.

Jorge lines up his ball and putts.

WILLIE

Her heart's set on being a doctor?

Willie lines up his ball and putts.

CHARLIE

Yep.

WILLIE

College, medical school... I didn't realize you were made of money.

CHARLIE

You have no idea.

BOOKER

You must either have a bundle saved up or a money tree in your yard!

Booker putts his ball.

CHARLIE

All I've got is wrapped up in the shop.

WILLIE

Christine is a smart girl. Maybe she'll get a good scholarship.

CHARLIE

Christine is sharp, but she doesn't take those national tests very well, the ones that get you scholarships.

Booker misses his put and picks up his ball.

BOOKER

Eight!

EXT. CHARLIE'S BARBERSHOP -- NIGHT (LATER)

Four cars parked side by side in an empty strip mall parking lot. The only activity comes from inside the barbershop.

Bright disco lights dart about and as disco ball reflections ricochet outside the shop windows.

Muffled music and drumbeats thump from inside the shop.

INT. CHARLIE'S BARBER SHOP

Charlie stands on the makeshift stage illuminated by a spotlight. He belts out an upbeat Elvis song--pitch perfect.

Two FLAT SCREEN MONITORS show video, a bouncing ball and words that go with the karaoke song.

Willie, Booker, and Jorge join Charlie to sing backup.

Charlie puts on his best Elvis moves, stiff and awkward.

All four gather on stage, sing the final line together.

The audience consists of the empty barbershop, populated by two barber chairs, a couch and a few folding chairs.

WILLIE

The King!

BOOKER
The King is dead, man.

WILLIE
No. The King is alive.

Jorge points at Charlie.

JORGE
The King is en la casa!

Charlie shrugs off the attention.

CHARLIE
I don't think so.

WILLIE
Charlie, you don't move like Elvis,
but you sure sound like him!

JORGE
Yeah! Really Charlie! You do.

CHARLIE
Guys, if I'd had as many beers as
you, a dog would sound like The
King.

Charlie flips on the shop lights and powers down all
equipment and stage lights.

BOOKER
No, man! I never heard nobody
sound like The King, man, like you
sound like The King. Like, what
I'm saying is, you sound like The
King!... Man.

Charlie motions towards the door.

CHARLIE
Whatever. I've gotta get home.
Haven't seen Christine all day.

Charlie holds the door open and prepares to lock it.

Charlie's friends wait outside and break into a bad rendition
of a Beach Boys song.

Charlie notices an envelope clipped to the door mailbox.

Charlie grabs the ENVELOPE, marked from THE NATIONAL BANK,
and stamped "URGENT!"

Charlie clinches his fist around the envelope.

INT. CHARLIE'S HOME - KITCHEN/DINING AREA -- EVENING (LATER)

Charlie carries the weight of the world into his home.

A PAINTING OF TWO DOVES flanked by two VELVET ELVIS'S hang on the wall.

CHRISTINE (17) petite Filipino and full of energy, does her homework at the table.

Music blasts from her earphones, blind to Charlie's entrance.

Charlie lays a kiss on the top of her head.

Christine pops up and holds a college catalog.

CHRISTINE
Look what came today!

CHARLIE
University of... Texas? That must
cost an arm and a leg.

CHRISTINE
It's got a great pre-med program!

CHARLIE
Pre-med, huh? You're still--

CHRISTINE
Dad, you know that.

CHARLIE
Honey, have you thought about going
somewhere in state? The out-of-
state and private tuitions,... I
don't think we can afford it.

CHRISTINE
But Dad, I didn't totally bomb my
SATs... maybe I'll get a
scholarship somewhere.

CHARLIE
Let's hope so. I'll do whatever I
can to help you.

CHRISTINE
I know you will.

Charlie gives Christine a hug and a quick kiss and leaves the room--the burden even heavier.

Charlie grasps the bank envelope as the phone RINGS.

Charlie answers.

CHARLIE
Hello? This is he.

Charlie dips around the corner out of ear shot of Christine.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Yeah, about that payment, I should
have something for-- Huh? Yeah,
but-- I'm working on it-- You
don't talk to me that way.

BAM! Charlie slams the phone on the wall.

CHRISTINE
Who was that?

CHARLIE
Just a prank call.

Charlie clutches the envelope from the bank.

INT. CHARLIE'S BARBER SHOP -- DAY (NEXT DAY)

Charlie and his ASSISTANT BARBER are both busy at work cutting hair with BARBER CLIENT #1 AND BARBER CLIENT #2.

Willie sings a Frank Sinatra song as Charlie finishes BARBER CLIENT #1.

The bell on the front door JINGLES as a DEPUTY SHERIFF steps inside. He holds a PIECE OF FOLDED PAPER.

DEPUTY SHERIFF
Excuse me. I'm looking for a
Charles MacArthur.

All eyes turn to Charlie. Willie stops his song.

CHARLIE
I'm Charlie MacArthur.

DEPUTY SHERIFF
May I speak with you for a moment,
sir?

Charlie and the Deputy Sheriff step outside.

BOOKER
What in the world?

The barber shop collective cranes its neck for a better look.

EXT. CHARLIE'S BARBER SHOP -- DAY (CONTINUOUS)

The Deputy Sheriff unfolds the piece of paper and hands it to Charlie.

DEPUTY SHERIFF
Sir, this is a summons from the City for you to appear in court in six weeks if your business license fees plus interest are not paid. It appears they have been in arrears for 24 months.

Charlie glances over his shoulder to see if anyone inside is watching. Everyone averts their eyes down.

DEPUTY SHERIFF (CONT'D)
If these fees are not paid in their entirety by that time, the City will shut down your business until they are paid.

Charlie stares at the piece of paper.

INT. CHARLIE'S BARBER SHOP -- DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Charlie enters the shop. He stuffs the paper in his pocket.

Everyone jumps back to their own business.

WILLIE
Charlie, everything alright?

CHARLIE
Yeah, yeah. I guess I forgot to pay my business license fee. He was just letting me know I needed to do that.

BOOKER
Wow. Not too subtle, are they?

The mood in the room changes as Christine bounces through the door with energy and a LETTER in hand.

CHRISTINE
Dad! Dad! Look! Look!

All activity stops.

CHARLIE
Honey, why aren't you in school?

CHRISTINE
Dad, read it!

Christine hands Charlie the letter. He reads to himself.

WILLIE
Charlie? Is it good? Read it out
loud!

CHARLIE
"We are pleased to inform you of
your acceptance to Vanderbilt
University and our pre-med
program."

Christine jumps with giddiness and a squeal.

A collective shout bursts from Willie, Booker, and Jorge.

Willie pops up and gives Christine a huge hug.

WILLIE
My sister from another mister!
Congratulations!

Booker and Jorge come over to hug and congratulate.

BOOKER
The coolest teenager I know!
Bodacious news!

JORGE
¿Qué pasa, princesa? Congrats!

Charlie looks at the letter as Willie slaps him on the back.

CHRISTINE
Isn't that awesome, Dad?

Christine hugs Charlie as he gives her an unconscious hug.

CHARLIE
Yeah, awesome honey. I'm proud of
you. Vanderbilt. That's gonna
cost.

CHRISTINE
We'll figure it out, Dad!

CHARLIE

You going back to the school now?

CHRISTINE

Nope. Teacher work day, remember?

Charlie nods.

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)

Also, there were a lot of phone calls at the house this morning. Something about a couple of your credit cards. You didn't lose any did you?

Charlie fidgets.

Willie and Booker take note.

CHARLIE

Ah, I don't know. I'll have to look and see. Did you get a number?

CHRISTINE

Nah, they said they would call back tonight.

CHARLIE

I'm sure I can get it straightened out tonight.

CHRISTINE

Okay, gotta run, having lunch with friends. I've got so many people to tell!

EVERYONE

Good-bye! Congratulations!

Christine blows a kiss towards Charlie and is out the door.

Charlie watches her leave, unmoved from the same spot.

CHARLIE

How much IS this gonna cost me?

Jorge pulls out his smart phone, punches on the keys.

WILLIE

Charlie, enjoy the moment. Your daughter just got invited to attend a very prestigious school!

Promotion Document