

What Would Elvis Do?

Final Draft

Written By

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FADE IN

INT. RUN DOWN MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE on a thumb slowly rotating a large gold ring around another finger.

INT. BAR STAGE - NIGHT

ECU of ELVIS singing. Hand on the mic, the jewels on his suit shimmering, the reflections of the lights in his glasses.

INT. RUN DOWN MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Reveal ELVIS, sitting on the edge of his bed in a run down motel room. He's hunched over, elbows on his knees. He still has the jumpsuit on but the top half is off, and he just wears a white t-shirt.

He glances over to the nearby end table, where there is an envelope with three twenty dollar bills hanging out.

INT. CLUB, BACK ROOM - FLASHBACK

Elvis waits outside the door to an office. After a beat the CLUB MANAGER comes out and hands him an envelope.

CLUB MANAGER

Here ya go.

Elvis takes it and opens the envelope. Counting the three twenty dollar bills.

ELVIS

Whoa, hey wait. There's only sixty in here.

The Club Manager turns around.

CLUB MANAGER

Attendance was low. You saw it out there.

ELVIS

But this barely covers my expenses to come out.

The Club manager walks back over to Elvis. A bit of an arrogant stride. He moves his toothpick from one side of his mouth to the other and looks Elvis up and down.

CLUB MANAGER

Ya'know Elvis ain't as popular as

(MORE)

CLUB MANAGER (CONT'D)

he used to be. You gotta think. Is this really what you wanna do with your life? I mean, what's more important... making money... Or being Elvis?

INT. RUN DOWN MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Back in the room the Club Manager's final words echo in Elvis' mind.

He stands up and walks to the dresser. He takes off his belt and tosses it to the side. Then one by one he removes his rings. On the last one he hesitates for a moment, but then after a beat he removes it and sits it down on the dresser.

The sound of a man and woman arguing outside, breaks him from the moment. He goes toward the window and peeks out.

EXT. RUN DOWN MOTEL - NIGHT

A pimp (MALIK) and his girl (Harp), argue. He gets in her face as she's backed against the wall.

MALIK

Don't lie to me Harp!

HARP

I'm not!

MALIK

Don't you dare lie! I saw you. Selling this shit, when you're supposed to be working my corner.

Malik holds up a necklace with a dragonfly pendant on the end. He grabs one of the wings and breaks it off.

Harp gasps as she watches him throw it on the ground.

HARP

(Pleading)

It's just a hobby.

MALIK

Yeah, who said you can have a hobby. You make any money it's the way I tell ya. And I'm telling ya, if you don't get some tonight. You're done.

Malik starts to back away.

HARP

But I...

He cuts her off. Pointing his finger.

MALIK

Done!

Malik walks off.

Harp exhales deeply. After a beat she kneels down to pick up the pendant.

The door next to her opens. As she reaches for the broken wing Elvis kneels down and picks it up for her.

She looks to him and the two stand as he hands her the other piece.

HARP

Thanks.

ELVIS

You alright?

Harp puts on a phony confidence. She leans against the brick wall and crosses her arms. Then scoffs.

HARP

Me? Yeah. I'm good.

There's a bit of awkward silence between the two.

ELVIS

Ok... well, have a good night.

Elvis starts to turn to go back in to his room.

Harp looks across the parking lot where she sees Malik on the phone near his car.

Suddenly she turns back to Elvis.

HARP

Well, I mean...

She takes a step in toward Elvis and awkwardly runs her finger along the side of his shoulder then plays with one of the tassels on the side of his leg.

HARP

How bout you? Looking for some company?

Elvis reaches down and grabs her hand. He glances to Malik, who's now watching them.

ELVIS

Sorry, you seem like a sweet girl,
but uh... This is isn't quite my
thing.

She sighs deeply. The phony attitude, and the seductive smirk disappears.

HARP

Yeah... Me neither...

She looks down to the broken pendant in her hand.

HARP

This sure isn't how I thought I'd
end up. I was gonna inspire people,
but somewhere along the way I
just... And for what?

Elvis looks to her sympathetically, he nods his head slightly. He reaches out and puts his hand on her shoulder to comfort her.

ELVIS

You know there's a saying, "Truth
is like the sun. You can shut it
out for a time, but it ain't goin'
away."

After a beat she looks up at him and smiles. She looks down to the dragonfly, then reaches out and grab his hand and gives him the pendant.

HARP

Here. Maybe it can be fixed.

MALIK (O.C.)

Aye, Aye, Aye!

The voice of Malik breaks the moment they were having.

Elvis and Harp step away from each other, as Malik approaches. Malik pushes Harp behind him, standing between Elvis and her.

MALIK

Hands off the girl unless we're
making a deal. Are we making a
deal?

ELVIS
We're just talking.

MALIK
Well talking don't pay the bills
now does it? What are you supposed
to be anyway, a Johnny cash reject?

ELVIS
Actually, I'm...

MALIK
Man I don't give a damn what you're
about. Wasting my time and shit.

ELVIS
Look, I think the lady has a right
to talk with whoever she wants.

MALIK
Oh, you think huh? You think.

Malik gets in Elvis' face.

MALIK
We'll I think you better go back to
your room, before I mess up that
clean white suit you got here.
(To Harp)
As for you...

Malik goes back to Harp, reaches over and grabs her by the
back of the neck. She winces and cries out in pain.

Elvis, now angered, tries to step in.

ELVIS
Hey get off her!

Malik suddenly throws her to the side and whips out an
extendable baton. He points it at Elvis.

MALIK
Get the fuck back!

Elvis puts his hands up and starts to back away.

ELVIS
You don't have to do this.

MALIK
Shut up! Get back to your room, or
lose walkin. It's up to you.

Elvis starts to back up.

ELVIS
Alright, alright.

As Elvis backs up into the room, he looks at Harp. She stares back at him from the ground. Her eye's calling out for help.

INT. RUN DOWN MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Elvis gets in his room and shuts the door. He leans against it. Gritting his teeth, cursing under his breath. From outside you hear the muffled voices.

After a beat he can't take it anymore and he goes to the window to peer out.

From ELVIS' POV we see Malik dragging her across the parking lot as she struggles.

EXT. RUN DOWN MOTEL, PARKING LOT

Suddenly Harp bites his arm, he loosens his grip, she turns and knees him right in the groin. He falls to the ground giving her just enough time to escape.

MALIK
Arrrgh! You bitch!

INT. RUN DOWN MOTEL ROOM

Elvis' celebrates the quick victory.

ELVIS
Go! Go! Go!

EXT. RUN DOWN MOTEL, PARKING LOT

Harp runs straight to a line of cars and tries the handles until one opens. She jumps inside and locks the door.

INT. CAR

She starts frantically looking around the car for keys, even checking the visor. Nothing.

INT. RUN DOWN MOTEL ROOM

Elvis shakes his head. He looks as Malik is starting to get to his feet.

ELVIS
No, no, no. Get out. Run.

He turns away from the window to grab his phone on a nearby table, but before he does he glances across the room to a mirror where he sees himself. He stares at his reflection for a beat, standing there in partial Elvis jumpsuit. He looks down to his hand, and to the dragonfly. His eyes close as he remembers recent events.

CLUB MANAGER (V.O.)

What's more important... making money... Or being Elvis?

HARP (V.O.)

I was gonna inspire people, but somewhere along the way I just... And for what?

ELVIS (V.O.)

Truth is like the sun. You can shut it out for a time, but it ain't goin' away.

HARP (V.O.)

Maybe it can be fixed?

SLOWLY move in on Elvis' face as his eyes open, his brow narrows, his teeth clench, and his lip snarls.

QUICK CUTS: Ring put on, belt on, glasses on.

INT. CAR

As Harp continues to look for keys or anything to help. Malik pops up from out of nowhere, startling Harp. She screams. He tries the handle but it's locked.

MALIK

I didn't know you had it in ya. You open the door now and I'll make it quick.

HARP

No! Leave me alone!

EXT. RUN DOWN MOTEL, PARKING LOT

Malik brings his baton up, ready to swing.

MALIK

I swear to Christ... One!

Harp clenches her eyes. Malik braces his hand against the window.

MALIK

Two...

Malik bring the baton back. Suddenly Elvis steps up behind him and grabs the baton. Malik looks over his shoulder and the two share a glance for a beat.

Malik rips the baton out of Elvis' hand, falling forward against the car in the process. He then swings around to hit Elvis.

But Elvis ducks and swiftly delivers a knee to Malik's gut, then takes a step back.

Malik writhes in pain for a beat, hunched over, but then tries to swing one more time. This time Elvis catches the baton under his arm. He snarls at Malik then - throat chop and kick to the back of the knee.

Malik drops to the ground and looks up at Elvis.

MALIK

Who the hell are you?

ELVIS

I'm Elvis.

MALIK POV - Elvis' fist comes straight down.

CUT TO BLACK

INT. BAR STAGE - DAY

Elvis is on stage singing again. People in the audience seem a bit more engaged. As he sings he looks across the room to the bar.

INT. BAR - CONTINUOUS

Harp, standing behind the bar, smiles back. She then turns her attention to a customer.

INT. BAR STAGE - DAY

Back on stage Elvis continues his song. As we move down the jewels that decorate his suit, we come to rest on the dragonfly pendent. Wing mended, and handing from Elvis' belt.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END