

ELVIS VS. BUDDY

by

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MONTAGE: AFTERMATH OF GLOBAL DEVASTATION

SUPER: February 3rd, 1959

Moscow - A single spire from St. Basil's Cathedral in Red Square stands alone in a completely barren wasteland.

London - Big Ben is surrounded by empty shattered ruins, its rusting hands are at twelve o'clock.

Washington D.C. - Overgrowth spreads up a collapsing White House and through the rubble and remnants of the city.

New York - The Statue of Liberty lays facedown in New York Harbor, now a cesspool pool of death and decay.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREETS (LUBBOCK, TEXAS) - DAY

Gray overcast skies loom over a neighborhood marred by vandalism and neglect. Burned out shells of 1940s and 1950s cars are parked in irregular ways. Graffiti and litter defile the terrain. A sign reads:

LUBBOCK  
CITY LIMITS  
POP. 78,420

The population total is painted over with the current population of 413.

ROD SERLING, 30s, wears a black suit and tie. He smokes a cigarette and stands in front of a crumbled brick wall.

ROD SERLING

What you're looking at is a legacy man left to himself. A year previous, he pushed his buttons and one nightmarish moment later, woke up to find that he had set the clock back a thousand years. His engines, his machines, his science were buried in a mass tomb, covered over by the biggest gravedigger of them all: a bomb. And this is the Earth one year later, a fragment of what was once a whole, a remnant of what was once a race.

(pause)

So in other words, everybody's fucked.

In the background, the brick wall is covered in graffiti, one reads:

## PHONE CALL FROM A DEAD DOLL

A shadow passes over the graffiti. Walking by is a teenage boy, SPARKY. His longish hair is greased back and he wears dirty coveralls with his name sewn on the breast pocket.

He casually tosses a can of food up and down in his hand while humming a Buddy Holly tune.

PA system clicks on.

MALE VOICE ON PA (O.S.)

(Texan accent)

Announcement... attention Lubbock survivors, Sparky done fixed our generator again.

Sparky smiles.

MALE VOICE ON PA (CONT'D)

Um... that's how come y'all can hear me right now. Take note, it's a-gonna rain tomorrow...

(feedback)

...and the winds are comin' from the northeast. That means there'll be a very high radioactive count in the... the precipa... precipitation. So pretty please, empty and store yer remaining water then turn all rain barrels upside down and get all animal troughs covered. That's all she wrote.

(louder)

Go big or go home... Yeah, Texas!

PA clicks off.

Sparky approaches a decaying mid-century home. He reads a handwritten note tacked to the door:

PLEASE GO AWAY!

Using the edge of the can, he knocks on the door - no reply. Seeing his sloppy appearance reflected in a window, he brushes at his dirty coveralls. He opens the door.

SPARKY

Buddy! Hey Buddy! You alive in there?

INT. BUDDY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Around the room, music magazines with Buddy Holly on the cover are scattered in amongst an array of melted candles and an assortment of vinyl records. On a nearby phonograph, a record skips.

Sparky enters.

BUDDY HOLLY, 20s, sleeps on a sofa. He's wiry and rumped. He wears grubby blue jeans and a white t-shirt. From behind his iconic heavy black glasses, his eyes open slowly. He turns to Sparky.

BUDDY  
What's cookin', hotshot?

SPARKY  
A hey, a hey hey.

He walks over to the record player, lifts the stylus and stops the skipping record.

SPARKY (CONT'D)  
How come you wear your glasses when you're asleep?

BUDDY  
So I can see my dreams.

Buddy looks at the record spinning on the turntable.

BUDDY (CONT'D)  
I see you fixed the generator again.

SPARKY  
You know it. I'm one bitchin' cat daddy that can fix anything.  
(pause)  
Look what I brought you.

He holds up a tattered can of chili. The label reads:

IMPERIAL LONE STAR CHILI  
FIT FOR A KING

Buddy stands and stretches.

BUDDY  
Ah-ha, compensation for your impeccable electronic skills. You sure you want to share?

Sparky tosses the can to Buddy.

SPARKY

Of course. We're dining high on the hog tonight. Plus you promised next time I came out you'd teach me the G chord.

(pause)

How come you still live way out here, away from everyone?

BUDDY

You know, lots of memories. I grew up in this house. Besides, what else do I got?

SPARKY

Yeah, but it's so much safer at the survival camp, and we could hang out more.

The phone RINGS.

Buddy, startled, stares at the telephone on an end table.

BUDDY

Holy cow!

(pause)

Am I dreaming this?

SPARKY

Sorry, I was about to get to that.

He flamboyantly gestures to the ringing phone.

SPARKY (CONT'D)

(terrible French accent)

You have a telephone call, monsieur.

BUDDY

I know you're good kid, but how in the world did you pull this off?

SPARKY

Actually it was very simple. According to the Radio Regulations Guide, it's appropriately called a radiotelephone call. Basically I wired the ham radio to Sarah's old telephone switchboard and then after a little noodling, I converted it from a simplex operation to a duplex operation.

(MORE)

SPARKY (CONT'D)

This makes transmission possible simultaneously in both directions. You know, like a real telephone call. It doesn't hurt that they're transmitting a real strong signal.

BUDDY

Okey-dokey, sorry I asked.

Sparky pulls a comic book out of his back pocket. On the cover is Captain Whiz-Bang flying through the heavens, wearing a rocket-powered jet pack and a streamlined helmet. Sparky nods to the ringing phone.

SPARKY

You might want to pick that up. Whoever's calling has been waiting for a pretty long time.

BUDDY

Who on Earth would be calling me?

He puts his hand on the receiver.

SPARKY

No clue. Maybe your manager has a gig for you.

Buddy glares at him.

SPARKY (CONT'D)

Sorry, that was super lame.

Buddy picks up the phone.

BUDDY

Hello?

MAN ON PHONE (V.O.)

Who's this?

BUDDY

That's a question I could ask you.

MAN ON PHONE (V.O.)

Listen up, you stupid hillbilly, I've been holding for Buddy for way too long. What's the deal, can't he pick out the dress he's gonna wear?

BUDDY

You got him.

MAN ON PHONE (V.O.)  
Buddy Holly?

BUDDY  
Yep.

Buddy looks over to Sparky and shrugs.

INT. CAESARS PALACE - BOXING ARENA (LAS VEGAS) - DAY

A mob of MISFITS fill the smoky forum.

A ringside man on the radio looks off screen.

MAN ON RADIO  
Hey E, four eyes is finally on the  
fuck'n radio. I'll patch you  
through.

ELVIS PRESLEY, 20s, stands in the center of the boxing ring. He's dressed in tight black leather pants and vest. His lean muscular body displays a variety of tattoos that all pertain to his music career. Most prominent is the word "King" written on each bicep.

A microphone dangles above him from the ceiling. Behind him, a retro Las Vegas style sign reads:

BURNED OUT PARADISE

ELVIS  
(into the mic)  
Hello, baaaaby! This ain't the Big  
Bopper but let me tell you honey,  
Elvis has entered the goddamn  
building.

The mob of misfits laugh, applaud, and yell.

INT. BUDDY'S LIVING ROOM (LUBBOCK TEXAS)

Buddy listens to the phone - hears yelling, applause, and laughter from Vegas.

BUDDY  
Huh... what's going on here?  
(pause)  
Is that really you, Elvis?

Sparky looks up from his comic book.

SPARKY

What? Neato.

INTERCUT Buddy and Elvis.

ELVIS

Who were you expecting, Liberace?

More laughter from the mob.

ELVIS (CONT'D)

Mind you, Elvis is not homophobic. How could I be, I'm a hedonist. But flaming is an understatement when describing that fruit loop. But I digress.

(pause)

How's your hammer hangin', Buddy?

BUDDY

Well, you know ever since...

ELVIS

Look it here, Teddy Bear, I'm all shook up too. I know it hasn't been all kittens and unicorns. But things are about to change. Having a purpose has its merits. Wouldn't you agree, Buddy?

Buddy looks confused.

ELVIS (CONT'D)

Now I'm betting your life is a real drag right now, so Elvis is gonna throw you a boner. Strap on your seatbelt, hotrod, cuz it's time to play...

(pause)

*What's My Line?*

The mob cheers as the theme music from the game show plays on a PA system at a slow speed at first, then accelerates to its proper speed.

ELVIS (CONT'D)

Tonight's the night, we have a mystery guest, so Buddy I'm gonna have to ask you to put on your blindfold.

(pause)

Will you come in, mystery challenger, and sign in please.



Men drag a BRUISED TEENAGE GIRL into the boxing ring. She wears a light pink ball gown, her mascara runs and blood flows from a small cut on her forehead.

BRUISED TEENAGE GIRL  
Take your hands off of me! Leave me alone!  
(pause)  
Buddy... Buddy, is that really you?

BUDDY  
Who's this?

ELVIS  
(makes a buzzer sound declaring an incorrect answer)  
Wrong! That makes it five down and five to go.

BRUISED TEENAGE GIRL  
Buddy... Buddy it's me, Peggy Sue.

Elvis backhands PEGGY SUE across the face, her lip bleeds.

ELVIS  
(feigning disappointment)  
Ah, man, game over. He was supposed to guess.

BUDDY  
What? I thought you were dead.

PEGGY SUE  
You've got to save me, Buddy! You got to get me outta here! He's crazy! Please! I'm afraid of what he might do! I...

Elvis places his hand over her mouth. He slowly runs a lone finger across his throat and the crowd falls silent.

BUDDY  
Peggy Sue. Peggy Sue!

ELVIS  
Pretty, pretty, pretty, pretty Peggy Sue.  
(pause)  
Isn't this day turning out to be just full of surprises? I know you're visually impaired, Buddy... but I think you got the picture.

He tosses Peggy Sue aside, reaches up for the microphone and pulls it close to his face.

ELVIS (CONT'D)  
OK, numb nut, it's time to drop the  
needle.

He turns his head to reveal a disfigured eye. A deep scar runs vertically through his left eye which has a clotted iris with a look of blindness.

ELVIS (CONT'D)  
Listen up, Romeo, you get your  
candy ass to Las Vegas within a  
week or she's gonna die in a way  
that is considered most unpleasant.  
You got that, you pussy?

Buddy looks devastated.

ELVIS (CONT'D)  
I'll take that as a yes.  
(pause)  
How come you don't give me that  
famous trademark hiccup or tender  
sigh?  
(pause)  
Elvis has tipped over the  
hourglass, it's time for you to  
saddle up, cowboy.  
(pause)  
Catch you on the flip side, Buddy.

He grips the microphone tightly and intentionally pulls it out of the ceiling. He holds it to the crowd like a prize.

ELVIS (CONT'D)  
(to the crowd)  
Damn it... we've been disconnected.

The mob goes wild. He grabs Peggy Sue by the face and runs his tongue across the blood on her forehead. He stretches out his hand - someone passes him a pistol.

He swaggers to the other side of the boxing ring to a wall of sixty television sets where Buddy Holly's performance on the *Ed Sullivan Show* continuously plays.

He points and fires at the sets. Glass and sparks fly everywhere.

He swivels his hips and gyrates while throwing in a few karate moves. Behind him, television sets smolder and burn.

EXT. SIDEWALK (LUBBOCK, TEXAS) - LATER

A motionless puddle of water lies in a pothole. The Lubbock Municipal Cemetery sign is reflected in its water. Buddy's foot steps into the small pool, abruptly shattering the serene moment. He walks with a sense of purpose.

Buddy dons a smart-looking suit and tie. A small satchel hangs from his shoulder and his guitar case is carried by his side.

He strides past the survival camp. It looks more like a prison than a sanctuary. Chain-link and barbed wire surround the remaining population of Lubbock. Behind the fencing, survivors hopelessly do their chores.

Sparky approaches with a small pouch and his dog OTTO, a 4-year-old German shepherd.

BUDDY

Hey kid, any luck?

SPARKY

Man, I got the royal shaft. Boy, am I frosted.

BUDDY

Nothing... nothing at all?

SPARKY

There's only a couple of cars that kind of work, and nobody is about to give them up for anything. Horses are a definite no go. I couldn't even find you a bicycle. I wish we had more time, I could've jimmy-rigged up something for you.

Buddy turns his head and gazes down the road ahead.

BUDDY

Looks like I'm doin' the Tucson two-step.

SPARKY

You OK?

BUDDY

I'm a little spun out. Still trying to wrap my head around all this.

SPARKY

A dead girlfriend comes back to life and an old friend ends up with a noggin full of bad wiring. That's a lot to process.

BUDDY

Got that right.

SPARKY

I wish you'd let me tag along.

BUDDY

We already went over this. Lubbock would completely crumble without you, Sparky, and you know it too. Besides, this mess is a little too dangerous for a nice kid like you.

SPARKY

Well, if I can't go, I'm sending Otto with you and I won't take no for an answer.

BUDDY

Otto? Why?

SPARKY

You are completely defenseless. No gun, no knife, just your guitar. It's not exactly safe out there these days, and I know Otto will always have your back.

BUDDY

OK... OK, whatever. You got a point.

Sparky turns to Otto and points to Buddy.

SPARKY

Otto, you're going with Buddy.  
(pause)  
Get over there, boy.

Otto looks at Buddy, then sheepishly walks over and sits next to Sparky.

BUDDY

Well that's encouraging. I feel safer already.

SPARKY

He's never been away from me.

Sparky kneels and looks Otto right in the eyes as he buckles a dog collar around Otto's neck.

SPARKY (CONT'D)

Listen up, pal, I'm gonna miss you too, but I'm counting on you.

Sparky's eyes well up.

SPARKY (CONT'D)

Buddy needs your help and you need to protect him. I don't want you to go either, but we'll see each other soon... I promise.

SPARKY (CONT'D)

Now get over there.

Otto reluctantly moves to Buddy.

Sparky reaches for his small pouch.

SPARKY (CONT'D)

There's a canteen of good water and a few treats for Otto in here.

He tosses the pouch to Buddy.

SPARKY (CONT'D)

I wish I had more, but...

Buddy reaches in his satchel and pulls out the can of chili.

BUDDY

This is yours. You earned it.

SPARKY

No, you take it. Just promise me you'll share some with Otto.

BUDDY

You sure you're OK with all this, kid?

Sparky, choked up, turns his back and walks away.

SPARKY

Yeah. Get going. Be careful and take good care of Otto.

Buddy and Otto watch Sparky run back to the survival camp.

BUDDY  
 (to Otto)  
 You OK with this?

Otto whimpers.

EXT. LUBBOCK OUTSKIRTS - DAY

Buddy and Otto pass a bullet-ridden sign that reads: "U.S. 84 North."

Weeds poke up through the asphalt of a two-lane road that stretches on without much to distract the eye on either side.

Buddy surveys the highway ahead as it transforms into a...

GIANT VINTAGE BOARD GAME

Colorful retro tiles form a map with a series of roadways and a route with signs like:

- Lubbock, TX
- Clovis, NM
- Albuquerque, NM
- Flagstaff, AZ
- Las Vegas, NV

BACK TO SCENE

The highway returns to normal.

A suspicious man watches Buddy and Otto leave Lubbock.

INT. ELVIS' PRIVATE SUITE (LAS VEGAS) - DAY

Elvis sits at a vanity in a gold lamé tuxedo. His bedroom is decked out in purple shag carpeting, a fuzzy red heart-shaped bed and pink walls with black polka dots.

A woman moves within the room, but can't be seen clearly. In a mirror, he combs in a bottle of black hair dye.

ELVIS  
 Do you think my fans would be  
 disappointed if they knew I was  
 really a natural blonde?

He point to his hair.

ELVIS (CONT'D)  
 I wager Robert Mitchum would flip  
 over this badass 'do.

The woman enters the bathroom and shuts the door.

ELVIS (CONT'D)  
Scatter, fetch me a glass of  
scotch. One cube this time, not  
two.

SCATTER, a Chimpanzee wearing a Hawaiian shirt and white shorts, scampers over to a nearby bar and pours a scotch.

VOICE ON INTERCOM (V.O.)  
E, we're ready for you down here.

Elvis saunters over to an intercom and flicks the toggle switch.

ELVIS  
On my way.

VOICE ON INTERCOM (V.O.)  
Roger that.

He straightens a portrait on the wall, kisses the end of his finger, and places it on the photo of a middle-aged woman.

ELVIS  
Elvis loves you, Mama.

Scatter drinks the scotch he poured.

Elvis grabs it from his clutching paws.

ELVIS (CONT'D)  
Give me that. I'm the alcoholic,  
not you.

He fishes inside the drink and pulls out an ice cube.

ELVIS (CONT'D)  
I said one ice cube, not two!

He throws the extra cube at Scatter, then chugs the scotch.

ELVIS (CONT'D)  
Stupid fuckin' monkey.

He knocks on the bathroom door.

ELVIS (CONT'D)  
Honey, I'm headed downstairs for an  
update. Be back in a jiff.

He spits the remaining ice cube on the floor as he enters his solid gold private elevator.

INT. INDUSTRIAL BASEMENT - DAY

Exiting his elevator, he drains the last few surviving drops of scotch, then flings the glass against the wall. Stepping through a corridor he enters a war room.

WAR ROOM

Maps with military strategies written on them hang on the walls around a conference table and chairs.

RED, 24, is waiting with five other men. His immense stature and red hair sets him apart from the others.

All are wearing dark brown suits and ties. Pinned on their lapels are metal police badges that read: "Memphis Mafia."

ELVIS

What ya got for me, boys?

RED

One of our operatives in Lubbock chimed in and said that Buddy scooted out of town on foot around three.

Red moves over and points at a large map.

RED (CONT'D)

That should put him right about... here.

Elvis, deep in thought, strokes a crystal ball on the conference table.

RED (CONT'D)

You still with us, E?

ELVIS

Yeah, I was just thinking... I'm pleasantly surprised.

The Memphis Mafia look at each other.

RED

Surprised about what?

ELVIS

Surprised he didn't hesitate or ponder his quest.



RED  
 Maybe he's just eager, or God  
 forbid, capable.

Everybody laughs.

ELVIS  
 Or maybe he's just sparing us all  
 the painfully obvious and moving us  
 quickly to the second act.  
 Regardless, I find it refreshing.

He moves to the map.

ELVIS (CONT'D)  
 Where did you say he was?

Red points to the same spot.

RED  
 Probably somewhere right around  
 here.

Elvis spins around and starts barking orders as he heads back  
 to his elevator.

ELVIS  
 I don't give a damn how you pull it  
 out of your ass, but Elvis wants  
 eyes on that fuckin' pipsqueak all  
 the way... you got it?

RED  
 Yes sir, roger that!

ENTOURAGE  
 Yes sir, roger that!

\*

Elvis enters the elevator and spins quickly back to his  
 entourage.

ELVIS  
 Do not... shit the bed.

He gyrates his hips and points as the elevator doors close  
 and reveal a symbol (a circle with the letters TCB and a  
 lightning bolt in the center) - Elvis' iconic "Taking Care of  
 Business" logo.

EXT. SOMEWHERE ON ROUTE 84 (TEXAS) - DAY

The sun sets as Buddy and Otto approach a rotting roadside  
 barn. An inviting cluster of shady oak trees decorate its  
 facade.

BUDDY  
(to Otto)  
I don't know about you, but I'm  
hungry and tired.

He surveys the barn.

BUDDY (CONT'D)  
It looks as though it might be  
safer to make camp out here.

Otto lies down beneath a tree, Buddy collects kindling.

EXT. BARN - NIGHT

A campfire burns. Buddy cooks chili. Otto perks up.

BUDDY  
Man oh man, does that smell good.

Otto inches forward on his belly while Buddy divides the meal  
into two equal portions.

BUDDY (CONT'D)  
One for you and one for me.

He sets a plate in front of Otto, who immediately devours his  
meal.

BUDDY (CONT'D)  
Gracious sakes alive.

Buddy begins to take a spoonful as Otto catches his eye.

BUDDY (CONT'D)  
Oh no. Don't give me those big  
brown eyes. I'm not a pushover.

He attempts the bite again while Otto stares intently.

BUDDY (CONT'D)  
This is mine. You already ate  
yours. I'm hungry too.

Otto licks his chops and scoots closer.

BUDDY (CONT'D)  
Come on man, you're killin' me  
here.  
(pause)  
Alright, I give.

Buddy tosses his plate in front of Otto, who quickly gobbles it up. He holds up the canteen as if to say "cheers" and then takes a sip.

BUDDY (CONT'D)  
Here... this will help wash down  
all that yummy food you just  
inhaled.

He pours some onto Otto's plate.

BUDDY (CONT'D)  
We should probably pile up some Z's  
so we can get back on the road  
soon.

They both lie close to the fire. Buddy's stomach growls. Otto's eyebrows raise.

BUDDY (CONT'D)  
I'm not growling at you, but my  
stomach is.

Buddy squirms on his bedroll. The open space and coyotes howling in the distance unnerve him.

BUDDY (CONT'D)  
Man, that's some four-part harmony.  
I think I'd prefer to listen to  
crickets.

He plugs his ears and closes his eyes. Otto maintains a vigil.

BUDDY'S DREAM SEQUENCE

Buddy and Peggy Sue share scenes of romance in a sappy, cliché love vignette indicative of 1950s B-movies.

END DREAM SEQUENCE

EXT. BARN - LATER

Moonlight shines on Buddy sleeping alone next to the smoldering campfire. A menacing figure steps into this shadowy world.

Buddy's foot is kicked. Buddy abruptly wakes up.

Standing before him is ROADKILL, 35. His hair is greased back into a D.A. hairstyle and his nose is running. A skinny, emaciated frame supports a soiled loose hanging t-shirt. His burning hard stare narrows above over-sized blackened teeth.

ROADKILL  
Get up, you sack of shit.

BUDDY  
Who are you?

ROADKILL  
They call me Roadkill.

He wipes his nose on his forearm.

ROADKILL (CONT'D)  
What the hell are you doing on my  
road?

Buddy nervously scans the campsite for any sign of Otto.

ROADKILL (CONT'D)  
What's in the fuckin' guitar case?

BUDDY  
My guitar.

Roadkill pulls a revolver and points it at Buddy.

ROADKILL  
Don't you even yank my chain,  
drifter. What do you think, I'm a  
moron? What is in the fucking  
guitar case?

He wipes his nose again.

Otto leaps from the darkness and clamps his teeth down on Roadkill's forearm, depriving him of his weapon. Cries of agony and pleading can be heard as Otto mauls him in the shadows.

Roadkill cusses, runs away, and speeds off in his car.

Otto returns, wagging his tail. Buddy kneels down and hugs him.

BUDDY  
Good boy, Otto, good boy... How'd  
that sleeve taste?

Roadkill's revolver is lying on the ground. Buddy picks it up and inspects it.

BUDDY (CONT'D)  
No bullets and no firing pin.  
(pause)  
(MORE)

BUDDY (CONT'D)

Maybe it wasn't such a good idea to  
camp so close to the road.

Buddy tosses the gun aside, grabs his things and looks  
around.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

If I'm not mistaken, the tracks of  
the Santa Fe Railway should be  
behind this barn somewhere.

They follow a path illuminated by moonlight to the back of  
the barn.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

If we stay away from the road and  
follow the tracks, we'll hopefully  
avoid danger and the rails will  
lead us directly into Clovis.

BEHIND BARN

The main tracks of the Santa Fe Railway lie thirty feet away.  
Buddy spies something hidden by the back of the barn.

BUDDY

Son-of-a-gun. What do we have here?

He grabs the corner of a pump handcar sitting on adjacent  
tracks and pulls it into the moonlight.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

This is our ticket, Otto. This barn  
must have been used by a railway  
section crew.

He walks over to a railroad switch and pulls it down with  
conviction. The tracks shift and he guides the pump handcar  
onto the main track.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

Jump on, boy!

Otto vaults onto the handcar. Buddy seesaws the Handcar into  
the darkness while Otto sleeps.

EXT. RECORDING STUDIO - (CLOVIS, NEW MEXICO) - DAY

Buddy and Otto gaze up at a sign. It reads:

ELLWOOD BOYD RECORDING STUDIOS

Below is a small single-story building nestled in lush foliage next to a modest house.

BUDDY

It hasn't changed a bit. I recorded some of my best songs right here.

(pause)

You don't mind if I take a quick tippy-toe down memory lane?

They walk over to the front entrance.

INT. RECORDING STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

The warm morning sun peeks through green curtains. The tiny reception area features a few framed gold records, a fish shaped clock, and a dime-slot soda machine.

Buddy and Otto walk down a short passage to the

CONTROL BOOTH

Through the glass is a dimly lit recording studio. A grand piano holds center stage around microphones, headphones, and amplifiers.

BUDDY'S REMEMBRANCE

Ghostly images appear. It's 1956 and Buddy and his band record their hit song "Peggy Sue."

RECORDING STUDIO

Entranced by the mirage and the memory, Buddy slowly enters the studio completely enveloped in the echoes of the past.

He's quickly snapped back to reality when Otto starts barking at a shadowy figure behind him hanging on the wall.

BUDDY

What the hell?

He draws back and cowers in an opposite corner of the room.

VOICE

Chuck?

(pause)

Charles, is that you?

Buddy composes himself, squints at the person, and flicks on a nearby light.

BUDDY  
Mister Boyd?

ELLWOOD BOYD, 50s, is suspended on the wall. A chair is toppled beneath his feet and a noose around his neck is tied to pipes on the ceiling. He's wearing a one-piece jumpsuit with short sleeves and holding an empty glass.

ELLWOOD  
I'll have an old fashioned, please.

He holds up his empty glass.

ELLWOOD (CONT'D)  
But don't give me that old fashioned politeness. How many times do I have to tell you, just call me Ellwood.

BUDDY  
What are you doing up there?

ELLWOOD  
What does it look like?

He positions his body into crucifixion pose and laughs.

ELLWOOD (CONT'D)  
I was trying to hang up my spurs but instead I screwed the pooch and knocked it up.  
(to Otto)  
No offense.

BUDDY  
Why would you try to kill yourself?

ELLWOOD  
Do you really need to ask?

Buddy peers behind Ellwood's back.

BUDDY  
What's holding you up there?

ELLWOOD  
Hell, I don't know. I think something on the back of me caught on a hook or somethun'.

He kicks and flails trying to release himself.

ELLWOOD (CONT'D)  
Piss on the son of a bitch!

BUDDY  
Whoa, take it easy. Why don't you  
take that rope off before you start  
doing that?

Ellwood thrashes on the wall again, then surrenders to  
fatigue.

ELLWOOD  
Look Chuck, either fill up my glass  
with whiskey or get me down from  
here. My balls are asleep.

He tugs at his groin then pulls the rope over his head and  
shoves it aside.

Buddy stands on a chair and reaches behind Ellwood's back.

BUDDY  
Well, I don't quite see how I  
can...

ELLWOOD  
I'm not too bright about these  
things, but if you'll just bend the  
hook down in the back, maybe I'll  
slip off and...

Ellwood falls, crashing on cymbals and music stands. Otto  
barks. Ellwood bursts out in laughter as he creates more  
noise stumbling around tangled in the mess.

ELLWOOD (CONT'D)  
(to Otto)  
Shut up, flea bag.

He turns to the wall.

ELLWOOD (CONT'D)  
I was wondering how long I was  
gonna have to ride that pony.

He hugs Buddy and slaps him on the back.

ELLWOOD (CONT'D)  
Good to see you, Chuck. How long  
has it been?

BUDDY  
How have you been?



ELLWOOD

Oh you know, lips on the bottle and  
nose on the pussy.

(pause)

Let's get a drink.

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

The main street of Clovis is vibrant and active, boasting a colorful Hispanic atmosphere. Raised garden beds filled with herbs and vegetables line the sidewalks and storefronts. Cars without engines are pulled by horses for transportation.

A tipsy Ellwood walks with Buddy and Otto. They travel beneath a sign suspended above the center of main street, it reads:

CLOVIS

GATEWAY TO THE SIERRAS

BUDDY

Wow, I didn't know this many people  
survived. This is way nicer than  
Lubbock.

ELLWOOD

Yeah, but it's not as nice as it  
used to be.

BUDDY

I don't know, I could get used to  
this.

They pass by shops and businesses that have been converted into cantinas and restaurants. Patrons sit on the sidewalk with flowers on each table. Some are bent over their meals, others are drinking and laughing.

Otto smells the drifting aroma of food.

As they walk, Ellwood swipes a drink from someone's table.

ELLWOOD

Put it on my tab, Pedro!

He downs the drink, puts the swizzle stick in his breast pocket, then sets the empty glass down on another person's table.

ELLWOOD (CONT'D)

I don't know why I'm so thirsty, I  
had plenty to drink last night.

BUDDY

So, how do you pay for things here?

ELLWOOD

Well, ever since the US currency went tits up, we all started a simple barter system. I have something they want, and they have alcohol.

Ellwood laughs.

EXT. FOXY DRIVE-IN RESTAURANT - DAY

Mexican women busily make tortillas and cut fresh vegetables while a small mariachi band plays. Buddy and the others sit at a table under the eaves.

ELLWOOD

So then what happened?

BUDDY

That's about it, really.

ELLWOOD

Jesus... do you have any clue why Elvis is pulling all this happy horseshit?

BUDDY

None whatsoever, I thought we were friends.

Ellwood rips a big healthy burp. Otto raises his ears.

ELLWOOD

You two ever get hitched?

BUDDY

We had plans to after I finished my winter tour.

ELLWOOD

I still can't believe the chain of events that's taken place from just pushing a goddamn button.

BUDDY

After I finally made it back to Lubbock, everyone was gone or dead. I just assumed Peggy Sue was dead too.

(pause)

(MORE)

BUDDY (CONT'D)

I guess everyone's lost something  
in this nightmare.

ELLWOOD

Some more than others.

A WAITRESS, shy on looks, serves Buddy a small plate of  
street tacos and a glass of water.

BUDDY

Thank you ma'am.

ELLWOOD

Help, I'm still sober.

He hands her his empty glass, but retains the swizzle stick  
and puts it in his breast pocket.

ELLWOOD (CONT'D)

Keep 'em comin', pretty lady.

She smiles, then drops a fork. Bending over to pick it up,  
she pulls a crude homemade bomb from under her skirt and  
quickly plants it under the table. Only Otto notices. The  
clock reads 3:00 (minutes) and starts counting down.

Buddy tucks a napkin into the front of his shirt, then stuffs  
two tacos into his mouth.

BUDDY

Sorry, I'm pretty hungry.

ELLWOOD

Take your time, we're in no hurry.

Ellwood kicks his chair back on its hind legs and leans it  
against the wall.

ELLWOOD (CONT'D)

(loud)

As you know, I was never a big  
Elvis fan. He insults my fastidious  
musical ear. And as far as I'm  
concerned, that fat pompous Dutch  
prima donna Colonel Parker...

He lets his chair drop forward as he sticks up his middle  
finger.

ELLWOOD (CONT'D)

Can sit on this and spin...  
backwards.

He examines his middle finger, then sniffs it with curiosity.

Buddy stifles a laugh, grabs food from his plate and feeds Otto.

ELLWOOD (CONT'D)  
Why you given dog-doo your food?

BUDDY  
Cuz he's hungry too.

ELLWOOD  
As a dog returns to his vomit, so a fool repeats his folly.

COGS TURN WITHIN THE BOMB AS THE CLOCK TICKS AWAY.

The waitress returns with Ellwood's drink.

ELLWOOD (CONT'D)  
Why thank you, toots.

He grabs her arm and holds his cocktail up as if to give a toast.

ELLWOOD (CONT'D)  
I've been trying to kill my brain cells for a year now and I think it's finally starting to work.

Ellwood laughs.

The waitress glances at the clock on the wall and quickly pulls her arm from his grasp.

WAITRESS  
Anything else?

ELLWOOD  
Si, senora. Get this devil dog a plate of carne asada.  
(to Buddy)  
You want a real drink?

BUDDY  
No, I'm good with water.

ELLWOOD  
Bring him a real drink and I'll drink it, I need another jolt.

He slaps her on her big bottom.

ELLWOOD (CONT'D)  
What's your plan, Chuck? You're welcome to crash at my pad.

BUDDY  
Thank you, Mister Boyd, but...

ELLWOOD  
Ellwood!

BUDDY  
But, I gotta get as far as possible  
today. I appreciate... we  
appreciate the meal.

Ellwood is disappointed.

ELLWOOD  
Whatever blows up your skirt.  
Listen up.  
(bad English accent)  
There was a time when my youthful  
desire to participate in such  
hazardous escapades would have  
drawn me to this adventure. But  
alas, I'm older.  
(pause)  
And frankly, I don't have a horse  
in this race.

BUDDY  
I completely understand. I would  
never ask you to leave Clovis, it's  
pretty cool here.

THE CLOCK ON THE BOMB CLICKS TO 0:59 SECONDS AND COUNTING.

A different waitress returns and sets a plate of carne asada  
in front of Otto. He gobbles it up.

ELLWOOD  
Holy Christ! That was like a magic  
trick.  
(pause)  
Wait a minute, I can do that.

He grabs his drink from the waitress, gulps it down, and puts  
the swizzle stick in his pocket.

ELLWOOD (CONT'D)  
(laughs)  
B-I-N-G-O!

BUDDY  
Why do you do that?

ELLWOOD  
Drink?

Buddy points to Ellwood's pocket. Ellwood pulls out a swizzle stick.

ELLWOOD (CONT'D)

This, my friend, is a swizzle stick. It adds a festive flair to a tasty libation. It has many useful purposes. One of which is, when I get six of these babies in my pocket, I know I've had enough and it's time to get home.

He looks down at a dozen swizzle sticks in his pocket.

ELLWOOD (CONT'D)

Oops, time's up.

He stands, a bit unbalanced.

Otto sniffs and paws at the bomb. It's dangerously close to exploding at 0:10 and counting. One unintentional swipe and a claw dislodges a red wire which stops the countdown at 0:07.

ELLWOOD (CONT'D)

Look it here. You gotta grab your shit at my place and I have a few things I want to give you before you split. So let's burn rubber, Kemo Sabe.

As they get up to leave, other girls from the waitstaff wave and giggle. One plays air guitar.

GIRLS

Goodbye, Mister Buddy.

ELLWOOD

I bet that doesn't happen much anymore.

BUDDY

Got that right.

Otto quietly growls when he spots a battered Roadkill plugging his ears across the street.

Ellwood is drunk. Buddy attempts to assist him with their exit, but is fended off.

A confused Roadkill checks his pocket watch, wipes his nose on his injured forearm, and winces. When he realizes Otto has spotted him, he retreats into an alley.

INT. ELLWOOD'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - DAY

A feminine, frilly living room that sits adjacent to a kitchen. Cups, ashtrays, potted plants, and all flat surfaces are filled with swizzle sticks. Ellwood, Buddy, and Otto enter.

ELLWOOD

Welcome to my atomic family.  
(chuckles)  
Every man lives in his wife's house. Take a seat, I just want to grab a few things.

Ellwood makes his way to the kitchen.

A long-haired cat enters. Swizzle sticks poke out from its fur in all directions. Buddy and Otto look at the cat and then at each other.

Buddy brushes swizzle sticks off the corner end of a sofa and sits down while Ellwood bangs things around in the kitchen.

BUDDY

Please don't go to too much trouble, you've already done enough.

ELLWOOD

Chuck, don't make a mockery of my generosity.

Ellwood rummages through kitchen cabinets.

ELLWOOD (CONT'D)

Where in the hell did she put... there it is.

Pans and dishes crash on the kitchen floor.

ELLWOOD (CONT'D)

Piss on the son of a bitch!

Buddy nonchalantly snoops around the room. He spots a naked blow-up doll lounging in a velvet wing-chair.

Ellwood returns to the living room holding a bulging burlap sack, a cowboy hat, and a Spanish style poncho.

ELLWOOD (CONT'D)

I see you've met my Lucille. These days she's the only one that offers me nights of sweet surrender.

Otto growls at Lucille.

BUDDY

I've been hesitant, but I have to ask. Did you lose Missus Boyd in the bombing?

ELLWOOD

(laughs)

Remember my secretary Norma? Well that bitch took off with Vi before the bombs. Rumor has it they're a couple. Good riddance. She was far more deadly than drink.

BUDDY

Are you OK?

ELLWOOD

I'm fine. Why does everybody always ask me that?

Ellwood hands Buddy the burlap sack.

ELLWOOD (CONT'D)

Here. This food and water should last you and your mutt for a while. I threw in a few other things that might be useful.

He steps back and looks Buddy up and down.

ELLWOOD (CONT'D)

Do me a favor, change your threads before you leave. You look like you're dressed for a gig.

He tosses him the hat and poncho.

ELLWOOD (CONT'D)

This will keep you warm and it might help you blend in a little better. There's a donkey in the back pen, take him. He's a very dependable creature. His name is Squeaky.

He heads toward the open bedroom door.

ELLWOOD (CONT'D)

I'm tired, I'm going to bed. Tell Elvis I said "fuck you."



BUDDY

I can't thank you enough for  
everything you've done, Mister  
Boyd.

Ellwood slams the bedroom door.

ELLWOOD (O.S.)

Ellwood! My name is Ellwood!

He stumbles and falls over things in the bedroom.

ELLWOOD (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Piss on the son of a bitch!

EXT. CLOVIS OUTSKIRTS - DAY

Buddy rides bareback on a donkey with Otto at his side. All his belongings drape and dangle from the pack animal. Buddy wears jeans, a long sleeved shirt, a poncho, and cowboy hat. His long slender legs nearly drag on the pavement as they meander out of town.

EXT. STARDUST CASINO - (LAS VEGAS) - DAY

A 1955 pink Cadillac with the top down sits parked outside the entrance of the Stardust Casino. The Memphis Mafia loiter around the car.

Elvis has his body sunk deep in the back seat and his feet kicked up high on the front seat. He wears a baby blue jumpsuit with sequins, oversized belt, high collar, and cape. He's listening to one of his songs on the radio.

A rider on a motorcycle screams by, whips a tight U-turn, guns the engine and jumps over a nearby fountain. While in midair, he pulls out two pistols and shoots a sign that reads: "The Riviera Lounge." With each shot, he eliminates letters until only E-V-E-L remains.

EVEL KNIEVEL, 20s, pulls up on his motorcycle next to the Cadillac. He's dressed in a red, white, and blue leather jumpsuit with an oversized belt, high collar, and cape. Stars and stripes dominate the design.

ELVIS

Right on time.

Elvis takes notices that he and Evel wear the same type of outfit.

ELVIS (CONT'D)

Nice threads.

EVEL

What do you need, E?

ELVIS

Well, I need someone I can trust to get the job done right.

EVEL

I'm your man.

He pulls his guns and blows the smoke from both barrels.

EXT. MAIN STREET (FORT SUMNER, NEW MEXICO) - NIGHT

Rain pounds down on a deserted street bordered by forgotten buildings. One red blinking traffic light is the only illumination for miles. A few human skeletons lie scattered on the roadway.

Buddy is hunched over his donkey while Otto prowls under a hangman's noose.

BUDDY

We're not in Clovis anymore.

A door creaks in the wind, a sign above it reads:

BILLY THE KID MUSEUM

Buddy dismounts and heads to the museum. Leading his donkey onto the wooden sidewalk, they step under cover from the rain. He tethers the donkey, peers inside through a broken window, then approaches the front door.

The weathered double-doors swing and shift in the wind. As he draws the door open, it breaks from its hinges and crashes to the wooden sidewalk. Startled, he nervously looks around the empty town, then pokes his head into the pitch black room.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

Hello? Anybody in there?

He returns to the donkey, retrieves a flashlight from the burlap sack, then wanders back to the museum entrance.

Shining his light into the room reveals a stone fireplace with a large portrait of Billy the Kid hung above the mantle. A stack of firewood and a red velvet couch sits in front of the hearth.

BUDDY (CONT'D)  
Looks like this is home for the  
night.

INT. MUSEUM LOBBY - NIGHT

The rustic room glows from a crackling fire and scattered candles. The front door has been nailed shut and an old travel trunk has been moved to block the entrance. Otto and the donkey relax as Buddy leafs through a book.

BUDDY  
Well I'll be. It says here that  
Billy the Kid was killed and buried  
here in Fort Sumner.

He shuts the book, stands up, grabs some beef jerky and pulls off a piece in his mouth.

BUDDY (CONT'D)  
I'm gonna go check this museum out.

He grabs an old caboose lantern and makes his way to the museum entrance. Stepping through the turnstile he begins his tour.

MUSEUM EXHIBITS

The lantern illuminates an assortment of random objects celebrating the Old West. Yellow arrowheads painted on the floor point an easy path through the artifacts. Buddy picks up a Civil War sword, examines it, then puts it back.

A large display case at the far end of the room catches his eye. He squints as he approaches the exhibit on the wall.

Behind the glass is a photo of Billy posing with a pistol on his hip and a rifle to his side. The rifle in the photo rests horizontally on hooks above a colorful carnival sign that reads: "Billy The Kid's Infamous Winchester '73."

BUDDY  
Cool.

He tries to open the case.

All the windows flash with light followed by the cracking boom of thunder.

Looking around, he finds a spur and pries the door open while ignoring a sign:

WIRED FOR ALARM  
DO NOT REMOVE GUN

BUDDY (CONT'D)  
Come to papa.

He moves toward the rifle.

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

Moss-laden marble pillars stand on either side of the cemetery entrance. Rain falls as lightning flashes on broken wooden crosses and cracked and crumbling gravestones.

A bolt of lightning hits a nearby power pole, sparks explode in all directions. A power line violently whips across Billy the Kid's tombstone.

INT. MUSEUM EXHIBITS - NIGHT

Buddy reaches for the Winchester.

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

Another lightning bolt strikes Billy's grave sending a charge of electricity to his headstone and up the power line. An electrical current rapidly jumps power poles to the museum.

INT. MUSEUM EXHIBITS - NIGHT

Buddy grabs the Winchester barrel with one hand and the butt with the other. Volts travel through the alarm system and into his body. He's catapulted across the room.

Sliding on his back, he tightly grips the rifle across his chest. His body smolders as he glides to a rest.

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

The downed power line thrashes, sparks, then dies.

INT. MUSEUM EXHIBITS - NIGHT

Otto sniffs a motionless Buddy, then licks his face.

INT. ELVIS'S TORTURE CHAMBER - NIGHT

S&M contraptions decorate the space. Bright purple walls and pink shag carpet make this room feel more like a sexual fetish den.

A mirror ball spins spots of light across the walls while a nearby jukebox plays "You Always Hurt the One You Love" by Brenda Lee.

Elvis holds a bullwhip and wears the motorcycle gang leader outfit immortalized by Marlon Brando in the *The Wild One*.

ELVIS

I know what you're thinkin', baby.  
Love me tender, don't be cruel.

He cracks the whip in the air.

At the far end of the room with her bare back facing Elvis is Peggy Sue. Ropes from the ceiling pull her arms up and apart while shackles keep her legs stationary. She wears only big white underpants and a red scarf as a gag.

Elvis grabs a riding crop and saunters towards Peggy Sue. He runs the riding crop up her inner thigh. She recoils.

ELVIS (CONT'D)

How about a bit of the slap and  
tickle, my pretty?

She struggles and pulls at her bonds. He flips the bullwhip over her shoulder and gently drags it across the crook of her neck. He whispers in her ear.

ELVIS (CONT'D)

I'm gonna show you what it's like  
to be with a real man.

He walks back to the center of the room. His whip trails behind him.

ELVIS (CONT'D)

I so look forward to our sexual  
trysts.

EXT. RECORDING STUDIO - (CLOVIS, NEW MEXICO) - NIGHT

Evel Knievel pulls up under a street light on his motorcycle. Ellwood stumbles as he comes out of the recording studio entrance. They talk.

Ellwood writes something on his palm. They begin to argue. Evel pulls out his pistol and slaps Ellwood across the face. Ellwood crawls to the sidewalk. Evel roars off.

EXT. CLOVIS OUTSKIRTS - NIGHT

Evel speeds down the road, his cape flapping in the wind. A reader board at an abandoned gas station swings as he zooms past, it reads:

PASSION PULLS THE TRIGGER

EXT. MAIN STREET (FORT SUMNER, NEW MEXICO) - DAY

An eerie steam rises through the morning sunlight as FOUR MASKED GUNMEN casually walk through the deserted town towards the museum.

INT./EXT. BILLY THE KID MUSEUM - DAY

Buddy kicks open the doors, steps out onto the wooden sidewalk and into the haze. He looks different than we've ever seen him. Stronger and almost menacing. He's wearing all black with a long duster coat. He holds the Winchester at his side.

LEAD MASKED GUNMAN

Lookie here, boys. Isn't that that pop star pussy Buddy Holly?

OTHER MASKED GUNMAN

Yeah, looks like he's got sugar in his britches.

Buddy turns to the four men standing in the street. His eyes narrow behind his glasses. Slowly he steps off the wooden sidewalk. A human skull gets crushed underfoot as he steps forward to face them off.

LEAD MASKED GUNMAN

If you're trying to look tough, it ain't workin'.

Buddy spins and cocks the Winchester a la Chuck Connors in *The Rifleman*. The thugs exchange glances of wonder and uncertainty.

LEAD MASKED GUNMAN (CONT'D)

Tricky move. Got anything else?

They stare at each other for a long moment, each anticipating the other's next move. Buddy taps his right heel as if he was keeping time to music.

The thugs go for their guns. Buddy, much quicker, picks off each of the four with astonishing speed. The soul of Billy himself guiding his hand.

Roadkill, hiding behind wood crates, witnesses everything, then quickly ducks out of sight.

Buddy stands over four dead bodies. The rising mist violently whips in a circle around all of them, then slowly settles, creating a strange calm.

Otto and the donkey watch.

Buddy takes a pack of smokes out of the lead gunman's breast pocket, finds a wooden match, lights it with his thumb and touches the flame to the tip of his cigarette.

He takes a drag then flicks the smoldering match on the dead man as he turns and leaves.

Ragged townspeople sneak out of buildings and from under wooden sidewalks and rob the dead gunmen of their clothes and belongings.

EXT. DESERT/MAIN STREET - DAY

Evel barrels down a dirt road trailing a cloud of dust that goes amber in the morning sun. He pulls in behind a church on Main Street and walks in through the back door.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

Evel reaches in a closet and grabs a large case. He sets it on a dusty pew, opens it and pulls out a sniper rifle. Swinging it over his shoulder, he walks up the aisle and around the altar.

He passes a wooden cross bearing the time-battered figure of Jesus as he climbs a ladder to the steeple.

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

Otto lies on the wooden sidewalk as the mist dissipates. He perks up when Ellwood arrives on a motorcycle with a sidecar.

Ellwood wears a leather aviator's helmet and goggles. Seated in the sidecar next to him is Lucille, his blow-up doll. He lifts his goggles.

ELLWOOD

(to Otto)

Hey bonehead, where's Chuck?

Otto looks over to Buddy as he exits the museum.

ELLWOOD (CONT'D)

Chucky baby, what's shakin'?

Buddy nods hello.

ELLWOOD (CONT'D)

Cast an eyeball on my crazy hog.  
Isn't she slicker than snot?

He takes a big swig off a flask.

ELLWOOD (CONT'D)

Did a U-turn... had second thoughts. Thoughts I admit that were based on emotion rather than reason.

(pause)

Besides, what was I gonna do, sit around, drink beer and flick boogers on the wall? Hell, I've done that long enough.

Buddy lights up a smoke.

ELLWOOD (CONT'D)

You talked me into it. I decided I'm gonna join your quest.

BUDDY

(sarcastic)

Dandy.

Ellwood looks confused.

ELLWOOD

Well, don't get too exited.

Buddy turns and walks back into the museum.

ELLWOOD (CONT'D)

This little rocket ship really tears up the road.

(pause)

We should make great time.



Ellwood takes another sip and spots the four half-naked dead gunmen in the street. Shocked by the sight, he spits up and almost drops his flask.

ELLWOOD (CONT'D)  
(to himself)  
Whoa Nelly, easy tiger.

Buddy reappears. He has his Stratocaster slung across his back and carries his Winchester.

ELLWOOD (CONT'D)  
Nice firearm, Chuck. Where'd you get it?

Buddy shrugs and flicks his cigarette butt into the dirt.

BUDDY  
My name's Buddy.

Ellwood looks puzzled.

EXT. CHURCH STEEPLE - DAY

Evel sets himself up in the sniper nest. He grabs his rifle, swings it over the rail, and gets Buddy in his scope.

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

Buddy leads the donkey into the street, slaps it on the rear and sends it on its way.

ELLWOOD  
I'm sorry, Squeaky. Your services are no longer required. Have a good life, my friend, I'll miss you. Maybe I'll pick you up on the way back.

Buddy rolls his eyes.

ELLWOOD (CONT'D)  
Come on, Chu... Buddy, hop on the back. Let's pop a wheelie and blow this town. Lucille called dibs on the sidecar, so dog turd can run alongside.

Otto clamps his jaws around the blow-up doll and drags it out of the sidecar.

ELLWOOD (CONT'D)  
Whoa, whoa, whoa! What the fuck?  
Put the brakes on that shit!

Otto viciously shakes Lucille as she noisily deflates.

ELLWOOD (CONT'D)  
Oh, man. Come on!

Otto proudly looks up from the carnage, then jumps into the sidecar. Ellwood rushes to Lucille and cradles her limp rubber body in his arms.

ELLWOOD (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry, Lucille. If I knew this  
was gonna happen I would have...

BUDDY  
I'm driving... and lay off Otto...  
he bites.

Otto growls while Ellwood rolls Lucille up and puts her in his travel bag.

ELLWOOD  
You got it, Hombre.

EXT. CHURCH STEEPLE - DAY

Evel watches Buddy through the rifle scope and sets his finger on the trigger. Buddy swings his leg over the bike and takes a seat. As he begins to kickstart the bike, Evel quickly veers the sniper rifle to Roadkill who's hiding and about to shoot Buddy. BLAM!

Evel fires a bullet right through Roadkill's forehead at the same moment Buddy starts the bike, successfully covering the sound of the shot.

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

Only Otto witnesses the demise of Roadkill.

ELLWOOD  
(to Buddy)  
You seem different.

INT. FLAMINGO LOUNGE STAGE - DAY

Elvis, dressed only in a leopard print Speedo, lays facedown on a roulette table.

Five topless women with big white underpants massage him. One wears stilettos and walks on his back.

An older overweight NUN in fishnets and a mini-skirt approaches Elvis.

NUN

Red is here to see you, sir.

ELVIS

Send him up, sweetie.

NUN

Yes, sir.

One of the girls roughly massages his shoulder and upper arm.

ELVIS

Darlin', Elvis should be played not plucked.

Red enters with a clipboard and whips through its pages.

RED

Got the update, E.

ELVIS

Lay it on me, Red.

RED

Summing things up...

Elvis holds his finger up.

ELVIS

Slow your roll. You chicks split.

(to one of the girls)

Bring me a peanut butter and banana sandwich with a scotch, pronto... one ice cube.

(to Red)

So good, but bad for the waistline. Spill it baby, razz my berries.

As one girl leaves, he slaps her on the ass.

ELVIS (CONT'D)

Nice turd cutter.

(to Red)

Go.

RED

Well, like I was saying, E... summing it up.

(MORE)

RED (CONT'D)

Evel now has control of the situation and it should be smooth sailing for Buddy.

ELVIS

Wicked.

RED

Anything else you want me to pass on to Evel?

ELVIS

Yeah, make it clear once again. I don't want Buddy harmed, hurt, or dead.

(pause)

Save that for me.

The girl returns with his peanut butter and banana sandwich. He grabs it off the plate and takes a big bite.

ELVIS (CONT'D)

Mmm... that's good.

Peggy Sue walks in smoking a cigarette. She's wearing a tight red leotard and stilettos.

PEGGY SUE

I thought I'd find you here.

ELVIS

Hey, honey.

PEGGY SUE

I told you, if you keep eating that shit, you're gonna get fat.

(pause)

Did you get the update from Red?

ELVIS

Yeah, honey. Evel has it under control and it's smooth sailing for Buddy.

PEGGY SUE

Good. I told you that you could count on Evel.

(pause)

Quit fartin' around here and let's figure out the rest of the plan.

ELVIS

OK.

EXT. ROUTE 66/ABANDONED TOWN - (ARIZONA) - DAY

Buddy, Ellwood, and Otto pass a Route 66 sign just outside of another abandoned town. The motorcycle drifts down a main street with roadside attractions like a large Paul Bunyan statue and huge dinosaur sculptures.

A dozen BIKERS on black motorcycles roar in behind them from several side streets. They form a group and match speed.

ELLWOOD

This doesn't look good.

Buddy looks in his rearview mirror.

ELLWOOD (CONT'D)

Maybe they just want to talk.

The bikers all pull pistols.

BUDDY

Nope.

Buddy guns the throttle almost sending Ellwood off the back.

ELLWOOD

Shit! Aren't you supposed to say  
"hold on"?

One of the bikers gathers speed and pulls up next to them. He cocks his .45, preparing to fire. Buddy quickly grabs his Winchester and jams the barrel through the spokes of the biker's front wheel.

The biker's motorcycle flips three times, throwing him high into the air. The Winchester isn't damaged, but the biker is.

BUDDY

Let's jitterbug.

He turns the bike hard to the right, leaving the road for the Wigwam Motel. Half the bikers pursue him while the other half tear ahead to cut him off. Gunfire explodes all around them as Buddy weaves through the teepee-shaped cabins.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

Evel, riding his Harley, observes the scene from afar, gathers speed and races towards the battle.

EXT. WIGWAM MOTEL - DAY

Ellwood, jostled around, holds on to Buddy for dear life.

ELLWOOD

We haven't got a chance in hell!  
Let me off this goddamn ride!

Buddy skids in a turn, grabs him and swings him off the back of the bike with one arm. Ellwood slides across the gravel and comes to rest under a rusted truck sitting on blocks. He's unharmed and hidden.

Buddy emerges from a cloud of dust and heads straight for the two bikers. The bikers split to avoid a head-on.

Otto bites the nearest biker, successfully pulling him off. His riderless bike shoots through the front of the Tomahawk Trading Post and explodes.

The other biker swerves and drives up the side of one of the teepee-shaped cabins. The bike loses speed and falls backwards, crushing him.

EXT. ABANDONED TOWN - DAY

Hidden from Buddy's view, Evel pulls up behind two bikers. He lets go of his handlebars and whips out two throwing stars. With one in each hand, he hurls them. Both stick hard between each of the biker's shoulder blades. They attempt to pull out the throwing stars, lose control, and wipeout.

Buddy whips back out onto the main road. The bikers chase after, they're gaining. He reaches down and he pulls a pin between the motorcycle and the sidecar. The two separate. Otto sits calmly as he speeds down the main road by himself.

Buddy cuts the bike and accelerates through the legs of the Paul Bunyan statue. Bullets ping and ricochet all around him.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - DAY

Evel listens as bikers approach on a crossroad. He guns the throttle, reaches the crossroad, jumps the bike in the air, and mows the bikers off their bikes with the chassis of his Harley.

EXT. MAIN ROAD/ABANDONED TOWN - DAY

Otto, in the racing sidecar, encounters hazards and near mishaps, yet sits undisturbed.

EXT. ABANDONED TOWN - DAY

Buddy maneuvers around large Tiki heads and more gunfire as the bikers give chase.

BUDDY

Fuck this.

He skids into a turn and faces his pursuers. Gunfire continues as they head right for him. He spins and cocks his Winchester, methodically taps his right heel, then fires with impressive speed. All four riders are vaulted off the backs of their bikes.

EXT. MAIN ROAD/ABANDONED TOWN - DAY

Up ahead, Otto, still rolling at a fast clip, heads straight for a brick wall thirty feet away. Buddy pulls up next to the sidecar, matches speed and replaces the pin. He spins the bike just in time and stops five feet from the wall.

They head back to:

EXT. WIGWAM MOTEL - DAY

Ellwood crawls from under the rusted truck and dusts his clothes off as Buddy and Otto arrive.

ELLWOOD

That'll pucker up your butt.

Buddy just looks at him.

ELLWOOD (CONT'D)

Looks like we got 'em all.

Buddy sees Evel riding into the desert. Evel's pulling the last biker's body with a chain behind his Harley.

BUDDY

Looks like we may have had help.

EXT. PARKING LOT (PRIMM, NEVADA) - DAY

Buddy, Ellwood, and Otto walk through an empty parking lot. Hundreds of thousands in cash blow at their feet. Behind them, their motorcycle sends up a column of black smoke as it burns.

EXT. WHISKEY PETE'S CASINO - DAY

They move toward a ten story building that flaunts a poorly designed facade of a castle. CARLTON, 50s, stands guard at the front door. He's a bulky man with a beat up boxer's face.

Ellwood scoops up a fistful of money as they approach.

BUDDY

You Pete?

CARLTON

Nope. I'm Carlton the doorman.  
Greetings, gentlemen.

He points to a statue of a man holding a bottle in the parking lot.

CARLTON (CONT'D)

Whiskey Pete is over there. He used to own a gas station here, but eventually had to resort to bootlegging to make ends meet. When he died in '33, they buried him standing upright with a bottle of moonshine in his hand so he could watch over the place. Now that's my job. What can I do you for?

ELLWOOD

Well, my good man. Our motorsicle caught a stray bullet and we're stuck. We are in dire need of repose and sustenance.

He holds out a handful of 100 dollar bills.

ELLWOOD (CONT'D)

Are you beyond bribes?

BUDDY

Shut up, Ellwood.  
(to Carlton)  
You in charge?

CARLTON

Nope. That would be Gin Jazz Jack.

BUDDY

Any chance we could have a powwow with the boss?



CARLTON

Normally that would be a no. But I have a feeling he might want to meet you... Buddy.

ELLWOOD

Fame has its privileges.

CARLTON

Go inside and talk to Sebastian, tell him I sent you. He's wearing a red vest. He'll take you up to the penthouse.

Carlton opens the door.

CARLTON (CONT'D)

Good luck, gentlemen.

INT. WHISKEY PETE'S CASINO - DAY

Buddy, Ellwood, and Otto walk through the dimly lit area. Only a few dusty slot machines sit upright. Carpeting designed with whiskey bottles and atomic symbols stretches wall-to-wall. In the back of the room is a brightly lit lounge with a stage.

LOUNGE

Beatniks wearing berets and sunglasses drink and smoke weed as they relax. On stage, a shapely young woman in a snug black leotard plays an upright bass. A fat guy accompanies her on bongos.

BUDDY

(to Ellwood and Otto)

Wait here.

Buddy approaches an effeminate man wearing a red vest at the bar. After a brief conversation, Buddy motions for Ellwood and Otto to join them.

On the way, Ellwood grabs someone's drink and downs it. They all talk for a moment then walk to an elevator. The performance ends and the audience snaps their fingers in lieu of applause.

## PENTHOUSE

The sun sets through full-length windows of a spacious hotel suite. The room is furnished in Danish modern and somber abstract paintings.

Hunched over a desk typing frantically is JACK KEROUAC, 30s. He has brooding good looks and an athlete's body. He's wearing a plaid shirt, Levis, and work boots.

SEBASTIAN, 20s, nervously steps forward, clears his throat, and addresses him.

SEBASTIAN

Excuse me, Jack... I hate to interrupt you, Mr. Kerouac, but...

One long roll of paper moves through the typewriter as he pounds away. The keys hit the paper and write:

My heart broke in the general despair and opened up inwards.

JACK

You're seriously fucking up my spontaneous prose again, Sebastian.

SEBASTIAN

I'm really sorry, but you have guests.

Buddy, Ellwood, and Otto watch while Jack continues to stab away at the typewriter. The keys hit the paper again and write:

We disappear into the common dark of all our death.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)

(to Buddy and Ellwood)

He could go on like this for days without stopping. I'm outta here, man... good luck.

Sebastian walks away. Buddy strolls over to Jack and lightly presses the barrel of his Winchester across the top of Jack's hands. Jack stops typing and looks up to Buddy.

BUDDY

Obsessed a little, aren't we?

JACK

I'm trippin'.

BUDDY

I can see that.

JACK

No man, I mean I'm trippin', man.  
You're Buddy fuckin' Holly. What in  
God's name are you doing here?

ELLWOOD

It's a long story, Jack, affairs of  
the heart and that kind of shit.

Buddy gives Ellwood a dirty look. Ellwood holds up his hands,  
like "I give." Jack stands and shakes Buddy's hand.

JACK

Man, I always thought we'd hook up  
someday in New York or Chicago.  
Maybe collaborate on something. You  
know man, jam. Don't tell anyone,  
but I really dig your sound. My  
poetry would so jive with "True  
Love Ways"... Man, this is far out.  
You know one thing I've always  
known we have in common? You and  
me.

He puts his hand on Buddy's chest.

At heart, we both wished we were  
Negros.

ELLWOOD

Astute observation, Jack. I look at  
you two and the first thing I think  
of is... there's two Negros stuck  
in a white man's body.

BUDDY

Zip it, Ellwood. You're tap dancing  
on my last nerve.

(pause)

Besides, he's actually right.

Jack pulls out a pack of Chesterfields and gives one to  
Buddy.

JACK

So, how can I be of assistance?

BUDDY

Transportation.

JACK

Transportation?

BUDDY

Got any?

Jack lights up his smoke, then Buddy's.

JACK

Boy, here's the scoop, Buddy. I'm sure you probably saw the parking lot when you came in. Well, right before I arrived here, a territorial army, a militia of sorts, came in and swiped everything with wheels. Stripped the parking lot and cleaned out every road and establishment within sixty miles of here.

BUDDY

Do you know who they were?

Jack moves to the windows and contemplates the scenery.

JACK

Just guessing, but I'd say one of the tribes from Dreamland... or maybe all of the tribes. I don't know, they're pretty organized.

BUDDY

Where's Dreamland?

JACK

Up there.

(points with a nod)

In the high desert. Area 51. It used to be a top secret military airfield where they kept flying saucers. And that's no shit.

ELLWOOD

Maybe we can hitch a ride from some little green men to Vegas.

Aroused, Jack moves quickly back to the group.

JACK

You guys rollin' to Vegas? I dig Vegas. Neil and I hung out with Sinatra there once. Man, did we get plowed.

BUDDY

So, Dreamland... It's run by the military?

JACK

Oh, God no. After the world crumbled, all these social misfits, for some reason, converged on Area 51 and created their own little twisted oasis. I've heard it's actually kind of a groovy scene. They keep to themselves for the most part but aren't afraid to venture out and pinch other people's resources when they need to.

BUDDY

Well, if I want a set of wheels, it looks like I'm walkin' to Dreamland.

ELLWOOD

(to Buddy)

Haven't we been through enough nerve-shattering chaos today?

BUDDY

Toughen up, princess.

JACK

Stay in your lane, Buddy. It's way too far to walk, and local patrols prowl the area at night just looking for trouble. I'm sure you could use some rest.

(pause)

Tell you what, I've got something up my sleeve that might just help. It's a long shot, but give me till morning. There's another suite down the hall that's still in decent shape. Make yourself at home and I'll have Sebastian bring you up some grub.

ELLWOOD

Piss on that. I'm headin' downstairs to the bar. I need to wash the road out of my mouth.

JACK

Why would you want to do that? I savor the taste of the road.

ELLWOOD

There's no accounting for taste.

JACK

OK, let me talk to my people and get the wheels turning. See if my brilliant idea is doable.

(to Ellwood)

I'll join you in the bar in about an hour. Maybe you can fill me in on everything I've missed so far.

ELLWOOD

Mixed feelings over mixed drinks?

JACK

We will craft artful lies and foolish evasions. Join us, Buddy?

BUDDY

Um... that's OK, I'm good. I'm not gonna spin my wheels, so the earlier the better.

JACK

You got it. This kid's on it.

INT. ELVIS'S PRIVATE SUITE (LAS VEGAS) - NIGHT

A single bedside lamp lights the room. Peggy Sue crawls into bed and snuggles up to Elvis.

PEGGY SUE

He's almost here.

ELVIS

Even a blind hog can find an acorn once in a while.

PEGGY SUE

Aren't you excited?

ELVIS

Yeah, but in another way.

PEGGY SUE

All are plans are finally coming together. You're gonna show everybody who's really the king.

ELVIS

Little E is startin' to feel frisky, honey.

PEGGY SUE

You have such a one track mind.  
Can't you feel the electricity in  
the air?

ELVIS

You know it, baby.

He moves in.

ELVIS (CONT'D)

Give me some honey, honey.

She rolls over.

PEGGY SUE

I'm as tired as a boomtown whore.  
Maybe tomorrow after we get the  
next update.

(pause)

We could go to our special playroom  
and have some fun.

She turns off the bedside lamp.

INT. WHISKEY PETE'S CASINO - BUDDY'S SUITE - DAY

Buddy sips coffee as he watches the sunrise. Otto's curled up  
on the sofa. There's a knock at the door.

BUDDY

Come in.

Jack walks in carrying a beat-up suitcase with a belt  
strapped around it.

JACK

Bonjour.

BUDDY

We good?

JACK

I had to call in all my chips, but  
we're first class, my friend. We're  
golden.

(pause)

Where's Ellwood?

Buddy takes a sip of his coffee and nods to the bedroom door.  
Jack walks over and swings it open.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Wake it and shake it!

Ellwood sleeps on a king size bed with one hand down his pants and an empty whiskey bottle in the other. Spread-eagle next to him is his deflated blow-up doll Lucille. She has Band-Aids on all her puncture wounds.

Jack gives Buddy a puzzled look.

BUDDY  
Don't ask.

JACK  
I thought I was eccentric.

Jack moves closer to Buddy.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Listen up, Buddy. I wanna tug on your coat about something. Are you really gonna go to Vegas and rescue Peggy Sue from Elvis?

BUDDY  
That's the plan.

Buddy looks over to a sleeping Ellwood.

BUDDY (CONT'D)  
I can understand why you might be skeptical.

JACK  
Yeah, what's up with that cat? Among other things, he lives with the delusion that he may still have a successful career producing hit records. I don't get it.

BUDDY  
Let's put it this way, Jack. I wouldn't want him in my band.

JACK  
OK, after sleeping beauty wakes up, grab your shit and meet me in the lobby.  
(pause)  
I'm gonna make your day.



INT. WHISKEY PETE'S LOBBY - DAY

Jack smokes next to the main cashiers' cage. Ellwood, clearly hungover, enters with Buddy and Otto.

ELLWOOD

(to Jack)

OK, you've successfully solicited our presence at this ungodly hour. This better be good.

JACK

Good? This is epic.

JACK (CONT'D)

Ta-da!

Jack motions to a bullet-ridden and blood-splattered 1934 Ford carefully staged and encased behind glass panels.

JACK (CONT'D)

This, my friends, is the infamous Bonnie and Clyde death car. At 9:15 a.m. on May 23rd, coming up on twenty-five years ago, this villainous duo faced a hail of bullets in this automobile... Alas, it was not their lucky day. They died as they lived, by the gun.

BUDDY

This is so cherry.

ELLWOOD

Am I the only one that thinks this is a little morbid?

JACK

Morbid? Man, this is a road trip wet dream. This car was displayed in touring carnivals for years. People would pay a buck just to sit in it. You know, there's over a hundred and sixty bullet holes in this baby.

ELLWOOD

Do me a favor, let's not add to that tally.

BUDDY

Does it run?

JACK

She's got more miles on her than a  
roadmap of Texas, but she'll get us  
as far as Dreamland.

(pause)

There's someone I want you to meet.

They walk through an opening around the backside of the  
display. From under the car a pair of feet stick out.

JACK (CONT'D)

I want you to meet the genius  
behind this repair.

Jack kicks one of the feet. The feet disappear under the car  
then a girl's head pops out. GADGET, 12, wears coveralls, has  
sandy blond hair and big dimples.

JACK (CONT'D)

Buddy Holly, meet Gadget.

Gadget's eyes widen.

BUDDY

Pleasure.

Gadget, with a wrench in her hand, reaches up to shake  
Buddy's hand.

GADGET

Wow.

She realizes she's holding a wrench, sets it down, wipes her  
oily hand on her pants, and shakes with Buddy.

GADGET (CONT'D)

I love your tunes.

ELLWOOD

Great, a munchkin mechanic.

JACK

Ellwood, you really are the limit.  
This munchkin completely fixed this  
ride overnight, man.

GADGET

Yeah, it purrs like a guitar amp.

BUDDY

Cool. Thanks, kid... Let's split,  
Ellwood.

JACK

Look, Buddy, here's the rub. I can't wait to get this place in my rearview mirror... You want the car, we're comin' with you.

BUDDY

Why not, everyone else is.

JACK

Oh, and I promised Gadget if she fixed the car she could drive.

ELLWOOD

Oh, come on!

JACK

Shotgun!

INT. 1934 FORD - WHISKEY PETE'S LOBBY - DAY

Light from the lobby streams through all the bullet holes in the Ford. Gadget sits behind the wheel. A block of wood is tied to the bottom of her foot so she can reach the gas pedal. Buddy, Ellwood, and Otto sit in the back.

BUDDY

(to Gadget)

Run every red light, kid.

Jack sticks a plastic Jesus on the dashboard.

JACK

(to Gadget)

Let's roll, Kato.

Gadget stabs the gas pedal. The Ford launches off its pedestal and crashes through its glass enclosure. It knocks over slot machines as Gadget maneuvers through the casino. Carlton opens a door and waves as the Ford roars by.

EXT. WHISKEY PETE'S CASINO - DAY

The Ford cuts a wake through the sea of cash as it races across the parking lot.

JACK

I'm on the road again!

EXT. ENTRANCE (DREAMLAND) - DAY

A frontier style fort with fortified walls and enormous gates support a huge arched sign made from discarded junk, it reads:

DREAMLAND  
LEAVE YOUR INHIBITIONS AT THE GATE

The dying Ford limps up to the gates.

JACK  
We made the scene.

BUDDY  
(to Gadget)  
Nice driving, kid.

Everyone piles out of the car.

They approach a small wooden window in the gate. A bell hangs next to it. Buddy unhooks the bell and hands it to Gadget. She rings the bell with a big grin. The window opens and a male's head pops out.

ART BELL, 19, wears a homemade aluminum foil hat. He's thin, with dark hair and big ears.

ART  
(deep voice)  
You guys coming from east of the  
Rockies?

BUDDY  
Nope.

ELLWOOD  
(to the others)  
That was random.  
(to Art)  
Nice hat, slick.

BUDDY  
(to Art)  
You run this joint?

Art nervously fumbles with his foil hat.

ART  
No, Cyrus is head of the council of  
nine and all the tribes. I'm Art...  
Art Bell.

He points to the bell.

ART (CONT'D)  
Get it? I'm the unofficial  
gatekeeper and Dreamland guide.

JACK  
Mind if we come in?

ART  
It'll cost you.

BUDDY  
What's the currency?

ART  
Cyrus will decide that later. The  
price is always pretty fair.  
(pause)  
Cool?

Buddy glances at everyone. No one disagrees.

BUDDY  
That's cool.

Art slams the window shut.

ELLWOOD  
Hey, you got any adult beverages in  
there?

The gates slowly grind open revealing a decadent circus-style  
wonderland. Groups of social MISFITS rejoice and co-exist in  
harmony.

The buildings are an amazing jumble of different styles. Made  
from billboards and other discarded material, they overflow  
with music and high-spirited fun.

ELLWOOD (CONT'D)  
What a spectacle.

JACK  
I think I'm home.

EXT./INT. DREAMLAND - DAY

As they walk through the gates, they pass a group of  
cheerleaders hula hooping and nude people playing Twister.  
Buddy puts a hand over Gadget's eyes.

JACK  
Dali would dig this scene.

ELLWOOD  
He's probably here.

Art approaches them.

ART  
Greetings again. As I told you, I'm the unofficial tour guide of Dreamland. As you can see, pretty much anything goes here. We all get along pretty good and keep it fun.

JACK  
Order in disorder.

ART  
Exactly. Let's get to it... follow me, guys.

They whip around a corner past a contortionist playing a theremin.

ART (CONT'D)  
Rule number one. Dreamland's currency is devoted to the act of gift giving. The value of a gift is unconditional. Gifting does not contemplate a return or an exchange for something of equal value. If you want a drink, some food, a place to crash, or anything, gift a toothbrush, read a poem, or give someone a back massage. It doesn't matter.

ELLWOOD  
How 'bout I cut a fart?

Gadget smiles.

BUDDY  
(to Gadget)  
That probably won't work.

Jack slaps the front of Ellwood's shoulder.

JACK  
Cool it, man.

They pass a mini-golf course called "Fore Play." Pornographic props and obstacles challenge the golfer to "Putt it in my hole."

ART

Rule number two is simple. No violence. If you attempt to harm anyone with bodily force or weapons you will be booted outside of the walls to fend for yourself and banned forever.

They approach The A'Le'Inn. It sits in the heart of Dreamland and offer a salacious playground of moral decay and alcohol.

ELLWOOD

(to Jack)

I think I'm home.

A group of Teddy Boys lead a brightly painted elephant past a wide-eyed Gadget.

ART

Rule number three. You probably saw the sign on the front gate. No inhibitions. If you've got some hang-ups, this probably isn't the place for you. Just let your shoulders drop and go with the flow. Any questions?

Everyone looks at Ellwood.

ELLWOOD

What? I wasn't gonna say anything.

BUDDY

That's a switch.

ART

Listen, if you get bored...

ELLWOOD

I doubt that will happen.

ART

Well, what I mean is... Cyrus lets me broadcast a show every night from an old military radio shack up the hill. Tune me in if you get a chance. It starts at midnight.

Art waits for a response. Doesn't get one.

ART (CONT'D)

Well anyway, I'm gonna let Cyrus know you're here.

(MORE)

ART (CONT'D)

Wait for me inside The A'Le'Inn and I'll be back and let you know what the payment will be.

BUDDY

I'm not gonna stay very long. Any chance I could have a word with Cyrus?

ART

Doubtful, but I'll ask. I'll be back after these messages... Get it?

Art runs through a crowd of grey aliens. Buddy, Ellwood, Jack, Gadget, and Otto walk to:

EXT. THE A'LE'INN - DAY

They step onto a wooden sidewalk just outside of the entrance.

BUDDY

(to Gadget)

Why don't you and Otto hang out here, we won't be long.

ELLWOOD

Speak for yourself, I plan to get cut off.

Gadget sits down and pets Otto.

BUDDY

(to Gadget)

Here.

He tosses her a tennis ball.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

He likes to play catch.

GADGET

Thanks, Buddy.

INT. THE A'LE'INN - DAY

The bar is packed with UFO and alien paraphernalia. Military papers stamped "Top Secret" and maps are stuck all over the walls and ceiling. An eclectic crowd of people drink and laugh.



A Hispanic woman MARIA, 20s, greets Buddy, Ellwood, and Jack. She's a statuesque beauty.

MARIA  
Hey ladies. Grab a seat anywhere,  
I'll be with you in a sec.

Maria and Buddy share a glance. Ellwood takes notice.

ELLWOOD  
The turn of a lovely ankle.

Buddy shoots him a look. They find a table and sit down.

ELLWOOD (CONT'D)  
What are we gonna use as a gift?

JACK  
Why don't you pull down your pants  
and do a little dance for everyone.

They chuckle.

ELLWOOD  
Maybe after a few drinks, I will.

Maria appears with a whiskey bottle and glasses.

MARIA  
(to Buddy)  
I saw your dog outside, is he  
dangerous?

ELLWOOD  
Only if you're a blow-up doll.  
(pause)  
Don't we get to order?

MARIA  
Look around, creepy guy, you don't  
have to be a rocket surgeon to  
figure out this ain't the Ritz. You  
get what I bring.

ELLWOOD  
Whoa, roll back the attitude,  
señorita.

BUDDY  
(to Ellwood)  
Since when did you get so picky?

MARIA  
Pay up, girls.

They all reach into their pants pockets. Buddy pulls out a guitar pick, Jack a small used pencil, and Ellwood some swizzle sticks.

MARIA (CONT'D)  
Jackpot, thanks loads.

She scoops up the items and walks away.

ELLWOOD  
If you ask me, a woman who needs a green card is a red flag.

BUDDY  
Nobody asked you, Ellwood.

Buddy gets up abruptly and leaves.

ELLWOOD  
What's with the furled brow? I feel like a goddamn piñata.

Jack fills their glasses.

JACK  
The power of your words is relative to the silence that you keep.

ELLWOOD  
I don't even know what that means.

JACK  
I know.

BAR AREA

Buddy walks up to Maria, who's behind the bar.

BUDDY  
I really have to apologize for Ellwood... uh... creepy guy. He's...

MARIA  
He's that one crooked tooth in a perfect smile.

BUDDY  
Got that right.

MARIA  
No sweat. I'm used to it, comes with the territory.

She sticks out her hand.

MARIA (CONT'D)

Maria.

BUDDY

Buddy.

They shake.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

What's with the...

He points to a baseball bat hung on the bar wall. A sign next to it reads: "BEHAVE." Carved into the bat is "BUFORD."

MARIA

Oh, that's Buford. He's there to remind everyone I won't tolerate any violence.

They exchange smiles.

THE GROUP'S TABLE

A KID with a nose full of dried snot and a grape juice mustache stares vacantly at Ellwood.

ELLWOOD

Nice woolly booger.

He continues to stare.

ELLWOOD (CONT'D)

Get lost, kid, you creep me out.

He shoves him away with his foot.

ELLWOOD (CONT'D)

You'd look cuter in a coffin.

Ellwood eyes a group of BEATNIKS loitering.

ELLWOOD (CONT'D)

Look Jack, there's some beatniks.

JACK

Fuck you, Ellwood.

ELLWOOD

What do you mean?

JACK  
 Don't mock me! I'm not a beatnik,  
 I'm a Catholic.

ELLWOOD  
 'Scuse me.

JACK  
 It's all Herb Caen's fault. That  
 S.O.B. added the Russian suffix  
 "nik" to my use of the word beat  
 and made beatnik a Madison Avenue  
 marketing tool. Fuck him!

He gestures toward the beatniks.

JACK (CONT'D)  
 This is a distortion of my  
 visionary and spiritual ideas. I  
 envisioned hipsters suddenly rising  
 and roaming America full of intense  
 conviction. Bumming and hitchhiking  
 everywhere, ragged, beatific,  
 beautiful in an ugly graceful new  
 way. I never meant for them to be  
 hustlers, drug addicts, and  
 juvenile delinquents.

He and Ellwood see Art jogging to Buddy and Maria at the:

BAR

Art interrupts the two in mid-laughter.

ART  
 That wasn't so long, was it?

BUDDY  
 Hey Ringo, what's the scoop?

ART  
 First off, Cyrus wants the Bonnie  
 and Clyde car.

BUDDY  
 Done.

ART  
 Second, if you want a conference  
 with Cyrus, you'll have to play a  
 song for everyone on the main stage  
 tonight.

Buddy and Maria lock eyes and grin.

MARIA

You'll probably need this.

She opens her hand revealing Buddy's guitar pick.

BUDDY

Done.

EXT. MAIN STAGE - NIGHT

Colorfully lit and designed in a steampunk-style theme, giant cogs, rusted cars, and suspended mannequins are just a few items that make up its facade.

A crowd waits in front of the stage. A DRAG QUEEN walks up to center stage and speaks into the mic.

DRAG QUEEN

OK, good evening, ladies and gentlemen! Let me introduce you to the biggest pop star to ever grace the main stage at Dreamland! All the way from Lubbock, Texas... be still my heart... Mister Buddy Holly!

Buddy walks out to a screaming audience. Firecrackers explode. Behind him, a Lon Cheney silent film is projected. The drag queen gives Buddy an awkward hug as he walks to the microphone.

BUDDY

(in the mic)

Evenin'. This is a little song I wrote that seems very appropriate for Dreamland... enjoy.

(to the band)

Follow me, boys. I'm gonna start this puppy out in the key of G.

Buddy counts the band in and dramatically breaks into "Rave On." The crowd goes berserk.

He looks over to the side of the stage and grins at Maria, Jack, Gadget, and Otto.

Far away in the audience, Ellwood argues with Evel.

Buddy ends the song to a thunderous applause.

EXT. THE A'LE'INN - LATER

Ellwood lurks in the shadows with a bottle. He's spying through the window at Buddy and Maria in The A'Le'Inn. It's closed to the public. Buddy teaches Maria a guitar chord. They laugh and drink. Ellwood disappears into the darkness.

EXT. AIRPLANE HANGER (LAS VEGAS) - DAY

Elvis, Red, and the rest of the Memphis Mafia stand at the entrance. Elvis wears a sharkskin suit and carries a cane. He uses the end of the cane to push a big red button. Massive metal doors that span four stories open slowly.

INT. AIRPLANE HANGER - DAY

Red flips a huge handle-like switch. Room lights illuminate row after row of towering 30-foot iron robots. All the robots proudly display the TCB logo on their chest and stand at the ready.

ELVIS

It's time to shake, rattle, and roll things up, fellas. Buddy's getting way too comfortable at Dreamland, and in addition to having poor eyesight, he may have developed a wandering eye... and that could really fuck things up.

Elvis and the Memphis Mafia are dwarfed by the hulking mechanical giants as they stroll down the center aisle through these retro-futuristic wonders.

ELVIS (CONT'D)

I had a much more creative use for these instruments of revenge, but maybe now is the time to introduce them to the world.

RED

What's the plan, E?

ELVIS

No more playin' fuck-around. Get the coordinates from Evel. Take your army and these robots to Dreamland and bring me back that washed up pop star. Obliterate the others, but I want him alive and unharmed.

RED  
Yes sir, roger that!

MEMPHIS MAFIA  
Yes sir, roger that!

\*

INT. MILITARY RADIO SHACK (DREAMLAND) - DAY

Art is tied up and gagged in the corner of the room. Evel is sitting at a nearby desk sending Morse code through a telegraph key.

Visible radio waves emanate from the transmitting tower. The radio bands expand from Dreamland until they reach Las Vegas.

INT. ELVIS'S PRIVATE SUITE (LAS VEGAS) - DAY

Peggy Sue stands by the window as the robots fly by in formation.

PEGGY SUE  
Now fly... fly! Fly! Fly! Fly!

EXT. TOWN CENTER (DREAMLAND) - DAY

Gadget tosses a ball for Otto. Then in the sky, robots silently fly in formation like a squadron of planes. No one takes notice except Otto. He stops playing ball and sits, the ball drops from his mouth. Gadget moves to his side.

GADGET  
What's wrong, boy?

Otto growls. Gadget looks up, sees the robots flying.

Ellwood, panicked, runs by them.

ELLWOOD  
I don't want none of that monkey business!

INT. THE A'LE'INN - DAY

Buddy and Maria eat breakfast. Gadget bursts through the door with Otto.

GADGET  
Buddy! Come quick, you're not gonna believe this!

They all run outside.

EXT. THE A'LE'INN - DAY

Gadget skids to a stop and points to the sky.

GADGET  
Look, look up there!

Buddy looks, sees only blue skies.

GADGET (CONT'D)  
There were these strange flying  
machines, a whole bunch of them!  
I'm not kidding, I've never seen  
anything like it!

BUDDY  
Take it easy, kid. Everything is  
OK.

The ground around them shakes. Otto's head begins to move slowly upward, suggesting the massive size of whatever is heading their way.

Buddy's eyes tighten in amazement as he sees huge lumbering robots marching side-by-side toward him. They crush everything that lies in their path.

MARIA  
What the hell?

Buddy sees the TCB logo on the robots' chests.

BUDDY  
Elvis!

Maria looks confused.

BUDDY (CONT'D)  
It's a long story. Come on!

They grab Gadget and dash inside The A'Le'Inn.

INT. THE A'LE'INN - DAY

Buddy grabs his Winchester and Maria grabs her bat.

BUDDY  
(to Gadget)  
You stay here.

GADGET  
I wanna help.



MARIA  
(to Gadget)  
You'll be safer in here, sweetie.

BUDDY  
Get under the bar and don't move.

Gadget reluctantly ducks behind the bar. Buddy, Maria, and Otto run outside.

EXT. THE A'LE'INN

The inhabitants of Dreamland train their guns on the robots. They fire as the iron monsters continue forward. Bullets ricochet off their metal skin.

MARIA  
We gotta do something!

Buddy sees a large catapult. It's already loaded with a massive boulder.

BUDDY  
Come on!

They all run to the catapult. It's placed facing the opposite direction to the approaching robots.

BUDDY (CONT'D)  
Help me swing this thing around!

They both push and pull it.

All the robots abruptly stop in unison.

Jack arrives and helps them turn the catapult so that it now faces the robots. Buddy uses the barrel of his rifle to pull the firing pin.

The boulder arcs through the air and strikes one of the robots in the head. Sparks fly as it topples into two of the others, knocking them over.

The back doors of all the remaining robots slide open. A horde of SOLDIERS dressed in TCB army uniforms rapidly crawl out and rappel to the ground. They slaughter everyone in sight.

Jack grabs two Thompson submachine guns.

BUDDY (CONT'D)  
Where'd you get those?

JACK  
 Compliments of Bonnie and Clyde.  
 Gadget found them in the trunk of  
 the car.

Buddy gestures for Jack to go one way and Maria to go  
 another.

JACK (CONT'D)  
 Let's do this.

Jack and Maria bound off to flank the battle from either side  
 as Buddy and Otto calmly walk into the midst of the conflict.

Buddy stops. Otto waits at his side. He spins and cocks his  
 Winchester. Melodically taps his right heel.

Buddy shoots a dozen soldiers in high-tech rapid succession.  
 Otto attacks those nearest, tearing and thrashing them to  
 submission.

Maria nimbly avoids bullets. Advancing to the enemy, she  
 becomes a skilled martial artist delivering lethal blows with  
 her bat and spinning kick.

Jack fires his submachine guns double-handed. The  
 overwhelming spray of bullets isn't accurate, but it's  
 effective enough that soldiers duck for cover.

INT. A ROBOT'S HEAD - DAY

Red sits at a retro control console full of flashing lights  
 and toggle switches. He raises a shield that covers the  
 robot's eyes, revealing a large panoramic viewing window.

SONNY, a member of the Memphis Mafia, looks out through  
 binoculars.

SONNY  
 Buddy's got game.

RED  
 I bet he's not so tough without  
 that Winchester.  
 (pause)  
 Send out the rest of the soldiers!  
 It's time to amp things up.

Red yells into a table-mounted mic.

RED (CONT'D)  
 (amplified outside)  
 Crush! Kill! Destroy!

EXT. THE BATTLEFIELD - DAY

His command echoes throughout Dreamland.

More soldiers pour out of the robots.

Buddy moves gracefully, staying one beat ahead of their shots and returning fire with rapid pin-point accuracy.

Otto fights heroically and wins his battles, assisting Buddy when necessary.

Maria fights with her bat, using a fantastic series of artful moves.

Jack rapidly reloads and fires at his attackers. Bullets stray, but most find their target.

Buddy notices that the soldiers now focus their charge entirely on Jack and Maria.

INT. A ROBOT'S HEAD - DAY

Red stands up from his station.

RED

Sonny, now's your chance. Get your ass down there and grab Buddy!

He flicks several switches and turns knobs.

EXT. THE BATTLEFIELD - DAY

Buddy notices that Jack and Maria are beginning to show their fatigue, they're overwhelmed and outgunned.

BUDDY

Otto, help Jack! I got Maria!

He and Otto split up.

Satellite dishes rise from each of the robot's heads and fire laser beams down on Dreamland. Buildings burst into flames and debris scatters everywhere.

Buddy runs toward Maria. Sonny cuts off Buddy's route to Maria with a body-numbing tackle which sends Buddy's rifle flying. Both tumble and face each other.

SONNY

Come on, buddy boy, wanna wrestle?

Buddy kicks him in the balls and then follows it with a jaw-breaking left and a crushing knee to the ribs.

SONNY (CONT'D)

You're gonna have to do better than that.

Sonny charges like a bull. They both crash through milk crates and a wooden wall. Sonny pulls a semi-dazed Buddy up by his collar and hammers him with a series of lightning fast blows to the abdomen.

Buddy fall to his knees, gasping for air. He reaches out his hand. As if by magic, his Winchester vibrates outside, then hauls ass and lands right into his grasp.

He quickly places the barrel on Sonny's Memphis Mafia police badge and pulls the trigger. He's launched into the air, hits the ceiling, and crashes to the floor, dead. A trickle of blood oozes out of his body and through the metal TCB police badge.

Buddy, woozy, makes his way back outside just in time to see Maria take a blast from one of the laser beams. Her limp body flips and twists through the air.

BUDDY

NO!

Another blast looks like it takes out Jack and Otto.

Buddy, bloody and beaten, collapses to the ground.

From out of nowhere, ROCKET MAN, in a Commando Cody style rocket suit with a helmet and rocket jetpack zips in and lands next to Buddy.

INT. A ROBOT'S HEAD - DAY

Red sees Rocket Man.

RED

What the fuck is this?

EXT. THE BATTLEFIELD - DAY

The Rocket Man reaches under Buddy's arm and helps him to his feet.

ROCKET MAN

(mechanical voice )

You OK?

(MORE)

## ROCKET MAN (CONT'D)

(pause)

This isn't over yet.

He turns a knob on his chest to the word UP, runs and jumps. The rocket jetpack ignites and launches him skyward. Buddy watches him fly away.

Tearing through the sky, Rocket Man pulls a laser pistol from his belt. He weaves around the towering robots and starts firing. Blasts of destructive energy pelt the outer skin of the robots, melting electronic components and disabling them.

Buddy fires at the soldiers retreating to the remaining few functional robots.

INT. A ROBOT'S HEAD - DAY

Red flips a switch and lowers the viewing window. He fires his revolver at Rocket Man.

EXT. THE BATTLEFIELD - DAY

Rocket Man spots Red and aims his laser pistol at him. A bullet from Red hits his jetpack. Smoke billows, he loses control, corkscrews through the air, and wipes out on the ground.

INT. A ROBOT'S HEAD - DAY

Red yells through his desk mic at soldiers on the ground.

RED

(amplified outside)

Grab that rocket suit!

EXT. THE BATTLEFIELD - DAY

Four soldiers advance on Rocket Man, who points his laser pistol at one as another soldier kicks it out of his hand. They all restrain him as he struggles to break free.

Otto dramatically leaps into the chaos, viciously attacking the soldiers, and giving Rocket Man the help he needs to free himself.

The remaining soldiers rapidly escape to nearby robots.

Rocket Man kneels and embraces Otto. He removes his helmet - it's Sparky.

SPARKY  
I told you we'd see each other  
soon... I missed you pal.

Otto licks Sparky's face.

A few robots ignite their engines, lift off, and streak up  
into the sky.

Nearby on the ground... MEDICS lift an unconscious Maria onto  
a stretcher. A DOCTOR checks her vital signs.

DOCTOR  
(to medics)  
Get her to the infirmary stat.

Buddy is distraught at the sight of Maria's condition.

BUDDY  
(to doctor)  
Is she gonna be OK?

DOCTOR  
It's too early to tell.

The doctor tends to other victims as the medics carry Maria  
off. Jack walks up, burned and bloodied, but all right.

BUDDY  
You're OK.

JACK  
I'm good, just a little scrambled.

Sparky and Otto walk up.

SPARKY  
Buddy!

Sparky gives him a hug. Buddy, watching Maria being carried  
off, doesn't return the affection.

BUDDY  
I knew that had to be you in that  
rocket suit.  
(pause)  
How'd you know where we were?

SPARKY  
Otto. I built a tracking device in  
his collar and slipped it on him  
when you left Lubbock.

BUDDY

That seems like a lifetime ago.

Sparky notices Jack and reaches out his hand.

SPARKY

Hi, I'm Sparky.

JACK

Nice flying, kid. I'm Jack.

They shake.

JACK (CONT'D)

Groovy getup. I got a friend about your age that would really dig your style.

Buddy snaps out of his funk.

BUDDY

Oh shit!

He bolts off to The A'Le'Inn, the others follow him.

EXT. THE A'LE'INN - DAY

They arrive at what once was a building, but is now a twisted pile of rubble. Everyone watches as Otto makes his way through the wreckage to the lifeless body of Gadget. Otto sniffs at Gadget's hand and whimpers.

Buddy sinks to his knees.

BUDDY

This is all my fault.

He crumples over in a heap.

EXT. DREAMLAND - NIGHT

Buddy stumbles drunk through a destroyed Dreamland. Some buildings still stand, but most are demolished. Thick smoke and small fires dot the ruins.

INT. TATTOO PARLOR - NIGHT

Buddy drinks whiskey in an old rusty barber chair. He gets tattoos designed like war paint from an old INDIAN CHIEF while a SUMO WRESTLER pierces both his ears.

EXT. DREAMLAND - NIGHT

Jack, Sparky, and Otto find Buddy passed out in the dirt. Evel listens from a close by hiding spot.

JACK  
Let's get him up.

They revive him and get him to his feet.

BUDDY  
What do you want?

Jack and Sparky notice his freshly inked tattoos and bloodied pierced ears.

SPARKY  
You OK?

Buddy shoves them away.

BUDDY  
Get off me!

JACK  
Hey man, we just want to help.

BUDDY  
Then stop feeding off me! I didn't ask either of you to come along!

SPARKY  
Come on, Buddy.

BUDDY  
You come on!  
(pause)  
If it wasn't for me, none of this shit would have happened. Maria and Gadget would be just fine.  
(pause)  
Get out of here! I can't breathe... give me some air!

He stumbles off into the darkness. Sparky begins to follow, but Jack pulls him back.

JACK  
Let him go.  
(pause)  
Sometimes you have to just get smashed, then pick up the pieces later.



INT. POPPY FIELDS - NIGHT

Shadow figures dance on the wall at the whim of a clever puppeteer. Asian CONJOINED TWINS meet Buddy as he enters.

CONJOINED TWINS  
(in unison)  
Welcome to Poppy Fields.

They lead him to a wooden slab covered in pillows, lie him down, and light his pipe. Buddy inhales the opium deep into his lungs. He exhales the smoke, it twists into images of Elvis laughing at him. His eyes flutter and close.

DREAM SEQUENCE

-Buddy dreams about the events that have taken place in awkward, unconnected sequences, reminiscent of a bad student film.

END DREAM SEQUENCE

INT. POPPY FIELDS - NIGHT

Buddy is unconscious. Evel enters, hands the conjoined twins a small bag of rice, and gently lifts up Buddy.

EXT. POPPY FIELDS - NIGHT

Ellwood watches Evel carry Buddy to his motorcycle.

ELLWOOD  
Where's my tapes?

EVEL  
Fuck you.

ELLWOOD  
Relax, Evel.

EVEL  
If you haven't figured it out yet,  
I don't like you. You betrayed your  
friends for some bullshit worthless  
tapes.

ELLWOOD  
Those tapes are pure gold.

EVEL

You don't play fair. Get out of my sight or I'll break every bone in your body.

ELLWOOD

OK... OK, we're done here. This is finished, right? No more? Finito.

Evel gives him a dirty look.

ELLWOOD (CONT'D)

I'll take that as a yes.

He leaves.

Evel puts Buddy on the back of his Harley, sits in front, and hooks them together with a rope. He revs the engine and speeds off.

EXT. BURIAL SITE - DAY

Jack puts the final touches on Gadget's grave and whispers a final prayer.

Sparky and Otto quietly approach and stand graveside.

Jack places a wrench on the grave, gets to his feet, and wipes away a tear. Otto drops a ball next to the wrench.

SPARKY

We're so sorry for your loss.

JACK

Thanks man, she was a very cool kid.

They mourn in silence for a moment.

JACK (CONT'D)

Where's Buddy?

SPARKY

I don't know. He was pretty messed up last night, I'm kind of worried.

Jack turns and breaks into a stride.

JACK

I gotta find him.

EXT. INSIDE FRONT GATE - DAY

Ellwood, edgy, carries a bag of provisions to the gate. He yells at a GUARD atop the rampart.

ELLWOOD  
Hey dipshit, open the gate!

Jack runs up to Ellwood.

JACK  
Hey Ellwood, you seen Buddy?

ELLWOOD  
No. Why? Why would I know? I don't know. Where? Haven't seen him.

He takes a chug off his flask.

JACK  
Where you goin'?

ELLWOOD  
Home, this sucks. The party's over.

JACK  
What about Las Vegas and Buddy?

ELLWOOD  
(to the guard)  
Hey dildo, open the gate!

JACK  
So that's that, you're just gonna turn your back and take a walk?

ELLWOOD  
You probably don't know this, but I was his first producer and manager. I made that kid famous and he fired my ass. I don't owe him a goddamn thing, piss on the son of a bitch!

Jack grabs Ellwood by the collar.

JACK  
Listen up. I've tolerated you so far... we all have. But now I've had it!  
(pause)  
You seem a little jumpy to me. I'm getting this feeling you're trying to hide something.

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)

Spill your guts, Ellwood, or you're gonna find out how quick I can put you in the infirmary!

ELLWOOD

OK, OK! Get off me! Shit!

Jack lets him go.

JACK

OK, let's hear it... sing.

ELLWOOD

I got slickered in a horse trade. Elvis promised me he'd return some tapes we recorded together in return for getting Buddy safely to him in Las Vegas. He reneged on his deal. Listen man, these are probably some of the best tunes I've ever recorded. I'm talkin' big hits, right to the top of the charts kinda shit. I didn't have a choice, I knew it was exactly what I needed to get my career back on track.

(pause)

I'm tired of bein' a nobody.

JACK

You delusional egomaniac. Can't you see the world we live in now? That shit doesn't matter anymore.

(pause)

Where's Buddy?

ELLWOOD

Those tapes are the only thing I have left.

JACK

Where's Buddy?!

ELLWOOD

They kidnapped him last night and took him to Vegas.

The gate creaks open.

JACK

Here's the door.

Jack pushes him through the gate.

JACK (CONT'D)  
 Have a good life!  
 (to guard)  
 Close the gate!

INT. NEW FRONTIER CASINO - JAIL CELL (LAS VEGAS) - DAY

Buddy suffers from a hangover on a cot. Across from him is another cell with lavish curtains concealing its occupant.

He looks at a snapshot of himself and Peggy Sue, takes his cigarette and burns a hole through his face on the photo.

In the other cell the curtains open. Buddy attempts to get a better look.

It's Elvis wearing the black and white striped prison outfit he wore in *Jailhouse Rock*. Absent is his disfigured eye.

BUDDY  
 What the fuck?

GOOD-EYED ELVIS  
 Hello Buddy.

His manner is low-key and different than previously seen.

BUDDY  
 Where's Peggy Sue?!

GOOD-EYED ELVIS  
 Peggy Sue?

BUDDY  
 What kind of twisted game are you playing, I thought we were friends.

GOOD-EYED ELVIS  
 We are, I'm a prisoner just like you.

BUDDY  
 What in the hell is this all about?

GOOD-EYED ELVIS  
 I don't know, Buddy, I've been stuck down here for almost a year.

As strange as it seems, Bad-Eyed Elvis walks in clapping. He's wearing a purple jumpsuit and a long flowing zebra print cloak that drags on the ground.

BAD-EYED ELVIS  
 (loud)  
 Bravo, this is priceless.

Buddy does a double take.

BAD-EYED ELVIS (CONT'D)  
 (to Buddy)  
 You should see the look on your  
 face. Confused a little?

He notices Buddy's tattoos and pierced ears.

BAD-EYED ELVIS (CONT'D)  
 That's a new look.

GOOD-EYED ELVIS  
 Speaking of which, look at you. You  
 stick out like a sore thumb.

BAD-EYED ELVIS  
 Or more like a middle finger.  
 Besides, look who's taking.

GOOD-EYED ELVIS  
 You make me wear this just to  
 further humiliate me.

BAD-EYED ELVIS  
 Is it working?  
 (laughs)  
 How've you been bro, diggin' the  
 digs? This is one mess the Colonel  
 can't buy you out of.

GOOD-EYED ELVIS  
 Where is he?

BAD-EYED ELVIS  
 Colonel Parker? He was finger  
 lickin' good.

GOOD-EYED ELVIS  
 Buddy, this is my twin brother  
 Jesse.

BAD-EYED ELVIS  
 (to Buddy)  
 No, I'm Elvis, he's Jesse!  
 (laughs)  
 I feel like I'm living a double  
 life.  
 (laughs)  
 I'm just fuck'n with ya.  
 (MORE)

BAD-EYED ELVIS (CONT'D)

I am the epitome, the pure  
embodiment of the evil twin. I'm  
the only hell mama ever raised.

(to Buddy)

See this!

He points to his grotesque eye.

BAD-EYED ELVIS (CONT'D)

Hard to believe but this was fucked  
up before they dropped the bombs.

(pause)

I was born like this. The Colonel  
hid me away from the public, told  
the papers and magazines I was a  
stillborn. Mama thought I'd spoil  
his career. He was so handsome and  
I was an abomination. Well, the  
tables have turned haven't they,  
brother? How does it feel?

GOOD-EYED ELVIS/REAL ELVIS

It was never 'bout your eye, you've  
always been crackers.

BAD-EYED ELVIS

Fuck you, dickhead!

He grabs his crotch.

BAD-EYED ELVIS (CONT'D)

You can suck on my Engelbert  
Humperdinck!

(pause)

Who's the king now!?

He points to the toilet in Real Elvis' cell.

BAD-EYED ELVIS (CONT'D)

There's your throne. Sit and spin!

BUDDY

For all I know, you're both Elvis  
impersonators.

BAD-EYED ELVIS

(laughs)

Look who's crawling out of his  
opium haze.

BUDDY

I'm very honored to be here at your family counseling session, but what in the hell does any of this have to do with me?

Bad Elvis tosses a poster onto the floor. It slips under the gap beneath the bars and the floor into Buddy's cell.

BAD-EYED ELVIS

This.

An old retro style boxing poster reads:

THE BIGGEST FIGHT OF THE ATOMIC AGE  
ELVIS VS BUDDY  
FIND OUT WHO'S THE REAL KING OF ROCK AND ROLL  
TONIGHT

BUDDY

(referring to Real Elvis)  
You want me to fight him?

BAD-EYED ELVIS

No, dumbshit, me. You're gonna fight me. Everybody up there thinks I'm him, they don't even know he exists... or that I exist. You know what I mean, shit, you're confusing me.

BUDDY

You lured me here for this?

He tosses back the poster.

BAD-EYED ELVIS

Isn't it bitchin'?

(pause)

A fight to the death.

REAL ELVIS

Told ya, he's cuckoo for Cocoa Puffs.

BAD-EYED ELVIS

(to Real Elvis)

I should send you back to Disgraceland, but after I kill him, I'm gonna kill you. I can't believe I haven't already.

(to Buddy)

(MORE)



BAD-EYED ELVIS (CONT'D)

Before I leave you two girls to catch up on your gossip, there's someone I want you to see.

(pause)

Ohhh, glamour puss.

Peggy Sue enters chewing gum and smoking. She wears black lingerie, stilettos, and fishnet stockings.

PEGGY SUE

Hey Buddy. What's shaken?

BAD-EYED ELVIS

You are, baby.

She and Bad-Eyed Elvis embrace and share a passionate kiss while they dry hump and feel each other up.

PEGGY SUE

Ahhh... the chemistry of your kiss.

Buddy, grief-stricken, slumps to his cot.

BAD-EYED ELVIS

Now that's a piece of ass!

PEGGY SUE

(to Buddy)

I'm not that stupid little girl from Lubbock anymore. I run with the big dogs now. I found me a real man.

(pause)

You're too hick for me. You think a seven-course meal is a possum and a six-pack.

BAD-EYED ELVIS

Ouch... she's got some snap in her garters.

He honks her breast.

BAD-EYED ELVIS (CONT'D)

You already lost, Buddy.

He and Peggy Sue, arms around each other, turn to leave.

BAD-EYED ELVIS (CONT'D)

You smell like you want to be left alone. See ya at the fights.

As they walk away, Peggy Sue squeezes Bad-Eyed Elvis' butt, then gives Buddy the finger.

REAL ELVIS

That chicks got horns holding up  
that halo. I'm sorry, Buddy.

BUDDY

(to himself)

Man, I'm never gonna be able to  
glue my life back together.

EXT. DANCE HALL - DAY

Jack, Sparky, and Otto sit on the ground in front of ruins.  
Jack pushes stones around in the dirt illustrating his plan  
of attack.

SPARKY

I don't know, Jack, it's just the  
three of us.

JACK

Does your rocket suit still work?

SPARKY

No... and there's no way I can fix  
it. I want to help Buddy as much as  
you do... but I don't think we can  
pull this off. We don't even know  
the layout of Las Vegas for sure.

Jack picks up a stone from his battle plan and chucks it.

JACK

We're screwed!

Maria walks up, bruised and cut up, but otherwise OK.

MARIA

Hey girls.

Jack stands up and hugs her.

JACK

Maria, are you OK?

MARIA

I'm a little sore and lightheaded,  
but I've had worse hangovers.

Sparky shakes her hand.

SPARKY

Hi, I'm Sparky. I'm a friend of  
Buddy's from Lubbock.

MARIA  
Where is Buddy?

SPARKY  
I'm sorry to say, he's been  
kidnapped.

MARIA  
This has something to do with  
Elvis, right?

SPARKY  
I'm afraid so.

JACK  
Listen Maria, we need to rescue him  
and take down that bastard Elvis.

MARIA  
I never was an Elvis fan, I'm more  
of a Buddy Holly kinda girl. We're  
gonna need a lot more help and the  
only person I know that can lend a  
hand is Cyrus.  
(pause)  
But it will cost us.

INT. BEDOUIN TENT - CYRUS' DOMAIN - DAY

Moroccan furnishings evoke the essence of a sultry Arabian  
harem.

Sitting cross-legged in a cluster of satin brocade pillows is  
CYRUS, 60s, a black woman. She exudes a distinct air of  
confidence and power. Maria, Jack, Sparky, and Otto sit  
across from Cyrus.

CYRUS  
I'm fairly certain I know why  
you're here. I was informed that  
Buddy Holly was taken to Las Vegas  
last night.  
(pause)  
What's on your mind?

MARIA  
We need to rescue Buddy.

CYRUS  
Look around, we obviously have a  
common goal. Elvis' army invaded my  
turf and that sucker's gonna pay.  
(pause)  
(MORE)

CYRUS (CONT'D)

Can-you-dig-it?!

(pause)

I'm willing to use any means to achieve this end, but to be successful we will have to carefully calculate a plan.

JACK

Time is of the essence.

CYRUS

Agreed. I was formulating my own retaliation, but now I can see we can be of help to each other.

(pause)

Let's take a ride, there's something I want to show you.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

Cyrus drives a jeep with Maria, Jack, Sparky, and Otto onboard. The jeep approaches:

EXT. EDWARDS AIR FORCE BASE - DAY

GUARDS swing open the main gate and wave the jeep through. The jeep weaves through Quonset huts and airplane hangers.

JACK

Now we're talkin'.

Cyrus whips the jeep around a set of buildings to an old internment camp. She stops and points at her solution to their problem.

Constrained behind the barbed-wire are hundreds of ZOMBIES milling around aimlessly. They're all dressed in black suits and ties.

CYRUS

Can-you-dig-it?

JACK

What the hell?

SPARKY

I was expecting heavy artillery or something.

CYRUS

This wasn't that kind of military base. This was for top secret experimental projects only.

A horde of the undead lumber closer to them, pressing themselves against the fence.

MARIA

What are they?

SPARKY

Scary.

CYRUS

"Men in black" zombies, they smell fresh meat.

JACK

How can these things help us?

CYRUS

If you look closely, they all have radio-receiving collars around their necks. They can be controlled, we just haven't been able to figure it out yet.

(to Sparky)

But I bet you can.

She hands Sparky a retro remote control with two levers and an antenna.

JACK

So let's say he does get these things controlled, then what?

CYRUS

Then you have the most destructive and ravenous army in the world. Walk them into Las Vegas and let them have at it but remember, whoever has the remote controls them.

MARIA

What will it cost us?

CYRUS

Hmmm... Kill Elvis and bring me back his blue suede shoes.

(pause)

I look good in blue.

EXT. LAS VEGAS OUTSKIRTS - DAY

As the first rays of sun peek over the horizon, Maria, Jack, Sparky, and Otto crest the final hill to reveal Las Vegas in the distance. With the remote control, Sparky commands the zombies to march with them in unison.

EXT. NEON BONEYARD - LATER

Scattered neon signs from casinos and other businesses are stacked on either side of a path that leads to the Las Vegas strip.

Our group and their army of zombies plods forward past a neon sign that flickers on, it reads:

THRILL CRAZY KILL CRAZY

Jack jogs to Sparky.

JACK

Hey kid, the last thing I want to do is distract you, but we need to let Buddy know we're comin'. Got any ideas?

SPARKY

Actually I do, got a pen and paper?

JACK

What do you think?

He pulls out a pad and a pencil.

SPARKY

Write a note to Buddy.

Maria walks up.

MARIA

Let me write it.

Sparky stops the zombies, they stand at attention as Maria finishes writing a note.

SPARKY

Otto!

Otto bolts to his side.

SPARKY (CONT'D)

Hey, boy.

He puts the note in Otto's mouth.

SPARKY (CONT'D)

Take this to Buddy, then come back  
and find us.

Otto runs off ahead.

MARIA

Does he really understand you?

SPARKY

Yep.

EXT. THE VEGAS STRIP - DAY

Las Vegas is deserted, but mostly intact.

Otto dodges through gold parking meters as he passes iconic hotels and casinos of the 1950s.

EXT. NEON BONEYARD - DAY

The group reaches the end of the path where the Las Vegas strip begins. The legendary Las Vegas sign stands at the entrance, it reads:

WELCOME  
TO FABULOUS  
LAS VEGAS  
NEVADA

The word "Las" is painted over and replaced with the word "Lost."

Up ahead on the strip, two dozen ELVIS IMPERSONATORS of all shapes and sizes form a human barrier. They wear jumpsuits of all different colors with sequins, oversized belts, high collars, and capes.

Sparky stops the herd of zombies just in front of them.

An ASIAN ELVIS IMPERSONATOR strides forward and shouts.

ELVIS IMPERSONATOR

(Asian accent)

Turn around, you're not welcome  
here!

Maria steps up with Jack.

MARIA  
Not gonna happen!

JACK  
You're outnumbered, give it up!

The Elvis impersonator calls out.

ELVIS IMPERSONATOR  
Miniskirt mob, front and center!

A swarm of GIRLS wearing miniskirts and bikini tops join them. They brandish pistols and have no intention of letting them pass.

Some Elvis impersonators taunt our group by flapping their capes, while others clumsily spin nunchuks.

Out of nowhere, the Bonnie and Clyde Ford drives in and mows down all of the Elvis impersonators. The car comes to a screeching stop. Dead Elvises are splattered on the hood and under the car. Ellwood gets out and waves at Jack.

ELLWOOD  
Hey Jack, did I kill the real  
Elvis?

Gunfire from the miniskirt mob explodes all around Ellwood as he dives back into the Ford.

JACK  
Ellwood, stay inside the car!

ELLWOOD  
Ya think!

JACK  
Sparky, the zombies look a little  
hungry.

Sparky flips the remote control switch.

A zombie without eyelids starts looking for its meal. Its popping eyeballs swivel in their sockets as it lets out an inhuman groan.

The zombies lurch forward, slowly swarming for the miniskirt mob. The girls fire their pistols. The bullets have no effect.

Zombies still shuffle toward them with groping hands and gnashing jaws.

The sea of death overwhelms them.



INT. BONNIE AND CLYDE FORD - DAY

Ellwood watches as the miniskirt mob gets eaten. They scream as the zombies tear at their flesh. Blood and body parts splatter on the Ford's windows.

ELLWOOD

Gross!

The zombies stop and stand at attention. Jack opens the Ford's door.

ELLWOOD (CONT'D)

What in the fuck was that? That was revolting!

JACK

Get out!

ELLWOOD

Take it easy, I just saved your ass.

MARIA

I think we had it handled.

ELLWOOD

(to Maria)

Oh, hey señorita. You lost?

JACK

You know, Ellwood, I had an uncle in the military over on Saipan. He told me once he had to fall asleep one night in a foxhole with water up to his chin. Over there, they have these snails that measure ten inches to a foot across. He woke up with this giant snail crawling right across his face. When I imagine how that must have felt... Well, that's the same kind of feeling I get when I'm around you.

ELLWOOD

Look man, I deserve that. I've made some poor lifestyle choices. I'm not cut out for all this post-apocalyptic horseshit. I'm a fucking record producer, man! But I'm here cause I give a rat's ass.

(pause)

And I got nothin' to lose.

(MORE)

ELLWOOD (CONT'D)

And I don't want to throw up for  
the rest of my life every time I  
pass by a mirror.

JACK

(to Maria)

You cool with this?

MARIA

As long as he stays far enough away  
from me that I don't have to smell  
his aftershave and hand lotion.

Jack holds up both his Thompson machine guns.

JACK

(to Ellwood)

OK, you step out of line once, and  
I'll stick both these up your ass  
and won't stop pulling the trigger  
until they're empty.

(pause)

Got it, Ellwood?!

ELLWOOD

Yeah, I got it, Jack.

Sparky commands the zombies to walk and continue on their  
path.

EXT. NEW FRONTIER CASINO - DAY

Otto, with the note in his mouth, sniffs around the outside  
of the building. He moves to a basement window with bars.

INT. NEW FRONTIER - JAIL CELL - DAY

Buddy mopes on his cot. Otto's snout pops through the bars in  
the window, he holds the note in his mouth.

REAL ELVIS

Hey Buddy!

(sings)

How much is that doggie in the  
window?

Buddy looks up.

BUDDY

Otto! What are you doing here, boy?

Otto drops the note into the cell and barks once.

Buddy picks up the note and reads.

REAL ELVIS  
What does it say?

BUDDY  
She's alive.

REAL ELVIS  
Who's alive?

BUDDY  
Nobody... It says my friends are  
here to rescue me.

REAL ELVIS  
That's music to my ears.

Buddy looks around his cell.

BUDDY  
You got something I can write with?

Real Elvis scrounges through some belongings.

REAL ELVIS  
Here.

He tosses Buddy a pencil.

BUDDY  
What should I write?

REAL ELVIS  
It's a jailbreak, honey. Tell em to  
bust our asses outta here.

BUDDY  
Where the hell are we?

REAL ELVIS  
We're in the basement of the New  
Frontier Casino.

(pause)  
My brother put me down here because  
this was the first place I ever  
played in Vegas.

Buddy turns the note over and scribbles away.

REAL ELVIS (CONT'D)

He calls me the king of the New Frontier or some other Davy Crockett bullshit reference like that.

(pause)

Hey, have 'em follow the hound dog. He already found us.

Buddy folds up the note and puts it into Otto's mouth.

BUDDY

Take this back to Maria.

Otto takes off.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

Good boy!

REAL ELVIS

Buddy, when I get outta here I can set things right.

BUDDY

Not everything.

INT. ELVIS'S PRIVATE SUITE

Bad Elvis perches on a gold throne made of human skulls. Peggy Sue lays across his lap and fondles his face with a feather. Red arrives with an elaborate crown on a platter.

BAD-EYED ELVIS

Everything set for tonight?

He picks up the crown and puts it on.

RED

Red hot and ready to roll.

BAD-EYED ELVIS

Evel?

RED

He's all set. If it looks like Buddy's gonna win, he'll take him out.

BAD-EYED ELVIS

Well, that's not gonna happen. Evel's just gonna end up with the best seat in the house.

They all chuckle.

BAD-EYED ELVIS (CONT'D)  
 Red, tell Cassius to take Buddy  
 backstage to the dressing room and  
 get him ready.

RED  
 Now?

BAD-EYED ELVIS  
 Right now.

He passionately kisses Peggy Sue.

BAD-EYED ELVIS (CONT'D)  
 Get out of here!

RED  
 Yes sir, roger that!

Red leaves.

PEGGY SUE  
 Does he know about your brother?

BAD-EYED ELVIS  
 Nope. Just you, Cassius, and a  
 couple of guards that think he's an  
 Elvis impersonator.  
 (pause)  
 Now where were we?

He goes in for another kiss.

PEGGY SUE  
 Can we play with the whip some  
 more? I sure do like it when you...

BAD-EYED ELVIS  
 How bout a little normal lovin' for  
 a change, baby?

They continue to make out.

EXT./INT. NEW FRONTIER CASINO - DAY

Otto leads the group to the jail cell window. From the  
 shadows across the street Evel watches.

Maria, Jack, and Ellwood look into Buddy's cell through the  
 bars in the window - his cell is empty.

MARIA

Where is he?

Real Elvis walks forward from the shadows to the bars in his cell.

ELLWOOD

Great, another Elvis impersonator.

(to Real Elvis)

I just squashed a bunch of you down the street.

REAL ELVIS

Ellwood? Is that you?

ELLWOOD

How do you know me?

MARIA

Buddy probably told him.

REAL ELVIS

No, I know you, Ellwood. You engineered some tracks I did in Clovis. Buddy said his friends were coming to rescue him, but I didn't know it was you.

ELLWOOD

That's the real Elvis.

(pause)

Where's my fuckin' tapes?

MARIA

(to Jack)

Why would Elvis be locked in a cell?

Jack turns, scans the area around the casino.

JACK

This smells like a trap.

MARIA

It was pretty easy to get here.

REAL ELVIS

This isn't a trap, everybody's headed to the fight between Buddy and my twin brother.

(pause)

Don't you see, this is our chance.

ELLWOOD

I'm gettin' outta here.

REAL ELVIS

No! Look man, this is complicated.  
I don't even know where to begin.

(pause)

My twin brother Jesse is posing as me. Everybody thinks he's me, but I'm the real Elvis. Buddy knows the truth.

ELLWOOD

Your twin was just music magazine and tabloid gossip.

A heavy door opening and closes.

REAL ELVIS

Hide, I think a guard's coming.

They all hide and listen. Ellwood peeks through the bars and sees Peggy Sue strutting to Real Elvis' cell.

ELLWOOD

(whispers to the others)  
That's Peggy Sue.

PEGGY SUE

Hello Elvis, I just wanted to come down here before the fight and tell you a few things.

(pause)

Did you know that it was all my idea to play the damsel in distress and lure Buddy here? Your brother got off on it. He's so easily manipulated. The only reason you're still alive is because of me. Your brother wanted to kill you a long time ago but I always stopped him. After the fight tonight, I'm not gonna defend you anymore. He's gonna lay you out and gut you slow and I'm gonna watch.

She turns to leave, but hesitates.

PEGGY SUE (CONT'D)

Why did you always turn down all my advances, aren't I good enough for you? I'm not a groupie!

REAL ELVIS  
You were Buddy's girl.

PEGGY SUE  
Fuck Buddy! He's already dead.  
We've got it fixed. If it looks at  
all like he's gonna win, which is a  
laugh, he'll be shot and dead  
before he ever hits the canvas. I  
say good riddance to that fuckin'  
wimp.

(pause)  
Sweet dreams. I'm sure we'll see  
each other tomorrow.

She flicks her cigarette butt at him and leaves.

REAL ELVIS  
(to the others)  
Convinced?

ELLWOOD  
This could just be an elaborate  
setup.

JACK  
I'm not sure.

REAL ELVIS  
Look man, get me outta here. I'm on  
your side! Once everyone knows I'm  
the real Elvis, I can end this mess  
and save Buddy.

ELLWOOD  
This is 100 percent bullshit!

MARIA  
Maybe so, but I think we should  
give it a try.  
(pause)  
Jack?

JACK  
It seems our destinies are  
entwined.  
(to Real Elvis)  
Look man, we're gonna bust you out,  
but there's gonna be a gun on you  
at all times. You get squirrely  
and turn the tables, you're dead,  
you're cold.



REAL ELVIS  
I get it, let's go, man, clock's  
ticking.

INT. CAESARS PALACE - BUDDY'S DRESSING ROOM - DAY

In a poorly lit cramped room Buddy sits on a massage table. CASSIUS CLAY, 17, is a tall kid with a lean physique. Cassius rummages through a locker and pulls out a pair of pink boxing trunks.

CASSIUS  
Here Buddy, put these on.

BUDDY  
You kidding?

CASSIUS  
Boss's orders.

He tosses the trunks at Buddy.

BUDDY  
Your boss sure gets a kick out of  
humiliating people.

Cassius gracefully shadowboxes around the room.

BUDDY (CONT'D)  
You a boxer?

CASSIUS  
Are you kidding? I'm the greatest  
of all time. I'm so mean, I make  
medicine sick. If you even dream of  
beating me, you'd better wake up  
and apologize.

BUDDY  
Modest too.

CASSIUS  
It's hard to be humble, when you're  
as great as I am.  
(pause)  
Wanna tip?

BUDDY  
Sure kid.

CASSIUS  
You know that crusty cattywampus  
eye of his? That's a blind spot.  
(MORE)

CASSIUS (CONT'D)  
You give him a great big wide  
roundhouse in that blind spot.

He demonstrates the punch.

CASSIUS (CONT'D)  
You'll whop him a good one.

BUDDY  
I intend to knock his dick in the  
dirt.

Cassius chuckles.

BUDDY (CONT'D)  
You don't think I can beat him?

CASSIUS  
Whup him? Nah, not a chance. But if  
you do what I told you it'll make  
the fight a lot more interesting.

He continues to shadowbox.

CASSIUS (CONT'D)  
Maybe you should play dead.

EXT. THE STRIP - DUSK

The sun begins to set. Real Elvis leads the way with Maria,  
eyeballs the zombies moving behind them.

REAL ELVIS  
Those things are creepy.

MARIA  
Speaking of creepy, you knew  
Ellwood before, what's up?

REAL ELVIS  
It's like having the undertaker on  
your side.

Jack approaches with his guns on Real Elvis.

JACK  
We almost there?

REAL ELVIS  
We're getting close. Maybe we  
should talk about our plan of  
attack.

JACK

Here it is, we're gonna bust in there, wreak havoc, grab Buddy, and get outta here.

REAL ELVIS

It might be more complicated than that.

JACK

Keep walkin'.

From a distance, Evel keeps an eye on them.

INT. CAESARS PALACE - BOXING ARENA - NIGHT

High above the ring are two huge posters, one of Bad-Eyed Elvis and one of Buddy with an "X" printed across his face. The arena is draped with banners that display the TCB logo.

The arena is filling to capacity. Former Las Vegas performers of the 1950s sit ringside.

BAD-EYED ELVIS' DRESSING ROOM

Elvis music plays loudly on a nearby record player while Peggy Sue digs her fingers deeply into the muscles of Bad-Eyed Elvis's upper back and neck. His entourage laughs and talks around him.

BUDDY'S DRESSING ROOM

Buddy sits and smokes in his dressing room. It's dead silent except for some noise that filters under the door from the arena. Cassius does push-ups on the floor.

BUDDY

Where's my boxing gloves?

CASSIUS

It's a fight to the death, there's no gloves.

BAD-EYED ELVIS' DRESSING ROOM

Red drapes Bad-Eyed Elvis in a diamond studded robe. Embroidered across the back is:

THE KING OF ROCK N' ROLL

Peggy Sue gently places a crown on Bad-Eyed Elvis' head.

BUDDY'S DRESSING ROOM

Cassius tosses a pink see-through negligee to Buddy.

CASSIUS  
Here's your robe.

BUDDY  
Are you kidding? I'm not wearing  
this.

He throws it aside. Cassius picks it up and tosses it back.

CASSIUS  
You're wearing it!  
(pause)  
Don't make me whop you one before  
you go in the ring.

BAD-EYED ELVIS' DRESSING ROOM

Bad-Eyed Elvis stands and cracks his knuckles.

BAD-EYED ELVIS  
It's time to play smear the queer.

Red covertly hands Bad-Eyed Elvis small lead weights.

RED  
Just in case.

Bad-Eyed Elvis throws the lead weights on the floor.

BAD ELVIS  
Fuck that!

They all walk out following Bad-Eyed Elvis.

BUDDY'S DRESSING ROOM

Buddy, wearing the pink negligee, looks at himself in a cracked mirror.

CASSIUS  
You look stupid.

BUDDY  
Got that right.

The dressing room door opens and a man leans in and nods that it's time. They step out into the:

HALLWAY

Buddy puts out his cigarette as Cassius leads him to the arena.

BOXING ARENA

A group of uniformed TCB guards walk down the aisle and clear a path for Buddy to get to the ring. The crowd hurls garbage and insults as Buddy follows Cassius. Buddy makes his own way through the ropes and into the ring.

From the back of the arena a roar goes up. Bad-Eyed Elvis is carried in on a king's throne and throws kisses to the audience. The noise builds to deafening proportions.

A SHAPELY BLOND in a swimsuit holds the ropes as Bad-Eyed Elvis enters the ring. She removes his robe and crown. He flexes his muscles and tattooed body for the cheering mob.

Bad-Eyed Elvis shadowboxes in a wide circle. He throws in a few karate moves as he passes within inches of Buddy. The crowd loves the taunting. Bad-Eyed Elvis returns to his corner.

CASSIUS

(to Buddy)

Give me your glasses.

BUDDY

Are you kidding?

CASSIUS

You can't fight with glasses.

BUDDY

Yeah, and I can't see without glasses.

CASSIUS

Come here.

Cassius grabs a roll of duct tape and tapes Buddy's glasses to Buddy's head.

BUDDY

Thanks, kid.

The ANNOUNCER steps to the center of the ring.

## ANNOUNCER

Floozies and degenerates -- Welcome to the biggest fight of the atomic age. Tonight we're going to find out who is the real king of rock and roll in this no-holds-barred fight to the death.

The audience cheers. Bad-Eyed Elvis smiles at Peggy Sue.

## ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

Here's what you've all been waiting for -- In the corner to my right, the challenger, wearing pink trunks, black glasses, and a negligee...

The crowd laughs.

## ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

At six foot one and one hundred an' sixty-five pounds, all the way from Lubbock -- The Wimp from West Texas, Buddy Holly!

The audience boos. Bad-Eyed Elvis flips Buddy the finger.

## ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

In the far corner, wearing black Speedos -- standing at six feet and weighing in at one hundred and seventy pounds -- the undefeated chart-busting champion of the world and the king of Las Vegas -- The Memphis Master of Disaster, Mister Elvis Presley!

The crowd goes wild.

The REFEREE motions to both fighters to step to the center of the ring. Buddy takes off the negligee and throws it into the front row.

Bad-Eyed Elvis and Buddy step nose to nose and stare hard into each other's eyes.

## ARENA RAFTERS

Evel watches them through his sniper scope.

## BOXING RING

The referee steps up to the two fighters.

REFEREE

Look, there're no rules, so whoever  
dies first loses.

BAD-EYED ELVIS

That's you, Buddy.

REFEREE

Now go back to your corners and  
come out fighting.

They return to their corners.

RED

Make it look pretty, E.

BAD-EYED ELVIS

Don't I always?

The bell rings. Bad-Eyed Elvis steps forward and assumes a karate stance. Buddy steps to one side and clocks him hard with a right hook. Bad-Eyed Elvis falls backwards to the canvas spread-eagle and out cold.

Everyone's in shock.

## ARENA RAFTERS

Evel, surprised, fumbles with his rifle and takes aim.

## BOXING RING

Bad-Eyed Elvis twitches on the canvas then bursts out laughing.

BAD-EYED ELVIS

I got you, dummy. You should see  
the look on your face.

(pause)

You wish.

## ARENA RAFTERS

Evel lowers his rifle.

## BOXING RING

Bad-Eyed Elvis stands, takes a bow, and flexes his muscles to a cheering audience.

BAD-EYED ELVIS

(to crowd)

I'm like James Dean, twisted steel  
and sex appeal!

(to Buddy)

Nobody can rip through the scenery  
like Elvis does.

BUDDY

True, but you're not Elvis.

BAD-EYED ELVIS

You're gonna be trading your guitar  
in for a harp real soon.

BUDDY

That'll be the day.

Bad-Eyed Elvis is now all business. His lightning jab stings Buddy's face repeatedly.

Buddy steps in with a bone crushing right that crashes against Bad-Eyed Elvis' blind eye, followed by an uppercut to the liver that causes Bad-Eyed Elvis to cringe and stumble back in disbelief.

Buddy rushes at him fast and furious, bombarding his midsection with sledgehammer hooks.

Bad-Eyed Elvis, out of breath and off balance, delivers a straight kick to Buddy's stomach.

BAD-EYED ELVIS

Buddy, you're an inspiration to  
bespectacled nerds worldwide.

He sidesteps Buddy's left hook and delivers a quick right cross that throws him into the ropes. Buddy uses the spring of the ropes to bounce back and side-kicks him in the chest. The blow sends Bad-Eyed Elvis backwards across the ring and onto the canvas.

## RINGSIDE

A man hits a bell with a hammer. End of round one.



## BOXING RING

Red steps in and helps Bad-Eyed Elvis to his feet, but Bad-Eyed Elvis pushes him away.

BAD-EYED ELVIS

Get off me, Red!

Bad-Eyed Elvis doesn't sit, he stands and clowns with the spectators to prove he isn't hurt.

Buddy walks to his corner, he's bloodied and the left lens on his glasses is cracked.

## ARENA RAFTERS

Through his sniper scope, Evel looks at the damage to Buddy's face then watches Bad-Eyed Elvis fool around with the audience.

## BUDDY'S CORNER

Buddy takes a seat.

BUDDY

(to Cassius)

How am I doin' kid?

CASSIUS

Better than I thought.

(whispers)

Keep your left up.

## ARENA RAFTERS

Evel watches Red pull Bad-Eyed Elvis aside. He hands Bad-Eyed Elvis the lead weights.

## BOXING RING

Red and Bad-Eyed Elvis huddle.

BAD-EYED ELVIS

I thought I made myself clear, I...

RED

Stop fooling around, just end this.

Bad-Eyed Elvis grips the lead hard in his hands and nods.

The bell rings.

Bad-Eyed Elvis comes out with a flurry of karate kicks. Buddy skillfully blocks them all, then rages in with a blinding combination. Bad-Eyed Elvis releases a monstrous uppercut that sends Buddy into the air and flat on his back.

The crowd goes nuts.

Buddy, rattled and bloody, grabs the ropes and pulls himself up.

Bad-Eyed Elvis rips in with a ceaseless stream of punches. Buddy takes a merciless beating but remains standing.

The bell rings.

Buddy, punch drunk, walks back to his corner.

CASSIUS

I told you to keep that left up.

BUDDY

Seems like his punches got a lot harder.

Buddy pulls out a loose tooth and lights a smoke.

Bad-Eyed Elvis' corner works on cleaning his cuts.

The bell rings, fighters advance.

BAD-EYED ELVIS

This is it, Buddy, I'm not playin' around with you anymore. Look what you've done to my face.

BUDDY

Your face has always been birth control.

BAD ELVIS

One way or another you're dead by the end of this round.

He holds up three fingers high in the air.

ARENA RAFTERS

Evel notices and gets Buddy in his sniper sight.

## BOXING RING

Buddy throws a hook to Bad-Eyed Elvis' jaw then backs him into his corner with rapid punches to the face.

Bad-Eyed Elvis cuts loose with a huge right cross to the left side of Buddy's face. Blood sprays from Buddy's mouth and nose, he staggers back but recovers quickly.

The audience looks surprised.

Both fighters grind away, each taking a beating.

The bell rings - they keep fighting.

Bad-Eyed Elvis' corner is frantic. Red motions to Evel in the rafters to shoot Buddy.

RED  
(to Evel)  
Put his ass down!

Bad-Eyed Elvis cuts loose with pure savagery. Buddy is driven against the ropes and receives a devastating beating... then drops to the canvas and sits. He looks for a familiar face in the crowd, but everything is distorted.

RED (CONT'D)  
E, end this !

Bad-Eyed Elvis looks around, reaches through the ropes and grabs the hammer from the man ringing the bell.

BAD-EYED ELVIS  
(to Buddy)  
You're not big enough to walk in my blue suede shoes. Honeymoon's over, Buddy.

He raises the hammer high over Buddy's head.

The hammer is shot out of his hand.

BAD-EYED ELVIS (CONT'D)  
Who the fuck did that?!

## ARENA RAFTERS

Evel lowers his smoldering rifle and smiles.

## BOXING RING

Bad-Eyed Elvis looks around, confused. Buddy still sits dazed on the canvas.

## BOXING ARENA

The entrance doors burst open and zombies swarm in attacking those nearest. The place erupts into madness. Red and Bad-Eyed Elvis lock eyes.

BAD-EYED ELVIS

Go!

Red jumps off the boxing ring and dashes through the crowd toward the zombies.

## ARENA RAFTERS

Evel holds Buddy's Winchester high in the air.

EVEL

Buddy!

## BOXING RING

Buddy looks up and reaches out his hand.

## ARENA RAFTERS

The Winchester quivers in Evel's hand then launches from his grip and heads for the:

## BOXING RING

The Winchester bolts to Buddy's hand. He stands, twirls, and cocks the rifle, then points it at Bad-Eyed Elvis.

A group of TCB guards protectively surround Bad-Eyed Elvis. Buddy shoots all the guards. Peggy Sue runs for the nearest exit. She's quickly eaten by zombies.

BUDDY

(to Bad-Eyed Elvis)

Get on your knees and put your hands behind your head.

Bad-Eyed Elvis complies.

BAD-EYED ELVIS

Look what you've done to my boxing arena.

BUDDY

Send the bill to my business manager.

The crowd, fleeing the zombies, crawls into the ring.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

(to Cassius)

How 'bout some help, kid?

Cassius steps in and fends off the rush of spectators with his boxing skills.

CASSIUS

(to Buddy)

I never thought my first fight in this ring was gonna be like this.

The zombies abruptly stop and stand at attention. Maria, Jack, Ellwood, and Real Elvis make their way through the carnage to the ring.

ELLWOOD

The cavalry has arrived.

He notices Bad-Eyed Elvis' disfigured eye.

ELLWOOD (CONT'D)

Every day is Halloween.

Jack readies his Tommy guns on the remaining TCB guards.

JACK

(to Buddy)

Hey cat daddy, what's shakin'?

On an upper level, Sparky stands with Otto. Sparky waves to Buddy and points to the remote control. Maria and Real Elvis step into the ring and approach Buddy.

MARIA

Hello Buddy.

BUDDY

Are you alright?

She moves into his arms.

MARIA

I am now.

REAL ELVIS

This is my show now, Buddy.

He steps into center ring and addresses the crowd.

REAL ELVIS (CONT'D)

Good people of Las Vegas, listen up.

He points to Bad Elvis.

REAL ELVIS (CONT'D)

This man is an imposter. This is my twin brother Jesse.

(pause)

I am the real Elvis Presley.

Bad-Eyed Elvis stands while Buddy keeps his rifle trained on him.

BAD-EYED ELVIS

Bullshit! He's the impostor, he's the villain of this drama, not me.

REAL ELVIS

I can prove it.

He looks directly at Bad-Eyed Elvis.

REAL ELVIS (CONT'D)

Sing!

BAD-EYED ELVIS

I... I can't.

He points to Buddy.

BAD-EYED ELVIS (CONT'D)

Um, he hit me in the throat.

REAL ELVIS

(to the crowd)

Have you ever heard him sing?

(pause)

Even one note?

(pause)

He can't sing... but I can.

Real Elvis breaks into a beautiful a cappella rendition of one of his songs. The crowd is mesmerized.

JACK

Now what?

BUDDY  
Let's go home.

ELLWOOD  
Where's home?

BUDDY  
Beats the hell outta me, Mister  
Boyd.

He clicks his heels together three times.

A warning buzzer sounds over:

INT. SINGLE-ENGINED AIRPLANE (OVER CLEAR LAKE IOWA) - NIGHT

Buddy, asleep, wakes up.

The PILOT fights to keep the plane in the air.

PILOT  
We're going down! We're going down!

The plane careens through the air and crashes in a snowy corn field.

EXT. SNOWY CORNFIELD (IOWA) - NIGHT

What's left of a mangled airplane bursts into flames.

A wedding photo of Buddy and Maria burns in the wreckage.

Rod Serling steps in.

ROD SERLING  
Witness, February 3rd, 1959, the  
day the music died. An enigma half  
buried in the snow, a question mark  
with broken wings that lies in  
silent grace as a marker in an Iowa  
cornfield shrine. Odd how the real  
consorts with the shadows, how the  
present fuses with the past. How  
does that happen? The question is  
on file in the annals of music  
history, and the answer? Well, your  
guess is as good as mine.

He walks away.

FADE OUT.

