

DIXIE - SIDE 1

SCENE 5

1953 RIVERSIDE PARK

(lights up...ELVIS and DIXIE are sitting on the trunk of a car, along with a bunch of other parked cars... "Earth Angel" plays on the car radio, ELVIS has his guitar on...)

START

DIXIE

Well, did she like it?

ELVIS

Did who like what, baby?

DIXIE

Your mama. Did she like the record?

ELVIS

Not sure. She hasn't stopped playin' it long enough to tell me if she did or not.

DIXIE

Well, she has good taste.

(They move in to kiss. Elvis' guitar gets in the way. DIXIE has to work around it to reach his lips.)

You're not plannin' on takin' that thing to my prom, are you?

ELVIS

Hey, you should be happy I didn't get the bike I wanted. 'Cause that thing could *really* get in the way.

(They chuckle)

DIXIE

So lemme ask you. Why'd you choose that place to record? There are plenty of places in Memphis where you can record a song. Most cheaper than \$4.00.

ELVIS

Well. I dunno, Dix. Maybe this is selfish but...I wanted to make a record for mama, but also...I was recordin' for myself, too, you know? Sam Phillips...well...he's got this way of makin' records sound. I've dug his sound since I was a kid. I thought if I could get him to hear me, maybe he'd wanna use me to make something...different.

DIXIE

Well then, you best be expandin' your repertoire because you ain't gonna be different by singin' The Inkspots. And if you do make something of it, I expect to be paid back for the 19 cents I gave ya.

ELVIS

You got it but, I can do more than just the Inkspots.

(ELVIS starts to play his guitar)

END

#3 GOOFIN' AROUND MEDLEY

You like a little Fisk-Jubilee old-time spiritual, well, you've come to the right place.

SWING LOW, SWEET CHARIOT
COMING FOR TO CARRY ME HOME
SWING LOW, SWEET CHARIOT
COMING FOR TO CARRY ME

HOME, HOME ON THE RANGE
WHERE THE DEER AND THE ANTELOPE PLAY

Nobody knows what they were playin', baby.

WHERE SELDOM IS HEARD
'XCEPT A FART FROM THIS BIRD
SO I DAMN SURE GOT OUT OF HIS WAY

Or we can set sail for beautiful Italia with Enrico Caruso.

DIXIE

Who?

ELVIS

Caruso? Everyone knows Caruso.

MY RIGATONI
TASTES LIKE BALONEY
NOBODY CARE-A
FOR MY MARINARA

(DIXIE is amused and in love...ELVIS is hamming it up and dancing around while OTHERS watch laughing along)

IF YOU LIKE SPAGHETTI

DIXIE - SIDE 2

YOU'D BETTER GET READY

START

(SCOTTY MOORE enters looking around...ELVIS backs into him and the music stops)

SCOTTY

Dear God, please tell me you're not Elvis Presley.

ELVIS

(in shock)

I am.

SCOTTY

Shit.

(beat)

Listen man, I'm—

ELVIS

Scotty Moore. I know who you are, Mr. Moore. Dix, this is Scotty Moore. He plays guitar for a bunch of Mr. Phillips's records.

DIXIE

Hello, Mr. Moore.

SCOTTY

So, Mr. Phillips heard the record you made and he wants you to come down and play a little for him. You, me, and some of the fellas have got to work out a few songs to show him. He wants to see if you're more than just a croonin' hairdo.

(SCOTTY looks at ELVIS...makes a face)

So, can ya be at my house tomorrow night? Say seven?

ELVIS

Sure I can. Sure I can.

(ELVIS over-eagerly shakes hands with SCOTTY)

SCOTTY

Okay, okay. No need to make a big deal about it.

(SCOTTY begins to leave)

ELVIS

Mr. Moore.

SCOTTY

Scotty.

ELVIS

Scotty...how'd you know I'd be here?

SCOTTY

Simple. This is where all the delinquents hang out.

(SCOTTY exits)

DIXIE

Oh my goodness!

ELVIS

(overlapping)

OH MY GODDNESS, Dix! Do you have any idea what this means?

DIXIE

Sure do. You're gonna owe me 19 cents.

END

DIXIE - SIDE 3

ELVIS

Ms. Fessler, what are you doing here? Who's watching the recording studio?

SAM

No one. First day in history Sun Records is closed.

MARION

It's not every day we get one of our local boys on the Hayride. We weren't going to miss it for the world, were we Dixie?

STAGE MANAGER

Everyone...please, we need you off the stage!

SAM

Alright. Here we go.

ELVIS

Mr. Phillips, can I have two minutes?

SAM

Oh lord...two minutes, son. Then backstage. This is an important night!

ELVIS

Yes sir.

(ALL exit leaving ELVIS and DIXIE alone on stage)

START

DIXIE

Surprise.

ELVIS

You're incredible. You drove all the way over?

DIXIE

When your high school sweetheart's playin' the Hayride, aint nothing gonna stop a girl from bein' there.

ELVIS

I feel like my heart is gonna jump outta my chest.

DIXIE

All for little ol' me?

ELVIS

I'm serious Dix. This isn't my usual crowd. What if they hate me?

DIXIE

You're cute when you're nervous.

ELVIS

Come on. I'm serious.

DIXIE

And you're cute when you're serious. How did I get so lucky?

(she tousles his hair – ELVIS grabs her wrist and wraps his arms around her then softly in her ear)

ELVIS

Whatdoyasay we get out of here. Just...disappear. Don't tell anyone. Go right out that door, down to the preacher, get married, and start our normal lives together.

(DIXIE doesn't know if she should take him seriously, then takes ELVIS and kisses him...he looks her in the eye)

DIXIE

Hmmmm. Not a chance. You been dreamin' 'bout this your whole life. Just promise me one thing.

ELVIS

What's that?

DIXIE

Nothin's gonna change you from being my cute, truck drivin', delivery boy.

ELVIS

Never.

(DIXIE smiles...beat)

DIXIE

Elvis? *(he turns back to her)*. They're gonna love you...just like..."I do."

(ELVIS smiles and before he can respond, SAM enters)

END

~~STAGE MANAGER~~

~~Miss, Off the stage--Over here, over here with the rest of the girls.~~

~~*(DIXIE is whisked to the side of the stage without regard. Then to the*~~