

## **ONE NIGHT OUTSIDE THE ASTRO BURGER ON ROUTE 64 IN ARKANSAS**

a semi drives away, leaving a man who looks suspiciously like ELVIS at the restaurant, wearing sunglasses, and a white jump suit with a short cape.

### **INSIDE THE ASTRO BURGER**

a trucker, known as RAMBLIN MAN, sits at a table with a cup of coffee, the only customer in the restaurant.

Elvis enters and goes to the counter.

Ramblin Man opens a small bottle of pills and pops several in his mouth then washes them down with coffee.

### **AT THE COUNTER**

Elvis looks over the menu selections.

ELVIS

Yeah. Give me a Fatty Fat. One of them chocolaty chocolate shakes. And some home fries.

WAITRESS

(Chewing gum)

We just have skinny fries.

The waitress pauses as she considers her customer's portly build.

ELVIS

Then I guess you better give me two of 'em.

### **AT A TABLE**

Elvis is working his way through his skinny fries when Ramblin Man steps up to his table.

RAMBLIN

You gonna be needin' a lift?

### **EAST ON ROUTE 64**

Ramblin's eighteen-wheeler roars down the road, the sound of The Allman Brothers *Ramblin Man* plays

### **INSIDE THE CAB**

at a deafening volume.

As Ramblin sings along, Elvis eats his Fatty Fat Burger and his skinny fries.

RAMBLIN

(Shouting over the music)  
 So tell me. Why the fat Elvis? I mean, you got your hillbilly Elvis. Your Viva Las Vegas Elvis. Your Blue Hawaii Elvis. Your black leather comeback Elvis. Of all the Elvis's to choose from, of all the Kings, why on God's green earth did you pick the fat one?

Elvis looks up, fries spilling down his shirt.

A bright BALL OF LIGHT passes over the truck and shoots down the road, disappearing over the horizon.

The trucks engine stalls, the lights go out and it rolls to a stop.

Ramblin looks at Elvis, a fist full of fries lodged in his mouth.

RAMBLIN

You see that?

Ramblin's voice fades away as the BALL OF LIGHT reappears over the horizon and approaches the truck.

#### **OUTSIDE THE TRUCK**

The ball of light hovers for a moment, lands in the middle of the road, then dims to reveal a SAUCER SHAPED CRAFT.

Elvis and Ramblin step in front of the truck.

RAMBLIN

Lord, they ain't never gonna believe this. They're gonna do a blood test. A background check. And you? Of all the hitchhikers I could of picked up, I had to pick up the one ain't nobody gonna believe?

Elvis slips on a pair of rhinestone sunglasses and starts off toward the ship.

Ramblin follows warily.

A large hatch on the ship opens, creating a ramp onto the road.

Elvis and Ramblin stop.

It is quiet for a moment, then a loud RUMBLING begins.

The ground begins to shake beneath the two men.

Three circular lights appear in the doorway.

RAMBLIN

You ready for this?

ELVIS

I was born ready.

The lights move down the ramp and out onto the road.

Ramblin shields his eyes against the light.

Elvis smiles behind his rhinestone shades.

The three lights stop in a line, one next to the other.

Behind the lights are three Harley-Davidson motorcycles.

On top of the motorcycles are three dark FIGURES.

The center figure raises his arm.

His companions rev their engines.

The sound is deafening, then the leader drops his arm and there is silence.

The lights on the bikes fade out and the lead figure leans forward on his handlebars and for the first time his face is revealed.

It is not human. This is a NWABALAN.

His skin is deep blue, his eyes are huge, his features are exotically stunning.

He is wearing blue jeans, boots and a black leather jacket.

The lead NWABALAN biker reaches his gloved hand into his jacket pocket and pulls out a small silver object.

ALIEN

Mr. Presley. You are a sight for sore eyes.

ELVIS

Why, thank you. Thank you very much.