

## #8 Cookie, Elvis

ELVIS: *(Looks around.)* Nice place you got here.

COOKIE: Thanks. This your first time in these parts?

ELVIS: Sure is. I'm headed to Clovis, New Mexico and then on to Tupelo, Mississippi. My Mama lives there and I sure do miss her.

COOKIE: What do you do back there?

ELVIS: Oh, I sing and dance a little. Play some guitar.

COOKIE: We just had a big-time singer in here. Johnny Jerome. You know him?

ELVIS: Oh, sure. Not my kind of music, though. I play rock 'n' roll.

COOKIE: Never heard of it, unless it's already in that old juke box I got back in '49.

ELVIS: Rock-n-Roll is where it's at! You will hear all about it soon enough. You definitely will.

COOKIE: Can I get you something to eat?

ELVIS: Maybe. I'm running late for a recording session. Can you make something fast?

COOKIE: Not anymore.

ELVIS: What do you mean?

COOKIE: There was a guy in here who had the all-you-can-eat special. And I do mean "all."

ELVIS: What about this sandwich here? *(Indicates the leftover sandwich.)*

COOKIE: *(Grabs the plate.)* Oh, you don't want that! I just threw a bunch of junk together.

ELVIS: *(Grabs the other side of the plate.)* Now wait a minute. Before you take that thing away, at least let me try a bite.

COOKIE: Are you sure?

ELVIS: Believe me, I'm so hungry I could eat a horse, saddle and all.

COOKIE: Yeah, well, you might wish you had the saddle after taking a bite of this.

ELVIS: Let me be the judge of that. *(COOKIE lets go of the plate and ELVIS takes a big bite of the sandwich.)* Mmm! You know, this may be the best sandwich I've ever tasted.

COOKIE: Really?

ELVIS: Oh, yeah. What's in this?

COOKIE: Just some peanut butter, bananas, and bacon.

ELVIS: Well, what do you know? That's all my favorite things! I may just have to start making these at home.

COOKIE: Do you want to take it with you?

ELVIS: Sure. What do I owe you?

COOKIE: Nothing. I'm just glad to get rid of it.

ELVIS: Well, thank you Ma'am. Thank you very much. *(Crosses LEFT with the sandwich.)*

COOKIE: Hey, what's your name? In case you ever become famous.

ELVIS: Name's Elvis. Elvis Presley.

COOKIE: Well, it's been nice meeting you, Elvis.

ELVIS: Why thank you!. *(Starts to EXIT LEFT.)* And Ma'am, before I go- let me play you a little something I'm on my way to record, so you'll know it's me when you hear it on the radio. This one is for you Ookie!

Cookie: My name is ... oh nevermind! *(She laughs, Elvis plays and sings "Blue Suede Shoes". The cast enters to dance while he plays. After he finishes, everyone except Cookie, follows him off right.)*

COOKIE: (COOKIE speaks to the audience) **Elvis has left the building.** (Beat) What kind of name is "Elvis" anyway? *(Shakes head and returns to cleaning the counter and whistling. LIGHTS FADE to BLACK.)*