

NEW GRACELAND

by Christian Ward

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INT. EMMA E. BOOKER ELEMENTARY SCHOOL, CLASSROOM - DAY.

PRESIDENT GEORGE W. BUSH (55) perches awkwardly on a child's chair in front of a class of SECOND GRADERS. Teacher SANDRA KAY DANIELS (45) prepares the kids to read from their books.

SANDRA
Fingers under the title. Go.

SCHOOL CHILDREN
The - Pet - Goat.

Sandra taps the book in time with each word.

SANDRA
Good. Now -- read it the fast way.

SCHOOL CHILDREN
A - girl - got - a - pet - goat...

Bush taps along on his copy of the book, enjoying himself.

Nearby, White House Chief of Staff ANDY CARD (54) and White House Press Secretary ARI FLEISCHER (41) watch their boss.

ARI
First book he's read since The Twelve Steps.

Andy's not amused. Ari gets a cellphone text alert.

ANDY
(re: text message)
The fuck?

This is said too loud. The School Children stop reading. Bush glares. The assembled PRESS CORPS snap energetically.

ANDY
(hissing at Ari)
Watch your mouth.

Ari whispers in Andy's ear. Andy's a total pro -- doesn't react, just takes it in, then heads over to Bush.

SCHOOL CHILDREN
The - goat - did - some - things
- that - made - her - dad - mad.

Andy bends down to speak to Bush -- that famous 9/11 shot. Bush stares straight ahead, taking in the news.

INT. BOOKER ELEMENTARY, LIBRARY - MOMENTS LATER.

Bush sits with his feet up on a table, grinning.

BUSH

Condi put you up to this? She's
such a kidder.

Andy and Ari hover -- Andy rigid and stony-faced, Ari like an
eager bunny about to explode in excitement.

ANDY

Mueller's confirmed it.

BUSH

Come on -- Johnny Knoxville's
gonna jump me any second, right?

ANDY

All the intel points to --

ARI

You watch Jackass?

BUSH

You kiddin'? Steve-O's my boy.

ARI

You see the one where he ripped
his ball-sack --?

Andy, exasperated, bangs his fist down on the desk.

ANDY

You have any idea the magnitude
of this? He really pulled it off.

Bush and Ari exchange naughty boy looks.

BUSH

Okay, okay. And I'm hearing about
this now?

ANDY

We had to be sure.

BUSH

And you're sure? Like -- sure as
I am Jeb's a retard, sure?

ARI

Sure as your ratings are circling
the bowl, and this is just what
we need to send 'em skyrocketing.

Bush shakes his head in disbelief.

BUSH

Holy shit. Elvis...?

Ari gets a call on his cellphone, answers.

ARI
(re: the phonecall)
Jesus fucking Christ.

BUSH
What now?

CUT TO BLACK

INT. PLANE - DAY.

Still BLACK. OVER: Sounds of A PLANE IN FLIGHT. Two panicked ARAB MALE VOICES. [The following in Arabic, subtitled].

MAN ONE
Where the fuck are we?

MAN TWO
Quiet! Let me --

MAN ONE
Turn around. Turn it!

The sounds of BANGING ON A DOOR, MUFFLED SHOUTS.

MAN ONE
Where the fuck are we???

MAN TWO
Wait! There --

MAN ONE
What?

MAN TWO
There!!

MAN ONE
Is it --?

MAN TWO
Must be --

MAN ONE
The White House?

MAN TWO
It's fucking white isn't it?

The BANGING gets more frenzied.

MAN ONE
Go, go, go!

Sounds of the PLANE DESCENDING FAST, SHOUTS, SCREAMS --

INT. FBI SAFE HOUSE, MEMPHIS - DAY.

FREDDIE FREEMAN (60s) sits on the floor of a sparse room, eyes closed, meditating. He's wearing a thin white robe, covering a heavy but muscular physique -- and he's bald.

Watching him from across the room is FBI SPECIAL AGENT DEANNA HICKS (27), Black, a Bureau rookie, impeccably put-together.

Freddie finishes his meditation, opens his eyes.

DEANNA
Learn that in Tibet?

FREDDIE
Ladakh.

DEANNA
Right -- Ladakh. And where the hell's that?

FREDDIE
A long way from anywhere.

Freddie starts to do yoga -- downward dog, etc.

DEANNA
Convenient.

Freddie looks over at her quizzically.

DEANNA
Whole lot harder to corroborate your story, right?

Freddie gets her meaning, goes back to his yoga.

FREDDIE
You should try this. Would help with your anger.

DEANNA
(tightly coiled)
I'm fine.

Freddie finishes his yoga routine and begins to stretch.

FREDDIE
You doubt me.

DEANNA
Hell yeah I doubt you.

FREDDIE
Yet here you are.

DEANNA

Rather be anywhere else, trust me. Didn't join the Bureau to babysit fantasists.

Freddie stands. Nods towards the door of the room.

FREDDIE

All you gotta to do is unlock it.

Deanna instinctively places her hand on her holstered gun.

DEANNA

This is all a crock of shit -- but I got my orders.

Freddie holds his hands out to her. She grips her gun harder.

FREDDIE

I just want to go home. Don't you want to go home?

INT. GRACELAND, JUNGLE ROOM - DAY.

Fake grass on the floor, fake palm trees, fake leopard-skin sofas. GARRETT BOYD (50s), head of the Elvis Presley Estate, stands in the middle of the room, arms wide, beaming.

GARRETT

Riyadh.

Sitting on the sofa is Tennessee Governor JERRY WALDEN (50s). A Graceland STAFFER lays down a selection of pastries on a coffee table in front of him. Jerry greedily grabs one.

JERRY

(mid-chew of Danish)
Riyadh?

GARRETT

It's in Saudi Arabia.

Standing behind Jerry is his Press Officer (and general dogsbody) EVERETT "DUKE" TWOMEY (35) -- ill-fitting suit, bad haircut, stink of failure hanging all around him.

DUKE

Governor knows where Riyadh is.

Jerry's irritated, swats Duke away.

JERRY

Can it, Duke.
(to Garrett)
I know where Riyadh is.

GARRETT
 Lot of Elvis fans in Saudi
 Arabia.

Duke snorts derisively. Garrett doubles down.

GARRETT
 Call him the Sheik of Shimmy.

DUKE
 Hell they do.

JERRY
 (to Duke, annoyed)
 Will you --!
 (to Garrett)
 Sorry 'bout my so-called VP of
 Comms. Comms! Ten years in the
 same job, and he still don't know
 when his flaps should open and
 when to keep 'em shut.

Garrett smirks at Duke, nods towards the coffee table.

GARRETT
 Get yourself a mimosa, Duke.

Jerry, alerted to the mimosas, eagerly reaches for one.

DUKE
 It's eight in the morning.

Duke sees Jerry finishing off his mimosa. Jerry, embarrassed,
 slams his glass down on the table.

JERRY
 (to Garrett)
 What's any of this gotta do with
 the price of longhorns? We here
 about your expansion, ain't we?

Duke's cellphone buzzes in his hand. He flips it open.

Text message: Im outside

Duke looks panicked. Taps away on the phone.

GARRETT
 What's to discuss? Your office
 got us by the balls. No tax
 exemptions, no expansion.

Duke finishes his text.

Text message: Not now!!!

GARRETT
 So... we got some new ideas.

INT. FBI SAFE HOUSE, MEMPHIS - DAY.

Freddie's watching TV, flicking between channels. Stops on a Pepsi commercial starring Britney Spears. He's mesmerised.

FREDDIE
Who is that?

DEANNA
(rolling her eyes)
Gimme a break.

Deanna's cellphone rings, she answers.

DEANNA
(into phone)
Special Agent Deanna.

Her face tightens as she listens. Grabs the channel changer from Freddie, flicks frantically until she lands on CNN.

On the screen: news footage of the World Trade Centre after the second plane has hit. Deanna watches in shock.

DEANNA
(into phone)
I'm watching...

Freddie observes the TV report. Noting Deanna is absorbed on her call, he sneaks behind her. Quietly reaches into her jacket hanging on her chair, and retrieves the room key.

With Deanna still distracted, he unlocks the door and exits.

INT. GRACELAND, JUNGLE ROOM - LATER.

Garrett switches on a flat screen TV attached to the wall behind him. It reveals a series of photo mock-ups of Graceland in Riyadh surrounded by gleaming skyscrapers.

JERRY
The hell is this? You gonna build
another Graceland in Saudi
Arabia?

Duke gets a new text.

Text message: U dont do this Ill...

A beat as the texter decides what they'll do. Then --

Text message: SHIT ON THE LAWN

Duke snaps his phone shut.

GARRETT
No.

Garrett touches the wall of the room, reverentially.

GARRETT

This one. We'll dismantle it,
brick by brick, and put it all
back together -- here.

Garrett taps the TV screen.

GARRETT

Leaving nothing in Memphis but a
\$60 million per year black hole.

DUKE

Jerry?

Jerry, rage rising at Garrett's blackmail, swats him away.

DUKE

Mr Walden -- sir -- I gotta --

JERRY

What? Got somewhere better to be?

(to Garrett)

I swear, I sometimes wonder what
the point of him is. I know how
to speak for myself don't I? If I
wanted someone to hee and haw
behind me every time I go out,
I'd buy myself an ass.

(to Duke)

Go play outside, you goddamn ass.

Duke, thoroughly humiliated, slips out of the room.

Jerry goes up to the TV screen, gazes at the pictures of
Graceland in Riyadh. Then turns to Garrett and chuckles.

JERRY

No way Lisa-Marie and Priscilla
gonna agree to this.

GARRETT

I run the Presley Estate. They do
what I say. Anyway, ask 'em
yourself -- they'll be here any
minute.

EXT. GRACELAND MANSION - MOMENTS LATER.

Duke heads outside, makes a call on his cellphone. Hears
another cellphone ringing from... above? Looks up to find
LYLA REEVES (22), skinny live-wire, up a tree.

DUKE

The hell you doing?

LYLA

You promised Duke, you promised
you'd get me in his bedroom.

DUKE

C'mon -- no one gets upstairs.

LYLA

You said --

DUKE

Christ Lyla, I was just --
shootin' my mouth off.

LYLA

Oh, I get it. "Mr Big Shot works
for the governor I can get you
upstairs in Graceland baby how
'bout you suck me off?"
Motherfucker.

Lyla holds up a pair of handcuffs.

LYLA

You don't get me in, I'm cuffing
myself to this here tree.

DUKE

C'mon. Easier to launch goddamn
nuclear warheads than get into
Elvis's bedroom. Only Lisa-Marie
and Priscilla can --

LYLA

So go ask 'em.

DUKE

What? They ain't even here --

A limo drives past them and stops outside the mansion. Lyla
sees two women get out -- LISA-MARIE and PRISCILLA PRESLEY.

LYLA

Liar.

Lyla, craning to see the Presley ladies, leans too far and
falls out of the tree. Hits the ground hard.

DUKE

Holy shit, you alright --?

Duke leans down to help -- and she socks him one. He goes
down. She scrambles up, starts running towards the mansion.

LYLA

Lisa-Marie! Priscilla!

Duke staggers to his feet, races after her.

Lisa-Marie and Priscilla turn to see what all the fuss is. Before they can spot Lyla, Duke tackles her to the ground. The Presley women turn back and enter Graceland.

DUKE

Enough.

Lyla grabs Twomey's cellphone, still in his hand.

LYLA

I'm callin' your wife.

DUKE

Lyla -- wait a minute --

Lyla pulls away from him. She flips the phone open and starts searching Duke's contacts.

LYLA

Lotta calls to "Clara".

DUKE

Now you listen --

Lyla presses "Call". Duke, panicking, lunges for her. She dodges him and runs off towards Elvis Presley Boulevard.

LYLA

(shouting into cellphone)

Your husband is a --

But before Lyla can finish her sentence -- the apocalyptic sound of ROARING ENGINES from above.

Duke and Lyla look up as a plane dives down from above.

Duke grabs Lyla, pulls her to the ground, hugs her tight.

The plane passes overhead... and SMASHES into Graceland.

CUT TO BLACK.