

It is bedtime in a Las Vegas hotel- as a VERY overweight HUSBAND sits changing the channels on the TV. There's a picture of a young, sexy ELVIS that sits in a prominent position within this room. Wife enters wearing sexy pajamas and an Elvis wig-(that appears to resemble Elvis's famous pompadour from his early days). Husband moves his gaze from the TV to his wife.

Husband: Hey babe. What's with the pompadour?

Wife: I'm getting ready for the convention tomorrow.

H: Right, but the convention's *tomorrow*-and I'm not interested in sleeping with Elvis tonight.

W: Honey, what happens in Vegas, stays in Vegas. (She smiles)

H: Elvis was a good looking guy-but I was hoping to sleep with my wife tonight-

W: Sleep? I was hoping for more than just sleep tonight- (sexy smile)

H: Then you'd better lose the wig.

W: It took me forty minutes to get it right -

(He ignores her, and goes to remove it, and she slaps his hands away.)

W: Leave it alone! Com'on baby- once we turn off the lights, and we get naked, I'm pretty sure-the hair won't get in the way. Ya know I'm feeling kinda frisky tonight-

(She shuts off the lights... And the room goes dark. And she moves towards the bed.)

W: Maybe I'm channeling the King tonight...

(The room suddenly lights up. Husband stands by the light switch he turned on).

H: I'm afraid that I'll have to stand my ground on this one.

W: What is your problem?! (Laughing) I've never seen you like this.

H: And I've never seen YOU like this (**pointing to the Elvis pomp**)-when we're about to make love-and IT'S FREAKING ME OUT!!!

W: Baby, Have you never heard of role-play?

H: Yes, and if you came out here dressed as a sexy nurse wearing just a stethoscope, or a French maid's outfit with just a feather duster -- then COUNT ME IN-but you're playing Elvis- I mean-- this is **sacrelige**.

W: Sure it is-- iF you *still* worship at the alter of *the King-- but I'm not sure anymore...*

H: Baby,baby, baby... Where did we meet?

W: At the **Viva Las Vegas** convention- ten years to the day.

H: Right. And we were BOTH dressed like Elvis back then.

W: Cause we were BOTH Elvis impersonators at the time..

H: And we both wore the very same outfit--

BOTH: (Remembering) The powder blue jumpsuit with gold sequins...

H: And we both chose the same Elvis song to sing that night--

BOTH: "***Hunk of hunk of burning love.***"

H: And later that night--at the good-bye party we gyrated our hips against one another (Elvis Style) while we danced to a DeeJay playing a medley of his all-time classics...

W: It was as if Elvis had ordained for us to find each other-- And we married in that cute little Vegas chapel later that weekend.

H: Hell, we even had ELVIS perform the wedding.

W: (correcting) A guy dressed like Elvis. And baby, tonight... on our anniversary, I wanted to *bring back the magic.*