

DIANE: Jack, did you look for a job today?

JACK: Baby, I've got a job.

DIANE: I mean, a job...not occasional gigs as an Elvis impersonator. I mean a real full-time job type job.

JACK: But baby, I'm not an Elvis impersonator, I'm an Elvis imitator. I told you this.

DIANE: Jack, please. We've already been through this. You need to make more money.

JACK: I'm bringing home some bacon honey, right?

DIANE: Oh yeah, you're bringing home some bacon alright. Do you have any idea what our expenses were last month?

JACK: Well, I have an idea-

DIANE: Fourteen hundred sixty three dollars and ninety-eight cents. That's how much.

JACK: Oh, okay.

DIANE: And do you know how much you contributed to that total?

JACK: Um,...I'd guess about...half? Like seven hundred or so?

DIANE: Jack, you made \$250 last month. \$250! And that was from doing your Elvis thing in 2 shows! And it was more or less the same the month before that and even less the month before that.

JACK: Well, I'll make more. I promise. I've got the bachelorette party this weekend and I've got some other gigs lined up for next month. Diane, this is really starting to take off! Just wait honey, you'll see.

DIANE: Jack, you've said all this stuff before.

JACK: I know, but it's really happening now Di. I can feel it.

DIANE: Jack, it's not.

JACK: But it will!

DIANE: And what if it doesn't? Then what?

JACK: Then...then, I'll get a job. A real job, like you said.

DIANE: Jack, we had nearly the exact same conversation 6 months ago.

JACK: Diane, you know how important this is to me. I need this. I mean, I really need this. I feel like I might be on the cusp of some greatness. Something big is about to happen for me, I can feel it. I've got the show at the Blue Star nightclub next month and there's supposed to be industry people like agents and managers there all the time.

DIANE: And what? You think you're going to be discovered as an Elvis impersonator? In this day and age? Honey, I'm sorry but nobody's gives a shit. Elvis died like what, 40 years ago? The King is dead baby, move on please!

JACK: Imitator! I told you imitator! Calling it an impersonator makes it sound like I'm a drag queen or something! You belittle it, you belittle me and you...YOU! You belittle The King of Rock and Roll! Yeah he's dead, he's dead! But not forgotten baby, not forgotten.

DIANE: Jack, you're being ridiculous. Sit down please.

JACK: This is my dream Diane. Do you really wanna kill my dream?

DIANE: No Jack. I don't want to kill your dream. I just want you to be realistic.

JACK: I've gotta follow that dream wherever that dream may lead Diane. I've gotta follow that dream to find the love I need.

DIANE: Jack,...those are not even your words.

JACK: What?

DIANE: Those are not your words. Those are lyrics.

JACK: They are?

DIANE: They are lyrics from a song,...from a stupid fucking Elvis movie! Not that ANY of his movies were any fucking good!

JACK: What?! What movie?!

DIANE: Um, oh, I don't know... could it be Follow That Fucking Dream, you fucking jerk?!