

The Elvis role is a small one, so I would like to double-cast this actor for two roles, including Detective #2. Both sides are included here.

**ELVIS SIDES**

*Flashback: Memphis, TN, 1953.*

ELVIS: Nice to meet you.

YOUNG ELLA: I.....uh....I.....uh...Nice to meet you too.

*(Awkward pause)*

YOUNG ELLA: You have such a lovely voice. Thank you for sharing it with us today.

ELVIS: Well I sure do appreciate that. Singing's 'bout my favorite thing in the world—specially the gospel of our Lord. You've got a pretty swell voice there yourself, miss.

YOUNG ELLA: Uh...Thank you. So, how long have you been singing the gospel?

ELVIS: Oh, well, I reckon just about as long as I could talk.  
*(he chuckles)*

*(Awkward pause)*

ELVIS: Well, it was nice to meet you.

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**DETECTIVE #2 SIDES**

DETECTIVE #1: She confirms what the neighbors were sayin', that they were fightin' last night. Somethin' about him wantin' to be Elvis or some shit. Whadda ya got?

DETECTIVE #2: Bananas.

DETECTIVE #1: What? Whadda ya mean bananas?

DETECTIVE #2: I mean I don't think there was any foul play involved here at all. I believe our friend in the commode in there was the victim of a very tragic and freak accident.

DETECTIVE #1: How so?

DETECTIVE #2: Bananas.

DETECTIVE #1: Will you stop saying that! I don't know what the fuck you're talkin' about. You're freakin' me out a little. Now spit it out, will ya?

DETECTIVE #2: She says he wanted to be like Elvis, right? Well, I think he got his wish. Well, at least he died like Elvis.

DETECTIVE #1: Ya mean he died takin' a shit?

DETECTIVE #2: Well, no. But he died IN the shitter at least. And it's the shitter that killed him.

*Detective #1 raises an eyebrow at him*

DETECTIVE #2: Okay, get a load of this. Fried banana and peanut butter sandwich there, right?

DETECTIVE #1: Okay.

DETECTIVE #2: And pieces of banana on the kitchen floor there and another squashed piece of banana just outside the bathroom door there. And the rest of that piece of squashed banana on the sole of his shoe there. I surmise our friend here was stuffin' his face with the sammich on the way to bathroom droppin' pieces as he went. He slips on a piece of banana sammich, down he goes, dashing his head on the side of the commode.

DETECTIVE #1: Did you just say dashing?

DETECTIVE #2: Uh, yeah I guess I did. I don't know why the fuck I said that. I aint never used that word before in my life. Anyway, boom! There it is. There's your blunt force trauma. Death by bananas. Case closed.

DETECTIVE #1: Jesus Christ. Poor bastard.