- PERUSAL PACK -

by Colin Escott and Floyd Mutrux

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Character Ranges

JOHNNY CASH

JERRY LEE LEWIS

DYANNE

ELVIS PRESLEY

CARL PERKINS

*A note from TRW

As is common in Rock and Roll and music--there can be many interpretations of a certain line or phrase. A good portion of the higher notes for the male characters occur in *falsetto* passages and can easily be modified to suit your company's vocal needs.

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On December 4, 1956
Johnny Cash, Jerry Lee Lewis, Carl Perkins, and Elvis Presley
played together for the first and only time, and became the

MILLION DOLLAR QUARTET

by Colin Escott and Floyd Mutrux

INSPIRED BY AN ACTUAL EVENT
Cast of Characters
(in order of appearance)

Brother Jay, mid-twenties--bass player, brother of Carl Perkins

Fluke, mid-twenties--drummer

Jerry Lee Lewis, 20--Rock ‘n’ Roll’s legendary piano prodigy and celebrated Last Man Standing

Sam Phillips, 33--the Father of Rock ‘n’ Roll and founder of Sun Records; discovered Jerry Lee Lewis, Elvis Presley, Johnny Cash, Carl Perkins, and many others, including Roy Orbison and B.B. King; a towering and charismatic figure in American music

Carl Perkins, 24--lead guitar player, the first poet of Rock ‘n’ Roll

Johnny Cash, 24--guitar player, a giant of American music at the dawn of his epic career

Dyanne, mid-twenties--an aspiring singer, Elvis’s girlfriend

Elvis Presley, 21--guitar, the first and still undisputed King of Rock ‘n’ Roll
MILLION DOLLAR QUARTET

SUN RECORDS STUDIO INTERIOR

(as the AUDIENCE enters, they see a dark scrim that fills the proscenium...the following words are painted/projected on this drop)

On December 4, 1956, one man brought Johnny Cash, Jerry Lee Lewis, Carl Perkins, and Elvis Presley to play together for the first and only time.

His name was Sam Phillips...
The place was Sun Records...

That night they made Rock ‘n’ Roll history.

(as the show begins, the lights dim and the words on the scrim burn more brightly)

(FLASHFORWARD BEGINS...a bright shaft of light slams up on CARL PERKINS who is behind the scrim, transporting us into the world of Sam Phillips’s mind’s eye)

#1 BLUE SUEDE SHOES

CARL

WELL, IT’S ONE FOR THE MONEY

(two notes on bass, guitar, drums, piano... tacet...shaft of light comes up on JOHNNY CASH)

JOHNNY

TWO FOR THE SHOW

(two notes on bass, guitar, drums, piano... tacet...light comes up on JERRY LEE LEWIS)

JERRY LEE

THREE TO GET READY

(two notes on bass, guitar, drums, piano... tacet...light comes up on ELVIS PRESLEY)
NOW, GO, CAT, GO

ELVIS

(scrim quickly disappears as concert lighting simultaneously slams up on ALL FOUR...as the song progresses, a spot slowly illuminates SAM PHILLIPS, now in the booth--door closed--watching the proceedings very carefully and working hard on the soundboard to make sure the boys sound their best)

ALL
BUT DON'T YOU STEP ON MY BLUE SUEDE SHOES
WELL YOU CAN DO ANYTHING
BUT LAY OFF A MY BLUE SUEDE SHOES

ELVIS
A YOU CAN KNOCK ME DOWN, STEP ON MY FACE
SLANDER MY NAME ALL OVER THE PLACE

CARL
A DO ANYTHING THAT CHA WANNA DO-UH
BUT UH UH HONEY LAY OFF A MY SHOES

ALL
NOW DON'T YOU STEP ON MY BLUE SUEDE SHOES
WELL YOU CAN DO ANYTHING
BUT LAY OFF A MY BLUE SUEDE SHOES

JOHNNY
C’mon Carl, rock it out now!

(CARL takes guitar solo--one chorus--PHILLIPS is pleased)

JOHNNY
YOU CAN BURN MY HOUSE, STEAL MY CAR
DRINK MY LIQUOR FROM AN OLD FRUIT JAR

JERRY LEE
DO ANYTHING THAT YOU WANNA DO
BUT OH HONEY, STAY OFFA JERRY LEE’S SHOES

ALL
NOW DON'T YOU STEP ON MY BLUE SUEDE SHOES
WELL YOU CAN DO ANYTHING
ALL (CONT’D)

BUT LAY OFF A MY BLUE SUEDE SHOES
WELL IT'S A BLUE, BLUE, BLUE SUEDE SHOES
BLUE, BLUE, BLUE SUEDE SHOES
BLUE, BLUE, BLUE SUEDE SHOES
BLUE, BLUE, BLUE SUEDE SHOES
BLUE, BLUE, BLUE SUEDE SHOES

CARL

WELL YOU CAN DO ANYTHING
BUT LAY OFF A MY BLUE SUEDE SHOES

(song ends...lights down on ALL but SAM
PHILLIPS, who has entered the studio and is
illuminated by a mystic shaft of light, and on
the FOUR BOYS, who are facing forward toward
the AUDIENCE, each framed in their own
individual shaft of the otherworldly light of
SAM's imagination...bass and drums continue to
play quietly underneath.

PHILLIPS

(to AUDIENCE)

Ain’t they somethin’?

1A INTRODUCTION (UNDERSCORE)

Every one of my boys started right here, and we’ve been blessed
this past year. Blessed with success beyond our wildest
imaginings. Jerry Lee Lewis, Carl Perkins, Elvis Presley, and
Johnny Cash.

(PHILLIPS crosses downstage...lights begin to
dim on QUARTET who exit in the dark)

And my name is Samuel Cornelius Phillips. Pretty big name for a
little red dirt Alabama country boy, huh? This is mah company. Sun
Records. See, I was a radio man. Come to Memphis right after the
war...and prob’ly could’a been a big wheel here. But there’s a
cussedness ‘bout me. It’s hard as hell to work for someone else.
And another thing, I didn’t just wanna PLAY the tunes, I wanted to
RECORD ‘em. So, first of 1950 I threw the cards in the air, and
started Sun Records. Now don’t be thinkin’ I just fell in the luck
bucket findin’ these kids. It ain’t that easy. There were a LOTTA
years when dee-jays wouldn’t play none a’my records. Back then,
I’d PAY ’em, and they still wouldn’t play ’em. If I hadn’t had
faith in what I was doin’, I’d a’ given up a long time ago. Now, you might’a heard that I had to sell ol’ Elvis to RCA, so he ain’t on Sun Records anymore. Well, RCA called again...and who do you think they wanna buy now?

(PHILLIPS invites AUDIENCE to guess)

Me! Yeah, offering a LOT of money to fold Sun Records into RCA. Move up to New York City...work exclusively with Elvis again. I been stallin’ ‘em, but they’re lowerin’ the boom on me. They want an answer--by close of business tonight.

(lights transition into studio)

Hey fellas. Elvis just called. He's up the street at Jo-Jo Coogie’s place and he’s comin’ by directly. Don’t none of y'all tell Carl when he gets here. Got it?

BROTHER JAY AND FLUKE

Yup.

PHILLIPS

Them boys prob’ly ain’t seen each other since I had ‘em doin’ shows offa that ol’ flat bed truck in Grenada, Mississippi.

(to FLUKE)

Musta bin ‘bout a year, huh?

FLUKE

Yup. We all come away with four bucks apiece.

BROTHER JAY

Yeah, four bucks.

PHILLIPS

And now--now we all got Cadillacs and diamond rings.

(JERRY LEE re-enters from outside)

JERRY LEE

Not me, buddy. I got a broke-down Ford. And, Mr. Phillips...I might need me a little payday loan...what with gas up to twenty-five cents ‘n all.
PHILLIPS
(walks over to JERRY LEE and stuffs a five-dollar bill into his shirt pocket)

Son, you'll have new cars soon 'nuff. One for every day of the week.

(turns to BROTHER JAY)
Now, where n' the hell is Carl, anyway? First he's buggin' the hell outta me for a session, then he don't show up.

BROTHER JAY
(shrugs)
Beats me.

PHILLIPS
(heading toward the booth)
Well, he's your brother, ain't he! Damn bass players.

(PHILLIPS exits into the booth...speaks into the microphone)
Hey, look, I ain't payin' you hillbillies to sit on your hands. I wanna hear somethin'. Rock it out now. I'm fixin' to roll that tape.

JERRY LEE
(plays intro and yells over the top to the BAND)
Key of C, boys. Just follow me along...if you can!

#2 WILD ONE

JERRY LEE
(hammers block chords)
WELL I'M JUST OUT OF SCHOOL
AND I'M A REAL, REAL COOL
I GOTTA JUMP, I GOTTA JIVE
GOT THE MESSAGE I'M ALIVE
I'M A WILD, I'M A WILD ONE
YEAH I'M A WILD ONE
WELL GONNA KEEP IT SHAKIN'
GONNA KEEP IT MOVIN'
BABY, DON'T YOU CRAMP MY STYLE
WELL I'M A REAL WILD CHILD
COME ON BABY BABY SHAKE IT ALL NIGHT LONG
SHAKE IT 'TIL THE MEAT COME OFF A THE BONE
'CAUSE I'M A WILD, I'MA WILD ONE
YEAH I'M A WILD ONE
YEAH WE'RE GONNA KEEP IT SHAKIN'
GONNA KEEP IT MOVIN'
BABY, DON'T YOU CRAMP MY STYLE
WELL I'M A REAL WILD CHILD

(JERRY LEE launches into piano solo underneath
dialogue...PHILLIPS steps out of booth and
listens to JERRY LEE then turns to AUDIENCE
and steps forward)

(FLASHBACK BEGINS)

PHILLIPS
(to AUDIENCE)
How 'bout that boy on the piano? Been 'bout six or eight weeks ago
and I was back in there and I hear this rookus out front. And I'm
wonderin'--what the Sam Hill is goin' on?

(JERRY LEE runs up to PHILLIPS...BROTHER JAY
and FLUKE continue to play)

JERRY LEE
(grabbing and shaking PHILLIPS’s hand)
Mr. Phillips. My name is Jerry Lee Lewis and I come all the way
from Ferriday, Louisiana, to see you, and I ain’t leavin’ ‘till
you hear me out. You made a star outta Elvis Presley and by God
you’re gonna make a star outta me. My mama prophesized it. She
said “the Almighty hand was on me.”

PHILLIPS
Well, ok...where’s your git-tar, son?

JERRY LEE
Pianna’s my instrument. Eighty-eight keys got six strings beat
ever’ time, Mistuh Phillips.

PHILLIPS
Y’know, I been kinda thinkin’ we’ve taken this guitar thing ‘bout
as far as it’ll go. Well, come on, son. You got two minutes.

(JERRY LEE runs back to piano)
PHILLIPS (CONT’D)
Gimme somethin’ them hot-rodders wanna hear!

JERRY LEE
One, two...one, two, three!

WELL I’M GONNA PICK YOU UP IN MY EIGHTY-EIGHT
GET READY, SUGAR NOW DON'T BE LATE
WE’RE GONNA MOVE YOU ALL NIGHT LONG
'TIL A WHOLE LOTTA SHAKIN' GOING ON

WELL I'M A WILD, I'M A WILD ONE
YEAH I'M A WILD ONE
WE’RE GONNA KEEP IT SHAKIN'
GONNA KEEP IT MOVIN'
BABY, DON'T YOU CRAMP MY STYLE
WELL I’M A REAL WILD CHILD

JERRY LEE
We’re shittin in high-cotton now Mistuh Phillips. Last night me and my daddy stopped at this hotel. Couldn’t neither one of us believe it. The outhouse--was INSIDE. You just pull that damn handle and WHOOSH. Musta flushed that toilet a thousand times.

(JERRY LEE ‘pulls’ the handle again and glisses)

It was amazing!

PHILLIPS
(to AUDIENCE, pointing to JERRY LEE)
Talk about amazin’. Ten seconds, and I knew I had me my next star.

(FLASHBACK ENDS)

JERRY LEE
One, two...one, two, three!

WELL WE’RE GONNA KEEP IT MOVIN' ‘TIL THE SUN GOES DOWN
AFTER DARK ‘OL JERRY LEE CAN GET AROUND
GONNA MOVE, GONNA MAKE EVERY HOP
A WHEN A YOU GET TO BOPPIN, NO YOU SURE CAN'T STOP
I'M A WILD, I'M A WILD ONE
YEAH I'M A WILD ONE
WE’RE GONNA KEEP IT SHAKIN' GONNA KEEP IT MOVIN'
BABY, DON'T YOU CRAMP MY STYLE
WELL I’M A REAL WILD CHILD, A REAL WILD CHILD
HEY I’M A REAL WILD CHILD
(CARL PERKINS enters)

JERRY LEE (CONT’D)
REAL WILD CHILD
HEY I’M A REAL WILD CHILD
SEE I’M A WILD ONE BABY

PHILLIPS
(speaking into the booth microphone)
Carl, man! We figgered we’d lost you. What kinda fool don't show up f'r his own session?

(BAND greets CARL)

CARL
(takes off scarf and coat)
Man, it’s cold out there...
(holds up a flask)
Had to stop to git me a little anti-freeze.

(BAND laughs...JERRY LEE jumps into CARL’s face)

JERRY LEE
(holding out his hand to CARL...CARL stares at him...JERRY LEE grabs and shakes CARL’s hand)

Carl Perkins! Jerry Lee Lewis. Ferriday, Louisiana.

(CARL stares at him...PHILLIPS enters from the booth)

My first record’s just out on Sun. Wanna hear it?

CARL
(to PHILLIPS)
So you went ahead and hired a pianna player, huh?

JERRY LEE
Not jus’ any pianna player, brother.

PHILLIPS
Carl, man, it’s like I been tellin’ you. Your three-piece sound just ain’t sellin’ like it did. We gotta put a new twist on it. We gotta git you goin’ again, boy. I got a real good feelin’ about this one. A REAL good feelin’.
CARL

Me too.

(PHILLIPS smiles at him for a second and crosses toward booth)

PHILLIPS

Let’s get goin’ on that MATCHBOX song a yours. Get it right and we’ll have you another gold record on that wall, right alongside “Blue Suede Shoes.” Fellas, I wanna hear somethin’. I wanna hear a by-God hit! OK, tape’s rollin’.

(PHILLIPS exits into booth)

CARL

Key of A, boys. Hang on and enjoy the ride, pianna player.

#3 MATCHBOX

CARL

WELL I'M SITTIN' HERE WOND'RIN'
WILL A MATCHBOX A HOLD A MY CLOTHES
I'M SITTIN' HERE WOND'RIN'
WILL A MATCHBOX A HOLD MY CLOTHES
I AIN'T GOT A LOT A MATCHES
I GOT A LONG WAY TO GO

I'M AN OL' POOR BOY
AND A LONG, LONG WAY FROM HOME
I'M AN OL' POOR BOY
AND A LONG WAY FROM HOME
I AIN'T NEVER GONNA BE HAPPY
'CAUSE EVERYTHING I DONE WAS WRONG

(CARL plays a guitar solo...JERRY LEE begins to take a grandstanding piano solo...CARL stops playing and goes over to confront JERRY LEE)

CARL

What in HELL are you doin’?

JERRY LEE

(yelling)
What’d ya’ say Perkins? You’re gonna hafta’ speak up.
 Damn it, QUIT PLAYIN’.

(CARL slams his fist on top of the piano...
JERRY LEE flourishes to a stop and smiles up
at him)

CARL (CONT’D)

Naw, naw, naw. This is a CARL PERKINS record!
(turns to PHILLIPS, who enters studio)

PHILLIPS

What the hell is goin’ on out here?

CARL

Mistuh Phillips, I don’t want no two-bit pianna player on this
session. Specially not ol’ Liberace here.

JERRY LEE

The name is

#3A THE NAME IS JERRY LEE LEWIS

...Jerry...
  (crashing chords)
...Lee...
  (crashing chords)
...Lewis...
  (gliss)

CARL

(to BAND, sarcastically)
Hey guys, we got Jerry Lewis playin’ piano. Well, Jerry Lewis, I
saw your last movie, and it stunk up the thee-ater. I want muh
fifty cents back.

JERRY LEE

Well, I ain’t gonna give it to you ‘cause the name is Jerry LEE
Lewis from Ferriday, Lou-EEZE--ee-anna.

  (crashes chords with right foot)

And if I had fifty cents I wouldn’t be workin’ no session for no
damn has-bin.
Whoa!!!!

CARL
Mistuh Phillips, so help me, I’m gonna bust his peapickin’ head.

PHILLIPS
(gets between them)
Carl, listen son, we been workin’ hard to get you another hit. We both know your records need...

JERRY LEE
A little Jerry Lee Lewis is what they need.

CARL
Someone git a shovel and scoop that up.

JERRY LEE
Go butt a stump!

PHILLIPS
(to JERRY LEE)
Boy, sit down and SHUDDUP.

CARL
I got no problem with a pianna, but why in hell didja hire HIM?

#3B MATCHBOX (UNDERSCORE)

PHILLIPS
Well, if we’re gonna bring someone new onto your records, he’s gotta be the best, and you know this boy’s good.

(JERRY LEE grins and begins playing again...
PHILLIPS pulls CARL aside...talks confidentially)

PHILLIPS (CONT’D)
Look, Carl, the guy’s just tryin’ to keep his phone connected... you know that story. You know who I talked to this morning?

CARL
Who?

PHILLIPS
Johnny.
CARL

Johnny?

PHILLIPS

Told him we got somethin’ special goin’ on here. He’s comin’ by d’rectly.

(frustrated)

An’ it’s about time. Last few weeks, he’s been duckin’ and divin’ like he owes me money or somethin’. I got his contract renewal ready, and I figgered we’d have us a little celebration.

CARL

(surprised)

Uhhhh, does John know you’ve got that, uh...contract?

PHILLIPS

(smiling)

No, it’s gonna be a little surprise. Ain’t none of us ever had a year like this, and I figgered we’d wrap it up with a little signing party. So don’t tell him nuthin’. Okay?

(CARL nods)

Carl...ever’one. Let’s do that “Matchbox” song again. The tempo’s fine, but Carl, man, bring up that chop on the two and four.

(CARL plays a chop on the 2 and 4)

Yeah, that’s it!

(PHILLIPS turns to admonish JERRY LEE)

Jerry, this ain’t your damn record. Just gimme some little fills. Nuthin’ fancy. Bust loose on your own record. You git what I’m tellin’ you boy?

JERRY LEE

Yes, Mistuh Phillips.

(PHILLIPS glares at JERRY LEE, who nods, and then PHILLIPS heads toward the booth)

PHILLIPS

Awright, then. We’re gonna nail this sucker. We’re gonna nail it NOW. Then we gonna visit my fav-OR-rite relative.
JERRY LEE

Who’s that?

PHILLIPS  
(stops, turns, and grins)
Ol’ Grandad.

CARL  
Now you talkin’ my language. Cut ‘er loose this time boys...

(PHILLIPS exits into booth... CARL gets his guitar)

CARL (CONT’D)  
And YOU stay the hell outta’ MY way on MY record.

#3C MATCHBOX TAKE TWO

(CARL begins song, JERRY LEE hammers the piano, and song slams to a stop)

CARL (CONT’D)  
Mr. Phillips, do you mind if we let this song rest for a bit? We didn’t get to that “Who Do You Love” song last session and I got a real good feelin’ ‘bout that one.

PHILLIPS  
(speaking into the microphone, frustrated)  
Sure. Fine. See if we cain’t get a flip side out of it.

BROTHER JAY  
Good song.

CARL  
(to BAND)  
It’s got one thing goin’ for it.

BROTHER JAY  
What’s that?

CARL  
Ain’t got no piano on it. You know what?

(CARL picks up maracas from FLUKE’s area)
CARL (CONT’D)
Can you shake them shakers without messin’ up, son?

(CARL hands maracas to JERRY LEE and grins...turns to bass and drums...JERRY LEE takes maracas and makes an obscene “finger” gesture with one of them behind CARL’s back)

PERKINS
(turns to BAND)
Come on, fellas, let’s do it like we dun in Dallas las’ week.

#4 WHO DO YOU LOVE?

CARL
I WALK FORTY-SEVEN MILES OF BARBED WIRE
USE A COBRA-SNAKE FOR A NECKTIE
I GOT A BRAND NEW HOUSE ON THE ROADSIDE
MADE OF A RATTLESNAKE HIDE
I GOT A BRAND NEW CHIMNEY A MADE ON TOP
MADE OF A HUMAN SKULL
COME ON TAKE A LITTLE WALK WITH ME, ARLENE
AND TELL ME, WHO DO YOU LOVE

CARL AND JERRY LEE
WHO DO YA LOVE
WHO DO YOU LOVE
WHO DO YOU LOVE
WHO DO YOU LOVE

CARL
I GOT A TOMBSTONE HAND AND A GRAVEYARD
Mind I’m just twenty-two and I don’t mind dyin’

CARL AND JERRY LEE
WHO DO YOU LOVE
WHO DO YOU LOVE
WHO DO YOU LOVE
WHO DO YOU LOVE

(CARL demonstrates amazing guitar virtuosity--8 bars--backed by BAND and JERRY LEE on maracas...song drops down to just bass, drums, and maracas keeping rhythm going as lights change)
(FLASHBACK BEGINS)

PHILLIPS
(entering into studio from booth...to AUDIENCE)
How about him on the guitar? It was pretty late one night ‘bout a year back. I was outside jus’ lockin’ up and I seen these guys comin’ toward me. They looked pretty rough. One of ‘em was carryin’ a git-tar, otherwise I mighta scooted back inside and called the po-lease. Did I see my next star? Hell, no. I saw the world’s greatest plow hand.

(CARL crosses to PHILLIPS)

CARL
Mistuh Phillips? I’m Carl Perkins, and this here’s my brother Jay. We drove down from Jackson. Come to play you a couple of tunes.

PHILLIPS
(to CARL)
It’s kinda late boy, but...well, whatcha got?

CARL
Got a song I wrote called “Blue Suede Shoes.”

PHILLIPS
(incredulous)
You wrote a song about your shoes?

CARL
Yes sir.

PHILLIPS
Well, uhh...okay. You really must like them shoes.

CARL
When you’re as poor as us, Mistuh Phillips, you like ANY kinda shoes.

PHILLIPS
Son, I ain’t never heard a rich man make a record worth a damn. Y’all farmin’ boys?

CARL
Tell you the truth, Mistuh Phillips, we was sharecroppers. Wasn’t nuthin’ beneath us, ‘cept the ground...
PHILLIPS
Where’d you learn to play then, son?

CARL
There was an old colored man across the field...ever’one called him Uncle John. He taught me how to play git-tar like no one you ever heard.

PHILLIPS
Well, flog me a lick, son. Show me some a’that.

(CARL plays a hillbilly lick)

No, No. That ain’t no kind of nothin’. Lemme hear some of them blues you were talkin’ about.

(CARL plays a funky blues riff)

Now ain’t that somethin’. So what you want from me, son?

CARL
I want you to hear my song. Put out a record on me.

PHILLIPS
(to AUDIENCE)
So I listened to that song and I recorded his “Blue Suede Shoes.” It went straight up to Number One on the pop, blues, and country charts. Carl Perkins was the first triple-crown winner in the history of the record business. Put Sun Records on the map. Now we just gotta’ get the boy another hit.

(FLASHBACK ENDS)

CARL
THE NIGHT WAS DARK, BUT THE SKY WAS BLUE
DOWN THE ALLEY, THE ICE WAGON FLEW
HEARD A BUMP, AND A SOMEONE SCREAMED
YOU SHOULD A HEARD JUST A WHAT I SEEN...I SAID

WHO DO YOU LOVE
WHO DO YOU LOVE
WHO DO YOU LOVE
WHO DO YOU LOVE

(CARL AND JERRY LEE)

JOHNNY CASH enters during final chorus, applauds with AUDIENCE...CARL finishes song)
CARL

ARLENE TOOK ME BY THE HAND
SHE SAID OOO-WEER DADDY, YOU KNOW I UNDERSTAND

CARL AND JERRY LEE

WHO DO YOU LOVE
WHO DO YOU LOVE
WHO DO YOU LOVE
WHO DO YOU LOVE

CARL

(to BAND, referring to JERRY LEE)
That oughta teach the boy some humble-lidity.

(to JERRY LEE)
Ever play them maracas afore, son?

JERRY LEE
No sir, Mr. Perkins. Your first time playin’ the guitar, too, huh?

CARL
Awright, sucker, that’s it...

(CARL starts to go after JERRY LEE taking off his guitar)

JOHNNY
Hey, Carl, that sounds great, man.

(CARL sees JOHNNY and crosses to greet him...
PHILLIPS enters studio)

CARL
Big John! Hey, man. I heard you was in town!

JOHNNY
Good to see ya, buddy. Hey guys. Good to see you boys are still outta jail.

FLUKE
Still out.

JOHNNY
(turns to PHILLIPS)
How you doing, Mr. Phillips?
PHILLIPS
John, good to see ya’, man. I’ve had the damndest time nailin’ you down.

JOHNNY
I been everywhere, man.

PHILLIPS
Everywhere but here! We missed you, son.

JERRY LEE
(jumps up...pumps JOHNNY’s hand)
Jerry Lee Lewis. Ferriday, Louisiana.

JOHNNY
Johnny Cash. Kingsland, Arkansas. You a maraca player, huh?

JERRY LEE
Nossir...NOSSIR. I’m the muthahumpin’est pianna man you ever seen. And Sun recording artist. HIT Sun recording artist.

CARL
Only hit you’re gonna git is upside your head, Goober!

BROTHER JAY AND FLUKE
(Goobers)
(CARL looks at BROTHER JAY and FLUKE who crack up at this)

JERRY LEE
Tell you what, Perkins. Ain’t gonna be so funny when I’m Number One and you’re workin’ MAH sessions.

CARL
What kinda shine you drinkin’?

JOHNNY
(to JERRY LEE)
Son, I’ll tell ya what’s bin sittin’ top a'the charts for the last five weeks. That Elvis record, “Love Me Tender.”

CARL
(to BAND)
Love Me Tender!
CARL (CONT’D)

(shakes head)
Man, the Hillbilly went Hollywood.

PHILLIPS
Hey, Number One is NUMBER ONE. Making music is where he should be instead of making them terrible movies. Y’all seen it?

CARL
Well, me and the boys seen a trailer someplace, and we threwed peanuts at the screen.

PHILLIPS
It jus’ burns my ass that there ain’t no one up at RCA with the first idea of what to do with the boy. Hell, when I was talking to them today, their one thought, their ONE AND ONLY thought, is how much they can milk outta’ him before Rock ‘n’ Roll blows over.

JOHNNY
(wondering what’s going on)
Whatcha’ talking to RCA about, Mr. Phillips?

PHILLIPS
(caught...for just a second)
A little business.

JOHNNY
(to CARL)
A little Elvis Presley business, you can be sure of that.

CARL
(frustrated)
Aw, hell, that’s all I heard these last six months. Presley, Presley, Presley. Wouldn’t no one remember I was toppin’ the bill over him jus’ a year back.

JOHNNY
I was there, buddy.

CARL
You was ridin’ your first hit then.

JERRY LEE
“Folsom Prison Blues?”

JOHNNY
That’s it.
JERRY LEE

My mamma loves that song.

(pause)

Reminds her of my Daddy.

PHILLIPS

Hit us a lick here, John. We been missin’ them sorry ol’ songs of yours around here.

JOHNNY

Uh, some other time, Mr. Phillips.

PHILLIPS

(holds out a guitar to JOHNNY)

Come on, boy. Don’t keep saying no to the fella who give you your break.

(JOHNNY just stares at PHILLIPS for a second)

PHILLIPS

Come on son, you’re home.

(JOHNNY takes the guitar from PHILLIPS)

JOHNNY

Alright, I’ll do it for the boy’s mama. Play me some Luthar, Carl.

(CARL plays first eight notes unaccompanied...
BAND kicks in on boom-chicka-boom)

#5 FOLSOM PRISON BLUES

JOHNNY

I HEAR THE TRAIN A COMIN'
IT'S ROLLIN' 'ROUND THE BEND
AND I AIN'T SEEN THE SUN SHINE SINCE
I DON'T KNOW WHEN
I'M STUCK IN FOLSOM PRISON
AND TIME KEEPS DRAGGIN' ON
BUT THAT TRAIN KEEPS A-ROLLIN'
ON DOWN TO SAN ANTON
JOHNNY (CONT’D)

WHEN I WAS JUST A BABY
MY MAMA TOLD ME, SON
ALWAYS BE A GOOD BOY
DON’T EVER PLAY WITH GUNS
BUT I SHOT A MAN IN RENO
JUST TO WATCH HIM DIE

(BAND hoots and hollers)

JOHNNY

WHEN I HEAR THAT WHISTLE BLOWIN’
I HANG MY HEAD AND CRY

(CARL—guitar solo)

(FLASHBACK BEGINS)

PHILLIPS

(to AUDIENCE)

John come to see us first of ’55, right after he got out of the Air Force.

(JOHNNO slings guitar behind his back and walks to PHILLIPS...BAND continues to play underneath)

JOHNNY

I was a Specialist First Class, Mistuh Phillips.

PHILLIPS

Whadya specialize in, son?

JOHNNY

Beer and fighting. But don’t get me wrong, Mistuh Phillips, I’ve studied the Bible. Studied it cover to cover. And I’ve wrote a coupla sacred songs.

PHILLIPS

Look boy, I got muh stockroom out back full a’ boxes of the best gospel records--every one of ‘em unsold. Now, when you can find it in your heart to be a ‘sinner’ for a few minutes, you come back and see me, y’hear.

(PHILLIPS grins to AUDIENCE)

He was back the very next day.
JOHNNY
I BET THERE'S RICH FOLKS EATIN'
IN A FANCY DININ' CAR
THEY'RE PROB'LY DRINKIN' COFFEE
AND SMOKIN' BIG CIGARS
WELL I KNOW I HAD IT COMIN'
I KNOW I CAN'T BE FREE
BUT THOSE PEOPLE KEEP A-MOVIN'
AND THAT'S WHAT TORTURES ME

PHILLIPS
Now this past year John busted wide open, but I ain't no fool. I know them other record companies been sniffin' around him and sayin' “What can a little label like Sun Records do for you?” Well, I made him a star while they all stood by laughin' at me. John knows the hour upon hour I spent with him. It was me givin’ him the courage to not sound like ever’one else. And he oughta be mighty grateful. So tonight I’m tyin’ him up with a three-year contract extension, and then all them record companies can go to HELL!

(FLASHBACK ENDS)

JOHNNY
WELL, IF THEY FREED ME FROM THIS PRISON
IF THAT RAILROAD TRAIN WAS MINE
I BET I'D MOVE IT ON
A LITTLE FARTHER DOWN THE LINE
FAR FROM FOLSOM PRISON
THAT'S WHERE I WANT TO STAY
AND I'D LET THAT LONESOME WHISTLE
BLOW MY BLUES AWAY

(ELVIS and DYANNE enter during the last verse of “Folsom”...ELVIS carries a Christmas present)

PHILLIPS
Elvis Presley! Hey, man, I thought we canned your butt outta here last year!

ELVIS
Good to see yuh, Mistuh Phillips. Hey y’all, this is Dyanne.
DYANNE

Hiya fellas.

(ELVIS helps DYANNE with her coat)

JERRY LEE

Jumpin Jehosophat! I’m in love.

ELVIS

(to PHILLIPS)

So this is the new kid you were tellin’ me ‘bout?

JERRY LEE

Jerry Lee Lewis, Ferriday Louisiana...pleasure to meet you, Elvis

DYANNE

(to PHILLIPS)

We’re not stayin’ long. We’re just headin’ over to his house.

PHILLIPS

(to DYANNE)

You meetin’ Momma Presley?

ELVIS

She sure is.

PHILLIPS

Honey, it's big doin's around here when you meet the family. Did I see you in that movie Elvis just done?

DYANNE

No, no, I...

ELVIS

She’s a singer, Mistuh Phillips. Wait’ll you hear her...she’s been tearin’ up the Hollywood strip.

(to JOHNNY)

John! How you doin’, man?

JOHNNY

Good, buddy. Real good.

ELVIS

Carl, man. I ain’t seen you in forever. You really bin givin’ me a run for my money this year.
CARL
Ain’t bin much of a horserace of late, but I’m comin’ back to whup your butt, man. Better believe it.

(CARL plays a snatch of the melody of “Love Me Tender”)

ELVIS
Oh, man. Don’t rub it in.

(noticing gold records on the studio wall)
Whooeee...weren't none a'them gold records up there last time I was here. I tell ya, hun, Mister Phillips here knows SOMETHIN', and he ain't tellin' no one what it is.

(ELVIS goes to hand PHILLIPS the Christmas present)
Hey, I almost forgot. Merry Christmas, Mistuh Phillips.

PHILLIPS
Well, look-a-here...?
(pronouncing it wrong)
Glenn-fy-ditch...all the way from Scotland. We might have an occasion to break this open...

(looks at JOHNNY, raises bottle)

PHILLIPS (CONT’D)
...very soon. Well, it’s good to see you, El-vi. Been about a year, huh?

ELVIS
One hell of a year!

JERRY LEE
(jumps up and pumps ELVIS’s hand with maracas)

Next year’s gonna be ol’ Jerry Lee’s year, and that ain’t nuthin’ but the truth. My first record’s just out on Sun. You wanna hear it?

DYANNE
You’re kinda bashful, aren’t you?
CARL
Tell you what I wanna’ hear...your girlfriend here.

(to BAND)
Ain’t that right fellas?

PHILLIPS, JOHNNY, CARL, JERRY LEE
(ad libbing)
Yeah...Durn right...Amen to that...etc.

ELVIS
Yeah. Why not. Come on, Dee, let’s hear a little somethin’!

(she demurs)

C'mon, babe. Bring a little class to this joint. This ol' studio ain't heard nuthin' like you.

---

#6 FEVER

DYANNE
NEVER KNOW HOW MUCH I LOVE YOU
NEVER KNOW HOW MUCH I CARE
WHEN YOU PUT YOUR ARMS AROUND ME
I GET A FEVER THAT'S SO HARD TO BEAR
YOU GIVE ME FEVER
WHEN YOU KISS ME
FEVER WHEN YOU HOLD ME TIGHT
FEVER--IN THE MORNING
FEVER ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT

(DYANNE turns to ELVIS, beckons him near...he keeps his distance, snapping his fingers)

SUN LIGHTS UP THE DAY TIME
MOON LIGHTS UP THE NIGHT
I LIGHT UP WHEN YOU CALL MY NAME
CAUSE I KNOW I'M GONNA TREAT YOU RIGHT
YOU GIVE ME FEVER
WHEN YOU KISS ME
FEVER WHEN YOU HOLD ME TIGHT
FEVER--IN THE MORNING
FEVER ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT
DYANNE (CONT’D)

EV’RYGODY’S GOT THE FEVER
THAT IS SOMETHING YOU ALL KNOW
FEVER ISN’T SUCH A NEW THING
FEVER STARTED LONG AGO

CAPTAIN SMITH AND POCAHONTAS
HAD A VERY MAD AFFAIR
WHEN HER DADDY TRIED TO KILL HIM
SHE SAID, DADDY OH DON'T YOU DARE
HE GIVES ME FEVER
WHEN HE KISSES
FEVER WHEN HE HOLDS ME TIGHT
FEVER--I'M HIS MISSUS
DADDY WON'T YOU TREAT HIM RIGHT

NOW YOU’VE LISTENED TO MY STORY
HERE'S THE POINT THAT I HAVE MADE
CHICKS WERE BORN TO GIVE YOU FEVER
BE IT FAHRENHEIT OR CENTIGRADE
THEY GIVE YOU FEVER
WHEN THEY KISS YOU
FEVER IF YOU LIVE YOU LEARN
FEVER ‘TIL YOU SIZZLE
WHAT A LOVELY WAY TO BURN

WHAT A LOVELY WAY TO BURN
WHAT A LOVELY WAY TO BURN
WHAT A LOVELY WAY TO BURN

(song ends with ELVIS and DYANNE in a squeeze...Dyanne looks at Jerry Lee)

6A FERRIDAY, LOUISIANA (UNDERSCORE)

PHILLIPS
Man alive! She ain’t nuthin’ like them other girls you used to bring ‘round here, son.

JERRY LEE
Hey, Presley. You and your girlfriend wanna hear what a real HIT sounds like?

CARL
Sure! Elvis Presley drove all the way from Hollyweird just to hear some crazy cajun’s new record.
JERRY LEE
I ain’t no cajun. I’m from Ferriday, Louisiana.

ELVIS
Ferriday, Louisiana—’I’ve been there. Population 300.

CARL
And all of them kin.

(FLUKE plays a rim shot...underscore ends)

JERRY LEE
(to CARL)
Oh you hy-lerious. Mebbe you oughta make funny records ‘stead of them lame-ass records you bin’ makin’.

PHILLIPS
Jerry Lee, sit down. I swear, you are gonna’ make me lose my religion.

(PHILLIPS pivots around and glares at him)

ELVIS
Mr. Phillips...

6B LOSE MY RELIGION (UNDERSCORE)

PHILLIPS
(PHILLIPS puts arm around ELVIS)
How ya doin’, man? So you want back on Sun Records, huh?

ELVIS
Sometimes, to be honest, yeah I do. Sometimes I think I was happier bumpin’ around Mississippi with ol’ Perkins and Johnny Cash here, splittin’ twenty bucks at the end of the night...

CARL
And that was a GOOD night!

PHILLIPS
Y’know, somethin’ I read always back stayed with me all these years. It said, “Beware the curse of the answered prayer.”
ELVIS

(shakes head knowingly)
Now ain’t that the truth, Ruth! Hey fellas, I don’t know if I ever come right out and said this before...

(underscore ends)

...but if it wasn’t for Mistuh Phillips here, I’d still be drivin’ a truck. He seen somethin’ I never seen in myself. I come in here tryin’ to sing them ol’ Dean Martin songs, didn’t I Mistuh Phillips?

(points to spot on floor)
Stood right here.

(momentary reflection as he thinks of everything that has happened since...shakes head...quietly to himself)

(FLASHBACK BEGINS)

(ELVIS plays as PHILLIPS watches...special comes up on them and lights dim on the BOYS)

#7 MEMORIES ARE MADE OF THIS

ELVIS

TAKE ONE FRESH AND TENDER KISS

ADD ONE STOLEN NIGHT OF BLISS

ONE GIRL, ONE BOY

SOME GRIEF, SOME JOY

MEMORIES ARE MADE OF THIS

JERRY LEE, CARL & JOHNNY

SWEET, SWEET, MEM’RIES YOU GAVE TO ME

SWEET, SWEET, MEM’RIES YOU GAVE TO ME

AH

SWEET, SWEET, MEM’RIES YOU GAVE TO ME

OOOOOH
PHILLIPS
(to AUDIENCE)
I knew if we could just get him offa trying to impersonate Dean Martin, the boy might amount to somethin’.

ELVIS
(singing)
WHEN THE MOON HITS YOUR...

PHILLIPS
(to ELVIS)
Hold up, son. If you ain’t doin’ somethin’ diff’rent, you ain’t doin’ nuthin’. Last I checked, we awready got us a Dean Martin. Let’s see if we can’t find out who ol’ ELVIS PRESLEY is.

ELVIS
I really appreciate you givin’ me a shot Mr. Phillips.

PHILLIPS
Elvis, son, listen to me. I can tell without askin’, you’re up from Mississippi. I can tell you and your folks are good people, but you ain’t never had nothing. I can tell the other kids looked down on you. Look me in the eye, boy.

(ELVIS looks up)
Can you play that git-tar and let me hear some a’ THAT? I wanna hear your soul, boy.

(looking into ELVIS’s eyes, making sure ELVIS knows this is his last chance)
Sing to me the way you’d sing to JESUS.

(ELVIS looks confused...then heavenward)
Tell ya what. Play me somethin’ I never woulda thought ol’ Elvis Presley woulda known. Surprise the hell outta me.

(ELVIS nods and walks back to the microphone)

#8 THAT’S ALRIGHT MAMA

(vocal/guitar only...ELVIS hesitantly begins by strumming a couple of chords)
ELVIS
WELL THAT’S ALRIGHT, MAMA
THAT’S ALRIGHT FOR YOU
THAT’S ALRIGHT, MAMA
JUST ANYWAY YOU DO

PHILLIPS
(to ELVIS)
Come on, Boy!

(ELVIS increases tempo and intensity)

ELVIS
NOW THAT’S ALRIGHT
THAT’S ALRIGHT
THAT’S ALRIGHT NOW, MAMA
ANYWAY YOU DO

PHILLIPS
Now that’s what I’m talkin’ about!

(bass joins in...lead guitar comes in during verse)

ELVIS
WELL MAMA SHE DONE TOLD ME
PAPA DONE TOLD ME TOO
SON, THAT GAL YOU’RE FOOLIN’ WITH
SHE AIN’T NO GOOD FOR YOU
BUT THAT’S ALRIGHT, THAT’S ALRIGHT
THAT’S ALRIGHT NOW, MAMA
ANYWAY YOU DO

PHILLIPS
(to AUDIENCE...song continues underneath)
Now ain’t that better? See, the kids didn’t want to listen to their mom and dad’s music anymore, so late at night, white kids like Elvis here would sneak off and listen to them Negro radio stations. But there was no way they’d get caught goin’ into a store and buyin’ them kinda records. So I’m thinkin’, “How would it be if I could find me a white kid who could light a fire under a song like the great Negro singers?” Come to find out--I’d found me one!
WELL, ONE AND ONE IS TWO
TWO AND TWO IS FOUR
I LOVE THAT WOMAN
BUT I GOT TO LET HER GO
BUT THAT’S ALRIGHT, THAT’S ALRIGHT
THAT’S ALRIGHT NOW MAMA, ANYWAY YOU DO

WELL I’M LEAVING TOWN BABY
I’M LEAVING TOWN FOR SURE
THEN YOU WON’T BE BOTHERED WITH ME
HANGIN’ ‘ROUND YOUR DOOR
BUT THAT’S ALRIGHT, THAT’S ALRIGHT
THAT’S ALRIGHT NOW MAMA, ANYWAY YOU DO

PHILLIPS
(to AUDIENCE)
Now, the boy busted out real big, real quick--but my distributors kept “forgettin’” to pay me. So comin’ up on Christmas 1955, I was flat-on-my-ass broke. I couldn’t even afford to buy presents for my wife Becky and my boys, and RCA Victor’s talkin’ to me about buyin’ Elvis. “Sure,” I’d tell ‘em, “you can have him--for forty thousand dollars.” They’re saying, “We could fix the World Series for less than that!” Then...here comes this honkin’ big check from RCA Victor and Elvis--is gone.
(bitterly)
Six months later, the only thing ever‘one remembers is me sellin’ his contract, an' they're all tellin’ me I’m the King of Fools. But Sun couldn’t have made it to the spring of ’56 without that check. Paid all my bills, bought me a radio station and quite a bit of stock in a little business that started up just down the street called--Holiday Inn. Well, if I'm a fool, I'm a happy fool.

(FLASHBACK ENDS)

ELVIS

A WELL DEE DEET N DEE DEE
A WELL DEE DEET N DEE DEE
A WELL DEE DEE DEE DEE
I NEED YOUR LOVIN’
THAT’S ALRIGHT
THAT’S ALRIGHT NOW, MAMA
ANYWAY YOU DO

(song ends...PHILLIPS looks around at the QUARTET)
CARL
Hey, Elvis. This was s’posed to be a Carl Perkins recordin’ session. Not some welcome home Elvis party. Betcha didn’t know that!

PHILLIPS
(cuts him short)
Carl, son. That MATCHBOX song is a mammerjammin’ HIT but it ain’t ever’day I get a by-God...Million Dollar Quartet in my studio. And, hell, it’s nearly Christmas and we got a lot to celebrate!

#8A AWAY IN THE MANGER (UNDERSCORE)

PHILLIPS (CONT’D)
Ever’one in New York and Los Angeles was sayin’ this Rock ‘n’ Roll music it ain’t never gonna catch on.

(to CARL)
But we showed ‘em didn’t we?

(to ELVIS)
That Ed Sullivan told the newspapers he’d "never" have Elvis on his show and, shortly thereafter, by God there’s Elvis Presley on the Ed Sullivan Show!

CARL
(to ELVIS)
Singin’ “Blue Suede Shoes.” MY song.

(underscore ends...CARL exits abruptly)

ELVIS
(following CARL off)
Carl, man, wait up...

(JOHNNY turns and starts to exit following ELVIS and CARL)

PHILLIPS
Hold up, son. Don’t pay Carl no mind.

JOHNNY
(pointing toward the exit)
I just wanna’...

PHILLIPS
Just let ‘em be. They’ll work it out.
PHILLIPS (CONT’D)
(t to DYANNE, putting his hand on JOHNNY’s back)
Now, who'd thought one year back that old Johnny Cash would have
records topping the POP charts. When this boy walked in here,
wadn't no such person as Johnny Cash--I'm the one who give him his
name. Ain't that right J.R.?

JOHNNY
Yeah. Look Mistuh Phillips, I gotta go right soon. I promised
Vivian I’d take her shopping.

PHILLIPS
Excuse us, ma'am.

(see JERRY LEE fooling with mic stand)
You mind keeping that boy company? He needs an audience.

8B CASH UNDERSCORE

JOHNNY
Uh, yeah. I just ain’t hardly seen Vivian in quite some time. You
know...

PHILLIPS
Well, John, you just bought her that big new house out on Sandy
Cove, and I seen that new Lincoln a yours parked out front. If I
had to hazard a guess, I’d say that last royalty check I give you
from Sun Records was more’n you made choppin’ cotton and sellin’
appliances your whole life. Good things have come your way since
you signed with Sun.

JOHNNY
I know, Mistuh Phillips. But, I uh...

(silence)

PHILLIPS
(abruptly)
You what?

JOHNNY
Uhh, well...I really do gotta go d’rectly. I promised I'd spend
the day with the kids. You know I don't hardly git to see 'em,
and...
PHILLIPS
Now, we have a little surprise for you, so you need to stick around just a moment longer.

JOHNNY
(beginning to suspect what PHILLIPS is up to)
Look Mr. Phillips. Well...this probably ain't the time, but I bin' thinkin' about how things bin' goin' lately...and...

PHILLIPS
John...

(clasps JOHNNY on the shoulders conspiratorially)

...it's taken YEARS for guys to get as far as you've gotten in just ONE year. Now look, I got somethin' real special goin' on right now...

(stops himself from elaborating)

...John, man, what I'm talkin' about here is just the beginnin'. Now, go get all them boys back in here...

(JOHNNY exits...underscore ends...PHILLIPS looks around)

Ain't that somethin'? Before they're stars, you're beatin' 'em off like flies. Afterward, you can't hardly ever nail 'em down.

JERRY LEE
You git behind me, Mistuh Phillips, and you won't never regret it. These fingers of mine got brains in 'em.

DYANNE
Is that where they been hidin'?
FLYIN’ ‘CROSS THE DESERT IN A T-DUB-U-A
SAW A WOMAN WALKIN’ ‘CROSS THE SAND
SHE’S WALKIN' THIRTY MILES EN ROUTE TO BOMBAY
TO GET A BROWN-EYED A HANDSOME MAN
HER DESTINATION WAS A BROWN-EYED HANDSOME MAN

(CARL enters...JERRY LEE plays 4 glisses for
DYANNE...CARL plugs in and launches into the
song, topping and usurping JERRY LEE)

CARL
(cuts BAND off)
Come on, fellas, let's throw this fool back to the gators.

A BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTER COULDN'T MAKE UP HER MIND
BETWEEN A DOCTOR AND A LAWYER MAN
HER MOTHER TOLD HER DAUGHTER
SHE SAY GO OUT AND FIND YOURSELF
A BROWN-EYED HANDSOME MAN
THAT'S WHAT YOUR DADDY IS
A BROWN-EYED HANDSOME MAN

MILO DE VENUS WAS A BEAUTIFUL LASS
SHE HAD THE WORLD IN THE PALM OF HER HAND
SHE LOST BOTH HER ARMS IN A WRESTLIN’ MATCH
TO WIN A BROWN-EYED HANDSOME MAN
SHE FOUGHT AND WON HERSELF
A BROWN-EYED HANDSOME MAN

(guitar and piano duel...DYANNE plays the
maracas...ELVIS enters, watches, then jumps
in)

JERRY LEE, CARL & DYANNE

Hey!

ELVIS
ONE, TWO...ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR
WAY BACK IN HIS’TRY THREE THOUSAND YEARS
IN FACT A EVER SINCE THE WORLD BEGAN
THERE BEEN A WHOLE LOTTA GOOD WOMEN SHEDDIN’ TEARS
OVER A BROWN-EYED HANDSOME MAN
ELVIS (CONT’D)

THAT'S WHAT THE TROUBLE WAS
A BROWN-EYED HANDSOME MAN

THREE-TWO THE COUNT, NOBODY ON
HE HIT A HIGH FLY INTO THE STAND
A ROUNDIN’ THIRD A HE WAS HEADIN’ FOR HOME
IT WAS A BROWN-EYED HANDSOME MAN
THAT WON THE GAME
IT WAS A BROWN-EYED HANDSOME MAN

ALL

Hey!

(song ends...JERRY LEE then continues to noodle on the song underneath)

<table>
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<th>9A RAISE THE BAR (UNDERSCORE)</th>
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CARL

Now that Chuck Berry, he can flat write a song.

ELVIS

Chuck told me he wrote it as “Brown-Skinned Handsome Man.” They made him change it.

CARL

That ain’t surprisin’ me somehow. But, man, what a song. That sucker raised the bar for alla us. No doubt about that.

JERRY LEE

Ol’ Jerry Lee’s raisin’ the bar ever’ day in ever’ way. Ain’t that right, Mistuh Phillips?

(to DYANNE)

You oughta hang over here with ME all the time, darlin’.

ELVIS

Fool! She ain’t never setting foot near you.

CARL

Yeah, she’s got a full set of teeth.

(end music)

JERRY LEE

Well, that shows how much YOU know. I awready had me TWO wives, and I ain’t yet twenty-one.
Jesus wept!

JERRY LEE
Got married to mah second wife before I got rid of the first one...

PHILLIPS
Whoa! Whoa! I think I heard all I wanna hear. We need to talk, Son--later. Lawd a mercy. Boys, there ain't no telling when you all will be here in the same place at the same time again, so let’s hear somethin’ else!

(calculatingly courting JOHNNY)
John, how ‘bout one of them old spirituals you’re always hittin’ on me to record.

JOHNNY
(equally surprised and pleased)
I might make a believer of you yet, Mistuh Phillips.

PHILLIPS
I’m a believer, John. I believe in stayin’ in business.

CARL
Say amen to that, somebody!

JERRY LEE
Amen to that, somebody!

#10 DOWN BY THE RIVERSIDE

(acoustic only...JOHNNY begins clapping--others join in)

JOHNNY
I’M GONNA LAY DOWN MY BURDEN

CARL
Where

JOHNNY
DOWN BY THE RIVERSIDE

CARL
Where
JOHNNY

DOWN BY THE RIVERSIDE

JOHNNY, JERRY LEE, ELVIS & CARL

DOWN BY THE RIVERSIDE

JOHNNY

I’M GONNA LAY DOWN MY BURDEN

CARL

Where

JOHNNY, JERRY LEE, ELVIS & CARL

DOWN BY THE RIVERSIDE

JOHNNY & JERRY LEE

AIN’T GONNA

JOHNNY, JERRY LEE & CARL

STUDY

JOHNNY, JERRY LEE, ELVIS & CARL

WAR NO MORE

(JOHNNY begins playing guitar)

JOHNNY & ELVIS

WELL I

JOHNNY, JERRY LEE & ELVIS

AIN’T A’GONNA

JOHNNY, JERRY LEE, ELVIS & CARL

STUDY WAR NO MORE

JOHNNY, JERRY LEE & ELVIS

AIN’T A’GONNA

JOHNNY

I

JOHNNY, JERRY LEE & ELVIS

AIN’T A’GONNA
JOHNNY, JERRY LEE, ELVIS & CARL
STUDY WAR NO MORE

ELVIS

NO MORE NO MORE NO MORE

JOHNNY, JERRY LEE & ELVIS

AIN'T A'GONNA

JOHNNY, JERRY LEE, ELVIS & CARL
STUDY WAR NO MORE

JOHNNY, JERRY LEE & ELVIS

AIN'T A'GONNA

JOHNNY, JERRY LEE, ELVIS & CARL
STUDY WAR NO MORE

JOHNNY

Brother Lewis.

JERRY LEE

WELL, I’M GONNA

DRIVE UP IN MY NEW CADILLAC

OOO

CARL

JERRY LEE

Where

DOWN BY THE RIVERSIDE

OOO

JERRY LEE

DOWN BY THE RIVERSIDE

OOO

JOHNNY, ELVIS & CARL

OOO

JERRY LEE

DOWN BY THE RIVERSIDE
JERRY LEE (CONT’D)                      JOHNNY, ELVIS & CARL (CONT’D)

I’M GONNA
DRIVE UP IN MY BRAND NEW CADILLAC          OOO

JOHNNY, ELVIS & CARL

OOO

JERRY LEE

DOWN BY THE RIVERSIDE

JERRY LEE                     JOHNNY, ELVIS & CARL

AIN'T GONNA
STUDY FORDS            OOO
NO MORE             OOO

JOHNNY & ELVIS

WELL I

JOHNNY, JERRY LEE & ELVIS

AIN'T A’GONNA

JOHNNY, JERRY LEE, ELVIS & CARL

STUDY WAR NO MORE

JOHNNY, JERRY LEE & ELVIS

AIN'T A’GONNA

JOHNNY, JERRY LEE, ELVIS & CARL

STUDY WAR NO MORE

JERRY LEE

NO

JOHNNY, JERRY LEE & ELVIS

AIN'T A’GONNA

JOHNNY, JERRY LEE, ELVIS & CARL

STUDY WAR NO MORE
JOHNNY, JERRY LEE & ELVIS

AIN'T A'GONNA

JOHNNY, JERRY LEE, ELVIS & CARL

STUDY WAR NO MORE

JOHNNY, JERRY LEE & ELVIS

AIN'T A'GONNA

JOHNNY, JERRY LEE, ELVIS & CARL

STUDY WAR NO MORE

JOHNNY

Watcha gonna do, E?

ELVIS

WELL, I'M 'ONNA LAY DOWN MY SWORD AND SHIELD

JERRY LEE

SAY WHERE

JOHNNY, ELVIS & CARL

DOWN BY THE RIVERSIDE
DOWN BY THE RIVERSIDE

JERRY LEE

A TELL ME WHERE

JOHNNY, ELVIS & CARL

DOWN BY THE RIVERSIDE

ELVIS

I'M 'ONNA LAY
DOWN MY SWORD AND SHIELD

JERRY LEE

A EV A WHERE

JOHNNY, ELVIS & CARL

DOWN BY THE RIVERSIDE

ELVIS

AIN'T GONNA

JOHNNY, ELVIS & CARL

STUDY WAR NO MORE

ELVIS

WELL A WELL A WELL I
JOHNNY

WELL I

JOHNNY, JERRY LEE & ELVIS

AIN'T A'GONNA

JOHNNY, JERRY LEE, ELVIS & CARL

STUDY WAR NO MORE

JOHNNY, JERRY LEE & ELVIS

AIN'T A'GONNA

JOHNNY, JERRY LEE, ELVIS & CARL

STUDY WAR NO MORE

JOHNNY, JERRY LEE & ELVIS

NO MORE

ELVIS

JERRY LEE

NO MORE

NO

JOHNNY, JERRY LEE & ELVIS

STUDY WAR NO MORE

JOHNNY, JERRY LEE & ELVIS

AIN'T A'GONNA

JOHNNY, JERRY LEE, ELVIS & CARL

STUDY WAR NO MORE

JOHNNY, JERRY LEE & ELVIS

STUDY WAR NO MORE

(as song ends, QUARTET freezes...lights fade on them and come up on DYANNE walking toward PHILLIPS, who is now standing at the top of
the control booth stairs...music continues on
bass and drums underneath)

DYANNE
I can't believe we're really here. The way Elvis was talking, I
was expecting something like the Capitol Tower building...but it’s
more like...

PHILLIPS
An auto parts shop? 'Cause that’s what it was.

DYANNE
(pulls PHILLIPS aside, talks confidentially)
So, I heard you just might be visitin' Elvis at RCA...?

PHILLIPS
(taken aback)
Where'd you hear that?

DYANNE
On the drive here, Elvis said, strictly on the QT, there was a
chance you and him might be working together again at RCA.

PHILLIPS
(completely on guard)
Well, strictly on the QT, I ain’t said yes. And I ain’t said no.

DYANNE
Well, Elvis really wants you to work with him...

PHILLIPS
(almost combative)
Well, it ain't all about what Elvis Presley wants, is it?

DYANNE
You know what? You're right...it's just that he really needs
someone in his corner right now. There's so many people telling
him what to do and he just gets so...lost sometimes.

PHILLIPS
Go on.

DYANNE
Well...it seems to me, just from the short time I've been here,
that it's not just Elvis who wants you two to work together again.
PHILLIPS
Look, I ain’t gettin’ stampeded into nuthin’... You understand me?
(DYANNE nods)

PHILLIPS
(ushering DYANNE to the control room)
Alright, now. Come with me, and I’ll show you something about makin’ records. Maybe you can sell my secrets to RCA.
(clanking percussion)

#11 SIXTEEN TONS

JOHNNY
SOME PEOPLE SAY A MAN IS MADE OUTTA MUD
A POOR MAN IS MADE OUTTA MUSCLE AND BLOOD
MUSCLE AND BLOOD, AND SKIN AND BONE
A MIND THAT'S WEAK AND A BACK THAT'S STRONG

YOU LOAD SIXTEEN TONS, AND WHADAYA GET
ANOTHER DAY OLDER AND DEEPER IN DEBT
SAINT PETER DON'T YOU CALL ME 'CAUSE I CAN'T GO
I OWE MY SOUL TO THE COMPANY STORE

I WAS BORN ONE MORNIN' AND THE SUN DIDN'T SHINE
I PICKED UP MY SHOVEL AND I WALKED TO THE MINE
I LOADED SIXTEEN TONS OF NUMBER NINE COAL
AND THE STRAW BOSS SAID, WELL, BLESS MY SOUL

YOU LOAD SIXTEEN TONS, AND WHADAYA GET
ANOTHER DAY OLDER AND DEEPER IN DEBT
SAINT PETER DON'T YOU CALL ME 'CAUSE I CAN'T GO
I OWE MY SOUL TO THE COMPANY STORE

IF YOU SEE ME COMIN' BETTER STEP ASIDE
A LOTTA MEN DIDN'T, A LOTTA MEN DIED
I GOT ONE FIST OF IRON AND THE OTHER OF STEEL
IF THE RIGHT ‘N’ DON'T GET YA, THEN THE LEFT ONE WILL

YOU LOAD SIXTEEN TONS, AND WHADAYA GET
ANOTHER DAY OLDER AND DEEPER IN DEBT
SAINT PETER DON'T YOU CALL ME 'CAUSE I CAN'T GO
I OWE MY SOUL TO THE COMPANY STORE
(CARL ad-libs "Check this out, John" to JOHNNY, and flows directly into)

#12 MY BABE

CARL

MY BABY DON'T STAND NO CHEATIN', MY BABE
OH NO, SHE DON'T STAND NO CHEATIN', MY BABE
OH NO, SHE DON'T STAND NO CHEATIN'
SHE DON'T STAND NONE OF THAT MIDNIGHT CA-REEPIN'
MY BABE, TRUE LITTLE BABY, SHE'S A' MY BABE

This is what I say to my babe...

(guitar solo...others join in on "My Babe")

CARL

MY BABY, DON'T STAND NO FOOLIN'
MY BABE

OH NO, SHE DON'T STAND NO FOOLIN'
MY BABE

OH NO, SHE DON'T
STAND NO FOOLIN'
'CAUSE WHEN SHE'S HOT
THERE AIN'T NO COOLIN'
MY BABE, TRUE LITTLE BABY SHE'S
A' MY BABE

MY BABY, TRUE LITTLE BABY
SHE’S MY BABY

JOHNNY

SIXTEEN TONS
WHADAYA GET

ANOTHER DAY OLDER
AND DEEPER IN DEBT
SAINT
PETER DON'T YOU CALL ME
CAUSE I
CAN'T GO

I OWE MY SOUL TO THE
COMPANY STORE
I OWE MY SOUL TO THE
COMPANY STORE
CARL
(taking guitar off)
Man, I’m needing to visit the little shack out back, if you know what I mean. Brother Jay, you an’ Fluke thirsty for anythin’?

BROTHER JAY
(pulls out flask)
Naw, we’re good.

JOHNNY
I need one, Carl.

CARL
Come on John.

JERRY LEE
Get me a root beer, Carl.
(CARL stares at him for a second, then bursts out laughing)

CARL
You wanna’ Twinkie to go with that, hot shot?
(turns to exit)

JERRY LEE
No, I’d like a moon pie.

#12a SCENE TRANSITION (UNDERSCORE)

(CARL glances at JERRY LEE and walks off towards the street followed by JOHNNY... during musical interlude, JOHNNY and CARL walk “outside”--down into spotlight...shortly thereafter, DYANNE whispers into ELVIS’s ear, kisses him on the cheek and follows CARL and JOHNNY)

CARL
John.

JOHNNY
Yeah.

CARL
You ain’t told Mistuh Phillips you’re quittin’ Sun, have you?
JOHNNY
Well, it jus’ never seemed like the right time.

CARL
Well, he’s fixin’ to force the issue. He’s gonna hand you the contract renewal in front of Elvis and ever’one.

JOHNNY
(frustrated)
Oh man, I shoulda known somethin’ like that was comin’.

CARL
Then why’d the hell you show up here?

JOHNNY
Mr. Phillips called and said Elvis was stopping by. Told me to get my butt over here.

CARL
And you stepped right in it.

DYANNE
(crossing down to them)
I’m sorry, fellas. I didn’t realize you were in the middle of something...

CARL
It’s okay. Jus’ a little business.

JOHNNY
Aw hell, stick around. Smoke ‘em if you got ‘em, darlin’.

DYANNE
It is so much fun in there. Is it always like this?

(JOHNNY and CARL look at each other...DYANNE looks at them...pregnant pause)

CARL

JOHNNY
(looks at CARL)
Look, if you really wanna know, there’s a little a-tomic bomb fixin’ to explode. Mistuh Phillips wants me to sign a contract extension, and what he don’t know is I’ve awready signed an
JOHNNY (CONT’D)

agreement to go with Columbia Records in Nashville the day my contract’s up here.

DYANNE

I see. You know, it’s so strange that you want nothing more than to leave Sun and Elvis wants nothing more than to come back.

CARL

Yeah, but he AIN’T comin’ back. There’s just so far you can go on Sun Records. It’s a two-person operation f’r God’s sakes.

JOHNNY

And let’s just say that Sun don’t pay at the top end. And their distribution!

(shakes his head)

Man, if they really wanna stop the spread of Communism, they oughta let Sun distribute it.

CARL

And a blind man can see Mistuh Phillips is ‘bout to throw ever’thing behind that crazy new kid.

DYANNE

He’ll be a star or die trying.

CARL

Maybe, but where does that leave us?

JOHNNY

I don’t wanna take nuthin’ away from Mistuh Phillips. He saw somethin’ in me couldn’t no one else have seen. Hell, wouldn’t no one else have given me the time a’day. But...you can take this for what it’s worth. I made a covenant with God...if he made me a star I would praise him the onliest way I know how—with a gospel record. Mr. Phillips won’t record it. Says the kids won’t buy it. Well, Columbia thinks they will. So...it’s just time to be movin’ on.

CARL

John’s right. Stay here, and ‘fore you know it, we’ll be back playin’ to the drunks in them damn ol’ honky tonks. And drunks don’t buy records...

JOHNNY

They just make ‘em.
DYANNE
I’ll drink to that.

CARL
Amen! C’mon, it's cold out here.

JOHNNY
I’ll get the sodis.

(exits offstage...CARL and DYANNE cross back into the building...lights come up on studio)

#12B BACK IN THE STUDIO (UNDERSCORE)

ELVIS
Alright. Enough of that ol’ hillbilly jive.

JERRY LEE
What do you have in mind, Elvis?

ELVIS
We gotta get hot or go home. Hey Carl, you know that Long Tall Sally duckin’ back in the alley song?

CARL
The one Pat Boone just done?

ELVIS
I got your Boone right here.

#13 LONG TALL SALLY

ELVIS
GON’ TELL AUNT MARY ’BOUT UNCLE JOHN
CLAIM HE GOT THE MIS’RY BUT HE HAVIN’ LOTS OF FUN
OH BABY, YEAH BABY
OOH HOO HOO BABY, HAVIN’ ME SOME FUN TONIGHT

WELL I SAW UNCLE JOHN WITH BALD-HEAD SALLY
HE SAW AUNT MARY COMIN’ AND HE DUCKED BACK IN THE ALLEY
OH, BABY, YEAH BABY
OOH BABY, HAVIN’ ME SOME FUN TONIGHT

(solo CARL and BROTHER JAY)
ELVIS (CONT’D)
WELL LONG TALL SALLY SHE’S A BUILT FOR SPEED
SHE GOT EV’RYTHING THAT UNCLE JOHN NEEDS
OH BABY, YEAH BABY
OOH HOO BABY, HAVIN’ ME SOME FUN TONIGHT

A WELL, WE’LL HAVE SOME FUN TONIGHT
HAVE SOME FUN TONIGHT
WELL EV’RYTHING’S ALRIGHT
HAVE SOME FUN TONIGHT
HAVE SOME FUN, SOME FUN TONIGHT

(song ends...DYANNE embraces ELVIS)

DYANNE
You’re having a some fun tonight, aren’t you Babe?

ELVIS
NUTHIN’ more fun than Rock ‘n’ Roll.

JERRY LEE
I know somethin’ way more fun...

CARL
Boy, don’t make me hafta’ take you out back and shoot you.

PHILLIPS
Excuse me, ma’am. I need to have a word in private with Mrs. Presley’s boy.

#13A ELVIS-PHILLIPS UNDERSCORE
(BROTHER JAY’S SONG)

(PHILLIPS crosses away from the group and ELVIS follows...music continues underneath)

Elvis, you’re soundin’ real good, son. Maybe I shouldn’t have cut you loose!

ELVIS
Mr. Phillips, I gotta tell you, I ain’t had me a time like this, prob’ly since I left here.

PHILLIPS
(smiling)
Well, you’re back home, son. And you’re a hotshot Hollywood star now, aint’cha. Hell, everything you done this year turned to gold.
ELVIS

Well...not everything.

PHILLIPS

Whatcha mean?

ELVIS

Well, a few months back the Colonel booked me into Vegas opening for Shecky Greene. Told him I didn’t wanna do it. Well, you know how the Colonel talks, “This Rock ‘n Roll’s gonna blow over real soon, boy. We need to git you in with the supper club crowd.”

PHILLIPS

Oh, man...

ELVIS

Told him my fans were too young to even git in...Well, they hated me. Booed me off the stage every night. I swear I’ll never play Vegas again.

PHILLIPS

The Colonel’s an ass. He don’t give a damn what you want, boy. He’s jus’ lookin’ out for himself.

ELVIS

Mr. Phillips, I would really appreciate your steppin’ in and helpin’ me out here. Everyone’s pushing me--and pullin’ at me...and...well...You always bin straight as an arrow with me. I didn’t always see that, but by God I see it now...I know you been talking to RCA about working with me again...

PHILLIPS

(laughing)

Yeah...They bought you--now they want to buy me. Offerin’ me a truckload of money, tellin’ me I need to get out while the gettin's good.

(pulls at ELVIS’s sharp threads)

Man, they jus’ don’t git it. Rock 'n' Roll ain’t a fad. It’s a damn revolution.

(ELVIS and PHILLIPS head back into the studio...PHILLIPS slaps ELVIS on the back...the song ends with a slap bass solo from BROTHER JAY)
CARL
(to DYANNE)
That’s my big brother, Jay B.

DYANNE
He doesn’t look like your big brother.

CARL
Yeah, he kinda favors that fella who lives 'cross the way.

DYANNE
(laughs and turns to JOHNNY)
How about you John, any other rising stars in your family?

JOHNNY
Uhh...No, ma’am...my big brother was killed May of ’44.

DYANNE
Oh, I'm sorry...Was he in the Armed Services?

JOHNNY
No, he was just fourteen. He was workin’ in a sawmill after school and got in a bad accident. He was studyin’ to be a preacher...

JERRY LEE
My cousin Jimmy Swaggart is a preacher.

JOHNNY
Man, I was thinkin' just now...I wish my brother hadda' seen all the good things that come my way of late.

JERRY LEE
MAH big brother, Elmo Junior, died when he was five. Killed by a drunk driver with Arkansas plates.

DYANNE
Really.

JERRY LEE
(after a beat)
First money I make in this business, I’m gonna re-bury him. Daddy was in jail for peddlin’ hooch, so we just planted Elmo Junior in the backyard. They brung Daddy home in shackles for the burial. Real nice to have the family all together like that.

PHILLIPS
Man, this is some kinda party, ain’t it.
ELVIS
I don’t know if you guys knew this, but I had me a twin brother. Jesse Garon.

JOHNNY
Is that right.

ELVIS
He died soon after we was born.

CARL
Big brother, it ain’t lookin’ too good for you.

ELVIS
(walking to piano)
Man, that really gits you thinkin’, don’t it.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>ELVIS</th>
<th>JERRY LEE, CARL, JOHNNY &amp; DYANNE</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>OH WELL, I'M TIRED AND SO WEARY</td>
<td>OOH</td>
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<tr>
<td>BUT I MUST GO ALONE</td>
<td>OOH</td>
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<td>TILL THE LORD COMES AND CALLS</td>
<td>OOH</td>
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<td>CALLS ME AWAY, OH YES</td>
<td>OOH</td>
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<tr>
<td>WELL THE</td>
<td></td>
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<td>MORNIN'S SO</td>
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<td>BRIGHT</td>
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<td>AND THE</td>
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<td>LAMB IS A LIGHT</td>
<td>OOH</td>
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<td>AND THE</td>
<td>OOH</td>
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<td>NIGHT</td>
<td>OOH</td>
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<tr>
<td>IS AS BLACK AS THE SEA</td>
<td>OOH</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>OH YEAH</td>
<td>OOH</td>
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ELVIS, JERRY LEE, CARL, JOHNNY & DYANNE
THERE WILL BE PEACE IN THE VALLEY FOR ME SOME DAY

<table>
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<tr>
<td>THERE WILL BE</td>
<td>OOH</td>
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<tr>
<td>PEACE IN THE VALLEY FOR ME</td>
<td>OOH</td>
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<tr>
<td>OH LORD I PRAY</td>
<td>OOH</td>
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</tbody>
</table>
THERE'LL BE NO

ELVIS, JERRY LEE, CARL, JOHNNY & DYANNE

SADNESS

NO

ELVIS, JERRY LEE, CARL, JOHNNY & DYANNE

SORROW

NO

ELVIS, JERRY LEE, CARL, JOHNNY & DYANNE

TROUBLE, TROUBLE I SEE

ELVIS

THERE WILL BE

ELVIS, JERRY LEE, CARL, JOHNNY & DYANNE

PEACE IN THE VALLEY FOR ME, FOR ME

JERRY LEE

Now tell me Presley boy...if you died today, would you spend all eternity in heaven or hell?

(ELVIS just stares at JERRY LEE)

Aw look, I done scared him.

JOHNNY

You done scared alla us, man.

JERRY LEE

The Bible says make merry with the joy of God only. Don'cha realize what we’re doin’ ever’ time we play this rhythm ‘n’ blues, Rock ‘n’ Roll? We’re in the devil’s playground and less’n we be saved and borned again and made like a little child, I can tell you ‘zactly where we goin’.
DYANNE
You missed your calling, Jerry Lee. You should have been a preacher.

JERRY LEE
Ma’am, I studied two semesters at the Waxahatchie Bible Institute. Studied to be a man of God.

DYANNE
So what happened?

JERRY LEE
Too many good lookin’ women out there.

PHILLIPS
Easy, killer.

JERRY LEE
The Lord said “love thy neighbor” and I was doin’ the best I could...Naw, I was singing a hymn for my Sunday school, and I done it Jerry Lee Lewis style. They picked me up and throwed me out.

PHILLIPS
Course they did, fool. You don’t rewrite the Bible and you don’t mess with the Lord’s hymns.

JERRY LEE
Well now, you speak the truth sometimes Mr. Phillips, but I want you to look at us, ever’one of us. All them kids listenin’ to our music are ruint. Listen to it, and you’ll spend a million years in hell. Play it, and you can add a million more! We git ‘em all frothed up so bad they’re talkin’ in tongues, ‘cept they ain’t in church. Good God Awmighty, great balls of fire, we ALL know what rock ‘n’ roll means...

DYANNE
Is there something I’ve missed? What does Rock ‘n’ Roll mean?

#14A TEMPTATION

JERRY LEE
It’s Temptation...

(Double drum-beat)

Fornication...

(Double drum-beat)
...and Damnation in that order.

(to DYANNE, singing suggestively)

I’LL ROCK EM, ROLL ‘EM ALL NIGHT LONG

...and I do b’lieve you know what I’m talkin’ ‘bout.

JOHNNY
Jerry Lee, sit down. You need to be a bit more respectful to Elvis’s young lady—hell, everyone in this room. It’s good to believe in yourself, but there are people out there who can make you or break you. You got a world of talent, boy, but you need to listen and learn. In this business, you cross someone and they’ll be waitin’ to do you in.

(turns to CARL and BAND...begins to strum)

Carl, I been foolin’ with this old train song...I kicked it off in F...

JERRY LEE
(turning away from JOHNNY)

You done it in F because it’s too effin slow. Don’t no one wanna hear them durned ol’ TRAIN songs these days.

(drops voice)

Johnny Cash? Ain’t you never heard of an’ aero-plane?

JOHNNY

You got somethin’ to say to me, boy?

CARL
(smiling at JOHNNY)

The boy’s startin’ to grow on you, ain’t he, John?

JOHNNY

Yeah, like a tick on a dawg.

PHILLIPS

John, man, play that “Walk the Line” song.

JOHNNY

You like that one, do you, Mr. Phillips?
PHILLIPS  
(pointing to gold record)  
Got me a million reasons for likin' it, John.

(to JERRY LEE)  
Jerry Lee, y'know he wrote this for his wife. Maybe you oughta  
pick one of your wives and write me a hit. C’mon, John.

#15 I WALK THE LINE

(ELVIS threads dollar bill between his guitar  
strings and plays "brushes on snare" rhythm)

JOHNNY

MM  
I KEEP A CLOSE WATCH ON THIS HEART OF MINE  
I KEEP MY EYES WIDE OPEN ALL THE TIME  
I KEEP THE ENDS OUT FOR THE TIE THAT BINDS  
BECAUSE YOU'RE MINE, I WALK THE LINE

MM  
I FIND IT VERY, VERY EASY TO BE TRUE  
I FIND MYSELF ALONE WHEN EACH DAY'S THROUGH  
YES, I'LL ADMIT THAT I'M A FOOL FOR YOU  
BECAUSE YOU'RE MINE, I WALK THE LINE

MM  
AS SURE AS NIGHT IS DARK AND DAY IS LIGHT  
I KEEP YOU ON MY MIND BOTH DAY AND NIGHT  
AND HAPPINESS I'VE KNOWN PROVES THAT IT'S RIGHT  
BECAUSE YOU'RE MINE, I WALK THE LINE

MM  
YOU'VE GOT A WAY TO KEEP ME ON YOUR SIDE  
YOU GIVE ME CAUSE FOR LOVE THAT I CAN'T HIDE  
FOR YOU I KNOW I'D EVEN TRY TO TURN THE TIDE  
BECAUSE YOU'RE MINE, I WALK THE LINE

MM  
I KEEP A CLOSE WATCH ON THIS HEART OF MINE  
I KEEP MY EYES WIDE OPEN ALL THE TIME  
I KEEP THE ENDS OUT FOR THE TIE THAT BINDS  
BECAUSE YOU'RE MINE, I WALK THE LINE
PHILLIPS
(on booth microphone)
Hey little lady, tape’s rollin’. Don’t you want to be on a record?

ALL
Yeah...Come on...Let’s hear it...etc.

PHILLIPS
You got another song for us?

#16 I HEAR YOU KNOCKIN’

DYANNE
YOU WENT AWAY AND LEFT ME LONG TIME AGO
AND NOW YOU COME BACK, KNOCKING ON MY DOOR

ELVIS
Awww...Dee, Dee, anything but that old song.

CARL
Naw, naw, naw, let her sing it, Presley boy.

(CARL starts playing the song)

JOHNNY
Yeah.

DYANNE
I HEAR YOU KNOCKIN’
BUT YOU CAN'T COME IN

JERRY LEE
Tell em about it, babe.

DYANNE
I HEAR YOU KNOCKIN’
GO BACK WHERE YOU BEEN

(remainder of BAND joins in)

DYANNE (CONT’D)
I BEGGED YOU NOT TO GO BUT YOU SAID GOODBYE
AND NOW YOU COME BACK TELLIN’ ME ALL YOUR LIES
DYANNE (CONT’D)

I HEAR YOU KNOCKIN’
BUT YOU CAN’T COME IN
I HEAR YOU KNOCKIN’
GO BACK WHERE YOU BEEN

(guitar and piano duel peaks)

I TOLD YOU WAY BACK IN FIFTY-TWO
THAT I WOULD NEVER GO WITH YOU

I HEAR YOU KNOCKIN’
BUT YOU CAN’T COME IN
I HEAR YOU KNOCKIN’
GO BACK WHERE YOU BEEN

(song ends)

CARL

Let’s shift this party into high gear, then we gotta git.

#17 LET’S HAVE A PARTY

CARL

SOME PEOPLE LIKE TO ROCK
SOME PEOPLE LIKE TO ROLL
BUT MOVIN’ AND A GROOVIN’
GONNA SATISFY MY SOUL
LET’S HAVE A PARTY

LET’S HAVE A PARTY

A SEND ’IM TO THE STORE
LET’S BUY SOME MORE
LET’S HAVE A PARTY TONIGHT

ELVIS

LET’S HAVE A PARTY

JERRY LEE, JOHNNY, ELVIS

LET’S HAVE A PARTY

LET’S HAVE A PARTY

LET’S HAVE A PARTY

CARL, JERRY LEE & JOHNNY

LET’S HAVE A PARTY
ELVIS (CONT’D)  
CARL, JERRY LEE & JOHNNY (CONT’D)

LET'S HAVE A PARTY
A SEND 'IM TO THE STORE
LET'S BUY SOME MORE
LET'S HAVE A PARTY TONIGHT

CARL & DYANNE

I NEVER KISSED A BEAR
I NEVER KISSED A GOON
BUT I CAN SHAKE A CHICKEN
IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROOM
LET'S HAVE A PARTY

LET'S HAVE A PARTY
A SEND 'IM TO THE STORE
LET'S BUY SOME MORE
LET'S HAVE A PARTY TONIGHT

JOHNNY & ELVIS

WOO-OOO
LET'S HAVE A PARTY

ELVIS, CARL & DYANNE

THE MEAT IS ON THE STOVE
THE BREAD IS GETTIN' HOT
EV’RYBODY COME AND TASTE
THE POSSUM POPPA SHOT

ELVIS, JOHNNY, CARL & DYANNE

LET'S HAVE A PARTY

ELVIS

OOO

ELVIS, JOHNNY, CARL & DYANNE

LET'S HAVE A PARTY

DYANNE

OOO

ELVIS, JOHNNY, CARL & DYANNE

SEND 'IM TO THE STORE
LET'S BUY SOME MORE
LET'S HAVE A PARTY TONIGHT

ELVIS

WELL WE’LL HAVE A
YEAH A PARTY A TONIGHT
PHILLIPS

(applauds as song ends)

Very good! Very good! Boys...and ma’am, you are hot tonight. Now that we’re all gathered together, I thought we’d have us a special celebration.

(PHILLIPS hands out shot glasses to JOHNNY, JERRY LEE, CARL, and the BAND)

PHILLIPS (CONT’D)

Ma’am, will you share a drink with us.

DYANNE

Thank you, I believe I will.

PHILLIPS

Good. Give me some celebratin’ music Jerry Lee.

# 17A CELEBRATION MUSIC (UNDERSCORE)

(piano music underneath—“Auld Lang Syne”—from JERRY LEE)

PHILLIPS

Tonight—is a special anniversary. Johnny Cash come to us the first of ’55, and now his contract is up for renewal. I’ve had my lawyer work on this...

(PHILLIPS pulls a folded legal-sized contract out of his sports coat’s inside pocket)

This means that Johnny Cash and Sun Records will be an un-BEAT-able team from the first of ’57 until the dawn of the new decade. Nineteen-sixty. And if I had to prophesy, I’d say far beyond that. So, John...

(PHILLIPS holds up contract and leafs through it to last page...holds out a pen and points to the spot where JOHNNY is to sign)

...here’s to three more great years. Come on over here and sign this.

(everyone but CARL applauds...BAND plays...music becomes “From the Halls of Montezuma”—Marine’s Hymn)
JOHNNY

(motions music to stop with “cut” sign)
Mistuh Phillips...Mistuh Phillips, there’s something I ain’t told you. I didn’t want it to come out like this, but I already signed an option to go with Columbia Records when my Sun contract is up.

(silence)

It ain’t like I forgot what you done for me. Wouldn’t no one else have taken a chance on me, sounding as pitiful as I did when I first come here. But there have been some...well, it just feels like it’s time for me to move on. Like I say, I’m sorry it come out like this...

PHILLIPS

Move on...to Columbia?

JOHNNY

Yes, sir.

PHILLIPS

Well...that sure-as-hell explains why you been scarce around here lately...it was tough as hell losin’ you, El-ri, but I had to let you go in order to save Sun Records. But I saw you, John--and Carl--spearheadin’ Sun to even better times down the road. When I listen to the radio, I hear all them big record companies...Columbia, RCA...copyin’ what we’re doing here in this little chicken coop. Or should I say, TRYIN’ to copy--ain’t like none of ‘em figgered it out yet...

JOHNNY

Mistuh Phillips, I’ll be happy to come by tomorrow morning...

PHILLIPS

(ripping the contract up)
John, it’s signed, sealed, and delivered.

JOHNNY

I’d just like to explain to ya’...

PHILLIPS

(explodes, throwing the contract at JOHNNY)
Whatcha gonna explain to me? How much money you’re gettin’? I know why you’re going to Columbia--I ain’t a fool. What I don’t know is--after I done for ya’ like you was family--why you had to lie to me.
JOHNNY
Mr. Phillips, I wasn’t lying...it was just...I didn’t know exactly how to tell you.

PHILLIPS
I’m glad your God draws a line between lying and not telling the truth, John, because MINE don’t.

(PHILLIPS stares long and hard at JOHNNY)

(sarcastically)
Well, I hope...you sell a million every time out, boy.

(JOHNNY looks up at PHILLIPS and nods...
PHILLIPS recovers and walks over to piano)

PHILLIPS (CONT’D)
Sun Records is gonna be just fine...

(walks toward JERRY LEE)
If I can just keep this firecracker from blowin’ himself up.

(JERRY LEE grins up at him...PHILLIPS crosses toward CARL)

PHILLIPS (CONT’D)
And it’s no secret we’ve had a bit of trouble gettin’ another big hit for ol’ Carl, here, but I do believe we’ve turned the corner, and we’re gonna’ get you back right where you belong. Top of the charts!

(long silence)

JOHNNY
(quietly)
Tell him, Carl.

(PHILLIPS turns to look at CARL for a moment)

PHILLIPS
Tell me what?

(silence)

Tell me what?
Mistuh Phillips. Uhh... Me an’ the boys talked it over, and we’ve signed to go to Columbia as well when our deal is up here.

(silence)

Mistuh Phillips. I been high, low, and ever’place in-between this year. But when “Blue Suede Shoes” was Number One, an’ I was driving to New York City to sing “my” song on the Perry Como television show--and we had that bad car wreck...a week later I’m layin’ in bed in the hospital watchin’ the Ed Sullivan Show...watchin’ Elvis Presley sing MY SONG on the Ed Sullivan Show. You can’t believe how that feels! That shoulda been MY break.

ELVIS

Carl, you know the Colonel was the one...

CARL

(to ELVIS)

You got the whole world pitchin’ songs at ya’--you coulda left “Blue Suede Shoes” alone. Since you done the song on TV ever’one thinks it’s your song. I got dee-jays tellin’ me I’m coverin’ Elvis. Naw, it’s the other way around, ain’t it.

(to PHILLIPS)

And then there come a time and I’m standin’ out there, and by God, I hear Sam Phillips on the phone to the pressin’ plant tellin’ them to take my records off the presses and put Johnny Cash on.

PHILLIPS

Carl, that was just for a day or two. We had to get them records in the stores. We had ads runnin’ out west...

CARL

You give up on me Mistuh Phillips. You know you did.

(this is a body blow to PHILLIPS)

Well, it don’t matter what’s bin did and what’s bin hid...like you talking to RCA, huh? The upshot is that Columbia offered me a deal. Promised to get behind my records. Damn near guaranteed me another hit.

(PHILLIPS stares at CARL...looks slowly around the room...turns and walks, exiting toward sound booth)
JERRY LEE
(quietly rising up from piano)
Mistuh Phillips? I wasn’t gonna tell you this...

(PHILLIPS freezes...EVERYONE turns to look at JERRY LEE)

...but I found the song that’s gonna be my next hit on Sun Records.

DYANNE
(after long pause...quietly)
Let’s hear it, Jerry Lee.

#18 GREAT BALLS OF FIRE

JERRY LEE
YOU SHAKE MY NERVES AND YOU RATTLE MY BRAIN
TOO MUCH A LOVE DRIVE A MAN INSANE
YOU BROKE MY WILL
OH WHAT A THRILL
A GOODNESS GRACIOUS, GREAT BALLS OF FIRE

(PRILLIPS storms out of the building...DYANNE gets her coat and follows him out)

I LAUGHED AT LOVE AND I THOUGHT IT WAS FUNNY
YOU CAME ALONG AND YOU WHOED ME, HONEY
I CHANGED MY MIND, YOUR LOVE IS FINE
GOODNESS GRACIOUS, GREAT BALLS OF FIRE

KISS ME BABY, WHHHHOOOO, FEELS GOOD
HOLD ME BABY
YEAH I WANT TO LOVE YOU LIKE A LOVER SHOULD
WELL YOU’RE FINE, A SO KIND
GONNA TELL THIS WORLD THAT YOU’RE MINE, MINE, MINE, MINE

I CHEW MY NAILS AND I TWIDDLE MY THUMBS
I’M A LITTLE NERVOUS, BUT IT SURE IS FUN
COME ON BABY, YOU DRIVE ME CRAZY
GOODNESS GRACIOUS, GREAT BALLS OF FIRE

(JERRY LEE and BAND continue underneath as lights dim on all but DYANNE and PHILLIPS)
DYANNE

(very tentatively)
That sounds like...a hit to me.

PHILLIPS

(not really listening...brushing her off)
Maybe, it does. I don’t know...

DYANNE

(carefully and quietly)
That’s just it, you DO know. And that’s the deal in this business.
The NEXT hit, not the last one...

PHILLIPS

(increasingly combative)
Well, it ain’t that easy, is it? I made these boys...D'ya think Columbia woulda signed Johnny Cash if they'd heard him and his little boom-chicka-boom deal? Hell, no, they'd have laughed their fool heads off. I’m the one who put their records in the back of my car and drove tens a’thousands a’ miles a’ year, visitin’ deejays city by city, station by station. The only thing I went out with was faith! I believed with all my heart and soul in what I had in my little bag--Elvis Presley, Johnny Cash, Carl Perkins...

(takes a moment to catch his breath and compose himself)

But, hell, maybe you’re right.

DYANNE

What do you mean?

PHILLIPS

You and Elvis the ones tryin’ to get me to sell out to RCA, an’ go on up to New York City.

DYANNE

You're right, but I just wanted for Elvis to be happy...Look, maybe I was wrong.

PHILLIPS

(beginning to slowly erupt again)
Johnny Cash and Carl Perkins obviously got no faith in Sun Records or Sam Phillips. Mebbe this place should be an auto parts store again. Mebbe they’re all right. This music ain’t gonna make it! Hell, you got Congress passin’ laws ‘gainst it! And you got Church people tryin' to SHUT ME DOWN!!
DYANNE
And you know that’ll just make the kids want it even more.

(PHILLIPS turns and looks at her)

DYANNE (CONT’D)
Why do you think RCA’s after you? Because YOU know how to MAKE this music like no one else does. Jerry Lee needs you. He believes in you and who knows who’s gonna be waiting out there tomorrow.

PHILLIPS
Well, I did just sign this kid out of Texas. Funny lookin’ dude, funny soundin’ name. Roy Orbison.

(lead guitarist plays first five notes of “Oh, Pretty Woman”...he takes a moment...and listens to the music)

Listen to ‘em in there.

(he turns to look at her for a moment)

You can call it the devil’s music...say it ain't even music at all...but, I'll tell you somethin'...there’s times we'll be in here workin’ on a song hour upon hour, and then suddenly these guys will give it ten percent more than they ever knew they had. They know it and I know it.

(with quiet intensity)

Then the guys go home and I'm here by muhself. I spin the tapes back and listen...and I think, "My god, this is where the soul of a man never dies."

(DYANNE turns to exit back into the studio...PHILLIPS turns to look at DYANNE, who smiles and nods to him, and returns to studio...PHILLIPS starts to really listen to the song and begins to realize what it is)

PHILLIPS
Man, I’m steppin’ over ‘em day and night.

JERRY LEE
KISS ME BABY, WHHHOOOO, FEELS GOOD
HOLD ME BABY, YEAH
I WANNA LOVE YOU LIKE A LOVER SHOULD
JERRY LEE (CONT’D)

WELL YOU’RE FINE, SO KIND
GONNA TELL THIS WORLD THAT YOU’RE MINE, MINE, MINE, MINE

I CHEW MY NAILS AND I TWIDDLER MY THUMBS
I’M A LITTLE NERVOUS, BUT IT SURE IS FUN
COME ON BABY
YOU DRIVE ME CRAZY
WOOOO, GREAT BALLS OF FIRE

PHILLIPS
(to AUDIENCE, with building passion of true believer)

So here’s the deal. All the success I had this past year didn’t make the problems go away. It just changed ‘em. Sure, I’d like to hand off the day-to-day crap to RCA and just make my records. But I can’t walk away from this place. I hung every piece of tile in that studio and wired the whole set-up so my music don’t sound like no one else’s. Fact is, I’d rather sell a hundred records by some kid I’ve brought along myself than a million records with someone else calling the shots.

(PHILLIPS turns to exit as lights up on studio)

JERRY LEE

Tell you what. Year from now, if you all are real nice to me, I might let you work MAH tours as muh openin’ acts. I’ll be rollin’ town to town...

(PHILLIPS enters the studio, crosses to piano and picks up shot glass)

PHILLIPS

Alright fellas, let’s finish that drink.

CARL

(Holding out a glass to PHILLIPS)
Win, lose, or draw, we should have us a hillbilly homecomin’ like this ever’ year.

PHILLIPS

(takes the glass and raises it to toast each of his FOUR BOYS)

Don’t none of you boys forget what we done here together...'cause it wouldn't' a'happened no place else.
To the Father of Rock ‘n’ Roll.

ALL
Here, here...Amen...etc.

(ALL raise their glasses to PHILLIPS and he drinks with them)

PHILLIPS
(stomps on studio floor)
Now bring it on home!

(EVERYONE shifts into fifth gear and “Great Balls Of Fire” nears climax)

JERRY LEE
KISS ME BABY, WHHHHHOOOO, FEELS GOOD
HOLD ME BABY
YEAH I WANNA LOVE YOU LIKE A LOVER SHOULD
WELL YOU’RE FINE, A SO KIND
GONNA TELL THIS WORLD THAT YOUR MINE, MINE, MINE, MINE

I CHEW MY NAILS AND I TWIDDLE MY THUMBS
I’M A LITTLE NERVOUS, BUT IT SURE IS FUN
COME ON BABY
YOU DRIVE ME CRAZY
GOODNESS GRACIOUS, GREAT BALLS OF FIRE

(PHILLIPS exits into the booth to retrieve a camera, and then re-enters)

PHILLIPS
Okay fellas,--Come on Johnny. You gather round the piano. I need a pitcher or ain’t no one ever gonna believe this. Jerry Lee stand up straight. Alright. Hold it.

(JERRY LEE, CARL, and JOHNNY cross back to assume their positions behind ELVIS, recreating the famous MILLION DOLLAR QUARTET photograph...a flash picture of the boys is taken illuminating the stage in a blinding white light, after which the lights dim and the actual December 4, 1956 photograph of the MILLION DOLLAR QUARTET blazes into view...they freeze and a single light comes up on PHILLIPS...silence)
PHILLIPS
(stares at the photograph for a moment and then turns to AUDIENCE)

Well, it’s no secret that it turned out pretty good for ever’one...career wise.

(turns to his BOYS one last time and looks at them for a moment, overwhelmed by the sorrow of knowing what the future has in store for them...quietly, to the AUDIENCE)

I just wish, ever’one of those boys woulda’ had...a little more happiness in their lives.

(composes himself)

That night, December 4, 1956, was the first--and last--time me and all my boys were together...and it really was such a night.

(we hear the scratchy, echoed sound of a 50-year-old recording of “Down By The Riverside” a capella with BOYS...PHILLIPS listens and then turns to look at the 1956 photograph, which remains illuminated as all of the rest of the lights begin to dim...ALL exit in the dark...stage goes to black)

CURTAIN CALL

#19 DOWN BY THE RIVERSIDE (REPRISE)

CARL

One, two, three

ELVIS

WELL

JOHNNY, JERRY LEE & ELVIS

AIN’T A’GONNA

JOHNNY, JERRY LEE, ELVIS & CARL

STUDY WAR NO MORE
JOHNNY, JERRY LEE & ELVIS

AIN'T A'GONNA

JOHNNY, JERRY LEE, ELVIS & CARL

STUDY WAR NO MORE

JOHNNY

WELL I

JOHNNY, JERRY LEE & ELVIS

AIN'T A'GONNA

JOHNNY, JERRY LEE, ELVIS & CARL

STUDY WAR NO MORE

ELVIS

NO MORE NO MORE NO

JOHNNY, JERRY LEE & ELVIS

AIN'T A'GONNA

JERRY LEE

MORE NO

JOHNNY, JERRY LEE, ELVIS & CARL

STUDY WAR NO MORE

JOHNNY, JERRY LEE & ELVIS

AIN'T A'GONNA

JOHNNY, JERRY LEE, ELVIS & CARL

STUDY WAR NO MORE

PHILLIPS

Ladies and gentlemen, the Million Dollar Quartet—Jerry Lee Lewis, Carl Perkins, Johnny Cash, and the King of Rock ‘n’ Roll, Mr. Elvis Presley.

#20 HOUND DOG

(ELVIS has his back to the AUDIENCE...spins around and points into AUDIENCE)
ELVIS

YOU AIN’T NOTHIN’ BUT A HOUND DOG
CRYIN’ ALL THE TIME
YOU AIN’T NOTHIN’ BUT A HOUND DOG
CRYIN’ ALL THE TIME
WELL, YOU AIN’T NEVER CAUGHT A RABBIT
AND YOU AIN’T NO FRIEND A MINE

WELL THEY SAID YOU WAS HIGH CLASSED
WELL THAT WAS JUST A LIE
YEAH THEY SAID YOU WAS HIGH CLASS
WELL THAT WAS JUST A LIE
YEAH YOU AIN’T NEVER CAUGHT A RABBIT
AND YOU AIN’T NO FRIEND A MINE

(CARL—guitar solo)

JOHNNY, JERRY LEE, JAY & DYANNE

AH

AH

ELVIS

WELL THEY SAID YOU WAS HIGH CLASSED
WELL THAT WAS JUST A LIE
YEAH THEY SAID YOU WAS HIGH CLASS
WELL THAT WAS JUST A LIE
YEAH YOU AIN’T NEVER CAUGHT A RABBIT
YOU AIN’T NO FRIEND A MINE

YOU AIN’T NOTHIN’ BUT A HOUND DOG
CRYIN’ ALL THE TIME
YOU AIN’T NOTHIN’ BUT A HOUND DOG
CRYIN’ ALL THE TIME
WELL, YOU AIN’T NEVER CAUGHT A RABBIT
AND YOU AIN’T NO FRIEND A MINE

JOHNNY

Hello, I’m Johnny Cash.
AN OLD COWBOY WENT RIDIN' OUT  
ONE DARK AND WINDY DAY  
ON A RIDGE HE RESTED  
AS HE WENT ALONG HIS WAY  
WHEN ALL AT ONCE A MIGHTY HERD OF  
RED-EYED COWS HE SAW  
COME A RUSHIN' THROUGH THE RAGGED SKIES  
AND UP A CLOUDY DRAW  
THEIR BRANDS WERE STILL ON FIRE  
AND THEIR HOOVES WERE MADE OF STEEL  

JOHNNY

THEIR HORNS WERE BLACK AND SHINY  
AND THEIR HOT BREATH YOU COULD FEEL  
A BOLT OF FEAR WENT THROUGH HIM  
AS THEY THUNDERED THROUGH THE SKY  
SAW THE RIDERS COMING HARD  
AND HE HEARD THEIR MOURNFUL CRY  

JOHNNY

YIPPIE I  
OH  
YIPPIE I  
AY  

DYANNE, CARL & ELVIS

THE RIDERS WENT ON BY HIM  
AND HE HEARD ONE CALL HIS NAME  
IF YOU WANNA SAVE YOUR SOUL FROM HELL  
A RIDING ON THAT RANGE  

JOHNNY (CONT’D)

THEN  
COWBOY CHANGE YOUR WAYS TODAY  
OR WITH US YOU WILL RIDE  

DYANNE

CARL on guitar solo
JOHNNY (CONT’D)

TRY’N’ TO CATCH THAT DEV’L HERD
ACROSS THESE ENDLESS SKIES

JOHNNY
YIPPIE I
OH
YIPPIE I
AY

DYANNE, CARL & ELVIS
OH
AY

JOHNNY

GHOST RIDERS IN THE SKY
GHOST RIDERS IN THE SKY

PHILLIPS
Ladies and Gentleman, the Father of Rockabilly, Mr. Carl Perkins.

#22 SEE YOU LATER ALLIGATOR

CARL

WELL...
(cups his ear to AUDIENCE to cue “Well”
response)

I SAW MY BABY WALKIN’
A WITH ANOTHER GUY TODAY
WELL I SAW MY BABY WALKIN’
A WITH ANOTHER GUY TODAY
WHEN I ASKED HER WHAT’S THE MATTER
WELL THIS IS ALL I HEARD HER SAY

CARL

I’LL SEE YA LATER ALLIGATOR
SEE YA LATER ALLIGATOR

UH AFTER 'WHILE CROCODILE
AFTER 'WHILE CROCODILE

SEE YA LATER ALLIGATOR
SEE YA LATER ALLIGATOR

UH AFTER 'WHILE CROCODILE
AFTER 'WHILE CROCODILE

CAN’T YA SEE YOU'RE IN MY WAY NOW
CAN’T YA SEE YOU'RE IN MY WAY NOW

A DON’T YA KNOW YA CRAMP MY STYLE
A DON’T YA KNOW YA CRAMP MY STYLE

NOW WHEN I THOUGHT OF WHAT SHE TOLD ME
NOW WHEN I THOUGHT OF WHAT SHE TOLD ME

IT NEARLY MADE ME LOSE MY HEAD
IT NEARLY MADE ME LOSE MY HEAD

REEL 2
CARL (CONT’D)

But the next time that I saw her
reminded her of what she said

I’LL SEE YA LATER ALLIGATOR

Uh after 'While Crocodile

SEE YA LATER ALLIGATOR

Uh after 'While Crocodile

Can't ya see you're in my way now

UH DON'T YA KNOW YA CRAMP MY STYLE

Look out now!

(Carl burns up the song with a harmonica solo
followed by a guitar solo)

ALL

I’LL SEE YA LATER ALLIGATOR

Uh after 'While Crocodile

SEE YA LATER ALLIGATOR

Uh after 'While Crocodile

So long, a farewell, a good-bye

(final bows...everyone except FLUKE and
BROTHER JAY leaves the stage...at the moment
the AUDIENCE thinks the show might really be
over, JERRY LEE peeks his head out from off
stage, grins and then runs back on)

JERRY LEE

You all wanna hear one more? Well, I do believe I will oblige.
Come on out here, boys.

#23 WHOLE LOTTA SHAKIN’

JERRY LEE

Well come on over baby
A whole lotta shakin' goin' on
I said now come on over baby
MM Baby you can't go wrong
We ain't playin'
Said a whole lotta shakin' goin' on
(EVERYONE begins to return and joins in)

JERRY LEE

WELL NOW COME ON OVER BABY
OO WE GOT CHICKEN IN THE BARN
YEAH COME ON OVER BABY
YOU REALLY GOT THE BULL BY THE HORN
YEAH WE AIN'T FAKIN'
SAID A WHOLE LOTTA SHAKIN' GOIN' ON

YE AH NOW SHAKE BABY SHAKE
A SHAKE A LITTLE HONEY SHAKE
A SHAKE BABY SHAKE
I SAID SHAKE BABY SHAKE
WE AIN'T PLAYIN'
SAID A WHOLE LOTTA SHAKIN GOIN' ON

(piano solo)

JERRY LEE

WELL COME ON OVER BABY
WE GOT CHICKEN IN THE BARN

JERRY LEE, CARL & JOHNNY

WHOSE BARN WHAT BARN

JERRY LEE, CARL, JOHNNY & ELVIS

MY BARN

JERRY LEE

COME ON OVER BABY
YOU REALLY GOT THE BULL BY THE HORN
YEAH WE AIN'T FAKIN'
SAID A WHOLE LOTTA SHAKIN' GOIN' ON
EASY NOW
SHAKE

Shake it one time for Jerry Lee.

A WELL A COME ON OVER BABY
WHOLE LOTTA SHAKIN' GOIN' ON

Alright now, boys, let’s get real low. One time now. Shake baby shake. All you gotta do honey is kinda stand in one spot. Wiggle around just a little bit. Now if you ain’t got something then you ain’t gonna get nothing. Now we’re gonna give you something to go home with. One, two, one, two, three...
JERRY LEE

SHAKE BABY, SHAKE
SHAKE HONEY, SHAKE
I SAID SHAKE BABY, SHAKE
I SAID SHAKE IT, HONEY, SHAKE
WE AIN’T PLAYIN’
SAID A WHOLE LOTTA SHAKIN’ GOIN’ ON

(CARL guitar solo)

JERRY LEE (CONT’D)

YEAH NOW SHAKE, BABY, SHAKE
SHAKE, HONEY, SHAKE
I SAID SHAKE BABY, SHAKE
I SAID SHAKE IT, HONEY, SHAKE
WE AIN’T PLAYIN’
SAID A WHOLE LOTTA SHAKIN’ GOIN’ ON

FINAL BOW--ALL exit

(after a short pause)

PHILLIPS

(recorded)
Ladies and Gentlemen, Elvis has left the building.

END OF SHOW
BILL CURTIS (pre-recored): On December 4, 1956, one man brought Johnny Cash, Jerry Lee Lewis, Carl Perkins, and Elvis Presley together to play for the first and only time. His name was Sam Phillips. The place was Sun Records. That night they made rock n roll history.

BLUE SUEDE SHOES

Rehearsal Piano

Well it's one for the mon-ey Two for the show Three to get read-y Now

Rockabilly Shuffle \( \frac{4}{4} = c. \ 170 \)

PERKINS:

CASH:

JLL:

ELVIS:

QUARTET:

A

D7

A

Well, you can do an-y-thing but lay off a my b-lue suede shoes

E7

A
A you can knock me down  
Step on my face  
Slan-der my name all-__

o-ver the place  
A do an-y-thing that cha wan-na do-uh  
But uh uh hon-ey lay off

__ a my shoes  
Now don't you  
step on my blue suede shoes

Well, _ you can do an-y-thing but lay off__ a my b-lue suede shoes
You can burn my house, steal my car, drink my liquor from an old fruit jar.

Do anything that you wanna do, but oh, honey lay off Jerry Lee's shoes now don't.
FEVER

ELVIS: C'mon babe. Bring a little class to this joint.  This ol' studio ain't heard nuthin' like you.

_Laidback Swing Feel (M.M. \( \frac{4}{4} \) = c. 114)_

Elvis finger snaps

Play LH 8vb throughout

**DYANNE**

_Nev-er know how much I love you  Nev-er know how much I care_

_When you put your arms a-round me  I get a fe-ver that's so hard to bear  You give me fe- ver_
When you kiss me, fever when you hold me tight

Fever in the mornin', fever all through the night
Sun lights up the day-time
Moon lights up the night
I light up when you call my name 'cause I know I'm gonna treat you right
You give me fever.
When you kiss me, fever when you hold me tight

Fever

Am

in the mornin' Fever all through the night

Am

That is something you all know

Am

Fe ver isn't such a new thing Fever started long ago

Am

E7

Reh. Pno.
DOWN BY THE RIVERSIDE

PERKINS: Say amen to that, somebody!
JLL: Amen to that, somebody!

Uptempo Country Gospel (shuffled eighths, M.M. ̊̊̊̊̊̊̊_c. 106)

I'm gon-na lay down_ my bur-den_ Down by the riv-er-side

Where?_____ hand claps

Where?_____ hand claps

Down by the riv-er-side Down by the riv-er-side_ I'm gon-na lay down_ my

Down by the riv-er-side

Down by the riv-er-side

Down by the riv-er-side

Down by the riv-er-side

Down by the riv-er-side
10. Down By the Riverside

Down by the river-side _ Ain't gon-na study war no_

Where? Down by the river-side _ Study war no_

Ain't a gon-na study war no more Ain't a gon-na study war no more

Bien I ain't a gon-na study war no more Ain't a gon-na study war no more

Stud-y war no more Stud-y war no more

bur- den _ Down by the river-side _ Ain't gon-na study war no_

Down by the river-side _ Ain't gon-na Study war no_

Where? Down by the river-side _ Study war no_

Ain't a gon-na study war no more Ain't a gon-na study war no more

Bien I ain't a gon-na study war no more Ain't a gon-na study war no more

Stud-y war no more Stud-y war no more

Reh. Pno.

Reh. Pno.
more I ain't a gon-na stud-y war no more

more ain't a gon-na stud-y war no more, no more no more no

more Stud-y war no more

Ain't a gon-na stud-y war no more Ain't a gon-na stud-y war no more

Ain't a gon-na stud-y war no more Ain't a gon-na stud-y war no more

Stud-y war no more Stud-y war no
10. Down By the Riverside

more Ain't a gon-na study war no more Brother

more Ain't a gon-na study war no more

more ain't a gon-na study war no more

more Study war no more

E  A

Le-wis! Ooo... Ooo...

Well I'm gon-na drive up in my new Cad-il-lac Down by the river-side

Ooo... Ooo...

Ooo... Ooo...

Ooo... Ooo...
Million Dollar Quartet

SCORE

WHOLE LOTTASHAKIN'

JLL: You all wanna hear one more?
Well, I do believe I will oblige. Come on out here boys.

Straight Eighth Rock n Roll  (M.M. \( \frac{3}{4} = c. \ 190 \))

Jerry Lee

Rehearsal Piano

C

JLL:

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{You all wanna hear one more?}
\text{Well, I do believe I will oblige. Come on out here boys.}
\end{align*}
\]

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Well come}
\text{A whole lot-ta shak-in' go-in' on}
\text{I said now}
\end{align*}
\]

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{on o-ver ba-by mm ba-by you can't go wrong}
\text{We ain't play-}
\end{align*}
\]

\[
\text{F}
\text{C}
\]

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{JLL:}
\text{You all wanna hear one more?}
\text{Well, I do believe I will oblige. Come on out here boys.}
\end{align*}
\]

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Well come}
\text{A whole lot-ta shak-in' go-in' on}
\text{I said now}
\end{align*}
\]

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{on o-ver ba-by mm ba-by you can't go wrong}
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\]

\[
\text{F}
\text{C}
\]

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{JLL:}
\text{You all wanna hear one more?}
\text{Well, I do believe I will oblige. Come on out here boys.}
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\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Well come}
\text{A whole lot-ta shak-in' go-in' on}
\text{I said now}
\end{align*}
\]

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{on o-ver ba-by mm ba-by you can't go wrong}
\text{We ain't play-}
\end{align*}
\]

\[
\text{F}
\text{C}
\]
in' said a whole lot-ta shak-in' go-in' on
Well now come

on o-ver bab-by oo-we got chick-en in the barn__
Yeah come

on o-ver ba-by You real-ly got the bull by the horn
Yeah we ain't fak-

Said a whole lot-ta shak-in' go-in' on__
Yeah now shake
23. Whole Lotta Shakin

Reh. Pno.

\[ C \]

\begin{align*}
29 & \text{ba-by shake} & \text{A shake a lit-tle hon-ey shake} & \text{A shake} \\
32 & \text{I said shake ba-by shake} & \text{We ain't play-}
\end{align*}

Reh. Pno.

\[ F \]

\[ G \]

\[ C \]

\[ C \]

\[ C \]

\[ C \]

\[ C \]

26. Whole Lotta Shakin

Reh. Pno.

\[ D \text{ Piano Solo!} \]

\[ C \]

\[ G \]

\[ F \]

\[ C \]

\[ C \]
Well come on o- ver ba-by oo - we got chick- en in the barn, whose barn, what barn, my barn come
whose barn, what barn, my barn!

on o-ver ba-by You real- ly got the bull by the horn Yeah we ain't fak-

in' Said a whole lot-ta shak - in’ go-in’ on Eas - y now shake

-
23. Whole Lotta Shakin

JLL: "Shake it one time for Jerry Lee"

JLL:"Alright now boys, let's get real low"

A well a come on o-ver ba-by Whole lot-ta shak-in' go-in' on

5

C

Reh. Pno. 77

C

Reh. Pno.

83

C

F

G

F

C

Reh. Pno.