

ARE YOU LONESOME TONIGHT?

CHARACTERS

Dwight Carter: a 44-year-old from Memphis.

Leanne Carter: His wife - a 42-year-old from Tupelo.

SETTING AND STAGING INFORMATION.

A motel room off US Highway 81, August 16-August 17, 1977,
and an undefined location, August 17, 1982.

Extract from script

August 16, 1977

LEANNE enters the motel room. It is a basic motel room with a double bed, a bedside cabinet or table and a radio. Leanne looks around, unimpressed with what she sees.

LEANNE: So this is it?

DWIGHT enters carrying two cases.

DWIGHT: What's that?

DWIGHT puts the cases down.

LEANNE: This is where you've brought me to celebrate our twentieth anniversary? Two weeks in a shack?

DWIGHT: No honey, this ain't it, this is just the warm up feature, the main show don't begin till tomorrow.

DWIGHT has started unpacking from a large case. LEANNE's bag is still on the floor.

LEANNE: Well thank the Lord for that, cos I was starting to think you'd brought me out here to kill me. I mean where the hell are we?

DWIGHT: The edge of the Appalachian Trail, not far from Washington.

LEANNE: Too far for me baby. I want a city, somewhere with a bit of life an' all. I don't like all this countryside and Scenery.

DWIGHT: I told you, Leanne it's just for one night. Wait till you see what I've got planned for tomorrow.

LEANNE: I don't wanna wait. Why can't you tell me now, put me out of my misery. Much as you can round here.

DWIGHT: It'll ruin the surprise.

LEANNE: That's a risk I'm prepared to take. What you got lined up that'll make this worthwhile? Tell me.

DWIGHT: Okay, but you gotta close your eyes.

LEANNE closes her eyes.

LEANNE: They're closed.

DWIGHT has been carrying on unpacking, putting various items into various places through the above. He now reaches into the bottom of the case, and picks out a collection of tickets, one of which he puts in LEANNE's hand. He keeps the rest behind his back.

DWIGHT: Open them.

LEANNE opens her eyes, looks at the ticket.

LEANNE: Elvis Presley?

DWIGHT: Yeah.

LEANNE: Elvis Presley?

DWIGHT: Yeah.

LEANNE: In Portland, Maine?

DWIGHT: First night of the tour.

LEANNE: Uh, huh.

DWIGHT: But that's not all, honey.

LEANNE: It ain't?

DWIGHT: No baby, we got two nights in Portland, then we got *(he reels list off, handing her the tickets as he goes through it)* Utica, Syracuse, Hartford, Uniondale, Lexington, Roanoake, Fayetteville, Asheville and two nights in Memphis. The whole tour. How good is that?

LEANNE: You know I said I thought you'd brought me here to kill me.

DWIGHT: Yeah.

LEANNE: Well, I wish you had.

LEANNE pushes the tickets back at DWIGHT. They drop on the floor.

I mean, did you ever stop to think about me before you booked this.

DWIGHT: I don't understand.

DWIGHT begins to pick up the tickets, and put them back in date order.

LEANNE: No, you don't, that's just it Dwight. You don't try to understand. You get what you think is a good idea and you just go right ahead and do it and expect me to go 'that's good baby, thanks for doing that'. You don't for a moment think about what I might want, and, hell, the thought of asking me never even crosses your mind. That's the way it is with you. That's the way it's always been. I want to go home.

DWIGHT: We will go home, I told you, the last dates are in Memphis.

DWIGHT holds the tickets out. LEANNE takes them and then throws them on the floor again.

LEANNE: I want to go home now. This just wasn't what I had in mind for our anniversary. I know when we took our vows we said for better or worse, but there is a limit, and stuck all the way out here, with nothing but two weeks of Elvis to look forward to, that's just so far the other side of it. (BEAT) Why d'you do it Dwight?

DWIGHT: I did it because we've been arguing so much. I wanted to do something to make it better.

LEANNE: And how does this makes it better?

DWIGHT: If you want to bring back the magic in a marriage you have to do something you did when you were starting out, that way you can clear out all the

other stuff you got going on and rediscover why you liked each other in the first place.

LEANNE: Where did you get that from?

DWIGHT: I read it in one of your magazines.

LEANNE: I really should stop buying that crap.

DWIGHT sits on the edge of the bed to the left of LEANNE. He moves the tickets to his right hand.

DWIGHT: A couple of days after, I found out that Elvis was gonna be touring and I just knew I had to get the tickets. We'll be on the road, and we'll be following the King, what could be better?

LEANNE: I could think of a few things, leastways I could if you'd 've asked me.

DWIGHT: But him starting a tour on our anniversary, it's like he's planned it for us. It's serendipity or fate or something.

LEANNE: Aw, honey, that's sweet, but it's a bag of crap.

DWIGHT: It's not, I mean what are the odds on Elvis Presley starting a tour on the day of our anniversary?

LEANNE: Three hundred and sixty five to one. People get married every day of the year.

DWIGHT: It's fate I tell you.

LEANNE: Dwight, if fate really had anything to do with it, he'd be starting the tour in Memphis, or Vegas, or somewhere I want to go to, not Portland, Maine. Starting a tour there ain't fate, it's just mean.

LEANNE gets up and starts unpacking small items from her handbag.

DWIGHT: Aw, it's not the best place I know. I mean I'da liked somewhere we could have driven to in a day, no overnight stop, and no early morning start. But that's not the way it is. Just look at this as a free night. The real deal starts tomorrow.

LEANNE: The real deal? It's a wedding anniversary, not a car sale.