

INCIDENT IN LAS VEGAS

"One tale attached to the tune has it that 'The King of the Fairies' is a summoning tune, and if played three times in a row during a festivity the King *must* appear. Once summoned, however, the King assesses the situation, and if the gathering is to his liking he may join in; if however he does not find it to his liking he may cause great mischief."

- "The Fiddler's Companion":

Jim Bob: Hey Earl - let's play that tune again, that Irish one that supposed to get the King here.

Earl: Jim Bob, we've already played the goddamn thing twice and he ain't showed.

Jim Bob (*consulting document*): Yeah, I know, but this guy says we have to play it three times.

Earl: OK, but this is the last time. This whole thing is freaking me out. Are you sure "Hound Dog" or "Heartbreak Hotel" won't work? Maybe "Love Me Tender"?

Jim Bob: Not according to this guy Andrew. He says we have to play this tune three times and then the King will appear and maybe he'll decide to stay and maybe he won't, but hell, just having him show up will be incredible. How long has he been dead now? We've got a room full of people who have paid \$2500 apiece to see him tonight...

Earl: Not to mention the "pay per view" crowd...

Jim Bob: ... and the ones that are in the room are getting a little upset, so we've got to try one more time before we duck out the back door. Hey, what more can we do? We play the music, the King shows up...that's what it says here.

(*Band leader taps for silence, followed by strange sounds of a 16-piece orchestra playing King of the Fairies, including baritone sax solo on turn second time through.*)

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(The tune concludes. Suddenly there's a blinding flash of light overhead, and The King is standing center stage. He's dressed in white, lots of sequins. There's a gasp from the audience and the musicians; some folks have fainted; others are crying.)

The King: Good evening, all. Just wanted to drop in and say hello to all my Vegas friends ... had a lot of good times here when I was alive.

Earl *(whispering to Jim Bob):* It worked! Goddamn, playing that tune three times worked!

The King: ... but I have to say I am somewhat displeased. This gathering is not to my liking, and I may have to cause great mischief. *(Sneers, wiggles hips a few times - three women close to stage shriek and pass out.)*

Earl *(to Jim Bob):* What the hell is he talking about? What mischief?

Jim Bob *(hands trembling, reading from Fiddler's Companion printout) ... uh ... the guy that writes this, he says if the King is unhappy about something, we're in for trouble.*

Earl: I TOLD you we played that tune too many times! What kind of trouble?

Jim Bob: ... uh ... he doesn't say ...

The King *(grabbing a mike, produces a bodhrán from somewhere in the folds of his cape) ... before I start my performance, I'd like to tell you a little about this instrument that was introduced to me in the Afterlife ...*

(As The King talks, a platoon of glowing red Demons appears, and station themselves one at each exit from the room. With one touch of their burning talons, the doors are welded shut. Light applause at the end of Elvis' presentation.)

The King: Thank you ... thank you very much. And now I'd like to begin the concert that you've so graciously summoned me for. But first let me introduce my sidemen ...

(Two more Demons materialize on stage, one with a piano accordion and the other with a banjo. The crowd gasps.)

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The King: Hope you're not planning on anything for the next twelve hours.
(*The Demons snicker unpleasantly.*) OK, boys ... (*taps bodhrán twice*) **Hit it!**

...

Tune in tomorrow when we hear The King say:
Thank you ... thank you very much. We just KNEW you'd enjoy six hours of Barry Manilow's greatest hits. Now for the *next* six hours ...

