

SUSPICIOUS MINDS

Written by

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FADE IN:

**INT. INSIDE PIPER AIRCRAFT FLYING LOW OVER AN AREA SOUTH OF  
FAIRBANKS ALASKA - DAY**

HARMON BREEZY, daytime auto mechanic, nighttime musician, is heading to Fairbanks to see a friend with the pilot, OWEN SPASKY.

Owen, middle-aged, heavy set, and bald head, is the exact opposite of Harmon who is thirtysomething, skinny, long blond hair, and a bitching mustache.

Having a hard time seeing, Owen is trying to navigate the heavy fog.

HARMON

Probably not the best day to fly.

OWEN

You said you needed to get there.

HARMON

Yeah, my friend and I are collaborating on a new song.

Owen answers with a smirk on his face.

OWEN

You could have done that online.

HARMON

It's always better to do it in person.

The fog is getting worse, and Owen is getting worried.

OWEN

We're still miles away from Fairbanks.

HARMON

Is there somewhere we can land?

OWEN

I don't think so.

Now in dense fog, Owen struggles to maintain the aircraft, as the winds pick up.

The plane starts to shake and they are losing altitude quickly.

OWEN (CONT'D)  
 (frantic)  
 Hold on. Hold on.

HARMON  
 What the hell.

The plane plunges. The sound of the struggling engine is eerie.

**EXT. DESOLATE FOREST - SMALL CLEARING - DAY**

Amid the rising dust, Harmon, shaken from the crash, stands, wobbly, looking at the demolished aircraft. Owen lays on the ground.

Harmon sits on a log to gain his composure. Confused, he looks around, realizing he's in a forest. Slowly he stands and goes over to Owen.

**EXT. DESOLATE FOREST - SMALL CLEARING - DAY**

Sometime later, Harmon stands looking at the makeshift grave he made for Owen.

HARMON  
 (soft voice)  
 Rest in peace, buddy.

He walks away into the forest.

**EXT. CABIN IN A LARGE CLEARING - NIGHT**

As dusk begins, Harmon is making his way through a cluster of trees, and sees a cabin in the distance. There appears to be lights on inside.

He walks slowly up to the cabin, appearing to be in a lot of pain.

When he gets to the front door, he knocks, and collapses, waiting for someone to answer.

He knocks a second time.

He notices a sign next to the door that reads: MEMPHIS HOUSE.

The door is opened. An older man, tall, skinny, long gray hair, and a salt and pepper beard, looks down at Harmon. He goes by DOBERMAN.

DOBERMAN  
Are you all right?

HARMON  
(labored voice)  
No, I was in a plane crash.

Doberman motions for him to come in the cabin.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - DOBERMAN'S CABIN - NIGHT**

Doberman helps Harmon into the living room and places him in a large over-stuffed chair.

DOBERMAN  
What's your name?

HARMON  
Harmon.

DOBERMAN  
You said you were in a plane crash.

HARMON  
Yeah, I don't know where, but the pilot's dead.

Harmon looks around the room.

HARMON (CONT'D)  
Where are we?

DOBERMAN  
In the middle of nowhere. The closest cabin is twenty miles.

Harmon stares at Doberman.

HARMON  
So, what's your name?

DOBERMAN  
They call me Doberman. It's long story. I used to have two Dobermans, but they died.

HARMON  
What's your real name?

DOBERMAN  
It's not important.

Harmon rests his head back and closes his eyes, appearing to go to sleep. Doberman gets a blanket from another room and places it on Harmon.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - DOBERMAN'S CABIN - DAY**

In the morning, Doberman walks into the living room just as Harmon is stirring, appearing to be a bit confused.

HARMON

I must have passed out.

DOBERMAN

I think you were just in shock.

Harmon takes the blanket off, and gets out of the chair. A little unsteady, he walks around the living room. He sees a piano in the corner.

HARMON

Are you a musician?

DOBERMAN

I like to play piano from time to time.

Harmon notices a guitar on the other side of the room.

HARMON

Looks like an expensive guitar.

DOBERMAN

Don't know about that. Are you a musician?

HARMON

Yeah, right now I'm writing some new songs.

Harmon goes over to the piano and sits. He plays a few chords.

HARMON (CONT'D)

Where did you learn to play?

DOBERMAN

As a kid in Mississippi and then Tennessee.

HARMON

How did you end up here?

DOBERMAN

(abrupt)

You see how old I am. It's a long story.

HARMON

Okay. Sorry.

Harmon glares at Doberman.

HARMON (CONT'D)

How old are you?

DOBERMAN

What does it matter. I'm 85.

Harmon starts to play the music for a song he wrote.

**INT. SMALL DINING AREA - DOBERMAN'S CABIN - NIGHT**

In the early evening, Doberman places a bowl of chili and a bottle of beer in front of Harmon. He sits across from him.

DOBERMAN

I hope you like chili. I made it myself.

Harmon bends over and smells the aroma.

HARMON

I do.

Harmon takes a bite, drinks some beer, and looks around the room.

HARMON (CONT'D)

Why in the hell do you live out here in the middle of nowhere?

DOBERMAN

Peace of mind, I guess. Why does that bother you?

Harmon takes a sip of beer.

HARMON

I don't know. It has to be lonely out here. Were you ever married?

DOBERMAN

Years ago.

HARMON

I'm starting to feel better. Is there somebody you know that can get me out of here?

DOBERMAN

I suppose so.

He moves his bowl and bottle of beer of the way, stands, and starts to walk away.

DOBERMAN (CONT'D)

I need to chop some wood out back.

HARMON

Need help?

DOBERMAN

No, I'm used to it.

He disappears.

Bored, Harmon walks around the cabin. He notices what looks like a closet, so he opens the door and turns on the light.

He walks into the large room and notices what can only be described as a shrine to Elvis Presley.

What he sees is astounding: several guitars, books of music detailing songs sung by Elvis, three outfits that look similar to ones Elvis wore, and photos of Elvis' life in several photo albums. He can hardly believe what he's seeing.

HARMON

(enthusiastic)

This is unbelievable.

The last thing he sees looks like a journal. He picks it up and pages through it. What catches his attention is a statement that reads: I REALLY DON'T MISS MY DAYS IN THE SPOTLIGHT. IT WAS JUST BETTER TO LEAVE WHEN I WAS AHEAD. I NEVER ASKED FOR THE ADULATION AND I'M GLAD TO BE LIVING A PEACEFUL LIFE AWAY FROM THE CHAOS.

Harmon hears a noise.

DOBERMAN

(angry)

What the hell are you doing?

Harmon quickly puts the journal down.

HARMON  
(embarrassed)  
Sorry, but what the hell is this  
place?

DOBERMAN  
Come out here and close the door.

Harmon walks into the living room. Doberman motions for him  
to sit.

DOBERMAN (CONT'D)  
You had no right to go in there.

HARMON  
You have to be a hell of a Elvis  
fan.

DOBERMAN  
Everybody likes Elvis. Don't you?

Harmon gets out of the chair and paces.

HARMON  
Of course, I love his music. But  
something's wrong here.

DOBERMAN  
There's nothing wrong. He's not  
with us any more.

HARMON  
(emphatic)  
No, I think he is.

DOBERMAN  
You're overreacting. I'm just a  
huge Elvis fan. That's all.

Harmon approaches Doberman and points his finger.

HARMON  
You're Elvis Presley, aren't you? I  
saw the journal. You're Elvis.

DOBERMAN  
I think you're confused. He's dead.

Doberman paces a bit.



DOBERMAN (CONT'D)

Look, I know all about the conspiracy theories: he killed himself, he was murdered by the Mafia with Codeine, he faked his death and the body in the casket was wax, so he could still be alive. I hate to tell you this, but he's dead.

HARMON

I don't believe you. Why would you give up a great career?

Harmon looks around the room.

HARMON (CONT'D)

And live here.

DOBERMAN

Why wouldn't someone live here?

HARMON

(excited)

No, stop it. You're Elvis. You're Elvis.

Harmon sits abruptly. He feels faint and starts to hyperventilate. He then goes unconscious.

**INT. INTENSIVE CARE ROOM - FAIRBANKS HOSPITAL - DAY**

In the early morning, Harmon lays in a bed with an IV stuck in his arm. RHONDA, a young, attractive, nurse, comes into the room and checks his vitals.

She walks away and hears a moan. She turns around and goes back to Harmon's bedside.

HARMON

(groggy)

Where am I?

RHONDA

Fairbanks hospital.

HARMON

How did I get here?

RHONDA

I don't know.

Another nurse, BETTY, older, and less attractive, walks in.

HARMON  
How long have I been here?

BETTY  
Several days. It's time to take  
your medicine.

She walks over with a small paper cup with the medicine and another with some water.

BETTY (CONT'D)  
Here, take these. The doctor will  
be here soon.

Harmon downs the pills.

HARMON  
When can I leave?

BETTY  
As I said, the doctor will be here  
soon.

The nurses walk out of the room.

Harmon glances around the room, moaning in pain.

**INT. INTENSIVE CARE ROOM - FAIRBANKS HOSPITAL - DAY**

In the afternoon, Dr. EVAN STRAIGHT walks in. Harmon is staring at the ceiling.

DR. STRAIGHT  
Are you feeling any better?

HARMON  
I guess. What the hell happened?

DR. STRAIGHT  
It appears you had a minor stroke.

Harmon tries to sit up.

HARMON  
Did Doberman bring me in here?

DR. STRAIGHT  
Who?

HARMON  
Doberman.

Harmon motions for the doctor to come closer.

HARMON (CONT'D)  
(whispers)  
You know, he's really Elvis  
Presley.

The comment inspires a sarcastic smile.

DR. STRAIGHT  
That's impossible. He died years  
ago.

HARMON  
No, no, it was him. He goes by  
Doberman now.

Rhonda and Betty come into the room.

DR. STRAIGHT  
I think, perhaps, we gave you too  
much pain killer.

RHONDA  
What's the problem?

DR. STRAIGHT  
Harmon thinks he saw Elvis Presley.

Rhonda tries not to laugh.

RHONDA  
Everybody knows he's dead. Where  
was this at?

HARMON  
At the cabin I was at after the  
crash.

RHONDA  
Where is this cabin?

HARMON  
I don't know. I remember the cabin  
had a name. It was called Memphis  
House.

BETTY  
Are you sure?

HARMON  
Yes.

Betty starts to speak, then pauses for a moment.

BETTY

If it's the place I think it is, my brother lived in a cabin called Memphis House years ago.

HARMON

That's it.

BETTY

You couldn't have been there.

HARMON

Why?

BETTY

Because it's been abandoned for years.

Harmon sits up in bed, and talks loudly.

HARMON

Do you know who Doberman is?

BETTY

It's a breed of dog.

HARMON

The guy living in this cabin is named Doberman. But I found a bunch of Elvis stuff, including a journal that had a passage saying he wanted to be out of the spotlight.

BETTY

I'm not even going to ask if he admitted it, because no one lives in that cabin.

HARMON

You guys don't get it.

DR. STRAIGHT

You need to get some rest.

They all file out.

**INT. NURSES LOUNGE - FAIRBANKS HOSPITAL - DAY**

The doctor and nurses stand around the coffee bar and discuss Harmon.

BETTY

I think he's delirious.

RHONDA  
Probably just a crazy dream.

DR. STRAIGHT  
We need to get him well and  
discharge him.

The doctor shakes his head and walks out of the room.

BETTY  
I'm suspicious. There's something  
bothering me.

RHONDA  
What?

BETTY  
How did he know the name of that  
cabin if he was never there?

RHONDA  
I have no idea.

BETTY  
He says he was in a plane crash.  
Maybe he made his way to the house.

RHONDA  
(laughs)  
It may be, but Elvis wasn't there.

**INT. INTENSIVE CARE ROOM - FAIRBANKS HOSPITAL - DAY**

Several days later, Harmon is sitting on the side of his bed.  
Dr. Straight walks in.

DR. STRAIGHT  
You've healed well. You're free to  
go.

Rhonda and Betty walk in.

RHONDA  
We can get you a ride to the  
airport, if you want.

HARMON  
I'll be fine.

BETTY  
Are you sure?

HARMON  
I'm okay. Thanks for your help.

DR. STRAIGHT  
When you get home, you probably  
should go see a psychiatrist. It  
will help you with your allusions.

Harmon doesn't hold back.

HARMON  
I fucking know what I saw.

BETTY  
But it wasn't Elvis.

Harmon, looking determined, doesn't respond, so they all walk out of the room.

**EXT. DENSE FOREST - NIGHT**

In the evening around dusk, Harmon makes his way through a forest area to a clearing where he sees the MEMPHIS HOUSE.

He notices a light on inside. As he starts to walk toward the house, he can hear someone singing.

He stops when he realizes the song he hears is Suspicious Minds, and the voice he hears sounds like Elvis Presley.

He can't contain himself.

HARMON  
I fucking knew it.

**EXT. DESOLATE FOREST - SMALL CLEARING - NIGHT**

As dust still settles from the plane crash in the early evening, Owen finishes giving mouth-to-mouth resuscitation, and stands looking down at Harmon. It looks dismal at first, but then Harmon starts to cough and spits up some phlegm.

He looks up at Owen.

HARMON  
What happened?

OWEN  
We fucking crashed, but at least  
we're alive.

Harmon glances around the area. He focuses on the demolished aircraft.

HARMON  
I don't know how.

OWEN  
It must have been a miracle.

HARMON  
(confused look)  
I thought you died.

OWEN  
Why?

HARMON  
I'm not sure.

OWEN  
(laughs)  
No, I'm still here.

He slowly stands, his eyes get big, and he gets a giant smile on his face.

HARMON  
You know what I found out?

OWEN  
What?

HARMON  
Elvis Presley is alive.

OWEN  
(laughs)  
Really? How did you find that out?

HARMON  
No, really. He's alive. He's actually alive. I saw him with my own eyes. In a cabin in the woods.

Owen walks over and puts his arm around Harmon, and hugs him.

OWEN  
Yeah, I wish.

They break out in laughter, and walk over to the remnants of the aircraft; just stand there, shaking their heads.

**EXT. MEMPHIS HOUSE - NIGHT**

An older man is sitting in an old rickety chair on the porch, playing his guitar and singing a rousing rendition of Suspicious Minds while gazing at the bright full moon in a flawless night sky. The music echoes in the distance.

**EXT. DESOLATE FOREST - SMALL CLEARING - NIGHT**

Standing by the demolished plane, Harmon and Owen glance at one another. There's music in the air, and it vaguely sounds like Suspicious Minds.

HARMON

Do you hear that?

OWEN

Yeah, what the hell is it?

HARMON

It sounds like someone singing.

Owen puts his hand on Harmon's shoulder.

OWEN

You know what that means? There has to be someone close to here that can help us.

Harmon motions for Owen to listen to the music.

HARMON

That song sounds familiar.

OWEN

Yeah, I guess, but we need to get out of here.

With smiles on their faces, they lumber into the woods, as the music continues to resonate.

FADE OUT.

THE END