

MDQ - Dyanne Sides

the control booth stairs...music continues on
bass and drums underneath)

start

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

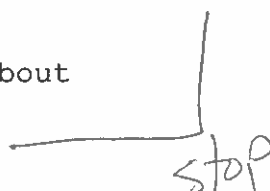
Look, I ain't gettin' stamped into nuthin'...You understand me?
(DYANNE nods)

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