

YES, I'M A BUTTERFLY

Written by

Alexander Craig

Photograph: Stephanie Lecocq/EPA

+44(0)7747846464
alexandercraig@me.com



INT. BATHROOM - SUBURBAN TIME MACHINE - DAY

MARIE-ROSE TROGH, 67, short white 'do (hint of a fading quiff there, maybe?) and dressed in a tatty knitted grandma sweater that reads *YES, I'M A BUTTERFLY*, sits on the toilet.

She wipes.

INT. LIVING ROOM - SUBURBAN TIME MACHINE - DAY

Marie-Rose stands in the middle of a room that is stacked floor-to-ceiling in Elvis Presley memorabilia, from novelty Chinese Elvis cats, to Elvis crockery, to Elvis baubles, ashtrays and energy-saving lightbulbs.

Marie-Rose scans the lot.

She picks up a baby cherub Elvis paperweight, sets it in the palm of her hand.

MARIE-ROSE
Rotterdam, August 1991. Willem de
Vriess' touring convention.

She sighs, feels the weight of the baby angel Elvis.

MARIE-ROSE (CONT'D)
And the next stop for you?

Marie-Rose puts the paperweight back where she found it.

MARIE-ROSE (CONT'D)
The next stop for all of yo-

A truck engine ROARS outside the house.

Marie-Rose looks up toward a window.

MARIE-ROSE (CONT'D)
Ah. Time

The engine cuts out.

Marie-Rose scans over one wall, from where a young Elvis in his sailor's hat and white scarf smile down. The picture is the centrepiece to a wall of posters and framed images.

MARIE-ROSE (CONT'D)
Elvis Aron Pressley, thank you all
these years. I hope you like your
new home-

A doorbell RINGS.