

# A Message From The King

Bob Rivers

(announcer)

And now, here with a special Christmas message,

The immortal...Elvis

(synth plays "Silent Night" in background, Elvis speaks...)

Well thank you, thank ya vurry much..

This here is 'The King'. I know I haven't been around much for awhile, but I want y'all to know, that up here in rock 'n' roll heaven, I'll be thinkin' of ya this Christmas. And I'd like to give y'all a special Christmas message- A message of peace....like, uh, how bout a little piece of that pie goin' by? Thank you. Thank ya vurry much.

(Silverware and plates begin clattering. It becomes obvious that Elvis is sitting at a big banquet table in heaven)

But like I was sayin', Christmas is a time o' hope, a time of joy, a time for lovin'. And I sure would love...a big slice of that pizza ya got there (chomp, slurp) Thank you. Thank ya vurry much. Now where was I? Oh yeah, Christmas. Now, Christmas to me means family. And family means friends. And friends means gettin' together. And gettin' together means...eatin'! Ah, pass me that drumstick, would you please, Ah, thank you, thank ya vurry much. (chomp, munch, burp)

Now I just want to say to ya right now, ya know, I may be a big star- maybe too big. But ain't nobody so big that he can't reach out a helpin' hand...a helpin'...hand. Uh, would ya hand me a helpin' of those mashed potatoes over there? Would ya please? Thank you. Thank ya vurry much. (slurp, munch) Now like I was sayin', ain't nobody so big he can't stoop to help a friend in need over the holiday season... And speakin' of seasonin', ya wanna pass me that salt shaker when ya get the chance? Yeah, just unscrew the cover, that's right, thank ya, thank ya vurry much.

So this Christmas, why don't ya take a tip from ol' Elvis....

No, no, leave those steak tips right where they are, know what I mean? Yeah, I 'preciate it, thank ya. I want ya to remember that we're all part o' God's great big family. And you know God made man unto his own image. And lookin' in the mirror, I'd have to say God must be a big, big son of a gun. Y'know what I mean? I think you do.

But I specially want you to remember this one last thing.

When yer'all at home this Christmas, stringin' that popcorn up on the tree, save a big, big bowl for The King. Extra butter, y'know what I mean? I think you do. Thank you. Thank ya vurry much. (slurp, chomp, slurp)