

An aerial night view of Las Vegas, showing a dense grid of buildings and streets illuminated by vibrant neon lights. The scene is dominated by the bright colors of the city's signage, including blues, reds, and oranges. In the upper right, a large sign for 'Golden Nugget' is visible, featuring a horse and rider. Below it, another sign reads 'Golden Nugget'. In the lower left, a sign for 'Flamingo' is partially visible. The overall atmosphere is one of a bustling, brightly lit city at night.

WHITE-OUT: LAS VEGAS

This is a translation of Swedish original material by yours truly, so if you find the language awkward and weird: change it. If you find typos: mail me at olle@jeepen.org

The scenario in short: Four Elvis impersonators wade through shit in high Quentin Tarantino style. This is a feel-good scenario with a lot of go-go-go where the players get to feel good and maxed-out afterwards.

If you are looking for details on how to play the late 70's you won't find any here. The reason is that we've opted for a non-historical representation based on the preconceptions of the players. Their image of America of this era is what's important, not the reality of that era.

We have four Elvii; "Asian Elvis", "Pill Elvis", "Sex Elvis" and "Hero Elvis". They begin in a shitty American smalltown, with the sights ostensibly set on an Elvis convention in Las Vegas. It's been two years since the King passed away and religious Elvis fanatics make Elvis sightings every now and then. "Elvis saved my daughter from drowning!" the headlines scream. The scenario is a true railroad. The GM's task is to colour the game with people, places and frothing oral digressions.

In this text, the scenario will be presented as it is planned-out for play in the default mode. Please, tinker with the material. As always: it's your game.

—OLLE

GET IN THE CAR!

The scenario begins with a car salesman going: "You jes' made yerself a grand deal, kid!" pushing a sweaty key in Hero Elvis' hand. He's just bought a Chevrolet, the lousiest car in the whole lot, but it is the correct model and that's the important thing. Elvis once drove a car like this. Honest.

Finesse and technical candy sold cars back then, and that's why the PCs can drool away at this wonderful piece of America: electric opening ashtray, brown-to-yellow-toned windows, padded trunk, every cool detail that might be in a Chevrolet that Elvis allegedly once drove.

The PC then drives home, lugs his gear into the spacious trunk; records, clothes, musical instruments, amps, etc. He then continue to the next PC's yard, where all the necessary equipment is neatly arranged on the front lawn outside the dirty house with the crooked porch. Every last thing goes in, and now the trunk is almost full. The next guy can't fit all in, but almost. The last Impersonator can't fit anything in there. Everyone has brought too much — the car is back-heavy and they can hardly move inside it. They must lose more than half their load if this car's going to hack it. This will result in a quarrel and they must make up before they can leave. Pill Elvis must swallow a little one to cope with the stress. They are all packed into a huge, padlocked hockey trunk.



Now it's soon time to begin the journey. But which tape are they going to play? And what song? New fights, new pills for Pill Elvis.

They won't get far, darkness has now fallen. Now we're riding in the car a while and the discussion in the car will be intercut with flashbacks from the lives of the Impersonators. The flashback scenes are interspersed with scenes in the car ride through the American night. Everything's big in America, and it follows that the crickets almost drown out the sound of the engine.

THE FLASHBACKS

How the GM wants to introduce a Flashback is a matter of taste, of course, personal preference and player group. Most freeform tabletoppers in Sweden are used to sidetracks from the main story and surely welcome jumps in space and time. Others might feel startled. It's your usual tightrope walk. The main thing is that these new "scenes" start at the right moment, that you don't disrupt nice play with a narrative edit. Relate your feelings before (and after) the game to the author (email, see above), if you are unsure as to how this flashback thing is done.

FLASHBACK #1—ASIAN ELVIS ARRIVES IN THE U.S.

Asian Elvis recalls his arrival in America. He's in a hidden compartment in a truck, and outside it he can hear the two truck drivers who are driving in shifts talk jive in the cockpit, while listening to the radio. The three players who aren't playing Asian Elvis play the two drivers and the radio announcer, who plays Elvis music.

As they pass the border with Elvis in the speakers the drivers help Asian Elvis into the passenger seat for he's in the country now, and safe. They feed him with the American Dream; they think he's cool, he left evil Asian countries behind, upgrading and becoming an American. He's going to have it made. He sits and marvels at how America looks like asking questions, being enraptured. The drivers build America for him—selling Americanism well. Cut to Asian Elvis in front of the booth at Immigrations where he's told he can stay; that he can become an American. He stands at the booth and get the notice dressed like Elvis with wig, costume and attitude.

FLASHBACK #2—SEX ELVIS

Panorama of a shop selling leather belts. Everywhere there are belts. Belts cover every square inch. The camera glides through the shop, and the narrator's voice asks itself who is living here—who can run a shop like this? The camera moves into the back of the shop and there it happens. Or has happened. A bedroom, just as covered with belts. On the humongous king-size bed is Sex Elvis with three women who he's made love to, the way only a true lover can. Himself he's not even broken a sweat and is smoking a joint as large as a bull's dried cock and the three women are just elated. One is crying with lust, one's almost lost her breath and draws her breath deeply and intensely, while the third is still shaking from a powerful ten-minutes-and-counting orgasm. He is Don Juan-Elvis, and the women love him. The women are all shapely square-dancers. He wonders where the sister of the crying woman went. The three women are played by the players who aren't Sex Elvis.

When the door is opened a music box starts playing. It plays "I'm all shook up" and the door slams into a cascade of belt buckles. Belts adorn the whole shop. They climb onto each other like a huge snake pit, wriggling love-sickly around each other. Belts for waists like bottlenecks. Belts for waists like oil tanks. Buckles with motifs. Supporter buckles from the National Rifles Association, but foremost buckles with performer motifs. "Performers" like Buddy Holly and Performers like The King. You can let your hand run across the belts and the buckles. It's like touching naked skin. Lovely hard and stiff skin, a certain corpse feeling. A nice piece of dead skin to wrap the body in. Belts are like practical and stylish hula-hoops. Buckles with images of Elvis and crossed, erect cocks. Buckles with wooden plates and painted images. Paul Petersen, Beach Boys, Buddy Holly. Always this fucking Buddy Holly. In glass display cases along the walls the Elvis buckles are gathered. They're all marked with stickers saying "sold". That's true in the sense that they were once sold to the man behind the shop. He does not sell them on. They are his. He doesn't let them go. Elvis in leather jacket with high collar. Elvis in white suit and over-grown sideburns. Elvis in the car. Elvis on a police motorcycle. Elvis as Uncle Sam. Elvis with his mother. Elvis on a bicycle. Elvis with a flyer's helmet. Elvis, Elvis, Elvis.

Going into the shop there are one belt and buckle set after another, a drapery leads to a back room where smoke lines the ceiling. The buckles and belts are everywhere here, too, can't lose them. They've come to stay. Or, they have always been here and they built the whole shack around these buckles, wrapped them in display cases and put a bed in there and filled it with a man and three women. And the women! Hips lathed by years of square dancing. A black-haired woman. She is bent back, so her breasts stick out like bread out of a toaster, and the hair falls down on the pillow behind her. She cries quietly, filled by the ecstasy that has not yet left her. The bedspread over her legs is pink. It's a quilt which forms an Elvis mosaic. From far off you can see it's a young Elvis. Woman number two is still shaking from a firecracker orgasm. Another woman with long blonde hair and pear-shaped breasts is wrapped in the pink cover. She's breathless and clings to a heavy-set love machine with well-combed hair smelling of pomade and love. The love machine is hardly even sweaty; he reposes relaxedly, smoking a hand-rolled joint not caring about the women. He is not quite done yet. Seems confused. He is thinking: "Were there not four of them? Where did the fourth one go?" Underneath the covers his manhood is outlined like a hefty spitting cobra.





This is a pillow talk session made in heaven. The women have never been loved like this before, never have they achieved such complete orgasms. He has played them like they were well-tuned harmonicas. To himself he is wondering where the black-haired woman's sister went.

FLASHBACK #3—PILL ELVIS

Pill Elvis was raised in a trailer park by parents completely absorbed by Elvis. Now he is three years old and decked out in an Elvis suit he is terrorizing his surroundings on his tricycle. He is Super-Elvis, you know. He is going straight towards a precipice. You can see it. I can see it. All the players can see it. But not Pill Elvis. He is just riding along towards the precipice. Now he falls over the edge and scrapes himself and is beaten senseless. It all goes black. For him, at least.

When he comes to, he is in a hospital bed and his dear mother stands watching over him, wiping her nose on his torn Elvis suit. Nobody knows who found him, drove him to the hospital and left him at the entrance. He has a vague recollection of a man with brylcreem in his hair who was riding a police motorbike. It must have been Elvis. It was Elvis. It was him! The King! Pill Elvis' Father becomes proud and happy. Lovely with a son that walks in your tracks. The players who are not playing Pill Elvis are Mother, Father and the pediatrician who has taken care of little Pill Elvis and who tells the others who brought the little one to the emergency ward. Elvis dropped a spur that he is clenching in his hand when he comes to.

The trailers look like barracks in a concentration camp. Here they assemble, the PWT—Poor White Trash. The cars are hungry and stink of diesel. In America, everything is bigger, endless rows of dirt-grey and sad-brown trailers with orange

racing stripes. In America the misery is bigger: the American dream of freedom does not cover more than a shared toilet, a coin-operated shower and the right to carry enough firepower in order to defend the shitter from the Russkis if they feel like coming. The only possibility to rise above this swamp of crap is to fill your hair to the breaking limit with brylcreem, press your pumpkin pie-filled thighs against everything that moves and sing and pretend to be a Negro at the same time.

Of course the little guy is getting an Elvis suit. He is three after all. He can stand, he can ride a bike, he can tune his banjo in G major. He looks like Elvis. Especially with that hair-do. Even his name is Elvis. Elvis Aaron.

The little tricycle aims for the precipice and picks up speed. Small, chubby legs work themselves toward the jaws of death that lead down into the river of sewer water and all the tame snakes that those spoilt suburban kids flushed into the sea where the Gulf Stream or some other god damn stream takes the shit away so you don't have to see it. Practical.

Small, chubby legs move the tricycle towards the precipice. The ground falls away, it gets steep. No brakes on a thing like this. Here comes the precipice. Here we go.

The head bounces against the hard cliff. Scrapes and hits. Blood and holes in skin. It goes black.

The man with the boots seems safe and secure. He picks the kid up with natural ease, a calm. As if the kid's life was not really important. As if he only wanted to get a good look at him. How does one of those look, really? Then he just hears the rumble of the motorcycle, the stripes in the road going by like wasps. The fluorescent lamps in the emergency room. And a silver spur from the man's boots. Sticks into the finger. More blood. But that doesn't matter.

FLASHBACK #4—HERO ELVIS

Hero Elvis used to be a fireman, but a drug problem has made him impossible to work with. He is burnt in a fire, goes to the hospital and floats between life and death for a month. Then he comes home, he is changed, but in a positive way. Now he is sitting at the dinner table telling his family, wife and two kids (10-12 years of age), that he has come to a turning point in his life. He has a plan now, everything will be different. "Honey, why doncha put on Crying in the Chapel with Elvis", and to the beat of the music he beats his family to death, and when they lie in their blood he puts on the Elvis wig, and leaves.

Punch after punch against the screaming fans. The carving knife sinks the charmless woman. She'd been a hangaround for many years now. All too many. She threw her panties onto the stage and that was it. He never should have let that inspire Him.

And those two little groupies demanding attention all the time. Not any more. He beats one against the other, or the other way around, and they pass out. Then the carving knife, long diagonal cuts, like when you cut tape on a tape recorder. All people are filled with wonderful red colors. You should let them out more often. You really should.

As he puts on the wig the lights turn into neon. The record on the turntable has stopped and when the blows have died down and the family members lie dead in their own blood you can hear the scraping of the needle against the vinyl crystal clear. It sounds like a rhythm instrument, and Hero Elvis can't help but move to the music. Erotic movements that would get him expelled from the Church of Mormon if they'd caught him.

QUICK SCENE CHANGE

Back in the car again. It's speeding now. Oh my God! Out of nowhere a car, a tour bus. Shit, what a crash! Everything turns strange, and when the smoke dissolves everyone can see that it is the Queen of Saloon Country lying lifeless on the tarmac up over there. A shape clad in leather on a motorbike comes toward her sequine-adorned body and sweeps her up into the sky.

Dolly Parton is dead, thrown out of the tour bus and unpleasantly displayed on the tarmac. Elvis has descended from Heaven and collected her soul. The players become witnesses to all this. The car is broken. Soon the force Dolly Parton bodyguards wake up. The hillbillies will come to avenge Dolly Parton. Being Elvis is not safe anymore, but to go out of character is not an option. They are Elvis. All of them. Will be. End of story.

They can pick their way along the road. Try to hitch a ride, but who the hell would pick up four guys dressed like Elvis on a moonless night in heartless America? Not me. Don't try, neither would you.

But half a mile down the road a Greyhound bus takes mercy on them and picks them up. They get to sit in the back where someone threw up and it's soft but unpleasant. Everyone stares, wondering why.

On the bus anything can happen. The Greyhound riders are fucking tired of each other and are eager to interact with the players. See the list of NPC's for examples.

Pill Elvis has the shakes, abstinence, and it is a bitch. He sees completely different versions of reality. Play everything that happens twice to show the different points of view. Pill Elvis will soon have an aural hallucination: he will dream that he hears a radio message. "Three Elvis impersonators and an Asian man have murdered Dolly Parton. The tour bus was brutally rammed in a way that was characterized by security professionals on site as 'a pure execution'." Everyone looks at Pill Elvis. Everyone knows. Everyone understands. Pill Elvis breaks down — now they are after us.

Pill Elvis will hi-jack the bus. The only ones that understand the bus is being hi-jacked are the other players — all the passengers on the bus take it to be part of "the show". Pill Elvis draws his golden gun out of the lining of his pants and threatens the driver. The bus is going to Vegas. "Yes, yes." Among the other Elvises in Vegas it's going to be possible to hide from evil hillbillies and the long arm of the law. At least temporarily.

All the passengers wail and clap their hands, but the players can't understand this as anything but them being aggressive or fearful.

FLASHFORWARDS

Now it's time for two more scene cuts, this time ahead in time. To be mixed in with bus scenes.

HELPFUL LIST OF NPC'S FOR THE BUS:

- Drunk sailor who needs to throw up, but will not. Somewhat of a poet when it comes to describing his puke.
- Caleb Spooner, the Southern Gentleman; easily offended by almost anything and quick to demand satisfaction in a duel. He's packing heat and has a brother or two in the back of the bus.

FLASHFORWARD #1—WEDDING

Church of Elvis. Wedding. The pews full of brylcreem hair-dos. Think Black Gospel congregation, but make everything Elvis style. Call-and-response structure sermons: "What did the King do? -Rock! What will the King do? -Rock!". The nuptials are in full swing: "Will you..." and so forth. In the Church of Elvis a wedding is in process between a woman who looks incredibly much like Priscilla Presley, and an Elvis. The players are The Elvis Priest, The Elvis Groom, and the Elvis Bride. "By the power invested in me, and the ever-lovin' presence of the King..." "The whole church is full of sacred Elvis ornamentation. Up at the altar is a three-meter Elvis statue striking a chord on a golden guitar. It is the young Elvis. Hasn't he got a little bit slanting eyebrows, anyway? Hawaii shirt. When the ceremony is almost through the gates are opened and another Elvis impersonator rides in on a motorbike. He rides all the way up to the altar and the whole church goes "Uh-uh-hu". "Daisy, now you've gotta stop! You're doing this every god damn week." An Elvis impersonator on a motorbike makes a scene. He tells the congregation how this Daisy picks up new Elvises every week and how he forgives her and takes her back all the time, but now his patience is almost gone. What's a man s'posed to do? He is married to an Elvis whore?

The only thing left is the finale, when all Elvises sing along to the chorus of Big Hunk O'Love.



FLASHFORWARD #2—THE SHOP

On a backstreet in a cloud of exhaust fumes from the huge Greyhounds is a small shop which when you enter it is a lot larger than you would think. Row after row of Elvis memorabilia. They got a picture of him, bedside, just fresh out of bed, with a large hot dog in his hand and staring angrily at the cameraman disturbing his breakfast. That is the most expensive picture, one-hundred and two thousand dollars they wanted to buy it for. They couldn't. There will always be someone with money who wants to buy but never in their life will be able to appreciate Elvis as the giant he once was. They glazed his faeces and packaged it in small jars with red ribbons and concert pictures. If you are lucky, you will find the seventy-seventh jar, in it is a very special turd in memory of the year he died and it is said that it is thin and that it shines golden rays, the memory of his last crapper. On the floor sits a pedestal, and on it a lock of his hair, framed by glass and neon and it says: "God is our Lord, but Elvis is King". There is a complete department dedicated to Elvis toothbrushes and soap holders, you can wash your hands in Elvis soap, rinse them on Elvis' towels and see the world through Elvis glasses. Two fingerprints show the difference between Elvis' body; how it swelled up like a ripe cheese until he could neither breathe nor pass any food through his bowels. In the private collection, through the door behind one of the big posters from a concert in Vegas, is one of Elvis' needles and some hankies he blew his nose in.

"We're only interested in things that are real. Elvis' poop, no hell that could never be. He couldn't even pass a bean before he died and they found a tumor in his... uhm... canal

which was big as a plum. Must have been hell walking around needing to go, and not being able to perform."

When one like Elvis sees the shining shine you get hot, it pounds in the jumpsuit underneath the sequines and in the minimal string underwear. But why are they playing Nancy Sinatra, she has nothing at all to do with Elvis, this crazy mix of hit tunes and easy-to-digest narcotics like melted butter on popcorn in 100 degrees heat—unnecessary in some way.

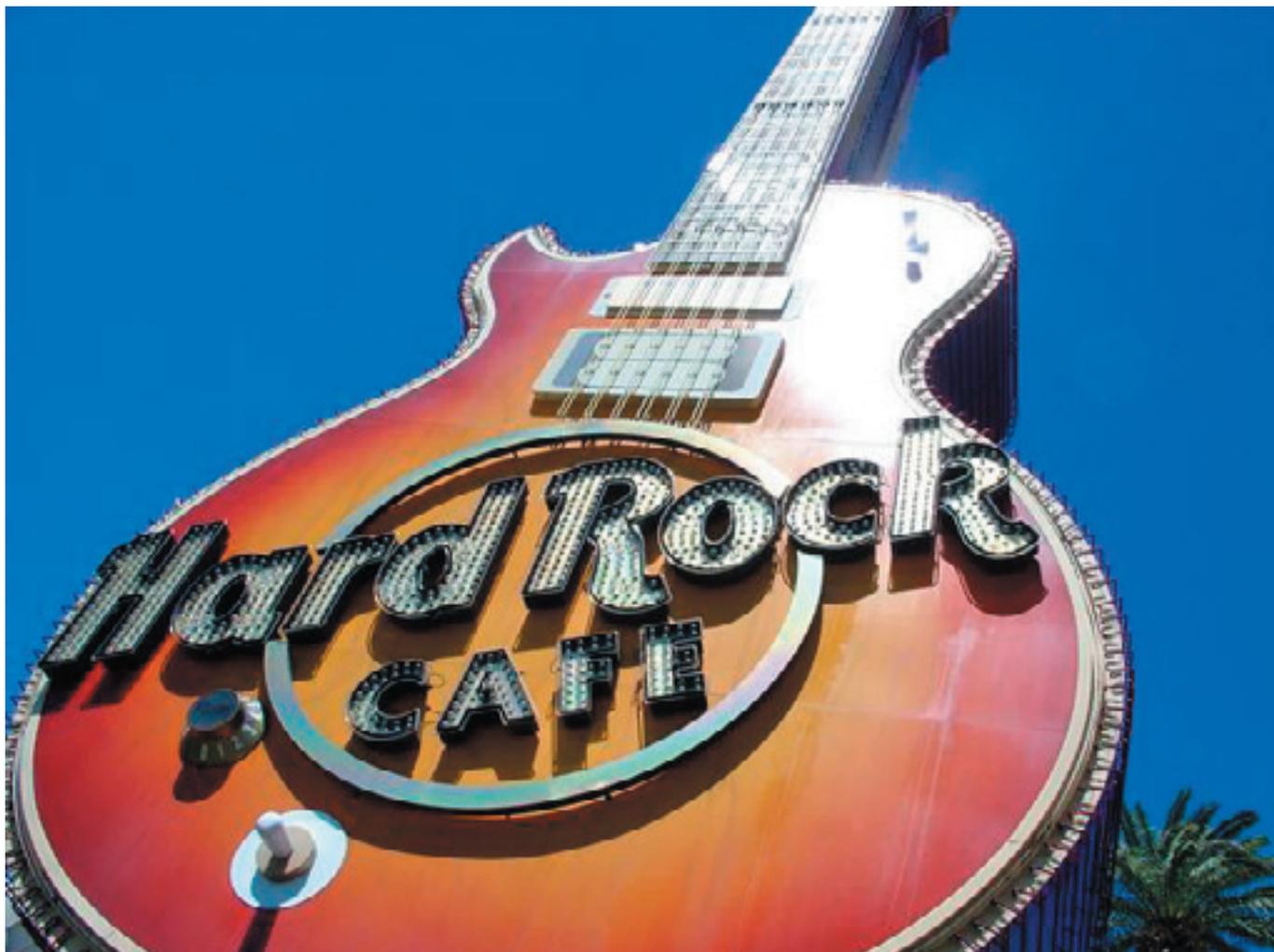
The eyes of the Elvises are as big as Elvis' shining behind when they come into the store. The store clerk dressed in the Elvis suit from the Nevada '72 concert greets them. There is everything, the tragic shadows in a celebrity's wake. None of them can believe their eyes and they immediately begin to pick on a pile of Elvis watches, nothing is what it seems, everything is as false as the moon-landing.

A prostitute vies for their attention by sensually swinging round a microphone stand and like a snake she devours the mic with her grotesque mouth, lets the tongue play over it while she touches herself and sings "Love Me Tender". Elvis' women were always beautiful, they were clad in maps of unexplored galaxies and if you wanted, you could ask them to sleep it off on the couch.

Elvis' bed looks interesting. It's all crooked, like the back of an old horse; in it he's made love to the young and the discreet.

It's all fake, Elvis' bed was round! No, it was heart-shaped! No, it was shaped like the bum of his mother! No, he had the bum of his mother cast in plaster next to his bed! Everyone disagrees. The Elvises can't come to any agreement but it's fun





to run down all the fake stuff and to show that you know all about Elvis.

A pair of boots in dyed-white leather with silver-patterned shafts and toes pointed like needles. They stand out for all who ever wanted to be Elvis, they have to be real, they have Elvis' smell ingrained in the leather and they bend out over the calves that never seemed to stop growing. They were his favorite pair of boots, they were given to him as a gift from a desert woman with a snake stick, and who foretold his bright future and read the signs of the times in rattlesnake innards. He never took them off, not even in the shower

The Elvises soon see that something is not quite right, there are two left boots; did Elvis have two left feet, and was he in that case disfigured and how far did it go? Why two left boots?

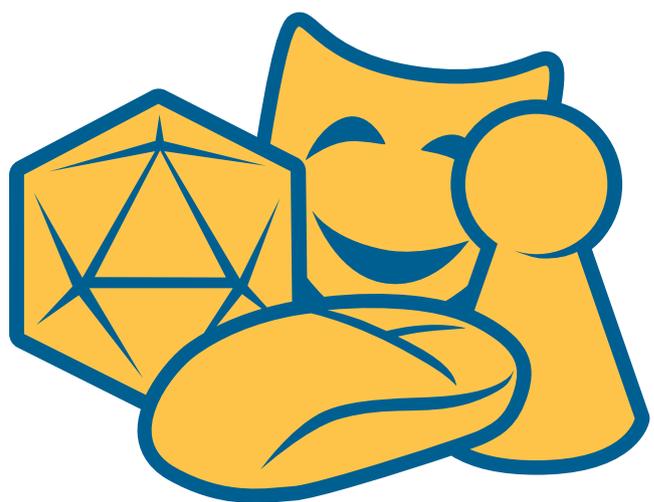
With some sanding on one of them, you might get it to fit on the right foot. It could work with one of those lathes but you'd have to take care not to ruin the leather.

She steals in, like heat in a cold storage, it's Priscilla Presley, her dimples like waterholes for saliva and bliss. She comes from the desert and the drug home, or can it be that she walked here all by herself from som opium den downtown? She comes up to the Elvises and remarks that those are her shoes, her boots and that she after ten years of cheap television productions where the producers asked her to read lines from the bedside at last have found them. When they look down they see that both her legs push out in shapes like waterpipes of an apartment building and each leg ends in a left shoe.

THE END

The police cars hunt down the bus. The bus goes into a ditch, almost turns over. Everyone onboard are the hostages of the evil Elvises. They turn on their searchlights and light the bus up. Pavlovian searchlights ignites their passion for performance. They look out the windows and see that the policemen have trumpets and other shiny instruments. Now they play and it's just for the Elvises to put on a show. Here it all turns into another scenario---a musical. All the seats fold into a stairway which leads onto the tarmac while the searchlights play. Confetti! All hostages are trained dancers. They whirl around our Elvis cabaret and stretch their hands to the sky and cheer. The policemen play on their trombones and trumpets. The Elvis impersonators at last get to do their eagerly awaited show, and it's gonna be a success. They Elvises are lent instruments by well-equipped bus riders and now the jam away! What drive! What rhythm!

The clouds part and the sky behind it opens like the throat of a whore. On the tip of its tongue is a police motorbike with Elvis riding it. Dolly Parton sits on the gas tank smiling the way only she can. Elvis speeds up and floats down little by little toward the ground. The police force plays and the King looks contented. He affords a smile. The bike lands and brakes and makes rubber tracks on the ground. The King climbs off and grabs the microphone just put there. Now it's coming: JAILHOUSE ROCK.



Sverok

Vi åker jeep
(We Go by Jeep)

