

It was a short flight from LAX to Santa Fe and Mona Meredith checked into the Inn At The Turquoise Bear in disguise. Santa Fe was one of her favorite escapes from Hollywood and she loved to shop in Santa Fe, to collect new artwork and enjoyed the Southwestern cuisine there, She doubted that anyone would recognize her in her black wig and sunglasses.

Mona went out and had dinner alone at a quiet restaurant. The food there was noted for its unique Southwestern taste. It was good being anonymous. Tomorrow she would hit the art galleries, looking for some unique pieces for her vast collection.

Scott and Ali were getting dressed for the show. Scott had on a powder blue jumpsuit with multi-colored stones in the front and white boots with sunglasses and a red scarf around his neck. He looked like Elvis to the max. He was busy applying his makeup in the mirror and reeked of Musk cologne. It was a favorite of the fans.

“Almost ready?”

“Yes.”

He emerged from the bathroom.

“How do I look?” “Like the King Himself, you’re rockin’ babe.”

The Tribute Room was packed with Elvis fans. Busy waitresses served drinks and they waited for the show to begin. The house lights dimmed and the spotlight shone on Elvis. He was magnificent, the King was alive!! The crowd roared and stood on their feet clapping and calling his name. Scott started with Hound Dog. Some women took off their bras and underwear and threw them at the stage. It was a great show. The band was really cooking.

Mona Meredith sneaked in the show through the side entrance.

She watched as Elvis turned the crowd on. He was good! He really captured the personality of the man.

The band took a break and the fans rushed at Elvis.

“Can I have an autograph?”

“Where can I buy a CD?”

“Can I have a kiss?”

Mona waited until the line was shorter and then approached Scott.

“Hello.”

“Hello pretty lady.”

“I thought you were really great up there.”

“Thank you very much.”

“i was wondering if you could do me a favor.”

“You name it pretty lady.”

“I’m a big fan of yours and I know you love animals....Could you dedicate the next song to all the abused animals out there.”

“Why surley Ma’am....By the way, what’s your name?”

“Mona.”

“Alright Mona, we’ll see what the band can do for you.”

Mona watched in the corner as Elvis took the stage for the second set.

“Ladies and Gentlemen, we have a special request tonight, Mona would like this next song dedicated to all the abused animals in the world. I hope that the abuse ends and we can all live in peace

soon. Mona, this song is for you darlin.” He sang “Don’t Be Cruel.”

*“You know I can be found
Sitting home all alone
If you can’t come around
At least please telephone
Don’t be cruel to a heart that’s true*

*Baby, if I made you mad
For something I might have said
Please lets forget the past
The future looks bright ahead
Don’t be cruel to a heart thats true
I don’t want no other love
Baby its just you I’m thinkin’ of.”*