

SCARED MONEY

By

Mike Scott

10723 Burgoyne Rd.
Houston, TX 77042
(832) 880-4093
parlayprods@aol.com

EXT. THE PALACE HOTEL/CASINO - NIGHT

Just east of Las Vegas, is Henderson, NV and home to the Palace, a lackluster resort that's seen better days.

QUINT (V.O.)
(singing off key)
Luck be a lady...

INT. PALACE HOTEL/RUMBA ROOM - DAY

The drab and smoky club is dotted with blue-haired grannies and their octogenarian husbands. Jogging suits, oxygen tanks and Hoverounds aplenty.

At center stage, QUINT VARGAS tickles a baby grand as he continues CROONING. He's 35, has movie-star good looks and, as always, is sporting signature, wannabe Rat Pack attire. (Black suit, white shirt and a rail-thin black tie.) He finishes his set to light APPLAUSE.

QUINT
C'mon, you can do better than that.

Louder, yet random, APPLAUSE.

QUINT (CONT'D)
There we go. Now enjoy your complimentary mai tais, and don't forget your waitresses.

Quint hops off stage and halfheartedly works the room. He kisses some adoring blue-hairs, glad-hands some codgers... Finally making it to the exit, he leans against the wall and produces a pack of cigarettes. Heavy SIGH.

QUINT (CONT'D)
How much more can I...

Quint takes out an antique pewter lighter that's got a classic "D.M." engraved on it. He radically shakes it, and it takes several times for him to spark his cigarette. He blows smoke and peels himself from the wall. Quint wearily moves along and he's soon intercepted by a cheap-suit-wearing HOTEL EXEC, 42, who's as slimy and cocky as he is short.

HOTEL EXEC
Nice set, Scared Money.

This is the last guy Quint wants to see as he blows smoke.

QUINT
We please to aim.

HOTEL EXEC
Uh, need a bit of a favor.

QUINT
Take a number.

HOTEL EXEC
Sure you heard about the fire at
the Bellagio?

QUINT
(holding up cigarette)
I was nowhere near the...

HOTEL EXEC
Calm your panic pulse. Utilizing
my smoothnicity, I glided in and
swiped one of their major
conventions that's gonna put both
me and the Palace back on the map.
Need you asap, buddy.

QUINT
If it pays. Which convention?

HOTEL EXEC
Um, the Adult Vid...

QUINT
The porno convention?
Goddddamnnnn...

Quint motions back to his audience as if he actually cares.

QUINT (CONT'D)
I gotta rep, what are my fans...

HOTEL EXEC
C'mon, I'm seriously...

QUINT
Tell ya what, buddy, get the big
man to scratch out my check a
little early, maybe kick in a much-
deserved bonus.

HOTEL EXEC
I can probably get you your check,
but with the economy and all.

Quint leaves the Hotel Exec twisting and coolly strolls off
while WHISTLING "Luck Be A Lady."

SUPER - LOUISIANA BOONIES - ABOUT AN HOUR FROM BATON ROUGE

INT. 24/7 CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

The store's decor, like its inventory, is outdated. The Muzak version of "Luck Be A Lady" CRACKLES through the speakers while CASHIER #1, a redneck, is behind the counter and watching a tractor pull on his portable TV.

At the snack aisle, RUSTON RUBIOUL's index finger reaches out and begins picking off snacks. Candy, cupcakes and chips tumble from the dusty shelves and into her cradled Cubby Bear T-shirt.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Across from the 24/7, rain beats down on a junky '77 Ford Pinto that's parked in the dark. An ember glows inside.

INT. PINTO - CONTINUOUS

MERLE, a twenty-two year old grungy slacker, is behind the wheel and peering through a pair of cracked binoculars at Ruston while he tugs from a joint.

MERLE
(coughing/strained)
Rusty's got the Fritos.

Merle continues peering through the binoculars as he passes the joint to his pothead-in-crime, EDDIE, who's sitting shotgun. Eddie, 22, pretty much mirrors Merle, yet he's grungier. Eddie tugs from the joint and COUGHS.

EDDIE
Regular or chili cheese?

MERLE
I don't know. Oh, oh! There she goes, that's it, get my strawberry Yoo-Hoo. Sweet!

EDDIE
How 'bout my Sno-Balls? She get my Sno-Balls? Man, do I love me...

EXT. LOUISIANA STATE CAPITOL - NIGHT

The rain slows to a drizzle as a stretch limousine cruises past the eerily quiet structure.

INT. LIMO/FRONT SEAT - CONTINUOUS

The DRIVER, 70, fights off sleep as he enters the foggy highway. Not another car in sight.

DELANEY
(O.S., through intercom)
Ease up a tad, lead foot.

DRIVER
Yes, Sir! Wouldn't want to miss
the highlight of my day. Again.

The driver lets up, and the limo coasts past a patriotic billboard on the side of the highway. The gargantuan ad has a smug photo of Miles Delaney, 60, and the slogan reads: Judge Miles Delaney - A Governor for Change.

DRIVER (CONT'D)
Change? And all this time, I
thought it was about the cash.

INT. 24/7 CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

Ruston's T-shirt cradles her bounty. It sways to-and-fro, and she WHISTLES along to "Luck Be a Lady" as she makes her way to the front. With each stride, there's a loud CRUNCHING that's accompanied by the intermittent JINGLING of coins.

A half-empty bag of Whoppers candy slides across the Formica counter. The rest of her goodies soon follow.

Cashier #1 spits in his dip-cup and scans her items. While Ruston counts out her coins, her head remains tilted downwards, so all Cashier #1 sees is the "C" on the front of her Cubs baseball cap.

CASHIER #1
That all?

Ruston, 25, finally looks up and, POW!!! Cashier #1's head jolts back as he's struck by this fair skinned, fiery red head's natural beauty's piercing green eyes.

RUSTON
How 'bout one of those scratchers?

Ruston pops a few more Whoppers, and her loud CRUNCHING snaps Cashier #1 out of his enamored daze.

CASHIER #1
Oh, uh. Gator-Bait or Cajun-Cash?

RUSTON
Gator-Bait, Cajun-Cash hasn't been
too lucky.

Cashier #1 GRUMBLES as he tears off a perforated ticket.

CASHIER #1
Ask me, damn Injuns got the whole
lotto rigged.

RUSTON
Haven't you heard, you can't lose
if you don't play?

CASHIER #1
I suppose. At'll be eighteen
thirty-two.

Ruston spills handfuls of change onto the counter. Cashier
#1 releases a bothered SIGH as he counts it out.

CASHIER #1 (CONT'D)
Outta eighteen-fifty.

He dumps the change into the drawer and then wags his finger.

CASHIER #1 (CONT'D)
Ya know, you look real, real
familiar. Was we in GED class...

RUSTON
Sorry, some of us actually
graduated high school. Least I got
that going for me.

CASHIER #1
Hmmm... Wait, I got it! Yeah,
you're that ex-beauty queen who did
that sexy Tribal Goddess...

RUSTON
No, you don't got it.

CASHIER #1
Huh? You sure look...

RUSTON
She had dark skin and black hair.
(tugging on hair)
My hair look black?

CASHIER #1
Shoot. Get yourself a bitta
sunshine, dye your red...

RUSTON
 Sun equals melanoma, and my hair's
 not red, it's auburn. Not from a
 bottle either!

Cashier #1's still not sold as he moves to a rack of porn and
 begins sifting through the sparse collection.

CASHIER #1
 I know it's... Ah ha!

He grabs a Tribal Goddess DVD. Though it's hard to tell, the
 worn cover has a photo of Ruston, who's spray-tanned, has
 brown eyes, is donning a jet-black wig that strategically
 covers her bare breasts, and is sporting a scant loincloth.

CASHIER #1 (CONT'D)
 Whoa, momma!

RUSTON
 If you're through, I'd really just
 like my change.

CASHIER #1
 (deep gulp/sotto)
 I'll, uh, I'll have to give that a
 better look-see on my break.

Cashier #1 slides the DVD off to the side and moves back to
 the register and bags Ruston's snacks.

RUSTON
 Pimping porn out of convenience
 stores, what'll...

CASHIER #1
 Law of the land, ain't a whole lot
 of choices when you're stuck on
 this cruddy reservation. Ya either
 follow the Chitaqua's rules or
 Billy Raven and his pow-wow posse.

RUSTON
 Save it.

Cashier #1 hands Ruston her change and closes the drawer.
 Ruston moves to the exit with the bags in tow and seemingly
 scratches the ticket. She suddenly freezes in her tracks.

RUSTON (CONT'D)
 I, I don't freakin' believe it!

Ruston's bags drop to the floor. The Yoo-Hoo bottle busts
 and pink milk slowly flows across the dingy linoleum.

CASHIER #1
 Me either. Crying out loud, I just
 finished mopping!

RUSTON
 (waving ticket)
 Fudge that, I'm talkin' about this!
 I scored a major, major winner
 here.

CASHIER #1
 Wow.

Ruston proudly SLAPS the ticket on the counter.

RUSTON
 More like, Shamwow!

INT. PINTO - CONTINUOUS

Merle's still peering through the binoculars. He takes
 another hit from the joint and gives Eddie the play-by-play.

MERLE
 Swipe it, Bodine, swipe away.

EDDIE
 Did Rusty get my Sno-Balls?

MERLE
 Stop with the Sno-Balls, we're
 about to get puh-puh paid!

INT. 24/7 CONVENIENCE STORE - CONTINUOUS

Ruston glances up at the overhead security camera and sticks
 out her tongue. Cashier #1 cluelessly swipes the ticket
 through the scanner. The cash prize flashes \$250.

CASHIER #1
 Wow, two-hundred and fifty dollars.
 Fifty more bucks and you'd have to
 take it down to the Lottery
 Commission to get it cashed.

RUSTON
 (sotto)
 Is that so?

CASHIER #1

Too bad I don't have the authority
to cash a ticket that big, you'll
have to come back when my...

RUSTON

What! This is so ghetto!
(tearfully)
It's bad enough you've got the
stones to call me a freakin' porn
star...

CASHIER #1

Whoa, whoa, whoa...

RUSTON

Don't whoa me.
(sniffling)
Where, where's your manager?

Ruston's alligator tears flow as she angrily taps her finger
on the ticket scanner.

RUSTON (CONT'D)

I demand to see your manager!

CASHIER #1

(turning to wall clock)
It's four-ten in the morning.
'Less I'm gettin' robbed or...

RUSTON

Give me his number, I'll...

Cashier #1 glances back at the clock. He spits in his cup
and reluctantly pounds the cash register. KA-CHING!

CASHIER #1

This may take a bit, gonna have to
open the dad-gum safe.

EXT. FEEDER ROAD - NIGHT

A junky car, with its hazards flashing, is stopped along the
densely wooded stretch of asphalt. SUZY, 23 and sexy in a
trashy sort of way, digs in the trunk for the spare.

INT. LIMO/FRONT SEAT - NIGHT

The driver yawns as he exits onto the lonely feeder. He
comes upon the disabled car, swerves and HONKS the horn.

The headlights flash on Suzy. Her shirt is drenched, revealing. The driver regains control and continues on.

INT. LIMO/FULL VIEW - CONTINUOUS

As the separator comes down, the lone passenger loudly CLEARS his throat. The driver looks in the rearview at JUDGE MILES DELANEY, who's in the huge backseat. Dressed to the nines, he's the epitome of family connections and Southern aristocracy. He tosses his Times Picayune aside and peers above his thick reading glasses.

DRIVER

Ex, excuse me, Your Honor,
should I have stopped?

DELANEY

What, to assist a helpless, not to
mention, beautiful, young lady?
Need I waste my breath to respond?

EXT. FEEDER ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The tires SQUEAL as the limo quickly reverses. Seconds later, it comes to a SCREECHING halt beside Suzy. Delaney pockets his glasses as the tinted window glides down.

DELANEY

My, my. What have we here, a
damsel in distress?

SUZY

I don't know about the damsel...

DELANEY

Either way, you shouldn't be
performing such a menial task.
Come out of the damp, allow me to
offer the services of my hired man.

Delaney pushes the door open. Suzy drops the tire iron and gets in. The driver exits and SLAMS the door. He GRUMBLES as he moves past the limo.

DRIVER

Goddamned hired man.
(grabbing crotch)
I got your hired man!

SHOOMP! A miniature titanium arrow hurtles through the night and pierces the driver's chest. He GASPS as he drops to his knees, and as he attempts to dislodge it, blood spurts.

INT. LIMO - CONTINUOUS

The classical version of "Luck Be a Lady" pipes through the speakers. Suzy dries her hair with a towel while Delaney, unaware of what's happening outside, pours her some brandy.

DELANEY

This should take the chill off.

SUZY

I just don't know what I'd have done if you hadn't coincidentally happened along?

DELANEY

Consider it good fortune that I'm such an early riser. Early and often, that is.

Suzy takes the brandy. Delaney slyly dips into his pocket for a bottle of Viagra. He pops a handful and MUMBLES.

DELANEY (CONT'D)

Modern medicine at its finest.

SUZY

I'm sorry, what?

DELANEY

Nothing, my sweet doe, nothing.

Delaney wraps his wrinkly fingers around Suzy's and gazes into her eyes as he chases his Viagra with her brandy. Her eyes scan his impressive limo as she gingerly sips.

SUZY

Guess I shouldn't have to ask, but you must be really important?

Delaney dramatically presses his hand to his chest.

DELANEY

It simply breaks my heart that a sweet young doe isn't familiar with a regarded senior statesman such as myself. Seems I'll have to fire my campaign manager.

SUZY

Oh no, it's just that I'm kinda new to these parts.

DELANEY

Well then, permit me to be the first to introduce your parts, to my parts.

Delaney begins kissing and groping Suzy.

SUZY

Why, Judge Delaney!

DELANEY

(swaying back)

Wait a second, you said...

The limo door suddenly flies open. A high-tech titanium bow zips past Delaney's confused face.

DELANEY (CONT'D)

What in God's name...

Following a few strained GRUNTS from the road, the driver's corpse is heaved into the limo.

BILLY RAVEN, 35, calmly slides in and closes the door. He's a badass Native American Indian who's heavily tatted, and his jet-black hair is pulled back in a long braided ponytail. Delaney looks at his dead driver, then Billy, and FREAKS.

DELANEY (CONT'D)

Billy, you killed my...

BILLY

Laced him from a buck-twenty out. Play your cards right, I might give you a running start.

As Billy sadistically reenacts shooting his bow, the front door opens, and JONAS, 37, a fierce Native American who's sporting a Chitqua Reservation sheriff's uniform, slips a cowboy hat on his shaved head and slides behind the wheel.

DELANEY

Billy, I don't understand...

Billy punches Delaney in the gut. Delaney GASPS.

BILLY

It's time you do.

Delaney starts to double-over, and Billy slugs him in the jaw. Delaney slides across the long seat and his head smashes into the door. He passes out and Suzy kicks him onto the floor beside his driver and douses him with her brandy.

SUZY
Pervert!

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Ruston's grinning from ear-to-ear as she scurries from the 24/7 to the Pinto with the bags in tow.

INT. PINTO - CONTINUOUS

Ruston breathlessly piles into the backseat and tosses the cash and bags of snacks to Eddie.

RUSTON
Haul, "a", amigos!

Merle cranks the radio and floors it. The Pinto barely SPUTTERS along. Merle looks in the rearview at Ruston.

MERLE
You're so bad, you're good.

Eddie roots through the bags while Ruston strikes a pose.

RUSTON
Mother always said I should've been an actress.

EDDIE
Hey, where are my Sno-Balls?

RUSTON
Sno-Balls?
(deep whiff)
Have y'all been chief'n the chronic? Again? Jeezoo, y'all are as glazed as a box of Krispy Kremes.

Eddie and Merle slump in their seats. Ruston whines.

RUSTON (CONT'D)
Boys, we've got way too much on the line for y'all to be getting baked.

EDDIE
Alright, we'll dial it down.

RUSTON
Promise?

EDDIE
Yeah, now get off our...

RUSTON
Cross your heart and kiss your
elbow promise?

EDDIE
Sis, that's so douchy...

RUSTON
Hey! No douchy talk, you know how
Mom hated that. Now c'mon, you
too, Merle.

MERLE
Would, but I'm driving.

Ruston leans in and looks at the speedometer.

RUSTON
A whole twelve miles an hour.
Please don't jinx this now.

Merle and Eddie GRUMBLE as they halfheartedly cross their
hearts and kiss their elbows.

RUSTON (CONT'D)
That's my boys.

Ruston digs in her jeans pocket and tosses the un-scratched
lottery ticket into the front seat. Merle snags it and
eagerly scratches it.

MERLE
Zilch!

RUSTON
Astounding. Eddie, grab me
another, if Merle can get this
crate up to twenty, we might be
able to hit a couple more stores.

Eddie scarfs a Twinkie, opens the glove compartment, and a
handful of scratched-off lottery tickets fall out.

MERLE
What are you planning on doing with
all that dough ray me?

RUSTON
We're pretty much playin' with
house money, since I gotta go to
Vegas anyway, why not let it ride.

EDDIE
Oh no, not on the...

MERLE & EDDIE
Please, not the Cubbies?

RUSTON
I don't know, probably get some
pretty decent odds on my lovable
losers winning the Series.

EDDIE & MERLE
The World Series?!

RUSTON
(heavy sigh)
We'd be able to escape the jerk,
get us out of this whole mess I got
us into.

Ruston rubs the "C" on her Cubs ball cap and hopes.

INT. LIMO - NIGHT

Smoke seeps from Billy's mouth as he puffs on one of
Delaney's Cuban cigars. Delaney, who's passed out on top of
his driver, starts to come around. Billy grinds the cigar
out on the leather seat as he chugs from a bottle of Dom.

BILLY
Nice nap?

Delaney's eyes meet his lifeless driver's. He panics and
scrambles to the seat opposite of Billy and Suzy.

DELANEY
Billy, what the...

BILLY
Fuck?

Billy grabs Delaney's ear.

BILLY (CONT'D)
Let me tell you what the fuck!

The limo pulls off the road and into the soupy mud beneath a
glitzy billboard that advertises: CHITAQUA CASINO - COMING
FALL - 2007, 2008, 2009, (ALL X-ED OUT) SOON!

BILLY (CONT'D)
You're not the only one who's got a
billboard.

Delaney WINCES as Billy shoves his face against the window and forces him to look up at the huge flashing sign.

DELANEY

Billy, ow! Stop, that hurts!

BILLY

What hurts, is that for three fucking years, my casino's been sitting empty. I've paid you millions, I'm losing millions! All because you guaranteed that I'd get my goddamned gaming license.

DELANEY

I've broken a dozen laws to get your bogus reservation approved. Bribed the elders to front for you, if the Commission had an inkling that you weren't even a real Native Ameri...

BILLY

Fucking elders. I've seen cigar store Indians that are more authentic.

DELANEY

Well, wha, wha...

BILLY

Wha, wha, what, old man? What?

DELANEY

If it wasn't for me, we both know you'd be in jail busting rocks.

Billy pulls up the leg of his jeans and reveals a clunky ankle monitor.

BILLY

Thanks to your so-called legal genius, I'm confined to my own goddamned reservation. I want that fucking license!

DELANEY

I told you on the phone that I got your votes, it's a lock, come the weekend, you'll have your license.

Billy raises his hand and Delaney cowers. Billy CHUCKLES as he lightly smacks Delaney's face.

BILLY

I just needed to hear it in person.
Face-to-face.

Billy pats Delaney's mug a couple more times and then reclines in the seat and smiles.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Now give me your cell phone, your
wallet too.

SUZY

Let the pig keep his Viagra.

BILLY

C'mon, snap, snap!

Billy SNAPS his fingers while Delaney frantically searches his pockets and reluctantly hands them over.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Now, I want you to think about all
the aggravation and money you've
cost me on your long. Walk. Home.
And about your driver.
(putting finger to mouth)
Shhhh...

EXT. SIDE OF ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Delaney SCREAMS as he's tossed from the limo. He slides through the soupy mud and stops beneath the billboard. The limo speeds off and throws more crud in his face.

INT. LIMO - CONTINUOUS

The limo speeds off. Billy chugs champagne, kisses Suzy and forces her to drink. She CHOKES and pushes off.

SUZY

Asshole!

MONTAGE - RUSTON'S "LOTTERY WINS"

1) Merle's peering through his cracked binoculars at Ruston who's inside of a 7/11 and jumping up and down and excitedly waving another winning lottery ticket.

2) Ruston hops in the backseat of the Pinto and tosses the cash and bags of snacks to Eddie.

3) Ruston's inside a Stop-N-Go where CASHIER #2 reluctantly hands her the cash.

4) The Pinto putts away from a U-Tote-M. Eddie holds the door open and Ruston jumps in and showers him with more cash.

INT. LIMO/FRONT - NIGHT

Jonas drives through some potholes as the limo passes through a neighborhood of shanties. The headlights shine on an imposing hand-carved sign that reads: Chitaqua Reservation, est. 2005 by Chief Billy Raven. The craggy road ends as a freshly tarred one takes over. Jonas dials his cell phone.

JONAS
(on cell phone)
Chief wants the fireworks.

INT. CHITAQUA CASINO/OPERATIONS OFFICE - NIGHT

A man's dark fingers rapidly type on a computer keyboard. There's a loud CLICK, followed by a HUMMING generator that REVS faster and faster...

INT. LIMO - CONTINUOUS

Billy gazes out of the window and into the vast darkness.

BILLY
Move the fuck over, Steve Wynn,
daddy's home.

In the distance, a colorful display of neon flashes on and the empty Chitaqua Casino illuminates the dark sky.

INT. LIMO - CONTINUOUS

The limo parks in front of the casino and Billy kisses Suzy as if it's the last time.

BILLY
Jonas.

Jonas' open handcuffs land in the backseat. Suzy's aroused, yet puzzled. Billy gently rubs her cheek, then hastily cuffs her wrists and shoves her on top of the bloody driver.

BILLY (CONT'D)
Nobody, I mean nobody, calls Billy
Raven an asshole.

Suzy SCREAMS. Billy exits the limo and orders Jonas.

BILLY (CONT'D)
Get rid of 'em, and no fuck ups.

EXT. CHITAQUA CASINO - CONTINUOUS

Suzy's SCREAMING continues as Billy gets on his tricked-out chopper, fires it up and coolly speeds off.

EXT. TRAILER PARK - NIGHT

The Pinto CHUGS past some crummy units and loudly BACKFIRES as Merle parks in front of Ruston's broken-down trailer. She gets out and sees Billy's chopper parked off to the side.

RUSTON
Oh crud.

Eddie and Merle slowly roll out of the Pinto.

EDDIE
No way. He couldn't have found out, not this quick?

The trailer door opens and Billy looms at the step. Eddie and Merle nervously hang back while Ruston confronts him.

RUSTON
What's your deal, breaking in?

BILLY
Breaking in? It's mine, just like everything else on my reservation. More importantly, what are you up to, prowling around.

INT. RUSTON'S TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

Ruston glares at Billy as she brushes by.

RUSTON
It's none of your bees-wax what I do and when I do it. Now leave.

BILLY
Soon as your escorts get here.

RUSTON
Escorts? What?

BILLY

Since I can't take you myself, I'm gonna make damn sure you get on that plane.

RUSTON

I'm not supposed to leave...

Ruston notices some packed luggage off to the side.

RUSTON (CONT'D)

You went through my stuff?

Ruston tries to slap Billy. He catches her hand and grins.

BILLY

Been a little change in plans. Even sprung for your very own Tribal Goddess exhibit.

RUSTON

No way!

Billy casually sifts through a stack of Ruston's bills.

BILLY

It'll pay down some of your debt, get you a little more exposure.

Ruston swipes her bills.

RUSTON

I don't want or need any more exposure. Isn't it enough that you made me do that stupid porno and have me stripping at your disgusting Raven's Nest?

BILLY

If you can figure any other way of paying me restitution.

RUSTON

Nice, and tell that crooked Judge Delaney of yours, he knows where he can stick that lousy court order.
(beat/disgusted)
Threatening me with prison if I don't pay you back for my mother's medical expenses.

BILLY

I'm not the one who wanted a divorce. You knew there'd be a price to pay.

RUSTON

Funny, I thought you knocking me around was more than steep enough. Tell me, what's it gonna take to make all this end?

BILLY

Easy. Come back. Come back and poof!

(tossing hands)

You can get out of this dump, I'll write off the judgement, no more bills, stripping...

Ruston moves to Billy as if she's going to kiss him.

RUSTON

And to celebrate, we'll have a romantic little makeup dinner. At the When Hell Freezes Over cafe!

A pair of dim-witted, uniformed CHITAQUA COPS enter.

RUSTON (CONT'D)

What are these tools...

BILLY

Make sure she's on the Cessna.

The cops agree. Billy grabs Ruston's face, she WINCES.

BILLY (CONT'D)

And while you're gone, don't even think about pulling any of your cute little bullshit cons. I may not physically be there.

(pointing to eyes)

But my eyes and ears sure will.

Billy shoves Ruston to the floor and exits. Cop #1 grabs her luggage while Cop #2 tosses a glossy brochure and itinerary at her. They exit. Ruston wipes her tears and YELLS.

RUSTON

Eddie, Merle, get your lazy butts in here!

Eddie and Merle enter. Merle moves past a wall that's plastered with photos of past beauty pageants that Ruston's excelled in and plops down on the couch and channel-surfs.

EDDIE

What'd the jack-hole say?

RUSTON

Nothing about the scratchers. Not yet. But like I knew, he's making me go to the porn skank convention early.

EDDIE

Kinda afraid to ask, but what's your plan?

RUSTON

I'll get to that bridge when I cross it. But if it takes all five-foot-nothing of me, I swear...

EDDIE

Just don't do anything stupid.

RUSTON

You mean like tonight?
(heavy sigh)
When he finds out, there's gonna be serious...

MERLE

We can hold our own.

Ruston shrugs as she holds up a banded roll of cash from their scratch-off scam.

RUSTON

Guess that leaves just one thing.

They all cross their hearts and kiss their elbows for luck.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

Walking along, Delaney's muddied and frightened to tears as his eyes scope out the dark woods. He hears the sounds of nature. HOWLING coyotes. A HOOTING owl. RUSTLING bushes... He awkwardly runs, slips and falls in the soupy mud.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY

A disgusting garbage truck CHUGS down the road.

INT. GARBAGE TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Eddie's driving and Merle's riding shotgun. They're both sporting grubby overalls and matching bandanas. They come upon the imposing Chitaqua Reservation sign.

EDDIE

Fuck you, Billy Raven!

MERLE

Blow us!

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - DAY

The garbage truck CHUGS down the street that's lined with overflowing trash cans. Eddie and Merle exit. They dump the cans into the truck, chuck them aside and repeat.

INT. CESSNA (MOVING) - DAY

The PILOT takes off. Ruston watches as the Chitaqua cop car speeds away from the secluded airstrip.

RUSTON

How long to Vegas?

PILOT

Couple hours, but we're not going to Vegas. Convention got moved to Henderson, AKA, Vegas-light.

RUSTON

Vegas-light, what a freakin' joke, just like the rest of my life.

Ruston pulls out the Palace hotel and casino brochure that Cop #2 threw on her. She opens it and sees a dapper photo of Quint, who's sitting at a baby grand and sporting a classic white dinner jacket and black bowtie.

RUSTON (CONT'D)

Gee, he's not too good-looking. Isn't there anything they don't airbrush nowadays? Wow, and it even comes with a free mai tai ticket. Today's my lucky day.

Ruston reads the caption in an announcer-like voice.

RUSTON (CONT'D)

Come and enjoy the unique stylings
of the Palace's very own Quint
Vargas at our spectacular Rumba
Room. Wish my life was nearly as
spectacular as Quint Vargas'.

Ruston gently rubs Quint's handsome picture.

EXT. HENDERSON, NEVADA - BUS STOP - DAY

A city bus stops. Quint hands out free mai tai tickets to a
handful of GIGGLING DOMESTICS as they're exiting the bus.

QUINT

Remember, best free mai tai this
side of Vegas.

INT. CHU'S DRY CLEANERS - DAY

Quint enters. MRS. CHU smiles amorously while MR. CHU isn't
so happy to see him.

MR. CHU

Got my money?

QUINT

Not yet, but I...

MR. CHU

No money, no dry cleaning. Your
tab over two-hundred-dolla.

QUINT

C'mon, Mr. Chu, I need my white
dinner jacket, I've got a new gig.
I swear, when I hit...

MR. CHU

When I hit it, when I hit it...
Same thing you tell my wife.

Quint gives Mrs. Chu a sly wink. She blushes and GIGGLES.

QUINT

I get her free drinks at the Rum...

MR. CHU

Everybody get free drinks at Rumba
Room! Watered-down mai tai, you
winky, winky, smile with movie-
star dimple, not sing so good.

QUINT

Now that's just mean.

MR. CHU

I got kids, lots and lots...

Mr. Chu relents and hands over Quint's white dinner jacket.

QUINT

Thanks. Just...

MR. CHU

I know, put on tab, big tab.
Oh yeah, found another.

Mr. Chu holds up a crumpled sportsbook voucher.

QUINT

Trash it, like the rest, odds are
it's a loser.

EXT. LOUISIANA HIGHWAY - DAY

Delaney's covered in dried mud, his suit's ripped and he's looking derelict as he hitchhikes along the feeder. Traffic zooms by, horns HONK, but nobody dares to stop.

INT. GARBAGE TRUCK - DAY

Eddie's driving and Merle's riding shotgun as they RUMBLE down the highway. Merle spots Delaney hitchhiking.

EDDIE

Wanna stop?

Merle wipes off the grimy side mirror. Eddie pulls over and the transmission GRINDS as he reverses. BEEP! BEEP! BEEP!...

MERLE

Dude looks pretty krunked.

EDDIE

Krunked krunk? Or Hannibal the
cannibal krunk?

MERLE

Ah, just krunk, krunk. Hey,
what's Hannibal the cannibal eat
for breakfast?

EDDIE & MERLE

Cap'n Crunch!

They LAUGH hysterically. The truck stops, and Merle opens the door and stares down at the mud-crustrated Delaney, who's obviously experiencing the effects of his Viagra habit.

MERLE

Whoa, Dirty Harry, since when'd you start packing your Magnum in your trousers? Damnnn...

INT. PALACE HOTEL/BALLROOM - DAY

Quint's at the stage playing a baby grand. His judgmental eyes scan the very tan PORN STARS in the room as they man their exhibit booths and cater to their numerous creepy FANS.

QUINT

How we doing today, boys and girls?

The crowd's response is mixed. Quint could care less as he CROONS OFF KEY "The Way You Look Tonight."

QUINT (CONT'D)

Oh someday, oh when I'm awfully low, at the porno show...
(speaking - while playing)
I'm feeling a little neglected up here by my lonesome. Any way I can recruit one of you hot toddies to provide me with some much-needed accompaniment?

A DOPEY PORN STAR jiggles as she eagerly hops on the piano.

QUINT (CONT'D)

Momma would be so proud.
(playfully serenading)
Some day, oh when I'm awfully low at the porno show, my slacks will start to bulge, just thinking of you -- at the porno show, tonight!

The crowd LAUGHS. Quint tickles the keys while the dopey porn star gazes into his intoxicating baby blues.

QUINT (CONT'D)

(singing)
...You're so lovely, oh with those big fake boobs...

The dopey porn star's jaw drops.

QUINT (CONT'D)
 ...and those Botox lips, just
 thinking of you...
 (banging keys; speaking)
 There a doctor in the house? Gotta
 feeling one of those four-hour
 erections is coming on...

More LAUGHTER. The dopey porn star storms from the stage.

QUINT (CONT'D)
 (singing)
 At the porno show tonight!
 (speaking while playing)
 Wow, baby can do a ten man blow-
 bang, but make a little fun of her
 ballooned up lips and silicon-city
 milkwagons...

INT. HENDERSON MUNICIPAL AIRPORT - DAY

Ruston struggles with her luggage as she weaves through the
 CROWD. She nears a pair of immense, musclebound, GAY
 BODYGUARDS. Bodyguard #1 holds up a hand-painted "Tribal
 Goddess" sign that's got colorful and flowery hearts.

RUSTON
 (deflating)
 You've got to be...

BOTH BODYGUARDS
 Welcome to Henderson!

BODYGUARD #1
 (pointing to #2)
 He's super!

BODYGUARD #2
 (pointing to #1)
 And he's glue!

BOTH BODYGUARDS
 And throughout your visit...
 (pointing at Ruston)
 we'll be sticking to you!

Ruston flashes an insincere smile, grabs the sign and rips it
 to pieces.

RUSTON
 Thanks for nothin'!

Ruston digs in her purse for her sunglasses and Cubs ball cap. She puts them on and storms off.

BODYGUARD #2

What's up with the diva act?

BODYGUARD #1

Got me, Billy said she'd like it.

BODYGUARD #2

Well, I certainly liked it.
Especially your flowery hearts.

BODYGUARD #1

See if I waste my paint pens on
that prissy little beotch again.

INT. GARBAGE TRUCK - DAY

Delaney's crammed between Eddie and Merle. Eddie passes a bong over Delaney's boner to Merle.

EDDIE

Hey, Woody Harrelson, Baton Rouge
is a good hour away, sure you don't
wanna share in some primo bongage?

DELANEY

I'm quite sure.

MERLE

Wow, Ed, ya hear that, Woodward and
Bernstein's not just sure, he's
quite sure. I don't know if I've
ever been quite sure about
anything. You?

EDDIE

No, never. Come to think of it
though, I was once almost sure.
But no, not quite.

Delaney rubs his eyes and gets a little woozy.

MERLE

Yo, coach Wooden, you alright?

EDDIE

Must be all that blood rushing to
his little head.

Delaney's embarrassed as he covers his erection.

DELANEY

It's my low blood sugar condition.
Is there any way you can
momentarily disregard my manhood
and stop to get something to eat?

EDDIE

Why yes, Woodrow Wilson, I'm quite
sure we can. Hey, ya hear that,
Merle? I did it. I did it!

DELANEY

I promise I'll pay you for all your
trouble when we get to my home.

MERLE

Just don't be trying to pay us back
in wooden nickels.

(winking to Eddie)

Yo, Eddie Money, isn't there a S'up
Dog restaurant at the next exit?

EDDIE

(winking back)

Why yes, Money Merle, I do believe
there is a S'up Dog restaurant at
the very next exit.

DELANEY

Huh? I've resided in this area for
more years than I'd like to admit,
and I personally don't recall ever
hearing of a S'up Dog?

(beat; shrugging)

What's, what's S'up Dog?

EDDIE & MERLE

(shouting with glee)

Not much dog! What-sup with you?

Eddie and Merle LAUGH hysterically as they pound their fists
on the dash. Delaney shakes his head and points to the bong.

DELANEY

Fire that up for me, will ya?

Merle's and Eddie's jaws drop. Merle gladly sparks the bowl.

DELANEY (CONT'D)

It's been one hell of a day.

(taking a deep hit)

But whatever you do, don't tell
anyone I inhaled. Man, that's some
good ass skunk!

EXT. PALACE HOTEL/VALET AREA - DAY

A black Lincoln pulls up where a handful of VALETS are assisting TOURISTS. The bodyguards and Ruston exit. She looks at the lackluster hotel, and then at the marquee that reads: Come Meet & Greet Your Favorite Porn Stars.

RUSTON

Two days, two days, and like a bad dream, it'll all be over with.

INT. PALACE HOTEL/BALLROOM - DAY

Quint finishes his set to light APPLAUSE.

QUINT

I'll see ya when I see ya. Until then, you boys and girls, and, uh girls and girls. I'll leave it at that, but whatever your preference, make sure and get your cash up front. Ba dump!

Quint BANGS the keys and hops off the stage. Not daring to mingle, he snakes through the crowd. The Hotel Exec soon intercepts Quint and they continue toward the casino.

HOTEL EXEC

Nice set, Scared Money, crowd seems somewhat pleased.

QUINT

It's been a lifelong ambition of mine to entertain the dregs of society. What do you got lined up next? Wait, let me guess, is it the crack-whore or meth-head convention? Holy Christ, between this and the blue-hairs I play for in that fucking Rumba, err Rheumatism Room...

HOTEL EXEC

Bitch, bitch, bitch... it's a paying gig, isn't it?

QUINT

Just until I scrape together enough jack to get out of this hellhole and open my own joint.

Quint packs his cigarettes. The Hotel Exec SCOFFS.

HOTEL EXEC

Own joint? You can't even land a gig on the Vegas Strip let alone...

QUINT

Though it's really hard not wanting to work here. I mean, with all the perks and bennies. The four-0-none-k, stealth insurance...

HOTEL EXEC

Whatever. Anyway, I worked my magic and got the big man to scratch out your check a couple days early. Sorry no bonus.

QUINT

Shocker.

The Hotel Exec waves the check. Quint reaches for it, and the Exec pulls it back.

HOTEL EXEC

I could very easily...

QUINT

Stop dickin' around.
(swiping check)
And don't think I don't know that you're trying to goad me. This is my rent, and that's exactly what I plan on using it for.

Quint and the Hotel Exec move through the drab casino.

HOTEL EXEC

You gambling it away never crossed my mind, Scared Money.

Quint packs a cigarette as he glares at the Hotel Exec.

QUINT

And quit glossing me with that Scared Money bullshit. Name's Quint.

HOTEL EXEC

Sure thing, Q.

Quint radically shakes his antique lighter, and it takes a good three times for him to spark his cigarette.

HOTEL EXEC (CONT'D)

Why don't you break down and buy a new torch?

QUINT

It's my good luck charm. Not to mention that Dino personally gave it to me.

HOTEL EXEC

Right, did Sinatra give you that played-out suit as well?

QUINT

Might have. Sammy Davis give you his? You're about the same height.

Quint smirks and veers off. The Hotel Exec's slicked-back MINION, 25, who sports an even-cheaper suit, walks up.

MINION

What's with Quint?

HOTEL EXEC

Quint, as in quintessential loser. Only place that chump ever cashes in is at the ATM.

They CHUCKLE as they stalk Quint.

HOTEL EXEC (CONT'D)

Fifty says that paycheck won't make it past the craps.

The Minion pulls out his money clip and peels off a hundred.

MINION

I gotta hinge on blackjack.

CASINO ENTRANCE - Ruston takes in all the buzz as she weaves through the excited GAMBLERS.

CRAPS AREA - The Hotel Exec and Minion trail Quint from a safe distance.

HOTEL EXEC

That's it, get 'em to cash your check and buy ya some homing chips.

Quint takes a final drag as he stares at his check.

QUINT

FICA. The hell's with that?

Quint extinguishes his cigarette in the ash bucket and mentally allocates his limited funds as he moves along.

QUINT (CONT'D)

I'll cough up a couple hundred for back rent, sixty or so for hot check fees, can't forget the buck-twelve I gotta pay Lil' Tommy...

Quint, who's still focusing on his check, reaches the blackjack area. Ruston, who's caught up in all the action, collides with Quint.

RUSTON

JEEZE-ZOO!

Ruston's Cubs cap and Quint's check fly-up in the air as both tumble to the carpet.

QUINT

Sorry, so sorry. You okay?

Quint quickly helps Ruston to her feet. She looks for her cap while he scrambles for his check.

RUSTON

I'm fine, fine. Jeezoo, just..

Ruston's eyes meet Quint's. Both are smitten and neither breaks the stare as they slowly bend down. Quint grabs her cap while Ruston grabs his check. She recognizes him.

RUSTON (CONT'D)

Hey, aren't you um...

QUINT

Sorry, I'm very, very sorry.

Ruston lets it go. She glances at his check and cringes as she hands it over. "EWWW." Quint snaps of his daze and trades for her cap.

QUINT (CONT'D)

Oh, it's, it's just a part-time gig. I've got bigger things in the works.

RUSTON

Thought I was president of that club.

QUINT

Sure you're all right?

Ruston nods, smiles, moves along and melds into the swarming crowd. Quint remains enamored by her porcelain skin and natural beauty.

QUINT (CONT'D)
Wow, jeezoo's right.

Bodyguard #2 breathlessly catches up and nudges Quint into an empty blackjack table.

BODYGUARD #2
Keep your hands off the talent!

QUINT
Talent? On the ass end of Vegas,
you must be lost.

Quint gathers himself while the bored BLACKJACK DEALER, 55, pear-shaped and rumped, reaches to his chip rack.

BLACKJACK DEALER
Scared Money, back so soon?

QUINT
Huh? Oh no, I'm...

BLACKJACK DEALER
See you got your paycheck. I can
get the cage to cash it for you?

Across the room, the Minion clenches his fist while the Hotel Exec CURSES.

QUINT
Well, maybe just a hand or three.

Quint cozies up and endorses his check. He packs a cigarette and sparks it on the first try. He inspects his lighter and blows smoke as he re-pockets it with a casual shrug.

BLACKJACK DEALER
So, Scared, how's tricks?

QUINT
Huh? Oh, pretty much status quo.
Worse than most, yet better than
none.

BLACKJACK DEALER
Black okay?

QUINT
Less you wanna give me five
purples.

BLACKJACK DEALER
 (glancing to ceiling)
 Not while the all-omnipotent one is
 photo-shopping me. Player coming
 out, black action.

The dealer stacks five black chips while the disinterested
 PIT BOSS MUMBLES.

PIT BOSS
 Black-shun.

The Blackjack Dealer reaches to the six-deck shoe and gives
 the play-by-play as he casually deals.

BLACKJACK DEALER
 One for you, ace, nice start. Down
 for me, another for you. Well
 lookie, lookie, Scared's got
 himself a couple of bullets. My up
 card, king. Seems we've got us a
 little dilemma.

QUINT
 That, or an early night.

Quint blows smoke and coolly tosses out his second chip.

BLACKJACK DEALER
 Player's splitting aces.

PIT BOSS
 Aces.

The Blackjack Dealer fires Quint a third ace.

BLACKJACK DEALER
 Three or thirteen?

Quint cautiously pushes out his third chip.

BLACKJACK DEALER (CONT'D)
 Big timer's splitting a third ace.

PIT BOSS
 Splittin' a third.

BLACKJACK DEALER
 (dealing a fourth ace)
 Holy guacamole, get me some chips!

A handful of GAMBLERS stop and observe.

GAMBLER #1
Quad aces, talk about a no-brainer.

QUINT
(sotto)
Especially when it's neither your
brains or money.

Quint takes a drag, nervously STRUMS his fingers on the felt and blows more smoke as he flicks out his fourth chip.

BLACKJACK DEALER
Checks are split'n a fourth!

The now-interested Pit Boss steps up to the table.

PIT BOSS
Peel it!

The Blackjack Dealer fires Quint a fifth ace.

PIT BOSS (CONT'D)
Sure you shuffled?

BLACKJACK DEALER
It's all I've been doing for the
past two hours.

WHISPERS circle the growing CROWD. Quint grinds out his cigarette, rests his chin on the table cushion, and nervously stares at his lone chip.

BLACKJACK DEALER (CONT'D)
Tick, tock, what's your call there,
hotshot?

Quint GULPS and slowly drags his final chip across the felt.

QUINT
Big money, no whammies.

BLACKJACK DEALER
Player's splitting his fifth. Any
last requests?

QUINT
Let me win and I'll put your kids
through public school.

BLACKJACK DEALER
Don't have any kids.

QUINT
Then I'll put 'em through private.

Light LAUGHTER. The Blackjack Dealer knocks his fist on the felt for good luck. FAST ACTION - He fires Quint a six.

BLACKJACK DEALER
Seven or seventeen?

QUINT
Hit.

The Blackjack Dealer fires Quint a two.

BLACKJACK DEALER
Deuce. Nineteen?

Quint waves it off and points to his second ace. The Blackjack Dealer deals a seven.

BLACKJACK DEALER (CONT'D)
Eight or eighteen?

QUINT
Stick. C'mon, due for some paint.
Need me some paint!

The Blackjack Dealer hits Quint's third ace with a five.

BLACKJACK DEALER
Not this time, six or...

QUINT
Go!

BLACKJACK DEALER
(dealing a four)
Four. Twenty. Ballsy call.

Quint points to his fourth. The Blackjack Dealer hits it.

BLACKJACK DEALER (CONT'D)
Ten, blackjack shellack!
(dealing final ace)
Queen of hearts, another blackjack!

OOHHS and AAHS circle the crowd. Quint packs a cigarette.

BLACKJACK DEALER (CONT'D)
Guessin' you wanna stick around for
the fun part.

Quint sparks his cigarette on the first try. He's again surprised as he leans back and plays it cool.

BLACKJACK DEALER (CONT'D)
 (peeking at down card)
 Dealer's got a black...
 (flipping down card)
 ...three! Thirteen.

QUINT
 Shew. C'mon, paint baby, paint!

CROWD
 Paint! Paint! Paint!

The Blackjack Dealer fires out the card.

BLACKJACK DEALER
 Queen of hearts! Dealer busts.

The onlookers CHEER and congratulate Quint. The Pit Boss retreats while the Blackjack Dealer SCOFFS with amazement.

BLACKJACK DEALER (CONT'D)
 Never seen it before, and if I
 wanna keep my job, best not see it
 again.

QUINT
 Huh, queen of hearts times two,
 wouldn't you know.

The Blackjack Dealer pays Quint. He could seemingly care less as he stands on the rungs of his chair and cranes his neck to look around the casino.

BLACKJACK DEALER
 Looking for someone in particular?

QUINT
 "Lady Luck," think I may have
 finally run into her.

INT. PALACE HOTEL/HALLWAY - DAY

The bodyguards make certain that Ruston enters her room.

BODYGUARD #1
 We'll be right next door.

RUSTON
 I'm guessing the threesome's off?

Ruston SLAMS the door, leaving the bodyguards befuddled.

EXT. DELANEY'S MANSION - DAY

The idling garbage truck is parked outside of Delaney's stately Southern mansion.

INT. GARBAGE TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Eddie tugs on a joint.

EDDIE

Wonder what's taking so long?

MERLE

He's probably gettin' busy in his woodshop.

They LAUGH. Delaney's longtime MAID, 80, slowly approaches. Eddie opens the door and looks down at her.

MAID

Judge apologizes for not bringing this out himself, for some odd reason, he's very tired.

EDDIE

Must've been that second S'up dog.

MAID

Don't even try and pull that weak-ass "What's S'up dog?" on me...

Eddie's and Merle's jaws drop.

MAID (CONT'D)

Lame-o bullshit or not, I've been ordered, I mean "requested," to give you this.

The maid holds out a couple of hundred dollar bills.

EDDIE

Uh, thanks, but that's...

MAID

Got no say. Judge insists.
(gathering business card)
Speaking of lame. In Judge Delaney's exact words, "if you kind samaritans ever run into any, any trouble whatsoever"...

INT. PALACE CASINO/CASHIER - DAY

Quint sparks his cigarette on the first try while the CASHIER doles out his winnings. On his merry way, he passes a bank of slots, backtracks to the Wheel of Fortune machine, and slips in a bill... The wheels spin and THUNK! THUNK! THUNK! - DING! DING! DING! JACKPOT!

MONTAGE - CASINO "QUINT'S LUCKY STREAK"

1) At the sportsbook: Quint's winning horse edges out the field and he does the "Cabbage Patch" dance.

2) At the cashier: Quint happily cashes his voucher for several thousand dollars. He tips her, the waitresses...

3) Poker room: A COCKY PLAYER pushes in all his chips as he shows a full house and starts to rake the huge pot. Quint tosses his straight flush to the queen of hearts on top and blows smoke in the cocky player's face and rakes the pot.

INT. PALACE CASINO/CRAPS ROOM - DAY

Quint's at a packed craps table and has a mountain of chips and bets all over the board. The CROUPIER pushes the dice to Quint. He blows on them and coolly tosses.

QUINT

Daddy needs to get him a life!

CROUPIER

Yo eleven! Another big winner.

The crowd CHEERS. High-fives all around.

The disgruntled Hotel Exec steps up and tosses a "Closed" placard on the table as he glares at Quint.

HOTEL EXEC

Sorry folks, shutting this red hot table down before the whole joint goes up in flames.

EXT. RAVEN'S NEST - DAY

A handful of pickups and work trucks are in front of the cheesy strip club. Billy's chopper is parked beneath the Raven's Nest sign that reads: Home of the Tribal Goddess.

INT. RAVEN'S NEST - CONTINUOUS

The club is dark, moldy. At the stage: a pair of blue-collar DRUNKARDS are bellied up where STRIPPER #1 works the pole. The song ends, and as she scoops the singles off the gummy stage, the drunkards gawk at her skinny G-stringed ass.

DRUNKARD #1
C'mon, that song was too short!

DRUNKARD #2
Yeah, play "Stairway to Heaven!"

The drunkards high-five and fall out of their chairs.

INT. RAVEN'S NEST/BILLY'S OFFICE - DAY

Compared to the dank club, Billy's office is the Ritz. His snakeskin boots are propped on the desk. He sips from a whiskey bottle and watches a Mexican soap opera on the plasma TV while STRIPPERS #2 and #3 massage him. Stripper #3 starts massaging Billy's scalp and he grabs her wrist.

BILLY
Not my hair! How many fucking times
do I have to tell you, not my...

There's a loud KNOCK on the door. Jonas enters with the two reservation cops close behind.

BILLY (CONT'D)
Shouldn't you and the "Dynamic
Dildos" be out fighting crime?

Jonas holds up two DVDs and releases a heavy SIGH.

JONAS
That's why I'm here. Been at the
Lottery Commission for half the
day. Better take a look at these.

BILLY
Break's over.

Strippers #2 and #3 shoot Jonas dirty looks and hold hands as they sashay to the exit. Jonas inserts the first DVD. It shows the 24/7 store where Cashier #1 is behind the counter and watching a tractor pull on his portable TV.

BILLY (CONT'D)
Compelling.

JONAS

Hold on.

Jonas fast forwards to where Ruston enters, then to the point where she's excitedly waving her winning lottery ticket.

BILLY

What now?

JONAS

Seems she got hold of a batch of winning tickets. Hit at least three other stores.

BILLY

How much?

JONAS

Little over two grand.

BILLY

Goddamn, she's one fucking piece of work. Whoa! Rewind that.

Jonas rewinds.

BILLY (CONT'D)

There, stop!

It freezes, and it's obvious that Ruston's sticking her tongue out at the security camera.

BILLY (CONT'D)

You believe that? Little bitch isn't only robbing me blind, but she's fucking taunting me!

JONAS

Come on.

BILLY

With everything I've got going on, this is... enlighten me, how in the fuck she get 'em?

JONAS

You're really not gonna like this.

Jonas ejects the DVD and puts in the second. It shows the back of a generic building and an overflowing dumpster.

BILLY

That the lottery building?

JONAS
With audio to boot.

BEEP! BEEP! BEEP! A garbage truck backs into and knocks over the dumpster. Multiple trash bags spill out and Eddie opens the door and sees the mess.

EDDIE
(on video)
Not again.

BILLY
What the...

Jonas fast forwards past Eddie and Merle chilling on some full trash bags and sharing a blunt.

MERLE
(on video)
C'mon, let's grab some ga-ga grub!

EDDIE
(on video)
Righteous call, I'm seriously jonesing for some Sno-Balls.

BILLY
Jesus Christ, those fucking mullets are like an afterschool special waiting to happen.

JONAS
Hold on, here comes the money shot. Literally.

Jonas fast forwards past Eddie and Merle haphazardly chucking the bags into the truck. They get to the final bag, and like a long-snapper, Eddie prepares to hike it to Merle.

MERLE
(on video)
Hut! Hut!

Eddie snaps the bag. Merle catches it and spins it on the toe of his greasy work boot.

EDDIE
(on video)
Laces out! Laces out!

Eddie circles behind Merle, and like a field-goal kicker, he boots it. The bag bursts and they're showered with scratch off lottery tickets. Merle CHUCKLES as he snatches one from the air.

MERLE

(on video)

Eddie. Dude. Uh, dude, this hadn't been scratched, quick, give me a quarter. Hurry!

Eddie pulls a coin from his pocket and shrugs.

EDDIE

Got a dime.

Merle swipes it and eagerly scratches the ticket.

MERLE

Holy. Ed, it's a winner! A big fuckin' winner.

Eddie and Merle look at each other in awe, drop to their knees, and snatch up all the unscratched tickets.

BILLY

May be a stupid question, but didn't I give specific orders to shred all winning tickets over fifty bucks?

Cop #1 punches Cop #2.

COP #1

Told you!

Cop #2 punches Cop #1 back.

COP #2

No, I told you.

COP #1

No, I...

BILLY

Hard to believe I've got the only fucking lottery in the world that loses money.

JONAS

Want me to haul 'em in?

Billy contemplates as he reclines in his chair.

BILLY

Save that for their beauty queen kingpin. Just give those two dipshits a little reminder of whose livelihood they're fuckin' with.

INT. RUSTON'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Ruston wears a hotel robe as she sits on the edge of her bed and watches Jim Rome on ESPN.

JIM ROME

(on TV)

Clones, it's inexplicable, but the
Jungle Karma lives...

RUSTON

Talk to me, man candy.

JIM ROME

(on TV)

... not even a day after Carlos
Zambrano comes on J.R.I.B., he
carves the Braves for a three-hit
shutout and goes yard himself...

RUSTON

Cubs win! Sweetness!

JIM ROME

(on TV)

...don't look now, St. Louis and
Houston, but the Cubbies are just
one game out of the playoffs...

Ruston hops around the side of the bed and eats a pillow mint as she dials the phone and CHANTS.

RUSTON

Cubs are going to the playoffs,
Cubs are going...

She disgustedly spits out the mint as if she were choking on a hairball.

EDDIE (V.O.)

(on phone)

Hello.

RUSTON

(wiping tongue)

It's me. Any news?

EDDIE (V.O.)

(on phone)

Nah. How's everything there?

RUSTON

Besides the pair of behemoth
babysitters who are sticking to me
like "super" and "glue"...

There's a loud KNOCK on the door.

RUSTON (CONT'D)

What now? Hey, gotta go, I'll
check back later.

Ruston hangs up. She opens the door and sees a pair of
bleach blonde, uber-tan AIRHEADS with ultra-bright teeth.

RUSTON (CONT'D)

Uh, I didn't order room service?

The airheads do a double-take.

AIRHEAD #1

Whoa! We got us a serious whitey
sighting.

The airheads brush by with their equipment in tow. Ruston
falls back on the bed. Airhead #1 is all business as she
flips through the numerous orders on her clipboard.

AIRHEAD #1 (CONT'D)

We're with Moon Glow Tan, you are
the Tribal Goddess?

AIRHEAD #2

Must be one of those albino tribes.

The airheads knock fists and CHUCKLE.

Airhead #2 presses a tan-shade strip to Ruston's pasty skin.

RUSTON

Easy!

AIRHEAD #2

Relax, we're semi-licensed pros in
training.

(to #1)

I'm thinking this may take three.

AIRHEAD #1

Try four coats.

RUSTON

Four?

AIRHEAD #2

Just be glad we brought our special batch of custom bronzit.

AIRHEAD #1

It's a big hit.

AIRHEAD #2

A sensation. Everybody at the convention's wearing it.

EXT. FARE 'N SQUARE PAWN SHOP - DAY

A cab pulls up. Quint generously tips the driver and exits.

INT. FARE 'N SQUARE PAWN SHOP - DAY

LITTLE TOMMY GARZA, the fat, Hispanic owner, sits behind a bulletproof glass cage and counts a stack of cash. A bell RINGS as Quint enters.

TOMMY

Asustado Dinero, my all-time favorite degenerate gambler.

QUINT

Senor Mc-Queso-pants.

TOMMY

Waz up?

QUINT

Just dangling from my proverbial thread of panic and desperation.

TOMMY

Sounds like a self-esteem problem?

QUINT

Self-esteem's overrated, I'd much rather have somebody else's.

TOMMY

(chuckling)

Scared, if I've told you once, I've told you a thousand times, I'm not buying that crummy old lighter you claim once belonged to Dino.

QUINT

Who says I'm selling?

Tommy finishes his count, grabs his half-gallon box of Neapolitan ice cream, and inhales a heaping spoonful.

TOMMY

Sorry, amigo, but I had no choice but to unload your Pings.

QUINT

Never broke ninety in the first place.

TOMMY

As far as your tennis racket, it's long, long gone.

QUINT

My backhand was for shit.

Tommy licks the back of his spoon and points it at Quint.

TOMMY

I ever tell you how much I got for your vintage Rollie?

QUINT

It's Henderson, who the hell tells time in Henderson?

TOMMY

(shoveling more)
Wait a second. No! Mannnn... say it isn't so?

Quint impishly grins. Tommy's spoon drops to the counter.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

I'm beggin' ya, mannnn... please, please don't tell me you're here for the Swinger?

Quint pulls out his recently acquired gangsta roll, licks his thumb, and happily starts peeling off bills.

QUINT

One hundred, two...

TOMMY

You rob a bank? I'm not gonna see you on the six o'clock news, am I?

QUINT

Nope, and I didn't stay at a Holiday Inn Express either. Seven, eight...

TOMMY

Goll-lee, what am I gonna do
without your hundred-and-ten bucks
a week you been paying me for the
past three-and-a...

QUINT

Try a buck-twelve, and it's been
four-and-a-half years of having to
pay that usury rate you've been
jammin' me with.

Tommy pushes the metal drawer open. Quint stuffs the cash
in. Tommy pulls it back and GRUMBLES as he counts it.

TOMMY

That's it. Free and clear.

QUINT

Depends on which side of the glass
you're on.

EXT. FARE 'N SQUARE PAWN SHOP - DAY

The convertible top of Quint's dirty '72, black Dodge Swinger
comes down as he drives away. Sporting stylish shades, he
coolly salutes Tommy, who sadly watches him speed off.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

- * In the hotel bathroom: Ruston drops her robe, and the Moon
Glow airheads spray on a deep dark tan.
- * At the self-service car wash: Quint's happily spraying down
the Swinger while he swigs a beer.
- * Hotel bathroom: Ruston, who's now uber-tan, is sitting at
the vanity. She finishes plastering her eyelids with shadow
and then brushes her lashes with thick mascara.
- * Car wash: Quint wipes down the vinyl interior.
- * Hotel bathroom: Ruston affixes her flowing, jet-black wig.
- * Car wash: Quint Armor-Alls the convertible top.
- * Hotel bathroom: Ruston puts in some dark brown contacts
that camouflage her emerald green eyes.
- * Car wash: Quint sprays Windex on the headlights.
- * Hotel bathroom: Ruston blots her lipstick and then tosses
the tissue into the overflowing trash basket. "Score!"

* Car wash: Quint finishes his car, does a fade-away jumper, and shoots a paper towel into the trash can. "Score!"

INT. PALACE HOTEL/HALLWAY - DAY

Outside of Ruston's room, Bodyguard #1, who too has been spray-tanned, is sporting a campy American Indian costume. (Suede loincloth, feathery headdress, bear-tooth necklace, face paint...) He speaks into a two-way radio.

BODYGUARD #1
This is big chief cuddly bear, you copy?

Bodyguard #2, who's also been spray-tanned, and in a matching getup, speaks into his radio.

BODYGUARD #2
I'm right next to you, of course...

Ruston exits her room and the bodyguards' jaws drop. Having been transformed into the Tribal Goddess, she's rocking sexy Pocahontas gear and is smoking hot. UNRECOGNIZABLE!

RUSTON
Aren't we the cute couple?
(noticing their tans)
See you've met the Mensa twins.

Ruston struts down the hallway and, knowing that the bodyguards' eyes are bugged-out, she shakes her head.

RUSTON (CONT'D)
Best enjoy it while you can. I assure you, this'll be her final appearance.

BODYGUARD #1
If there's any reason to play for the other team, that's...

BODYGUARD #2
Amen, brother, aye-men!

Like Santa's sleigh, the bells from the bodyguards' knee-high moccasin boots JINGLE and JANGLE as they chase after Ruston.

EXT. CHU'S DRY CLEANERS - DAY

Quint's dazzling Swinger is parked out front.

INT. CHU'S DRY CLEANERS - CONTINUOUS

Quint enters and Mr. Chu raises his yielding hands.

MR. CHU
No, no more! No!

QUINT
You telling me you don't want this?

Quint waves some cash. Mr. Chu's bewildered. He gives Quint his dry cleaning and holds up a sportsbook voucher.

QUINT (CONT'D)
Trash it, sure it's another loser.

INT. PALACE HOTEL/CORRIDOR - DAY

It's dark, but the bodyguards' JINGLE gives away their location as they move into the light. They reach some closed double-doors, and Bodyguard #1 turns and briefs Ruston.

BODYGUARD #1
Here we go. Whatever you do, make sure and keep within an arm's length of us at all times.

BODYGUARD #2
At all times!

RUSTON
(slouching)
C'mon, is this absolutely nece...

BODYGUARD #2
Necessary? It may not be enough.

INT. PALACE HOTEL/BALLROOM - DAY

The bodyguards throw open the doors with a BOOM. Ruston nonchalantly enters the bright room that's buzzing with spray-tanned porn stars and their creepy fans. The JINGLING bodyguards hustle in front and BANG their tom-toms as they perform a well-rehearsed chant.

BOTH BODYGUARDS
Pow-wow-wow-wow whoa-whoa-whoa...

BODYGUARD #1
Make way!

BODYGUARD #2
 Got a Tribal Goddess coming
 through!

Ruston's creepy FANS (mostly nerdy boys in their late-teens, early-twenties) part like the Red Sea. They OOHHS and AHHS and point in awe as Ruston obliviously makes her way past.

FAN #1
 (yelling)
 There she is!

FAN #2
 (screaming)
 She is for real!

FAN #3
 (practically crying)
 It's the Tribal Goddess! She lives!
 She lives! Thank you, Jesus, thank
 you!

As legions of excited fans trail Ruston to her elaborate Tribal Goddess exhibit, the bodyguards do their best to keep them at bay. Ruston's floored as she passes loads of Tribal Goddess DVDs, posters, T-shirts...

JOHNNY, 19, a transition-lens wearing, pasty wimp, who's sporting Tribal Goddess gear, eagerly awaits. Ruston starts to sit at a dinky folding chair and he panics.

JOHNNY
 Not there!

Johnny shuffles backwards, and his arm proudly floats toward a plush velvet curtain.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
 Here.

Johnny tugs on a satin rope. Nothing. He grunts as he tugs harder, still nothing. Bodyguard #2 pushes Johnny aside and gently tugs on the rope. The curtain drops and, as an elaborate throne, that's got a really cheesy Native American Indian motif, is unveiled, the fans OOOHHS and AAAHHS.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
 Show off.

BODYGUARD #2
 Virgin.

Ruston SCOFFS as she takes in the packed ballroom.

RUSTON

So, whatever's left of my sad,
pathetic life has basically boiled
down to this.

MONTAGE - AROUND THE BALLROOM

1) At her exhibit: An uber-tan, BLOND PORN STAR, with huge
fake boobs, caters to her fans.

2) At her exhibit: An uber-tan, BRUNETTE PORN STAR, with huge
fake boobs, caters to her fans.

3) At her exhibit: A tatted, GOTH PORN STAR, with pink-
streaked hair and huge fake boobs, caters to her fans.

AT TRIBAL GODDESS EXHIBIT - Ruston SIGHS.

RUSTON (CONT'D)

Place has got more plastic racks
than the Billiard Factory.

Ruston glances down at her natural breasts and shrugs.

RUSTON (CONT'D)

Well girls, looks like it's us V.
the multitudes of Grand Tetons.
(looking at Johnny)
Anyway, uh, who'd you say...

JOHNNY

I'm, well, I'm Johnny.

Ruston shrugs and the bodyguards CHUCKLE. Johnny SNIFFLES.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

You know? Johnny Blackwell?

Ruston's still blank-faced. Johnny's very put out.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

I'm only the founder and president
of the Tribal Goddess fan club!

RUSTON

Fan club?

ACROSS THE BALLROOM - A trio of PLASTIC PORN STARS step out
of their booths and wonder why their fans have deserted them.

PORN STAR #1

Excuse me. Uh, what just happened?

PORN STAR #2
 O.M.G., there must've been a silent
 fire alarm we didn't hear?

They SCREAM and scurry for the exit.

PORN STARS #1-#2-#3
 Fire!

TRIBAL GODDESS EXHIBIT - Ruston's in utter disbelief as she
 sits on her throne.

RUSTON
 And they're here to see me?

JOHNNY
 They're here to see the Tribal
 Goddess. Don't you ever read your
 e-mail?

RUSTON
 What e-mail?

JOHNNY
 E-mails I forward you like five
 hundred times a day from TGDOTCOM.
 E-mails you fire right back at me.

FAN #4
 C'mon, what's taking so long? I
 want a T-shirt!

FAN #5
 (pointing at Johnny)
 Yeah! When I paid that feeb forty
 bucks for a DVD, he swore I'd have
 meets-and-greets with the Tribal
 Goddess!

Ruston's impatient fans CHANT.

FANS
 Goddess! Goddess!...

JOHNNY
 What can I say, you're the Hannah
 Montana of softcore porn.

RUSTON

And I couldn't be prouder. Before I go on with this farce, let me get this right, all of these postpubescent pervs are here because I made the big mistake of rolling around on a bearskin rug and faked an orgasm for fifteen...

JOHNNY

F.Y.I., it was twenty-three minutes and fifty-two seconds of smoking-hot self-love.

RUSTON

Smoking-hot self-love? Gimme a...

BODYGUARD #1

Let's move this along!
(tapping watch)
We're already three-and-a-half minutes behind schedule!

Bodyguard #1 SLAPS an inch-thick schedule on the table. Johnny fires up his laptop and unlocks a cashbox. Ruston looks at her swarming fans, the cashbox and relents.

RUSTON

What the hey. Let's do it!

Johnny springs from his chair and SHOUTS.

JOHNNY

Who wants Tribal Goddess merch!

CRIES of "I DO!" And "ME! ME!" ECHO throughout the room.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

(shouting)
Twenty bucks for posters, twenty-five for Ts, and forty, make that fifty bucks for a DVD personally autographed by the Tribal Goddess herself. And word up, we be a cash-only tribe!

FAN #6

I want all three!

Bodyguard #1 folds his massive arms and protectively stands beside the throne. Johnny organizes stacks of gear in front of Ruston while Fan #6 eagerly shells out a wad of cash.

FAN #6 (CONT'D)

Can you write, "to Ron, can't wait to roll around on your bearskin?"

JOHNNY

Hey, buster, you're talkin' to royalty here, show some respect.

FAN #6

Fine! But I wanna get in a picture.

JOHNNY

That'll be another ten bucks. And if it mysteriously happens to show up on the internet without the express written consent of TGDOTCOM, we'll own your sorry ass.

RUSTON

Dang!

Johnny makes change. Fan #6 takes a photo and happily moves along. Fan #7, who's got a serious nervous tick, steps up.

FAN #7

Ga -- ga, -- ga-give ma-ma-me the wa-wa -- wa-works!

Johnny hands Ruston more gear and she nervously signs away.

FAN #7 (CONT'D)

I -- I ra-ra-real-lee ha-hope you ba-ba beat out Ba-ba Bangin' Brit-Britt-ney for na, na New Ca-Cum-mer of the ya-ya year?

Ruston musters a smile and leans over and WHISPERS to Johnny.

RUSTON

This guy's really creepin' me, what the heck is he talking about?

Fan #7 moves along. Johnny hands Ruston another stack.

JOHNNY

Oh, you're up for an award.

RUSTON

They actually give...

JOHNNY

We're only talkin' the Academy Awards of porn.

(coolly blowing on nails)

(MORE)

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

And guess who's accompanying you to the main event?

RUSTON

Hopefully, not that last guy.

FAN #8, a buzzcut bull dyke, CHANTS as she steps up.

FAN #8

I want it all, and I want it now!

JOHNNY

Wouldn't have thought of you as being a bisexual?

RUSTON

More like, cry-sexual.

Johnny gives Ruston a puzzled look.

RUSTON (CONT'D)

Whenever I think about how long it's been since I've actually had any decent sex, I cry.

INT. QUINT'S APARTMENT - DAY

It's dated, cramped. Classic movie posters and Rat Pack memorabilia plaster the walls.

Quint's sitting at his dusty baby grand that doubles as his coffee table. On top, there's a pizza box, ashtray and an old TV that's showing "Breakfast at Tiffany's" as Audrey Hepburn asks George Peppard to "Cross his heart and kiss..."

Quint sparks a cigarette on the first try as he studies a racing form and confidently circles the 50-1 longshot, Cross Your Heart N' Kiss Your Elbow.

INT. PALACE HOTEL/BALLROOM - DAY

Ruston continues signing away. She gets in another picture and closely watches as Johnny's cashbox fills up.

RUSTON

So, you get all that loot?

JOHNNY

Kidding? Billy owns me.

Ruston's taken aback. Johnny shrugs in embarrassment.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Long story. Anyway, a lot's going to your comic book.

RUSTON

Comic book?

JOHNNY

The Adventures of Tribal Goddess should drop early spring.

FAN #10

I don't think I can wait that long.

Johnny makes change, and as Ruston autographs a poster, Bodyguard #1 listens very intently.

JOHNNY

But a good chunk of it's been set aside to fund your greatly anticipated sequel.

RUSTON

Sequel? What sequel?

JOHNNY

Well, Goddess Goes Gonzo.

RUSTON

Gonzo?

JOHNNY

Way Billy described it, ain't gonna be your granddaddy's porno, that's for sure. Doesn't he tell you anything?

RUSTON

Oh yeah, Billy tells me everything, caters to my every whim.

JOHNNY

If y'all are so tight, why haven't you signed over the rights to...

Bodyguard #2 loudly CLEARS his throat and glares at Johnny.

RUSTON

Uh, signed over what?

Bodyguard #1 plops a stack of gear in front of Ruston.

BODYGUARD #1
 More merch. Sign more merch. C'mon,
 we're falling even further behind.

INT. PINTO - DAY

Merle's peering through his binoculars at the 24/7 store while Eddie's sitting shotgun and tugging on a blunt.

MERLE
 Bodine just punched in. Sure you
 can pull this off?

EDDIE
 I'll just do like Rusty did, how
 hard can it be?

MERLE
 I don't know, if she finds out.

Eddie opens the glove compartment, and a handful of scratched lottery tickets tumble out.

EDDIE
 Rusty won't find out. Hundred or a
 buck fitty?

MERLE
 (tugging on blunt)
 Depends, you wanna be firing up
 some primavera gonge or...

INT. PALACE HOTEL/BALLROOM - DAY

Ruston autographs a poster and shakes her cramping hand.

RUSTON
 That's it, I'm taking a break.

Bodyguard #2 looks down the long line of anxious fans.

BODYGUARD #2
 But...

RUSTON
 Cut me some freakin' slack already.
 All I've eaten today was a dusty
 old pillow mint that came over on
 the Mayflower, not to mention I
 haven't peed in like four hours.

Bodyguard #1 looks at the schedule and then his watch.

BODYGUARD #1

Lunch isn't for another hour and
twenty-three minutes. And I forgot
to figure in bathroom breaks.

RUSTON

That's your problem.

Ruston's fans GRIPE as she grabs her purse and struts off.
The bodyguards JINGLE as they hustle to catch up.

At center stage: A HIP-HOP BAND finishes their set. A spray-
tanned EMCEE jumps on stage and grabs the microphone.

EMCEE

Let's hear it for Textual
Chocolate. And now, I give you the
jazz stylings of the Rumba Room's
very own Quint Vargas.

In the rear of the room: Quint sparks a cigarette on the
first try and snaps his fingers as he moves to the stage.
Halfway across the room, he crosses paths with Ruston.

RUSTON

Oh, hey you.

Quint doesn't recognize Ruston in the least, and thinking
she's just another unsavory porn star, he gives her a cold
nod and continues on.

RUSTON (CONT'D)

Okay. Least you didn't plow me
over this time. Jeezoo!

QUINT

Jeezoo? Wait a...

Quint stops and turns, but all he sees is the backs of the
immense bodyguards as they trail Ruston.

QUINT (CONT'D)

Nah, couldn't be.

INT. RAVEN'S NEST/BILLY'S OFFICE - DAY

Billy grows more infuriated as he plays the DVD of Ruston
sticking her tongue out at the security camera. While
replaying it, he dials the phone.

BILLY
 (on phone)
 It's me. Tell me everything's
 copacetic?

INT. PALACE HOTEL/BALLROOM - CONTINUOUS

Waiting outside of the ladies' restroom, Bodyguard #1 is on his cell phone with Billy.

BODYGUARD #1
 (on cell phone)
 Everything's in check. Boss,
 you're making a mint. Far as the
 T.G., she hasn't a clue about the
 website, comic book, sequel...
 Tellin' ya, if she bleached her
 hair and was a tad smarter, she
 might pass for a dumb blonde.

BILLY (V.O.)
 (on phone)
 Don't let her fool you, she's a
 cobra.

Bodyguard #1 winks and blows a little kiss to Bodyguard #2.

BODYGUARD #1
 (on cell phone)
 C'mon, Billy, we're prof...

Ruston exits the bathroom and Bodyguard #1 bumbles.

BODYGUARD #1 (CONT'D)
 (on cell phone)
 Uhhh... I'll call you back.

Bodyguard #1 hangs up and flashes a nervous smile.

RUSTON
 Gee, now I wonder who that was?
 Freakin' amateurs.

INT. RAVEN'S NEST/BILLY'S OFFICE - DAY

Billy types on his computer. The screen lights up with the impressive Tribal Goddess website. He enters some codes.

BILLY
 Two-hundred new members at twenty-
 four-ninety-five a pop. I'm a
 goddamn entrepreneurial genius.

The computer sounds off. "Tribal Goddess' got mail!"...

BILLY (CONT'D)
Forward to Johnny.

"Tribal Goddess' got mail!" Billy forwards. "Tribal..."

INT. PALACE HOTEL/BALLROOM - DAY

Ruston, who's flanked by the JINGLING bodyguards, re-enters. Quint starts playing "My Kind of Town."

RUSTON
Chicago, God I love that song.

QUINT
How are all you horned-up little
bastards doing out there?
(singing off-key)
My kind of town, Henderson, Nevada
it's -- my kind of town -- where
all the porn stars are...

Quint finishes the tune and looks down at Ruston and the bodyguards. He still doesn't recognize her.

QUINT (CONT'D)
And who have we here, Poke-a-hiney
and Last of the Homohicans?
(winking to Ruston)
Sorry, Gidget, don't do requests.

Quint tickles the keys. Ruston SCOFFS and storms off.

RUSTON
Poke-a-hiney? Gidget? What a Jake!
This, this stupid B.S. cannot be
over with soon enough.

BODYGUARD #2
(threatening Quint)
We could care less what you think
of her, but you owe us an apology.

QUINT
(while tickling keys)
Really? I'll take that under some
very serious consideration. I'm
done. Nah, don't think so.

BODYGUARD #2
You have no idea who you're messing
with.

BODYGUARD #1

Yeah!

QUINT

Uh, by any chance, did you two happen to take a gander in the mirror this morning?

The speechless bodyguards look at each other and JINGLE as they head back to the booth in embarrassment.

INT. DELANEY'S OFFICE - DAY

Delaney's at his desk. He anxiously dials the phone.

DELANEY

(on phone)

Warren, it's Miles. Just touching base to confirm that we've secured the needed votes for the Chitaqua's gaming license?

WARREN (V.O.)

(on phone)

C'mon, Miles, it's all but inked. How you ever convinced the other Regents to approve that criminal...

Delaney's troubled/torn as he swivels around in his chair and takes in his view of the Louisiana Capitol building.

WARREN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

(on phone)

You all right, you sound a little --

DELANEY

(on phone/troubled sigh)

I just want to get this Chitaqua nightmare behind me so I can focus on the Governorship. Why I ever...

INT. PALACE HOTEL/BALLROOM - DAY

Quint finishes his set, jumps off the stage, and eagerly pulls his marked-up racing form from his suit pocket. While studying it, he moves past Ruston's busy booth. She SNEERS.

INT. PALACE CASINO/SPORTSBOOK - DAY

Quint enters the bustling room that's plastered with TVs showing a wide variety of sports. He reaches the betting window, where he's greeted by a familiar VENDOR.

VENDOR

Scared Money, heard you clocked the casino last night?

QUINT

Just playing a little double-up to catch-up. Hey, you wouldn't have happened to have seen a yay high, fiery little redhead with these exotic green eyes wandering about?

VENDOR

Like I'd tell you. But no, why?

QUINT

(waving lighter)

You know me and good luck charms. Ah, she's way too classy for this dive, probably shacked up with some whale at the Palms. Has the third at Santa Anita gone off yet?

VENDOR

(punching buttons)

About two minutes to post.

QUINT

I don't know, this morning I had a feeling about the longshot...

VENDOR

(eyeing Quint's pick)

Cross Your Heart N' Kiss Your Elbow? Morning line's fifty-to-one. Odds are, she'll go off at eighty.

QUINT

Yeah, filly's Alpo on hooves. What the hell was I thinking?

Quint crosses it off and packs a cigarette. It takes three times for him to light it. He shrugs.

QUINT (CONT'D)

Tell ya what, give me a hundred dollar, four-eight-nine tri-box.

Quint pays, takes his voucher, and moves to a bank of plasma TVs to watch the race. The bell RINGS, the gates fly open, and the BRITISH ANNOUNCER makes the call.

ANNOUNCER

(on TV)

And they're off! Hot n' Dusty and XR4TI broke out early, Boheca Baby's running a close third, Bisp, El Manuel, Surfer Girl...

QUINT

That's it, here we go...

ANNOUNCER

(on TV)

...and the longshot, Cross Your Heart N' Kiss Your Elbow, is a good ten lengths behind...

The TV shows a collision between some horses.

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

(on TV)

...oh no, there's a collision with the nine and four, and oh my, now the eight's caught in traffic and all three jockeys have been thrown from their mounts...

Quint's jaw drops, and like a feather, his losing voucher slowly floats to the carpet.

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

(on TV)

...and the longshot, Cross Your Heart N' Kiss Your Elbow, suddenly takes the lead, it's Cross Your...

MONTAGE

1) Sportsbook: Quint desperately places multiple bets at the window and, while his numerous vouchers are printing out, it takes three times for him to spark his cigarette.

2) Tribal Goddess exhibit: Ruston's obviously agitated, but plays it up for her fans as she autographs more gear.

3) Sportsbook: Quint watches a college football game as a scrambling quarterback throws a Flutiesque Hail Mary to win the game. Quint tears his losing voucher and CURSES.

4) Tribal Goddess exhibit: Ruston rolls her eyes with frustration as she watches Johnny's cashbox fill up.

5) Sportsbook: Quint flicks his lighter three times while watching the finish of a NASCAR race. As the checkered flag's being waved, he torches his losing voucher.

INT. PALACE HOTEL/BALLROOM - DAY

Bodyguard #1 looks at his watch and counts off.

BODYGUARD #1

Four, three, two, your lunch break has officially started. You've got an hour.

RUSTON

Wow! A whole hour?

JOHNNY

(standing)

The Tribal Goddess will return shortly.

The fans MOAN and GROAN as the JINGLING bodyguards trail Ruston to the exit. Johnny calms the disgruntled crowd.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Now, now, even a goddess needs to replenish her temple. And while I'm on the topic of replenishing, don't be afraid to visit the ATMs.

Johnny motions his arms like a stewardess performing a pre-flight drill.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

That are located at the front and rear of the ballroom.

INT. PALACE SPORTSBOOK/RESTAURANT - DAY

Ruston's on her cell phone as she moves past the busy tables. She gets Eddie's voicemail as she passes the buffet that's teeming with GRAZERS who are shamelessly piling their plates.

RUSTON

(on phone)

It's me, I don't know if I'm gonna survive this freak show. Anyway, just wanted to check in. Call Me!

Ruston reaches the empty bar and bellies up. The BARTENDER, cute, 27, coolly tosses her a cocktail napkin.

BARTENDER

Thanksgiving's still a few months off. Guessing you're either with the hunting and fishing expo...

RUSTON

Believe me, I could only wish to be hawking outdoor swag. Tell me y'all serve food at the bar?

BARTENDER

Twenty-four-seven.

The bodyguards sit on either side of Ruston. She deflates.

RUSTON

Can I at least eat my lunch in peace?

The bartender hands Ruston a menu while the bodyguards reluctantly get up.

BARTENDER

What's your pleasure?

RUSTON

I need a beer. Any kind, just as long as it's ice cold, not light, and in a clean bottle.

BODYGUARD #2

Uh, you're on the job, I don't think Billy...

Ruston glares at Bodyguard #2 while she orders.

RUSTON

While you're at it, start me off with a shot of Patron.

BODYGUARD #1

(tapping watch)

You got fifty-two minutes.

RUSTON

Shucks, that only leaves me enough time for fifty-three tequila shots.

The nearby tables are taken, so the bodyguards have no choice but to squeeze into a dinky booth. The bartender CHUCKLES at their plight while he serves Ruston her beer and shot.

BARTENDER

Ready?

Ruston raises her finger, downs the shot, and shivers as she sucks the lime.

RUSTON

Ugh! God, did I ever need that.
 (sliding menu back)
 I'm kinda up against it, can you
 just ply me with some pub grub?

BARTENDER

We've got one of the best buffets.

RUSTON

Ah, I've kinda got this thing about
 strangers hovering and breathing on
 my food.

The bartender's eyes shift to the huge buffet where the numerous grazers are hovering and breathing on the food.

BARTENDER

Huh. Guess what I won't be eating
 tonight? I'll set you up with a
 sampler plate.

Ruston politely nods and motions to the bank of TVs.

RUSTON

Thanks, and can you get the Cubs on
 one of those?

The bartender grabs the remote and tunes the game on a TV that's just off to Ruston's right. She takes her Cubs cap from her purse, sets it on top of her wig and settles in.

CORNER OF SPORTSBOOK

Quint's moping at a cramped carousel that's littered with losing vouchers. He anxiously watches the finish of a dog race on a dinky TV.

QUINT

C'mon eight! Damn it! Can't
 even cash with the favorite.

Quint angrily balls up the losing ticket. He stands and starts to fire it at the trash can and hears...

RUSTON

Jeezoo!

Quint freezes. His hopeful eyes quickly scan the sportsbook that's filled with GAMBLERS. Nothing. His eyes then shift to the buffet where the bodyguards dwarf the other grazers.

QUINT

Son of a bitches are everywhere.

The Bodyguards finish piling their plates, and just as Quint's about to sit back down, they move along. Quint squints and spots Ruston, who's flailing her arms and SCREAMING at the TV.

RUSTON

Jeezoo, he was out!
 (to bartender)
 Cripes a mighty! You see that crummy call?

The bartender serves Ruston her food and watches the replay.

BARTENDER

Looked out all right.
 (chuckling)
 It's the top of the ninth, Cubs are spanking 'em, eight-two.

RUSTON

(eating & drinking)
 It's the principle.

BARTENDER

(pointing to beer)
 'Nother?

RUSTON

Please...

Ruston turns and sticks her tongue out at the bodyguards as they cram back into their booth with their piled plates.

RUSTON (CONT'D)

...and keep 'em comin'.

The bartender fetches her beer. Quint takes a seat that's left of Ruston. She's so engrossed in her food and the game that she doesn't notice him.

RUSTON (CONT'D)

Gotta bring the high heat.

The Cub's pitcher throws a high fastball. The batter whiffs and Ruston does a fist-pump.

RUSTON (CONT'D)

Oh, ho, so, so freakin' filthy! I oughta be calling pitches.

The bartender serves Ruston and tosses Quint a napkin.

BARTENDER
Scared Money, what's the word?

QUINT
Just playing like Kid Rock and
chillin' the most.

BARTENDER
Usual?

QUINT
I need a serious adjustment in my
"Mo." Give me what she's having.

INT. 24/7 CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY

Eddie's wasted out of his gourd as he reaches the counter with his bounty of snacks cradled in his dingy High Times T-shirt. Cashier #1 eyes him as he scans and bags the items.

CASHIER #1
That all?

EDDIE
How 'bout one of those scratchers?

CASHIER #1
Gator-Bait or Cajun-Cash?

Eddie nervously shifts his hand to his jeans pocket.

EDDIE
(sotto)
Shit! Which one did I grab?
(bumbling)
Uh, let's try um, Cajun-Cash, um
Gator-Bait hadn't been too lucky.

CASHIER #1
Ask me, damn Injuns got the whole
lotto rigged.

Eddie pays Cashier #1. He moves to the exit with bags in tow and seemingly scratches the ticket.

EDDIE
Shamwow!

Eddie drops the bags and pink Yoo-Hoo flows across the floor.

CASHIER #1
You gotta be...

INT. PINTO - CONTINUOUS

Merle tokes while he peers through the binoculars and sees Eddie jumping for joy and waving his ticket like an idiot.

INT. 24/7 CONVENIENCE STORE - CONTINUOUS

Eddie's running laps around the store and waving the ticket.

EDDIE

Wa-hooooo...

Eddie breathlessly hands Cashier #1 the ticket. He skeptically inspects the ticket, then Eddie.

CASHIER #1

This is a Gator-Bait ticket, I could've sworn I sold you a...

EDDIE

I demand to see your boss!

CASHIER #1

Okay, sure. Just give me a minute, why don't ya?

Cashier #1 turns his back and dials the phone. Eddie leans against the counter and noshes on some Sno-Balls.

EDDIE

I'll just enjoy me a little snackie-snack while I'm waiting to get puh-puh paid!

CASHIER #1

(on phone; bothered)

It's Dewey from the Twenty-four-seven, got some joker claiming...

EXT. 24/7 CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY

The Pinto PUTTS up. Eddie jumps in with bags of snacks and a fistful of cash. The Chitaqua cop car races up and SKIDS to a stop.

MERLE (O.S.)

Oh shit! It's deputy douchebag and agent ass clown.

The Chitaqua cops reach for their nightsticks as they exit their car. They drag Merle and Eddie from the Pinto.

EDDIE
Don't taze us, bro!

COP #2
When we're through with you dopers,
you'd wish we had.

The cops start pummelling Merle and Eddie. A tricked-out Escalade pulls up. Billy exits and gladly watches.

BILLY
Too bad your sissy isn't here to
protect you. Now where's the lotto
tickets?

EDDIE
(painfully)
Glove compartment.

Billy moves to the Pinto. He grabs the cash, and as he reaches to the glove compartment, he hears Eddie's BEEPING cell phone. He grins as he sees the last message, "Rusty."

BILLY
Oh how I so wish I could be there
to see the look on her sneaky
little fucking face.

INT. PALACE SPORTSBOOK/BAR - DAY

Ruston's engrossed in the game and her grub.

RUSTON
Come on, that painted the corner!
These umps kill me.

QUINT
Big Cubbies fan, are you?

RUSTON
Aren't we all?

Ruston turns, and seeing it's Quint, she's perturbed.

RUSTON (CONT'D)
Mister, I don't do requests. Rude.
You know, you're not that good of a
singer?

QUINT
Maybe, but I look good trying.

Ruston SIGHS and rolls her eyes.

QUINT (CONT'D)
 I've got a little glitch in my
 short-term memory. Uh, have we
 met somewhere before? You have a
 pale-faced sister?

Ruston glares at Quint as she wipes her hands with a napkin. When they're clean, she tilts her head and removes her dark brown contacts. She looks up at him and BAM! Quint's jaw drops when he sees her entrancing green eyes.

QUINT (CONT'D)
 You're, why you're the...

RUSTON
 What, Tribal Goddess?

QUINT
 (beyond puzzled)
 Sorry, Tribal...

Bodyguard #2, who's eating off his piled plate, approaches.

BODYGUARD #2
 This a-hole bothering you?

RUSTON
 Not nearly as much as you.

BODYGUARD #2
 Eat up, you got twelve minutes.

Bodyguard #2 moves back to the booth.

QUINT
 May be my imagination, but wasn't
 slavery abolished years ago?

RUSTON
 Not in my neck of the woods.

It takes three times for Quint to spark his cigarette. He blows smoke, and Ruston disgustedly waves her hand.

RUSTON (CONT'D)
 Big smoker, are ya?

QUINT
 Except for drinking, gambling and
 shooting black tar heroin, it's
 pretty much my only vice.

Ruston surrenders a CHUCKLE. Quint winks and makes his move.

QUINT (CONT'D)
 Ever seen Wayne Newton live? Got a
 connection who can score us some
 front and centers.

RUSTON
 Seriously, Wayne Newton? I've
 heard my fair share of...

Ruston's phone RINGS. The Caller ID shows "Eddie." Ruston
 turns her back to Quint as she answers it.

RUSTON (CONT'D)
 I've called you like a hundred
 times!

BILLY (V.O.)
 (on phone)
 How's my little moneymaker?

RUSTON
 What? Who's this?

BILLY (V.O.)
 (on phone)
 Here's a hint. Last time you were
 anywhere near Vegas, we got hitched
 at the Little White Chapel.

EXT. 24/7 CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY

Billy's on the phone while Eddie and Merle are battered and
 bloody and rolling around in the gravel and MOANING.

RUSTON (V.O.)
 (on phone)
 What have you done with Eddie?

BILLY
 (on phone)
 Put it this way, he and his pothead-
 in-crime won't be scratching
 lottery tickets anytime soon.

Eddie grabs Billy's arm and painfully YELLS into the phone.

EDDIE
 Run, Rusty, run!

Billy kicks Eddie in the gut. Eddie GRUNTS.

BILLY
 (on phone)
 Run, and you and your boys are
 done.

Billy drops the phone and stomps it with his boot.

INT. PALACE SPORTSBOOK/BAR - CONTINUOUS

Tears stream down Ruston's face.

RUSTON
 Son of a...
 (slamming phone)
 That's it, game on, Tonto. Game
 freakin' on!

Quint finishes his beer and tosses down some cash.

QUINT
 Should've gone with my Celine Dion
 approach.

Quint starts to walk off. Ruston desperately grabs his arm.

RUSTON
 Wait! Please.

Quint pauses. Ruston wipes her tears and WHISPERS/PLEADS as she continues staring forward.

RUSTON (CONT'D)
 I need to buy some time. You know
 a way out of here? I'm begging,
 you have to get me out of here.

QUINT
 (looking at bodyguards)
 Guessing the front door isn't an
 option?

Ruston shakes her head. Quint packs a cigarette on the bar and contemplates. Deep SIGH.

QUINT (CONT'D)
 See the ladies' room down the hall?

Ruston nods.

QUINT (CONT'D)
 Kitchen's two doors past. Take the
 back exit to the loading dock. Be
 there in five. In five!

RUSTON
 (loudly)
 You what?

Ruston slaps Quint's face. SMACK! He's surprised, but quickly catches on. Quint rubs his stinging cheek and acts confused as he moves past the clueless bodyguards.

BODYGUARD #1
 Told ya she'd shoot down that loser
 lounge act.

Quint banks the corner, and when he's out of the bodyguards' sight, he makes a mad dash for the front door.

At the bar: Ruston stuffs her Cubs cap in her purse, turns to the bodyguards, and calmly motions to the ladies' restroom.

RUSTON
 I'll just be a minute.

BARTENDER
 You okay?

RUSTON
 (nodding)
 Just make certain my personal
 bookends get the check. Add
 twenty, no, make it thirty percent
 for your trouble.

Ruston moves to the ladies' room and glances back at the bodyguards, who are crammed into the booth. They eye her closely while they continue mowing down on their desserts.

The bartender approaches the bodyguards, and as he gives them her tab, Ruston bolts for the kitchen.

BODYGUARD #1
 Oh shit!

BODYGUARD #2
 (looking at tab)
 I know, thirty percent, what's...

BODYGUARD #2 (CONT'D)
 Not that! We got us a RUNAWAY
SQUAW!

The bodyguards squeeze out of the booth and stumble over the bartender. After floundering, they clumsily get to their feet and run like sissies as their chase ensues. The sprawled-out bartender waves the check.

BARTENDER
Hey, what about this!

Bodyguard #2 hitches, digs in his fanny pack, and tosses some cash on the bar.

EXT. PALACE HOTEL/VALET AREA - DAY

It's teeming with TOURISTS and hustling VALETS. Quint hurries out of the hotel and WHISTLES to SEVE, who's helping an elderly BLUE-HAIRED LADY to her car.

QUINT
Seve, need my whip, stat!

SEVE
Brah, it's buried way in back.

Quint digs in his pocket as he breathlessly hustles to Seve.

QUINT
Cuz, we're talkin' nine-one-one,
five-alarm chili shit here. Got a
c-note says you-da-man.

BLUE-HAIRED LADY
(swooning)
Oh my! Why, my goodness, you're --
Quint Vargas?

QUINT
As misfortune would have it.

Quint smiles at her and shoves the bill into Seve's hand.

QUINT (CONT'D)
I'll take care of ma-maw, get my
rig, hurry! Hurry!

Seve gladly pockets the hundy, and as he sprints off, Quint kindly helps the blue-haired lady into her Buick.

BLUE-HAIRED LADY
Can I have your autograph?

QUINT
Think I can one up that.

Quint kisses her cheek. She SIGHS and presses her face.

QUINT (CONT'D)
Now buckle up, sweetness.
Remember, click-it or ticket.

INT. PALACE HOTEL/KITCHEN - DAY

It's swarming with busy WORKERS who are performing their various culinary and kitchen duties. Ruston enters and GASPS. COOK #1 exits the refrigerator with a big box of lettuce.

COOK #1
Hey, you're not allowed back here!

RUSTON
My bad.

Ruston blows past WAITER #1, he twirls, but keeps his large tray of food balanced. Relieved SIGH.

The bodyguards CRASH through the kitchen doors. Waiter #1's tray flies up in the air and tomato soup showers them.

WAITER #2 and COOK #2 close in on Ruston.

COOK #2
You go this way, I'll go...

WAITER #3, who's loading his tray, recognizes Ruston.

WAITER #3
That's the Tribal Goddess, you don't mess with the...

COOK #2
She's about to be Tribal toast.

Cook #2 lunges for Ruston. She SCREAMS as she dives beneath the plating station. Pots, pans and Ruston tumble into the fry line, just out of Cook #2's clutches. She hurries down the line of CHEFS, who are busy working their culinary magic.

EXT. PALACE HOTEL/ALLEY - DAY

Seve's in Quint's Swinger that's jammed between two other cars. He backs up an inch. Goes forward two. Backs up...

INT. PALACE HOTEL/KITCHEN - DAY

Feathers fly from the bodyguards' headdresses as they awkwardly maneuver through the cramped kitchen. Bodyguard #1 spots Ruston sprinting toward the end of the fry line.

BODYGUARD #1
There she is!

Ruston SCREAMS. The bodyguards plow over more WAITERS and get doused with more food. Feathers fly from their headdresses.

A FRENCH CHEF, who's gently stirring a huge pot, takes a sip and watches as a feather slowly floats into his creation.

FRENCH CHEF

Get the hell out of my kitchen!
You're getting feathers in my
consommé!

Ruston sprints past the fry line and nears a long stainless steel table where COOK #3, who's jamming to his ipod, chops a ton of lettuce with a machete-sized knife. Ruston tries to stop but slides across the greasy floor. She hits the table and SCREAMS as she slides down it headfirst.

Cook #3 continues his precise chopping and barely misses Ruston as she slides past and plows through the mountain of chopped lettuce. Salad scatters as Ruston flies off the end.

EXT. PALACE HOTEL/VALET AREA

Quint paces as he smokes a cigarette. A happy-go-lucky SECURITY GUARD zips by on a golf cart. He parks out front and heads into the hotel lobby. Quint looks around and then chucks his cigarette aside.

INT. PALACE HOTEL/KITCHEN - DAY

In the wake of Ruston's and the bodyguards' havoc, the kitchen's a wreck. The food-caked bodyguards breathlessly make it to Cook #3, who's salvaging whatever lettuce he can.

BODYGUARD #1

Where'd she go?

Cook #3 points his huge knife toward the back. The bodyguards sprint off. A MOB of angry kitchen workers mow down Cook #3 as they chase after the JINGLING bodyguards.

EXT. MAIN STREET SIDEWALK - DAY

Quint BEEPS the horn as he zips down the sidewalk in the stolen golf cart. SCREAMING TOURISTS jump out of his way. He showers them with a handful of free mai tai tickets.

QUINT

Mai tai's on me!

INT. PALACE HOTEL/KITCHEN - DAY

Ruston's in back and frantically looking for the exit. The back door is suddenly thrown open and a ray of sun shines in. "HALLELUJAH!"

Ruston sprints for the door. A long line of DELIVERY MEN, with their loads stacked high on their dollies, block her as they enter in single file. Ruston anxiously rolls her hand.

RUSTON
C'mon! C'mon!...

Bodyguard #1 lunges for Ruston.

BODYGUARD #1
Gotcha!

Ruston SCREAMS as she squeezes past Delivery Man #2, barely eluding Bodyguard #1.

EXT. LOADING DOCK #1 - CONTINUOUS

The delivery men dodge Ruston as she tumbles down the ramp.

RUSTON
Ewe! Ow! Oh!...

INT. PALACE HOTEL/KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The bodyguards are stuck at the back door and anxiously waiting for the delivery men to pass. The mob of angry kitchen workers catches up and plows into the bodyguards.

EXT. LOADING DOCK #1 - CONTINUOUS

Like a cork, the bodyguards pop out of the back door and mow down several delivery men. Groceries fly, people fly...

EXT. LOADING DOCK #2 - CONTINUOUS

Quint pulls up in the golf cart. Ruston's nowhere in sight.

QUINT
Chicks, figures!

EXT. LOADING DOCK #1 - CONTINUOUS

Ruston breathlessly makes it to the end of the dock. Quint's nowhere in sight. She stomps her moccasin.

RUSTON
Dudes, figures!

Ruston turns and sees the bodyguards wearily getting to their feet. She SHRIEKS.

EXT. LOADING DOCK #2 - CONTINUOUS

Quint hears Ruston's SHRIEKS. He throws the golf cart in reverse and floors it.

EXT. LOADING DOCK #1 - CONTINUOUS

Quint races up in the cart, and just as the bodyguards are about to catch Ruston, Quint stomps on the brakes. The cart does a one-eighty and comes to a SCREECHING halt beside Ruston. Bodyguard #2 dives for her. Ruston SCREAMS and leaps into the cart.

RUSTON
Go! Go! Go!...

Quint floors it. Ruston sticks out her tongue and chucks her wig, which ends up draping Bodyguard #2's angry face.

RUSTON (CONT'D)
A freakin' golf cart? Jeezoo!

QUINT
Hotel was fresh out of Hoverounds.

The exhausted bodyguards give up. Bodyguard #2 chucks the wig and YELLS as Quint and Ruston zip away.

BODYGUARD #2
I know you, lounge singer, you're a dead man!

QUINT
Wouldn't have pegged him for a fan.

The mob of angry kitchen workers tackle the bodyguards.

INT./EXT. GOLF CART - DAY

Quint drives while Ruston catches her breath.

RUSTON

Tellin' ya, Wayne better sing Donke
Schoen to me, 'cause I'm in deep,
deep doo-doo.

Ruston lets her hair down and puts on her Cubs cap.

QUINT

Guess I won't be going back to work
any time soon.

RUSTON

I get you in trouble?

QUINT

It's not that.
(pointing to red cheek)
I just can't be seen on stage with
this handprint somebody welted on
my grill.

EXT. PALACE HOTEL/VALET AREA - DAY

Quint pulls up just as Seve drives up in his Swinger.

QUINT

There's my ride, quick, jump!

RUSTON

What?

QUINT

Jump!

Both safely jump out. The golf cart zips past some puzzled tourists, coasts up the ramp, and comes to a stop at the front door. The security guard, who's eating an Eskimo Pie, exits the hotel and unknowingly hops in his cart.

INT./EXT. QUINT'S SWINGER (MOVING) - DAY

Quint's driving them to Vegas. The convertible top comes down and he coolly flips a cigarette into his mouth and sparks it on the first try.

RUSTON

A singer who drives a Swinger.
Thanks for the rescue.

QUINT

Thanks for the adrenaline rush.
(holding out hand)
Quint Var...

RUSTON

Vargas, I know, from the
spectacular Rumba Room.

QUINT

Spectacular? Obviously, you've
never been there.

RUSTON

I'm Rusty, Rusty Rubioul.

QUINT

A rusty Cajun?

RUSTON

Cajun, yes, but Rusty's just a
silly childhood nickname. Short
for Ruston.

QUINT

Huh, Ruston, that so?
(grinning cleverly)
Wait, don't tell me.
(singing in her ear)
Moon river, wider than a mile...

A hair-raising chill shoots through Ruston. She GULPS.

RUSTON

I -- I -- I don't know whether to
be impressed or...

QUINT

C'mon, is my singing really all
that bad?

RUSTON

You know what I'm talking about.
How could you possibly...

QUINT

On May 4, uh, 1929, I do believe,
one, Audrey Kathleen...

RUSTON & QUINT

Ruston, was born in Brussels.

RUSTON

(sadly)

Breakfast at Tiffany's was my mother's all-time favorite. How'd you ever guess she named me after Audrey Hepburn?

QUINT

Beneath this handsome, yet jaded, veneer, there's actually a somewhat sensitive guy who's got a weird affinity for old movies, useless trivia...

(beat; looking her over)

Excluding the Cubs and dressing up like Pocahontas, what's your guilty pleasure, Ruston?

RUSTON

As you so eloquently put it, Poke-a-hiney isn't one of 'em, and I think it's time to give her a break.

Ruston pulls her lucky Cubby Bear T-shirt from her purse and slips it over her skimpy costume.

QUINT

Nice touch, goes great with your moccasins. So, guilty pleas --

RUSTON

I'm embarrassed to admit this, especially to a stranger, but I'm kind of a big beauty pageant honk.

QUINT

Beauty pageants? Really?

RUSTON

Back in the day, my mom entered me in the Southern circuit. It's now somehow spiraled into this sick obsession. I've got tapes and DVDs.

QUINT

Huh.

(blowing smoke)

You see the one with um, Miss Teen uh...

RUSTON

South Carolina? Oh yeah.

QUINT

Talk about your train wrecks.

Ruston CLEARS her throat and does a spot-on impersonation.

RUSTON

I personally believe that U.S.
Americans are unable to do so.

QUINT

Wow! You sound just like her.

RUSTON

Not sure that's such a...

QUINT

You know her whole spiel?

RUSTON

To heart, but that's all you're
gonna get. So, where we headed?

QUINT

Figure we'd lay low and go a little
old school.

RUSTON

Old school?

QUINT

Haven't you heard, old school is
the new school.

EXT. GOLDEN NUGGET CASINO - CONTINUOUS

Quint pulls into the busy valet area.

QUINT

Ever witness anyone hitting a five
bet parlay?

RUSTON

Can't say I have.

QUINT

Me neither. Let's have some fun.

EXT. DELANEY'S MANSION - DAY

Merle and Eddie, who are battered and bruised, move to the
front door.

Merle GRUNTS as he lifts his injured arm to RING the doorbell. The maid opens the door and GASPS. Eddie painfully holds out Delaney's business card.

INT. DELANEY'S HOME/OFFICE - DAY

The maid, Eddie and Merle enter. Delaney's behind his impressive desk and lobbying on the phone.

DELANEY
I'll have to call you back.
(hanging up)
Were y'all caught in a tornado?

MERLE
Trouble we're in, might have...

DELANEY
What sort of trouble?

EDDIE
You know a sadistic son of a bitch
named Billy Raven?

The maid glares at Delaney as he sinks in his chair.

DELANEY
I've had the contretemps of having
crossed his path.

INT. GOLDEN NUGGET CASINO - DAY

Quint and Ruston approach the crowded roulette table. The ROULETTE DEALER spins the wheel.

ROULETTE DEALER
Place your bets.

QUINT
Red or black?

Ruston tugs on her hair.

QUINT (CONT'D)
Auburn's not actually a choice, so
if it's all the same, I'll just lay
it on red?

Ruston's pleased with his observation.

RUSTON
What if we bet on a number?

A JERKY GAMBLER SCOFFS at Ruston's naivete.

QUINT
Odds are thirty-five-to-one, but --

RUSTON
Fourteen, try fourteen!

QUINT
You sure? If we lose, I'm gonna
have to visit my banker at the Fare
'N Square pawn...

Ruston rubs the "C" on her Cubs cap and confidently moves the
money to 14-red. The wheel slowly TICKS down and...

ROULETTE DEALER
Fourteen red -- winner!

RUSTON
Yes! Yes! Yes!...

Ruston CLAPS as she jumps up and down.

RUSTON (CONT'D)
What'd we win? What'd...

ROULETTE DEALER
Seven hundred buckaroos.

The gamblers watch in envy as the Roulette Dealer pays them.

JERKY GAMBLER
Talk about dumb luck.

QUINT
So, partner, got any other ideas?

RUSTON
Yeah, let's take the money and run.

Quint gladly agrees. He rakes their winnings, tips the
Roulette Dealer, and as they start to walk away...

JERKY GAMBLER
Wussies.

The jerky gambler places his bets. Ruston turns back.

QUINT
Just let it go, he's not...

RUSTON
I'm so sick and tired of bullies.

Ruston, who's cradling the chips in her T-shirt, struts back to the table, and dumps them all on 23-red. The Roulette Dealer spins the wheel and the other gamblers, excluding the jerky gambler, take a light flier on Ruston's bet.

JERKY GAMBLER

Suckers.

QUINT

Easy come, easy go.

Quint sparks his cigarette on the first try. The wheel slowly TICKS down. They all anxiously watch and...

ROULETTE DEALER

Twenty-three red! Everybody's a winner!

The gamblers CHEER. The jerky gambler looks on in dismay.

ROULETTE DEALER (CONT'D)

Well, almost everybody.

Ruston glares at the jerky gambler as she rakes in the chips.

RUSTON

How ya like me now? Wussy!

The gamblers rally around Ruston while the jerky gambler walks off with his tail between his legs.

INT. DELANEY'S HOME/OFFICE - DAY

Delaney shakes his head and SIGHS. Merle, Eddie and the maid look at him in puzzlement.

DELANEY

I'm so ashamed of myself.

EDDIE

Why should you...

DELANEY

I'm the crooked judge that ordered your poor sister to pay restitution to that low-life thug.

MAID

Miles!

MERLE

You?

DELANEY

Sorry, I...

EDDIE

Sorry? That's it?! You ruined her life. Rusty won scholarships, she had goals, potential...

MERLE

Lots. Because of you, Billy's got her stripping, doing porn...

EDDIE

Look what he did to us, imagine what he's gonna do to her. You, you gotta make this right.

DELANEY

I don't know what to say, Billy made it appear as though your sister embezzled from him.

EDDIE

What? She only married the bastard because...

DELANEY

I realize that now. Believe me, if I knew she married him because of your mother's illness...

MAID

Whatever happened to the Miles who prided himself on being so honorable? What about your legacy? Your children, grandchildren...

Delaney grabs a framed 70s family photo of his first wife and his two teenage kids. His eyes shift to an 80s photo of his second wife with three of his junior high age kids. Then he glances at a 90s family photo of his third wife with four of his toddlers. Then he glances to a panoramic photo of his multitude of grandchildren and great-grandchildren. He stands and abruptly POUNDS his fist on the desk.

DELANEY

Come with me! It's time I do something I should've done long...

INT. GOLDEN NUGGET CASINO/CASHIER - DAY

The CASHIER counts Quint and Ruston's pile of chips.

QUINT

Fourteen and twenty-three that some new super system I've never heard of?

RUSTON

If betting my favorite ballplayers are a...

QUINT

Right, so fourteen, Ernie Banks?

RUSTON

Mr. Cub himself.

QUINT

And twenty-three, Ryne Sandberg?

RUSTON

Gotta love 'em.

QUINT

So, Fergie Jenkins and Ron Santo didn't deserve any roulette action?

RUSTON

(tugging hair)

Thought about it, but thirty-one and ten were both black. Didn't think I should press my luck.

QUINT

(chuckling/scoffing)

Wouldn't want to do that.

INT. GAMING COMMISSION/OFFICE - DAY

Delaney, Eddie and Merle breathlessly approach CHARLOTTE, the perky receptionist.

CHARLOTTE

Why good afternoon, Judge...

DELANEY

Charlotte, don't mean to be curt, but have the Regents convened?

CHARLOTTE

They're in the boardroom right...

INT. GAMING COMMISSION/BOARDROOM - DAY

Twelve stuffy REGENTS are convening around a huge table. Delaney enters in a flurry. WARREN, 62, stands in confusion.

WARREN

Miles, I told you I'd call...

DELANEY

Warren, please, please tell me y'all haven't cast your votes?

INT. GOLDEN NUGGET CASINO/CASHIER - DAY

The CASHIER counts Quint and Ruston's chips.

CASHIER

Total comes to twenty-four thousand, five-hundred dollars. Scared Money, seems your luck's taken a turn...

TOURISTS point out Ruston and Quint as they move through the casino with their winnings and a song in their step.

RUSTON

Why'd the cashier call you...

QUINT

Scared Money?

RUSTON

Yeah, what's with that?

QUINT

Old habits die hard. It's a gambling thing, basically applies to those who bet money they should be using to pay their rent, groceries, electric bill...

RUSTON

So you're like a degenerate?

Quint holds up their bag of winnings.

QUINT

After we parlay this, I'm swearing off gambling.

RUSTON

Cross your heart and kiss your elbow?

QUINT

This, this is beyond the Twilight Zone.

MONTAGE - BIG WINNINGS

- 1) Ruston and Quint are big winners at the craps table.
- 2) Quint and Ruston are big winners at the blackjack table.
- 3) Ruston and Quint are big winners at keno...

INT. GOLDEN NUGGET CASINO - DAY

Quint leads Ruston to the Wheel of Fortune slot machine.

QUINT

Go on, give it a whirl.

Ruston slips in a bill and pushes the button. The wheel rapidly TICKS as it spins round-and-round...

QUINT (CONT'D)

Always wanted to be on Wheel of Fortune.

RUSTON

I'd be too nervous.

QUINT

But not for the whole game, just the intros.

Ruston scrunches her face in puzzlement.

QUINT (CONT'D)

I'm convinced that if I could be on that first segment, like all the other B.S.-ing contestants, my life too would be fabulous.

Ruston's more puzzled.

QUINT (CONT'D)

C'mon, you know, when they're introducing themselves to Sajak, spouting off their blatant lies about how wonderful their spouses, kids and careers are... Have you ever heard a single contestant say "my wife's a ho" or "my husband's an alcoholic scumbag?"

RUSTON

Guess not.

QUINT

Exactly! Now if I could do that, that, and of course figure out why women are so obsessed with Target, I truly believe I could unlock all the secrets of the universe.

The wheel slowly stops. DING! DING! DING!...

QUINT (CONT'D)

Can you believe, we just hit another jackpot?

Ruston jumps up and down and hugs Quint.

RUSTON

Let's go to Target!

Quint and Ruston share a LAUGH, gaze into each other's eyes, and passionately kiss. A crowd swarms as the slot keeps paying out. Quint and Ruston could seemingly care less as they continue kissing...

INT. GOLDEN NUGGET CASINO - LATER

Quint and Ruston are holding hands and hurrying to the exit. They near the sportsbook and Ruston hitches.

QUINT

Having second thoughts?

RUSTON

Get the car. I'll meet you in a bit.

QUINT

You standing me up?

Ruston gets on her tiptoes and gives Quint a reassuring kiss.

RUSTON

Don't even think about spending a nickel of my share.

Quint smiles and heads for the exit. Ruston moves to the sportsbook. She stops, digs in her purse, and SIGHS as she pulls out the banded roll of cash from the lottery scam.

RUSTON (CONT'D)

Oh well, here goes nothin'.

INT. RAVEN'S NEST/BILLY'S OFFICE - DAY

A Mexican soap is on the TV. Billy's eyes are shut, and he's reclining while STRIPPER #4 is on her knees, servicing him. The soap's suddenly interrupted by a local NEWS ANCHOR.

NEWS ANCHOR

(on TV)

We've got a Big Two News Flash live from the steps of the capitol...

JENNIFER, a hot reporter, is on the steps of the capitol.

JENNIFER

(on TV)

That's right, Owen, I'm here with gubernatorial hopeful, Judge Miles Delaney...

Billy shoves Stripper #4 aside.

BILLY

Can't believe Delaney's giving my casino run -- and on live TV, talk about an all-time pub-grab.

DELANEY

(on TV)

Thank you for meeting me, Jennifer. After much deliberation and soul-searching, I've decided that it's in the best interests of the fine state of Louisiana that, for the time being, I put my race for Governor on hold so I can focus on the greater good...

There's surprised OOHS and AAHS in the background.

BILLY

Chump.

JENNIFER

(on TV)

You heard it here first. So, Your Honor, what plans do you...

DELANEY

(on TV)

In the immediate future, I'm reversing some poor judgements I've made. After that, I'll be jetting off to Vegas to give a certain young lady some very good news.

Eddie and Merle move next to Delaney and grit their teeth as they painfully wave to the camera.

BILLY

What the hell are those fools...

DELANEY

(on TV; to Jennifer)

And you, my sweet doe, you're more than welcome to accompany me, we'll call it an exclusive.

JENNIFER

(nervously, on TV)

Um, well, um, back to you...

NEWS ANCHOR

(on TV)

In other news, the controversial Chitagua Reservation's been denied its casino gaming license. That's the third and final strike. Now...

Billy hurls the whiskey bottle at the TV. CRASH!

BILLY

Gonna kill that mother-fucking, lying sack of...

INT. QUINT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Quint and Ruston are kissing and molesting each other as they enter in a whirlwind. They bump into the piano, CLANK!

RUSTON

Wait -- wait. You're not married, are you?

Quint holds up his bare ring finger.

QUINT

Night's still young.

Quint kisses Ruston. She sways back.

RUSTON

Girlfriend?

QUINT

My last one grilled me on the Four C's, and when all I could come up with was Atlantic, Pacific, Indian and Arctic...

Ruston kisses Quint. He pulls off her Cubby Bear T-shirt while she undoes his belt and takes down his slacks.

RUSTON
A boxer man, I like.

QUINT
A loincloth girl, ooh-la-la, me
likey too.

MONTAGE

- 1) Quint and Ruston make sweet love on the piano.
- 2) Ruston and Quint make sweet love on the couch.
- 3) Quint and Ruston make love on the kitchen stove...

INT. QUINT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Except for the glowing TV, the room is dark. Quint's racked out in bed beside Ruston, who's sitting up and feverishly noshing from a box of Fruit Loops as she channel-surfs. She comes upon Inside the Actor's Studio, where JAMES LIPTON's grilling a FAMOUS ACTOR.

RUSTON
Oh! Oh!

Quint's eyes shoot open and he bolts upright.

QUINT
What?

RUSTON
C'mon, let's play the James Lipton
Q. and A. game.

QUINT
What? No.

RUSTON
(jaw dropped)
After what I just did for you?

Quint mentally replays their love-making session. He grins amorously and caves. Ruston shoves a handful of Fruit Loops into her mouth, grabs a deck of cards from the nightstand, and plays like they're "Lipton's blue index cards."

RUSTON (CONT'D)
Let's start with your childhood?

QUINT

Pass, can we just cut to the chase?

Quint scarfs some cereal. Ruston shuffles through the cards.

RUSTON

Okay, straight to the dirt. Um, favorite word?

QUINT

Have to say bun-ga-low.

RUSTON

Bungalow?

QUINT

You gotta roll it. Bun-ga-low.

RUSTON

Bun-ga-low.

QUINT

Fun, isn't it?

RUSTON

Yeah. Least favorite?

QUINT

Insufficient funds.

RUSTON

Ewe... If you could have any other profession?

QUINT

I wouldn't actually call crappy lounge singer a profession. But I'd have to say celebrity chef.

RUSTON

Good around the kitchen, are you?

QUINT

You've experienced my handy stove work, tell me?

Quint playfully tickles Ruston. She GIGGLES.

RUSTON

Not that way. Can you really cook?

QUINT

Hell no, that's why it'd be so fun.

RUSTON
 (chuckling)
 What wouldn't you like to be?

QUINT
 A fluffer.

RUSTON
 Fluffer? What's that?

QUINT
 You're a porn star and you don't
 know what a...

Ruston slaps Quint. SMACK!

QUINT (CONT'D)
 Whoa!

RUSTON
 I'm not a porn star!
 (tearfully)
 And don't you ever, ever call me
 that again, you don't know anything
 about me, if you did, you'd...

QUINT
 Okay, okay. Sorry, I...

RUSTON
 Are you sorry? Are you really?

Quint crosses his heart and kisses his elbow. Ruston
 tearfully nods and buries her head in his chest.

RUSTON (CONT'D)
 Thanks for not making me have to
 ask.

INT. QUINT'S BEDROOM - DAY

Ruston wakes up and watches Quint sleep for a moment. She
 gets out of bed and heads for the bathroom. The light
 flickers on, and catching a glimpse of herself in the mirror,
 she realizes that her spray-tan is mottled.

RUSTON
 Holy!...

She throws back the covers and sees the other half of her tan
 splotched all over Quint. She CHUCKLES and gently kisses him.

RUSTON (CONT'D)
 Need to take care of a couple
 things, I'll see you.

Ruston takes her share of their winnings and leaves.

EXT. VEGAS AIRPORT/DROP-OFF - DAY

Ruston exits a cab. She's in her Cubby Bear T-shirt that covers her T.G. gear. No luggage, just her stuffed purse.

INT. VEGAS AIRPORT - DAY

Ruston nears the ticket counter. The AIRLINE EMPLOYEE smiles.

AIRLINE EMPLOYEE
 Good morning.

RUSTON
 Morning. When's your next flight
 to Baton Rouge?

As the employee's pulling up flight info, Ruston hears a loud BEEP! She turns and sees a QUESTIONABLE MAN moving back through the security check. BEEP! He pulls up his pant leg and reveals a clunky ankle monitor to the SECURITY STAFF. Something suddenly occurs to Ruston.

AIRLINE EMPLOYEE
 Eight-thirty. Want me to...

RUSTON
 Um, no, no thank you.

INT. PALACE HOTEL/HALLWAY - DAY

Ruston KNOCKS on the room door. Johnny, who's in boxers, groggily opens up. After yawning, he's taken aback.

JOHNNY
 What happened to you?!

RUSTON
 Uh, more importantly, what happened
 to you?

Johnny looks down at his shirtless torso and sees that he's got spray-tan splotched all over his pasty skin. Airhead #1, whose spray-tan is very splotchy, pecks Johnny's cheek as she squeezes past. Ruston's jaw drops.

AIRHEAD #1
Thanks, J. Dog.

Airhead #2, whose spray-tan is equally splotchy, pecks Johnny's cheek as she makes her way past. Ruston's eyes bug.

AIRHEAD #2
Yeah, J. Diddy, we had a blast.

AIRHEADS #1 & #2
Call us!

The airheads GIGGLE as they hurry down the hallway.

RUSTON
Hey! What about this?

Ruston points at her splotchy-tan. Airhead #1 digs in her purse, tosses a small bottle, and Ruston coolly snags it.

AIRHEAD #1
Should be enough for both of you.
(gripping at #2)
Told ya not to add so much...

INT. JOHNNY'S HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

As Ruston trails Johnny, she sees the room is a wreck. Mattresses against the wall, chairs turned over... A sexual crime scene. Johnny dresses.

RUSTON
Man oh...

JOHNNY
Tell me about it, I asked 'em up to check out my Dungeon and Dragons collectors edition, next thing I know, they're playing tag team and riding me like Zorro.

RUSTON
Spare me the details. Got a little proposition.

JOHNNY
Wow, you too? Man, that Axe body spray really does...

RUSTON
Not that kind! Nerd boy. What I need is for you to make one very convincing phone call.
(MORE)

RUSTON (CONT'D)

Do that for me, and I'll sign over the whole Tribal Goddess franchise.

JOHNNY

You knew Billy hadn't secured the rights?

RUSTON

The rights to my likeness? Child, please.

JOHNNY

You don't want any of the website?

RUSTON

Nope.

JOHNNY

Profits from the comic book?

Ruston holds up her bulging purse.

RUSTON

I've got more than enough to pay my debt and get a fresh start. From here on out, I'm severing all ties.

JOHNNY

Okay, what about the sequel?

RUSTON

There's not gonna be any Gonzo Goddess. Now get me a pen and some paper.

INT. QUINT'S BEDROOM - DAY

A soft beam of sunshine awakens Quint. He's exhausted, disoriented, and as he sits up in bed, he sees Ruston's spray-tan splotted all over him. He FREAKS and SCREAMS...

INT. JOHNNY'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Johnny memorizes Ruston's scribbled-out script and dials the hotel phone.

JOHNNY

What if he doesn't fall for it?

RUSTON

You want the T.G.? Make him!

INT. RAVEN'S NEST/BILLY'S OFFICE - DAY

Billy's drunken head is on the desk between several empty whiskey bottles. His phone RINGS repeatedly.

INT. JOHNNY'S HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Johnny's on the phone and anxiously pacing. He shrugs.

JOHNNY

No answer.

BILLY (V.O.)

(groggily on phone)

What?!

JOHNNY

Oh shit!

Johnny quickly hangs up and runs in place like a dweeb.

RUSTON

What the...

JOHNNY

He sounded really scary.

RUSTON

He is! Now man up and call him back.

Johnny takes a moment to compose himself and re-dials.

BILLY (V.O.)

(on phone)

This better be real fuckin' important.

JOHNNY

(on phone)

It's Johnny. She got away.

INT. RAVEN'S NEST/BILLY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Billy lifts his buzzing head from the desk.

BILLY

Repeat?

INTERCUT JOHNNY AND BILLY ON PHONE

JOHNNY
The Tribal Goddess, she...

Ruston starts running in place like a dweeb and SCOLDS.

RUSTON
Not Tribal Goddess!

JOHNNY
I mean, Rusty, she got away.

BILLY
How in the --

Hearing Billy's angry voice, Ruston gives "thumbs up." She grits her teeth and points at the pad.

JOHNNY
And she ripped my cashbox. We're talkin' four, five grand.

BILLY
(long beat; forfeiting)
Screw it. I'll deal with her when she gets back.

JOHNNY
Gets back? Billy, she ran off and married this lounge singer...

Ruston slowly rolls her hand and directs Johnny.

RUSTON
Not yet, not yet, NOW!

JOHNNY
...at The Little White Chapel!

Billy SHOUTS at the top of his lungs...

RUSTON
Quick, hang up!

JOHNNY
Do I say goodbye?

Ruston rips the phone from Johnny's clutches and hangs it up. Both run in place like nervous dweebs. After a minute, they stop. Johnny catches his breath.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
So, what's our next move?

Ruston takes a moment to regroup. Eureka!

RUSTON
We go to the Academy Awards of
porn, that's what.

INT. PALACE HOTEL/HALLWAY - DAY

Ruston and Johnny approach the bodyguards' room. Two huge shoeboxes are stacked in front of their door that's cracked open. They press their ears to the door and hear MOANING.

RUSTON & JOHNNY
Yuck!

INT. BODYGUARDS' HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ruston and Johnny enter and tiptoe across the room. They don't see anyone, but hear MOANING coming from behind the couch. They cringe with disgust. Ruston elbows Johnny.

JOHNNY
Huh? Oh. I found her! I found
the Tribal Goddess!

Bodyguard #1 springs from behind the couch. He's naked, sweaty, and his spray-tan is very mottled.

BODYGUARD #1
Um, we were just doing, um pilates.

RUSTON
Naked pilates? Good try --

BODYGUARD #2
You left me hangin', I was just
about to nut.

Bodyguard #2 cluelessly stands from behind the couch. He too is naked, sweaty, and his spray-tan is very splotchy.

RUSTON
Uh, hello, um, junk alert! Sick!

The naked bodyguards quickly grab sofa pillows and cover their privates. Johnny takes charge.

JOHNNY
Main event's in a few hours, think
you can keep off of each other long
(MORE)

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
Enough to grace us with your
presence? And be sure and let
Billy know what's up.

INT. PALACE HOTEL/HALLWAY - DAY

Outside of the bodyguards' room, Ruston and Johnny do
"taters" and move in opposite directions to their rooms.

Ruston hurries back, swipes the shoeboxes, and SNICKERS as
she scurries to her room.

INT. BILLY'S PLANE (MOVING) - DAY

Billy pilots Jonas and the two reservation cops over the
immense Lake Pontchartrain.

INT. NATIONAL GPS OFFICE - DAY

Two WORKERS monitor a bank of complex computers.

WORKER #1
Got a mover.

INT. BILLY'S PLANE (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

JONAS
I'm still not sure this is...

BILLY
It'll be a cake walk, we'll swoop
in, you'll arrest her...

JONAS
You know what I'm talking about.

Billy reaches for his Bowie knife, pulls up the leg of his
jeans, and slices off his ankle monitor.

BILLY
Let 'em try and find me now.

Billy opens the window and drops the monitor. It free falls
from the sky.

INT. NATIONAL GPS OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The two workers' jaws drop as they stare at the computer.

WORKER #2

Don't think he went skydiving.

EXT. LAKE PONTCHARTRAIN - CONTINUOUS

Billy's monitor SPLASHES into the lake. An alligator swims from the bank and gulps it down. As it swims off, it BURPS and regurgitates the monitor.

The monitor slowly drifts to the bottom. A school of redfish swim past and change its direction. It drifts and drifts until it settles on top of Delaney's submerged limo.

INT. DELANEY'S JET (MOVING) - DAY

Delaney sips champagne as he tells Jennifer his life story.

JENNIFER

So, that covers the fifth grade.
(her recorder CLICKS)
Oops, need another tape.

Jennifer moves to the rear. Delaney looks across the aisle and toasts Merle and Eddie, who are cleaned up and looking almost normal. As they're imbibing, Delaney pulls out his Viagra, pops a couple, and moves to the rear of the jet.

DELANEY

Need help locating that tape, my sweet doe?

EDDIE

Go get her, Woody Hays.

MERLE

Make sure and suit up before chucking your spiral through her tire swing.

INT. RUSTON'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Ruston's wrapped in a towel, drying her hair with another, and is spray-tan free as she moves across the room. She sits on the edge of the bed and stares at the hotel phone. While gnawing her thumbnail, she picks up the phone and dials.

RUSTON

God, this has got to work.
(on phone)
Yes, can you connect me to the Henderson Police Department...

INT. PALACE HOTEL/HALLWAY - DAY

A VALET'S white-gloved fist KNOCKS on Ruston's door. She opens up and he presents a beautiful gown and shoes.

VALET
Compliments of the young gentleman
down the hall.

As Ruston glances down the hall toward Johnny's room, Bodyguard #1 steps into the hallway and gripes at the Valet.

BODYGUARD #1
What the hell happened to our
shoes?

Ruston grabs the stuff and quickly shuts the door.

VALET
Per your, I had them polished and
left them over two hours ago. You
checked off, "OK to leave." By the
way, there were some pretty
disgusting noises coming from your
room, you don't have any pets...

The Valet's attention shifts to the bottom of Ruston's door as she slips some cash beneath it and thanks him.

EXT. HENDERSON PRIVATE AIRPORT - NIGHT

Billy taxis his plane down the runway. It stops and Billy, Jonas and the Chitaqua cops deplane.

EXT. HENDERSON PRIVATE AIRPORT - LATER

Delaney's jet taxis down the runway. It stops and Delaney, Jennifer, Merle and Eddie deplane.

EXT. LAKE PONTCHARTRAIN - NIGHT

Several police boats troll the waters. A pair of scuba divers emerge from the lake. A Q-beam shines on DIVER #1, who holds up Billy's clipped ankle monitor.

DIVER #1
Better alert the cavalry.

INT. PALACE HOTEL/HALLWAY - NIGHT

Outside of Ruston's room, Johnny's no longer wearing his transition-lenses, is sporting a classic tux, and is tan-free. Ruston opens up. She's strikingly beautiful.

RUSTON

My, my, don't you clean up well.

JOHNNY

And look at you, your sugar daddy's got some great taste.

Ruston shows her dainty wrist corsage.

RUSTON

Sweet touch, thanks.

JOHNNY

(tearfully)

It's like the prom I never had.

Ruston latches onto Johnny's arm, and as they saunter down the hall, the tuxedo-clad bodyguards sadly exit their room. They're tan-splotched, and as they trail, Ruston SNICKERS as she hears muffled JINGLING from beneath their pant legs. Johnny turns and notices their moccasins.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Nice kicks.

BODYGUARD #1

You try finding size sixteens on the fly.

INT. HOTEL/BALLROOM - NIGHT

Quint's sitting stage right and playing the baby grand. Despite being tan-splotched, he's looking dapper in his white dinner jacket. Light APPLAUSE circles the room as the tan-splotched Emcee steps up to the center stage podium.

EMCEE

Evening all, and welcome to the twenty-third annual A.V.A. Awards. But before we get down to business, if anyone knows how find those bimbets from Moonglow Tan...

The Emcee looks out at the room that's packed with formally dressed, very unhappy, tan-splotched porn stars. At Ruston's table, Johnny grins mischievously as he waves a piece of paper with the airheads' digits.

RUSTON

You're bad.

JOHNNY

Think I'll let Satan's disciples
twist for a while.

EMCEE

To present the first award are porn
legends, Jesse Jane, Devon and Lex,
The Man of Steel.

APPLAUSE circles the room as the three tan-splotched porn legends approach the podium.

The back doors suddenly fly open. Ruston sees Billy, Jonas and the two Chitagua cops as they enter in a flurry. Billy scopes out the packed room.

RUSTON

Go time.

At center stage, the porn legends goof as they're presenting.

DEVON

And the nominees for New Cummer of
the year are?

JESSE

Bangin' Brittney.

There's light APPLAUSE as BANGIN' BRITTNEY, 20, fake-boobed and tan-splotched, hopefully clenches her fist.

LEX

Hannah Harlot.

More light applause as HANNAH HARLOT, 19, fake-boobed and tan-splotched, gets pats of good luck from her porn star peers.

DEVON

Sadie Sinner.

More light APPLAUSE as SADIE SINNER, 21, fake-boobed and tan-splotched, looks to the heavens.

SADIE SINNER

I owe it all to Jesus Christ, my
lord and savior...

LEX

And last, but certainly not least --
the Tribal Goddess.

The room ERUPTS. Ruston's too preoccupied to notice.

JOHNNY
They love you, they really...

Backstage, Delaney, Jennifer, Eddie and Merle peek from behind the curtain.

EDDIE
See her?

Merle's eyes scan the room of tan-splotched porn stars.

MERLE
Holy crap, this a porno or rosacea convention?

Billy and his crew spread out and make their way to the stage. Billy spots the bodyguards hovering beside Ruston's table. Bodyguard #1 down points to Ruston, who's hiding behind the huge centerpiece. She turns and sees him.

RUSTON
Thanks, stupid mo!
(to Johnny)
Been real.

Ruston quickly surveys the situation and heads to Quint. The room quiets as Devon and Jesse excitedly open the envelope.

DEVON & JESSIE
And the Phallic for New Cummer goes to...

DEVON, LEX & JESSIE
Tribal Goddess!

The room again ERUPTS. Ruston's clueless, and as she nears Quint, she's intercepted by a tan-splotched CHIPPENDALE MODEL. He's all grins as he latches onto Ruston's arm.

RUSTON
Hey!

CHIPPENDALE MODEL
Love your work.

Devon, Jesse and Lex look at each other in confusion.

DEVON, LEX & JESSE
That really her?

JESSE & DEVON
Looks awfully pasty.

Ruston breaks free of the Chippendale model. She awkwardly climbs up on stage and scurries to Quint.

QUINT

Guess congratulations are in order?

Ruston kisses Quint and slips something into his coat pocket.

RUSTON

We really need to tal...

The Chippendale model grabs Ruston by the waist and hoists her over his shoulder.

RUSTON (CONT'D)

...llllkkkkkkk.....

Ruston kicks and SCREAMS as he carries her to center stage. He gently sets her down and Lex presents Ruston with a huge, phallic-shaped award. Her eyes bug at the twelve inches of smooth glass.

RUSTON (CONT'D)

Whoa. Ouchy!

LEX

Modeled after me. Love to work together sometime.

RUSTON

Uh, not if I plan on walking again.

CROWD

Speech! Speech!...

From Ruston's elevated view, she sees Billy pointing and directing his crew to surround the stage. The room again quiets. Ruston looks to Quint and shrugs.

QUINT

Let's hear it!

From backstage, Eddie and Merle WHISTLE and CHEER. Ruston turns, she's surprised to see them.

RUSTON

Eddie? My God, are y'all okay?

EDDIE

Forget about us for once. C'mon, it's what you've been dying for.

Ruston catches on and agrees. She takes a deep breath, steps up to the mic, and performs a spot-on Miss Teen South Carolina spiel.

RUSTON

I personally believe that U.S. Americans are unable to do so because, uh some people out there in our nation don't have maps and ah I believe that our edu-education like such as in South Africa, and uh the Iraq everywhere like such as... and I believe that they should uh, our education in the U.S., should help the U.S., or should help South Africa, it should help the Iraq...

On perfect cue, Johnny taps his wine glass with a knife. PING! Ruston winks at him.

RUSTON (CONT'D)

...and the Asian countries so we will be able to build up our future for.

Ruston's eyes scan the dead quiet room that's filled with blank, tan-splotched faces. CHIRPING CRICKETS.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

- 1) Quint and Johnny stand and loudly APPLAUD.
- 2) Merle and Eddie loudly APPLAUD.
- 3) The audience catches on and gives Ruston a STANDING-O.
- 4) The dim-witted Chitaqua cops shrug and follow suit.

INT. PALACE HOTEL/BALLROOM - CONTINUOUS

Billy SCOLDS the Chitaqua cops.

BILLY

Get her, idiots!

Billy shoves a couple of porn stars aside. He jumps on stage and Ruston darts behind the curtain. She cradles the Phallic as she scoots behind Eddie and Merle, who protectively shield her. Billy and his crew are close behind.

BILLY (CONT'D)

C'mere, you fucking troublemaker.

Two HENDERSON COPS approach. Ruston points at Billy.

RUSTON
Officers, that's him, arrest him.

HENDERSON COP #1
So you're the one who made that
anonymous call to the department?

Ruston hesitantly nods.

HENDERSON COP #2
Sorry if you're in trouble, but
it's way out of our jurisdiction.

Ruston's jaw slowly drops.

BILLY
Ha, ha, you stupid little bit...

Delaney WHISPERS to Jennifer.

DELANEY
You may want to take notes.

Jennifer grabs her pen and a pad as Delaney steps up.

DELANEY (CONT'D)
Officers, I'm Judge Miles Delaney,
and this criminal's not out of the
wide span of my jurisdiction.

RUSTON
Ah, what's this crook...

EDDIE
Rusty, it's okay, he's with us.

DELANEY
And pursuant to the terms of your
probation, you're not to leave the
confines of your, soon to be
defunct, Chitaqua Reservation,
Benny Rothstein.

RUSTON, EDDIE & MERLE
Benny Rothst...

DELANEY
Don't tell me you actually fell for
his whole Billy Raven charade?

BILLY
You're a dead man, Delaney!

DELANEY

Guess I'll see you in hell. Arrest him, officers. By the way, Benny, I've also taken it upon myself to declare that your restitution order against one Ruston Rubioul has been declared null and void.

Ruston's overcome with joy.

BILLY

If I'm going down...
(ordering Jonas)
Don't just stand there, arrest her for ripping off my lottery...

Jonas unleashes his cuffs, Ruston panics.

DELANEY

A minor misunderstanding that's conveniently been settled out of court.

Delaney shoves a document in Jonas' chest. A pair of FBI AGENTS approach and flash their badges.

AGENT #1

FBI. We'll take it from here.

Agent #2 holds up Billy's sliced ankle monitor.

AGENT #2

Believe you dropped something.

The FBI agents start to haul Billy and Jonas off.

RUSTON

Wait!

The FBI agents stop and Ruston struts to Billy.

BILLY

And what are you gonna do?

Ruston rears back and SMASHES Billy in the head with the glass Phallic. It SHATTERS to pieces.

RUSTON

That's what! Dickhead!

Billy's head swirls, and as he wilts to the floor, Agent #2 grabs Billy's ponytail. RIPPP! Billy's wig is torn from his bald head as he collapses. Everyone's jaws drop in awe. Agent #1 glares at Delaney. They obviously know each other.

AGENT #1

Before there's anymore trouble, I suggest ya'll get on the next plane out of Dodge. We clear?

Everyone agrees while Ruston tunes out the commotion and looks at the backstage curtain and thinks of Quint, who's beyond and hasn't a clue.

INT. RUMBA ROOM - NIGHT

The room is dark, empty as Beethoven's Fifth is being masterfully played on the baby grand. Quint finishes, sips some bourbon and takes a deep hit from his cigarette.

While blowing smoke he performs "Moon River" but something's wrong, very wrong. Quint's SINGING is spot on, actually GOOD. VERY GOOD. The Hotel Exec enters and calls out.

HOTEL EXEC

Who's there?

The lights flicker on and Quint squints.

QUINT

Nobody important.

Quint refills his glass and sips. The Hotel Exec make his way to the stage and points to Quint's cigarettes.

HOTEL EXEC

Mind if I bum a heater?

QUINT

Take the pack. I'm quitting.

HOTEL EXEC

Smoking?

QUINT

That, and this dead-end job.

EXT. QUINT'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

SUPER - WEEKS LATER

A trailer is hitched behind the Swinger. Quint and Lil' Tommy exit with a few small boxes in tow.

TOMMY

So, off to The Big Apple.

QUINT

Like Dino said, "if I can make it there"...

TOMMY

Dino? Thought that was Sinatra?

QUINT

No, it was Dino who told Sammy, who told Joey, who, nevermind.

Quint takes his lighter from his pocket, fondly rubs it, and then coolly tosses it to Tommy, who clumsily bobbles it.

TOMMY

You know I don't smoke.

Quint rolls up his shirt sleeve and reveals a nicotine patch.

QUINT

Me either. Take care of it, it'll take care of you.

INT. CHU'S DRY CLEANERS - LATER

While gazing into Quint's eyes, Mrs. Chu hands over his white dinner jacket.

EXT. CHU'S PARKING LOT - DAY

Quint backs his Swinger out and Mr. Chu excitedly waves a voucher as he hurries from the cleaners.

MR. CHU

Mr. Quint! Mr. Quint!
(breathlessly)
Again, found in your pocket.

Quint's puzzled as he takes the sportsbook voucher that reads: \$2,314 on the Cubs to win the World Series.

QUINT

I don't. My God, twenty-three for Sandberg and fourteen for Ernie. Girl is nuts. God, I love that.

Quint flips it over. Ruston's scribbled note reads: "Tag, Quint Vargas, you're it!"

MR. CHU

Good luck on that big bet.

QUINT

If it's a payer, I'll put your kids through private school. Oh, um, I mean I'll...

MR. CHU

Thank you, Mr. Quint, thank you, I've got eight children, ages three to twelve. Thank you, Mr. Quint, I know you man of word...

Quint glances at his nicotine patch with regret.

QUINT

I picked a really bad time...

EXT. ROLLING FIELD - DAY

Autumn leaves tumble across the green pasture. Ruston's standing beside Eddie and Merle's a few feet behind. They're in their Sunday best and Ruston's wearing a faux bejeweled tiara. Their eyes are closed in silent prayer, and Ruston's tightly grasping Eddie's hand.

RUSTON

Amen.

Their eyes simultaneously open, and they look at their mother's new headstone that's beneath a great oak. It reads: Sophia Rubioul 1962-2007, Beloved Mother...

EDDIE

Ya did good, sis, real good.

Eddie starts to cross his heart, and Ruston reaches for his hand and stops him.

RUSTON

Trust me, brother, she knows.

Eddie smiles. Merle releases a bothered SIGH.

MERLE

Hate to be a buzzkill, but can we get the show on the road already?

Ruston and Eddie turn to Merle and burst out in LAUGHTER.

MERLE (CONT'D)

What?

RUSTON

Thought I'd never say this, but Merle's absolutely right. Time to move on, boys. It's most definitely time to move on.

They walk off. Ruston stops, moves back, takes off her tiara and smiles as she sets it on top of the headstone.

INT. QUINT'S SWINGER - DAY

Quint's cruising the interstate and glancing at a map that's got a highlighted route from Henderson to New York. He tosses it to the passenger seat and it lands on a newspaper. Its headline reads: COMEBACK CUBS SQUEAK INTO SERIES...

EXT. RUSTON'S TRAILER - DAY

A fully restored, vintage Land Cruiser convertible, with a U-Haul trailer in tow, pulls out.

INT./EXT. - LAND CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

Ruston's happily driving, Eddie's riding shotgun and Merle's in the backseat. Ruston speeds along the tarred road.

MERLE

I still don't understand, with all that jack you won, you could've bought almost any car, why this old school jeep?

RUSTON

Haven't you heard, old school is the new school, and this is hardly a jeep. This is a custom Land Cruiser FJ40. Not only is it cherry, but this baby can do a whole hell of a lot more than a stupid car.

EDDIE

Rusty, uh, did you just curse?

RUSTON

You like that, how 'bout this...

Ruston smiles as she shifts gears and floors it. She veers off the road and mows through the high grass. They fly over a few rolling hills and CRASH through the hand-carved Chitiqua Reservation sign. Splinters fly and she SHOUTS.

RUSTON (CONT'D)
 Kiss my ass, Benny Rothstein! Kiss
 my fucking ass!

Not a single scratch on the Land Cruiser. They all CHEER.

EDDIE & MERLE
 Blow us, douchebag!

INT. CUBBY BEAR BAR, CHICAGO - DAY

SUPER - DAYS LATER

The bar's packed with excited CUBS FANS. Quint winds his way through the BUZZING crowd and to the hostess' stand.

HOSTESS #1
 Party of one?

QUINT
 Guess I'll find out soon enough.

HOSTESS #1
 Name?

An impish grin lifts Quint's face.

INT. CUBBY BEAR BAR - LATER

Quint's bellied up, drinking a beer and jonesing for a heater as he glances at the fresh nicotine patch on his arm. A trio of excited BASEBALL ANNOUNCERS come over the TV.

ANNOUNCER #1
 (on TV)
 And here we are at Wrigley Field
 for the first game of the Fall
 Classic...

At the hostess' stand, Hostess #2 looks up from her waiting list and turns to Hostess #1 in confusion.

HOSTESS #2
 This right?

Hostess #1 shrugs. Hostess #2 speaks hesitantly into the mic.

HOSTESS #2 (CONT'D)
 Okay, um, Tribal, um, Tribal
 Goddess? Tee-pee for two?

Quint stands on the rungs of his stool and cranes his neck as he looks around the crowded establishment. No dice. He SIGHS and moves to the hostess' stand.

HOSTESS #1
Guess it's just for one?

QUINT
I'm not too embarrassed.

EXT. WAVELAND AVENUE - DAY

Quint sadly walks down the busy street and comes upon the rowdy Wrigley Field.

RUSTON (O.S.)
Hey, lounge singer!

Quint freezes, CHUCKLES and slowly turns. Ruston, who's proudly sporting Cubs gear from head-to-toe, smiles as she points her huge Cubby-blue foam finger at him.

RUSTON (CONT'D)
Wanna see a ball game?

QUINT
A ball game? I've heard my fair share of cheesy pickup lines...

They hurry to each other and passionately kiss.

INT./EXT. WRIGLEY FIELD - DAY

It's a sea of blue that's packed with ROARING CUBS FANS. Quint and Ruston make their way to the front gates.

QUINT
Thought I'd never see you...

RUSTON
Almost didn't. Can't believe you actually had them page the Tribal Goddess, and tee-pee for two?

QUINT
Beats wigwam for one. Think they'll let me sing "Take Me Out" at the stretch?

RUSTON
Heard Wayne Newton was doing it. Once upon a time, somebody...

Quint and Ruston meld into the swarming crowd as they walk hand-in-hand.

RUSTON (CONT'D)

By the way, you wouldn't happen to have a certain little...

Quint holds up the wrinkled sportsbook voucher. Ruston SIGHS with relief and crosses her heart and kisses her elbow.

RUSTON (CONT'D)

'Fraid to jinx it, but what'll we cash if my Cubbies actually win?

QUINT

(very heavy sigh)

Free dry cleaning for the rest of our lives.

THE CREDITS ROLL

INT. CASINO/SLOTS AREA - DAY

An ashtray, that's piled high with dead cigarette butts, is beside the Wheel of Fortune slot where Lil' Tommy's huge ass is firmly planted on the stool in front of it. He pulls the lever, and as the wheel rapidly spins, he COUGHS, shoves a fresh heater into his grill and sparks it with Quint's old lighter on the first try. He blows smoke and DING! DING! DING! THUNK! THUNK! THUNK! JACKPOT! He leaps off the stool, and as the slot pays out, his huge belly jiggles as he performs a celebratory dance.

TOMMY

Yes! Yes! Yes!

THE END