

GUNS, GIRLS & GAMBLING

Written by Michael Winnick

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"GUNS, GIRLS & GAMBLING"

FADE IN:

1 EXT. DESERT BUS STATION - DAY

1

SUPER-IMPOSED OVER VISUALS: "Today"

The middle of nowhere. An empty two lane highway.
Desert in every direction.

A familiar set of white leather boots wearily makes
their way over to the single bus bench. The owner
sits...it's ELVIS. Or at least a very serious Elvis
Impersonator. Sunglasses, hair, jumpsuit...the works.
A black duffel bag rests next to him.

Elvis has been out in the desert a long time.
Dehydrated, we see him sitting there only in CLOSEUPS.
Pulling out a pack of cigarettes, followed by a lighter,
he lights up a smoke. He then takes a long deep drag...
one of those drags that makes everything all right.

And he sits alone on that bench in the middle of the
desert...the highway empty. As the hot sun beats down,
he starts to drift in and out of consciousness, the
bright clouds dimming before his eyes. Until finally...

A BUS arrives. It pulls up right in front of him.
The bus doors open as Elvis gathers his strength and
stands. Grabbing his bag, he moves to enter as the
college-aged BUS DRIVER exits.

BUS DRIVER
(holding up a roll of
toilet paper)

Be right back.

Not noticing or caring about his attire, the Bus Driver
walks past him. Elvis barely hesitates himself - before
climbing aboard.

CUT TO:

2 INT. BUS - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

2

And Elvis is onboard. The bus is completely empty,
and he wastes no time in grabbing the Driver's water
bottle before making his way to the back. Placing the
black duffel bag down on the seat, he heavily sits
next to it. He's made it.

CUT TO:

3 EXT. DESERT BUS STATION - DAY

3

A pair of black leather high-heeled boots stride confidently towards the bus. The camera makes its way up the back of a drop-dead gorgeous, 6 foot tall BLONDE. The Blonde wears a skin-tight catsuit as if she was from a sci-fi film made in the 70's. But tucked in the back of that catsuit's belt are two very modern-looking pistols.

CUT TO:

4 INT. BUS - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

4

The Blonde climbs aboard. Looking back into the bus, she sees only empty seats. Not concerned, she provocatively stretches out one of her long legs onto the seat in front of her.

THE BLONDE

"The angels, not half so happy in
heaven, went envying her and me--"

Sitting up in the back of the bus, Elvis' head appears.

THE BLONDE (CONT'D)

..."That was the reason as all men
know, In this kingdom by the sea -
That the wind came out of the cloud
by night, Chilling and killing my
Annabel Lee."

ELVIS subtly moves his hand inside the black duffel bag resting next to him...and silently slides out a sawed-off shotgun.

THE BLONDE (CONT'D)

Wrong answer.

And with that, THE BLONDE quickly pulls out the two pistols from behind her back and opens FIRE...as ELVIS swings around with the shotgun.

CUT TO:

5 EXT. DESERT BUS STATION (CONTINUOUS)

5

As GUNFIRE erupts explosively from inside the bus, the camera pulls back away from the windows and down to the ground.

As we move to the bus doors, all becomes silent. A moment later, a now familiar pair of black leather high-heeled boots exit.

The camera pans up as the Blonde, now carrying the black duffel bag, strides confidently away.

THE BLONDE
Elvis has left the building.

CUT TO:

5A FAST-PACED OPENING TITLES

5A

"GUNS, GIRLS, AND GAMBLING"...accompanied by three Old West-style gun shots that blow out a hole under each word.

OLD MOVIES, STOCK FOOTAGE, DRAWINGS AND B&W PHOTOS OF INDIANS, SETTLERS, COWBOYS - MAKING DEALS, BREAKING DEALS, WARRING, TRADING, STEREOTYPING - is "enlightened" by the following narration...

JOHN (V.O.)
The White Man versus the Indians.
That's what we all learned in school. But that's not entirely accurate. It was actually the White Man versus the Indians... versus the Indians. You see, when the Europeans first came to the New World, the Indians viewed them as just another tribe. One to trade with, fight with, or ally with...against other Indians. But the Europeans brought with them something that the Indians had never seen before...and had no defense against. And I'm not talking about guns and disease and facial hair...

...an IMAGE of a settler with a crazy big mustache and unkempt beard...

JOHN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
...Though that was true, too. No, I'm talking about GREED. And soon, the Indian tribes were being backstabbed, and treaties were being broken, and whole peoples were being slaughtered and moved onto reservations...land that was completely barren and worthless...

6 EXT. INDIAN CASINO - ESTABLISHING - DAY

6

In the middle of the desert, the camera moves along the dirt and dust...

JOHN (V.O.)

...And that was supposed to be the end of the story. Except for the fact that the Europeans forgot that greed is contagious. And the Indian tribes, along with smallpox and whooping cough, had caught it...and learned to wield it against their conquerors...

...the camera rises off the desert ground to find the flashing and neon and modern Indian casino...

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

...Which is where I come in. Victim number 299,458,327...

SUPER-IMPOSED OVER VISUALS: "Yesterday"

7 INT. INDIAN CASINO - BASEMENT - DAY

7

JOHN, late 30s, smiling, sits in a chair.

JOHN (V.O.)

There I am now. Not a bad looking guy.

Suddenly a FIST punches him in the face. As John's face contorts in pain and he flies backwards, the FRAME FREEZES.

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

Ohhhh. Maybe that's not the best place to start.

CUT TO:

8 EXT. INDIAN CASINO - ESTABLISHING - DAY

8

SUPER-IMPOSED OVER VISUALS: "The day before yesterday"

9 INT. INDIAN CASINO - DAY

9

John confidently strides into the casino's main entrance.

JOHN (V.O.)

There. Much better.

In STYLIZED SLOW MOTION, John takes in the scene.

JOHN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 So there I was. At an Indian Gaming
 Casino. Just passing through. I
 was like an Old West gun fighter
 coming into town, looking to right
 past wrongs and make a fortune.

John's "cool stride" and stylized slow motion is brought
 to an end when he clumsily bumps into a loud-suited
 GAMBLER.

JOHN
 (apologetically)
 Excuse me.

JOHN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Except, of course, I didn't have a
 gun or know the first thing about
 fighting...

JOHN is then seated at A SLOT MACHINE.

JOHN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 ...So I played the slots instead.

John excitedly watches as he almost wins. Almost.
 Not so excited anymore.

10 INT. INDIAN CASINO - STAGE AREA - DAY

10

JOHN (V.O.)
 There was an Elvis impersonation
 contest - usually only a Vegas
 thing - so on a whim, I joined.

In a far off corner, a large sign announces the contest.
 John, wearing a bad wig, ill-fitting jumpsuit and
 holding a guitar, is currently on stage strumming out
 a few untalented chords of an Elvis song.

JOHN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Did okay - not enough to win or
 anything, but okay enough to grab
 the attention of a beautiful lady
 at the bar...

AT THE BAR sits VIVIAN, a pretty woman in a black slinky
 dress. Enamored, she watches John up on stage.

11 INT. INDIAN CASINO - BAR - DAY 11

Vivian and John sit at the bar laughing and flirting and having a great time.

JOHN

...John Smith lied to Chief Powhatan about why he had come to the New World in the first place...that's why Pocahontas had to save him.

VIVIAN

She was in love.

JOHN

She was 11 years old!

VIVIAN

I'm not 11 years old.

JOHN

No, you're not.

VIVIAN

Buy me another drink?

JOHN (V.O.)

She seemed really interested in me, and I was pretty sure I knew where this was going...

CUT TO:

12 INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT 12

On the bed, John and Vivian go at it doggie-style.

CUT BACK TO:

13 INT. INDIAN CASINO - BAR - DAY 13

JOHN (V.O.)

Unfortunately, life doesn't always go the way you think it will.

John and Vivian still sit at the bar. When an oblivious John is turned away from his "sure thing", Vivian slips his wallet out of his jacket pocket.

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

As it turns out, she was more interested in what was in my wallet than what was in my pants...

With his wallet purloined, Vivian gives John a quick peck on the cheek before abruptly getting up and walking away.

VIVIAN

Nice meeting you.

Vivian has a devilish half-smile on her face as she leaves the confused and disappointed John behind.

14 INT. INDIAN CASINO - BATHROOM - NIGHT

14

JOHN (V.O.)

...Which is ironic, considering I don't keep my money in my wallet.

John stands in the middle of the bathroom with his pants half-way down. A money belt is strapped over his boxers. He checks inside it...yep, still all there.

15 INT. INDIAN CASINO - PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT

15

JOHN (V.O.)

So instead of a night of crazy wild sex, I ended up playing poker with a bunch of the Elvises from the contest. And not that Texas Hold Em bullshit you see on TV where everyone now thinks they're an expert. No, I'm talking good ol' fashioned, backroom, cigar smokin' 5 card draw...

In a smoke-filled room, John sits at a rowdy table playing cards with several Elvis Impersonators. There's ASIAN ELVIS, GAY ELVIS, MIDGET ELVIS, and at the head of the table is Elvis "ELVIS" - the Elvis impersonator we saw in the first scene at the bus stop. Next to "Elvis Elvis" is a First-Place Contest Trophy.

All are smoking, drinking and in the middle of a hand. Asian Elvis throws some more chips into a growing pot...

ASIAN ELVIS

Oh, you're going down this time.

GAY ELVIS

(seeing the bet)

I like to go down.

ELVIS

(seeing the bet as well)

I bet you do. But I'm more worried about the Midget.

MIDGET ELVIS
(throwing in chips)
It's not Midget, asshole. It's
Little Person.

GAY ELVIS
(dryly)
Yeah, that's much better.

JOHN
So midget is offensive...but little
person isn't? Who decides this
stuff?

MIDGET ELVIS
Screw you, bitch. Are you in or
not?

JOHN
Last week my girlfriend of three
years started playing doctor with
her doctor. She kicked me out of
my apartment, stole my dog...

GAY ELVIS
That's just rude.

JOHN
...And said "history would be
written without me."

ASIAN ELVIS
What does that mean?

JOHN
No idea. Anyway, I jumped in my
car, came here, lost at slots, got
dissed by a girl at the bar, and
had my wallet stolen.
(throwing in his chips)
Hell yeah, I'm in.

John lays down his cards...two pairs - aces and sixes.
Midget Elvis laughs.

MIDGET ELVIS
Ha! Unlucky in love, unlucky in
cards, bitch.

Midget Elvis shows his cards...three deuces. John is
beat.

ASIAN ELVIS

Little person, little hand. Read
'em and weep, boys.

Asian Elvis throws down a straight to the 10. Midget
Elvis is not happy.

GAY ELVIS

I don't think so. Hail to the
Queen, baby.

Gay Elvis drops four queens on the table. Asian Elvis
is stunned. There is a moment of pause before...

ELVIS

This is a game of Elvises. We're
going to hail to the King.

And to everyone's dismay, Elvis drops four kings on
the table. He coolly shovels over his winnings.

MIDGET ELVIS

First, you win the contest, now
you're taking all our money. You
know something we don't?

ELVIS

Yeah...how to play cards.

ASIAN ELVIS

This is bullshit.

JOHN

I thought Elvis impersonators were
only a Vegas thing.

ELVIS

The Chief, owner of this casino,
has a thing for Mr. Presley.

JOHN

Who's the Chief?

CUT TO:

16 INT. INDIAN CASINO - THE CHIEF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

16

We rapidly push-in on THE CHIEF, sitting behind a big
executive desk in his plush office. Head of the tribe,
owner of the casino, he wears a perfect suit and a
look of pure seriousness.

CUT BACK TO:

17 INT. INDIAN CASINO - PRIVATE ROOM - BACK TO SCENE 17

ELVIS
The Chief - head of the tribe,
owner of the casino - he worships
the King almost as much as he does
his ancient Apache Warrior Mask...

CUT TO:

18 INT. INDIAN CASINO - THE CHIEF'S OFFICE - NIGHT 18

We move in and around the wall behind the Chief's desk -
a wall covered with various masks - and stop on one in
particular...the APACHE WARRIOR MASK. The MASK is all
at once intimidating, scary, powerful, sacred - with a
feeling of the mystical.

CUT BACK TO:

19 INT. INDIAN CASINO - PRIVATE ROOM - BACK TO SCENE 19

ELVIS (CONT'D)
...We're treated better here than
we ever would be in Vegas.

GAY ELVIS
We're VIPs...access to everything.

MIDGET ELVIS
You didn't stand a chance in that
contest.

ELVIS
(ala "Elvis")
Thank you very much.
(to all)
So are we gonna play some more
cards, or is Mr. Miyagi still mad?
He might "chop, chop" our heads.

ASIAN ELVIS
Oh, I get it. Because I'm Asian,
I must be Japanese and know karate.
Oh, that's clever. You got anymore?

MIDGET ELVIS
Yeah, your driving sucks.

ASIAN ELVIS

(to Midget Elvis)

Hey, even though flying monkeys scare the hell out of me, I don't judge you on the Wizard of Oz, do I?

(to Elvis)

And if Whitey the Clan Member here wants to bomb abortion clinics, I don't try to stop him. I mean, getting molested by a priest can really screw a kid up.

(to Gay Elvis)

And what about you? If I bend over, are you gonna fantasize about my ass? You going to "Queer Eye" my apartment? Maybe...but I'm cool with it. Because that's the kinda guy I am.

(to John)

And you...wait, I don't even know what you are. Some generic European hybrid?

JOHN

I'm nothing. My wallet and ID were just stolen.

ELVIS

And now we took your money. That's just terrible.

JOHN (V.O.)

I now had no girl, no ID, and no money, but overall, the Elvises seemed to be a pretty good bunch of guys...

CUT TO:

20 EXT. INDIAN CASINO - ESTABLISHING - DAY 20
SUPER-IMPOSED OVER VISUALS: "Yesterday"..."- Again"

CUT TO:

21 INT. INDIAN CASINO - PRIVATE ROOM - DAY 21

JOHN (V.O.)

...But, of course, looks can be deceiving.

John, alone, is passed out with his head on the poker table. The place is trashed from the night before.

An ALARM is blaring out in the hall, and the SOUNDS of people running can be heard.

John, his head spinning, comes to. It takes him a moment to remember where he is. Boy, that alarm is really annoying. He notices that everyone is gone.

JOHN

Ah, crap.

He looks up just as he hears the door being kicked open. Two STRONG PAIRS of arms yank him straight out of the chair.

CUT TO:

22 INT. INDIAN CASINO - BASEMENT - DAY

22

John is forcibly placed and shackled to a chair in the middle of the dank basement. The two pairs of powerful arms that put him there belong to two Native American Enforcers...REDFOOT and DARK EYES. They click on a single light bulb hanging over his head.

JOHN

I mean, I know I do a bad Elvis,
but don't you think this is a little
extreme.

John smiles. Suddenly, Redfoot's fist punches him in the face. As John's face contorts in pain and he flies backwards, the FRAME FREEZES again...exactly where it did before.

JOHN (V.O.)

And...here we are again. Well, no
use stalling anymore.

THE FRAME UNFREEZES, and John crashes backwards to the floor. He lies there for a short moment.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Aren't Native Americans supposed
to be peace-loving, philosophy-
spouting, protectors of nature?

REDFOOT

That's a blatant stereotype. The
Apaches were the most fearsome
warriors the world has ever seen.

They roughly pull him and the chair back up.

DARK EYES
Where's the mask?

JOHN
What mask?

Redfoot punches John again. Ooof.

JOHN (CONT'D)
I think I like the stereotype
better.

DARK EYES
The ancient Apache Warrior Mask
that you stole.

CUT TO:

23 INT. INDIAN CASINO - THE CHIEF'S OFFICE - NIGHT 23

We move in and around the mask-covered wall behind the Chief's desk - and stop on a big empty spot. The Apache Warrior Mask is missing.

CUT BACK TO:

24 INT. INDIAN CASINO - BASEMENT - BACK TO SCENE 24

JOHN
I didn't steal anything.

MR. CROW, the Chief's right-hand man - the man who handles business - steps forward from the darkened corner.

MR. CROW
Who is he?

DARK EYES
He doesn't have any ID on him.

JOHN
My wallet was stolen last night.
You should really do something
about the security in this place.

Redfoot gives him a dirty look.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Don't hit me. Smith. Jonathan.

MR. CROW
Well, Mr. Smith, an Elvis
impersonator just stole the Chief's
sacred warrior mask.

JOHN
Didn't you see me in the contest
yesterday? I'm a really terrible
Elvis.

Mr. Crow, Redfoot and Dark Eyes all stare at him.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Look, where would I be hiding this
mask? In my pants?

Redfoot and Dark Eyes look down at his pants. Nope.

MR. CROW
The White Man has stolen this mask
before. And the Tribe suffered
many hardships because of it...

CUT TO:

25 EXT. RANCH HOUSE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

25

SUPER-IMPOSED OVER VISUALS: "10,948 days before
yesterday"

In a series of quick-cut, sepia-toned images, the old
ranch house probably looks the same as it did in the
1800's. Even though this is the 1970's, you'd be hard-
pressed to tell the difference.

A MIDDLE-AGED RANCH HAND, wielding a rifle, "guards"
the wooden door. He takes a few steps forward and
fires.

Several NATIVE AMERICANS, also wielding rifles, advance
towards him and the house. They also fire.

MR. CROW (V.O.)
...It took almost a century to
recover it...

CUT TO:

26 INT. RANCH HOUSE - LATER (FLASHBACK)

26

A pair of old boots walks slowly past a few dead bodies
before arriving at a backpack lying on the dusty floor.
A hand reaches down and pulls from the pack - the
ancient APACHE WARRIOR MASK.

The hand that picks it up belongs to THE CHIEF...future owner of the casino, head of the tribe. This guy was never young.

MR. CROW (V.O.)
...And only then did glory and
prosperity return to our people.

A sense of relief and strength washes over The Chief, along with a hint of smile. Standing off to the corner of the room, an OLD INDIAN WOMAN watches intently.

CUT BACK TO:

27 INT. INDIAN CASINO - BASEMENT - DAY

27

JOHN
Wow, that's a great story. The loss of something valuable can be really hard. I really wish you guys the best of luck in finding the mask again. I really do. So if you'll just unlock me, I'll get out of your way.

THE CHIEF enters...older and even more distinguished than he was in the flashback. His suit is perfect and he probably hasn't cracked a smile in the three decades since.

THE CHIEF
One million dollars. That's the price. I want that mask back here by tomorrow night.

MR. CROW
Word's gonna get out. There'll be free-lancers. Trying to sell it to the highest bidder.

THE CHIEF
Call the Indian.

MR. CROW
You sure?

The Chief just looks at him.

MR. CROW (CONT'D)
Okay. The Indian it is.

The Chief hands Mr. Crow a paper form before exiting.

REDFOOT

(to John)

Whew...hear that? Your friends
are in for it now.

Mr. Crow hands the form to Dark Eyes.

MR. CROW

Looks like we're hunting Elvises.
Go get 'em. It seems the contest
winner wrote down his address on
his entry form.

JOHN

Nobody would be that stupid.

They all look at him.

JOHN (CONT'D)

I'll shut up now.

DARK EYES

What about him?

MR. CROW

He's an Elvis impersonator. There's
only one way to be safe...kill
him.

JOHN

Hey!

REDFOOT

(lights up)

Yes, sir.

MR. CROW

Besides, Native Americans can do
without another John Smith.

CUT TO:

28 EXT. INDIAN CASINO - DAY

28

Redfoot and Dark Eyes drag the bruised-face John out
the back and into the parking lot. They each have an
arm, and Dark Eyes has a gun buried in his back.

JOHN

Really guys, you don't have to do
this. Just ask my ex-girlfriend.
I'm nothing, I'm nobody.

DARK EYES
That's why we can do this.

REDFOOT
You think the Rancher is responsible?

DARK EYES
He's always responsible.

JOHN
Who's the Rancher?

CUT TO:

29 INT. RANCH OFFICE - DAY

29

We rapidly push-in on THE RANCHER, white suit, white cowboy hat, major landowner. Filthy rich, he sits in a big chair, behind a big desk, in a big "hunter's office". Dead animal heads hang on the walls.

CUT BACK TO:

30 EXT. INDIAN CASINO - BACK TO SCENE

30

REDFOOT
The guy who hired you to steal the mask.

JOHN
Nobody hired me. Remember?

REDFOOT
The guy who hired the guy who stole the mask. In the past, whenever the Government screwed over the Tribe, it was because of money. And almost always, that money went straight to the Rancher. He hates Native Americans.

JOHN
But you guys are so friendly.

Dark Eyes slaps him across the head.

DARK EYES
Shut up.

A COLLEGE KID wearing a school sweatshirt across the way looks over as he heads towards the casino.

JOHN
I could scream, you know.

REDFOOT

And what? What's College Boy going to do? Crush beer cans on our heads?

Dark Eyes and Redfoot laugh as they arrive at some cars.

DARK EYES

Which one's yours?

JOHN

Uh...

Redfoot clicks the alarm on John's car keys. A car beeps not far away.

JOHN (CONT'D)

That one.

They walk over to it...a big, old American car.

DARK EYES

That piece of crap?

JOHN

Buy American. You guys are Native Americans. I thought you'd be proud.

Redfoot starts writing down something on his hand from the entry form Mr. Crow gave them.

DARK EYES

What are you doing?

REDFOOT

(finishes writing)

Copying down the Elvis' address. You know, just in case.

Dark Eyes rips the entry form away from Redfoot, along with John's car keys.

JOHN

You really think the guy who stole your mask wrote down his actual address?

REDFOOT

Yep.

DARK EYES

Get in.

JOHN

Where?

Dark Eyes quickly pops open the trunk as Redfoot sucker punches John.

REDFOOT

The trunk.

As John barrels over, Dark Eyes effortlessly pushes him into the junk-filled trunk.

FROM INSIDE THE TRUNK

A dazed John looks up at Redfoot and Dark Eyes as they slam the trunk shut...and all goes dark.

CUT TO:

31 EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - DAY

31

The sun beats down hard. A SNAKE slithers its way through the dirt while a VULTURE picks at the remains of some unlucky animal. In the sky, a few more vultures are starting to circle.

A long shot - John's car is parked to the side of the deserted highway. Except for the vulture sounds, all is eerily quiet.

32 INT. JOHN'S CAR - DESERT HIGHWAY - DAY

32

JOHN (V.O.)

I awoke not knowing where I was...
which was probably a good thing.

In the empty backseat, a CROWBAR suddenly jams out from behind. It starts ripping and tearing its way through as John's arms, followed by his head, slowly and painfully emerge from the trunk.

Almost like the backseat is giving birth, John emerges ripping and yelling and sweating his way through. Half way out, with his torso sprouting forward, he finds himself face-to-face with...the BLOOD BATH that is the front seat!

Both Redfoot and Dark Eyes are there, shot multiple times - very bloody - and very dead.

John reacts and screams and panics. He quickly extricates himself the rest of the way from the backseat and tumbles out of the car.

33 EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

33

As John falls out of the car, still gripping the crowbar, he instinctively starts scurrying away...before stopping himself. Regaining his composure, he stands up and slowly approaches the car again.

There are two bullet holes in the windshield. Redfoot is slumped back in the driver's seat, while Dark Eyes is crumpled on the passenger's side. Seeing the bodies..."eeeew"...he gently touches Redfoot with the crowbar. Yep, shocker, they're still dead.

JOHN

Looks like Elvis is going to live
a little bit longer.

John then notices Redfoot's hand hanging out the window - with the Elvis winner's address still written on it. After committing it to memory, he looks up at the circling vultures in the sky.

JOHN (CONT'D)

(to Redfoot)

So you really think the guy who
stole the mask wrote his address
down on an entry form? Let's hope.

Gathering up what little courage he has, John rests the crowbar on his shoulder and sets out on foot down the highway.

As he walks, he passes a sign that tells him he has eight miles to go to reach his destination.

CUT TO:

34 INT. TRAIN STATION - DAY

34

The station is practically empty. Gay Elvis, holding a black duffel bag, stares up at the departure times. He's early.

CUT TO:

35 INT. BATHROOM - DAY

35

Gay Elvis settles into the last stall of a long line of stalls in the empty train station bathroom. His duffel bag rests at his feet.

ANOTHER ANGLE

The door to the bathroom opens.

In walks the pair of black leather high-heeled boots...we've seen these before. The boots stride confidently down the row of stalls until they reach the last one.

Suddenly, the Blonde - wearer of those boots - and that skin tight catsuit - kicks open the door of the last stall. Needless to say, Gay Elvis, sitting on the toilet, is completely startled.

THE BLONDE

Once upon a midnight dreary, while
I pondered weak and weary...

GAY ELVIS

What the?!

THE BLONDE

...there came a tapping - gently
rapping on my chamber door.

GAY ELVIS

Little lady, you better get the
hell outta here before I pull out
the big gun on you.

THE BLONDE

Baby, your gun doesn't work on me.
Now where's the mask?

GAY ELVIS

I don't have it.

THE BLONDE

Wrong answer.

The Blonde immediately swings around one of her pistols and FIRES several times.

Gay Elvis slumps over dead. Without ever batting an eyelash, the Blonde coolly uses her boot to slide out the black duffel bag from the stall. Opening it, she checks inside. Nothing of value.

THE BLONDE

(slightly amused)

Hmm...he was telling the truth.
Oh well.

With that, she reholsters her pistol before pulling a wallet out of her boot - John's wallet to be exact. She takes out his credit card and tosses it nonchalantly into Gay Elvis' stall.

Calmly turning to the mirror, she fixes her hair slightly and exits.

CUT TO:

36 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

36

CLOSE ON John's now ragged shoes as he steps into frame in front of the old two-story building. John - still holding the crowbar - stands exhausted, sweaty and sun-burned in front of the address he got from Redfoot's hand.

He stares at the building for a moment.

JOHN

So Elvis, let's see if this is really your home.

He weakly holds up the crowbar.

JOHN (CONT'D)

I'm ready for you.

CUT TO:

37 INT. ELVIS' APARTMENT - DAY

37

Using the crowbar as a stick, John slowly opens the already slightly opened door. The studio apartment is kinda messy, and filled with cheap Elvis memorabilia.

JOHN

Hello?

No one is here. John enters and cautiously looks around to make sure. Yep, no one home.

He then quickly heads for the tiny kitchen, drops the crowbar and dunks his head under the faucet. After letting the cold water run over him for a moment, he grabs a glass and downs some more.

John then eyes a ridiculous Elvis lamp.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Wow, you really did write your address down on the entry form. You sure won't be winning any "thieving" contests.

Taped to the wall are three full-body HEADSHOTS of...Asian Elvis, Midget Elvis and Gay Elvis. Their names are printed under their pictures.

JOHN (CONT'D)
None of you will be.
(looks around)
So, if I were an ancient Apache
Warrior Mask, where would I be
hiding?

John looks at the inviting couch.

JOHN (CONT'D)
I know...the couch.

And John lies down on the couch to get some much needed
rest. Just then, he is startled by...

CINDY (O.S.)
Hello? Anybody home?

John pops up to see CINDY - a young, cute, perky and
quirky "girl-next-door" - standing in the doorway.

JOHN
Who are you?

CINDY
I'm the girl-next-door.

JOHN
Of course you are.

CINDY
(entering)
Can I come in?

JOHN
No. Go away.

Cindy ignores him and makes herself at home.

CINDY
That's not very neighborly of you.

JOHN
That's because I'm not your
neighbor.

CINDY
You know, I've never been in here
before.

Cindy continues looking around. She checks out the
Elvis lamp.

CINDY (CONT'D)

Neat lamp.

JOHN

Huh?

CINDY

Come on, a cute girl wants to make small talk with you, and you tell her to go away. What are you, gay or something?

JOHN

No...I'm not gay.

CINDY

It's okay if you are. That's cool.

Cindy runs her finger suggestively across the crowbar on the counter.

JOHN

I'm old enough to be your fath...your very cool uncle.

CINDY

No, you're right, you could be my father. It could've been a high school thing, an accident. Unplanned, you know, maybe after prom or something.

JOHN

What? Why are you here again?

CINDY

Sugar. I need a cup. You have any?

JOHN

Seriously?

CINDY

No. It's not the 50's. Hell, maybe you are too old for me.

She turns towards the door.

CINDY (CONT'D)

See you around, Uncle. Of course, if you need anything, I'm next door.

And Cindy exits. John is left bewildered.

A long moment passes before he hears her briefly scream, before being abruptly silenced.

CUT TO:

38 INT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - A MOMENT LATER 38

John peers out of the apartment into the old building hallway. Not far away, he sees MO THE RANCHHAND, a rough and tumble tough holding a gun to Cindy's head. His other hand is wrapped around her tightly.

MO
(to John)
Give me the mask.

JOHN
I don't have it.

Mo cocks back the hammer on the gun.

MO
Give me the mask, or I kill your
next door neighbor.

JOHN
She's not my neighbor. I don't
even live here.

Cindy suddenly bites Mo's hand. He let's go.

MO
Owww! That hurt.

As Mo is complaining to Cindy, John advances and punches him in the face. Mo crumples to the floor.

JOHN
(rubbing his hand)
So that's how that feels.

CINDY
Nice punch.

JOHN
Nice bite.

A SOUND from around the corner grabs their attention...a strange sound - the sound of metal "spurs". And then, coming into view is THE COWBOY. Dressed perfectly to match his name, right down to the hat, the imposing Cowboy comes complete with holstered six-shooters. He stops and positions himself at the end of the hall like he's ready for an old-fashioned duel.

John and Cindy react.

THE COWBOY

I'm only going to ask this once.
Where is the mask?

JOHN

Who are you?

THE COWBOY

I'm the Cowboy.

CINDY

(to John)

That was obvious.

The Cowboy draws one of his six-shooters.

THE COWBOY

And I can shoot the stubble off
your chin from 50 meters.

JOHN

That would be sorta weird.

CINDY

Don't you think the cop behind you
would have something to say about
that?

As the Cowboy turns around to look, Cindy grabs John by the hand and takes off down the stairs. The Cowboy, duped, quickly turns back and FIRES twice. But the retreating duo have just barely disappeared from view in time.

CUT TO:

39 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

39

John and Cindy run from the building.

CINDY

I can't believe he actually fell
for that.

JOHN

"Look behind you?"

They reach some parked cars.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Which one's your car?

CINDY

I don't have a car.

JOHN

What do you mean you don't have a car? How do you get around?

CINDY

(looking at him)

Thankfully I have a very cool uncle. How'd you get here?

JOHN

I walked.

CINDY

You walked? From where?

JOHN

Somewhere between here and the Indian Reservation.

CINDY

What?! Even the settlers used horses.

JOHN

Trust me, if I had a horse, I would've used it.

Just then, John sees the COLLEGE KID, nonchalantly looking at them from across the way.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Hey, wait a minute...I've seen that guy before. Outside the casino.

Suddenly, the Cowboy exits the building, FIRING his six-shooters. John and Cindy scream as the shots whiz by their heads and blow out some car windows.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Run!

This time, John grabs Cindy by the hand as they go running away down the street. The Cowboy doesn't pursue, but instead half-smirks to himself before retreating back into the building.

CUT TO:

40 EXT. ALLEY - DAY

40

John and Cindy run into an alley. Cindy stops him.

CINDY

Wait, wait, wait! What the hell
is going on?

JOHN

We're running for our lives.

CINDY

Any particular reason why Cowboys
are trying to kill you?

JOHN

Indians, too.

CINDY

Cowboys - and - Indians - are trying
to kill you? And what's the deal
with this mask?

JOHN

Ancient Apache Warrior Mask.

CINDY

A what?

JOHN

Long story.

CINDY

Give me the abridged version.

FLASHBACK TO:

41 INT./EXT. MONTAGE - FLASHBACKS

41

John's "abridged version" is an extremely rapid-cut,
stylized, story-telling FLASH-BACK MONTAGE...

-- John confidently strides into the casino's main
entrance.

-- John plays the slots.

-- John performs badly at the Elvis contest.

-- John laughs and flirts with Vivian at the bar, before
she takes his wallet.

-- John plays poker with the Elvises.

MIDGET ELVIS

Unlucky in love, unlucky in cards,
bitch.

ASIAN ELVIS

Read 'em and weep, boys.

GAY ELVIS

Hail to the Queen, baby.

ELVIS

We're going to hail to the King.

-- In the basement, John, handcuffed to the chair,
gets punched in the face.

DARK EYES

Where's the mask?

-- The Chief's wall of masks has a big empty spot.

-- Outside the casino, John gets hit again and dumped
in the trunk of his car.

-- John emerges with the crowbar through the backseat
of the car in the desert.

-- John walks away from the blood-soaked car and heads
on down the highway.

-- Rapid push-in on The Chief sitting behind his desk.

-- Rapid push-in on The Rancher sitting behind his
desk.

-- The Cowboy exits the apartment building firing his
six-shooters.

JOHN

Long story.

CINDY

Give me the abridged version.

-- END MONTAGE

CUT BACK TO:

42 EXT. ALLEY - BACK TO SCENE

42

JOHN

And here we are.

CINDY

Wow.

JOHN

You should go to the Sheriff and
tell him what's going on.

CINDY

Sheriffs.

JOHN

Sheriffs? As in "plural"?

CINDY

Yep. And they're both corrupt...

CUT TO:

43 INT. THE SHERIFFS' OFFICE - DAY

43

CINDY (V.O.)

The Rancher owns one...

We rapidly push-in on veteran white-bred SHERIFF COWLEY,
sitting behind his desk in the small station.

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

...And the Chief owns the other.

Opposite him, we rapidly push-in on SHERIFF HUTCHINS,
a slightly less white-bred version of his counter-point,
sitting behind a similar desk.

CUT BACK TO:

44 EXT. ALLEY - BACK TO SCENE

44

JOHN

Lovely. So I guess I'm stuck with
you until I find this mask?

CINDY

I am the girl-next-door. My name's
Cindy by the way.

JOHN

I don't live...John.

CINDY

Cool. I always wanted an Uncle
John.

CUT TO:

45 EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - DAY

45

The SHERIFFS have found John's car. The dead bodies of Redfoot and Dark Eyes still sit in the front seat. A few more vultures are now circling overhead.

SHERIFF COWLEY and SHERIFF HUTCHINS, using rubber gloves, muck around in the crime scene. They see that both dead bodies are armed...with their guns still in their holsters.

HUTCHINS

Two perfect kill shots through the windshield. Theories?

COWLEY

Don't know. But these Indians are a little far from the reservation.

HUTCHINS

Native Americans.

COWLEY

What?

HUTCHINS

They like to be called Native Americans now.

COWLEY

Whatever. So what are two "Native Americans" doing away from their casino...in such a crappy car?

HUTCHINS

Besides getting killed?

Hutchins finds the address written on Redfoot's hand.

COWLEY

Car has out-of-state plates, too.

Cowley finds the car registration.

COWLEY (CONT'D)

The car belongs to...a Jonathan Smith.

HUTCHINS

Two Native Americans stole the car of someone named John Smith? There's some irony for you.

CUT TO:

46 EXT. STREET - PAY PHONE - DAY

46

John quickly walks to the pay phone. Cindy tags along behind him.

CINDY

I already told you, we can't call the Sheriffs.

JOHN

I'm not calling the Sheriff. Sheriffs.

John starts looking through the hanging phone book.

CINDY

Who are you calling then?

JOHN

Nobody.

CINDY

Oh, I get it. You're going to be like my crazy uncle. You'll be Crazy Uncle John.

JOHN

When I was next door to you -

CINDY

See, told you we were neighbors.

JOHN

We're not...never mind. I saw some headshots of the other Elvises...

FLASHBACK TO:

47 INT. ELVIS' APARTMENT - FLASHBACK

47

We move past the Elvis headshots - Gay Elvis, Midget Elvis and Asian Elvis - with their respective names printed underneath. We focus in on Asian Elvis' name...Takashi Toshiro.

CUT BACK TO:

48 EXT. STREET - PAY PHONE - BACK TO SCENE

48

JOHN

And I'm going to gamble that your little town doesn't have many Takashi Toshiros in it.

CINDY

You said you were a terrible gambler.

JOHN

Nope. I've only lost in slots, poker and love.

John finds Takashi Toshiro's name and address in the phone book. He rips out the page triumphantly.

JOHN (CONT'D)

You'd think that in the age of cell phones, the pay phone would've died a horrible death. But yet, some remain, fighting destiny. Making a stand for a simpler time...

MIDGET ELVIS (O.S.)

That's beautiful...

They look down to see Midget Elvis.

MIDGET ELVIS (CONT'D)

Now give me the mask.

JOHN

Midget Elvis.

MIDGET ELVIS

Little Person, bitch.

CINDY

You said he was a little touchy about that.

Midget Elvis rams two pistols into each of their crotches.

JOHN

Very touchy.

MIDGET ELVIS

Give me the mask, or I blow your balls off.

JOHN

She doesn't have balls.

(to Cindy)

You don't have balls, right?

(to Midget Elvis)

She doesn't have balls.

MIDGET ELVIS
I'm not screwing around.

JOHN
Look, I don't have it.

CINDY
He doesn't. I should know, he's
my neighbor.

JOHN
(to Cindy)
I'm not your...
(to Midget Elvis)
Why does everyone think I have it?

MIDGET ELVIS
Because you stole it.

JOHN
I didn't...

Midget Elvis cocks back both hammers.

MIDGET ELVIS
Last chance.

CINDY
Don't you think the cop behind you
would have something to say about
that?

MIDGET ELVIS
Do you think I'm stupid? I'm not
falling for that.

A young DEPUTY walks up behind him.

DEPUTY
Is everything all right?

Midget Elvis quickly hides the guns.

MIDGET ELVIS
Yes, everything is fine.

DEPUTY
Because I just hate it when people
make fun of a little person.

JOHN
No, we would never do that. In
fact, we were just leaving. Right,
Cindy?

CINDY

Right. Thank you, Deputy.

John and Cindy quickly back away and leave. Midget Elvis gives them an evil look as they go.

CUT TO:

49 INT. BATHROOM - DAY

49

Sheriffs Cowley and Hutchins investigate the dead and bloodied Gay Elvis...who's body still sits slumped on the toilet of the last stall.

COWLEY

Looks like Elvis died on the toilet.

HUTCHINS

Again?

COWLEY

Yep.

HUTCHINS

I don't think he's dead.

COWLEY

Which one?

HUTCHINS

Which one what?

COWLEY

Which Elvis do you think is still alive? The real one, or that guy?

HUTCHINS

Both.

COWLEY

Both? What?!

HUTCHINS

Everyone knows the King faked his death to get away from the Colonel, lead a normal life, and live happily ever after. That guy in there, however, is an impersonator.

COWLEY

No shit.

Hutchins glances into the toilet.

HUTCHINS

Nope. I'm afraid there is.

COWLEY

You're not going to start with the toilet humor now, are you?

HUTCHINS

Too late.

COWLEY

(mocking)

So, Sheriff, you've determined - in your expertise - that the dead guy here is not the real Elvis, but rather an Elvis impersonator?

HUTCHINS

No, Sheriff. I've determined - in my expertise - that the dead guy's not a real Elvis impersonator. You can tell by the boots.

Sure enough, the dead Gay Elvis is wearing pink Ugg boots...not Elvis leather boots.

HUTCHINS (CONT'D)

Any true Elvis lover would know that the King would never be caught dead in those. No pun intended.

COWLEY

An Elvis impersonator-impersonator.

Hutchins finds John's credit card in the stall.

HUTCHINS

(reading)

Jonathan Smith.

COWLEY

The owner of the car with dead Indians?

HUTCHINS

Native Americans.

Cowley gives him a look.

COWLEY

So what do two dead "Native Americans" and a dead Elvis impersonator-impersonator have in common?

HUTCHINS

John Smith.

CUT TO:

50 EXT. ASIAN ELVIS' HOUSE - DAY

50

It's getting late in the day as John and Cindy arrive in front of the old and small one-story house. John confirms with the torn-out phone book page that this is really the place.

CINDY

So this is the luxurious estate of Asian Elvis.

JOHN

I guess Elvis impersonating doesn't pay all that well.

CINDY

What's your plan?

JOHN

I was thinking of opening the door and demanding the mask from him.

CINDY

Popular plan these days. Simple. Sweet. I like it.

They notice that the front door is slightly open.

JOHN

Very popular plan.

CUT TO:

51 INT. ASIAN ELVIS' HOUSE - DAY

51

The small house is trashed. Someone has ripped it apart looking for something. John and Cindy cautiously enter.

JOHN

Hello? Anybody home?

No answer. John and Cindy move further inside.

CINDY

Maybe it's the maid's day off.

JOHN

Hate to be the owner of this place.

The door suddenly is closed behind them, revealing Asian Elvis - who was hiding behind it.

ASIAN ELVIS
That's why I rent. And here I
thought I'd have to come after
you.

Startled, John and Cindy turn around.

JOHN
Whoa, we didn't see you there.

ASIAN ELVIS
Because Asians are sneaky, right?
Starting right off with the
stereotypes.

JOHN
What?

ASIAN ELVIS
Give me the mask.

CINDY
(to John)
Hey, that was your line.

JOHN
Like I've been telling everyone
else today, I don't have it.

ASIAN ELVIS
First you steal the mask, then you
kill Alan.

JOHN
Who?

ASIAN ELVIS
Gay Elvis.

CINDY
Gay Elvis?

ASIAN ELVIS
Murdered in a train station
bathroom.

JOHN
They're hunting down all the
Elvises. Looking for the mask.

ASIAN ELVIS

Heard on my police scanner that he was shot on the toilet multiple times.

JOHN

You have a police scanner?

ASIAN ELVIS

Of course I do. Because I'm Asian, I must be good with technology, right?

JOHN

What?

ASIAN ELVIS

And let me guess, you think every Asian knows karate. I bet computers, too. And I suppose I must've gotten really good grades in school, studied every night, all while working at my parents' dry cleaners store on the weekend.

John and Cindy are speechless.

ASIAN ELVIS (CONT'D)

Well, in my case, that's just not true.

(beat)

Except for the karate part.

And with that, Asian Elvis suddenly roundhouse kicks John in the face. John flies to the floor.

ASIAN ELVIS (CONT'D)

No one's hunting this Elvis down, you generic European hybrid.

Asian Elvis turns to Cindy.

ASIAN ELVIS (CONT'D)

And who are you supposed to be? The girl-next-door?

CINDY

Exactly.

ASIAN ELVIS

Well, little girl, tell me where the mask is, or I'm going to open up a can of whup-ass on you, too.

CINDY
I don't know where it is. I've
never even seen it.

ASIAN ELVIS
I suppose you think I wouldn't hit
a girl.

Asian Elvis suddenly hits Cindy. She goes down hard.

ASIAN ELVIS (CONT'D)
Wrong again.

John gets back up, wiping away the blood trickling out
of his mouth.

JOHN
I can't believe you did that.

ASIAN ELVIS
I know. I'm just breaking every
stereotype today. Your little
White Man's brain must be ready to
explode.

JOHN
You're really an asshole, you know
that.

ASIAN ELVIS
Take's one to know one.

JOHN
Did you really just say that?

ASIAN ELVIS
Yes, I did. Now...

Asian Elvis delivers another painful blow to John...

ASIAN ELVIS (CONT'D)
...GIVE!...

He hits John again hard.

ASIAN ELVIS (CONT'D)
...ME!...

Another powerful kick slams into John.

ASIAN ELVIS (CONT'D)
...THE!...

Helpless to defend himself, John is pulverized again.

ASIAN ELVIS (CONT'D)

...MASK!

Asian Elvis lands one final kick that sends John crashing through a shelf divider and into the kitchen. Asian Elvis is very proud of himself.

On the floor, Cindy comes to. She looks up at him.

CINDY

Look behind you.

ASIAN ELVIS

"Look behind me?" Remember the stereotype, little girl. Asians are smart, not dumb.

But just then, a FIGURE moves up fast behind Asian Elvis, and slams a TOMAHAWK in his back! It impacts with a sickening thud. With the weapon still in his back, a shocked Asian Elvis slumps to the floor...revealing THE INDIAN standing behind him.

A massive presence, the Indian turns towards John. A second tomahawk hangs from his belt.

THE INDIAN

I'm here for the mask.

JOHN

Shocker.

John struggles to his feet. He can barely stand after his beating.

THE INDIAN

You better pray you're not an Elvis.

JOHN

No, I'm a Smith.

THE INDIAN

John Smith?

JOHN

Yeah?

THE INDIAN

Aren't you dead?

JOHN

I don't think so.

(revelatory)

Wait...you're the Indian.

THE INDIAN

Do I look like I'm from India?

JOHN

Um, no, of course not...I mean
Native Amer-

THE INDIAN

Do I look like I work at a 7-11?

JOHN

Hey, isn't that kinda racist too...

The Indian pulls out the second Tomahawk from his belt.

THE INDIAN

And I assume you think this is a
tomahawk?

JOHN

Um...actually I was gonna go with
"hatchet", but now that you mention
it...

THE INDIAN

What, you think I'm going to "scalp
you"? Is that it?

JOHN

Um, no, that would be racially
insensitive for me to think that.

THE INDIAN

Good...then you're not as dumb as
you look.

JOHN

Thank you.

THE INDIAN

But unfortunately for you, it is a
"tomahawk". And this "Indian" is
going to scalp you.

John reacts, and stumbles backwards. The Indian is
about to advance when suddenly...

CINDY smashes the Indian over the back of the head
with a large piece of broken furniture...knocking him
to the floor.

CINDY

You also should've looked behind
you.

She quickly runs over to John and helps him up.

CINDY (CONT'D)
Come on...time to go.

JOHN
Never argue with a woman.

Cindy and John hurry out of the house.

CUT TO:

52 EXT. ASIAN ELVIS' HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

52

Cindy helps John quickly run from the house and around a corner.

JOHN
"Look behind you?" What are you,
3 for 3 with that?

CINDY
4 for 4. But to be fair, 3 of the
4 someone was actually behind 'em.

53 EXT. STREET CORNER - CONTINUOUS

53

Cindy leans John up against a building to catch his breath. He looks pretty beat up.

JOHN
That was my first tomahawking.
What about you?

CINDY
I change my mind. I think it's
time we call the Sheriffs.

JOHN
The mask is worth one million
dollars.

CINDY
The Sheriffs can wait a little bit
longer.

JOHN
Not even the girl-next-door is
immune to greed.

CINDY
(smiling)
I caught it from my uncle.

John then sees the College Kid across the way again, nonchalantly looking at them. A beer can in his hand, he turns and starts walking away.

JOHN
There's that guy again.

CINDY
What guy?

JOHN
The guy from outside the casino.

John quickly starts walking after the College Kid.

CINDY
John, wait!
But John isn't waiting.

JOHN
(to College Kid)
Hey! Hey you! I want to talk to
you a minute.

The College Kid stops and turns as John gets close.

COLLEGE KID
What?

JOHN
Who are you?

COLLEGE KID
Dude, what happened to your face?

JOHN
I got beat up by an Asian Elvis,
but that's not important.

COLLEGE KID
Really?

JOHN
I saw you outside of the casino.
What's your deal?

COLLEGE KID
Dude, unless you want to also get
beat up by a college kid, I'd walk
away right now.

JOHN

I'm not going anywhere until you
tell me why you're following us.

COLLEGE KID

Okay...

The College Kid punches John in the gut, barreling him
over. He follows up with a hard blow to the face,
sending John sprawling to the ground.

The College Kid then leans over him and crushes his
empty beer can on John's forehead.

COLLEGE KID (CONT'D)

Stick to fighting Elvises, moron.

CINDY

Stop it! Get away from him!

Running over, Cindy pushes the College Kid away from
the battered John.

COLLEGE KID

What? He was asking for it.

JOHN

The Chief's men were right. He
actually crushed a beer can on my
head.

CINDY

(to College Kid)

Get out of here!

A familiar shadow suddenly covers them...

THE COWBOY (O.S.)

I'd listen to the lady if I were
you, boy.

They turn to see THE COWBOY standing there, blocking
the setting sun. His six-shooter is drawn.

COLLEGE KID

Yes, sir.

The College Kid takes off running in the opposite
direction, nearly banging into MO the Ranchhand, who
walks up behind them. A bandage is on Mo's nose where
John punched him earlier. A big stretch white Cadillac,
with antlers attached to the front, is parked not far
away.

John slowly sits up. That gun has their attention.

THE COWBOY

(to John)

You look good.

Cindy helps John get to his feet.

JOHN

Thanks.

MO

You broke my nose, asshole.

JOHN

(holding his face)

I know how you feel. Are there any Hispanics in this town? Because that's the only ethnicity that hasn't kicked my ass yet.

THE COWBOY

Somebody wants to talk to you.

JOHN

(sarcastically)

Can't imagine what they're gonna ask me for.

THE COWBOY

I've already killed two Indians today...

CUT TO:

54 EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - DAY (FLASHBACK)

54

The Cowboy stands in front of John's car and FIRES both of his six-shooters through the windshield.

Redfoot and Dark Eyes are shot dead.

CUT BACK TO:

55 EXT. STREET CORNER - BACK TO SCENE

55

THE COWBOY (CONT'D)

...Don't make me kill you, too.

The Cowboy then ushers John and Cindy over to the white stretch Cadillac. Mo opens the back door. The Cowboy motions with the gun for them to get in.

John and Cindy reluctantly obey.

CUT TO:

56 INT. WHITE STRETCH CADILLAC - CONTINUOUS

56

Sitting in the back seat is THE RANCHER, dressed in the same white suit and white hat we saw him in before. John and Cindy sit down across from him.

THE RANCHER

I want the mask.

JOHN

Hey, you mixed it up a little bit. Usually people say "Give me the mask," but you went with "I want the mask."

THE RANCHER

Do you know who I am?

CINDY

You're the Rancher.

JOHN

I was gonna guess "the Rancher", too.

THE RANCHER

I own this town, and several others just like it, along with most of the land in between. Government says I can't own the Indian reservation. Doesn't matter, it was worthless anyway - until the Chief built his casino.

JOHN

See, whether you're rich or poor - we all have problems. Thank you, this has been very enlightening.

CINDY

Uncle John, you should probably shut up about now.

THE RANCHER

Smart girl. I'd listen to her if I were you.

JOHN

Continue.

THE RANCHER

This warrior mask is where the Apache gain all their power. When it was lost in battle with the US Cavalry, they were defeated and forced to live as drunks on their reservation. When it was found, they became powerful again and built their casino.

JOHN

Interestingly, I've heard this story before...from the Indians. Of course, not with the same colorful descriptions you've added.

THE RANCHER

But I bet you don't know the best part. The Apache don't make warrior masks. Hopi do.

JOHN

Who?

CINDY

Hopi. They're another tribe. Not many of them left.

THE RANCHER

Which means that the Chief's tribe originally stole the mask from some other tribe. And now, like all good European "White Men", we're gonna take it from them.

JOHN

Greed.

THE RANCHER

What?

JOHN

Nothing.

THE RANCHER

Don't feel too bad for the Savages. They'll kill for that mask. When they lost it the first time, they killed a whole family just to get it back.

CUT TO:

57 EXT. RANCH HOUSE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

57

We're back in the old ranch house. The images are once again sepia-toned, but no longer "quick-cut". The blond-haired RANCH HAND "guarding" the wooden door holds a rifle casually in his hands.

CUT TO:

58 INT. RANCH HOUSE - SAME (FLASHBACK)

58

Young FATHER, young MOTHER and young BOY are gathered around a dusty table examining...THE MASK. The OLD INDIAN WOMAN looks on with great interest as the boy delicately cleans the mask with a little brush. The Father guides him through the process.

FATHER

(guiding)

Gently...Careful...It's very old.
Good. Just like that.

A MIDDLE-AGED RANCH HAND, holding a rifle over his shoulder, slowly paces as he waits off to the side.

OLD INDIAN WOMAN

(to Father)

How did you find it?

FATHER

You wouldn't believe me if I told you.

MOTHER

His new boss sent him out there looking for old war artifacts...and he finds this.

MIDDLE-AGED RANCH HAND

We should be going soon.

FATHER

All right, let's wrap it up.

Father wraps the mask in the protective cloth it's lying on. He looks to the boy.

FATHER (CONT'D)

You did great, son.

He rubs the smiling little boy's head.

CUT TO:

59 EXT. RANCH HOUSE - SAME (FLASHBACK) 59

The blond-haired Ranch Hand continues "to guard".

ANOTHER ANGLE

Several NATIVE AMERICANS, armed with rifles, advance quickly and quietly towards the house and the "guard". We saw quick snippets of these images in the earlier flashback.

60 INT. RANCH HOUSE - SAME (FLASHBACK) 60

Suddenly, a RIFLE SHOT is heard outside...followed by three more shots. All inside react fearfully, except for the Middle-Aged Ranch Hand.

MIDDLE-AGED RANCH HAND

Stay here!

The Family is scared as the Middle-Aged Ranch Hand readies his rifle and rushes for the front door. Father hands Mother the wrapped mask to put in her pack.

61 EXT. RANCH HOUSE - CONTINUOUS (FLASHBACK) 61

The Middle-Aged Ranch Hand exits with his rifle leading the way. The blond-haired Ranch Hand lies dead at his feet. The Native Americans can be seen advancing forward and taking up covered positions.

In a repeat but now complete view of some of the images from the earlier flashback...the Middle-Aged Ranch Hand takes a few steps forward and FIRES.

The bullet blasts into a rock one of the Native Americans is taking cover behind.

The Native Americans return fire, SHOOTING the Middle-Aged Ranch Hand down dead.

62 INT. RANCH HOUSE - SAME (FLASHBACK) 62

Huddled inside in fear, the family waits. Mother still holds the pack, while the Old Indian Woman stands off to the side. The young boy clutches at his Father's leg.

FATHER

Get behind me.

From outside, they can hear that the Native Americans are moving close. The young boy is moved to the Old Woman, who holds him tightly.

Father tries to be brave, and pulls out an old revolver from the drawer. He lovingly looks to his son, and then to his wife, before he shakily aims the revolver at the door.

63 EXT. RANCH HOUSE - SAME (FLASHBACK)

63

The Native Americans, rifles at the ready, are at the door. Together, they kick it open and charge inside. We hear Mother SCREAM. The scream is immediately followed by the sounds of several RIFLE SHOTS. And then all is silent.

CUT TO:

64 INT. RANCH HOUSE - LATER (FLASHBACK)

64

The Native Americans stand at attention by the door as THE CHIEF enters. The Old Indian Woman is still alive, though her dress has been splattered with blood. Her stoic face is betrayed by a single tear as she stands off to the corner of the room.

In a repeat of some of the images from the earlier flashback - we watch as the Chief's old boots walk slowly past the dead bodies...to the backpack lying on the dusty floor. We now recognize the first body to be that of Father, and the second to be that of Mother.

Reaching down, the Chief pulls out the APACHE WARRIOR MASK from the pack. As he unwraps it, a sense of relief and strength washes over him, along with a hint of a smile.

The Old Indian Woman watches intently. The Chief then turns to her.

THE CHIEF

(in Apache; subtitled)

She lives. Only the White Man
dies today.

65 EXT. RANCH HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER (FLASHBACK)

65

The Chief and his men triumphantly exit.

THE RANCHER (V.O.)

That family worked for me. Mother,
Father, little boy. All killed,
except for the Old Indian Woman.
Some sort of "Code of the Savages".

CUT BACK TO:

66 INT. WHITE STRETCH CADILLAC - BACK TO SCENE

66

The Rancher still has John and Cindy's attention.

CINDY

That's horrible.

JOHN

Where again did you say the father found the mask?

THE RANCHER

What does it matter? He found it, they killed 'em, the Chief got it. Without the mask, the whole Tribe would still be forced to work for me when they weren't too drunk to leave their cesspool of a reservation. But instead, they built their casino and now make even more money than I do.

JOHN

(putting it together)

So you hired the Elvises to steal the mask for yourself.

THE RANCHER

You exploit whatever weaknesses your enemy has. That casino is a fortress. Only Apache warriors and Elvis impersonators are allowed into the Chief's inner sanctum.

CINDY

So what happened?

THE RANCHER

I don't know. But that's why I have your Uncle John here.

(to John)

So Captain Smith, you and Pocahontas have until tomorrow to bring me the mask, or I'll cut off your head and hang it next to the other animals on my wall. Do we understand each other?

JOHN

Yes, sir.

CUT TO:

67 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - LATE AFTERNOON

67

The white stretch Cadillac drives up to Elvis' apartment building. Cindy gets out of the back. John is thrown out after her. The Cadillac pulls away, leaving them to realize where they've been dropped off.

JOHN

Back to where we started.

CINDY

He just threatened to cut off our heads.

JOHN

Mainly my head. He didn't specifically say your head.

CINDY

Thanks. I feel much better now. He won't kill me because of a technicality.

JOHN

Don't feel bad. There were plenty of other people today willing to kill you.

She gives him a look.

CINDY

How are we going to find that mask? All we know is that an Elvis has it.

JOHN

That's all we need to know.

He has her attention.

JOHN (CONT'D)

There were 5 Elvises...

FLASHBACK TO:

68 INT. INDIAN CASINO - PRIVATE ROOM - FLASHBACK

68

We're back at the Elvis poker game. John seems satisfied with his cards.

JOHN (V.O.)

...One of them stole the mask, and betrayed the others.

(MORE)

JOHN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 If you take me out of the equation,
 that leaves only 4.

Midget Elvis looks at his cards. His game is on.

JOHN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Midget Elvis - I mean Little Person
 Elvis - came after me looking for
 the mask. So we know it wasn't
 him.

Asian Elvis plays a hand. He looks pretty shady.

JOHN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Takashi, aka "Asian Elvis", also
 demanded the mask the moment he
 saw us. So it couldn't have been
 him either.

Gay Elvis is bluffing. He looks even shadier.

JOHN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 And before he got a tomahawk in
 the back, Takashi told us that
 Alan, aka "Gay Elvis", had been
 killed at the train station...

69 INT. BATHROOM - FLASHBACK

69

Gay Elvis lies dead and bloodied on the toilet in the
 last stall.

70 INT. INDIAN CASINO - PRIVATE ROOM - FLASHBACK

70

The poker game continues. Elvis Elvis holds his cards.
 Smug and confident, he knows he has the others beat.

JOHN (V.O.)
 ...Which leaves only the contest
 winner himself, "Elvis Elvis"...

CUT BACK TO:

71 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - BACK TO SCENE

71

JOHN
 ...Your neighbor.

CINDY
 I thought you're my neighbor.

JOHN
No, I'm your "uncle". I'm talking
about your real next door neighbor.

CINDY
Okay, so where is this "Elvis
Elvis"?

CUT TO:

72 EXT. DESERT - LATE AFTERNOON

72

Elvis Elvis stands on the roof of his car, looking out over a rock canyon. The black duffel bag rests next to him on top of the car. The scenery actually looks really beautiful with the setting sun against the rocks.

But Elvis doesn't find any of it enjoyable at all. The hood of his car is propped open, and there is empty desert in every direction. After a few more moments, Elvis jumps down from the roof and takes one last hopeless peek under the hood of his broken car.

Resigned to his fate, he grabs his duffel bag and steps back onto the highway. There is nothing in either direction. He starts walking.

CUT TO:

73 INT. ELVIS' APARTMENT - LATE AFTERNOON

73

The door has never been closed. John and Cindy slowly push it open and enter.

JOHN
So if I was an Elvis impersonator
contest winner, who had secretly
stolen a million dollar ancient
Apache Warrior Mask - where would
I be?

CINDY
Hopi.

JOHN
What?

CINDY
Ancient Hopi warrior mask.

JOHN
Right. I think I have an idea,
though. Still think we shouldn't
go to the Sheriffs?

CINDY

No. We need to find that mask,
save our heads, get rich, and live
happily ever after.

MIDGET ELVIS (O.S.)

I couldn't agree more.

They turn to see Midget Elvis standing on the sofa, a
gun in each hand, aimed directly at them. John and
Cindy quickly put their hands up.

JOHN

Midget Elvis.

MIDGET ELVIS

It's Little Person, asshole!

JOHN

Sorry.

MIDGET ELVIS

I knew you bitches would return to
the scene of the crime.

CINDY

Which crime is he talking about?

JOHN

I don't know. I can't keep track
anymore.

MIDGET ELVIS

It's a figure of speech, dickwad.
I meant you finally came back home.

JOHN

But I don't live here. And she
lives next door.

CINDY

(dryly)

Thanks.

Midget Elvis refers to the headshots of Gay Elvis,
Asian Elvis and himself taped to the wall.

MIDGET ELVIS

You're a sick, twisted bastard,
you know that? Having all of our
pictures taped to your wall...
jerking off to them at night.

CINDY
(to John)
That is pretty sick.

JOHN
What?

MIDGET ELVIS
It wasn't good enough to just steal the mask. No, you had to live out your perverted fantasies and kill all of us. You get off on that, don't you?

JOHN
What the hell are you talking about?

MIDGET ELVIS
First you killed Gay Elvis...in a bathroom stall no less. Then you killed Asian Elvis, by thrusting a hatchet into his back...

JOHN
It was actually a tomahawk. Apparently there's a difference.

MIDGET ELVIS
And now you're gonna try and kill me...Well, asswipe, it's not going to happen.

CINDY
Um, excuse me, in Uncle John's defense, he didn't kill any of those people. The Indian did. I think.

MIDGET ELVIS
Uncle John?
(to John)
So now you're screwing your niece? Damn! You are one perverted bastard.

JOHN
No, it's not like that. She's my neighbor. Well, not really my neighbor but-

MIDGET ELVIS
Shut the hell up.
(MORE)

MIDGET ELVIS (CONT'D)
(cocking both guns)
Now tell me where the mask is,
before I cut you both down to my
size.

THE BLONDE (O.S.)
Yes, tell us where the mask is.

They all turn. John does a double-take. Standing there coolly in the doorway is The Blonde. She casually holds one of her pistols at her side.

CINDY
Nice outfit.

THE BLONDE
Thank you.

MIDGET ELVIS
(to the Blonde)
Who the hell are you?

THE BLONDE
'Tis some visitor, I muttered,
tapping at my chamber door-some
late visitor entreating entrance-
This it is, and nothing more.

JOHN
Edgar Allen Poe?

THE BLONDE
An educated man. Then you're smart
enough to know who will be walking
out of here with that duffel bag.

MIDGET ELVIS
Did you just threaten me?

Midget Elvis aims his two guns straight at the Blonde. The Blonde doesn't react. Her weapon remains down at her side.

MIDGET ELVIS (CONT'D)
Because, bitch, this Midget will
fuck you up.

JOHN
Little Person.

MIDGET ELVIS
Whatever.

THE BLONDE

Oh, I've had about enough of this.

With lightning speed, the Blonde raises her pistol and FIRES at Midget Elvis. Midget Elvis dives for cover behind the couch.

Rolling acrobatically, Midget Elvis gets himself around the other side, and returns fire, BLASTING away at the Blonde with both guns.

THE BLONDE

calmly and smoothly turns back around the corner of the doorway for cover.

74 INT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS 74

As Midget Elvis' gunfire blows apart pieces of the door frame, the Blonde methodically pulls out HER second pistol. After a brief moment of quiet, she swings back around inside, her weapons leading the way.

75 INT. ELVIS' APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS 75

With both her pistols BLAZING, the Blonde reappears in the doorway. The couch is no cover for Midget Elvis as the Blonde's powerful pistols TEAR it apart. Midget Elvis is hit multiple times, and goes down.

The Blonde wastes no time and quickly advances forward. Jumping on top of the couch, she aims down at the fallen Midget Elvis and continues firing.

With her attention temporarily diverted, John and Cindy dart out the door behind her. The Blonde glances over her shoulder to catch a glimpse of them disappearing. But she is more interested in the now unguarded duffel bag. Jumping down from her perch, she quickly grabs it and slides it over.

Opening the bag, she discovers the expected...no mask is inside.

THE BLONDE

Hmm.

CUT TO:

76 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DUSK 76

John and Cindy run for their lives out of the building. John shouts to her...

JOHN

How many assassins are there in
this town?!

Suddenly, John runs into and is "clotheslined" by a
very big ARM. The blow stops John cold and sends him
sprawling down flat on his back.

The arm belongs to Sheriff Cowley. Sheriff Hutchins
stands not far behind. Both have their guns in hand.

HUTCHINS

Ouch. That looks like it really
hurt.

Cowley stands over John and stares down at him.

COWLEY

John Smith, I presume.

JOHN

(weak; gasping)

Yes?

Hutchins turns to see Cindy disappear around a corner.

COWLEY

We just heard gunshots. Are we
going to find another dead body up
there?

JOHN

Probably.

COWLEY

Imagine that. We follow the address
written on the hand of a dead Indian-

HUTCHINS

Native American.

Cowley gives him a look.

COWLEY

...Native American, who is lying
in a pool of blood next to another
dead...

(to Hutchins)

...Native American...

Hutchins smiles approvingly.

COWLEY (CONT'D)
(to John)
...In a car registered to you.

HUTCHINS
And then we find your credit card
lying on the body of a dead Elvis
impersonator-impersonator in a
train station bathroom.

COWLEY
And now here you are.

JOHN
I didn't kill anyone.

HUTCHINS
Who said you did?

COWLEY
(to John)
So upstairs, are we gonna find a
dead Elvis or a dead Indian?

HUTCHINS
Native American.

COWLEY
Whatever.

JOHN
Most likely an Elvis.

CUT TO:

77 INT. JAIL - NIGHT

77

John is pushed inside one of the two cells of the
Sheriffs' small jail. Cowley slams John's cell door
shut as Hutchins looks on.

JOHN
I'm telling you, you got the wrong
guy.

COWLEY
And who would the right guy be?

JOHN
Someone else.

COWLEY
I like that. "Someone else."

HUTCHINS

What about the girl you were with?

JOHN

She's not who you're looking for either. She's just the girl-next-door.

HUTCHINS

Next door to the apartment you say you don't live in?

JOHN

Right.

COWLEY

Okay, Mr. Smith, we're going to hold you in this cell for 12-

HUTCHINS

Make it 24.

COWLEY

(agreeing)

...For 24 hours. Let's see if anymore dead people show up.

JOHN

Ooh, that's not going to work for me. A lots going to happen in the next 12...24 hours.

COWLEY

Well, I'm sorry that jail is cutting into your busy schedule. But you could always tell us what's really going on and speed up the process.

JOHN

Native Americans, Cowboys, Elvis Impersonators, and Blonde Women are all trying to kill me.

COWLEY

Any particular reason?

JOHN

They don't like me?

HUTCHINS

I'm going to let you in on a little secret, John. We don't like you either.

COWLEY

See you in the morning.

Cowley and Hutchins smirk as they exit. John watches them go.

VIVIAN (O.S.)

None of the settlers liked the real John Smith either.

John turns. Sitting in the cell next to him is Vivian, the pretty woman from the casino who stole his wallet. He reacts.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)

Neither did the Indians. But they all needed him to survive.

JOHN

They all tried to kill him, too. You stole my wallet.

VIVIAN

Yeah, but it had no money in it.

JOHN

What are you doing in here anyway?

VIVIAN

Solicitation.

JOHN

You're a prostitute?

VIVIAN

(obvious)

Yes - John - I'm a prostitute.

(beat)

So what's the deal with this mask?

You know where it is?

JOHN

You, too? How do you know about it?

VIVIAN

Johns like to talk during sex.

JOHN

We didn't have sex.

VIVIAN

Not you...

CUT TO:

78 INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)

78

VIVIAN (V.O.)

...I was doing this guy named the
Cowboy.

An old hotel room. The blinds are semi-closed,
streaking the darkened room with lines of light. Still
wearing his hat and boots with spurs, the Cowboy is
energetically going at it with Vivian doggie-style (as
John once imagined sex with her would be like).

Mo unexpectedly rushes into the room.

MO

The Elvises stole the Chief's mask!

THE COWBOY

I'm a little busy right now, Mo.

MO

They haven't reported in.

The Cowboy stops mid-thrust and looks up.

MO (CONT'D)

The Rancher is asking for you.

THE COWBOY

Well, why didn't you say so?

The Cowboy's demeanor immediately changes as he abruptly
tosses Vivian to the side. Jumping up, he starts to
get dressed.

VIVIAN

That's it?

The Cowboy smiles. With his pants back on, he straps
on his six-shooters.

THE COWBOY

I have some Elvises to find.

(to Mo)

Pay the bitch.

Vivian is left alone in the bed.

CUT BACK TO:

79 INT. JAIL - NIGHT - BACK TO SCENE

79

VIVIAN

A few minutes later, the Sheriffs came and arrested me. At least somebody came.

JOHN

You would've had a better time with me.

VIVIAN

I like girls, John.

John can't compete with that. Vivian comments on his beaten face.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)

So what happened to your face? You weren't this ugly the last time I saw you.

JOHN

There's a lot of bad people out there.

VIVIAN

There's some in here, too. Aren't you a murderer?

JOHN

Funny. They found my credit card, that you stole, at one of the crime scenes.

VIVIAN

I'll make you a deal. I'll talk to the Sheriffs and get you off, no pun intended, if you tell me where the mask is.

John lies down to relax.

JOHN

Then it looks like you and I are going to be spending the night together after all...because right now, I don't know where it is.

VIVIAN

You were in that Elvis contest. You played poker with those guys.

John briefly glances one eye in her direction. She sure knows a lot.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)

I know you know something.

JOHN

Good night, my sweet love.

And John turns over to go to sleep. Vivian is frustrated.

VIVIAN

(to herself)

Men.

CUT TO:

80 EXT. THE DESERT TOWN - TIME ELAPSE - NIGHT TO DAY 80

In a rapid time elapse, the desert town - seen in a distant long shot - goes from night to day. A turtle walks quickly, and the merciless sun rises.

CUT TO:

81 EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - DAWN 81

In the distance, a familiar SILHOUETTED FIGURE makes his way down the desert highway. It's Elvis Elvis. Still carrying the black duffel bag, the determined Elvis has walked all night. A lone bead of sweat drips down the side of his face.

In a series of DISSOLVES, he walks closer to us.

CUT TO:

82 EXT. DESERT - DAY 82

SUPER-IMPOSED OVER VISUALS: "Today"... "Again"

A lizard looks around. A snake slithers through the dirt. With the hood still up, the young Deputy has found Elvis' abandoned car. He examines it closer.

CUT TO:

83 INT. JAIL - DAY 83

Vivian bides her time in her cell, while John is just waking up in his.

JOHN (V.O.)

I awoke feeling not too bad. True
I was in jail, and a whole bunch
of people were trying to kill me,
but somehow I felt today was going
to be better than yesterday.

Hutchins and Cowley enter.

COWLEY

Rise and shine, Mr. Smith.

JOHN (V.O.)

Or maybe not.

COWLEY

"The girl-next-door" posted your
bail.

JOHN

Don't I need to have been charged
with something first?

HUTCHINS

I'd stop talking if I were you.
We're letting you out.

Cowley unlocks John's cell door.

VIVIAN

It's called a "bribe".

HUTCHINS

Anything new you feel like telling
us this morning?

JOHN

(exiting the cell)

I couldn't get laid by a prostitute.
Do you know what that does to a
man's ego?

VIVIAN

I can tell you something new this
morning, Sheriffs.

She has their attention. Vivian moves to the front of
her cell as Cowley approaches her.

COWLEY

I'm listening.

Moving as close to him as possible, she caresses
Cowley's face through the bars.

VIVIAN
Will it get me outta here?

COWLEY
Depends what you tell us.

After letting her linger for a moment, Cowley removes her hand and slowly pushes it back to her side of the bars.

VIVIAN
The Chief's ancient Apache Warrior Mask was stolen by a bunch of Elvis impersonators.

She looks over at John.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)
And he knows where it is.

COWLEY
Really?

JOHN
I do not know.

John looks back at Vivian and mouths an angry "thank you." She smiles in return.

Over the Sheriffs' radios comes a call from the Deputy.

DEPUTY
(over radio)
Sheriffs, come in.

HUTCHINS
(into radio)
This is Sheriff Hutchins. Go ahead, Deputy.

DEPUTY
(from radio)
There's a broken-down car off Highway 18. Unregistered. No sign of the driver.

INTERCUT:

84 EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - DAY

84

The Deputy stands next to Elvis' abandoned car, peering under the opened hood.

DEPUTY
(continuing; into radio)
Has a cut water hose and a bone
dry radiator.

85 INT. JAIL

85

COWLEY
Who goes out into the desert without
checking their water level?

HUTCHINS
(into radio)
Anything in the vehicle?

86 EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY

86

The Deputy walks around to see inside the car. The
windows are down, and the opened glove compartment is
empty.

DEPUTY
(into radio)
The only thing is an Elvis trophy.

87 INT. JAIL

87

Everyone reacts.

HUTCHINS
(into radio)
Say again.

88 EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY

88

The Deputy admires Elvis' contest trophy sitting in
the backseat.

DEPUTY
(into radio)
A first-place Elvis impersonation
contest trophy. Pretty cool.

89 INT. JAIL

89

HUTCHINS
(into radio)
Keep me posted. Hutchins out.

VIVIAN
(to Cowley)
Told you.

Cowley looks at Vivian for a moment, before turning to exit with John and Hutchins.

COWLEY
Let's go, Mr. Smith.

VIVIAN
What about me?

COWLEY
When I get back, I'll let you blow me. Then we'll talk about it.

VIVIAN
Wow, Sheriff. You sure know how to make a girl feel warm and fuzzy inside.

Cowley callously smiles and winks at her.

JOHN
(to Vivian)
Bye, my love.

The group leaves Vivian in her cell. Once they are gone, however, a smile returns to her face...she has stolen the Sheriff's jail keys.

CUT TO:

90 EXT. DESERT BUS STATION - DAY

90

A familiar set of white leather boots wearily makes their way the final steps over to the single bus bench. Elvis finally sits, dropping his black duffel bag down next to him.

The middle of nowhere. An empty two lane highway. Desert in every direction. We've seen this exact scene before...

Pulling out a pack of cigarettes, followed by a lighter, Elvis lights up a smoke. He takes a long deep drag... one of those drags that makes everything all right.

And he sits alone on that bench in the middle of the desert...the highway empty. As the hot sun beats down, he starts to drift in and out of consciousness.

CUT TO:

91 EXT. SHERIFF STATION/JAIL - DAY

91

John exits the small station/jail and meets up with Cindy.

JOHN

Thanks for getting me out.

CINDY

It wasn't cheap. But I didn't want to have a jailbird for an uncle. What would the other kids say?

John smiles and kisses her on the forehead.

JOHN

Thank you. I owe you one.

She smiles back.

CINDY

So what's the plan?

JOHN

There's a plan?

CINDY

I hope so. The Rancher hired the Elvises to steal the mask. The Head Elvis screwed over the other Elvises, framed you, took the mask for himself, and is probably going to try and sell it to the highest bidder. Where do you think he is?

JOHN

Well, that is the million dollar question.

CINDY

Literally. You said you had an idea, though.

JOHN

I did?

CINDY

That's the last thing you said to me before blonde assassins started killing midget Elvises.

JOHN

Little person Elvises.

CINDY

Whatever.

But John is no longer listening. Across the street, he sees the College Kid "nonchalantly" watching him.

JOHN

Him again?!

John is about to cross to engage, but Cindy stops him.

CINDY

Stop. Remember what happened last time. I'll take care of this.

Unable to argue, John obeys and doesn't move. He watches as Cindy crosses the street and immediately gets into a heated conversation with the College Kid.

HUTCHINS (O.S.)

(to John)

Women.

John turns to see Sheriff Cowley and Sheriff Hutchins on either side of him.

COWLEY

"Wise men say only fools fall in love."

HUTCHINS

It's not "only fools fall in love."
It's "only fools rush in."

COWLEY

You're going to correct me on Elvis lyrics now?

HUTCHINS

Yep.

JOHN

Didn't she pay you guys off?

Cowley slaps John across the back of the head.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Ow.

COWLEY

Bribery is against the law, Mr. Smith.

HUTCHINS

We take "consulting fees".

Cowley and Hutchins "lead" John over to the Sheriff's car parked nearby.

COWLEY

You know that's her boyfriend,
don't you?

John reacts. Having sent the College Kid on his way, Cindy returns.

CINDY

Ex-boyfriend, thank you very much,
Sheriff.

Hutchins opens the back door to the Sheriff's car.

HUTCHINS

Ready to go?

JOHN

Where are we going?

HUTCHINS

You're going to help us find this
mask. I bet it's worth a good
amount of money.

CINDY

That wasn't part of the deal.

COWLEY

We're changing the deal.

(to John)

I'm assuming you don't mind sitting
in the back.

JOHN

Do I have a choice?

Cowley roughly "helps" John get into the back seat -
behind the bars where criminals sit.

CINDY

I could get you guys in a lot of
trouble.

HUTCHINS

Ooh. Tell it to the Sheriffs.

COWLEY

You coming?

Angry, but without options, Cindy gets in next to John. Cowley slams the door shut behind her.

CUT TO:

92 INT. SHERIFFS' CAR - CONTINUOUS

92

Cowley and Hutchins get into the front seat as John and Cindy sit behind the bars in the back seat.

CINDY

(to John)

Sorry.

JOHN

Don't worry about it. Why's your ex-boyfriend following me?

CINDY

He's not following you. He's following me.

(loud)

But the Sheriffs won't do anything about it.

JOHN

Then what was he doing at the casino? That was before I even met you.

CINDY

He has a gambling problem. That's why we broke up.

COWLEY

(to John)

"She said she was high-classed, but that was just a lie."

(to Hutchins)

See, I got that lyric correct.

HUTCHINS

(shaking his head)

You're a genius.

(to John)

Where are we headed, Mr. Smith?

JOHN

We're looking for the driver of that car your Deputy found on Highway 18.

COWLEY
(to Hutchins)
If he didn't die of heat stroke,
there's only one place he could be.

CUT TO:

93 EXT. DESERT BUS STATION - DAY

93

We're back to the familiar scene. Elvis still sits alone, semiconscious, on that bus bench in the middle of the desert...the middle of nowhere. Finally...

The BUS arrives. It pulls up right in front of him. The bus doors open as Elvis gathers his strength and stands. Grabbing his bag, he moves to enter as the Bus Driver exits - but this time we recognize that the Driver is, in fact, the COLLEGE KID wearing a bus driver's uniform.

COLLEGE KID
(holding up a roll of
toilet paper)
Be right back.

Seeming to not notice or care about his attire, the College Kid walks past him. Elvis barely hesitates himself - before climbing aboard.

CUT TO:

94 INT. BUS - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

94

And Elvis is onboard. As before, the bus is completely empty. Elvis grabs the Driver's water bottle and makes his way to the back. Placing the black duffel bag down on the seat, he heavily sits next to it. He's made it.

CUT TO:

95 EXT. DESERT BUS STATION - DAY

95

A pair of black leather high-heeled boots stride confidently towards the bus. We've seen this before as well as the camera makes its way up the back of the Blonde. The two pistols tucked in the back of her catsuit are still just as menacing.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Behind some brush, the College Kid crouches down a little ways away, pretending to be "doing his business".

Talking on a satellite phone, he stops mid-sentence as he sees the Blonde walk to the bus and climb aboard.

COLLEGE KID

(into phone)

I think you guys better get here pretty fast. There's another player in town.

CUT TO:

96 INT. BUS - DAY

96

The Blonde, with her leg stretched provocatively onto the seat in front of her, is already in position.

THE BLONDE

..."That was the reason as all men know, In this kingdom by the sea - That the wind came out of the cloud by night, Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee."

ELVIS sits in the back of the bus. He subtly moves his hand inside the black duffel bag resting next to him...and silently slides out a sawed-off shotgun.

THE BLONDE (CONT'D)

Wrong answer.

And with that, the Blonde quickly pulls out the two pistols from behind her back...

Elvis swings around and aims the shotgun.

But the Blonde is faster. FIRING rapidly and multiple times, her bullets BLAST straight through the bus seat in front of Elvis, RIPPING into him. Continuing to fire, she advances until Elvis slumps over.

With all quiet, the Blonde moves to his seat. The mortally wounded Elvis is smiling...even slightly laughing.

THE BLONDE (CONT'D)

What's so funny?

She leans down, and he whispers something in her ear. The Blonde seems to enjoy what she hears. And Elvis dies.

With her opponent vanquished, she grabs the black duffel bag. Opening it, she looks inside. Now the Blonde gleefully smiles.

CUT TO:

97 EXT. DESERT BUS STATION - DAY

97

The Blonde, now carrying the black duffel bag, strides confidently away.

THE BLONDE

Elvis has left the building.

Her now familiar pair of black leather high-heeled boots continue walking away from the bus and out into the brush. She stops in front of the College Kid, who has miserably attempted to hide. He still holds the satellite phone.

Out of his league, the College Kid looks up at the Blonde. He's scared, but is desperately trying not to show it.

THE BLONDE

"For the moon never beams without
bringing me dreams of the beautiful
Annabel Lee."

COLLEGE KID

What?

THE BLONDE

Nice satellite phone.

COLLEGE KID

Cells don't work out here.

THE BLONDE

Interesting. Did you just call
the Rancher...or the Chief?

COLLEGE KID

(after a pause)

Both.

THE BLONDE

Really?

COLLEGE KID

I work for the Rancher, but I owe
money to the Chief.

THE BLONDE
Playing both sides. I like that.
Well, give them a message for me.

The Blonde raises her gun. BANG!

CUT TO BLACK:

98 EXT. DESERT BUS STATION - LATER

98

Vultures are circling over head. A big new monster pick-up truck is now parked on one side of the motionless bus.

The Sheriffs' car has recently arrived on the other. Hutchins and Cowley, both holding shotguns, march John and Cindy forward.

JOHN
(to Cindy)
Don't I take you to the best places.

CINDY
What ever happened to dinner and a movie?

HUTCHINS
Shut up.

Hutchins and Cowley get a better view of things.

COWLEY
(to Hutchins)
Looks like the Cowboy is already here.

JOHN
The Cowboy? He's the one who shot at us yesterday.

HUTCHINS
Did he hit you?

JOHN
No.

HUTCHINS
Too bad.

COWLEY
(shouting to the bus)
This is the Sheriffs! Come on out of there, boys!

After a moment, Mo - holding a gun at his side - slowly exits the bus.

MO

Sheriffs. What can we do for you?

COWLEY

We're here for the mask, Mo.

The Cowboy exits the bus next to Mo. Both his six-shooters are holstered.

THE COWBOY

Well, aren't we all.

HUTCHINS

Is Elvis in there?

THE COWBOY

Elvis is dead.

HUTCHINS

(pumping his shotgun)

Drop your guns and step away from the bus!

Mo quickly complies. The Cowboy, however, doesn't move.

JOHN

(to Cowley)

Told you I didn't kill the Elvises.

COWLEY

Shut up.

THE COWBOY

(to Cowley)

Sheriff Cowley...the Rancher pays you nicely. I'd advise you to take that other Sheriff, get in your car, and leave here until we say you can come back.

COWLEY

Yeah, about that. This mask seems to be pretty valuable. I think we're going to be renegotiating my contract.

THE COWBOY

(referring to Hutchins)

He works for the Chief.

HUTCHINS

We work for whoever is willing to
pay us the most for that mask.

COWLEY

Think of it like there's two new
Sheriffs in town. And they're
even greedier than the last ones.
So like "that other Sheriff" said...
(pumping his shotgun)
...Drop the guns and step away
from the bus.

The Cowboy considers this most unfortunate turn of
events.

HUTCHINS

(smiling)

Be careful, Sheriff, I hear he's a
good shot.

Suddenly, the Cowboy QUICK-DRAWS and FIRES both his
six-shooters, simultaneously hitting both Sheriffs.
With a look of shock on their faces, the Sheriffs fall
over dead.

Stunned, John and Cindy react.

THE COWBOY

I'm also a quick draw.

The Cowboy twirls both weapons on his fingers and
reholsters them.

THE COWBOY (CONT'D)

This town wasn't big enough for
the both of them. Either of them.
Hell, any of them.

Mo starts laughing as he picks up his gun from the
ground. Armed again and threatening, Mo starts moving
towards a frightened John and Cindy.

MO

John Smith! The Rancher gave you
24 hours to get us the-

Suddenly, a flying TOMAHAWK hits Mo square in the
face...killing him instantly. Everyone quickly turns
to see the Indian...standing up from a camouflaged
position in the brush. A second tomahawk is in his
hand.

Gun-slinger-like, THE COWBOY and THE INDIAN stare each other down for a long moment before...

The Indian then makes a break for it. The Cowboy quickly draws his six-shooters and blasts away as the Indian rolls and dives behind the giant pick-up truck.

John and Cindy dive to the ground and cover their heads.

The Cowboy keeps firing as the Indian uses the pick-up to successfully leap frog his way to the other side of the bus. With his enemy now hidden, the Cowboy backs up a few steps, his eyes and guns searching every which way the Indian could pop out.

ON JOHN AND CINDY

Still prone, John and Cindy glance up at the situation. Cindy then eyes one of the dead Sheriffs lying nearby. She focuses in on his holstered pistol before turning to John.

CINDY

(to John)

We have to see what's on that bus.

JOHN

The situation's a little volatile right now, don't you think?

CINDY

Exactly.

Cindy unexpectedly jumps to her feet and runs straight for the bus.

JOHN

Cindy!

ANOTHER ANGLE

The Indian is still hidden, and the Cowboy is still aiming his six-shooters in every direction.

THE COWBOY

(calling out)

Cowboys against the Indians. Just like the old days. And we all know who won that fight.

The Cowboy's attention is momentarily diverted as Cindy runs past him and onto the bus. Just then, the Indian JUMPS down from the bus rooftop directly behind him!

But the Cowboy turns around a moment too late - as the Indian swings his tomahawk viciously into his gut. Face to face, the Indian stares into the Cowboy's disbelieving eyes.

THE INDIAN

Talk is cheap, White Man. Just like the old days.

As the dying Cowboy crumples to the ground, the Indian raises his tomahawk again, and brings it down hard.

CUT TO:

99 INT. BUS - SAME

99

Cindy is onboard, and hastily makes her way down the aisle. She soon finds Elvis' dead body sitting propped up in the back. Toilet paper is draped around him like in a beauty pageant...reading "Station 12". Across from him, propped up in the same way, sits the dead body of the College Kid. Toilet paper is draped on him as well..."Bring the money. Bring John Smith."

CUT TO:

100 EXT. DESERT BUS STATION - SAME

100

With the Cowboy dead, the Indian - bloodied tomahawk in hand - retrieves his second tomahawk from Mo's face.

John, still lying in the dirt, makes his move. Scrambling along the ground, he grabs for one of the Sheriff's shotguns. But as his hand reaches it, a BOOT steps down hard on it.

Grimacing in pain, John looks up to see MR. CROW - the Chief's right hand man - standing there.

MR. CROW

You seem to be just as difficult to kill as your namesake.

JOHN

(through the pain)

John Smith was sentenced to death three times - two by his own people - but was always spared at the last moment.

THE CHIEF himself walks up next to Mr. Crow.

THE CHIEF

(to John)

Do you think you are going to be
spared at the last moment?

As John reacts to the presence of the Chief, the Indian brings Cindy over by the scruff of the neck. Mr. Crow removes his boot from John's hand and picks up the shotgun himself.

MR. CROW

(to the Indian)

Kill him...and let's get the mask.

The Indian grips one of his two bloodied tomahawks as John cowers under him. Suddenly, Cindy throws her body on top of John.

CINDY

No, don't! You can't kill him!

They momentarily pause.

THE CHIEF

Why not?

JOHN

(to Cindy)

Just like Pocahontas. You're not
eleven, are you?

CINDY

(to the Chief)

Because if you want your mask back,
you have to bring him...along with
the money.

JOHN

Okay - a little twist on Pocahontas.

THE INDIAN

(to the Chief)

She's right. That's what it says
on the bus.

The Chief reluctantly agrees - and gives the signal to spare John's life. Relieved, Cindy stands as the Indian picks John up from the ground with one hand and drops him on his feet.

Mr. Crow is not happy. John, however, is all smiles.

JOHN

Thanks, Chief. You made the right choice.

MR. CROW

Where are we headed then?

CINDY

Station 12.

CUT TO:

101 INT. BUS - FLASHBACK

101

QUICK-IMAGE...the toilet paper draped around dead Elvis reads "Station 12".

CUT TO:

102 EXT. DESERT TERRAIN - DAY

102

The Indian marches John and Cindy through the rocky desert terrain. Mr. Crow, holding the Sheriff's shotgun, walks behind them with the Chief. The Chief carries a briefcase...presumably filled with money.

JOHN (V.O.)

Station 12 was an Old West outpost on the border of the Chief's reservation. It was once Native American land, the site of a long-forgotten skirmish between the Tribe and the US Cavalry. To keep the peace, no one was supposed to go there.

JOHN

(to Mr. Crow)

I really appreciate you not killing me earlier.

MR. CROW

You can thank your girl-next-door for that.

JOHN

(to Cindy)

Thank you again, by the way.

CINDY

The Rancher also wants him dead.

THE INDIAN

Maybe the Rancher isn't so bad
after all.

Mr. Crow cracks a small smile.

JOHN

(to Mr. Crow)

But being Native American, doesn't
everyone wanting me dead just tug
at your very soul?

MR. CROW

Indian.

JOHN

Excuse me?

MR. CROW

I'm an Indian.

JOHN

But I thought you guys wanted to
be called Native-

MR. CROW

No moron, I'm from India. The
Chief and his casino are equal
opportunity employers. Not everyone
is a racist White Man like you.

JOHN

Didn't see that one coming.

THE CHIEF

We're here.

103 EXT. RANCH HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

103

They ALL stop. THE RANCHER, a rifle resting in his
hands, stands nearby. A briefcase is at his feet,
similar to the one the Chief is carrying. Not far in
front of them is the old ranch house. It doesn't look
much different than it did in the sepia-toned
flashbacks.

THE RANCHER

Glad you boys all could make it.
Bet you never thought you'd be
back here, Chief.

With centuries of animosity built up, the Chief and
the Rancher glare at one another. Mr. Crow aims the
shotgun in the Rancher's direction.

MR. CROW
(to the Chief)
I could kill him right now. End
this war once and for all.

The Rancher's rifle is pointed right back at Mr. Crow.

THE RANCHER
I wouldn't advise that. I'm a
pretty good shot.

The Indian fingers his tomahawks.

THE INDIAN
So was the Cowboy.

MR. CROW
You're out-numbered, Rancher.

CINDY
Not exactly.

They turn to see Cindy holding a gun to the Chief's
head.

JOHN
Cindy, where'd you get that?

CINDY
I took it from the Sheriff. Just
like the Indian did.

THE INDIAN
Which Indian?

CINDY
The one from India.

MR. CROW
Oh.

JOHN
(to Cindy)
You don't need to do this.
Everything's going to be all right.

CINDY
Yes, it is. Choose your side,
Uncle.

JOHN
Pocahontas would never hurt her
father, Chief Powhatan.

CINDY
But I'm not the Chief's daughter.
I'm the Rancher's.

THE RANCHER
(smiling)
That's my girl.

John is shocked.

JOHN
I thought you were the girl-next-door.

CINDY
You don't even live there. And
neither do I.

JOHN
So your ex-boyfriend really was
following me?

CINDY
Of course he was. How do you think
I found you in that apartment?

JOHN
Well, I'll be a monkey's uncle.

THE BLONDE (O.S.)
"And neither the angels in heaven
above, nor the demons down under
the sea, can ever dissever my soul
from the soul of the beautiful
Annabel Lee."

They all turn to see the Blonde leaning enticingly in
the open doorway of the old ranch house. Though she
holds both pistols in her hands, they are not aimed at
anyone in particular.

THE BLONDE (CONT'D)
(to all)
Now everyone drop the guns, or no
one gets anything. You can all
kill each other later.

There is a long pause. Mr. Crow looks to the Chief
for approval before finally lowering his shotgun and
tossing it down in front of him. The Rancher then
drops his rifle as well.

Reluctantly, Cindy tosses her gun away before walking
over to stand by the Rancher.

THE BLONDE (CONT'D)

Good. Now I assume you both brought the money.

The Rancher picks up his briefcase and shows it to her.

THE RANCHER

One million dollars.

The Chief hands his briefcase to Mr. Crow, who holds it up to her as well.

MR. CROW

One million dollars. How do we know you have what you say you have?

THE BLONDE

I have it. Money equals the mask. You all should know that by now.

THE RANCHER

So who are you going to sell it to?

THE BLONDE

Send John Smith in here with all the money, and then we'll see which side wants it the most.

The Blonde turns around and walks inside the ranch house.

THE INDIAN

I got a better idea.

Suddenly charging forward, the Indian pulls out one of his tomahawks.

INTERCUT:

104 INT. RANCH HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

104

IN SLOW-MOTION - The Indian's TOMAHAWK hurtles through the air and open door straight at the Blonde's back. At the last possible second, the Blonde just barely turns in time and ducks the flying weapon.

END SLOW-MOTION - As the tomahawk narrowly misses her, it slams hard into the far wall.

In an acrobatic tumble, THE BLONDE immediately swings back around with both her pistols BLAZING.

105 EXT. RANCH HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

105

The bullets BLAST out of the ranch house as the Indian barrels his way up to the side of the open door. With the Blonde's gun fire SPRAYING everywhere, John, the Rancher, Cindy, the Chief and Mr. Crow all hit the dirt.

Sensing an opportunity, the Indian grips his second tomahawk, and charges inside.

106 INT. RANCH HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

106

But the Blonde is back on her feet. Immediately upon entering, though, the Indian SWINGS his tomahawk. She narrowly ducks the blow. He SWINGS again. Again she ducks.

The Blonde then counters with an attack of her own...a KICK to the groin. As the Indian is hit, she whips one of her pistols around to fire. But before she can pull the trigger, the Indian deflects her wrist, causing the weapon to FIRE off to the side. The Blonde quickly swings her second pistol around, but again the Indian deflects it and the weapon FIRES off to the other side.

With both her wrists grabbed by the Indian, he knows he has her beat.

But the Blonde has one last trick to play. Judo rolling onto her back, she FLIPS the Indian with her feet and THROWS him. As the Indian CRASHES into some old furniture and lands sprawled out in the corner, the Blonde turns to face him. And smiles.

107 EXT. RANCH HOUSE - SAME

107

Two GUNSHOTS are heard from inside the ranch house. And then all is quiet.

Everyone outside remains lying on the ground - waiting with bated breath. A moment passes...before the Blonde calmly and coolly reenters the open doorway. The only imperfection is a small dirt smudge on her chin - which she instantly wipes away.

THE BLONDE

As I was saying, give John Smith the money, and I will give him the mask. The rest of you, don't bother getting up.

Standing and brushing himself off, John takes a deep breath and moves to Mr. Crow and the Chief.

The Chief stares at him with steely eyes. Not happy at all, Mr. Crow gives John the briefcase of money. John kicks his shotgun even farther away.

John then walks over to the Rancher and Cindy.

THE RANCHER

Head on my wall.

Not at all happy either, the Rancher gives John his briefcase of money as well. A self-assured Cindy looks up at him.

CINDY

Sorry, John.

JOHN

(betrayed)

Me, too.

John kicks the Rancher's rifle farther away as well. Now carrying both briefcases, John walks to the ranch house. The place seems to have an effect on him.

MR. CROW

(to the Blonde)

Why him?

THE BLONDE

Captain John Smith was friend and foe of Native Americans and White Men alike. Sentenced to death by both. Killed by neither. I thought it would be poetic.

CINDY

Are you serious?

THE BLONDE

No.

The Blonde disappears back inside. John enters after her.

CUT TO:

108 INT. RANCH HOUSE - SAME

108

Inside, John looks around, taking it all in. The dead Indian lies in the corner.

The Blonde comes straight up to him, and kisses him deep on the lips.

JOHN

You never dressed like this when we were together.

THE BLONDE

You never turned me on enough.

JOHN

Ouch. Hello, Annabel.

THE BLONDE

Hello, Lee.

They bring the two briefcases over to the old table...the same table the family huddled around in the sepia-toned flashbacks. One million dollars cash in each.

JOHN

I thought you weren't interested in any of this. Being in love with your doctor and all.

THE BLONDE

That's a lot of money. And she isn't a doctor.

JOHN

She?

The Blonde smiles. And refers John to Elvis' black duffel bag resting on the floor. His pack of cigarettes even sits on top.

THE BLONDE

Everything the Elvis had is in that bag.

JOHN

You once said history would be written without me.

THE BLONDE

And I was right.

JOHN

Still, you could of told me you were coming.

THE BLONDE

But what fun would that have been?

She offers John one of her pistols. He refuses to take it.

JOHN

You know how I feel about guns.

THE BLONDE

Suit yourself.

JOHN

What are you going to tell them?

THE BLONDE

"Nevermore."

CUT TO:

109 EXT. RANCH HOUSE - DAY

109

John, wearing Elvis' sunglasses and acting cool, appears in the open doorway. The Chief, Mr. Crow, the Rancher and Cindy still all lie on the ground. They can't believe their eyes.

John leans up against the door frame and lights one of Elvis' cigarettes. He coughs. Oh yeah, he doesn't smoke. He quickly tosses it away.

THE RANCHER

What are you waiting for?

JOHN

Nothing. I'm enjoying seeing all of you lying in the dirt.

THE RANCHER

I'm gonna kill you.

MR. CROW

Not if we do it first.

JOHN

I've been dead before.

John removes the sunglasses...

JOHN (CONT'D)

Thirty years ago, Chief, your men killed my entire family here...

FLASHBACK TO:

110 INT. RANCH HOUSE - FLASHBACK

110

The sepia-toned past again. Individual shots and images. The young Father, Mother and little Boy around the table.

JOHN (V.O.)

...The Rancher had sent them to a place no one was supposed to go - the burial ground of a battle your Tribe had with the US Cavalry. Just like the Rancher guessed, my family found the Warrior Mask...

The Father guides the little boy in delicately cleaning THE MASK.

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

...And also just like the Rancher guessed, the Chief ordered them killed for breaking the peace and desecrating the ground...

MORE QUICK IMAGES. The family huddles in fear. The Old Indian Woman holds the little boy tightly. The Native American warriors kick open the door, rifles aimed. Father meekly tries to defend with the revolver.

Mother SCREAMS.

The Native American warriors FIRE.

CUT BACK TO:

111 EXT. RANCH HOUSE - BACK TO SCENE

111

JOHN

...My family didn't know where they had been sent...or that they were pawns in a centuries old fight.

THE RANCHER

You couldn't be part of that family. The Indians killed all of them.

JOHN

The Native Americans killed all of them...except for a little boy. Who was saved by another Native American - my father's Hopi guide...

FLASHBACK TO:

112 INT. RANCH HOUSE - FLASHBACK

112

Huddled inside in fear, the FAMILY waits for the inevitable. The little boy clutches at his Father's leg.

From outside, they can hear that the Native American warriors are moving close. The little boy is moved to the Old Indian Woman, who holds him tightly.

Father tries to be brave, and pulls out an old revolver from the drawer. He lovingly looks to his wife, and then to the little boy.

FATHER

I love you, son.

The Old Indian Woman then springs into action. She opens a trap door in the corner, and quickly lowers the little boy inside.

OLD INDIAN WOMAN

(to the little boy)

Go to the highway. Wait for me there.

LITTLE BOY

No!

She slams the trap door shut.

CUT BACK TO:

113 EXT. RANCH HOUSE - BACK TO SCENE

113

JOHN

(to the Rancher)

They were student archaeologists sent unknowingly to do your dirty work.

The Rancher is temporarily silenced. Just then, in the distance, a DIRT BIKE speeds towards them. EVERYONE turns to look as the RIDER, dressed all in black and wearing a full-faced helmet, steers the bike to stop not far behind the Chief, Mr. Crow, the Rancher and Cindy.

The Blonde, carrying the Rancher's briefcase of money in one hand and her pistol in the other, strides out of the Ranch House.

THE BLONDE

That's my ride. Gotta go.

JOHN

Who is that?

The Blonde just smiles as she passes John.

THE BLONDE

We'll leave you a present at the car.

The Chief stands as the Blonde gets onto the back of the dirt bike. The rider removes her helmet...it's VIVIAN.

JOHN

Her?!

Vivian and the Blonde passionately kiss. John, along with everyone else, just stares. Vivian smiles at him.

THE CHIEF

(to the Blonde)

Where is my mask?

THE BLONDE

Your mask, Chief? Elvis destroyed it.

The Chief reacts. The Rancher jumps to his feet.

THE RANCHER

What?!

FLASHBACK TO:

114 INT. BUS - FLASHBACK

114

We're back on the bus. Elvis has been shot by the Blonde. The Blonde moves to his seat. The mortally wounded Elvis is smiling...even slightly laughing.

THE BLONDE

What's so funny?

She leans down, and he whispers something in her ear. This time, we hear what he says...

ELVIS

(whispering)

The mask is gone. I threw it off a cliff.

115 EXT. DESERT - FLASHBACK

115

Individual shots now. Elvis stands on the roof of his broken-down car, looking out over the rock canyon. He admires THE MASK in his hands. And then he THROWS IT...off the cliff!

Resigned to his fate, he grabs his black duffel bag and starts walking.

CUT BACK TO:

116 EXT. RANCH HOUSE - BACK TO SCENE

116

The Rancher, Cindy, Mr. Crow and the Chief still can't believe what they are hearing.

THE BLONDE

I guess he thought if he wasn't going to get paid for it, no one should. But don't feel too bad, Chief...

She holds up the Rancher's briefcase of money.

THE BLONDE (CONT'D)

...The Rancher's covering this one.

JOHN

(to the Chief)

Greedy white men screwed over your Tribe for a very long time. And for thirty years, you've been able to do a little screwing back. You're just going to have to do it now without an ancient Apache Warrior Mask.

The Chief stares sternly at John.

JOHN (CONT'D)

And I'm taking the other briefcase for what happened to my family.

THE RANCHER

(to the Blonde)

This isn't over.

THE BLONDE

(displaying her pistol)

Be nice. I'd hate to have to come back here.

The Blonde and Vivian smile wickedly at John before speeding off on the dirt bike. The Chief and the Rancher can only watch them go.

Mr. Crow and Cindy get to their feet and immediately turn to the ranch house. But John has disappeared back inside.

Taking it all in, the Chief suddenly cracks his first smile in thirty years. That smile then turns into a laugh. A hearty laugh. Confused, the others look at him.

THE RANCHER

What's so funny, Chief?

THE CHIEF

(understanding)

...Greed.

And the Chief just keeps laughing. And starts walking back the way he came.

MR. CROW

(to the Chief)

What about the money? And John Smith?

But the Chief keeps walking.

CINDY

There's still a million dollars in there.

Cindy and Mr. Crow both look to one another, before quickly grabbing their weapons. Thinking the same thing, they rush to the ranch house.

CUT TO:

117 INT. RANCH HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

117

Hurrying inside with their weapons, Cindy and Mr. Crow find...nothing. There is no money, and there is no John Smith. Only the dead body of the Indian in the corner, and the Chief's open briefcase sitting on the table...empty.

CUT TO:

118 EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - DAY

118

John walks alone down the deserted highway. The black duffel bag is in his hands.

JOHN (V.O.)

So really, it was the White Man
versus the White Man versus the
Indians versus the Indians...

FLASHBACK TO:

119 INT. INDIAN CASINO - PRIVATE ROOM - FLASHBACK

119

We're back at the poker game...where John and the Elvis Impersonators play in the casino's plush private room.

JOHN (V.O.)

...The Elvises were there at the casino to steal the mask. Given the Chief's love for the King, they had even been given a private room right down the hall from the Chief's office...

The big hand happens where Elvis Elvis beats everyone with "four kings."

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

...So after doing some hard-core losing, I excused myself...

The Elvises mock John as he excuses himself from the table.

FLASHBACK TO:

120 INT. INDIAN CASINO - THE CHIEF'S OFFICE - FLASHBACK

120

It's late. The Chief's executive office is only minimally lit.

JOHN (V.O.)

...and took care of business...

John carefully removes THE MASK off the wall.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Elvis, Midget Elvis, Asian Elvis and Gay Elvis - all armed and carrying duffel bags - enter the office. The mask is gone...only an empty spot on the wall remains. John is nowhere to be seen either.

MIDGET ELVIS

Where the hell is it?

ELVIS

We've been setup boys. Every man for himself.

Realizing the situation is bad, the Elvises ready their weapons and quickly pull back out of the room. But as they exit, Elvis pauses...and looks back inside.

JOHN (V.O.)
 ...But only an Elvis contest winner
 could walk out of that casino
 unscathed...

With the other impersonators gone, Elvis cautiously approaches the Chief's desk - his sawed-off shotgun leading the way. Peering over the desk, he sees John hiding behind it - holding THE MASK.

Aiming the shotgun, Elvis smiles.

ELVIS
 Sorry, John. There can be only
 one first-place winner.

And with that, Elvis KNOCKS HIM OUT with the shotgun.

FLASHBACK TO:

121 INT. INDIAN CASINO - PRIVATE ROOM - FLASHBACK 121

John awakes, alone, with his head on the poker table. The ALARM is blaring out in the hall, and the SOUNDS of people running can be heard.

He looks up just as hears the door being kicked open.

FLASHBACK TO:

122 EXT. INDIAN CASINO - DAY - FLASHBACK 122

JOHN (V.O.)
 ...Though if you're gonna call an
 all-in bet, you better make sure
 you're holding all the cards.

In the casino parking lot, John cuts the water hose on Elvis' car. Water slowly starts to drip out.

CUT BACK TO:

123 EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - BACK TO SCENE 123

John continues walking with the black duffel bag down the deserted highway. A bus comes driving along, and stops for him. The doors open, and John enters.

CUT TO:

124 INT. BUS - (CONTINUOUS) 124

Driving the empty bus is the OLD INDIAN WOMAN. He smiles at her and takes a seat.

As the bus continues on, John opens the duffel bag and pulls out...THE MASK.

JOHN (V.O.)
And of course Elvis didn't destroy
the mask...

FLASHBACK TO:

125 EXT. DESERT - FLASHBACK

125

INDIVIDUAL SHOTS again of Elvis standing on the roof of his broken-down car looking out over the rock canyon. He admires THE MASK in his hands.

JOHN (V.O.)
...I can't believe they fell for
that...

He doesn't throw it anywhere...he instead puts it back inside his black duffel bag.

Elvis grabs the bag and starts walking.

JOHN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
...Well, actually I can. My ex,
"Annabel", can be a pretty good
liar...

FLASHBACK TO:

126 INT. BUS - FLASHBACK

126

FASTER CUTS THAN BEFORE. Having shot down Elvis, the Blonde moves to his seat. The mortally wounded Elvis is slumped over smiling...even slightly laughing.

THE BLONDE
What's so funny?

She leans down, and he whispers something in her ear. This time, we hear what he really said...

ELVIS
(whispering)
Elvis has left the building.

The Blonde seems to enjoy the comment. With her opponent vanquished, she grabs the black duffel bag. Opening it, she sees THE MASK inside. Now the Blonde gleefully smiles.

JOHN (V.O.)
...She left me for a doctor? Yeah,
if by "doctor" you mean lesbian
prostitute...

FLASHBACK TO:

127 INT. INDIAN CASINO - BAR - FLASHBACK

127

As they sit at the bar, Vivian slips the oblivious John's wallet out of his jacket pocket.

Vivian has a devilish half-smile on her face as she leaves the confused and disappointed John behind.

FLASHBACK TO:

128 INT. BATHROOM - FLASHBACK

128

JOHN (V.O.)
(dryly)
...And they both always had my
best interests in mind.

The Blonde, holding John's wallet, pulls out his credit card and tosses it nonchalantly into the stall on top of Gay Elvis' dead body.

CUT TO:

129 EXT. DESERT - DAY

129

The bus drops John off near Elvis' broken-down car. He exits carrying the black duffel bag.

JOHN (V.O.)
But Annabel did leave me a present.

The hood is still up on the car. But a couple of water gallon bottles - each adorned with a red bow - await him on the rooftop.

JOHN finishes patching the car's water hose. He then pours fresh water into the radiator.

JOHN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
The Rancher was right about one thing. It wasn't an Apache Warrior Mask that was stolen...

CUT TO:

130 INT. BUS - DAY

130

The Old Indian Woman is smiling as she drives the empty bus. THE MASK rests next to her on the dash.

JOHN (V.O.)
...It was an ancient Hopi Warrior
Mask. And it was the Hopi who
should get it back...

CUT TO:

131 INT. ELVIS' CAR - DAY

131

John tries to start the car. With the radiator filled with water, it works!

JOHN (V.O.)
...But being a greedy white man, I
did take the Chief's money...

Sitting next to him in the passenger seat is the black duffel bag. Slightly opened, one million dollars in cash can be seen peeking out.

JOHN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
...and his treasure. Just like
the real John Smith. Of course, I
wasn't John Smith at all...

FLASHBACK TO:

132 INT. INDIAN CASINO - FLASHBACK

132

We see John as we first saw him...confidently striding into the casino's main entrance. He then clumsily bumps into the loud-suited GAMBLER. The FRAME FREEZES.

JOHN (V.O.)
...That random guy was.

The FRAME UNFREEZES. We see a CLOSE-UP of John skillfully swiping the Gambler's wallet - and car keys.

JOHN is then seated at the SLOT MACHINE. The car keys are now looped around his finger. John looks at the ID in the stolen wallet. He's amused.

JOHN
(reading; dryly)
John Smith. There's a good name
for an Indian reservation.

FLASHBACK TO:

133 EXT. INDIAN CASINO - FLASHBACK

133

In the casino parking lot, John is marched out by Dark Eyes and Redfoot. They arrive at some cars.

DARK EYES
Which one's yours?

JOHN
Uh...

Redfoot clicks the alarm on "John's" car keys. A car beeps not far away.

JOHN (CONT'D)
That one.

CUT BACK TO:

134 INT./EXT. ELVIS' CAR - DAY

134

John steers Elvis' car onto the highway.

JOHN (V.O.)
Yep, I was just an impersonator.
A really good one.

Sitting next to him is Elvis' first-place trophy.

JOHN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Not a bad Elvis either.

As the sun sets, John drives off...into it.

FADE OUT.

THE END