

GORDON LUVS ENID

an original screenplay by

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INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL AUDITORIUM - EVENING (EARLY 1990'S)

BLACKNESS

Instruments TUNE and PLAY simultaneously, SOUNDS TERRIBLE.

FADE IN:

Families file monotonously inside for a 5th grade school concert. Two disinterested, overweight, disheveled boys hand out the programs. One boy picks his nose, he wears an "I Killed Laura Palmer" t-shirt under his unbuttoned shirt. The second boy scratches, adjusts, and pulls at his underwear.

CHATTER fills the auditorium, the BAND TEACHER peeks from behind the stage curtain to view the crowd.

INT. BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

5th grade band members run around, BANG chairs, CRASH into music stands and instruments. Percussion players CLANG cymbals, other students play LOUD, out of tune NOTES.

The band is a motley group, except for ENID. She has black, Shirley Temple curls and stunning blue eyes. She sits contently holding her clarinet while staring lovingly at GORDON. He's tall and thin with thick, curly hair that consumes his head and face. He's presentable and better behaved. He adjusts his clothes to make sure he's presentable and repeatedly checks his trumpet, mouthpiece, music stand, and sheet music. Gordon's visibly nervous.

BAND TEACHER

Come on boys and girls, settle down.
We've got a lot of people out there
just waiting for a great show.

Gordon takes a deep BREATH, tries to relax.

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL AUDITORIUM - CONTINUOUS

Gordon's intrusive mother, SUE, and passive father, BILL, enter and immediately draw everybody's attention.

Sue (early 30's) WHIZZES through the aisles on a Jazzy (adult scooter). She's attractive, well dressed, and visibly fit. There seems to be no reason why she rides a Jazzy. Sue drives erratically, aggressively, forcing guests out of the way.

Bill (early 30's) is big and burly, but he sheepishly follows behind Sue. He has the same curly hair as Gordon, he's balding from his forehead back to the middle of his head.

A path to the front row is blocked by empty chairs, Sue NUDGES, then SLAMS the chairs with her Jazzy to clear a path,

she INFURIATES other families. Realizing she can't do it, Sue turns the key and SHUTS her Jazzy off. It appears as if Sue has given up and will watch the concert from her Jazzy. Surprising everyone, Sue briskly "pops" up, walks around to the front of her Jazzy and begins moving chairs by hand, grabbing and throwing them two and three at a time. SHOCKED, onlookers see how well Sue moves. Everyone, including Bill warily step away. When a path is finally cleared Sue gets back on her Jazzy, REVS the engine on, and DRIVES to the center of the front row. Bill quietly follows, gently puts a discarded chair next to Sue's Jazzy and sits down.

BILL

You think Gordo will be any good?

SUE

He's gotta find something he's good at sooner or later.

BILL

(to himself)

Or kill us trying.

The curtain slowly rises, revealing the stage and band. The lights dim, there's SPARSE APPLAUSE, a few band members scramble into place. The band teacher walks on acknowledges the APPLAUSE polite bows. The APPLAUSE slowly comes to a stop. A PARENT next to Sue and Bill leans towards them.

PARENT

(whispering)

Did you say your son was performing for the first time?

SUE

(not whispering; curt)

Yeah, he hasn't quite found his calling yet.

PARENT

(whispering)

Which is your boy?

Bill points to Gordon.

BILL

(whispering)

That's him.

Gordon gets ready, loosening fingers and wetting lips.

PARENT

(whispering)

Well, maybe this will work out.

BILL
 (whispering)
 We can only hope.

SUE
 (not whispering; curt)
 Doubt it.

The band teacher steps onto the podium, TAPS her baton on her music stand, the crowd gets quiet, the band members lift their instruments, they wait to play their first note. Gordon sits in front of the trombone section. The band teacher lowers her baton, the band PLAYS. The student sitting in front of Gordon SLIDES his trombone forward extremely hard, STRIKES Gordon on the back of his head, Gordon is knocked unconscious before playing a note. He falls off his chair and onto the floor, the band PLAYS on.

Bill DESPONDENTLY lowers his head and shakes it.

O.S. a BEEPING begins, like a truck backing up.

CUT TO:

Sue backs up her Jazzy, it BEEPS as she maneuvers backwards. The band teacher continues conducting, the band plays on. Enid sits with her clarinet in her lap, she stares LOVINGLY at Gordon, wishing she could help him in some way.

Sue reaches the auditorium exit.

SUE
 Get the car Bill, show's over!

Bill lifts his head, reluctantly he moves towards the exit.

OVER GORDON'S HEAD, as he lays motionless, the "slide" from the trombone moves back and forth in rhythm with the band.

INT. GORDON'S PARENTS' LIVING ROOM - EVENING (EARLY 1990'S)

Bill and Sue host a cocktail party. Gordon peeks around a wall at the adults mingling, he quickly ducks out of sight.

INT. GORDON'S PARENTS' DEN - CONTINUOUS

Children play board games, watch videotapes. Gordon races in, searches the room. Only Enid notices ohm, when he doesn't find what he needs, he races out of the room.

CLOSE SHOT of frilly curtains from a separate room. Gordon's hand reaches INTO FRAME. He YANKS the curtains from the rod, the rings and rod CLANG to the floor.

CLOSE SHOT of a doily covered coffee table from a DIFFERENT ROOM. The table is covered with tacky nick knacks, scattered among the nick knacks are 1990's "as seen on T.V." infomercial products (i.e. Jack Lalane's Juice Tiger; Susan Powter's "Stop the Insanity"; an unopened box of Ginsu knives). Gordon's hand reaches INTO FRAME, he YANKS the lace doily, all the items fall over and CRASH to the floor.

INT. GORDON'S PARENTS' LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bill talks with MR. RICHARDS. Gordon's hand reaches INTO FRAME and tugs his dad's shirt. Bill LOOKS DOWN, Gordon wears the lace doily like a turban and the curtain as a cape. Bill ignores Gordon, continues talking with Mr. Richards. Gordon TUGS more urgently on his dad's shirt.

GORDON

Dad? Please! Can I?

BILL

Not now Gordo, it's not really a good time for this.

MR. RICHARDS

What are you supposed to be?

GORDON

A mentalist!

MR. RICHARDS

(to Bill)

A mentalist?

BILL

It's like a retarded magician.

MR. RICHARDS

(to Gordon)

So what does a mentalist do? Tricks or something?

Gordon waves his hands, speaks mysteriously.

GORDON

I can bend, move, and hold objects... using just my mind.

BILL

(to Mr. Richards)

You should stop. Now.

MR. RICHARDS

No, it's really not a problem Bill, let's see what he can do.

BILL

Is your insurance is up to date?

Gordon performs, IN THE BACKGROUND Sue ZIPS around on her Jazzy, when talking to guests she stands. When Sue moves to talk with other guests, even those a few feet away, she drives to them, then stands to talk. When Sue is on the couch and wants food, she drives to the table, stands to load her plate, then drives herself back to the couch and eats.

MR. RICHARDS

Okay Gordon, so what do you want me to do?

GORDON

First, get on your knees please.

Mr. Richards SHOOTS a worried look to Bill, Bill shrugs his shoulders sympathetically. Mr. Richards slowly gets on his knees, he is eye level with Gordon.

GORDON

Second, I will need a quarter from my kind volunteer.

Mr. Richards pulls out a handful of change. Gordon lunges at the change RIPPING out a quarter, the rest of the change flies in different directions, CLANGING to the floor. Gordon holds the quarter up in between himself and Mr. Richards. Enid enters. Mr. Richards turns, winks affectionately. Enid winks back to her dad.

GORDON

Now, through the power of my mind, and nothing else, I'm going to levitate this quarter right before your eyes.

(Beat)

Now close your eyes.

MR. RICHARDS

Close my eyes? You just said --

BILL

Don't ask.

Mr. Richards closes his eyes.

Gordon looks intently at the quarter. His stare is of hope, hope that he can actually perform the trick. He closes his eyes, takes a DEEP SIGH to calm his nerves, then makes a fist around the coin. After a PAUSE and final DEEP BREATH, Gordon opens his eyes and flings the quarter into the air.

The coin rises. Gordon follows it, narrows his eyes. At its' highest point Gordon squints, he concentrates harder to keep the coin in the air. When the coin begins to fall, Gordon's full of fear, worrying he can't stop it. Mr. Richards opens one eye, he sees the coin falling. Just before the coin is even with Mr. Richard's head, Gordon quickly pulls his right arm back. Mr. Richards opens his other eye, horrified to see Gordon's palm speeding towards his face.

Gordon makes a last attempt to keep the quarter in the air through the "power" of his hand, but instead of stopping his hand, Gordon SLAMS the coin into Mr. Richards' forehead, knocking him backwards off his knees.

MR. RICHARDS

What the fuck!

Bill hovers over Mr. Richards, slowly peels the quarter off his head, an impression is left on his forehead. O.S. Sue's WHIZZING Jazzy gets louder, she drives INTO FRAME, stops in front of Mr. Richards as he lays on the living room floor.

SUE

Ah, the retarded magician strikes again.

(to Gordon)

You know what Gordon? The neighbor who's dog had the shits on my garden last week is over there. Go levitate a quarter for him.

Gordon SNATCHES the quarter out of his dad's hand, runs off. Sue REVS her engine, drives off.

INT. GORDON'S PARENTS' GARAGE - DAY (EARLY 1990'S)

SERIES OF SHOTS

Cluttered workbench, peg hole wall filled with tools.

1972 Cadillac Eldorado.

Engine parts scattered across the floor.

O.S. drills WHIZ, wrenches RATCHET, hammers BANG, tools DROP.

BACK TO SCENE

With head down, Gordon FEVERISHLY WORKS on his mother's Jazzy; removes parts, puts parts on, makes a flurry of adjustments.

INT. GORDON'S PARENTS' LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sue sits on the couch surrounded by newly opened 1990's infomercial products (Bedazzler, Slim Jeans, Multichron

Calculator watch). On the coffee table are Ginsu knives surrounded by sliced tomatoes, and cans of Crystal Pepsi and Tab Clear cut in half.

O.S. Gordon's CLANGING and BANGING fills the room. Sue is so engrossed with Cher's Aquasentials Infomercial that she does not notice. Sue hangs on Cher's every word while clutching the phone, she "eyes" her credit card sitting across the room on top of the television. The CLANGING and BANGING gets so loud Sue's forced to notice.

INT. GORDON'S PARENTS' GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

With head still down, Gordon EXCITEDLY finishes the Jazzy.

SUE (O.S.)

Gordon!

Gordon looks up, he's wearing very thick magnifying glasses.

INT. GORDON'S PARENTS' LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

SUE

(yelling)

Hurry up with my Jazzy! I need to get my credit card before Cher's done talking.

(Beat)

For Christ's sake Gordon I have to act now!

(slower and deliberate)

I have to act now!

Sue waits impatiently for a response. Gordon's CLANGING and BANGING stops, she's worried by the SUDDEN SILENCE.

SUE

Gordon?

Sue slides to the edge of the couch.

SUE

Gordon?

The Jazzy's engine RACES outside the front of the house. Sue WHIPS around, looks out the window TO THE STREET.

SUE

Shit!

Shocked, Sue jumps off the couch, runs to the front door and opens it.

SUE
 God damn it Gordon, get back here
 with my Jazzy. You know how much I
 hate to walk...Gordon!

Sue quickly turns her attention back to the television.

SUE
 (to herself)
 Fuck! There went my free bottle of
 wrinkle release.
 (Beat)
 You really do have to act "right
 now".

Sue SLAMS the front door.

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - CONTINUOUS

Gordon races down the street wearing a brightly colored helmet, "Gordon the Great" is hand painted on the side. Oversized goggles are strapped tightly over his eyes. He races towards a rickety, handmade ramp. CHEERING children line the streets, Enid GAZES from the sidewalk. Gordon GUNS the engine for his big "Jazzy Jump". Past the ramp is a long row of dolls lined up from head to toe, the dolls wear shirts with "I (heart) Gordon" written on them. As Gordon HITS the ramp children see the Jazzy's license plate reads "Born to Ride". When airborne, Gordon WINKS at Enid, she GUSHES, closes her eyes, lost in the moment.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY (PRESENT DAY)

When the Jazzy lands, the licence plate reads "Born to ride II". Gordon is a grown man riding a new Jazzy. His recognizable curly hair sticks out from his aged "Gordon the Great" helmet, the original goggles are now too small for his face. He races through the crowded NYC sidewalks.

SERIES OF SHOTS

Museum of Natural History - Gordon races by.

Times Square - Gordon races by.

Empire State Building - Gordon races by.

Televisions line an electronic store's window, all show the same news story.

ON TELEVISION

An ANNOUNCER sits at a "CNN-Like" news desk.

ANNOUNCER

The newly formed Nevada Lottery Commission made big news today when it announced that one lucky person is guaranteed to win a half a billion dollars, tax free. In an unprecedented move --

BACK TO GORDON RIDING HIS JAZZY

Bryant Park - Gordon races by.

Madison Square Garden - Gordon races by.

He checks his Multichron Calculator Watch, picks up speed.

EXT. SOUTH STREET SEAPORT - CONTINUOUS

Talented street performers showcase their talents for tourists, Gordon passes big crowds and plenty of open areas, but continues to a secluded back corner near the bathrooms. Gordon gets ready; unfolds a big piece of cardboard, sets up an 80's style boom box, a mug to collect money that reads "If I Had A Million Dollars", ties a Def Leppard bandanna around his head, a matching one around his biceps, slips on fingerless gloves, brightly colored knee pads, and a hand painted sign that reads "The Amazing Break Dancing Mentalist". He takes out a cassette tape from his back pocket. CLOSE SHOT of the cassette tape's masking tape reads "Gordon's Mix-A-Lot". He puts the tape into his boom box. Just as Gordon is about to press play he notices out of the corner of his eye Times Square legend, THE NAKED COWBOY (ROBERT JOHN BURCK) SINGING and STRUMMING on the other side of the pier.

GORDON

(to himself)

Oh, what the hell?

(to The Naked Cowboy)

Hey! Robert!

The Naked Cowboy looks up, but doesn't acknowledge Gordon.

GORDON

Robert. Don't ignore me dude, I know you can hear me over there.

THE NAKED COWBOY

I'm trying to work Gordon, stop bugging me.

GORDON

Well, that's my problem man, you're supposed to be working the crowds at Times Square, down here we're artists!

(MORE)

GORDON (CONT'D)

You can't bring your tainted tighty whities and Midnight Cowboy flair to our pier and steal our customers.

THE NAKED COWBOY

Your pier, really? So tell me, if you're in charge why can't I perform here?

GORDON

Because...because...I only wear boxers.

THE NAKED COWBOY

That's what I thought.

GORDON

Oh, come on man, please. You know I can't compete with you. Can't you go to Greenwich Village instead? If you hurry I think there's a gay pride parade you can make.

The Naked Cowboy begins singing "Everybody's Talkin'" by Harry Nilsson (from the Midnight Cowboy soundtrack). Gordon SIGHS heavily, shakes his head. He bends down and HITS the boom box's play button (i.e. "Word Up" by Cameo PLAYS). Gordon smiles wryly, slowly turns the volume up until it drowns out The Naked Cowboy's playing. The Naked Cowboy just shakes his head.

Gordon starts break dancing wildly on the cardboard. His dancing is UNRULY, arms and legs FLAIL about. People entering and exiting the bathrooms have to work hard to get around Gordon, they're in danger of getting hit by his dancing. In hopes of passing by Gordon easier, a young BUSINESSMAN exiting the men's room reluctantly puts a dollar bill into Gordon's mug; the first money Gordon's earned.

GORDON

Wait! Wait! You get a mentalist reading too.

BUSINESSMAN

No, really I'm good buddy. The break dancing was more than enough.

The businessman tries to walk away but Gordon grabs his arm. A crowd forms to see the commotion that Gordon is starting.

GORDON

Seriously. You paid good money, let me astound you with my amazing abilities.

Feeling cornered, the businessman BEGRUDGINGLY gives in.

BUSINESSMAN

(nervously)

Fine, but you need to be quick. I really have to get going.

GORDON

Absolutely not a problem, "flash" is my middle name.

Gordon pauses, puts his hands on the businessman's shoulders. Gordon STARES HAUNTINGLY into his eyes, the businessman grows more uncomfortable. The crowd grows. Everyone's intrigued by Gordon's act. Gordon narrows his eyes and concentrates. The businessman tries to squirm, but Gordon has him in a firm grip. Gordon slowly pulls the businessman closer until their noses touch. Gordon tilts his head in both directions, he takes a long, slow SNIFF.

GORDON

Very. Very. Loose. With corn.

BUSINESSMAN

What?

GORDON

It was loose...with corn.

BUSINESSMAN

What was loose with corn?

GORDON

You're stool of course.

Onlookers SNICKER, the businessman pretends to not understand.

BUSINESSMAN

Stool?

GORDON

Your bowel movement man. The "cargo" you just backed up and dumped in there, it's very, very loose. And loaded with corn.

BUSINESSMAN

(sheepishly)

You don't know what you're talking about, I only went in to take a leak.

GORDON

No you didn't. I'm positive. This is Gordon the Great you're dealing with. I never get a shit wrong.

BUSINESSMAN

Well your shit's wrong this time.
Nothing's in that bowl but piss.

GORDON

You doubt my abilities?

BUSINESSMAN

I absolutely doubt your "mentalist"
abilities.

GORDON

Well then, there's only one way to
see who's right...isn't there?

The businessman becomes extremely worried.

GORDON

You said yourself, there's nothing
but piss in the toilet.

BUSINESSMAN

Yeah? So what?

GORDON

That means you didn't flush.

The SNICKERING instantly stops. Gordon and the businessman stare intently at one another, they wait to see who will make the first move.

The businessman runs towards the men's room door, Gordon lunges for his feet and trips him, they both HIT the ground. Gordon gets to his feet first and sprints towards the bathroom door. The businessman gets up and jumps onto Gordon's back, they simultaneously SLAM through the bathroom door. The crowd watches in silence as the door slowly closes. They all stare at the door, waiting.

The door suddenly opens, the businessman pauses in the doorway, looks at the staring crowd, then pushes his way through and sprints down the sidewalk. The crowd turns their attention back to the bathroom door. Gordon opens the door just in time to see the embarrassed businessman running away.

GORDON

And you forgot to wash your hands
too!

The crowd ERUPTS into LAUGHTER, CHEERS, and APPLAUSE. They all swarm around Gordon and fill his mug with dollar bills and change. As the crowd disperses, The Naked Cowboy walks by Gordon and stops to put a dollar into his mug.

THE NAKED COWBOY

Boy, shit does roll down hill. And its' name is Gordon. How did you know what was in that stall?

GORDON

Community college, abnormally sensitive nasal passages, and an extensive knowledge of food that the human body doesn't digest.

(Beat)

Oh, and a ladle.

The Naked Cowboy tries to ask about the ladle, Gordon interrupts him.

GORDON

Trust me, you don't want to know.

O.S. Gordon's cell phone BEEPS, he takes out his phone and reads a text message. The Naked Cowboy leaves.

INSERT - CELL PHONE SCREEN

"Don't forget, dinner tonight, where we meeting? Luv E".

BACK TO SCENE

Gordon TEXTS back, packs up. He shoves the singles and change into his pockets, lifts up the seat on the Jazzy, makes ADJUSTMENTS to the engine, then RACES off. The adjustments to the engine have made the Jazzy faster than before.

EXT. LAS VEGAS SKYLINE - AERIAL SHOT - DAY

SERIES OF SHOTS - Recognizable casinos and landmarks.

VINCE (O.S.)

I provide a service, a very valuable service. And that service requires compensation. I mean look around this town, it's built entirely on service. Now, you may be able to find someone who will give you a better price, but when you think about it, you can't really put a price on peace of mind, and with me that's exactly what you get, peace of mind.

EXT. LAS VEGAS CONVENIENCE STORE - CONTINUOUS

Vince (mid 30's) stands on the sidewalk of a "7-Eleven" type store. He wears cargo shorts and a "Choose Life" t-shirt underneath an unbuttoned short sleeve casual dress shirt.

VINCE

Look gentlemen, my credentials are impeccable. There's a reason why you've used me before. I'm reliable, and you know I'll get the job done right, it's that simple. So, do we have a deal or not, because time is money, and right now I'm starting to run out of both.

CUT TO:

Three teenage boys stare at Vince contemplating his offer.

BOY #1

Yeah, I guess so Vince.

BOY #2 holds out a fifty dollar bill.

BOY #2

But no light beer this time!

Vince SNATCHES the money from the boy's hand.

VINCE

You're growing boys, trust me, you don't need the extra calories. Do you really want to be the only ninth graders with beer bellies?

INT. LAS VEGAS CONVENIENCE STORE - CONTINUOUS

Vince nods to the 18 year old FEMALE CASHIER on his way to the beer case, she's unimpressed. He opens the refrigerator door, reaches for 2 six packs of regular beer but stops, then grabs 2 six packs of light beer. He brings the beer to the counter and hands the cashier the fifty dollar bill. The cashier RINGS up the beer.

FEMALE CASHIER

That'll be forty dollars sir.

VINCE

Forty dollars? For two six packs? You're kidding, right?

FEMALE CASHIER

Listen sir, I provide a service, a very valuable service. You see, I sell beer. Sometimes that service allows me the pleasure of selling beer to persons of a legal age, who then in turn give it to persons of a not so legal age. For that service, I get compensated.

VINCE

So what are you saying, you're shaking me down? You want in on my action?

FEMALE CASHIER

Here's your change sir.

The cashier slides a ten dollar bill across the counter.

VINCE

Ten dollars. That's great, my cuts ten dollars. What the hell am I supposed to do with only ten dollars?

FEMALE CASHIER

That's for you to decide sir.

Gordon takes a DEEP SIGH.

VINCE

Just give me a pack of Virginia Slims and a Playgirl.

Vince slides the ten dollar bill back across the counter.

FEMALE CASHIER

(laughing)

Lot of "bang" for your buck there sir.

VINCE

Just give me my stuff...and stop calling me sir!

FEMALE CASHIER

Using sir is a sign of respect for your elders. Sir.

The cashier BAGS UP the beer, Playgirl, and Virginia Slims. Vince GRABS the bag with DISGUST and turns to walk away.

FEMALE CASHIER (O.S.)

Hey, wait a second sir.

Vince turns back, makes his way to the counter. The cashier grabs an item off the shelf from behind her.

FEMALE CASHIER

You know what, I like you. This is on me.

The cashier SETS down a travel size container of Vaseline.

VINCE

What the hell's wrong with you, I don't need that.

FEMALE CASHIER

You don't? Well then I'm truly sorry sir. I just thought between the Playgirl, Virginia Slims, and Wham t-shirt, it was a no brainer.

Vince FLICKS the Vaseline off the counter and leaves.

EXT. LAS VEGAS CONVENIENCE STORE PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

A REPORTER READS his report into a television camera.

REPORTER

All over the state, at convenience stores like the one behind me, one lucky person is going to have a chance to win a half a billion dollars, tax free. You heard me right, a half a billion dollars...tax free! In an effort to bring attention to the newly formed Nevada Lottery Commission, this state run organization began selling "The Ultimate Gold Mine" lottery ticket today.

The reporter holds up "The Ultimate Gold Mine" ticket.

REPORTER

This is truly a once in a lifetime opportunity, but it comes with a hefty price tag. Each ticket will set you back five hundred dollars. However, there is a "gold" lining, only one million of these tickets will be sold.

IN THE BACKGROUND Vince exits the Las Vegas convenience store. The three teenagers wait for him.

REPORTER

Simply put, when the Nevada Lottery Commission has its' drawing two months from now, if you're holding the one and only winning ticket, your life will be changed forever.

EXT. LAS VEGAS CONVENIENCE STORE - CONTINUOUS

VINCE

Sorry gentlemen, there's been a slight change in our arrangement.

BOY #1

How slight shitdip?

Vince pauses, perplexed by the term shitdip.

VINCE

It turns out I'm going to need another twenty bucks if you want this beer.

BOY #2

Hello. Shitdip. We had a deal. Now give us the beer!

VINCE

You know I really think you're using that word the wrong way.

BOY #1

Don't worry about our language shitdip, just give us our fucking beer!

VINCE

Look. I don't really want to get into a debate regarding the nuances and intricacies of negotiations, but let's just say deals often change due to unforeseen circum --

BOY #3, kicks Vince in the crotch.

BOY #3

(screaming)

Shut it shitdip!

Vince buckles over WRITHING, WINCING in pain. Boy #1 and Boy #2 SNATCH the beer from Vince. Boy #3 kicks Vince one more time, all three boys run.

VINCE

Sons of bitches!

BOYS #1, #2, AND #3

(in unison)

Damn straight we are.

Vince reaches out, trips one of the boys. The falling boy grabs onto the other two boys, pulling them down as well.

EXT. LAS VEGAS CONVENIENCE STORE PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

The reporter continues the report, IN THE BACKGROUND Vince wrestles the boys, trying desperately to take the beer back.

REPORTER

Using a sophisticated number generator, the Nevada Lottery Commission guarantees that there will be only one winning ticket drawn from the million being sold. But since I've already bought mine, there's only nine hundred ninety nine thousand, nine hundred ninety nine tickets left. So hurry down to your local lottery dealer --

The reporter turns to reference the convenience store that's behind him and sees Vince fighting with the three teenage boys. Vince looks up in the direction of the television camera and realizes the whole fight has been recorded.

REPORTER

-- Before your one in a million chance is sold out.

Vince lets the beer go and runs out of the reporter's camera shot. The reporter gestures to the cameraman to stop taping.

EXT. LAS VEGAS CONVENIENCE STORE - CONTINUOUS

Vince runs away clutching his Virginia Slims and Playgirl.

BOY #2

That's what I thought shitdip...and nineteen eighty four called, it wants the shirt back.

EXT. VARIOUS LAS VEGAS STOREFRONTS - CONTINUOUS

Vince looks back to make sure he's out of the camera's shot, he slows down and begins to casually stroll the Las Vegas strip. He looks down and rubs the "Choose Life" t-shirt.

VINCE

(to himself)

That's the problem with kids today, they know nothing about musical genius.

Vince takes out his iPod, puts the ear buds in, hits play. "Wake Me Up Before You Go" by Wham PLAYS while Vince walks.

Vince stops at a row of slot machines CLANGING and RINGING IN FRONT OF A CASINO, he takes out a five dollar bill, puts it in, and pulls the machine's lever. It comes up empty.

Vince strolls a little farther, he stops at a row of slot machines CLANGING and RINGING IN FRONT OF A LAUNDRY MAT. He takes out a five dollar bill, puts it in and pulls the machine's lever. It comes up empty.

Vince strolls a little farther, he stops at a row of slot machines CLANGING and RINGING IN FRONT OF A "MOMMY AND ME" class. Mothers pull slot machine levers while their children are alone inside playing. Vince winks at one of the mothers, she ignores him. Vince takes out a five dollar bill, puts it in and pulls the machine's lever. It comes up empty. As Vince walks away, a pregnant mother checks out Vince's ass.

FADE OUT "Wake Me Up Before You Go" by Wham.

INT. GORDON'S PARENTS' LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Sue sits on her Jazzy struggling to work out on The Total Gym. IN THE BACKGROUND a video of Chuck Norris demonstrating how to use the gym properly PLAYS. Sue's legs and arms flail wildly. Gordon RACES in through the front door.

GORDON

Did you do the laundry today?

SUE

What the "F" do you think?

GORDON

You use every other curse word in the book except for fuck. I'm a grown man ma, you can say fuck.

SUE

Then if I had to guess, you're a grown man whose mother didn't do anybody's *fucking* laundry today.

GORDON

Shit!

Gordon races out, Sue continues working out.

INT. GORDON'S PARENTS' KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Gordon BURSTS through the swinging kitchen door, Bill's at the counter, he batters broccoli and drops them into a deep fryer.

GORDON
 (running)
 Glad to see you're eating more healthy
 Pop. I need the car tonight.

BILL
 It needs gas.

GORDON
 Shit!

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Gordon BURSTS in. A monstrous pile of wrinkled, unwashed clothes lay in front of the washer and dryer.

GORDON
 (extremely exasperated)
 Shit!

Gordon picks through the clothes, finds a wrinkled outfit barely acceptable for dinner. He quickly changes, then exits.

INT. GORDON'S PARENTS' KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Gordon RACES back into the kitchen, Bill batters carrots for the fryer. Without looking up, Bill tosses car keys over his shoulder. Without breaking stride, Gordon catches the keys, SLAMS through the door, and back into the living room.

INT. GORDON'S PARENTS' LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Total Gym is overturned, lying in the middle of the floor. Sue relaxes on her Jazzy eating deep fried vegetables while watching The Home Shopping Network. Gordon races through, stopping at the front door. While putting his shoes on he notices Sue has given up working out.

GORDON
 (facetious)
 Done? Wouldn't want your abs to get
 to ripped?

SUE
 Don't you worry about my fucking abs
 smartass. You've seen Chuck in all
 those karate movies, he's so fit
 when running through the jungle.

GORDON
 I'm pretty sure Chuck Norris never
 fought the Viet Cong while riding a
 motorized scooter.

GORDON'S IMAGINATION - EXT. VIETNAM JUNGLE - DAY

Chuck Norris rides a Jazzy through the thick forests of Vietnam, his Jazzy is loaded with guns, ammunition, artillery. He tries desperately to escape the clutches of Vietnamese soldiers, but the Jazzy is too slow. The soldiers catch up with Chuck Norris' Jazzy by simply walking quickly. Soldiers pull a helpless, SCREAMING Chuck Norris off his Jazzy.

END GORDON'S IMAGINATION.

Bill's yelling snaps Gordon out of his daydream.

BILL (O.S.)
Sue, the deep fried carrots are ready.

Gordon exits through the front door.

EXT. TAVERN ON THE GREEN - EVENING

A stunning, adult Enid waits on the sidewalk wearing a sexy cocktail dress. She impatiently TAPS her foot, checks her watch, leans forward several times looking for Gordon. Finally a 1972 Cadillac Eldorado BARRELS down the street, it stops in front of Enid. When Gordon doesn't get out, Enid SIGHS, then moves towards the passenger window. Gordon leans over from the driver's side, struggling to manually roll down the window. Enid waits, forcing Gordon to put the window all the way down.

GORDON
Come on Enid, get in.

Gordon LIFTS the door's lock.

ENID
Get in? For what?

GORDON
For dinner.

ENID
Dinner?

Enid turns and looks OVER HER SHOULDER at the Tavern on the Green sign.

ENID
We're having dinner here. Right?
This *is* where you said to meet.

GORDON
So I can pick you up.

ENID
Pick me up? Pick me up for what?

GORDON

Dinner.

ENID

Gordon. We're already here! It's Tavern on the Green. It's a perfect place for dinner.

GORDON

Not for your birthday its' not. I've got something much nicer planned than a bar.

ENID

(irritated)

It's NOT a bar Gordon.

GORDON

It says "tavern" right there.

Enid GRUNTS as she gets into the car, she battles with the car handle before the door finally opens and she's able to get in. She SLAMS the door violently.

ENID

Gordon. Whatever it is, it better be nice, and it better be fancy.

GORDON

It's Manhattan Enid, every restaurant is nice AND fancy.

CUT TO:

INT. OLIVE GARDEN - LATER

A WAITRESS stands at Gordon and Enid's table.

WAITRESS

Hello. Welcome to the Olive Garden. Can I get you some salad and bread sticks?

GORDON

Oh, that sounds absolutely delightful --

Gordon leans closer. CLOSE SHOT reveals "Candice" on her name tag.

GORDON

-- Candice. Or do you prefer Candy?

The waitress smiles affectionately at Gordon, then leaves.

GORDON

Nice. Right?

ENID

It's the Olive Garden Gordon.
Tourists who visit Manhattan eat at
the Olive Garden because they don't
know any better. We live in Brooklyn
for Christ's sake. What do you want
to do next, get a slice at Sbarro?

GORDON

But it's unlimited salad AND bread
sticks.

Enid shakes her head. Gordon DIGS through his pockets.

GORDON

Wait, I almost forgot. Your present.

Enid is disinterested. The waitress returns, she purposely
puts the bread sticks and salad closer to Gordon. The
waitress leaves. Gordon FUMBLES through his last pocket and
finds an unwrapped gift card, he hands it to Enid. She takes
it BEGRUDGINGLY, glances at it, then throws it onto the table.

INSERT - GIFT CARD

"Bed, Bath, & Beyond"

BACK TO SCENE

ENID

A gift card Gordon?

GORDON

(with pride)
Yeah.

ENID

Bed, Bath, and Beyond?

GORDON

Absolutely. They go way BEYOND just
beds and baths.

ENID

Trust me, I get the beyond part.
It's just not very...you know,
personal.

Enid picks the card up, examines it closely.

ENID

How much is it for?

GORDON

What do you mean?

ENID

It's not a real difficult question Gordon. How much money is the gift card for?

GORDON

Oh...it's unlimited.

ENID

What do you mean unlimited? I've never heard of an unlimited gift card.

GORDON

It means that I got you the best one they have. Look.

(taking the card)

There's no amount, so you just buy whatever you want, whenever you want. Hell, put as much on it as you want. When the bill comes in, just give it to me and I'll take care of it.

ENID

It's not a credit card Gordon. How much did you pay for it?

GORDON

I didn't pay anything for it. It was self serve. I just picked the one I liked.

ENID

So there's not a single penny on this. You can't charge on this Gordon, it's a GIFT CARD! You're supposed to pay for it before --

Enid angrily throws the card across the restaurant, HITTING another diner. Enid buries her head into her hands. Gordon doesn't know what to say, he cautiously reaches across the table to stroke Enid's shoulder, but decides against it. Instead he grabs a bread stick and takes a huge BITE.

ENID

(to herself)

I can't.

GORDON

(mouthful of bread sticks)

You don't want bread sticks?

ENID

No! I don't want a bread stick.

(Beat)

I don't want THIS anymore.

GORDON

So what do you want? Do you want to go back to Tavern on the Green?

ENID

It's to late for that Gordon.

GORDON

No it's not, they're open to at least eleven o' --

ENID

That's not it Gordon!

The waitress appears next to the table.

WAITRESS

More salad and bread sticks Gordon?

Gordon empties the remaining bread sticks and the last of the salad onto his plate.

GORDON

Absolutely Candy.

The waitress reaches for the empty bowls.

ENID

Abso-fuckin'-lutely NOT!

(Beat)

Candy!

The waitress angrily leaves, Gordon grabs her arm. He nods approvingly, signaling for her to bring more bread sticks. The waitress grabs the bowls and leaves. Gordon turns back to meet Enid's glare.

GORDON

I'm sorry Enid.

ENID

Sorry for what?

GORDON

For whatever's got you so pissed off. I just wanted you to have a good birthday, that's all.

ENID

That's what's sad Gordon, I know you tried your best, and you still screwed it up, and it's not just the present or the restaurant.

(Beat)

Look. I love you, I've loved you for as long as I've known you, but you're never going to change. Ever since we were kids you've been a walking disaster. And you've had these dreams of greatness, and I've always been there for you. But at some point, something or someone other than you and your dreams has to become just as important to you.

GORDON

You make it sound like being a dreamer is a bad thing.

ENID

It is when your only form of transportation is a jazzed up adult scooter or your dad's 1972 Cadillac Eldorado.

GORDON

That car's a classic.

ENID

It's only a classic if your were born in 1950, which neither of us were. It's just everything Gordon. I mean you don't even have a job.

GORDON

No job. Look at how much I made today.

Gordon reaches into his pocket, pulls out a huge fistful of crumpled dollar bills, DROPS them on the table. He repeats this several times, Enid watches in disbelief as the pile grows. Gordon pauses, Enid thinks he's done. Then Gordon pulls out fistfuls of change and DUMPS it onto the pile of dollar bills. He repeats this several times.

GORDON

Does that look like somebody who doesn't have a job?

ENID

Guessing what kind of shit somebody took is not a job Gordon, no matter how much money you make doing it.

GORDON
 (indignant)
 I don't guess Enid. You know that.

ENID
 I don't care if you guess or not!
 You think by calling yourself a
 mentalist it's somehow a career?

Gordon opens his mouth to speak but is cut off by Enid.

ENID
 If you say one fucking word about
 break dancing Gordon, I swear I'll
 gouge your eyes out with you own God
 damned fork.

While Enid waits for any kind of reply, Gordon takes a bite
 of his bread stick, and slowly pulls his fork off the table.

GORDON
 What do you want Enid, just tell me,
 I'll do anything.

ENID
 You know what I want. Do you really
 want to know what I want? Okay. I
 want that feeling when you have that
 last bite of "Fla-Vor-Ice".

GORDON
 "Fla-Vor-Ice"?

ENID
 The ice pop in the clear plastic
 sleeve, that's what I --

GORDON
 Oh yeah, I hate those things. I can
 never open them so I end up using a
 steak knife, or a razor blade,
 whatever I can find, and I always
 end up slicing my --

ENID
 -- I want that feeling when you have
 one last bite left. When all the
 extra juice is melted at the bottom,
 and there's one small piece of ice
 down there at the bottom floating in
 it. You blow ever so gently into
 the plastic, just enough to open it
 up, and then you chug it back, juice
 and ice and...

(MORE)

ENID (CONT'D)

(Beat)

...And it's just perfect. Perfect.

(Beat)

That's what I want Gordon.

There's a pause while Gordon thinks.

GORDON

You want dessert? Is that what you're saying?

Enid grabs her purse and storms out. The waitress returns to the table with bread sticks and salad.

WAITRESS

Everything okay Gordon?

GORDON

Let me ask you something Candy. If I don't actually order a meal, are the bread sticks and salad still unlimited?

INT. VINCE'S LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

SERIES OF SHOTS

Plastic covered furniture.

Hummel figurines on the mantle.

Precious Moments figurines on doily covered end tables.

BACK TO SCENE

Vince enters, takes a few steps, then quickly stops, runs back to the front door.

GRANDMA (O.S.)

Did you take off your shoes?

VINCE

Yes Grandma.

GRANDMA (O.S.)

It sounds like you took a couple of steps first.

Vince slips off his shoes.

VINCE

I didn't take any steps Grandma.

GRANDMA (O.S.)

Then why are you only taking your shoes off now?

VINCE

That's not my shoes old woman. I'm taking a dump in the umbrella stand.

Vince grabs the handle of a large umbrella sticking out of a metal stand, he RATTLES it a few times.

INT. VINCE'S DEN - CONTINUOUS

Grandma reclines, watching game shows. More Hummels, Precious Moments, outdated furniture fill the room. Vince enters.

GRANDMA

Did you wipe?

VINCE

My shoes, my ass, or the umbrella?

GRANDMA

I hope all three. It's suppose to rain tomorrow, I might need that umbrella.

Vince leans over, gives Grandma a kiss on her forehead.

GRANDMA

Did you get my stuff?

VINCE

Yes Grandma, there's nothing I enjoy more in life than being publicly embarrassed while buying your supplies.

Vince DROPS the Playgirl and Virginia Slims on the coffee table next to Grandma. He goes to leave, Grandma picks up the magazine and cigarettes.

GRANDMA

Where's the batteries?

Vince lowers his head in shame and stops walking.

VINCE

I didn't get batteries Grandma. There was a little problem at the store and I forgot.

GRANDMA

Problem? What kind of problem? You better be behaving Vince.

VINCE

I always behave.

GRANDMA

Well then, where are my batteries?

VINCE

Jesus Christ do you really need batteries?

GRANDMA

I do if I'm going to get the most out of this magazine and my smokes.

VINCE

You are one disgusting old woman, do you know that? You single handily keep that little Energizer bunny in business.

GRANDMA

It's not always with a single hand Vince, you should know that.

VINCE

(shaking his head)

I can't have this conversation.

Vince leaves. Grandma flips through the Playgirl, her eyes grow wide with excitement.

INT. VINCE'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Vince POURS some coffee and sits. He SLIDES a sketch book closer, FLIPS through the pages. Each page reveals beautiful, creative, graphic novel illustrations. When he gets to a clean sheet, he gets a set of artists pencils from the end of the table, SIPS his coffee, and begins a new sketch.

From O.S. the front door SLAMS. Vince's head drops in despair. He quickly puts the pencils back into the box and closes his sketch book.

GRANDMA (O.S.)

Do you have any batteries Carol?

CAROL (O.S.)

No I don't. And if I did, I wouldn't give them to you. You've used every single battery in this house.

As CAROL'S voice gets closer to the kitchen, Vince grabs a newspaper and covers up his sketch book and pencils. The kitchen door swings open, Carol stops in the doorway.

CAROL
 (to Grandma)
 And you're not borrowing my Jack
 Rabbit either, so don't even ask.

Carol enters (early 30's). She is an over the top,
 ridiculously hot blonde bombshell, she surrounds Vince with
 numerous shopping bags.

CAROL
 What are you doing here?

VINCE
 You mean besides listening to my
 Grandmother and wife argue over who's
 got dibs on the vibrator tonight.

CAROL
 I mean, aren't you supposed to be at
 work?

Vince SIPS coffee, looks at the newspaper covering his art.

VINCE
 I switched to the night shift.

Carol MOANS.

VINCE
 What do you care? If you and Grandma
 can get your schedules worked out,
 it seems to me you already have plans
 for tonight.

CAROL
 I care, because instead of switching,
 couldn't you have just worked a
 double?

VINCE
 Didn't want to work a double.

CAROL
 Didn't ask what YOU want. What else
 did you have to do today?

Vince looks at the newspaper, knowing it's covering his
 sketches and he won't be able to draw.

VINCE
 Why are you constantly busting my
 balls?

Carol is taken aback, she looks herself up and down.

CAROL

Have you looked at me lately? Because looking like this I can bust whatever I want, whenever I want. I will bust your balls, I will bust your chops, I will even break your back if I so desire. In fact I will bust chopped balls on your back if you keep this argument up.

VINCE

Chopped balls on my back? That doesn't even make sense.

CAROL

Again, just look at me.

(Beat)

I don't have to make sense if I don't want to. And if I want to break chopped balls on your back, then that's exactly what I'll do.

VINCE

And true to form, you've removed all sense and logic from the conversation.

Carol is completely confused by Vince's choice of words.

CAROL

(angrily)

Did you look at me today?

Vince gets up, casually covers his drawing materials with a section of the newspaper, and tucks it all under his arm so Carol doesn't see.

VINCE

Yes, I did look at you today and you look amazing as always.

CAROL

Then where the hell are you going?

VINC

I believe someone needs to pay for all this shit.

CAROL

(mumbling to herself)

It's not shit.

VINCE

It is shit.

Carol holds up a sexy piece of lingerie from a bag.

VINCE

Okay, that's not shit, I'll give you that.

From another bag Vince takes out a figurine of an old man sitting at a slot machine. Vince pulls the handle of the slot machine and a piece of chocolate drops out of the old man's ass.

VINCE

But *THIS!* This is shit, and personally I don't feel like paying the twenty two percent interest that will be tacked on thirty days from now when the credit card bill comes in. So that extra shift is looking like a great idea right about now. Unless of course you want to contribute in some small way to help with the bills.

Carol sits, takes a breath to speak. Vince interrupts her.

VINCE

I know, I know. Let me just look at you so I know how fortunate I am to simply have the privilege to pay for your lovely shitting senior.

Vince walks to Carol, hands her the shitting senior, leans over and gives her a loving kiss, then whispers in her ear.

VINCE

You really do look hot today.

Vince exits.

Carol pulls the slot machine handle and watches the chocolate "shit" drop out of the senior's ass.

CAROL

(chuckling alone)

That's funny shit.

(Beat)

Literally. Funny shit.

Carol continues to amuse herself with the shitting senior.

SLOW ZOOM IN on the section of the Las Vegas Sun Vince left behind on the table. The headline of the paper reads "Nation's First Ever Half-A-Billion Dollar Tax Free Lottery".

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

Headline from the New York Daily News reads, "Half-A-Billion Dollar Tax Free Lottery To Be Held In Nevada".

INT. GORDON'S PARENTS' KITCHEN - DAY

SLOW PULL OUT from the New York Daily News reveals Gordon sitting at the table SIPPING coffee from his "If I Had A Million Dollars" mug, next to the newspaper is an enormous stack of bills. He takes a DEEP SIGH, then begins opening. He TEARS each envelope, looks at the bill, and SNORTS. He throws the bills and envelopes onto the New York Daily News. The bills are either past due or for ridiculous items.

INSERT - CREDIT CARD BILLS

Uri Geller seminar fee.

Jazzy Payment.

"Magic Magazine" subscription.

Generic credit card statements.

BACK TO SCENE

EXASPERATED, he throws the last bill down and drops his head.

GORDON

(to himself)

She's right. She's absolutely right.
Enid has every reason to dump me.

(raises his head)

I have to grow up, be responsible,
be an adult, be someone she can proud
of. Make decisions that show her
I've change. Something, anything,
that can prove to her; hell, prove
to me that I'm something more than a
monkey boy slapping cymbals together.

(Beat)

But how? That's what I can never
figure out. How do I show her I'm
different, that I CAN change.

Gordon drops his head down again, notices a corner of the New York Daily News headline sticking out from underneath all the opened bills, he brushes the bills aside and picks up the newspaper. His brow furrows at the headline, he TURNS a couple of pages and reads the article. He tosses the newspaper aside, grabs the discarded bills and checks the mailing addresses. CLOSE SHOTS show WILMINGTON DELAWARE or ATLANTA GEORGIA as the mailing addresses for all the bills. Gordon gets frustrated, but finally finds the one bill he's been desperately RIFLING through the pile for.

INSERT - MAILING ADDRESS (LAS VEGAS STANDS OUT PROMINENTLY)

MegaLife Credit

PO Box 1775

Las Vegas, NV 89149

BACK TO SCENE

GORDON

That's it!

INT. SUE'S BEDROOM - LATER

CLOSE SHOT of a Ped Egg scraping Sue's foot. IN THE BACKGROUND the Ped Egg infomercial plays on the television. Sue RAPIDLY and AGGRESSIVELY continues to scrape, her other foot is bandaged.

SUE

It's like a God damned cheese grater!

ON TELEVISION

INFOMERCIAL ANNOUNCER demonstrates how to use the Ped Egg.

INFOMERCIAL ANNOUNCER

It's so gentle, it won't even pop
this balloon.

(Beat)

And make sure when you're done to
use the "Miracle Foot Restorer" cream.

SUE

Of course I need to restore my feet,
this thing's turned them into bloody
stumps.

INFOMERCIAL ANNOUNCER

Don't forget to empty your foot
shavings.

SUE

Yes, of course, wouldn't want to
leave grated foot cheese lying around.

INT. GORDON'S PARENTS' KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE SHOT COMPUTER SCREEN, letter greeting is typed, erased,
typed again. There are several attempts at "perfection".

INSERT - COMPUTER SCREEN

"Dear" is typed, then erased.

"Dearest" is typed, then erased.

"My Dearest" is typed, then erased.

BACK TO SCENE

Gordon's at a computer desk in the corner of the kitchen, he struggles trying to find the right words to type. He SIGHS repeatedly, drops his head in despair.

IN THE BACKGROUND Bill cooks pasta.

BILL
What are you working on Gordo?

GORDON
I'm trying to get Enid back Pop.

Bill gets a block of parmesan, not paying attention to Gordon.

BILL
Well where is she, do you need to borrow the Caddy?

GORDON
No Pop, she left. I'm trying to show her I can change, that I'm actually worthy of her love, give her a reason to come back.

Bill looks through the cabinets for a cheese grater.

BILL
Back from where? I said, do you need the Caddy?

GORDON
Dad...she's gone, we haven't spoken in weeks.

BILL
So you do need the Caddy?

GORDON
(sarcastically)
Yeah Dad, thanks, I take the car.

BILL
Well you can't have it. Your Mom and I have to be at the go cart track after dinner.

GORDON
Mom doesn't spend enough time with a set of wheels under her ass? Now you're bringing her go cart racing?

BILL

No. There's an open competition tonight, she wants to race her Jazzy.

GORDON

Race her Jazzy? Against twelve year kids?

BILL

Yeah, apparently she bought the Tony Robbins motivational set. All she's been talking about is "unleashing the power within".

GORDON

I don't think racing in a figure eight against pre-pubescent boys is what Tony Robbins is talking about. But if you want I can make some adjustments to her Jazzy, at least give her a fighting chance. Just let me finish this letter first and then I'll take care of it.

BILL

That'll be great Gordo, thanks --

Bill stops looking for a cheese grater.

BILL

-- I'll be right back.

Bill exits. Gordon turns back to the computer, pauses, then FEVERISHLY types. His writer's block is gone. From O.S. a SCRAPING SOUND begins that's so loud Gordon stops typing. Gordon sees Bill using a Ped-Egg to grate the parmesan cheese.

GORDON

What the hell are you doing?

BILL

Grating cheese for the pasta. Why?

GORDON

Because that's mom's foot scraper for God's sake.

BILL

(like an announcer)

But wait, if you act now --

(normal voice)

You know those infomercials always offer second items at no charge, she wouldn't buy if they didn't.

(MORE)

BILL (CONT'D)

This one's brand new. Her callused feet haven't been anywhere near this one.

Bill continues GRATING.

GORDON

Whatever.

Gordon puts the finishing touches on his letter, HITS the print button with PRIDE. He grabs the letter from the printer and an envelope from the desk.

GORDON

Look, I have to get this in the mail right away. I'll be back in ten minutes. Start dinner without me.

Gordon exits. Bill continues to GRATE.

EXT. POST OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Gordon stands in front of a free standing postal drop box. He stares at the envelope, he SIGHS.

GORDON

(to himself)

I just want you back Enid. I know I've made mistakes. I can only hope this isn't another one.

(Beat)

This letter.

(Beat)

If in some small way this letter shows you I've changed then --

Gordon KISSES the envelope, drops it carefully into the mailbox. Adjusts his helmet and goggles, then RACES off.

INT. SUE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

INFOMERCIAL HOST

And once again, don't forget to empty your foot shavings --

Sue stops SCRAPING, REVS the engine of her Jazzy and rides out. She passes a completely empty bottle of foot restorer cream laying on her night table.

SUE

-- Yeah, yeah. I'm emptying it as you speak my Foot Furor.

INT. GORDON'S PARENTS' KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Bill sets the table, including the Ped-Egg filled with freshly grated parmesan. Sue RACES in on her Jazzy

BILL

Ah, there she is, our little Jeff Gordon. You ready to eat?

SUE

Can't have dinner, the race starts in 45 minutes.

BILL

You can't race these kids on an empty stomach. Besides, Gordon wants to make some adjustments to your Jazzy, he'll be right back.

Frazzled by a lack of time, Sue sets her filled Ped-Egg on the kitchen table next to the Ped-Egg containing parmesan. Sue's Ped-Egg shows the wear of being used on her feet, including a slight, bloodied fingerprint.

SUE

Look Bill, there's just no time. It's like Tony Robbins says, "If you do what you've always done, you'll get what you've always gotten".

BILL

That makes absolutely no sense. What does that even have to do with racing go-carts?

SUE

(shouting)

"Live with Passion".

(Beat)

Meet me in the car Bill.

Sue RACES out. Bill sets his pan and serving spoon down, follows Sue out. They leave through a door leading to the garage. The kitchen is momentarily empty. Gordon enters through back door, opposite the door Sue and Bill exited through.

GORDON

Ma? Pop?

When there's no response, Gordon decides to eat. He sits at the table, fills a plate with pasta and sauce. He's about to grab Sue's Ped-Egg for parmesan, but stops himself to get garlic bread instead. He reaches for Sue's Ped-Egg again, this time he grabs it, removes the cover.

He's about to spoon Sue's foot shavings onto his pasta when he stops, puts the Ped-Egg down, and POURS himself a glass of wine. Gordon reaches for Sue's Ped-Egg a 3rd time when suddenly the phone RINGS. He sets everything down and ANSWERS the phone.

GORDON
 (phone conversation)
 Hello?
 (Beat)
 No, this is her son.
 (Beat)
 No, I don't know when she'll be back.
 (Beat)
 No, I don't know if she wants
 detoxifying foot pads.

Gordon's about to hang up, then continues to talk.

GORDON
 Detoxifying foot pads? What do
 detoxifying foot pads even do?
 (Beat)
 Really?
 (Beat)
 Really!
 (Beat)
 And you put them wear?
 (Beat)
 Oh...well, that would make sense.

Interested in the foot pads and distracted by the phone call, Gordon puts Sue's foot shavings all over his pasta by mistake, thinking it's parmesan. He wanders the kitchen, talking.

GORDON
 And how many of these foot pads do I
 get?
 (Beat)
 Really?
 (Beat)
 And if I act right now, then how
 many do I get?
 (Beat)
 Really! And you have my mom's credit
 card information on file right?
 (Beat)
 Excellent. You know, I think I would
 like to place an order.

Gordon sits, his meal in front of him waiting to be eaten.

GORDON

No no, it's I who should be thanking you. Yep, absolutely. I look forward to getting them. You have a great night yourself.

Gordon HANGS UP, gets a large bite of pasta covered in foot shavings onto his fork.

GORDON

I'm gettin' me some detoxifying foot pads.

Gordon takes his first bite, starts to chew. Slowly, his mouth stops moving, realizing something doesn't taste right. He looks down at the table

INSERT - CLOSE SHOTS OF SUE'S PED-EGG

Sue's bloody fingerprint on the removed cover. Toenails and shaved skin fill the bottom portion, the spoon Gordon used sits inside the with Sue's foot shavings.

BACK TO SCENE

Gordon SPITS everything out, sprints to the bathroom to THROW UP.

EXT. GO-CART TRACK - EVENING

Underneath a brightly lit track, Sue WHIZZES around on her Jazzy. She RAMS and BANGS the children racing in go-carts off the track. She SCREAMS wildly.

EXT. MEGALIFE CREDIT CARD COMPANY - LAS VEGAS - DAYS LATER

VINCE (O.S.)

Yes, I hear what you're saying ma'am, but I'm telling you there's nothing I can do to help you.

INT. MEGALIFE CREDIT CARD COMPANY - LAS VEGAS - CONTINUOUS

Worker after worker, slouching in cubicle after cubicle, talk simultaneously with individual credit card customers.

VINCE (O.S.)

Ma'am. Ma'am. Ma'am! You need to listen to ME now, MA'AM! You're the one who ordered the cake of the month club, correct?

INT. VINCE'S CUBICLE - CONTINUOUS

VINCE

And you're the one who ate cakes for eleven months straight, correct? Well, this much I know, you can't accept and eat two hundred pounds of baked goods and then try to use your credit card company to cancel the membership with only one month to go.

(Beat)

I don't care whether or not you like butter cream. I personally don't like caramel nut frosting, in my opinion it's an abomination in the eyes of god, there's chocolate or vanilla and nothing else. Unless of course the wife is feeling frisky, and in that case, I may just break out the butter cream myself, if you know what I mean.

(Beat)

The point is, you can't go through me to cancel your membership to Heffer's Hot Cakes, and unless you have any other concerns pertinent to your credit card, there's nothing else I can do.

(Beat)

Really? Well that tone is just unacceptable. I'm afraid we're going to have to part ways now Miss Piggy. Make sure you tell Kermit I said hi, and you have yourself a nice day.

Vince CLICKS his computer keyboard to hang up, removes his head set and DESPAIRINGLY takes a deep BREATH. IN THE BACKGROUND JASON slowly rolls into Vince's cubicle unbeknownst to Vince. Jason watches Vince for a little bit while Vince gets back to his computer and starts CLICKING.

JASON

Customers got you on edge Vince?

Vince is startled by Jason's presence.

VINCE

No, not really, it's assholes ambushing me in my cubicle.

JASON

Well, you know, gotta do something to make the day go quicker. What was this one's complaint?

VINCE

It's not just this one, it's all of them.

Vince TYPES, Jason looks on.

VINCE

That woman was just trying to get me to cancel her little "cake of the month club" not five minutes ago.

(Vince stops typing)

Now look. Not only has she just signed up for another year of cakes, but she's signing up for Jenny Craig as...we...speak...yep, transaction complete. I swear, the fat farms and food companies work together, it's like God damned clockwork.

JASON

Wait a second, you're not even supposed to be on until tonight.

VINCE

Shit man, that's a whole other story.

JASON

Poor little Vincent. I told you man. I told you. It's like the great Jimmy Soul always said,

(starts singing "If

You Wanna Be Happy")

"If you wanna be happy for the rest of your life; never make a pretty woman your wife; so from my personal point of view; get an ugly girl to marry you".

VINCE

Really? Ugly girl? Your personal point of view huh?

Vince leans back, looks across the cubicles at Jason's desk.

INSERT - JASON'S WEDDING PHOTOGRAPH

On Jason's desk sits his wedding picture. Jason's wife is taller than Jason, "ridiculously" hot. She has a huge, phony smile plastered across her face, Jason looks confused.

BACK TO SCENE

JASON

That's right personal experience.
(MORE)

JASON (CONT'D)

Learn from *MY* personal experience,
and do it quick before there's any
little Vinces running around.

CLOSE SHOT of picture on Jason's desk. Jason's family is at Chuck E Cheese. Jason's wife smiles widely, is dressed too "hot" for a pizza party, and poses like a model. Jason's children each have one of his arms and pull in opposite directions. Jason barely looks forward for the picture.

BACK TO SCENE

GORDON

Whatever man. You don't know.
Carol's not that bad, and having
Grandma move in hasn't helped things.

JASON

Dude, your Grandmother taking over
your house has nothing to do with
anything. Carol's always been *BAD*.

GORDON

You're right. She's a fucking
nightmare.

(Beat)

But she's *SO* hot!

JASON

Yeah, I know. She points it out to
me every time I see her.

From O.S. a phone RINGS from Jason's cubicle.

JASON

Times up my brother, the masses
beckon.

Jason rolls out of Vince's cubicle on his chair.

VINCE

The masses wait for no one.

Vince begins opening stacks of credit card payments. With each envelope he opens, he inputs the customers payment into the computer, discards the envelope, places the check and payment stub in a tray labeled "PROCESSED". Vince's phone RINGS, he ANSWERS, but continues processing payments.

VINCE

(forced politeness)

Thank you for calling MegaLife Credit
Card Company. How may I help you
with your credit needs?

(MORE)

VINCE (CONT'D)
 (phone conversation)
 Yes...uh huh.
 (Beat)
 Uh huh...yes.
 (Beat)
 What a surprise, you'd like to cancel
 your "Donuts Around The World" club.
 Well I'm not authorized too --

Vince opens an envelope, the contents distract him. There's more than just a check and payment stub, he's intrigued.

VINCE
 (distracted, monotone)
 Uh huh.
 (Beat)
 Uh huh.
 (Beat)
 Uh huh, yes I am listening Ma'am.
 (focus returns)
 Look, I am listening. It sounds
 like you should do two things. First,
 get your cholesterol checked. Second,
 consult a lawyer, it seems to me you
 have a great case against Global
 Donut Incorporated for possible early
 onset diabetes. But when it comes
 to your membership, there's nothing
 I or MegaLife can do for you.

Vince abruptly CLICKS his keyboard to hang up on the customer. He removes his headset and gives his full attention to the contents of the envelope. As he separates everything, there is a payment stub, 5 one hundred dollar bills, and a letter.

Vince reads the letter silently. Gordon's voice is HEARD.

GORDON (V.O.)
 Dear New Friend At The Credit Card
 Company. I know we have never met
 and that many miles separate us, but
 I feel in the deepest part of my
 soul, deeper than any body cavity
 known to man, that I can trust you,
 for you are the "Keeper of the
 Credit". Thousands upon thousands
 of strangers entrust you with their
 most personal information and
 purchases, and yet you remain
 steadfast in protecting their privacy.
 It is truly noble work and I applaud
 you. However, it is on a somber
 note that I come to you for help.
 (MORE)

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

The woman I love has left me, saying I'm immature and irresponsible. That's where you and the five hundred dollars you are now holding come in. Please take the money and purchase one "Ultimate Gold Mine" lottery ticket. I have a sixth sense when it comes to these things, and I really believe we're going to win. And when you cash in that winning ticket, we'll split the five hundred million dollars fifty fifty, and we'll both be on easy street. More importantly Enid will see just how responsible that money will make me, and when she does, she'll come skipping back for a little piece of the pie, and hopefully me too. Well thank you in advance for all your help and kindness. Just let me know how to get my half of the money when our ship comes in. You obviously have all of my contact information, so I look forward to hearing from you after the big drawing. From YOUR new friend, Gordon Page. P.S., any pornography charges on this account are fraudulent and should be removed immediately, except for Girls Gone Extremely Wild, that is valid and should be left alone.

Vince pauses, contemplates the letter. He tucks the \$500 in his shirt pocket, WHEELS his chair into the cubicle hallway.

VINCE

Hey? Jason?

Jason WHEELS himself into the hallway.

VINCE

Can you cover my calls for about an hour?

JASON

Yeah, sure, no problem pal. You hittin' the slots?

VINCE

Something like that.

Vince starts off down the hallway, but abruptly turns, runs back to his cubicle. IN THE CUBICLE Vince quickly CLICKS at his computer.

He pauses momentarily to think, then ultimately decides to CLICK the "enter" button. He SHREDS the letter from Gordon, grabs his artwork, and runs.

EXT. SOUTH STREET SEAPORT (WEEKS LATER) - DAY

CLOSE SHOT of the word "Gentlemen" on the bathroom door. The door SLAMS open, a different, young businessman BOLTS out of the bathroom. The CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal a crowd around the bathroom, the businessman runs down the sidewalk. Gordon appears in the bathroom doorway, his body language shows his heart is not into the performance.

GORDON
(disheartened, monotone)
And you forgot to wash your hands.

People crowd around, putting dollar bills and loose change into Gordon's mug. Gordon dejectedly thanks people as he packs his stuff. A female street performer dressed as the STATUE OF LIBERTY walks by and places a dollar into his mug.

STATUE OF LIBERTY
What's the matter Gordon? You don't seem like yourself lately?

GORDON
Lady Liberty, I tell ya, life just isn't the same without Enid.

STATUE OF LIBERTY
She still won't talk to you?

GORDON
Nothing. Absolutely nothing! No contact whatsoever for over a month now. She won't return my phone calls, e-mails, texts, nothing. If I could somehow use your fake torch to re-light the flame in her heart for me I would.

STATUE OF LIBERTY
Gordon. Love cannot be fueled by an artificial accelerant. It needs to be grown and nurtured through heart felt actions and years of self sacrifice.

GORDON
You are so wise Lady Liberty, you are truly a beacon of hope for so many.

TACKY TOURISTS CLAMOR around Lady Liberty.

TACKY TOURISTS

Can we get a picture, please?

Lady Liberty pauses for a "cheesy" picture. The tourists stuff dollar bills into the top of her torch. More tourists gather, Lady Liberty is pulled away.

GORDON

(to himself)

So wise.

IN THE BACKGROUND tourists continue stuffing Lady Liberty's torch with dollar bills. Gordon finishes packing up, gets on his Jazzy and pulls away from South Street Seaport.

EXT. TIMES SQUARE SIDEWALKS - LATER

Gordon WEAVES in and out of heavy foot traffic, still DESPONDENT and SAD. IN THE BACKGROUND, over Gordon's shoulder the Times Square Jumbo Screen rises. ON THE SCREEN a commercial ends, a news story begins. ON THE SCREEN a reporter interviews Vince in front of his Las Vegas home. A graphic reads "Live", the bottom of the screen reads "Las Vegas Credit Card Processor Wins Half A Billion Dollars".

As Gordon rides he gets a "sixth sense", he gradually stops, then slowly turns to see Vince and the reporter on the screen. CLOSE SHOT on the bottom graphic, "Las Vegas Credit Card Processor Wins Half A Billion Dollars". Gordon's awe-struck, with jaw dropped he gets off his Jazzy and stares, dumfounded.

GORDON

(to himself)

Not a mentalist? My ass! I fucking knew it!

Realizing he needs to hear the story, Gordon SCRAMBLES to find a Times Square electronics store.

INT. ELECTRONICS STORE - CONTINUOUS

Gordon RACES to the television section. He BANGS and KNOCKS into customers. All the televisions show Vince's interview, Gordon grabs a remote and turns the volume up.

ON THE TELEVISION

TELEVISION REPORTER

I guess it's safe to say that your life will never be the same Vincent.

VINCE

Please, call me Vince. No, I guess it won't.

(MORE)

VINCE (CONT'D)

Half a billion dollars changes a lot of things. For one, I'd like to officially give my notice of resignation to the MegaLife Credit Card Company, thanks for a miserable eight years.

TELEVISION REPORTER

But what about your plans for the money? Anything special in mind?

The CAMERA PULLS OUT to reveal Carol standing next to Vince posing like a model.

VINCE

Well, ironically, I will be paying off all of *OUR*

(looks at Carol)

credit card debt with MegaLife.

(Beat)

And I will undoubtedly be taking care of the little lady here. Making sure she gets some of the finer things in life she so deserves.

IN THE STORE

Gordon MUMBLES.

GORDON

(to himself)

And split the money with Gordon!

Split the money with --

ON THE TELEVISION

VINCE

-- My Grandmother, I'd really like to get my Grandmother set up in a nice place of her own. You see, she's been living with my wife and I for quite some time now, and I think she would...

(looks at Carol)

appreciate that.

TELEVISION REPORTER

But what about you? After all, it is a half a billion dollars, surely there's something you'd like to do for yourself.

IN THE STORE

GORDON
 (mumbling louder)
 Split the money with Gordon. Split
 the money.
 (deliberate)
 Split the money with Gordon Page!

ON THE TELEVISION

Vince takes a deep BREATH.

VINCE
 Actually, I've always wanted to pursue
 something in the way of art. I don't
 know, maybe I'll draw professionally,
 or maybe I'll even open a studio.

Carol GLARES at Vince.

TELEVISION REPORTER
 Well, with this kind of money there
 is no doubt you'll have the freedom
 to do pretty much anything you want
 Vince.
 (into the camera)
 And we will be "checking" back in
 with Vince and his lovely wife
 (Vince and Carol argue)
 three weeks from now when he will
 receive his five hundred MILLION
 dollar check from the Nevada Lottery
 Commission.
 (Beat)
 Live for Channel Seven News, this is
 Monica Stall reporting.

BACK TO SCENE

GORDON
 (screaming)
 Split the money with Gordon! What
 about splitting the money with Gordon?

Gordon RACES out of the electronics store, KNOCKING and
 BANGING into employees and customers as he exits.

EXT. VINCE'S FRONT YARD - CONTINUOUS

The Channel Seven News van pulls out of Vince's driveway.
 Vince and Carol argue as they walk towards the front door.

VINCE
 Why do you have to give me that God
 damn look? On national T.V. no less.

CAROL

Because why did you have to bring up your stupid drawings? This was supposed to be our first introduction into the social scene as millionaires, and instead you're talking "art".

VINCE

I was simply answering her question. And my "art" is not stupid. If you ever took the time to look at my work you might understand.

Vince and Carol reach the front door and begin to enter.

CAROL

Whatever! I'm getting my bag and going shopping.

Carol disappears into the house, Vince is disgusted by her lack of interest.

CAROL (O.S.)

Yes! Yes! I will pick you up batteries you old fart! Hell Grandma, we've got enough fucking money to buy Energizer!

Vince shakes his head, enters, closes the door behind him.

INT. GORDON'S PARENTS' LIVING ROOM - LATER

Sue sits on her Jazzy watching an infomercial for the "Listen Up" listening device ("Turns Ordinary Hearing Into Extraordinary Hearing"). She's surrounded by fresh vegetables. She uses the "Kitchen Magic Chopper Plus" on the produce, filling a huge bowl with the sliced veggies.

Gordon RUSHES through the front door.

GORDON

Ma, has anybody named Vince called?

SUE

Huh? What? Prince? The singer? I think I may need this miracle hearing device?

GORDON

No Ma, Vince! The guys name is Vince!

SUE

Vince? Vince who? What's his last name?

GORDON

I don't know his last name, just anybody named Vince.

SUE

Nope, no Vince. Not that I'm aware of anyway. Check with your father.

INT. GORDON'S PARENTS' KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Bill plugs in the deep fryer. ON THE COUNTER sits a huge jug of vegetable oil, a variety of hot dogs, a bowl similar to Sue's filled with the sliced vegetables from the living room, and a bowl filled with batter.

BILL

And there he is. Just in time, what do you want fried up for dinner?

GORDON

I don't want anything Pop. Listen, has anybody called for me, some guy named Vince?

BILL

Vince who?

GORDON

I don't know his last name! Just somebody named Vince!

Gordon GRABS the phone from the counter. CLOSE SHOT of the phone screen as Gordon SCROLLS through the call history. When Vince's name doesn't appear, Gordon SLAMS the phone, he turns and grabs a huge pile of unopened mail from the counter.

BILL

What's the matter Gordo? What are you looking for?

Gordon TEARS through the mail, checks every piece for a letter from Vince.

GORDON

Is this it? Isn't there any more mail? Did you throw ANYTHING away from Vince?

Bill tries to ask "Vince who", but Gordon cuts him off.

GORDON

(screaming)

I DON'T KNOW HIS LAST NAME!

Gordon turns his attention to the computer.

BILL
 Hey Gordo, what's going on? You
 okay?

Standing, Gordon checks the computer's INBOX, when he realizes there are no e-mails from Vince, he sits down and begins a Google search. Bill stops cooking, stands behind Gordon, looks over his shoulder, trying to grasp the situation.

INSERT - CLOSE SHOT OF GOOGLE SEARCH/COMPUTER SCREEN

IN THE SEARCH BOX Gordon types "Vince Ultimate Gold Mine Lottery Ticket Winner". Gordon CLICKS the enter button. ON THE SCREEN multiple websites are listed. Gordon CLICKS on the first web address listed, ON THE SCREEN appears a story about the Ultimate Gold Mine Lottery winner, Vince Robertson. CLOSE SHOT of Vince Robertson's picture, his name's listed below it. Vince smiles wide.

BACK TO SCENE

Sue enters on her Jazzy, oversized bowl of chopped vegetables on her lap. Gordon and Bill stare at the computer screen.

SUE
 What's going on boys? Some kind of
 new and exciting deep frying
 technique?
 (Beat)
 Or is it porn?
 (Beat)
 Or maybe it's a pornographic deep
 frying fetish?

Gordon BANGS his head onto the keyboard.

BILL
 (hand on Gordon's
 shoulder)
 What's the matter son?

GORDON
 (lifting his head)
 I'm a millionaire. I'm a God damned
 millionaire.

BILL
 Well...that's a good thing, right?

SUE
 Fuck yeah it's good!

BILL
 Sue, the language.

SUE

He's a grown man, and a fucking rich grown man at that. He can handle some strong language. In fact he's the one who said I should start saying fuck more. Isn't that fucking right Gordon?

GORDON

Not now Ma, okay? This is serious. This guy just won five hundred million dollars, and half of it's mine.

BILL

How is half of "his" winnings yours?

GORDON

It's a long story. I can't explain it now, but I guarantee you, half of that money is mine.

A momentary pause throughout the entire kitchen.

BILL

Well, you have his name don't you? Why don't you just give him a call?

Gordon thinks, his eyes widen. He grabs a phone, turns back to the computer and frantically TYPES. Bill takes the bowl of vegetables from Sue, continues cooking. Sue leaves.

AT THE COMPUTER DESK - MONTAGE

Gordon searches the web, makes phone calls. He repeats this many times. Sometimes the phone calls are short, other times they're longer, his body language is very animated.

TIME PASSES, the kitchen slowly darkens. Gordon sits alone in the moonlight at the computer, disheartened and dejected.

BACK TO SCENE

Bill enters wearing pajamas, he CLICKS the lights on.

BILL

Gordo? What are you still doing up?

Bill goes to the refrigerator.

BILL

Were you able to get in touch with that "Vince" guy?

GORDON

(dejected)

No dad I didn't. It seems when you win a half a billion dollars a lot of people, even a lot of crazy people, want to get in touch with you. Apparently I'm just one of the thousands of "nut jobs" looking to get in on his winnings, so all access to him is being denied, his phones are turned off, no working e-mail address, not even a clue as to where he lives.

BILL

I have to ask again Gordo, what makes you so sure your entitled to half of his money?

GORDON

Trust me Pop, half of it's mine.

BILL

Can you prove it?

GORDON

I can't, I can't. I'm an idiot. I didn't keep a copy of the letter that I sent this guy. I just trusted that if he won he would do the right thing.

BILL

(jokingly)

Well, looks like your only option left is to head to Vegas.

Gordon's spirits are lifted.

GORDON

That's it!

BILL

What's it?

GORDON

I'll go to Vegas and confront this Vince Robertson. Once he meets me I'm sure he'll stick to his half of the bargain.

BILL

Hey. I was only joking Gordo.

(MORE)

BILL (CONT'D)

You're not going to convince anyone, especially somebody you've never met before, to willingly give half of their newly found fortune away.

GORDON

Pop, I've gotta at least try. Can I have the Caddy for a couple of weeks?

BILL

(laughing)

That car's my baby Gordo. There's no way you're taking it on a cross country wild goose chase. Even if that goose equals a half a billion dollars.

Gordon tries to ask another question, Bill interrupts him.

BILL

And no, I'm not giving you any money for airfare. I'm sorry son, you're on your own with this one.

Bill exits.

GORDON

Alone. That's all I am these days, alone and on my own. Ever since Enid left it's --

INT. BILL'S CADILLAC - NIGHT

Gordon drives.

GORDON

(to himself)

Look, just keep it simple Gordo. Ask her nicely, let her know how important it is that you get to Vegas and that you would *LOVE* for her to come with you.

(Beat)

The fact that I need her car to get there should really be irrelevant. I'm sure it will be fine with her.

(Beat)

Can't hurt to ask, right? I mean, what's the worse that could happen?

INT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM - LATER

WIDE SHOT, absolute CHAOS engulfs the area. Medical equipment BUZZES and BEEPS.

Patients on gurneys get WHEELED around in different directions, medical professionals move about at a FRANTIC pace caring for patients. IN THE DOORWAY, Gordon SCANS the room looking for Enid, he sees her across the room tending to a patient. Gordon makes his way through the crowd of patients, doctors, and nurses.

Gordon KNOCKS down intravenous lines (IV's), STUMBLES into patients. He BUMPS into doctors and nurses, causing them to inappropriately STAB and POKE patients with needles. FROM ACROSS THE ROOM, Enid lifts her head, sees the commotion. She shakes her head, goes back to work on her PATIENT. Gordon reaches Enid, she keeps her attention on her patient.

ENID

(without looking up)

What do you want Gordon? As you can see, I'm very busy. This is what's called a job! And a tough one at that.

GORDON

I know Enid, I just --

ENID

You know? You know! Obviously you don't know. I made it real clear I didn't want anything to do with you anymore. So now out of nowhere you decide to show up at my job.

As Enid gets angrier, she treats the patient rougher.

GORDON

I do know Enid, I do. That's why I'm here, to apologize.

ENID

Apologize. Do you even know what you're apologizing for?

GORDON

This time I do know. And I want to apologize right.

(stammering)

I...I...want...I mean...I need for you to come with me to...to --

ENID

To where Gordon.

GORDON

To...to Vegas.

Enid looks up for the first time.

GORDON

It's incredibly important to me, and
if you could just drive, I'd really
like to leave right away because --

Enid lets go of the PATIENT'S pressure point, the patient
bleeds profusely, Enid jumps into Gordon's arms, kisses him.

ENID

Yes Gordon, absolutely yes!

(Beat)

Look, I have tons of time I can use.
Let me get things organized here
tonight. I'll clear my schedule for
a week or two and we can leave
whenever you want.

The patient continues to bleed.

GORDON

(stunned)

Um...okay. That's amazing Enid.
You're amazing. Can you swing by
the house tomorrow around noon and
pick me up?

PATIENT

Hey Doc? Sorry to disrupt your travel
plans, but do you think you can take
care of this now? The room's going
a little dark on me here.

Enid lets go of Gordon to tend to her patient. She gives
Gordon one more long, loving kiss. Gordon turns to leave.

ENID

Hey.

Gordon turns back.

ENID

I love you.

GORDON

I love you too Enid.

EXT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

GORDON

(to himself)

It's true, it never hurts to ask. I
got myself all worked up, and nothing
even came close to going wrong. God
Enid's the best.

INT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A CO-WORKER approaches Enid while she works on her patient.

CO-WORKER

What was that all about Enid? I thought you were done with Gordon?

ENID

I'm as shocked as you. The fact that he even had the guts to come see me here, at work.

(Beat)

I think it shows he's finally changed.

CO-WORKER

After all these years, what makes you think that he could change?

ENID

He asked me to go to Vegas with him.

CO-WORKER

Vegas? So he's taking you gambling, how does that prove he's changed?

ENID

Gambling? Not Gordon, he doesn't gamble.

CO-WORKER

Then what?

ENID

Come on, do I have to spell it out. Marriage licenses with no waiting period. The famous "Little White Wedding Chapel".

The co-worker still doesn't get Enid's point.

ENID

Don't you get it, he said he wants to apologize, he's taking me there to get married. It's just so typical of Gordon. Where else would he want to go to get married than in the magic capitol of the world?

CO-WORKER

It's also the prostitution capitol as well. Maybe he's taking you there to get a couple of hookers. Look.

(MORE)

CO-WORKER (CONT'D)

You know I just don't want to see you get hurt, but I also don't want to burst your bubble. So if you're off to Vegas to get hitched, let me be the first to say congrats.

The co-worker gives Enid a hug.

CO-WORKER

Remember though, this *IS* Gordon we're talking about, so just be careful, guard your feelings just a little bit. Okay?

ENID

Okay, I will.

They break their hug, Enid returns to work, the co-worker leaves, shakes her head. Enid GUSHES, carelessly tending to the patient's wound.

INT. GORDON'S BEDROOM - NEXT DAY - AFTERNOON

Gordon FRANTICALLY packs, he uses a duffel bag, SHOVES in unfolded, wrinkled clothes. The bag's not big enough, yet he JAMS IN his clothes and a wide variety of useless items (i.e. magic/mentalists tricks). He tries to ZIP the bag, it won't close.

GORDON

(stares at duffel bag)

All ready.

Gordon grabs the bag and exits.

INT. GORDON'S PARENTS' LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bill and Sue sit eating deep fried Oreos while watching a classic 80's infomercial videotape, "Get Rich With Tom Vu".

INSERT - CLOSE SHOT OF TELEVISION

Tom Vu's infomercial PLAYS.

BACK TO SCENE

SUE

God damn it! I really thought that Vu character was going to make us fucking rich Bill. Who knew you couldn't trust a Vietnamese "boat person" for sound financial advice.

Gordon enters.

GORDON

Are those deep fried Oreos?

(Beat)

Nevermind. I'm heading out, Enid's going to be here any minute.

Gordon gives Bill and Sue a kiss good-bye.

BILL

Good luck son, I hope it works out.

SUE

I hope it works out too. I want your father to install one of those restaurant quality deep fryers, but they aren't cheap you know.

Gordon's at the door.

SUE

Gordon? Did you order something for your feet with my credit card?

GORDON

Yeah, did it come?

Sue TOSSES an unopened package to Gordon, he catches it.

GORDON

Sweet!

Gordon exits.

SUE

I hope it's not anymore of these

(picks up a Ped-Egg)

damn Peg-Eggs, he'll never walk the same way again.

(in Vietnamese;

subtitled)

Oh shut the fuck up Vu.

(to Bill; throws the

Ped-Egg at the T.V.)

At least those learn "Vietnamese In A Day" tapes paid off!

EXT. FRONT OF GORDON'S PARENTS' HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Gordon sits on the porch, haggard duffel bag and unopened box of detoxifying foot pads at his side. Enid pulls up in a new, well kept Volvo. Gordon grabs his things, runs to the car. Enid gets out, opens the trunk. She gives him a long, hard kiss.

He DROPS his bag into the trunk next to Enid's neatly placed, professional looking suitcase. She ROLLS her eyes and SIGHS at the sight of Gordon's duffel bag. He TOSSES his box of foot pads in last.

ENID

(knows she shouldn't
ask)

What's in the box Gordon?

GORDON

Ah, nothing. Just something I
ordered.

ENID

(thinking to herself
it's wedding related)

Something special?

GORDON

(confused)

Um...maybe? I hope so. Not really
sure yet. Hey, who's starting off
behind the wheel?

ENID

I'll take the first run, but I may
get tired quickly. Let's not forget,
one of us worked last night.

GORDON

Whatever you want my love, I serve
at your pleasure.

Enid and Gordon get in the car, they drive off.

INT. ENID'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Gordon falls asleep instantly.

ROAD TRIP BEGINS - MONTAGE

Enid and Gordon head southwest from New York. TIME PASSES,
they travel through several states. As EARLY EVENING
approaches, Enid's too tired to drive. Gordon has slept the
entire way. She pulls into a rest stop and wakes him up.

BACK TO SCENE

ENID

You need to drive now Gordon, I can't
keep my eyes open anymore.

GORDON

(waking up)

You got it. I'll fill up the tank
and we'll be on our way.

Gordon runs to the building to pay for gas. Enid SLIDES OVER into the passenger seat. When he returns to the car he gives Enid a package of Necco wafer candies.

GORDON

Always been your favorite.

ENID

(slight appreciation)

Yes, my favorite Gordon. Now pump
the gas.

Enid eats the Necco wafers, Gordon pumps the gas. While pumping, he notices families with children sitting at picnic tables. When Gordon finishes pumping, he goes to the trunk.

ENID

(exasperated)

No Gordon, not now! Can we just get
going? Please!

Gordon grabs items from the trunk, runs to the picnic tables. He entertains families with a variety of magic tricks. Enid watches, ANNOYED at first. As more people gather around Gordon, she begins to look on with PRIDE and LOVE. She sees the JOY Gordon brings to the people and remembers all the things she's loved about him throughout the years. Gordon finishes entertaining the families, returns to the car, gets in the driver's seat.

GORDON

All set?

Enid leans over and gives him a kiss.

ENID

(content)

Yeah. I'm all set.

CONTINUE ROAD TRIP - EVENING - MONTAGE

Gordon continues on a southwest path, passing through several more states while Enid sleeps. TIME PASSES. On a desolate highway a mini-van passes Gordon. Playing on the mini-van's rear entertainment system is Spongebob Squarepants, he sees the show, starts watching. He pays more attention to Spongebob Squarepants than to his driving. The mini-van EXITS the highway, Gordon follows so he can watch more of the show.

The mini-van makes many turns and has led Gordon far from the highway. When the mini-van comes to a red light in a small town, Spongebob Squarepants ends and the entertainment system GOES BLACK. When the light TURNS GREEN, the mini-van PULLS AWAY, Gordon realizes he's in the middle of nowhere. He spots a SLEAZY motel and pulls into the parking lot.

BACK TO SCENE

EXT. SLEAZY MOTEL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Enid slowly wakes up.

ENID

Where are we Gordon?

GORDON

Just found us a nice place to get a little rest.

Enid looks at the "quality" of the motel and neighborhood.

ENID

Are you sure you want to stay *here*?
I'm awake now, I could drive. Why
don't we just keep going?

GORDON

No, let's get a room, we've got a long day ahead of us tomorrow.

Gordon JUMPS out of the car, runs to the motel lobby to get a room before Enid can OBJECT. She locks the car's doors. Gordon returns, gets in the car.

GORDON

(wryly)
Room sixty nine! The honeymoon suite.

ENID

(excited)
Really? The honeymoon suite?

GORDON

No. There's no honeymoon suite at this place. But with room sixty nine we can pretend it is?

ENID

Just get our stuff Gordon.

INT. SLEAZY MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The room is outdated, gross. Gordon and Enid STAND IN THE DOORWAY holding their luggage.

ENID

I'm not staying here Gordon.

GORDON

Once you're asleep you won't even know the difference. Come on, go get ready for bed.

Enid SIGHS, heads to the bathroom, SLAMS the bathroom door.

Gordon closes the front door, turns the lock. He pulls on the door to check that it's secure, the door opens up. He repeats several times, the door opens every time. With the door open, he turns the knob for the deadbolt back and forth. There's no deadbolt in the door. He closes the door and reaches for the "back-up" latch lock, but there is none.

From O.S. the bathroom door SQUEAKS opens. Gordon quickly SLAMS the front door and turns, panicked.

ENID

(in her pajamas)

Everything O.K.?

GORDON

Yep. Perfect.

Nervously moving towards the bathroom.

GORDON

All done? Great, my turn in there.

Gordon RACES to the bathroom, avoiding any more questions. Enid cautiously crawls into the disgusting bed. She looks for the television remote on the nightstands, she finally finds the remote on the end of the bed. When she grabs for it, the sheet pulls up with it. The remote is "stuck" to the sheet, disgusted Enid lets go immediately.

Gordon exits the bathroom in his pajamas, sits on the end of the bed. He opens the package containing the detoxifying foot pads. Enid sits forward, excited that the contents of the box may have to do with her wedding.

ENID

What's in the box Gordon?

GORDON

Boy, you're really interested in what I've got in here.

ENID

Well...what DO you have in there?

Gordon finally gets the box open.

GORDON
 Drum roll please! Detoxifying foot
 pads!

ENID
 Detoxifying what?

GORDON
 (proud)
 Foot pads.

ENID
 (disgusted)
 Foot pads?

GORDON
 Not just any foot pads, detoxifying
 foot pads.

Shows Enid the box.

GORDON
 See. When you're feeling stressed,
 you stick them on your feet, and
 while you sleep, all the dirty toxins
 get drawn out --

Gordon flips the box, a CLOSE SHOT shows the disgusting dirt
 and "gunk" that accumulates on the foot pad.

GORDON
 And viola, stress is gone.
 (starts to peel the
 back of a foot pad)
 Do you want to try one? We did have
 a long, stressful day of driving.

Enid throws herself back into the bed and under the covers.

ENID
 Good night Gordon.

Gordon sticks the peeled pad on his foot, he peels a second
 pad, places it on the other foot. He pauses, looks at the
 stack of remaining foot pads. He grabs a third pad and peels.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. SLEAZY MOTEL ROOM - LATER

IN THE MOONLIGHT, Gordon and Enid sleep peacefully. The
 unlocked door CREAKS opens. A dimwitted INTRUDER enters
 holding a knife, he TIPTOES across the room, a SQUEAKY
 floorboard wakes Gordon and Enid. Enid FLIPS on a light,
 the intruder freezes. Gordon and Enid JUMP out of bed.

Gordon's not in pajamas anymore, he wears just underwear. Covering his body from head to toe are detoxifying foot pads. Both Enid and the intruder stare at Gordon.

INTRUDER

What the fuck? Why are you covered
in maxi-pads man?

Gordon SCRATCHES his crotch, adjusts the pad in his underwear.

GORDON

Hey asshole, they're not maxi-pads.
They're detoxifying foot --

ENID

Just shut it Gordon.

Gordon SCRATCHES and TUGS at the pads on his arms and chest.

ENID

(to Gordon)
You know what, he's right Gordon,
what the fuck? They're FOOT pads!

GORDON

I was really stressed out last night
so I thought --

Gordon continues to SCRATCH.

INTRUDER

Both of you shut it! Just turn around
slowly and let me do my business.

Gordon and Enid slowly turn around. Enid, who has a tank top as her pajama top, has a detoxifying foot pad stuck between her shoulder blades.

INTRUDER

(points with his knife)
Hey. Lady. You've got one of
those...things there...on your back.

Enid tries to look over her shoulder at her back.

ENID

Gordon?

GORDON

You were stressed too. I thought
you could use one as well.

INTRUDER

Enough!

The intruder begins going through luggage, their clothing, Enid's purse. Gordon looks at Enid, then gestures to his crotch, she's confused. Carefully, quietly, Gordon pulls the foot pad from his underwear, he shows it to Enid. A CLOSE SHOT reveals dirt, brown "gunk", and pubic hair stuck on it. Enid's disgusted, but still doesn't know what Gordon's intentions are. Gordon turns quickly.

GORDON

Hey!

The intruder turns, Gordon throws the foot pad like a frisbee. The foot pad sticks to the intruder's face. The intruder DROPS the knife, GRABS at his face. While the intruder struggles with the disgusting foot pad, Gordon and Enid grab the knife, their luggage, and other belongings. They SPRINT out the front door and get into their car. They RACE away.

The intruder stammers to the doorway, removing the foot pad just in time to see Gordon and Enid SPEED away. His face has brown smudges and pubic hair stuck to it.

INT. ENID'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Gordon drives in his underwear. He looks at Enid, Enid looks at him, they BURST into LAUGHTER.

GORDON

That's going to be some headline tomorrow, "Burglary Foiled By Male Maxi-Pad".

INT. HIGH END JEWELRY SHOP - LAS VEGAS - DAY

Vince DEJECTEDLY follows Carol. He is weighted down with a massive amount of packages. Carol talks with a SALESMAN.

CAROL

And how many diamonds does this one have?

SALESMAN

Oh that's a stunning piece. You truly have beautiful taste ma'am.

VINCE (O.S.)

And may I ask what's the price tag of that beautiful, stunning piece?

CAROL

Vince! Enough already. We're filthy fucking rich!

(to the salesman)

Oh, I'm so sorry. Please excuse my language, AND my husband.

SALESMAN

With what it costs to shop in here,
apologizes are never necessary.

VINCE (O.S.)

We don't have the money yet!

SALESMAN

Shut the fuck up Vince.

CAROL

Thank you sir.

Vince's phone RINGS, he answers.

VINCE

Jason. How's it going?

INTERCUT telephone conversation.

INT. HIGH END CAR DEALERSHIP - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE SHOT on Jason.

JASON

It's going good. What are you up
to?

VINCE

Trying to keep Carol under control.
I haven't even gotten the check yet
and she's spending it faster than I
can keep track of?

SLOW PULL OUT reveals Jason buying a Porsche, he's signing
paperwork.

JASON

That really sucks man. But look,
it's a half a billion dollars. Now
we know she loves to spend, but it
would be pretty hard for even her to
fuck up that kind of money.

Jason covers the phone's mouthpiece and WHISPERS so Vince
can't hear.

JASON

(to the car salesman)

Yes, that's right, you can bill it
to Vince Robertson.

(Beat)

Yes Roberston, the lottery winner.

Jason uncovers the mouthpiece.

JASON
Just stop worrying man. Sit back
and just let us all enjoy your money.

VINCE
What?

JASON
You, you just enjoy *YOUR* money.

The car salesman needs one final signature from Jason.

JASON
I gotta go buddy, talk to you later.

BACK TO SCENE

Vince hangs up his phone.

VINCE
Do you really need both Carol?
(moves to the counter)
Can you try to choose just one,
please? Just one!

Vince drags Carol's packages to the counter, she tries on multiple diamond rings simultaneously. CLOSE SHOT of Carol's fingers filled with rings.

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ENID'S CAR - AFTERNOON

CLOSE SHOT, Enid MASSAGES her empty ring finger. SLOW PULL OUT reveals Enid daydreaming as Gordon drives.

GORDON
We're gettin' close now.

ENID
(thinking of marriage)
Close?

GORDON
Yeah, close. We'll hit Vegas in a couple of hours. Hey, keep your eye out for a Wal-Mart will ya.

ENID
(annoyed)
Why Gordon? Can't we just keep going?

GORDON
I want to pick up some food, plus I want to check the store out.

ENID

What is there to "check out"? We have Wal-Mart's in New York Gordon.

GORDON

The Wal-Mart's suck in New York. Walking into a Wal-Mart anywhere outside of the Northeast is like entering the holy land of shopping.

Enid SIGHS. TIME PASSES. From Enid's window, small town after small town passes, open field after open field passes. Off in the distance, in the middle of nowhere, a lovely beacon of light shines through the clouds down "from the heavens" onto one distant area. A small rainbow forms at its' base. As their car approaches, a Wal-Mart RISES INTO VIEW.

EXT. WAL-MART PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Gordon cannot contain his joy as he parks the car.

GORDON

You coming in?

ENID

(aggravated)

No.

GORDON

You sure? You don't know what you're missing out on.

ENID

I'll take my chances.

Gordon gets out, in his excitement he leaves the driver's side door open as he SPRINTS through the parking lot. Enid shakes her head in DISGUST.

INT. WAL-MART ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Gordon stands in a trance in the doorway, awe-struck by the "aura" that fills the store. A multitude of shoppers happily fill their carts.

From O.S. a heart monitor BEEPS, it SNAPS Gordon out of his stare.

CUT TO:

A CLOSE SHOT of a heart monitor. A SLOW PULL OUT reveals the heart monitor hooked up to a very elderly Wal-Mart GREETER laying on a gurney. An oxygen mask covers his face. He struggles to remove the oxygen mask from his face.

GREETER
 (coughing, wheezing)
 Welcome to Wal-Mart. Do you have
 anything you'd like to return today?

The greeter struggles to sit up.

GORDON
 No sir. I'm good. Thank you though.

Gordon walks into the store towards the massively filled aisles, his eyes wide and glazed over. As Gordon walks, from O.S. the greeter's heart monitor FLAT LINES. Three ELDERLY WAL-MART EMPLOYEES using walkers pass Gordon, they struggle to carry medical equipment with them.

ELDERLY WAL-MART EMPLOYEE
 (into a walkie-talkie)
 We have a greeter down. Repeat, a
 greeter is down.

GORDON SHOPS - MONTAGE

Gordon wanders aimlessly throughout the store, putting one useless item into his basket after another. He finally ends up in the food section. He reaches out for a package of Neccos when a STRANGE SHOPPER interrupts him.

BACK TO SCENE

STRANGE SHOPPER
 You like Neccos huh?

GORDON
 (uncomfortable)
 Uh, yeah. Actually it's my
 girlfriend's favorite.

STRANGE SHOPPER
 That's great, it's a lovely story.
 Let me ask you something. You've
 heard of erectile dysfunction right?

GORDON
 (shocked)
 What?

STRANGE SHOPPER
 Erectile dysfunction. Limp dick.
 You've heard of it.

GORDON
 Yeah but --

STRANGE SHOPPER

And what's the other major problem men suffer from?

GORDON

Look, I don't want to be --

STRANGE SHOPPER

Male pattern baldness. Men are fucked no matter what, they're either hairless or can't get it up. Doesn't matter which one they have, either way they're not getting laid. Right? And what about the poor fucker who suffers from both? What if there was one product that could fix everything? Well, I got an idea, tell me what you think.

GORDON

I really don't want to get involved --

STRANGE SHOPPER

Head-to-Head.

GORDON

What?

STRANGE SHOPPER

Head-to-Head Cream. That's the name of my product. It's a cream that a guys rub on their dick, you know, to get "it" up. Then its' rubbed on the scalp, to get the hair up. Get it. Head-to-Head.

The strange shopper reaches into a shoulder bag slung over his back. He pulls out an unlabeled, homemade tube of cream.

STRANGE SHOPPER

What do you think? I've got a sample right here if you want to try it.

Gordon has lost all patience with the conversation.

GORDON

What do I think? I think you're insane. For one, don't you think you've got the order wrong?

STRANGE SHOPPER

(pissed)

What do you mean? The order of what?

GORDON

Think about it, you want some guy to rub your "cream" on his dick FIRST, then start rubbing the top of his head SECOND? It's a little gross, don't you think?

STRANGE SHOPPER

(getting angrier)

Gross? You think my cream is gross?

GORDON

And while you're at it, instead of calling it Head-to-Head, why not just go for broke and call it Dick-to-Head. Dickhead!

The strange shopper begins to slowly back out of the aisle.

STRANGE SHOPPER

Cold. Real cold man. I'm not the dickhead, you are.

(pointing)

You'll get yours smartass. Trust me, you'll get yours.

The strange shopper moves completely out of the aisle. Gordon puts the Necco candy wafers into his basket, does a little more shopping, then gets in line to check out. The CASHIER notices how long her line is when Gordon gets on.

CASHIER

(to Gordon)

Sir...sir!

GORDON

(looking around)

Me?

CASHIER

You're my last customer. Please don't let anyone else get on line.

GORDON

(to himself)

Oh come on, I hate when they pull this shit. Why do I have to do her job?

(to the person in front of him)

I'm right, aren't I? Why am I doing her job? It's ridiculous. I should be getting some kind of discount for helping out.

The customer in front of Gordon ignores him. A FEW MOMENTS PASS, Gordon realizes somebody has gotten on line behind him. When Gordon turns around, the person behind him is the strange shopper with the cream. The strange shopper has an entire shopping cart filled with Necco candy wafers.

GORDON

(to himself)

Fuck. You've got to be kidding me.

STRANGE SHOPPER

Yeah, that's right! I like the Neccos too. What ya gonna to do about it?

GORDON

Look. I don't want any trouble here, but...I'm her last customer.

STRANGE SHOPPER

What are you saying? Are you kickin' me off this line?

GORDON

No. I'm not kicking you off of this line, she is.

STRANGE SHOPPER

Well, I'm not getting off the line. I don't care what you do.

GORDON

Do? What do you think I'm going to --

The strange shopper PUNCHES Gordon. Gordon is knocked face first into the shopping cart of Neccos, Neccos FLY everywhere. Gordon and the strange shopper FIGHT. Children gather around and CHEER while eating Neccos. The elderly Wal-Mart greeter struggles to get off his gurney. He reaches for his walkie-talkie.

GREETER

(into the walkie-talkie)

I've got a situation at register ten.

(pulls out a brightly colored pinata bat from under his gurney)

Requesting back up.

As the fight rages on, a team of elderly Wal-Mart employees armed with brightly colored pinata bats SWARM the strange shopper and Gordon to break up the fight. Gordon and the strange shopper disappear in a sea of Wal-Mart employees and pinata bats.

EXT. WAL-MART PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Enid watches from the car as Gordon slowly drags himself across the parking lot. He waves to her SHEEPISHLY. The closer he gets, Enid notices he's carrying something in each hand. Gordon gets into the driver's seat, bloody lip and torn clothing.

ENID
(touches his lip)
What happened Gordon?

GORDON
(hands Enid the candy)
I thought you'd like some more Neccos.

ENID
I don't need anymore candy Gordon.
What the hell happened to you in --

GORDON
(indignant)
There wasn't a lot of Neccos left
and I really wanted to get them for
you. Can you please just enjoy them?
Now let's get going. Vegas is closer
than you think.

Gordon STARTS the car, begins driving.

ENID
(opens the Neccos)
Is this...blood Gordon?

The Neccos wrappers has blood on them.

GORDON
Yeah, that may or may not be mine.

EXT. VEGAS SKYLINE -ESTABLISHING SHOT - NIGHT

INTERCUT famous Las Vegas landmarks from an AERIAL SHOT.

INT. ENID'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD Vegas Vic and Vegas Vicky come into view.

GORDON
There they are!

Enid wakes up.

ENID

(groggy)
What? Where? Who?

GORDON

Vegas Vic and his lovely lady, Vegas Vicky. See? They're welcoming us with open arms into their wonderful city of sin.

VEGAS STRIP

Enid looks at the lights of the Vegas strip, her eyes grow wide as she watches the casinos pass by. She anticipates which one Gordon will stop at. She watches Gordon's reaction to each passing casino, his focus and attention are elsewhere. She gets a "sinking" feeling, then returns to watching the sights outside her window. Soon "The Little White Wedding Chapel" comes into view. Enid perks up, she looks back and forth between Gordon and the chapel as the chapel approaches. Gordon passes without even looking at it.

BACK TO SCENE

ENID

Pull the car over.

GORDON

(snaps out of his
daze)
What?

ENID

Pull the car over!

GORDON

Why? What's the matt --

ENID

Just pull the car over NOW!

GORDON

But it's a --

ENID

NOW GORDON! NOW!

Gordon pulls the car into the first open parking lot.

GORDON

(to himself)
But it's a strip club.

Enid looks around the strip club parking lot in disgust.

GORDON
I tried to tell --

ENID
Shut. Up.
(Beat)
I want to know why. Why are we here?

GORDON
Lap dances, my treat.

ENID
In Vegas! Why are we here in Vegas?

GORDON
I told you in New York. It was really
important that we --

ENID
Get married?

GORDON
Get married? Where the hell would
you get an idea like that?

ENID
You said you wanted to apologize
right, and that you wanted to leave
immediately...for Vegas. With ME!
What else was I supposed to think?

GORDON
I'm sorry Enid, I didn't realize
that was the impression I gave you.

ENID
(Beat)
Do you love me Gordon?

GORDON
More than you know Enid.

ENID
Then cut the bullshit. Why are we
here?

There's a long pause, Gordon collects himself. Enid waits.

GORDON
Look, I didn't want to tell you
everything because I didn't think
you'd agree to drive me here.

ENID

Drive you here? What the hell Gordon.
How do you see me, as some kind of
cross country car service? We've
been together since we were five
years old, is that all I am to you?

GORDON

That's not what I meant Enid. Like
I said, I love you, but I really
needed to get here.

(Beat)

You won't understand.

Enid takes Gordon's hand.

ENID

(sincerely)

Then make me understand.

GORDON

(a pause; then rambles)

Well it's like this, instead of
mailing my minimum credit card payment
a few months ago, I decided to mail
five hundred dollars cash and a
letter, I asked whoever opened it at
this Las Vegas credit card company
to buy a ticket for "The Ultimate
Gold Mine Lottery", and if the ticket
was to win we'd split the money.
Well we won, but now the credit card
guy who won with MY five hundred
dollars hasn't contacted me, and I
wasn't able to contact him, so I
figured I'd come here in person and
confront him, and then once he met
me he would decide to split the half
a billion dollars.

There's a pause. Enid removes her hand from Gordon's.

ENID

Get out.

GORDON

What?

ENID

Get your stuff, and get out of the
car.

GORDON

You told me to be honest with you.

Enid goes to the trunk, grabs Gordon's bag and belongings, she THROWS everything into the parking lot.

GORDON

(pleading)

Enid, I told you the truth, I was honest. Why are you doing this?

Enid opens Gordon's door, drags him into the parking lot. She jumps into the driver's seat, SLAMS the door, SPEEDS off.

EXT. STRIP CLUB PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

GORDON

But I was honest!

Gordon picks up his stuff. He stands momentarily, stunned by the turn of events. Finally, he walks to the strip club entrance, a bouncer opens the door. Gordon walks in.

EXT. MEGALIFE CREDIT CARD COMPANY - DAY

Gordon stands on the sidewalk, looks up at the towering skyscraper of MegaLife Credit Card Company. He takes a DEEP SIGH then reaches into his duffel bag. He pulls out a top hat, magic wand, playing cards, and full tuxedo with coattails and bow tie, he begins to get undressed.

INT. MEGALIFE CREDIT CARD COMPANY LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Gordon enters dressed in full magician clothing and approaches the RECEPTIONIST (late 20's), she's dressed wildly, extra long fake nails, each nail is the flag of a different country.

RECEPTIONIST

Well aren't you cute?

GORDON

I try my best. But you, how about those nails, now that's beyond cute.

RECEPTIONIST

U.N. day is right around the corner, have to show my patriotism somehow. Now what can I do for you handsome?

GORDON

It's I who can do something for you.

Gordon motions, then "pulls" out a dozen roses and hands them to the receptionist. The receptionist GUSHES.

RECEPTIONIST
 (sexual innuendo)
 What else can you do with those hands?

GORDON
 Wouldn't you like to know?

Gordon and the receptionist laugh.

GORDON
 Actually, I need your help? I'm
 supposed to deliver a "Magic Gram"
 to the winner of that "Ultimate Gold
 Mine" lottery, Vince...Vince...
 (pretending to struggle)
 Vince --

RECEPTIONIST
 Robertson?

GORDON
 Yeah, that's the guy, Vince Robertson.
 But I can't remember what floor I'm
 supposed to go to.

RECEPTIONIST
 Oh, he doesn't work here anymore.
 He quit right after winning all that
 money. Can't blame him.
 (whispering)
 This company sucks.

GORDON
 I'd quit too if I was that guy. And
 you, you're way to beautiful to be
 stuck behind that desk.

The receptionist BLUSHES.

GORDON
 Here's the thing, would you know how
 I could find him, because if I don't
 deliver this "Magic Gram" I'm going
 to be out of job myself.

RECEPTIONIST
 Oh, I'm so sorry. I'm not supposed
 to give out any information about
 Vince. The fact is, all these creeps
 and nut jobs have been crawling out
 of the woodwork trying to get their
 hands on his money.

GORDON

I can only imagine, people are just plain sick. But you'd be doing me a huge favor, my boss said if I screw up one more of these things than I'm done.

RECEPTIONIST

I really can't. I wish there was something I could do, but I could get into big trouble.

GORDON

I completely understand.

Gordon motions with his hands, he "pulls" out a baby rabbit and hands it to the receptionist, she cuddles the rabbit.

GORDON

Well, I hope this at least makes being behind that desk a little more enjoyable for you today. Thanks for your help.

Gordon turns to leave. The receptionist struggles internally with her decision. Gordon reaches for the door handle.

RECEPTIONIST

Wait!

GORDON

(to himself)

Yes!

Gordon turns and heads back to the receptionist's desk. While he walks, she writes something on piece of paper.

RECEPTIONIST

This is his home address.
(hands him the paper)
But you didn't get it from me.

GORDON

Thank you. Seriously, thank you.
You just saved my life.

RECEPTIONIST

Anytime magic man. Just make sure you stop back and do some more tricks.

Gordon runs out of the building.

EXT. VINCE'S FRONT PORCH - LATER

In his regular clothes, Gordon stands on Vince's front lawn and takes a DEEP BREATH, MUSIC PLAYS from the backyard. He approaches the front door and RINGS the doorbell, there's no answer. Gordon BANGS on the screen door, there's no answer. Gordon moves along the porch and looks into a window.

INT. VINCE'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

THROUGH THE WINDOW Gordon sees Carol wrapped sexily in a towel, wearing an iPod, dancing erotically by herself.

EXT. VINCE'S FRONT PORCH - CONTINUOUS

Gordon PULLS back from the window, excited. He pauses, then PEEKS at Carol again, he begins dancing in rhythm to the MUSIC from Vince's backyard. Gordon dances along the porch towards another window, he notices someone different dancing sexily in a towel. Gordon stops to peek in.

INT. VINCE'S GRANDMOTHER'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

THROUGH THE WINDOW Gordon sees Grandma wrapped in a towel, her back to Gordon. She wears an iPod and dances erotically. When she turns towards the window she reaches up towards the ceiling as part of her dance, her towel drops to the floor.

EXT. VINCE'S FRONT PORCH - CONTINUOUS

Gordon REELS in HORROR seeing Vince's naked grandmother, he quickly moves off the porch towards the backyard.

EXT. VINCE'S BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

HEAVY METAL MUSIC BLARES, Vince paints. The backyard, is scattered with easels, each filled with stunning artwork. Gordon looks at several easels, amazed at the beautiful work.

GORDON

Wow! These are beautiful dude!

Startled, Vince turns towards Gordon, he accidentally drags a bright red paint brush across his painting.

VINCE

Shit!

GORDON

(about the painting)

Oh, geez. I'm sorry man. Really.

I didn't mean to startle you.

Gordon moves closer to Vince, puts his hand out to shake.

GORDON

You know, I think it actually looks better that way.

(Beat)

Are you Vince? Vince Robertson?

VINCE

(reluctantly shakes
Gordon's hand)

Yeah. Why? Do I know you?

GORDON

Well, sort of. My name is Gordon.
I sent you a letter awhile back.

Vince ABRUPTLY lets go of Gordon's hand.

VINCE

You know I get a lot of letters.
What did you say your name was,
Garrett?

GORDON

It's Gordon. Gordon Page.

VINCE

Well, it's like I said Greg, I get a lot of letters. Especially these days. Aunts, uncles, long lost cousins, relatives I didn't know I even had a couple of months ago. Would you believe some guy I haven't seen since preschool dropped me a note. Everyone thinks they're owed something, you know, ever since I won the lottery and all.

GORDON

Actually that's what I need to talk to --

He starts ushering Gordon away, realizing who he is.

VINCE

The funny thing is, I haven't even gotten the money yet. Gotta wait one more day for that.

GORDON

Yeah, I know. You've got the big check presentation tomorrow, that's why I really need to --

CAROL (O.S.)

Who is that you're talking to Vince?

VINCE

No one honey.

Carol's on the back porch, still wrapped sexily in her towel.

CAROL

It's not another one of these
cockroaches crawling out of the
darkness looking to get their hands
on my money is it?

VINCE

Yes, it's a huge cockroach.
(shakes his head no
to Gordon)
Just go back inside Carol, there's
nothing going on here.

CAROL

Just get rid of him. And knock off
the stupid painting. I want to show
you the stuff I bought today.

Carol goes back into the house.

GORDON

She doesn't like your paintings?

VINCE

If it doesn't involve using her credit
card, there's very little she takes
a liking too.

GORDON

Yeah, but your stuff is amazing.

Vince and Gordon begin to "bond".

VINCE

Thanks. Thanks a lot. I really
appreciate that.

GORDON

Seriously, you've got talent. I
should know, I'm in the arts too.

VINCE

Really? You paint too?

GORDON

No.

VINCE

Music?

GORDON

No.

VINCE

Writer, actor?

GORDON

No. I'm a performance artist.

VINCE

What do you perform?

GORDON

Um...you know what...that's not really important. What's important is that your work is incredible. Maybe you could open a gallery?

VINCE

I don't know about a gallery, but yeah, I'd like to do something artistic. If I can just get Carol on board, this lottery money will go a long way to help.

GORDON

Yeah, about that money.

Vince snaps out of his moment of bonding with Gordon.

GORDON

Like I was saying, I sent you a letter.

VINCE

And like I said, I get a lot of lett --

GORDON

Look! You'd remember *this* letter. I didn't send it here, it wasn't a personal letter. I sent it to MegaLife.

VINCE

Well that's your first mistake, I don't work there anymore.

GORDON

I sent it while you still worked there, long before you quit and long before you won "The Ultimate Gold Mine".

VINCE

You addressed it to me?

GORDON

No.

VINCE

MegaLife employs hundreds of people. You can prove that I'm the one who received your "supposed" letter?

GORDON

No. But you'd remember this letter.

VINCE

Do you have any idea how many credit card payments I would process in just one shift, while simultaneously hearing every story about buyers remorse under the sun?

GORDON

No, I don't know how many complaints or payments you use to deal with, it actually sounds like a real shitty job, and I'm happy for you that you don't have to do it anymore, but I know you're the one who got my letter.

VINCE

And you know this how?

GORDON

Because it wasn't a payment. It was a letter, and five hundred dollars cash. And in the letter I asked for someone on the other end, whoever that person might have been at MegaLife, to purchase a ticket for the "Gold Mine" lottery. And that person, when they won, would split the money fifty fifty with me. And now look, you, a MegaLife employee has won half a billion dollars!

VINCE

You think I'm the only employee at MegaLife who bought a ticket?

GORDON

Yes! Maybe. No? I don't know, it's just too much of a coincidence.
(doubting himself)
Don't you think?

VINCE

No.

(MORE)

VINCE (CONT'D)

And I certainly don't think I'm the only employee at MegaLife who bought a ticket. You think my job *sounded* shitty, try doing it for eight years. Probably every person in the company bought a ticket just praying to get out of that hell hole. Or they prayed to be struck dead if they didn't win, just so they wouldn't have to go to work the next day.

(Beat)

You need to go now Gordon.

GORDON

(excited)

You know my name!

VINCE

You told me your name.

GORDON

Shit.

Vince tries to usher Gordon to the front yard.

GORDON

Come on man, I know it's you. I thought if you met me, you'd do the honorable thing here.

Vince stops pushing.

VINCE

Honor? Honor! You think I'm going to give you two hundred and fifty thousand dollars because you throw the word honor at me?

GORDON

It's more than just the money, I have to prove to my girlfriend that I'm not a loser.

VINCE

And there's that word again. Prove. You can't prove any of this. Can you Gordon?

Vince and Gordon move to the front yard, the Vegas skyline towers high above Vince's suburban community.

VINCE

Look, I like you Gordon, I really do, but you made a couple of huge mistakes here.

(puts his arm around
Gordon)

First, I'm not saying I got your letter, but even if I did, you have absolutely no proof. Second, take a look around.

(points to the skyline)

You're in Vegas. You can't ever...ever, hope, wish, or even imply that someone will do the honorable thing when in Vegas. And third, YOU'RE IN VEGAS! The odds are never, and I mean NEVER in your favor. The entire town is built on that one, single concept. I'm sorry Gordon, but there's nothing I can do.

CAROL (O.S.)

Vince!

VINCE

And if you need another reason, just try and get a penny out of that one in there.

Gordon walks to the street. Vince heads towards his house, there's DOUBT on his face as he reaches for the front door.

VINCE

(without turning around)

Gordon?

Gordon, from the street, turns around.

GORDON

(with hope)

Yeah?

VINCE

(without turning around)

Thanks for what you said about my work. I really do appreciate it.

GORDON

(disappointed)

No problem.

EXT. LAS VEGAS STRIP - AFTERNOON (NEXT DAY)

Gordon sits on the sidewalk outside of a casino. He's dejected, saddened. He takes out his cell phone and DIALS.

INTERCUT phone conversation.

INT. GORDON'S PARENTS' KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Bill makes breakfast, deep frying bacon and sausage when the phone RINGS. He answers.

BILL

Hello?

GORDON

Hey Pop.

BILL

Hey Gordo. How's the city of lights treating you?

GORDON

Not good Pop.

BILL

No luck finding Vince?

GORDON

Actually, I did find him.

BILL

Good for you Gordo.

GORDON

It's not good Pop. You were right, he wants nothing to do with me, didn't even listen to what I had to say.

BILL

I don't know what to say son, you gave it your best. Just try to enjoy the city, show Enid a good time.

GORDON

That's the other thing Pop. Have you heard from Enid?

BILL

No. She's in Vegas with you. Right?

GORDON

Actually, she left.

BILL
What did you do this time son?

Sue WHIZZES in on her Jazzy.

GORDON
Just more of the same. She deserves better than me. I just want to apologize, let her know I'm done ruining her life.

BILL
If I hear from her I'll let you know Gordo, just try --

SUE
Is that Gordon?

BILL
Yeah, he's calling from Veg --

SUE
Tell him he's got a shit load of overdue bills here.

BILL
Your mother says you got --

SUE
And there's a letter from that credit card company where that Vince person he's looking for works.

BILL
Your mother says she loves and misses you, and that there's a letter from Vince. What do you want me --

GORDON
Seriously, a letter from Vince? Open it Pop, what does it say?

Bill TEARS open the letter and quickly scans it.

BILL
It's actually good news Gordon.

GORDON
Really! Just read the letter Pop!

BILL
Dear Mr. Page, as a valued MegaLife credit card holder we'd like to thank you for your recent payment.

(MORE)

BILL (CONT'D)

Your balance is now zero. After years of making minimum payments we'd like to reward you by increasing your credit limit. If you have any questions please feel free to call customer service at --

GORDON

That's not a letter from Vince, that's a just a generic letter all credit card companies use.

BILL

But you got your balance down to zero, that's a good thing.

GORDON

That's not possible Pop, I never paid that bill in full.

(has a revelation)

I gotta go Pop. Bye.

Bill hangs up the phone.

BACK TO SCENE

Gordon closes his phone, gets up off the sidewalk, and begins sprinting down the Vegas Strip.

INT. CASINO LOBBY - LATER

Vince and Carol nervously wait with politicians, the NEVADA LOTTERY DIRECTOR, and a variety of Nevada Lottery employees.

NEVADA LOTTERY DIRECTOR

(to Vince)

So we'll all go out to the podium first. I'll say a little of this, a little of that, then I'll introduce you and Carol, that's when you come out. Wave a little bit to all jealous people out there who didn't win, and then just say a few words. Finally I'll give you you're check, and that's it, instant millionaire. Any questions?

Vince tries to answer, but Carol quickly moves in between Vince and the Nevada Lottery director.

CAROL

Yes, I have a question. Is the check dated for today? Because I'd really like to cash it as soon as possible.

NEVADA LOTTERY DIRECTOR
 You can cash it right after the
 ceremony if you like.

CAROL
 Great, then let's get this show
 started! There's a couple of shops
 I want to hit before they close!
 (to Vince)
 I'm going to fix my face.

Carol leaves.

NEVADA LOTTERY DIRECTOR
 Do YOU have any questions Mr.
 Robertson?

VINCE
 No I'm good. Thanks for your help.

NEVADA LOTTERY DIRECTOR
 Well then. Let me get everybody
 together, and we'll get started.

The Nevada Lottery Director exits, bringing with him the
 crowd of politicians and lottery employees. Vince is alone.
 He paces nervously.

GORDON (O.S.)
 Hey. Vince.

Vince turns. Gordon is in the back doorway.

VINCE
 Shit. Give it a rest man, you're
 not getting so much as nickel of
 this money.

GORDON
 I know it was you Vince.

VINCE
 You know what was me?

GORDON
 You're the one who got my letter,
 and you used my five hundred dollars
 to buy the ticket.

VINCE
 Like I told you yesterday, you can
 say whatever you want, but you still
 have no --

GORDON

Proof? Actually I do!

VINCE

Really, suddenly you have proof.
What changed from yesterday?

GORDON

What changed? I'll tell you what
changed, my credit card debt with
MegaLife has been wiped clean.

VINCE

So. A lot of people pay down their
credit cards.

GORDON

Not me. I barely make the minimum
payments. But now, out of the clear
blue, a card that had over ten
thousand dollars still left on it,
is all of a sudden down to zero.

VINCE

(nervously)

So. What does your credit card
balance have to do with me?

GORDON

I think that after you won the lottery
you started to feel guilty, because
you used my five hundred dollars to
buy the winning ticket. And deep
down you know it wasn't right to
keep all the money for yourself, so
to make it up to me you wiped my
slate clean.

VINCE

It's a real good theory Gordon but
where's your --

GORDON

Proof! I don't need proof. You're
a decent guy, it comes through in
your art. I just know it! Before
you quit MegaLife you went into my
account and --

VINCE

Enough Gordon. You're wrong. I
didn't do that. It must have been
somebody else in the company.

GORDON

You know what Vince, you're wrong. It just doesn't add up. If one of your co-workers just pocketed my money or they bought a losing ticket, they're not going to risk losing their job over five hundred dollars by fixing my account.

Vince gets more nervous.

GORDON

You see, it had to be you. Someone who won a half a billion dollars isn't going to worry about changing someone's credit on the way out the door. Don't you get it, nobody at MegaLife would --

Vince snaps at Gordon's rambling.

VINCE

Shut up already. I did, I cleared your account. But I did it before I even bought the ticket. Okay, you happy now! You still don't have any proof.

GORDON

You did it before? But you could have lost your job. There was no guarantee that you were going to have that lottery money to fall back on.

VINCE

I hated that fucking job. If they found out and fired me, that would have been just as good as winning the lottery.

GORDON

So you're going to share the winnings with me?

Carol has re-entered.

CAROL

Share who's money? My fucking money? Nobody's getting that money but --

VINCE

Me! Nobody's getting the money but me Carol.

(MORE)

VINCE (CONT'D)

After I get it, you can spend until your little heart's content. But make no mistake, it's my money. I'm the one who bought the ticket.

GORDON

With my five hundred dollars.

CAROL

What?

VINCE

It doesn't matter Carol.

NEVADA LOTTERY DIRECTOR (O.S.)

And now let me introduce the man of the hour, Vince Robertson.

From O.S. the crowd CLAPS and CHEERS.

VINCE

We're done here.

Vince exits.

EXT. FRONT OF CASINO - CONTINUOUS

Vince steps onto the stage, he waves to the crowd, the crowd gets LOUDER. The Nevada Lottery Director shakes Vince's hand. Vince steps up to the podium and is about to speak when Gordon LUNGES onto the stage and tackles Vince. They fight, they MUMBLE to each other about the money. The crowd looks on, CHEERING as if it's a Las Vegas prize fight.

People in the crowd begin betting on who's going to win, Vince or Gordon. Money is passed back and forth in the crowd as people place their bets. Carol BURSTS onto the stage and jumps onto Gordon's back, trying to pull him off of Vince. She SCREAMS about the money as the three of them fight.

The crowd is in a frenzy, people bet more furiously now that Carol is involved, she's getting most of the betting "action" from the crowd. The fight rages on, they BANG and CRASH into the politicians and lottery workers who watch in shock.

"Wake Me Up Before You Go" RINGTONE by WHAM begins to PLAY.

VINCE

Wait. Wait! Just wait, okay. Stop for a second.

Gordon and Carol slowly stop. Vince takes out his cell phone, looks at the screen, and answers it.

VINCE
 Everything okay Grandma?
 (phone conversation)
 What do you mean you're on the way
 to the hospital?
 (Beat)
 Which hospital? Are those sirens
 Grandma? You're breaking up.
 (Beat)
 Grandma? Grandma!

Vince hangs up his cell phone.

VINCE
 (to Carol)
 We got cut off. It's Grandma,
 something's wrong.

CAROL
 You go Vince, I'll stay and get the
 check.

Vince scans the highway, crowd of people, and sidewalks.
 Everything is congested, a complete standstill.

VINCE
 Shit! If this is serious, I'll never
 get there in time.

Gordon scans the crowd, spots an ELDERLY WOMAN on a Jazzy.

GORDON
 (to Vince)
 Come with me. I can get you there.

VINCE
 How, everything's at a standstill.

GORDON
 Trust me, I know what I'm doing.

Gordon and Vince push their way through the crowd until they
 reach the elderly woman and her Jazzy.

GORDON
 Ma'am, this is official lottery
 business. I need your Jazzy.

ELDERLY WOMAN
 My ass is staying put young man.
 Nobody rides this baby but me.

VINCE
 I'll give you a hundred bucks.

The elderly woman jumps off.

ELDERLY WOMAN

Just have it back to me by six. Me
and the girls are cruising the
Chippendales show. I need my wheels
to really give those boys a ride, if
you know what I mean.

Gordon removes the seat, he works frantically on the engine.

VINCE

We're never going to get there Gordon.
These things are as slow as molasses.

GORDON

When I'm done with them they're not.

Gordon makes a few last minute adjustments, puts the seat
cover on, and hops on.

GORDON

Get on.

Vince gets on the Jazzy with Gordon.

VINCE

Just head that way. It's the hospital
closest to my house.

Gordon REVS the engine, takes off. The Jazzy moves at a
breakneck speed. Gordon weaves through the crowd, sidewalks,
and traffic with ease.

INT. LAS VEGAS EMERGENCY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Gordon and Vince BURST in and head straight to the Nurse's
Station. A NURSE sits behind the desk.

VINCE

I'm looking for my Grandmother. I
think she was brought here.

NURSE

What's your Grandmother's name?

VINCE

Edna. Edna Robertson.

NURSE

(laughing a little)
Oh yeah, sweet lady. Head through
those doors, room six twenty two.

VINCE

Thanks a lot. Is she going to be okay?

NURSE

(laughing more)

Yes. I'd say she's doing just fine.

Gordon and Vince look at each other, puzzled by the nurse's laughter. They head through the doors to Grandma's room.

INT. OUTSIDE GRANDMA'S HOSPITAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

As Gordon and Vince reach her room the DOCTOR exits.

VINCE

Hey Doc, I'm her Grandson. Is she going to be okay?

DOCTOR

(laughing a little)

Yes, she's going to be fine.

VINCE

You know, everybody's got the giggles in this place. You doling out laughing gas, or am I the only one not in on the joke?

DOCTOR

I'm sorry. Edna's doing great.

VINCE

Then why is she here?

DOCTOR

Well, from what I can gather she was home, her blood pressure got elevated, she felt flush and lightheaded. Right before she fainted she was able to call 911. The E.M.T.'s just brought her in as a precaution.

VINCE

Lightheaded? What caused it? Are you performing any tests? Is it likely to happen again?

DOCTOR

It may happen again, it all depends.

VINCE

Depends on what?

The doctor pulls out a Playgirl, Virginia Slims, and a vibrator from a hospital garment bag, gives it to Vince.

DOCTOR

The E.M.T.'s found this when they got there. Medically speaking, I'm pretty sure this is what got her so...excited.

(Beat)

Is this type of activity normal for her?

VINCE

There's not much about Grandma that's normal, but I'll have a talk with her. Thanks for your help. And, I'm sorry.

DOCTOR

Please, don't be sorry. I'm a shoo-in to win today's pool for funniest case.

VINCE

Yeah, well, glad I could help.

The doctor walks away.

VINCE

I can't thank you enough Gordon. I know it seems like we rushed here for nothing, but, if something ever happened to Grandma and I wasn't there for her, I would never forgive myself.

GORDON

Don't even think twice about it, glad I was able to help.

VINCE

Look Gordon, I'm sorry for being such an asshole. That kind of money makes you do crazy things. I obviously have to straighten some things out here, and then swing by the Lottery Commission, but I'd really like you to stop by the house tomorrow. I want to make this right.

GORDON

Really?

VINCE

Really.

GORDON
And what about Carol?

VINCE
I know it may not seem like I'm in control there, and for all practical purposes I'm not, but I'll handle Carol. It'll all work out, trust me.

Vince and Gordon shake hands.

GORDON
Then I'll see you tomorrow.

Gordon leaves. Vince enters Grandma's room.

VINCE (O.S.)
What have I told you old woman, you can't get yourself worked into such a lather. You have to go easy, pace yourself, you know you're not seventy anymore.

INT. ENID'S APARTMENT - DAY (WEEKS LATER)

Enid sits on her couch watching T.V. when the doorbell RINGS. She gets up, opens the door.

EXT. ENID'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Enid opens her front door and looks both ways. AT THE END OF THE HALLWAY the elevator doors are closing, inside is a mail carrier he's thin, over six feet tall. He points down and grins, the elevator doors close. Enid looks down, at her feet is a large styrofoam package. She picks it up, PUZZLED. She re-enters her apartment.

INT. ENID'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Enid sits on the couch, opens the styrofoam box. She takes out a hand written note and a box of frozen Fla-Vor-Ice popsicles.

INSERT - NOTE

The note reads, "Hope all your last bites bring you as much joy as you've given me. All my love, Gordon"

PAN FROM THE BOTTOM OF THE NOTE TO THE TOP. At the top of the note it reads, "From The Desk Of Gordon Page". There's a Jazzy logo at the top of the stationary.

BACK TO SCENE

Enid is puzzled by the stationary's letterhead. She grabs the top of the styrofoam box, looks at the return address.

INSERT - RETURN ADDRESS

Pimp Your Scooter

428 Fremont Street

Las Vegas, NV 89101

BACK TO SCENE

Surprised by the address, Enid opens a cherry Fla-Vor-Ice, she begins eating.

EXT. PIMP YOUR SCOOTER STOREFRONT - LAS VEGAS - AFTERNOON
(ESTABLISHING SHOT)

CAROL (O.S.)

Listen gramps, I'm telling you, this
is the ride for you.

MALE SENIOR CITIZEN (O.S.)

It's really nice ma'am, but it's a
little out of my price range.

INT. PIMP YOUR SCOOTER STORE - CONTINUOUS

Carol is dressed in a mini skirt and low cut top. She wears a "Pimp Your Scooter" name tag while talking with a MALE SENIOR CITIZEN. IN THE BACKGROUND the store is packed with senior citizens shopping for adult scooters.

CAROL

(whispers into Gramp's
ear)

Do you know how *HOT* you're going to
look riding into the senior center
on this?

MALE SENIOR CITIZEN

(eyes wide)

Really?

CAROL

You roll in on this, and there won't
be a dry panty in the place. Well,
they will be dry, but you get the
point.

Vince details a Jazzy with his artwork.

VINCE

Don't pressure him Carol.

CAROL

You stick to the artwork, I'll sell the vehicles. Besides, if he wants to get laid, this is the machine for him.

MALE SENIOR CITIZEN

I really do want to get laid.

Carol puts his arm around the senior, they walk away.

CAROL

(her voice trails off)

Then you should really consider letting my husband add some pinstripes, it really increases a woman's sexual desire...

Gordon is IN THE BACK ROOM of the "Pimp Your Scooter" store. It's like an automotive shop, but for adult scooters. There's workbenches, tools, scooters up on lifts. Some are missing tires, others have engines taken apart. Gordon's head is down, he feverishly repairs a scooter (similar to when he worked on his mother's Jazzy as a kid). A television plays IN THE BACKGROUND.

ENID (O.S.)

I'm looking for a scooter to deliver ice cream, ice pops.

GORDON

(with head down)

No problem, I can build anything. Just talk to one of my salespeople out front and let them know what you --

ENID (O.S.)

But it needs to be really cold.

GORDON

Yeah, I get it. Ice pops. Like I said I can build --

ENID

Not just ice pops.
(Beat)
Fla-Vor-Ice popsicles.

Gordon lifts his head. He wears thick magnifying glasses.

GORDON

Enid?

(MORE)

GORDON (CONT'D)

(pulls his glasses
off)

Enid. What are you doing here?

ENID

Well, it's a funny thing. I went to my favorite South Street Seaport bathroom, and you know what?

GORDON

What?

ENID

Not a single street performer was guessing the type of shit people were taking.

GORDON

Shocking!

ENID

I know, so I figured I'd pay the best toilet talent in the business a little visit. Maybe share a snack with him too.

Enid takes out two cherry Fla-Vor-Ice popsicles from behind her back and hands one to Gordon.

GORDON

You know, I love these things.

(Beat)

Especially the last bite.

But I hate to disappoint you, I'm not really in the shit business anymore.

ENID

I can see that. New city. New business. Name on the letterhead...a desk?

Gordon's desk is cluttered, filled with magic paraphernalia and bobble heads.

GORDON

Well, you can take the magic out of Brooklyn, but you can't take it out of Las Vegas...

(Gordon pulls roses

"out of thin air",

hands them to Enid)

Ta da!

ENID

And where might you be headlining,
the Bellagio's bathrooms?

GORDON

Yeah, I deserve that one. No, magic
will forever be a hobby.

(putting his hands up)

This is my life now.

ENID

Really?

GORDON

Really. After you "dropped" me off,
I took in a little show, nothing
you'd be interested in, and then I
set out to do what I said I would
do. I found Vince. I eventually
won him over with my undeniable wit
and charm, and he gave me half the
money.

ENID

Half the money?

GORDON

Yeah, I know. Two hundred and fifty
million dollars. I bought a house,
made some investments, put some aside
into savings, and then Vince and I
went fifty fifty on this place. Now
I'm a respectable business owner.
Turns out there's a huge market for
seniors who don't feel like walking
the strip.

(Beat)

And if you didn't notice, it's also
hotter than hell out there. If you
want, I could set you up with a little
stand in front of the store and you
could sell these wonderful treats to
anybody that's ready to pass out
from heat exhaustion.

(he takes a bite of

Fla-Vor-Ice)

So what do you say? Want to become
the next ice pop queen of Nevada?

(picking up a drill)

I can build you a sweet stand!

ENID

I'm not really cut out for sales
Gordon, but I heard Las Vegas Memorial
Hospital is hiring.

GORDON
You're staying?

ENID
I'm staying.

Enid and Gordon kiss. The CAMERA MOVES OVER Enid and Gordon's shoulders. The CAMERA ZOOMS IN ON THE TELEVISION.

ON THE TELEVISION plays an infomercial.

INFOMERCIAL ANNOUNCER
Men, what's more embarrassing than
male pattern baldness.
(Beat)
If you said erectile dysfunction,
you'd be right.
(Beat)
What if you could take care of both
problems with one amazing new product?

The announcer holds up a bottle of cream. The shape of the bottle is a combination of a bald man's head and the tip of a penis. The announcer "squirts" cream out of the tip of the bottle and onto his hand.

INFOMERCIAL ANNOUNCER
Well, with new DickHead cream all
your problems can be solved with one
good rub. Maybe even two or three
rubs, if you're lucky.

The CAMERA SLOWLY PULLS OUT from the television.

INT. GORDON'S PARENTS' LIVING ROOM - MORNING

The DickHead infomercial continues to play on the television. Sue sits on the couch watching while eating deep fried bananas.

ON THE TELEVISION

INFOMERCIAL ANNOUNCER
And if you act now, we'll include a
second DickHead absolutely free.
Just pay separate shipping and
handling.

BACK TO SCENE

SUE
(yelling)
Bill?

INT. GORDON'S PARENTS' KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Bill works frantically behind an industrial, restaurant quality deep fryer. It takes up the entire kitchen. He looks up from the fryer.

SUE (O.S.)

Bill! Get my credit card!

(Beat)

I have to act right now!

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN SONG, "Enid" by The Barenaked Ladies.

THE END