

D O M I N O

By
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[NOTE: THE ORIGINAL TEXT OF THIS SCRIPT HAD NUMBERED SCENES
AND SOME "OMITTED" SCENE SLUGLINES, WHICH HAVE NOT BEEN
RETAINED FOR THE ONLINE TEXT.]

OVER STUDIO LOGO:

VOICES. VOICES CHATTERING in some sort of public place.

ROBOTIC FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)
*Now serving G233. Please report
to window four.*

VOICES are broken by someone coughing up phlegm.

TITLE CARDS: **THIS FILM IS BASED ON A TRUE STORY** (BEAT)

(SORT OF)

INT. DMV -- AFTERNOON

The DEPARTMENT OF MOTOR VEHICLES. SOUTH CENTRAL LOS ANGELES. People are jam-packed into the internal maze of cubicles. It doesn't get more crowded and disgusting than this. *THE SOUND OF SCREAMING BABIES IS INTERRUPTED BY A-*

BING.

ROBOTIC FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)
*Now serving F134. Please report
to window eight.*

This is the sound that the DMV AUTOMATED SYSTEM makes every fifteen seconds. A BING for each human being who waits to be processed through the system.

DOMINO (V.O.)
*When I was a little girl... my
mum took me to Euro Disney on
opening day. I was told that it
was the happiest place on earth.*

BOY looks down at the little piece of PAPER in his hand with the number B144 printed on it... wakes up DAD. They move toward window twelve.

DOMINO (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*A week later... we moved to Los
Angeles. I was told that this was
the saddest place on Earth. The
Department of Motor Vehicles in
Los Angeles.*

The CAMERA PANS across more POOR PEOPLE. They look down at their numbers. Mostly Hispanic, African-American.

DOMINO (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*They wait for their number to be
called. They wait for this
license to drive to yet another
miserable job... dive pub...
drive by shooting.
(beat)
That is if they're lucky enough
to own an automobile. Most of
them aren't. They need a license
to prove their citizenship or
else they'll be deported.*

The CAMERA ARRIVES at the last chair on the row. There is a

FRATERNITY GUY named FRANCES (20) sitting in it.

DOMINO (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*Except for this bloke. His name
is Frances. Mr. 90210 college boy
had found himself in the wrong
place at the wrong time.*

Frances has a MOTOROLA to his ear. He seems very anxious.

FRANCES
(whispering into the phone)
I said... they're about to call
my number. Are you in... or are
you out?

Frances taps his shoe nervously on the linoleum floor.

FRANCES (CONT'D)
A thousand all in for one
license. That's the deal.

Frances grits his teeth.

FRANCES (CONT'D)
You have to decide right now.
They're gonna call my number any
second.

Frances takes a deep breath. A sigh of relief.

FRANCES (CONT'D)
Alright. We're on.

He hangs up the phone, then glances up at the MONITOR...
waiting for his number. The CAMERA MOVES slowly into his
face.

DOMINO (V.O.)
*There are three kinds of people
in this world. The rich... the
poor... and everyone in between.*

A bead of SWEAT rolls down Frances' temple. He glances over at a
BLACK TEENAGER filling out a form. Brief eye contact. Frances
looks away.

DOMINO (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*The poor people hate the rich
because... well... they're
fucking rich.*

BING.

ROBOTIC FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)
*Now serving G086. Please report
to window six.*

Frances glances down at his number. G086. He takes a deep breath and walks over to WINDOW SIX.

Sitting behind the counter is LATEESHA RODRIGUEZ (28). She is filing her FINGERNAILS. They are VERY LONG... VERY SHARP... and VERY COLORFUL.

FRANCES

Kee Kee.

Lateesha raises her eyes to meet Frances. He drops an ENVELOPE on the desk in front of her. Lateesha's demeanor changes. She slowly opens the envelope and removes a piece of PAPER from inside.

FRANCES (CONT'D)

Four.

Lateesha returns her gaze to Frances. She then folds the paper, places it back into the envelope and drops it into a drawer.

LATEESHA

Four to six weeks.

Frances glares back at her.

FRANCES

You said you could deliver the ID's *tonight*.

Lateesha has gone back to filing her turbo nails.

LATEESHA

Four to six weeks... *Frances*.

Frances' blood has begun to boil.

FRANCES

(fierce whisper)

Listen, *bitch*. I'm paying you double this time. Kee Kee said *tonight*. I paid half in advance like she said.

Rage is building in Lateesha's eyes. *No one talks to her this way and gets away with it.*

In the next CUBICLE... RAOUL SANCHEZ (30), an OBESE HISPANIC MAN with BLONDS HIGHLIGHTS, leans his head over.

RAOUL

Lateesha... I need that web link.

Lateesha does not answer. Her eyes are locked on Frances.

LATEESHA

Kee Kee don't make the rules. I said... four to six weeks.

FRANCES

I don't know if you realize who the fuck you're dealing with here. I can have your job eliminated like *that*.

(beat)

Say good-bye to your little side business...

Frances cranes his neck to see the NAME PLATE on her desk.

FRANCES (CONT'D)

...*Lateesha*. If that *is* your real name.

(beat)

If you don't have those ID's ready tonight by 8PM like Kee Kee promised... you can say hello to the fucking welfare line... cause your life as government employee is over.

Raoul is persistent.

RAOUL

Teesha... I need that web link! The J-Lo concert is probably sold out already!

Lateesha raises one GIGANTIC FINGERNAIL in Raoul's direction as if to say... *IN A MINUTE*. Raoul sighs impatiently and ducks back into his cubicle... cursing her in Spanish.

FRANCES

What's it gonna be, Lateesha? Get ready to start counting those food stamps.

Lateesha opens the DRAWER and removes the envelope. Gears are turning. Decisions are being made.

LATEESHA

Tonight. 8PM.

She taps her nails on the plastic surface of the table.

LATEESHA (CONT'D)

Anything else?

Frances shakes his head slowly.

FRANCES

Nope.

LATEESHA
Good-bye... *Frances*.

As Frances turns to leave, Lateesha slams a PLASTIC SIGN down onto the ledge of WINDOW SIX. It reads: THIS WINDOW CLOSED. Lateesha then unfolds the piece of PAPER inside the envelope.

The following SOCIAL SECURITY NUMBERS are printed in BLACK INK:

774-32-5543 : 342-77-0098 : 323-34-5452 : 854-80-6745

Lateesha stares at the numbers... gears turning.

DOMINO (V.O.)
Love is a desperate measure.

Lateesha takes the LOCKET that hangs around her neck and opens it. Inside... there are two photographs. A TEENAGE GIRL and a LITTLE BABY.

LATEESHA
Fuck 'em. Fuck 'em all.

Lateesha takes a deep breath... kisses the locket and closes it. She drops the paper down on the table and begins to type the SOCIAL SECURITY NUMBERS into her COMPUTER.

Raoul leans over once again.

RAOUL
Lateesha... I needed that web link an hour ago!

Lateesha continues typing... disregarding his annoying plea.

DOMINO (V.O.)
Desperate measures often have disastrous consequences...

Raoul stands up. He is losing his temper.

RAOUL
Lateesha... girl... are you listening?

Nope. Fingernails keep typing. FOUR DRIVER'S LICENSES pop up on her computer screen. We get a glance at FOUR DMV PHOTOS. FOUR MEN. *FRANCES is one of them.*

DOMINO (V.O.)
The story of my life.

Raoul's voice has become an unbearable high-pitched shrill.

RAOUL
LATEESHA... THE WEB LINK. I NEED

IT RIGHT NOW! THE CONCERT IS
GONNA SELL OUT! WE'RE NOT GONNA
MAKE IT!

Lateesha whips her head around with the SASSY OUTRAGE
cultivated by so many years at this shitty job.

LATEESHA
(screaming out)

WWW.SHUT-THE-FUCK-UP.COM

The entire DMV is silenced. Raoul lowers back into his chair.

Lateesha turns back to her computer screen. She aligns the
MOUSE POINTER on the word SEND. She then lowers her GIGANTIC
FINGERNAIL onto the MOUSE with the sound of DISTANT THUNDER.

BEGIN CREDIT SEQUENCE: U2 & JOHNNY CASH - THE WANDERER

The STREETS are filled with MILLIONS upon MILLIONS of
DOMINOES. They are assembled in many colorful patterns seen
in such 80's television programs as "THAT'S INCREDIBLE!" and
"RIPLEY'S... BELIEVE IT OR NOT!".

At the intersection of Wilshire and Santa Monica, THOUSANDS
of falling dominoes assembled to spell out:

NEW LINE CINEMA PRESENTS

In Beverly Hills... there are thousands of falling dominoes
assembled to spell out:

A DAVIS FILMS/SCOTT FREE PRODUCTION

On the abandoned 10 FREEWAY the dominoes read:

A TONY SCOTT FILM

On the abandoned 405 FREEWAY the dominoes read:

D O M I N O

We follow the IMMENSE TRAIL of falling dominoes throughout
the city... through DOWNTOWN... CENTURY CITY... SANTA
MONICA... COMPTON... revealing the rest of the OPENING
CREDITS.

As we near the end of the sequence the trail takes us out
into the DESERT where the falling dominoes read:

WRITTEN BY RICHARD KELLY

The dominoes approach the lights of LAS VEGAS... approaching the
western end of the STRIP. It is completely desolate. The lights
twinkle... *but there is no one there.*

The dominoes finish on a PEDESTRIAN TRAFFIC BRIDGE that crosses the strip. They read:

DIRECTED BY TONY SCOTT

The TRAIL of dominoes tapers off into a CEMENT HALLWAY... leading into the shadows. A METAL DOOR looms in the distance.

The CAMERA lingers on the FINAL DOMINO... moving through the METAL DOOR.

INT. VEGAS SECURITY LOCKDOWN -- NIGHT

DOMINO HARVEY (25) sits alone at a METAL TABLE. Despite her disheveled appearance, she looks like she could be on the cover of VOGUE.

Her hands are cuffed together. She holds a MARLBORO RED between the fingers on her right hand... raising it to her mouth. *There is BLOOD SPLATTERED on her hand. A small cut on her lip.*

A SINGLE TEAR traces down her cheek. There is a CHILD LINGERING just beneath the tough surface veneer.

DOMINO (V.O.)
My name is Domino Harvey.
(beat)
I am... a bounty hunter.

Domino flips a book of MATCHES between her fingers. She raises her eyes to the GLASS WALL on the south end of the room.

DOMINO (V.O.) (CONT'D)
They're watching me from behind that two way mirror. What I say over the next several hours will determine whether or not I spend the rest of my life in prison.

Domino takes a pull from her Marlboro, wiping the tear away from her face. The METAL DOOR opens... and an attractive woman in a black business suit steps into the room. Her name is TARYN MILES (38).

TARYN
Ms. Harvey... my name is Taryn Miles. I'm a criminal psychologist working for the FBI. I'm here to ask you a few questions.

DOMINO (V.O.)
Here's the part where I'm supposed to get all defensive and say... 'not until I speak with my

attorney.'

Domino takes another pull from her Marlboro... then stubs it in the ash tray.

DOMINO (CONT'D)
Sure... I'll tell you everything
I know.

Taryn removes a file from her attache case and places it on the table.

TARYN
Thirty-six hours ago... ten
million dollars was stolen from
an armored car that was
subsequently found abandoned at
the Hoover Dam.

EXT. DESERT -- DAWN -- THIRTY-SIX HOURS BEFORE

The CAMERA SOARS over the desert... approaching the lights at the Hoover Dam. An ARMORED CAR is parked on the edge of the cement abyss.

TARYN (V.O.)
*The driver's name was Locus
Fender. We know that he was in on
the heist.*

INT. ARMORED CAR -- NEXT

LOCUS FENDER (30s) is behind the wheel of the armored car. His unshaven, disheveled appearance looks totally out of place in his security uniform.

INT. VEGAS SECURITY LOCKDOWN -- NIGHT

Taryn is now scrawling notes on a pad.

TARYN
Where is the money?

DOMINO
I don't know.

TARYN
I think that you're lying. I
think you know exactly where the
money is.

DOMINO
You're trying to scare me into
falsely incriminating myself...
and it's not working. I said I'd
tell you everything I know. You

and your friends behind the
mirror.

Domino waves to the mirror. Taryn calmly opens her file...
refusing to lose control.

TARYN

Is it true that you were hired to
track down and capture the
thieves... and then deliver them
to Drake Bishop... owner of the
Stratosphere Hotel & Casino?

DOMINO

Yes.

TARYN

You then learned where the
thieves had hidden the money...
and at the instructions of your
employer went to retrieve it
yourself.

DOMINO

He sent us out to the Fender
Compound. Out in the desert near
the Chicken Ranch.

INT. FENDER HOUSE -- THE PREVIOUS NIGHT

The FRONT DOOR to this house is KICKED FORWARD... snapping
off its hinges onto the cheap tile floor.

A HISPANIC MAN named CHOCO (38) is standing there with a
SHOTGUN. He steps forward into the DOUBLE WIDE TRAILER HOME
attached to an ADOBE SHACK.

Behind him is a CAUCASIAN MAN named ED MARTIN (50s) wielding
his own shotgun.

As the two men part ways... DOMINO... wearing jeans and a T-
shirt... follows them through the doorway into the house. She
carries a SEMI-AUTOMATIC PISTOL... moving into the FAMILY ROOM
ahead of the men.

The tiny family room is pure SOUTH-WESTERN DESERT TRAILER PARK
kitsch. None of the furniture matches. Shag carpeting. Georgia
O'Keefe knockoffs on the walls. Stained wagon-wheel coffee
tables.

Domino notices the LA-Z-BOY in the corner of the room. *It is
gently rocking back and forth.*

A low growling noise can be heard from the kitchen.

DOMINO

EDNA! WE KNOW YOU'RE IN HERE!

Domino turns back to the men with a raised finger... issuing a silent warning.

In the KITCHEN... EDNA FENDER (60s) is sitting on the floor against the cabinets. There is a SHOTGUN in her left hand. A PIT-BULL is restrained by its COLLAR in her right.

She looks down at the dog, CHI-CHI (3), with a clenched jaw.

EDNA
Sick boy... Sick-em!

SHE LETS GOT OF THE COLLAR AND CHI-CHI SPRINTS AROUND THE CORNER...

BLAM!

Choco fires a SHOTGUN BLAST into the floor of the trailer... detonating a HOLE in the carpet that is two feet wide.

CHI-CHI falls YELPING into the hole... cartwheeling down into the DARK ABYSS beneath the trailer.

Domino turns back to Choco and sees that he still has his SHOTGUN aimed at the floor. Smoke drifts from the barrels into the gloom of the house.

CHOCO (SPANISH WITH SUBTITLES)
FUCK... I MISSED!

Domino throws him a nod of gratitude anyway. He returns.

DOMINO (V.O.)
That's my best friend. His name is Choco. He's always fancied me... but too shy to ever do anything about it.

EDNA
Chi-Chi!
(desperate beat)
CHI-CHI!

DOMINO
Chi-Chi has gone to doggie heaven, bitch!

Choco cocks his shotgun for emphasis. SHELLS drop down into the abyss. *He likes it when Domino talks rough.*

DOMINO (CONT'D)
The next one is going to doggie hell!

Ed snaps his fingers... and Choco removes his BACKPACK and

begins to retrieve something from it.

ED

All we want is the money, Edna!

Domino looks back at him... waiting for a signal.

DOMINO (V.O.)

*That's Ed Martin. The most
legendary bounty hunter in all of
Los Angeles. He's my boss. My
mentor. The father I never had.*

Edna is now SOBBING loudly.

EDNA

Chi-Chi... my poor Chi-Chi.

Ed throws Domino a nod. She moves further into the family room.

Edna may have shitty taste... but she isn't poor. Domino notices the MITSUBISHI widescreen. Surround Sound. DVD Player. *The Manchurian Candidate* is playing.

DOMINO

The Manchurian Candidate, huh
Edna?

In the KITCHEN... Edna leans over and grabs a BUDWEISER longneck from a STYRO-FOAM COOLER. With the shotgun still in her left hand, she cracks the bottle open with her right and takes a long swig.

EDNA

Is that you, Domino?

DOMINO

Nice to see you again, Edna.

Edna lets out a sly cackle... wiping the bitter tears from her face. She is wicked tough... not to mention wicked drunk. *Age has not been kind to this desert harlot.*

EDNA

Your father must be so proud.

(beat)

Look what has become of his
little angel.

Ouch. That hit Domino below the belt.

DOMINO

Listen bitch! We've got your son!
If you don't deliver the money...
we're gonna wax his fucking ass!

Edna takes another swig of Budweiser. The RAGE returns.

EDNA
YOU DON'T HAVE SHIT!

Domino turns back to Choco. He has unwrapped a LARGE OBJECT from the backpack. It remains hidden in the shadows. Domino stares at it with trepidation. She's in over her head.

Choco steps forward into the light and we see that the object is a SEVERED HUMAN ARM. The BLOODY STUMP ends at the UPPER BICEP.

Choco lobs the arm over the KITCHEN COUNTER and it lands on the linoleum floor next to Edna with a loud thump.

ED
Don't fuck with us, Edna! There
are at least three more limbs
where that one came from!

DOMINO
I can certainly think of one
more!

Edna stares at the severed arm with her mouth twisted into a grimace of horror.

Edna closes her eyes... takes a swig of Budweiser and then LEAPS up onto her FEET. She COCKS the shotgun and aims it blindly over the counter into the FAMILY ROOM.

EDNA
AAAAAHHHHHHH!!!

SHE UNLOADS TWO ROUNDS. TWO SHOTGUN BLASTS RIP HOLES IN THE WALL BETWEEN ED AND CHOCO. EVERYONE HITS THE GROUND.

Edna drops back down to the kitchen floor.

Domino's face is buried into the shag carpet. Her heart is pounding.

DOMINO
HE'S STILL ALIVE, EDNA!

EDNA
PROVE IT!

Domino looks back at Ed... sweat pouring down his face. He then motions to Choco... who moves out the front door.

EXT. FENDER COMPOUND -- NIGHT

Choco comes through the front door of the FENDER HOUSE... a one-story RANCHER built from several double-wide trailers.

The FENDER COMPOUND sits out in the desert near JOSHUA TREE. There are JUNKED CARS, BARBED WIRE and SIGNS saying Keep out, Private Property, and Beware of Dog. Several FIRES are burning in metal barrels... sending smoke signals out across the horizon.

Parked near the GATE of the compound is a large WINNEBAGO. Choco unlocks the door and steps inside.

INT. WINNEBAGO -- NEXT

Inside the winnebago are BRIAN AUSTIN GREEN (30s) and IAN ZIERING (40s), former stars of "BEVERLY HILLS, 90210". They are both handcuffed and splattered with blood. *We will soon learn why.*

Next to them sits an AFGHANI MAN named ALF (40s). He is eating PIZZA at the kitchen table while watching "WHO WANTS TO BE A MILLIONAIRE" on a small television.

CHOCO (IN SPANISH WITH SUBTITLES)
We gotta show Edna her son.

The Afghani nods his head... waiting for the show contestant to answer the question.

ALF (IN ARABIC WITH SUBTITLES)
*Eat dick. I'm watching
Millionaire.*

CHOCO (IN SPANISH WITH SUBTITLES)
Raghead.

ALF (IN ARABIC WITH SUBTITLES)
Wetback.

Alf wipes his mouth and turns to the back of the winnebago.

DOMINO (V.O.)
*That's our driver. He's from
Afghanistan. He once ate a cat.*
(beat)
*We can't understand how to
pronounce his fucking name so we
just call him Alf. The cat-eating
alien.*

We see that he is wearing a T-shirt with a picture of ALF (THE ORANGE FUR COVERED SITCOM ALIEN) on it.

Alf disappears behind a curtain. We hear someone moaning from back there. Alf mumbles something.

Choco looks at his watch anxiously. He seems to be under a lot of pressure. His clothes are splattered with blood. The entire Winnebago is splattered with blood. *Some nasty shit has transpired.*

Alf emerges from the back of the winnebago with Locus Fender. His LEFT ARM is missing. The wound has been sealed with DUCT TAPE. He is pale and delirious from the loss of blood.

Choco helps Alf drag him out of the winnebago.

EXT. FENDER COMPOUND -- NEXT

Alf and Choco walk Locus toward the front entrance to the house. His shoes drag through the sand. Choco coughs at the smoke from the burning barrels.

INT. VEGAS SECURITY LOCKDOWN -- NIGHT

Taryn is scrawling notes on her legal pad.

TARYN

How did Locus Fender lose his arm?

DOMINO

He had the combination to the safe tattooed on his arm.

INT. FENDER HOUSE -- NEXT

Choco and Alf arrive in the doorway with LOCUS. He seems to be regaining consciousness.

LOCUS

Momma! What'd you do with my momma!

EDNA

LOCUS! BABY... I'M HERE!

DOMINO

Turn over your weapon, Edna!

After another swig of Bud, Edna rises from behind the kitchen counter. She throws the shotgun to Domino... who catches it with one hand.

ED

(to Locus)

Give her the combination to the safe or you're gonna be twenty-five percent more paraplegic.

Ed is all business as he places the barrels of his shotgun against the man's RIGHT SHOULDER. Locus nods his head slowly. *He is terrified.*

LOCUS

Momma... I need you to say...

exactly as I do.
(slurring)
The combination code is on the
wrist... just above the palm.
You'll need to get the decoder
from my bedroom.

Edna turns to move down the hall.

DOMINO
Not so fast!

Domino moves toward Edna with her gun pointed in her face.

DOMINO (CONT'D)
I'm coming with you.

INT. FENDER HOUSE -- BEDROOM -- NEXT

Domino follows Edna down the hallway into the BEDROOM. Edna immediately begins to rifle through the middle dresser drawer. Domino notices a huge VELVET PAINTING of a young Edna as a SHOWGIRL hanging above the water bed.

Edna retrieves a CIRCULAR CARDBOARD DECODER RING. It appears to be made out of several PAPER PLATES.

DOMINO
Is that the decoder?

EDNA
Yeah.

INT. FENDER HOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

Edna now sits in the La-Z-Boy. Ed drops the severed arm into her lap. There are NUMBERS and LETTERS TATTOOED ALL OVER IT. Ed glances over at a LARGE ANTIQUE SAFE in the corner of the trailer.

ED
You have twenty minutes to open
that safe.

Edna begins to run her finger along her son's severed arm... reading off LETTERS and NUMBERS... turning the WHEEL of the DECODER RING.

Domino drops down onto the couch. She looks exhausted. They have been through hell and it shows.

DOMINO (V.O.)
*I've never killed anyone. I hope
to never kill anyone.
Even if they deserve it. My
agenda is to kick ass and secure*

the bounty.

Ed passes Domino one of Edna's Budweisers and drops down on the couch next to her. She takes a long swig.

DOMINO (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*If I'm on this side of the law...
I can live the low life and avoid
jail. I can live the nasty and
not do time for it.*
(beat)
*That's called the best of both
worlds.*

The CAMERA moves in toward Domino's face.

DOMINO (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*As for that other world... that
90210 world... it's not for me.*

On the TELEVISION... actor LAURENCE HARVEY (40s) appears on the screen with FRANK SINATRA and JANET LEIGH.

ED
Is that him?

Domino nods her head slowly. Choco takes a seat on the other side of the couch, popping the cap off his own Budweiser.

DOMINO (V.O.)
*My real father was an actor. He
died when I was a little girl.*

ED
Wow. Laurence Harvey. He knew
Frank Sinatra?
(beat)
I knew Frank.

Edna SNORTS sarcastically from the La-Z-Boy.

EDNA
Who didn't?

ED
Shut the fuck up, Edna.
(looking at his watch)
You have seventeen minutes to
deliver that combination.

Ed turns back to the screen.

ED (CONT'D)
Is that the bitch from *Murder,
She Wrote*?

They watch the film unfold silently. The CAMERA MOVES in toward

the Mitsubishi widescreen. *The Manchurian Candidate* fills the screen. ANGELA LANSBURY berates LAURENCE HARVEY.

DOMINO (V.O.)

You're probably wondering how a girl like me arrived here at the ass end of the Nevada desert with a blood-spattered Winnebago and a one-armed man. To do that... I'll have to start at the beginning.

Domino takes a sip of beer.

IMAGES BLEED FROM THE PAST: A BARRAGE OF PHOTOGRAPHS from DOMINO'S CHILDHOOD in LONDON. PHOTOS of LAURENCE HARVEY and SOPHIE THOMAS (20s)... Domino's mother. SUPER-8 family footage bleeds into... a CHARITY FAIR... Harvey wins a RING TOSS and hands DOMINO (8) a PRIZE GOLDFISH in a bag of water... Domino places the GOLDFISH into a bowl... watches it from her bed at home as she goes to sleep. DOMINO... throwing a ROSE on the CASKET at her father's funeral.

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

After dad passed on, Mum's agenda was to hit the town and find another husband with a boatload of cash.

INT. LONDON APARTMENT -- EVENING

Sophie is dolled up for a night on the town... CLEAVAGE spilling out of her cocktail dress. Domino is feeding her pet GOLDFISH. "THUNDERBIRDS" plays on the television.

SOPHIE

Be kind to your sitter.

Domino glances back at a dowdy BRITISH NANNY (50s). She immediately walks over and turns off the television.

NANNY

Time for bed... little one.

Domino grits her teeth.

INT. LONDON APARTMENT -- LATER THAT NIGHT

Sophie comes stumbling into the apartment with a ROD STEWART look-alike. The NANNY is hog-tied with DUCT-TAPE on the couch.

EXT. LONDON CATHOLIC SCHOOL -- DAY

Sophie kisses Domino good-bye at the gate of the boarding school. Two NUNS approach... and she is left standing there alone with her GOLDFISH in its bowl.

DOMINO (V.O.)
*My mischief was cramping mum's
husband hunting. She decided to
sock me and my goldfish Sammy
away in boarding school.*

INT. LONDON CATHOLIC SCHOOL -- DAY

Domino sits on her bunk... staring at her goldfish. It begins to flail helplessly... floating to the top.

DOMINO (V.O.)
*A week later Sammy died. It was a
pivotal moment in my life.*

INT. LONDON CATHOLIC SCHOOL -- BATHROOM -- NEXT

Domino stands over the toilet with tears in her eyes. She drops the goldfish into the toilet.

DOMINO (V.O.)
*It was then that I realized God
designed us all to perish. I
decided to never invest too much
emotion in one thing. It's always
a set up to the pain of losing
them.*

The CAMERA follows the dead goldfish down the toilet bowl and into an ABYSS OF SHIT. (Trainspotting)

INT. CATHOLIC CHURCH CATHEDRAL -- DAYS LATER

Domino (9) stands on the floor of a CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL with a group of Catholic school students on a field trip. She reaches out and steals a SILVER DOLLAR from the OFFERING PLATE... placing it in her pocket. A NUN eyes her suspiciously.

Domino gazes up at the ceiling, at a painting of GOD staring back at her.

DOMINO (V.O.)
*God created me in his image.
(beat)
I guess he had a thing for
models.*

**INT. LONDON FASHION SHOW - 1995 (POSS. DAVIS FACTOR STUDIO)
(THE CULT - FIRE WOMAN)**

Domino (15) struts down the CATWALK at a fashion show. She looks gorgeous.

DOMINO (V.O.)
I started on the runways in

England.

DOMINO (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*Like most models, I was bored
with life. I hated everything...
and everyone.*

Another MODEL clips Domino in the shoulder as they pass one another on the catwalk.

DOMINO (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*If you think America is dirtbag
central... clearly you've never
been to the sleaze-nation of our
Queen mother.*

Domino turns around and grabs the girl by the hair. She screams out... clawin at Domino's face. They both tumble to the floor of the catwalk. People in the audience gasp in horror as FLASHBULBS erupt all around them.

INT. LONDON APARTMENT - DAY

On a BEC ENTERTAINMENT NEWS SHOW... the CAST of "BEVERLY HILLS 90210" stands before a cheering crowd at a London shopping mall. Clips of all of the actors are shown. Sophie sits on the couch with a JACK RUSSELL TERRIER in her lap... smoking a cigarette. She seems *enthralled* with them.

SOPHIE
Brilliant. Absolutely brilliant.

Behind her... Domino is playing with a pair of NUMB-CHUCKS... wearing her CATHOLIC SCHOOL UNIFORM.

DOMINO (V.O.)
*Mum was determined to move us to
Beverly Hills. That damn show
started it all.*

IMAGE BLEED: A 747 descends over LOS ANGELES... Domino (16) peers through the window at the lights of the city... PALM TREES... SUNSHINE... RODEO DRIVE...

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS MANSION -- DAY

Domino (16) is in the back yard of a MANSION in BEVERLY HILLS. She is still playing with her NUMB-CHUCKS. Marc Osborne (40s) is chatting with friends around the pool.

DOMINO (V.O.)
*She re-married to a man named
Marc Osborne. He invested in a
restaurant called Planet
Hollywood. We were never that
close.*

STILL BLACK & WHITE IMAGE: Domino stands in front of a Planet Hollywood with Osborne, Sophie, ARNOLD SCHWARZENEGGER, BRUCE WILLIS, DEMI MOORE and SYLVESTER STALLONE.

Sophie comes out onto the patio with the Jack Russell terrier under her arm... sipping a MARTINI.

SOPHIE

Domino! Give the goddamn numb-chucks a rest already. It's time for supper!

Sophie shakes her head in disgust as she moves back inside the mansion.

DOMINO (V.O.)

I tried Beverly Hills High for a spell... but it didn't work out.

INT. WEST BEVERLY HIGH -- BATHROOM -- DAY

Domino is in a GNARLY CAT-FIGHT with this BEVERLY HILLS GIRL. Violent hair-pulling. Screaming crowd surrounds them. Tampons and hairbrushes are flying.

DOMINO (V.O.)

I hated them. I hated them all.

EXT. CALIFORNIA UNIVERSITY -- SORORITY ROW -- DAY

Domino (18) stands in front of the PI PHI HOUSE at sorority rush... as a group of gorgeous young women jump up and down... CLAPPING... SINGING SONGS.

DOMINO (V.O.)

College was even worse. Mum convinced me to joined a sorority. It was all fun and games at first.

INT. SORORITY HOUSE -- DAYS LATER

Domino and the other PLEDGES are now lined up against the WALL in the back hall of the sorority house, all of them stripped down to their BRAS and PANTIES.

DOMINO (V.O.)

Then the hazing started.

The same SORORITY GIRL has now become a VICIOUS PLEDGE TRAINER.

SORORITY GIRL

Look at you fat fucking bitches.

She walks up to a HEAVYSET GIRL with a BLACK MARKER in hand and

begins to circle the CELLULITE on her ass. The girl is trembling with humiliation... tears flowing down her cheeks.

SORORITY GIRL (CONT'D)
Look at this fucking fat! It's
fucking disgusting!!!

The Sorority Girl approaches an enraged Domino... who doesn't have an ounce of fat on her body.

SORORITY GIRL (CONT'D)
Look at those mosquito bites.
What's it like having the body of
a ten year old boy?

Domino leans in to analyze the girl's face.

DOMINO
Did you get a nose job?

DOMINO THEN PUNCHES HER IN THE FACE AS HARD AS SHE CAN. The girl falls against the wall... BLOOD gushing from her nose.

SORORITY GIRL
AAHHH! OHHH MY GOD!!

INT. SCHOOL COUNSELOR'S OFFICE -- DAYS LATER

Domino sits across from her SCHOOL COUNSELOR. Sophie is there next to her... looking completely BAFFLED.

COUNSELOR
What is it about sorority life
that bothers you?

DOMINO
Everything. It is a ghastly
existence.

SOPHIE
Why must you fight... everything
that is normal? You are blessed
with such beauty. Life could be
so easy... if only you allowed
yourself to fit the mold.

DOMINO
The mold? I am living among these
crypto-fascist Orange County
cunts... with daddy's BMW and the
boob job... just waiting to
implode.

SOPHIE
Crypto-fascist? Who talks like
this?!

DOMINO

I refuse to turn out like them.
Twenty-one years old and they're
already looking for a husband.

(beat)

Stupid fucking cunts with no self-
esteem. They let the boys control
their lives. Not me.

SOPHIE

(cringing)

Must you use that awful word?

DOMINO

Cunt.

SOPHIE

Stop it.

DOMINO

Cunt.

SOPHIE

I said stop it.

DOMINO

Cunt. It's just a word. Why does
everyone in this fucking country
get their knickers in a twist by
the slightest bit of indecent
conversation?

The Therapist sighs to himself. He retrieves a SCANTRON TEST
that she has filled out with the words "FUCK OFF". There is a
big red "F" at the top.

THERAPIST

This is your mid-term exam?

SOPHIE

She's dyslexic. She's always had
trouble with assignments.

EXT. SANTA MONICA BEACH -- SUNSET [CONCRETE BLONDE - JOEY]

Domino sits alone on the beach... smoking a cigarette.

DOMINO (V.O.)

A week later I was expelled.

Newspapers and other TRASH blow across the sand toward Domino. A
piece of an LA WEEKLY hits her shoulder. She grabs it...
glancing down at the back page where there is an ADVERTISEMENT:

PROFESSIONAL BOUNTY HUNTERS WANTED

\$99 SEMINAR WITH BAIL BONDSMAN CLAREMONT WILLIAMS III!

There is a picture of a OLDER BLACK MAN named CLAREMONT WILLIAMS III (50s) staring back at her. He is wearing a THREE-PIECE SUIT.

DOMINO (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*In the end... it all came down to
fate. An LA Weekly advert strewn
across a desolate beach.*

The CAMERA moves in toward the picture of Claremont Williams III.

DOMINO (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*Claremont Williams III. The
legendary bail bondsman. A few
months later we met face to face.*

INT. HAWTHORNE COMMUNITY CENTRE -- DAY

Claremont Williams now stands before a PODIUM on the stage of a decrepit COMMUNITY CENTER in the city of Hawthorne.

CLAREMONT
As a bail-bondsman... I am the go-
between for the court and the
criminal. For a ten percent
fee... I will guarantee the
amount set by the court.

The room is filled with several dozen aspiring BOUNTY HUNTERS. Most of them are MEN... but there are a few WOMEN scattered about.

INT. HAWTHORNE COMMUNITY CENTER -- LOBBY -- NEXT

Domino approaches a TABLE set up in the LOBBY of the community center: Choco is sitting at the table.

CHOCO (IN SPANISH WITH SUBTITLES)
May I help you?

DOMINO
Yes... I'm here for the bounty
hunter seminar.

Choco stares Domino up and down. She is wearing a TANK TOP... TIGHT JEANS and HIGH HEELS. A BELLY CHAIN rests just below her navel. She looks spectacular. Choco swallows hard.

CHOCO (IN SPANISH WITH SUBTITLES)
Ninety-nine dollars. Cash.

Domino drops a HUNDRED onto the table.

DOMINO
Keep the change.

Choco watches Domino in awe as she struts into the community center... high heels CLACKING on the linoleum floor. *It is love at first sight.*

INT. HAWTHORNE COMMUNITY CENTER -- NEXT

Domino walks down the CENTER AISLE between the rows of chairs filled with the various assortment of BIKERS... EX-CONS... LOSERS and WANNABES hoping to become bounty hunters. (NOTE: Gusmano - real people casting)

CLAREMONT
If the felon does a no-show on his trial date, I will bring in a bounty hunter to recapture the defendant or I will face having to pay the court myself.

Claremont raises his eyes... noticing Domino as she works her way down the third row... searching for an open chair.

CLAREMONT (CONT'D)
This occurs most frequently... because the collateral or guarantee given... to the bail bondsman... turns out to be worthless... or... uh... difficult to liquidate...
(beat)
In layman's terms. We get ten percent of the bail.

Claremont has entirely lost his train of thought. He cannot stop staring at Domino as she works her way to her seat. The entire room full of wannabes is staring at her as well. *She could not look more out of place.*

CLAREMONT (CONT'D)
(clearing his throat)
In a few minutes... Ed Martin will take the stage and begin the seminar on how to become a bounty hunter.
(beat)
Thank you.

Polite APPLAUSE from the crowd. Domino pulls out a BRAND NEW SPIRAL NOTEBOOK and a BIC PEN... ready to take extensive notes. Next to her... a LOSER (40s) is gawking at her. He turns back to a conversation he was having with another LOSER.

LOSER #1
(licking his lips)
Hot damn... I knew there were

groupies... but I never thought they'd show up at a seminar.

LOSER #2

(to Domino)

How about it? You want to ride some bounty hunter cock?

Domino does not even look at him.

DOMINO

Fuck you, douche-bag.

Choco peers through the entrance from the lobby at Domino...

INT. HAWTHORNE COMMUNITY CENTER -- LOBBY -- NEXT

...but is summoned back into the lobby by Ed, who is counting MONEY at the table. He drops the last stack of bills into a MANILA ENVELOPE.

Ed looks to the front entrance. There are several WANNABES lurking around the entrance... smoking cigarettes and talking in small groups.

ED

Alright. Time to ditch this thing. Did you take a look at the bathroom window?

CHOCO (IN SPANISH WITH SUBTITLES)

I forgot.

ED

For the love of God. Not Spanish again. Who's the girl?

Ed throws Choco a quizzical look. Choco shrugs, looks away. Claremont struts through the lobby and Ed casually hands him his cut of the cash.

CLAREMONT

Gentlemen, it has been a pleasure.

Claremont walks out.

ED

Bathroom window. Five minutes. I'll have the engine running.

Choco grunts with displeasure as Ed moves toward the bathroom. 96 FPS SLOW MOTION on Ed as he struts toward CAMERA:

DOMINO (V.O.)

If you hang out with Ed long

*enough, he'll tell you about
Danang.
He'll tell you about the North
Vietnamese tunnel he found and
the battle that ensued. This man
is a warrior. That day in Danang
made him one.*

INT. HAWTHORNE COMMUNITY CENTER -- NEXT

Domino sighs impatiently... looking at her watch. The crowd is getting restless. A FAT WOMAN sitting in front of Domino begins to complain.

FAT WOMAN
For Chrissakes... when is this
thing gonna get started? I left
my kids at Chuckie-fucking-Cheese
and it's gonna close in an hour.
*What kind of piece of shit
seminar is this?*

Domino looks at her watch and sighs.

INT. HAWTHORNE COMMUNITY CENTER -- LOBBY -- MOMENTS LATER

Domino comes into the lobby. Choco is no longer at the table. Domino sighs impatiently... looking at her watch.

INT. WOMEN'S BATHROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Domino is applying LIPSTICK in the bathroom mirror. There is a LOUD GROANING NOISE coming through the wall. Domino's eyes dart over to the wall. She puts her ear to the wall as the GROANING NOISES grow even louder.

INT. MEN'S BATHROOM -- NEXT

Domino pushes open the door to the MEN'S BATHROOM. She stares in disbelief as Choco is trying to wedge his body out the window. His ASS is stuck in the small window frame and his legs are wiggling back and forth as he tries to pull himself through.

DOMINO
Motherfucker.

She storms in... grabs Choco from behind just as he drops through... RIP!

EXT. HAWTHORNE COMMUNITY CENTER -- NEXT

...and tries to pull Choco back in. 96 FPS SLOW MOTION on Choco's freaked out face:

DOMINO (V.O.)
To say that Choco is a product of

a broken home is to presume a
home existed in the first place.
No, Choco never had a home.
Not unless you count the ten or
so juvenile correction facilities
where he spent his childhood.

Choco falls to the ground.

INT. HAWTHORNE COMMUNITY CENTER -- LOBBY -- NEXT

Domino storms through the lobby toward the exit... pushing her
way through the group of WANNABES on cigarette break.

EXT. HAWTHORNE COMMUNITY CENTER -- PARKING LOT -- MOMENTS LATER

Domino rounds the corner of the building into the PARKING LOT...
just as Choco pushes his way through the window frame and lands
on the gravel.

Domino watches Choco as he wipes the dirt from his clothes.
HEADLIGHTS approach. It is a blue EL CAMINO. Ed is behind the
wheel.

DOMINO
What the fuck is this shit?

Choco just stares at Domino... unsure what to do.

CHOCO (IN SPANISH WITH SUBTITLES)
Shit.

Choco runs around the front of the El Camino and opens the
passenger side door.

INT. EL CAMINO -- NEXT

Choco falls into the passenger seat and slams the door.

CHOCO (IN SPANISH WITH SUBTITLES)
Drive.

Just as Ed puts the car into DRIVE... Domino steps into the path
of the headlight beams and retrieves a 10 INCH HUNTING KNIFE
from her purse. She HURLS the knife at the El Camino and it
PLUNGES DEAD CENTER into the glass... SHATTERING the windshield
in a spider-pattern.

Ed and Choco stare incredulously at the 10 INCH BLADE that has
pierced through the glass.

ED
What the... *who is this bitch?*

EXT. HAWTHORNE COMMUNITY CENTER -- PARKING LOT -- NEXT

Ed and Choco exit the El Camino just as Domino retrieves her knife from the windshield. She grips it in her right hand... threatening them.

DOMINO
Where the fuck do you think
you're going?

Choco and Ed just stare at one another incredulously.

DOMINO (CONT'D)
These people paid good money for
a seminar!

Ed retrieves the ENVELOPE from his jacket and pulls out a HUNDRED DOLLARS.

ED
You want your money back?
(holding out the bills)
Here... take it.

Domino considers her options.

DOMINO
I don't want my fucking money
back... I want a job.
(beat)
You take me on as part of your
team... or else.

Ed laughs to himself.

ED
Or else what?

Domino whips out a pair of NUMB-CHUCKS from her purse and begins to WHIP them around her body in an elaborate display of *numb-chuckery*. (NOTE: Find body double for Domino) Choco gawks at Domino. *It is love at second sight for him... all over again.*

CHOCO (IN SPANISH WITH SUBTITLES)
*Holy shit... this bitch is
fierce.*

DOMINO
I've been training since I was
twelve. Knives. Guns. Throwing
stars. You name it... I can fight
with it. I'm a hard worker and a
fast learner.
(beat)
Nothing scares me. I'm not afraid
to die.

Ed looks at Choco... shaking his head in disbelief.

ED

You want to be a bounty hunter.
Why does a pretty little thing
like you want to be a bounty
hunter?

DOMINO

Because I want justice. I want to
help put these sleazebags back in
jail where they belong.

(smiles)

And I want to have a little fun.

Ed chuckles to himself.

ED

Okay... Pretty Woman. I'll give
you tonight. See if you can take
it.

Domino raises her knife.

DOMINO

You can save that Pretty Woman
shit. The name is Domino.

ED

(patronizing baby talk)

Domino. Do you have a last
name... Domino?

DOMINO

No last names. Just Domino. The
less you know about me the
better, okay?

Ed nods his head and opens the driver's side door.

CHOCO (IN SPANISH WITH SUBTITLES)

Where are we going?

ED

On a raid. If she wants to see
justice... we gonna take Domino
to the Jungle, baby.

EXT. JUNGLE -- NEXT

The El Camino pulls into the entrance to the JUNGLE. The
neighborhood of LOW INCOME HOUSES winds upward into the HILLSIDE
adjacent to the wall. Ed parks the El Camino next to the curb.

INT. EL CAMINO -- NEXT

Choco retrieves a MUG SHOT from the glove compartment. Domino

looks at a photograph of a man named CHARLES "COOKIE" KINCAID (19).

ED

Bail jumper's name is Cookie Kincaid. Nineteen years old. His mommie posted bail when he was arrested for allegedly partaking in a drive-by shooting in Hawthorne.

CHOCO (IN SPANISH WITH SUBTITLES)

He killed two children.

ED

(throwing Choco a look)

Fella takes out two kids and has the audacity to not show up for trial.

CHOCO (IN SPANISH WITH SUBTITLES)

We gotta bring him in.

ED

Will you speak the fucking English language? The poor girl has no clue what you're talking about.

(to Domino)

The boy speaks English, you know. Reads, writes, I swear it. He does this when he's around girls. Thinks it's cute.

CHOCO (IN SPANISH WITH SUBTITLES)

I'm gonna kill you, Ed.

Ed turns back to Domino.

ED

Tell him it's not cute. Will you tell him, Domino!?

CHOCO (IN SPANISH WITH SUBTITLES)

Chinga te y tu mama tambien.

Domino looks on as they go back and forth on each other at the top of their lungs. *They are kinda' cute.*

EXT. TINA KINCAID'S HOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

They walk toward the front door. Ed rings the doorbell. TINA KINCAID (37) opens the front door. Ed holds up the mug shot. Tina stares at them through the screen.

ED

You can make this easy, Tina...

or you can make it real
complicated. Your son is gonna be
dead meat unless you let us bring
him in.

Tina slowly opens the screen door to let them into the house.

INT. TINA KINCAID'S HOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

Tina sits on the couch across from Ed. Domino and Choco watch as she counts out the TWO-HUNDRED DOLLARS Ed has given her.

DOMINO (V.O.)
*For two-hundred dollars... Tina
gave us her son's whereabouts. A
local Gang-banger hideout up the
street.*

EXT. JUNGLE -- LATER ON

Domino stands with Ed and Choco at the TAILGATE of the El Camino. There is a SHELL mounted on the back of the truck bed. A remote control panel opens, revealing an arsenal of weapons. Ed retrieves three SHOTGUNS and hands them out.

DOMINO (V.O.)
*I could feel the blood coursing
through my veins. Shotgun in
hand, kicking down a door and
wondering if there was heavy fire
power on the other side.*

They begin their approach up the hill to Dexter house.

DOMINO (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*Turns out... my first raid was to
be a near disaster.*

Domino reaches into her pocket and retrieves the SILVER DOLLAR that she stole from the Cathedral in London... rubbing it for good luck.

INT. TINA KINCAID'S HOUSE -- NEXT

Tina rushes into the MASTER BEDROOM.

TINA
Cookie! Coast is clear baby.

COOKIE KINCAID crawls out from underneath the bed.

DOMINO (V.O.)
*That bitch Tina set us up. The
oreo cookie was hiding underneath
her bed all along.*

Cookie grabs the TELEPHONE from the night stand and begins to dial a number.

INT. DEXTER HOUSE -- LIVING ROOM -- NEXT

Inside the DEXTER HOOSE... LARENZ "CREEP" DEXTER (20s) answers the phone.

CREEP
Hello?

COOKIE (PHONE)
*Creep. It's Cookie. There's three
Five-O's about to knock down your
front door.*

Click. Dialtone. Creep's eyes widen in panic. That panic quickly turns to RAGE.

INT. DEXTER HOUSE -- KITCHEN -- NEXT

Creep comes into the KITCHEN. There are SEVEN GANG-BANGERS in there watching TV. The place is swimming in FORTIES and BLUNTS.

CREEP
Fuckin' Five-O.

Everyone goes for their GUNS.

EXT. DEXTER HOUSE -- NEXT

Ed stands on the front porch, flanked by Domino and Choco, SHOTGUNS in hand.

ED
Here we go.

Ed KICKS DOWN the front door.

INT. DEXTER HOUSE -- NEXT

The BOUNTY HUNTER TRIO rushes through the FOYER into the KITCHEN... and immediately find themselves surrounded. The GANG-BANGERS all have their own GUNS pointed at them. (NOTE: Gusmano real people casting)

MEXICAN STAND-OFF. A SCREAMING FURY ENSUES.

EVERYONE
*FREEZE MOTHERFUCKER... DROP THE
MOTHERFUCKING GUN... WHERE THE
FUCK IS COOKIE...*

SMASH CUT TO CATHEDRAL IN LONDON: Domino (9) stands among the nuns... staring up at the ceiling. *The CRAZY NUN watches her.*

DOMINO (V.O.)
That night... my coin was tossed.
Heads you live... tails you die.

SMASH CUT TO CLOUDS: A SILVER DOLLAR SPINNING THROUGH THE AIR
AGAINST CLOUDS ABOVE THE SUNSET.

SHOTGUNS EXPLODE. BULLETS FLY.

SHELLS TEAR INTO CHOCO... THEN ED... THEN DOMINO. *BLOOD EXPLODES
FROM THEIR BODIES. THEIR LIMBS FLAIL BACKWARDS AS THOUGH THEY
ARE ATTACHED TO RAG DOLLS.*

DOMINO (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*Fifty-fifty chance. Life or
death. My destiny was life. Life
as a bounty hunter.*

SMASH CUT TO CLOUDS: The SILVER DOLLAR spins through the clouds.

DOMINO (V.O.) (CONT'D)
This ain't Sunset Boulevard.

The IMAGE REWINDS... the SHOTGUN SHELLS fly back into the
barrels of the shotguns.

BING.

The IMAGE PLAYS IN FORWARD MOTION... this time the SCREAMING
FRENZY DIES DOWN. Domino has lowered her gun and retrieved a
BLUNT from the table. *She takes a drag and exhales pot smoke
into the room.*

CREEP
What is this shit?

Domino stares at Creep... the ADRENALINE pumping through her
veins. Mary Jane coursing through her lungs.

DOMINO
We're not cops. We're bounty
hunters. All we want is Cookie.
You tell us where he is... and
I'll...

Creep darts his eyes back at the others.

CREEP
And you'll what?

Domino stares at Creep. She flips the silver dollar through her
fingers... her mind racing.

DOMINO (V.O.)
*Sometimes a girl has to be
naughty in order to get herself*

out of a jam.

DOMINO (CONT'D)
I'll give you a lap dance. Bra
and panties on.

Creep licks his lips.

CREEP
Awww shiiiiitt. Girl... you be
freakin' with me?

Domino takes off her shirt. She then retrieves her BUTTERFLY
KNIFE from her pocket

DOMINO
You or your friends touch me...
I'll cut your balls off.

INT. DEXTER HOUSE -- KITCHEN -- LATER ON

Domino is dancing seductively in the kitchen in a bra and BLACK
G-STRING PANTIES. Creep is in a chair in the center of the room.
Domino gyrates to the music... placing her BUTTERFLY KNIFE in
her mouth. She gyrates on Creep's crotch. He thrusts his pelvis
into her... loving every minute of it,

DOMINO (V.O.)
*It worked. We got the scoop on
how to find Cookie.*

Choco watches Domino in awe from the corner of the kitchen. Ed
stands near her with his arms across his chest in disapproval.

INT. SEEDY MOTEL ROOM -- DAY

The Bounty Hunters break into a MOTEL ROOM and nail Cookie.

DOMINO (V.O.)
Two weeks later we nailed him.

Domino and Ed HIGH FIVE as Choco cuffs the little bastard.

DOMINO (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*From that day on... Eddie, Choco
and I... we were inseparable.*

EXT. DMV -- SANTA MONICA -- DAY

The CAMERA follows Ed, Choco and Domino as they approach the
entrance to the DMV.

DOMINO
Why are we going to the DMV?

ED

The DMV is the de facto conduit
for humanity.
Every human being that we track
down has a record in their
database. Every other database...
social security... credit
bureau... LAPD... FBI... relies
on the DMV as its hub. Claremont
has people on the inside who feed
us information.

INT. DMV -- SANTA MONICA -- NEXT

The group now moves through the DMV. The internal maze of
cubicles filled with anonymous Government employees.

ED
The rich... the poor... and
everyone in between is a slave to
this institution.

Domino looks at all of the BLACK WOMEN working within the maze.

ED (CONT'D)
And the gatekeepers of humanity
turn out to be a bunch of fat,
sassy black women.

Choco leans in to whisper something in Domino's ear.

CHOCO (IN SPANISH WITH SUBTITLES)
Claremont fucks them all.

Ed approaches one of the WINDOWS.

ED
Hey Shantelle... have you seen
Claremont?

SHANTELLE
He's in the lounge with Keisha.

INT. DMV -- LOUNGE -- NEXT

Claremont has a woman named KEISHA bent over a chair in the
lounge. *He is fucking her hard from behind.*

ROBOTIC FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)
*Now serving B023 at window number
six.*

MONTAGE [MARLBORO ON ACID]:

Ed and Choco chasing a REDNECK down an ALLEY... Domino tackles
and handcuffs a MEXICAN MAN in a wife-beater in a RALPH'S
PARKING LOT.

DOMINO (V.O.)
*After six months... Claremont
hired Alf to drive us around...
we were so busy.*

ALF pulls up in front of the BAIL BONDS OFFICE in a CHEVY IMPALA. The TEAM comes out of the entrance.

Claremont counting STACKS OF MONEY at his desk with an old school ADDING MACHINE.

The TEAM is on the road to TEXAS in a beat-up CHEVY IMPALA. Alf is behind the wheel. DOMINO MAKES EYE CONTACT WITH AN OLD INDIAN MAN AT A GAS STATION OUTSIDE OF BARSTOW. HE TIPS HIS HAT IN HER DIRECTION...

The TEAM stands outside of a seedy TRAILER. Choco does a twenty yard sprint and LEAPS FORWARD feet first... exploding the trailer door off its upper hinges. A REDNECK inside leaps off the couch as they storm inside.

DOMINO (V.O.)
*Sometimes we went as far east as
Texas.*

The TEAM bursts into a TEXAS STRIP CLUB... GUNS BLAZING...

DOMINO (CONT'D)
*When there's cash on the table...
the line between law enforcer and
criminal becomes rather blurry.*

The TEAM collecting a BRIEFCASE FULL OF COCAINE from some TEXAS COPS in return for their bounty.

DOMINO (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*Sometimes we'd accept seized
narcotics for a payment instead
of cash. The street re-sale value
let us triple our payday.*

The TEAM knocking back drinks at a TEXAS HONKY TONK BAR. The "FOUR MUSKETEERS" high five. Domino rides the ELECTRONIC BULL... Choco watches as her G-STRING is exposed.

EXT. MACDONALD'S PLAYLAND -- ARIZONA BORDER -- DAY

TWO FBI AGENTS photograph Domino and Ed with a LONG LENS CAMERA as they sit at the outdoor patio of a MACDONALD'S PLAYLAND.

DOMINO (V.O.)
*Little did I know that the FBI
liked to keep tabs on us bounty
hunters.*

Domino tears into a QUARTER POUNDER. Ed glances over at PLAYLAND. Choco is swimming through a SEA OF PLASTIC BALLS... frolicking with a bunch of MEXICAN CHILDREN.

DOMINO (CONT'D)

So Ed. What did you do before you became a bounty hunter?

ED

I was a musician.

Domino's eyes widen.

DOMINO

Really? Did you play in a band?

ED

Yeah. I played base guitar for Pat Benatar.

Domino puts her hand to her chest.

DOMINO

I... love... Pat Benatar.

ED

Yeah?! Well... I loved her too.

DOMINO

Oh my God... you mean... the two of you dated?!

ED

We dated off and on for two years. But life on the road is tough. The pressure of the tour... relationships within a band... sometimes it leads to jealousy.

Ed glances over at Choco. He is dunking a SCREAMING CHILD head first into the balls. The kids adore him.

Domino looks over at Choco in the sea of balls.

DOMINO

How did you meet Choco?

ED

I found him pan-handling on Third Street Promenade. Took him under my wing. We been hunting together ever since.

Choco arrives from Playland. His clothes are all wet.

ED (CONT'D)

Jesus Christ! What's that smell?

CHOCO (IN SPANISH WITH SUBTITLES)
*The children like to urinate in
the balls.*

ED
Fuckin' A! We got a five hour
drive back to LA ahead of us.

EXT. MACDONALD'S -- PARKING LOT -- MOMENTS LATER

Choco is now stripped down to his boxer shorts in the back
PARKING LOT of the MacDonal'd's. Alf is hosing him down. Domino
stares at Choco... admiring his body.

DOMINO (V.O.)
*We may have been dysfunctional,
but we worked. We were family.*

INT. GHETTO HOUSE -- NIGHT

A GANG-BANGER has a SHOTGUN pointed at Choco's face, staring Ed
down.

GANG-BANGER (IN SPANISH)
*ONE STEP CLOSER AND I'LL BLOW HIS
FUCKING FACE OFF!*

Ed, sweat pouring down his temple, stays put. Domino approaches
the Gang-banger from behind, places her pistol to his head.

DOMINO
Put... the gun... down.

Choco sticks his finger into the shotgun barrel.

GANG-BANGER (IN SPANISH WITH SUBTITLES)
D'fuck you think you're doing?

ED
Choco... what are you doing...

CHOCO (IN SPANISH WITH SUBTITLES)
He's full of shit.

Choco then removes his finger and places his forehead against
the shotgun.

CHOCO (CONT'D)
Do it. I dare you.

The Gang-banger, freaked out, lowers his shotgun. Ed swallows
hard, then moves in to cuff him.

MONTAGE [MARLBORO ON ACID]:

Choco... in the lounge of the DMV... BREAK-DANCING. He is surrounded by FAT, SASSY BLACK WOMEN cheering him on. Raoul squeals with excitement.

Domino in a NIGHTCLUB... POSING UNDERCOVER. She takes a GUY in the MEN'S BATHROOM... CHOCO EMERGES FROM A STALL WITH A GUN.

DOMINO (V.O.)

*In 2003 I was named Bounty Hunter.
of the year.*

Claremont presents Domino with a PLAQUE at the HAWTHORNE COMMUNITY CENTER in front of 50 WANNABE BOUNTY HUNTERS.

CLAREMONT

To the woman who brings beauty
and grace to our profession.
Domino Harvey.

Huge applause. Claremont hugs Domino. A tear traces her cheek.

FAMILY PHOTO: Domino, Ed, Choco and Alf holding SHOTGUNS.

EXT. SOPHIE THOMAS MANSION -- BACK PATIO -- DAY

Domino has thrown a huge POOL PARTY at her mother's mansion.

Alf floats in the pool... passed out drunk on an air mattress.

On the other side of the pool... RAOUL has a bunch of his HOMEMADE JEWELRY laid on blankets for sale. His HAIR SALON FRIENDS are sifting through it. Others are getting their TURBO NAILS done.

Claremont sits with Ed and Choco at a table... playing CARDS. Claremont takes a puff off his cigar.

CLAREMONT

Check out the luscious action by
the pool.

Lateesha & VARIOUS FRIENDS are all dancing by the side of the pool with MARGARITAS in hand. Ed looks at Lateesha's BEHIND.

ED

Claremont, you're a chubby
chaser.

CLAREMONT

You white folks don't understand
the natural beauty of a woman's
figure. Those are birthing hips.
More cushion for the pushin'.

Lateesha winks at Claremont from across the pool. He goes over

to dance with her.

Ed and Choco see Domino emerge from the pool in her Bikini. She looks astonishing.

ED

Now that's an ass.

Choco stares at her... hopelessly in love.

Across the PATIO... Sophie arrives home from out of town with her NEW BOYFRIEND. She looks at the party... completely flabbergast.

SOPHIE

Good lord.

EXT. SOPHIE THOMAS MANSION -- MASTER BEDROOM -- LATER THAT NIGHT

Sophie rolls over in bed... unable to sleep. TECHNO MUSIC blares from downstairs. She removes the silk mask from her eyes and turns on the television.

INT. SOPHIE THOMAS MANSION -- FAMILY ROOM -- NEXT

Domino and a shirtless Choco are dancing in the family room. Choco is flipping NEON BLUE GLOW-STICKS around in his hands like a rave rat. Domino is flipping her SILVER DOLLAR through her fingers.

Choco snaps open one of the glow sticks and pours the neon liquid into his mouth... rubbing it on his teeth with his index finger. He smiles at Domino, teeth glowing NEON like a Mexican angel. She laughs at this.

LATER ON... Domino and Ed slow dance to BARRY WHITE. Ed lowers his hands down to cup Domino's ass. She removes them. Choco looks on jealously from across the room.

INT. SOPHIE THOMAS MANSION -- GUEST BEDROOM -- LATER ON

Domino helps put a drunken Ed into the guest bed. Through the door... Choco watches them. Ed kicks the door closed.

Choco punches his fist through a glass door.

EXT. SOPHIE THOMAS MANSION -- EARLY MORNING

Ed's El Camino sits in front of Pauline's mansion. He and Choco are sitting in the car, hung over.

Choco nurses a bandaged hand as a NEIGHBOR comes jogging by, glaring at them. They stick out like a sore thumb.

ED

Fella could get used to a life

this ordinary.

CHOCO
Maybe you should fuck her mom
then.

Choco angrily steps out of the car and lights a cigarette.

ED
What the fuck is your problem?
Bitch!!

INT. SOPHIE TROMAS MANSION -- KITCHEN -- DAY

Domino is loading her GUN at the kitchen table as Sophie serves breakfast. Domino wolfs it down.

DOMINO (V.O.)
*Mum was terrified for me. She
didn't approve of my lifestyle
one bit.*

SOPHIE
So who is this Choko? Is he your
new boyfriend?

DOMINO
It's Choco. And he's not my
boyfriend. He's a bounty hunter.

SOPHIE
Whatever. He's a criminal. And
this Ed Martin character is a
complete loser.

DOMINO
He used to date Pat Benatar!

She grabs her gun and leaves.

EXT. SOPHIE THOMAS MANSION -- NEXT

Choco paces around angrily with his cigarette.

CHOCO
So?

ED
So what?

CHOCO
You know what I'm talking about,
did you fuck her?

Ed shakes his head in disbelief.

ED

What do you think?

They suddenly realize Domino is standing there at the curb.

DOMINO
Morning.

CHOCO (IN SPANISH WITH SUBTITLES)
Morning.

INT. VEGAS SECURITY LOCKDOWN -- NIGHT

Taryn removes a HEAD SHOT of a MAN (40s) with glasses.

TARYN
Do you know this man?

DOMINO
He's a reality television
producer. His name is Mark Weiss.

TARYN
Mr. Weiss was very generous in
turning over some video tapes to
the FBI. There's lots of footage
of you. We know everything.
(beat)
If you don't come clean... the
information on these tapes could
send you to prison for a very
long time.

The CAMERA moves in toward Domino's face.

VIDEO IMAGE: A FAT RED-NECK is being chased by a BIKER through a SHOPPING MALL. The Redneck SLAMS into two FAT WOMEN eating ICE CREAM CONES... slowing him down.

FAT WOMAN
EEEEH!!!

The Biker TACKLES him to the ground among SCREAMING SHOPPERS.

BIKER
YOU'RE GOING DOWNTOWN
MOTHER (BLEEP) ER!

A FLASHY REALITY TV LOGO SLAMS ON THE SCREEN.

B O U N T Y H U N T E R S

FOX ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
*Bounty Hunters. From the network
that brought you Cops. Coming
this fall on Fox.*

The VIDEO IMAGE FREEZES.

INT. FOX TELEVISION STUDIOS -- SEVERAL DAYS BEFORE

A PRODUCER named MARK WEISS (40s) stands in a large, bustling CONTROL ROOM... staring at the wall of MONITORS.

WEISS
(to himself)
They changed the fucking font.

TECHNICIANS and ASSISTANTS move throughout the room. Weiss grabs his ASSISTANT, KIMMIE (20s), as she walks by.

WEISS (CONT'D)
Get Cynthia on the line. *They changed the fucking font.*

KIMMIE
Okay.
(beat)
Domino Harvey is here.

WEISS
Send her through to the conference room.

INT. FOX TELEVISION STUDIOS -- LOBBY -- NEXT

Domino, Ed, Choco and Sophie are in the LOBBY. Sophie is holding her JACK RUSSELL TERRIER.

DOMINO (V.O.)
Mark Weiss was friends with Mum. He heard my story at some cocktail party. Turns out he wanted to put us on television. Mum was horrified at the idea and demanded to tag along just to keep me from signing anything.

Kimmie comes through the lobby.

KIMMIE
Oh! I wasn't expecting the whole entourage. Are you guys ready? Come on back.

INT. FOX TELEVISION STUDIOS -- NEXT

Domino and her ENTOURAGE follow Kimmie through the vast studio.

KIMMIE
Now... I should warn you, Mr. Weiss will only be able to meet for about five minutes... so

let's make sure to cut to the point.

(whispering)

I recommend speaking in short sentences. He has the attention span of a ferret on crystal meth.

Kimmie smiles at Ed and Choco as she opens the door to the CONFERENCE ROOM:

ED

I've seen that.

KIMMIE

Beg pardon?

ED

A ferret on crystal meth. It bit this girl named Tammi right on the ass. It got lockjaw and we had to pry the ferret off her ass with a pair of pliers.

(beat)

She had to get a tetanus shot.

Kimmie turns away in disgust.

INT. FOX TELEVISION STUDIOS -- CONFERENCE ROOM -- LATER ON

The GROUP sits silently around the CONFERENCE ROOM TABLE. Weiss comes into the room.

WEISS

Guys... sorry about the wait...
I'm having font issues.

Weiss takes a seat.

WEISS (CONT'D)

Let me just cut to the chase here... as I have to take a conference call.

(switching to "pitch" mode)

We want to follow you around with a camera crew for a week. Our pilot episode isn't testing well. We've got too many rednecks. It's too much like Cops.

WEISS (CONT' D)

We need something sexy...
something different. We need...
Domino.

Ed has his arms folded across his chest.

ED

We won't do it unless the whole team gets equal coverage.

SOPHIE

You're not her father, Ed. No one cares what you think.

ED

It can't be just her. We're a team and we work together.

Weiss smiles at them all.

WEISS

Sure. Okay. We'll follow the whole team.

Sophie sighs loudly.

SOPHIE

Mark... what guarantee can you give us that Domino's name won't be tarnished?

WEISS

Sophie... this is reality television. What you see is what you get.

SOPHIE

But you can edit things... add sound-bytes... fabricate *this*... exaggerate *that*. These programs are all about shock value. It won't be long before someone gets killed.

WEISS

I'm just giving America what it wants to see. People are tired of fiction. They want reality.

Sophie turns to Domino.

SOPHIE

You *will* be exploited. Your story will *not* be told accurately. Your life will *never* be the same.

(taking Domino's hand)

I beg you not to take part in this drivel.

(holding up her other hand to Weiss)

No offense Mark... but we both know that this is *drivel*.

Weiss smiles bitterly. The TELEPHONE rings.

WEISS

None taken.

(holding up his hand)

Talk it over. I have to take this conference call.

Weiss hits the SPEAKERPHONE button.

WEISS (CONT'D)

Cynthia... you changed the fucking font on the promo. *Why?*

As Cynthia babbles on with some shitty excuse... Domino and the others are quietly debating their decision.

DOMINO (V.O.)

I felt like a hypocrite, given my hatred of all things Hollywood. But I'll admit... I wanted my story told. I wanted everyone to know the things I'd done. I wanted some recognition in the world.

DOMINO (CONT'D)

We'll do it.

Weiss smiles at Domino... giving her the thumbs up. He hits the button on the speakerphone.

SOPHIE

God help us. God help us all.

DOMINO (V.O.)

It was the beginning of the end.

The CAMERA MOVES in toward Domino's face.

EXT. RV DEALERSHIP -- EARLY MORNING

[FATBOY SLIM -- THE WEEKEND STARTS HERE]

HUNDREDS of WINNEBAGOS stretch out into an endless parking lot. A GIGANTIC AMERICAN FLAG billows in the wind above them all.

DOMINO (V.O.)

On Wednesday morning, Kimmie took us to buy a new winnebago for Alf to drive. Fox wasn't too keen on the Impala. They wanted something that could house a camera crew.

In the PARKING LOT... Domino, Ed, Choco, Kimmie and the RV DEALER watch as Alf recklessly maneuvers a WINNEBAGO through a

series of CONES set up on the ASPHALT.

RV DEALER
(cringing)
This vehicle isn't intended for
high speeds and intense turns.
It's for recreational use...
vacations...

The Winnebago skids around the last cone as Alf pulls a sudden
U-turn... the back end of the RV fishtailing counter-clockwise.

DOMINO
We aren't going on vacation.

The Winnebago comes skidding to a stop. Alf jumps out... shrugs
his shoulders and raises his THUMB.

KIMMIE
We'll take it.

EXT. DOWNTOWN GARAGE ROOFTOP -- MIDDAY

A CADILLAC ESCALADE pulls up to the top of a PARKING GARAGE
overlooking DOWNTOWN. IAN ZIERING (30s) and BRIAN AUSTIN GREEN
(30s) emerge from inside.

ZIERING
We're late.

GREEN
Fucking Map Quest. *Never again.*

EXT. DOWNTOWN GARAGE ROOFTOP -- NEXT

Ziering and Green approach a LARGE TENT. The WINNEBAGO is parked
off to the side. Alf is inside... doing something with a WELDER
on the front of the RV.

Under the tent... Domino and her team are lounging on several
COUCHES... watching television. There is a CRAFT SERVICE
TABLE... WARDROBE... MAKE-UP and a CAMERA CREW milling about.
Mark Weiss is talking with Kimmie when he notices Ziering and
Green.

WEISS
Hey guys! I want you to meet
Domino.

Weiss walks them over to Domino. The CAMERA CREW follows.

WEISS (CONT'D)
Domino... I want you to meet the
co-hosts of Bounty Hunters... Ian
Ziering and Brian Austin Green.

In SLOW MOTION... Green shakes Domino's hand. She regards him with awe... *her eyes wide like saucers.*

DOMINO (V.O.)
*Fucking 90210. I couldn't get
away from it.*

Domino shakes hands with Green.

DOMINO (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*It wasn't until later on that I
realized mum had gotten to Weiss
and pulled some strings.*

Ziering and Green smile politely as they shake hands with Choco and Ed. Choco is nervous... refusing to make eye contact.

ZIERING
We're ready whenever you are,
Mark.

Weiss puts his hand on Domino's shoulder.

WEISS
The guys are going to conduct
some interviews.

Kimmie approaches with a sense of anxiety.

KIMMIE
Mark... uh... the gentleman from
Afghanistan has done some...
significant alterations to the
RV.

The GROUP turns its attention to the Winnebago.

ON THE RIGHT SIDE of the vehicle... Alf has AIRBRUSHED a GIGANTIC AFGHANISTAN NATIONAL FLAG. Standing in front of the flag are three AIRBRUSHED WOMEN IN AMERICAN FLAG BIKINIS teaching an AFGHANI WOMAN how to dance. She is wearing an AFGHANI FLAG BIKINI.

DOMINO (V.O.)
*Alf grew up during the Russian
invasion of Afghanistan. He had
always wanted to be part of the
revolution... but it seemed to
pass him by.*

EXT. AFGHANISTAN -- [FLASHBACK] 1979

ALF (17) sits on a rock on the outskirts of a small village in Afghanistan. A RUSSIAN TANK blows past. Alf holds up an M-16.

DOMINO (V.O.)
At the tender age of seventeen he

*decided that explosives would be
his specialty.*

EXT. AFGHANISTAN VILLAGE -- DAYS LATER

IMAGE BLEED: Alf rigging DYNAMITE with make-shift fuses... a group of KIDS (8-12) watch him curiously... ALF stands before an abandoned HOUSE rigging the fuse to a DETONATOR... The KIDS surrounding him back away.

Alf goes to retrieve the fuses from the dirt and drops the detonator... setting off a HUGE EXPLOSION that obliterates the house... his body goes flying as he is nearly engulfed in flames.

As DEBRIS rains down, Alf just lays there in the dirt... his eyebrows singed off. The Kids approach him curiously.

DOMINO (V.O.)
His eyebrows never grew back.

EXT. DOWNTOWN GARAGE ROOFTOP -- NEXT

Weiss moves around to the front of the Winnebago. Alf has MOUNTED several HUMAN SKULLS as HOOD ORNAMENTS on the vehicle. Various HUMAN BONES are attached to the HOOD in an ORNATE DESIGN.

WEISS
Are those... real bones?

Alf nods his head politely.

ALF
For my family.
(beat)
I drive these bounty hunters...
for a free Afghanistan.

Ziering looks at Green in shock.

ZIERING
Whoa. I didn't know this was a
political show.

Weiss bites his fingernails.

WEISS
I think... that the network is
going to have some notes... about
the RV.

Domino puts her hand on Weiss's shoulder.

DOMINO
No notes. This is our Winnebago.

It stays like this... or I walk.

Weiss sees that she means business.

WEISS

Okay.

Alf nods his head to Weiss with a look of gratitude.

EXT. DOWNTOWN GARAGE ROOFTOP -- LATER ON

ON CAMERA INTERVIEWS. The Crew sits across from Ziering and Green.

ZIERING

So... how'd you get the name
Choco?

CHOCO (IN SPANISH WITH SUBTITLES)

I once choked a man to death.

Ziering nods his head politely.

ZIERING

Uhhh... I have no idea what you
just said.

ED

SPEAK ENGLISH! JESUS CHRIST WE'RE
ON TELEVISION HERE!

CHOCO (IN SPANISH WITH SUBTITLES)

They can do subtitles.

DOMINO (V.O.)

*Choco grew up on the streets of
El Salvador. When he was four
years old... he stabbed another
kid in the eye-ball with a
pencil.*

(beat)

*There were wires crossed
somewhere in his soul.*

GREEN

What kind of background does
someone need in order to become a
bounty hunter?

ED

How about a life in the military?

CLOSE UP: ED'S SANDALS REVEAL A MISSING TOE.

GREEN

Is that how you lost the toe?

ED
Indeed. I served three tours in
Vietnam.

ZIERING
Three tours? Isn't that... *twelve
years?*

ED
Son, with the exception of Spring
Break in Tijuana, have you ever
ventured outside of California?

ZIERING
Many times.

ED
Do you know where Danang is?

ZIERING
Not really.

ED
...THEN SHUT THE FUCK UP!

INT. FBI SURVEILLANCE ROOM -- MORNING

A group of FBI AGENTS sit before a set of TELEVISION MONITORS.

ON THE TELEVISION: RICKI LAKE talks to the CAMERA.

RICKI
With us today are mixed race
single mothers. Our next guest
takes pride in the fact that she
is in the Guinness book of world
records as the youngest American
grandmother... at the age of 28.

Outrage from the RICKI crowd.

RICKI (CONT'D)
Please welcome... Lateesha
Rodriguez!

Lateesha takes the stage. Even more outrage. BOOS from the
crowd.

DOMINO (V.O.)
*Lateesha was one of Claremont's
many mistresses.*

The CAMERA MOVES THROUGH THE TELEVISION SCREEN.

INT. RICKI LAKE SHOW -- SEVERAL WEEKS BEFORE

The CAMERA MOVES through the LIVE TAPING of the show as it occurred several weeks before.

RICKI

Lateesha... what do you have to say for yourself?

LATEESHA

I am here today to speak for all people of mixed race in America. As a Blacktino woman, I believe that we deserve our own race category... so that we can forge an identity.

An OUTRAGED WOMAN stands up in the crowd.

OUTRAGED WOMAN

Excuse me, did you just say... *Blacktino*?

LATEESHA

Yes I did. I am a Blacktino American.

OUTRAGED WOMAN

First of all... you don't even look Latino. You look black. I am mixed race. I have struggled my whole life as to whether I am black... or Chinese.

LATEESHA

Chinegro.

Outrage from the crowd.

OUTRAGED WOMAN

CHINEGRO? DID YOU JUST CALL ME *CHINEGRO*?

LATEESHA

Mixed race individuals such as myself and my child... my grandchild... deserve a recognized category.

RICKI

Lateesha has brought her own mixed race flow chart.

HIP-HOP BLARES as two LOW RENT CHIPPENDALES REJECTS waltz across the stage with Lateesha's FLOW CHART. On it... she has created CATEGORIES for each variation of BLACK/HISPANIC/ASIAN descent and their SUB-CATEGORIES.

LATEESHA

Blacktino... Blackasian...
Hispanic... and the Asian sub-
categories... Chingro...
Koreagro... Japagro...
Chispanic... Koreaspanic... and
last but not least... Japanese.

Outrage from the crowd.

RICKI

You believe that our government
should recognize these racial sub-
categories?

LATEESHA

Yes.

Ricki shoves her mike in the face of an OUTRAGED BLACK WOMAN.

OUTRAGED BLACK WOMAN

These sub-categories are racist.
You're excluding all of the mixed
race people who have more than
two racial identities. People
like Mariah Carey and Vin Diesel.
Where is their category?

LATEESHA

This is only the beginning. We
must appeal to the United Nations
to create categories for every
permutation of mixed race
individual.

More outrage from the crowd. A BLACKTINO WOMAN grabs the mike
from Ricki.

BLACKTINO WOMAN

First of all... from one
Blacktino woman to another... our
concern is not these ridiculous
categories. Our concern is
education and family planning.
Here you are a 28 year-old
grandmother. You need to add
another category to your flow
chart... *it's called birth
control, bitch!*

Blacktino Woman SNAPS her fingers. The crowd goes wild.

LATEESHA

I AM EDUCATED, YOU BLACKTINO
BITCH! I AM A DEVRY GRADUATE! MY
DAUGHTER IS A SINGLE MOTHER AND A
STRAIGHT A STUDENT!

BLACKTINO WOMAN
WHO YOU CALLING BITCH! I'LL KICK
YOUR ASS! BITCH-ASS BLACK-TIN-HO!

THE CROWD IS ON ITS FEET CHEERING.

RICKI
LADIES! PLEASE!

INT. RODRIGUEZ HOUSE -- FAMILY ROOM -- DAY

The CAMERA PULLS BACK from a 46 INCH TELEVISION SCREEN in LATEESHA'S HOUSE... broadcasting the same network.

DOMINO (V.O.)
*Lateesha was our prime contact at
the DMV. Most of our bond
certificates came from Claremont
through her.*

RICKI
We'll be right back after this.

Lateesha is sitting on the couch next to Claremont and her DAUGHTER... KEE KEE RODRIGUEZ (14). Next to Kee Kee is Raoul. Next to Raoul are Lateesha's TWIN COUSINS... LASHANDRA DAVIS (23) and LASHINDRA DAVIS (23).

LASHANDRA
You were good.

LASHINDRA
Real good.

RAOUL
I liked the way Ricki's stylists
did your hair.

LASHANDRA
It looked good.

LASHINDRA
Real good.

Kee Kee turns off the TV with the REMOTE. She storms out of the room onto the terrace.

LATEESHA
What?

EXT. DOOR -- APARTMENT BLOCK TERRACE -- DAY

KEE KEE
I have never been more humiliated
in my entire life.

LATEESHA

Kee Kee!

CLAREMONT

She's right... you lost your temper... and you started cursing like some ghetto skank. You lost all credibility right there!

LATEESHA

That bitch called me a bitch.

LASHANDRA

Ain't nobody gonna call me a bitch without some payback.

LASHINDRA

Nobody.

RAOUL

Did you see that bitch's hair?

Kee Kee holds her hand up in outrage.

KEE KEE

You were supposed to talk about the health care crisis in America.

CLAREMONT

Exactly. Why would you choose *Ricki Lake* as a platform for a progressive race modification proposal?

LATEESHA

You think Ted Koppel is gonna book Lateesha Rodriguez?

LASHANDRA

Not a chance.

LASHINDRA

Not a chance in hell.

RAOUL

Not with that toupee of his.

LATEESHA

Ricki is one of the only forums that our people have. The more face time I get on *Ricki* the better chance for a book deal or a correspondence gig on BET.

LASHANDRA

That bitch Jenny Jones got cancelled.

LASHINDRA
Montel would've been better.

RAOUL
Oprah don't book ghetto, Kee Kee.

Kee Kee throws her hands up in outrage.

KEE KEE
It was *embarrassing*. I'm gonna get shot when I go to school tomorrow, Momma!
(near tears)
How could you do this to me?

Claremont walks over to a METAL OXYGEN CHAMBER. The metal sarcophagus from the 80's is the housing for his sleeping granddaughter

KEE KEE (CONT'D)
Dad... *we need money.*

Claremont looks down at his grand-daughter.

CLAREMONT
How much is the operation?

KEE KEE
Three hundred thousand dollars.

LASHANDRA
Kee Kee... this motherfucka got more kids running 'round out there than Evander-fucking-Holyfield. *He can't pay for shit.*

DING-DONG. The DOORBELL is ringing.

KEE KEE
I'll get it.

Kee Kee storms off toward the front door.

INT. RODRIGUEZ HOUSE -- FOYER -- NEXT

Kee Kee opens the front door as far as the CHAIN LOCK will allow. She peers through the crack. Domino is standing there.

KEE KEE
Well if it isn't *Miss Thang*.

DOMINO
Save it, Kee Kee. Where's

Lateesha? We need to ID some bond certificates.

INT. RODRIGUEZ HOUSE -- FAMILY ROOM -- NEXT

Claremont paces around the family room.

CLAREMONT
I've already formulated a plan.

LATEESHA
What?

CLAREMONT
My armored car business. We just signed a new insurance policy in Nevada. There's a loophole.

LATEESHA
There's always a loophole with you, Claremont. Your black ass is one big loophole.

INT. VEGAS SECURITY LOCKDOWN -- [FLASH FORWARD] NIGHT

Taryn continues to grill Domino.

TARYN
Are you aware that Lateesha Rodriguez has been running a counterfeit driver's license racket?

DOMINO
That's the rumor on the street.

TARYN
What was your business with Lateesha that day?

DOMINO
We needed to verify some bond certificates for Claremont. She pushes stuff through the system for us... helps us track down perps for a kick back. It's all legal.

INT. MUSTANG CONVERTIBLE -- [FLASHBACK] DAY

Domino is behind the wheel. Lateesha sits shotgun. Kee Kee is in the back seat.

TARYN (V.O.)
You drove Lateesha's daughter to

*school... then dropped her off at
the DMV. Why?*

DOMINO (V.O.)
Her car was in the shop.

Raoul pulls up next to them in his MAZDA MIATA.

RAOUL
Teesha... the J-Lo tickets go on
sale today!

LATEESHA
I have the web link. We'll order
tickets. You can be my date.

Raoul gives her a THUMBS UP and steps on the gas.

LATEESHA (CONT'D)
(to Kee Kee)
Maybe I'll marry Raoul.

Kee Kee is shaking her head in disbelief.

KEE KEE
Mom... Raoul is *gay*. When are you
gonna *face up to reality?*

LATEESHA
Kee Kee... me and Claremont are
working on a plan to get some
money to care for Meeka.

INT. DMV -- MANAGER'S OFFICE -- NEXT

Lateesha sits across the desk from AHMED (40s)... the DMV
MANAGER. This is Lateesha's bass.

AHMED
How convenient that the morning
you call in sick... I turn on the
TV and see you all over *Ricki
Lake*. Ever heard of Tivo?

LATEESHA
You think I can afford Tivo?
Give me a break, Ahmed. What do
you want? I got work to do.

AHMED
I got a call yesterday from our
health care provider.
They said you tried to pass your
grand-daughter off as Kee Kee
down at UCLA Medical Center.

Lateesha does not respond.

AHMED (CONT'D)

They said you forged the age on the application for some sort of operation.

LATEESHA

Motherfuckin' HMO don't cover grandchildren. What am I supposed to do? *The operation costs three hundred thousand dollars. Where am I gonna get that kind of money?*

AHMED

Maybe you should have thought about that before you became a grandmother.

Ahmed shakes his head in disgust.

AHMED (CONT'D)

You have two weeks to clean out your desk.

Tears are welling in Lateesha's eyes.

DOMINO (V.O.)

It just kept getting worse for Lateesha. No one could have expected what happened next.

AHMED

In the meantime Lateesha... there are two gentlemen from the FBI here who'd like to speak with you.

Ahmed rises to his feet and opens the door to his office. TWO FBI AGENTS enter the office. Their names are CHRIS ESPINOZA (30s) and DAWN COSGROVE (30s). Both are wearing dark suits.

INT. DMV -- NEXT

Raoul watches them outside of the window.

DOMINO (V. O.)

Their names were Cosgrove and Espinoza. Someone had tipped them off to Lateesha's counterfeit scam. But that's not what they were really after.

Ahmed closes the door. Lateesha lights a Virginia Slim... turbo nails trembling.

INT. DMV -- MANAGER'S OFFICE -- NEXT

Cosgrove offers her a broad smile. Espinoza takes the BAD COP role.

ESPINOZA
You're gonna go to jail for a long... long time, Lateesha.

COSGROVE
Unless you cooperate with us. Espinoza sits on the edge of the desk.

LATEESHA
I'm listening.

Cosgrove glances at Espinoza.

ESPINOZA
In about ten minutes... a college kid named Frances is gonna walk up to your window and ask for four counterfeit IDs.

COSGROVE
We want to know what he's up to.

Lateesha takes another drag.

DOMINO (V.O.)
This was the moment that Lateesha decided to do something very foolish.

She stares at Cosgrove and Espinoza for a long moment... *thinking about her options.*

LATEESHA
He and his three friends are gonna hijack an armored truck. They're gonna walk away with ten million in cash.

INT. DMV -- WINDOW SIX -- MOMENTS LATER

Raoul glances suspiciously at Lateesha as she exits the Manager's office with the FBI. Lateesha approaches hurriedly and sits down at her desk at WINDOW SIX.

BING.

ROBOTIC FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)
Now serving G086. Please report to window six.

Lateesha tries to remain calm. She begins to file her nails.

FRANCES arrives at her window. He clears his throat nervously.

FRANCES
Kee Kee.

Lateesha raises her eyes...

FADE TO BLACK:

EXT. NEVADA DESERT -- DAWN

HELICOPTER SHOT: The CAMERA SOARS over the NEVADA DESERT LANDSCAPE. The MOUNTAIN RIDGES carve intricate shapes with the shadows cast by the morning sun.

DOMINO (V.O.)
*There are three kinds of people
in the world. The rich... the
poor... and everyone in between.*

The CAMERA CRESTS a ridge. The early morning lights of the HOOVER DAM approach.

DOMINO (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*The rich people hate the poor...
because they are always stealing
from them.*

The CAMERA DROPS DOWN into the depths of the Hoover Dam.

EXT. HOOVER DAM -- PARKING LOT -- NEXT

Several LVPD POLICE CRUISERS are parked around an ARMORED TRUCK. A BLACK STRETCH LIMOUSINE pulls up. DRAKE BISHOP (50s) emerges from the car. He is wearing a dark 4-FIGURE\$ suit.

DOMINO (V.O.)
*That's Drake Bishop. owner of the
Stratosphere Hotel & Casino. He's
worth a billion dollars. Ten
million of it recently stolen.*

He is flanked by his ATTORNEY... BURKE BECKETT (50s).

DOMINO (V.O.) (CONT'D)
His attorney... Burke Beckett.

Bishop and Becket are greeted by an LVPD DETECTIVE named CARL CUDLITZ (40s). A real fat-ass.

CUDLITZ
Mr. Bishop... I'm detective Carl
Cudlitz.

BECKETT
(interrupting)

We know who you are, Cudlitz.

BISHOP
Where's my money?

Cudlitz hesitates to answer.

CUDLITZ
It would probably be best if you
took a look at the security tape.

INT. STRATOSPHERE HOTEL -- SECURITY CORE -- LATER ON

Bishop and Beckett stand before a bank of SECURITY MONITORS in the SECURITY CORE ROOM of the casino.

CUDLITZ
At 5:23 AM you'll see that the
armored truck pulled into the
parking lot and turned off its
engine.

ON THE MONITOR... the armored truck parks. Four MEN wearing MASKS emerge from the front and back. A BLACK VAN backs up to face the rear of the truck. The Masked Men quickly unload FOUR LARGE DUFFEL BAGS from the armored truck and throw them into the back of the van. They jump into the van... and it speeds off.

(NOTE: How is money transported in an armored vehicle)

Bishop and Beckett stare at the tape in silent outrage.

BISHOP
(very soft)
Rewind, please.

Beckett turns to one of the SECURITY PERSONNEL.

BECKETT
(repeating for emphasis)
REWIND THE TAPE FOR MY CLIENT.

The TAPE REWINDS... showing the Masked Men emerge from the armored truck.

BISHOP
Freeze the tape.

BECKETT
FREEZE THE TAPE.

The TAPE FREEZES.

BISHOP
Can you zoom in?

BECKETT

ZOOM IN PLEASE.

Bishop turns to Beckett in outrage.

BISHOP
What are you... a fucking
mockingbird? *Shut the fuck up.*

BECKETT
I just...

Bishop raises a SINGLE GLOVED FINGER in Beckett's direction as if to say... *NOT ANOTHER FUCKING PEEP.* Cudlitz smiles nervously... giving the Security Guy a look that says... *HURRY THE FUCK UP AND DO IT.*

ON THE MONITOR... the image reveals the identity of the MASK.

BISHOP
That's Barbara fucking Bush.

It is indeed a BARBARA BUSH MASK made of rubber. Cudlitz points to another Masked Man behind Bush.

CUDLITZ
I think that's Hillary Clinton.
Fat ankles.

INT. CIRCUS CIRCUS CASINO -- HONEYMOON SUITE -- NEXT

The CAMERA PANS across the HONEYMOON SUITE on the top floor of the neighboring Casino. Espinoza and Cosgrove are there with a LARGE SURVEILLANCE TEAM. There are several TELEVISION MONITORS and lots of RECORDING EQUIPMENT. Cosgrove chews on a DONUT as he listens to Bishop's voice on a headset.

BISHOP (V.O.)
There's Nancy Reagan.

CUDLITZ (V.O.)
Jackie Onassis on the left.

BISHOP (V.O.)
*It's the goddamn First Ladies.
Christ almighty.*

INT. STRATOSPHERE HOTEL -- SECURITY CORE -- NEXT

Bishop stares at the monitors with his arms crossed.

CUDLITZ
We're tracking the license plate
on the black van.
(beat)
If you don't mind me asking...
what was in the black duffel
bags?

Bishop sighs loudly.

BECKETT

You don't have to answer that.

BISHOP

Shut up, Burke.

Bishop runs his hands through his hair anxiously.

BISHOP (CONT'D)

Ten million dollars... *cash*.

The SECURITY MANAGER enters the SECURITY CORE ROOM.

BISHOP (CONT'D)

Don't tell me this is a fucking hijacking... I've used this armored truck service for twenty years. This is an inside job!

(to Beckett)

What have you gotten me into, Burke!

SECURITY MANAGER

Mr. Bishop... you have an urgent telephone call.

Bishop throws the Security Manager a look... then takes the WALKIE-TALKIE.

BISHOP

This is Drake Bishop.

CLAREMONT (PHONE)

Mr. Bishop... this is Claremont Williams. I own the Williams Brothers armored car service.

BISHOP

What happened to my money, Mr. Williams?

INT. CLAREMONT WILLIAMS III BOND AGENCY -- NEXT

Claremont sits behind his desk with his phone to his ear.

CLAREMONT

Yesterday I received an e-mail from a source. In this e-mail were four social security numbers linked to the gentlemen who presented counterfeit California driver's licenses to my company late last night.

Claremont stares down at copies of FOUR DRIVER'S LICENSES.
Frances is one of the four.

INT. STRATOSPHERE HOTEL -- SECURITY CORE -- NEXT

Bishop snaps his fingers at Beckett.

BISHOP

And?

CLAREMONT (PHONE)

*Well... I think that these are
the gentlemen who robbed us. I'm
also a bail bondsman out of Los
Angeles. I can track down and
deliver these crooks to you...
for a small finder's fee of
course.*

BISHOP

How much?

CLAREMONT (PHONE)

\$300,000.

Bishop is silent for a moment.

BISHOP

And if you can't deliver them?

CLAREMONT (PHONE)

*My theft insurance policy will
have to fork over the ten
million... but that will take six
to eight months due to Nevada
state law.*

(beat)

*But you should know sir... that I
employ bounty hunters. My bounty
hunters can find these thieves.*

Bishop and Beckett move away from the group to make sure that
none of the security Team can hear them.

BISHOP

If you deliver these crooks to
me... you've got yourself a deal.
\$300,000.

EXT. CIGLIUTI COMPOUND -- LATER THAT MORNING

The CAMERA MOVES across a SWIMMING POOL in the back of a DESERT
MANSION. ANTHONY CIGLIUTI (50s) is sitting on the edge of the
DIVING BOARD... his feet dangling in the water. He has a
GIGANTIC YELLOW CORDLESS PHONE to his ear.

DOMINO (V.O.)
*Crime boss Anthony Cigliuti.
Bishop's attorney had put his
boss in business with the mob.*

CIGLIUTI
Finder's fee. Sounds like an
inside job.

BECKETT (PHONE)
*Could be. Who knows if this
Claremont Williams is in on the
heist or not?*

INT. STRATOSPHERE HOTEL -- CASINO BAR -- NEXT

Bishop and Beckett sit at the CASINO BAR... sipping Whiskey
Sours.

BECKETT
All I know... is if this joker
delivers the First Ladies...
we'll split the \$300,000 fee with
you.

CIGLIUTI (PHONE)
*We have ourselves quite a mess
here, gentlemen.*

EXT. NEVADA DESERT -- [FLASHBACK] DAWN OF THAT MORNING

HELICOPTER SHOT: The CAMERA SOARS over the DESERT.

DOMINO (V.O.)
*Quite a mess indeed. Beckett had
just brokered an underhanded deal
with Cigliuti for a few hundred
acres of desert land to build a
golf resort.*

The CAMERA CRESTS a ridge to reveal the ARMORED TRUCK on its way
east through the desert.

DOMINO (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*The ten million en route from LA
to Vegas belonged to the mob.*

Bishop's clean reputation was a
great cover for laundered cash.
If the FBI could link the two men
together it would be the take
down of the century.

INT. CIGLIUTI COMPOUND -- MORNING

Cigliuti is now standing on the end of the diving board. His

phone is now attached to a THICK WIRE that leads to a LARGE MOUTHPIECE that wraps around his face.

CIGLIUTI
Here's the plan...

Cigliuti dives off into pool... PHONE IN HAND.

INT. UNDERWATER -- NEXT

Cigliuti swims gracefully along the floor of the pool... *still talking on the phone.*

DOMINO (V.O.)
*The FBI was always listening.
Hence the underwater cordless.
Cigliuti had just purchased a
hundred prototypes from Japan.
Most of his conversations now
took place underwater.*

EXT. NEEDLES DMV -- NEXT

The NEEDLES DMV sits on a shitty side road. There is a MONUMENT to comedian SAM KINISON in the parking lot.

CIGLIUTI (V.O.)
*We'll have these bounty hunters
deliver the First Ladies in
Needles. Sundown at the Sam
Kinison monument.*

EXT. CIGLIUTI COMPOUND -- SWIMMING POOL -- NEXT

Cigliuti floats underwater.

CIGLIUTI (V.O.)
Take 'em to Point Silence and
start cutting off limbs until
they tell us where the money is.

EXT. FENDER COMPOUND -- NEXT

A BLACK VAN enters the FENDER COMPOUND. It comes skidding to a stop in a cloud of dust.

DOMINO (V.O.)
*Locus Fender was brought in to
drive the armored car.
Another one of Claremont's
network of stooges. His mother
Edna worked at the Needles DMV.*

LOCUS FENDER jumps out from behind the wheel. *He still has both arms.*

LOCUS
MOMMA!

INT. FENDER COMPOUND -- NEXT

Edna is passed out in her La-Z-Boy... CIGARETTE dangling in her right hand. *Showgirls* plays on the Mitsubishi widescreen. Chi-Chi is asleep in her lap. Locus bursts through the front door with one of the DUFFEL BAGS over his shoulder...

LOCUS
Wake up Momma! You're not gonna believe this.

Chi-chi barks as Edna pulls herself out of her slumber.

EXT. FENDER COMPOUND -- MOMENTS LATER

Edna and Locus emerge from the house.

EDNA
Where are the First Ladies?

LOCUS
They disappeared.

TARYN (V.O.)
What do you mean, they disappeared?

Locus turns back to his mother... trying to explain.

DOMINO (V.O.)
According to Locus... they stopped for gas...

EXT. TEXACO STATION -- [FLASHBACK] AN HOUR BEFORE

The Black Van pulls up to a TEXACO STATION outside of Needles. Fender parks in front of the gas pumps and turns to look into the back of the van. The FIRST LADIES are there. Their masks are still on... they fidget anxiously.

LOCUS
I'm gonna fill up the tank and grab a cup of coffee. Don't make a peep... especially you... Barbara.

INT. TEXACO STATION -- MOMENTS LATER

Locus is standing at the CHECKOUT LINE in the TEXACO MINI MART. He turns and sees a black Chevy pull up next to the van. First Ladies jump out... haul off in the Chevy.

Locus watches these events occur in silent shock. He then sprints toward the exit... as the CHEVY TRUCK peels out of the parking lot.

EXT. TEXACO STATION -- NEXT

Locus rushes toward the van.

DOMINO (V.O.)
He was sure they'd nabbed the cash. Straight up double cross.

Locus arrives at the back of the van. The doors are still open. The DUFFEL BAGS are still there.

DOMINO (V.O.) (CONT'D)
But they left without it.

INT. VEGAS SECURITY LOCKDOWN -- NIGHT

Taryn taps her pen on the table.

TARYN
That doesn't make any sense.

EXT. FENDER COMPOUND -- NEXT

Locus opens the back doors to the van to show his mother.

LOCUS
Don't make no goddamn sense.

DOMINO (V.O.)
Either this was some kind of set up... or the First Ladies got scared... decided to pull out and cut their losses.

EDNA
Fuck 'em. Their loss is our gain. Put the money in the safe until we hear from Claremont.

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS -- LATER THAT MORNING

The CAMERA APPROACHES the MANSION in Beverly Hills.

TARYN (V.O.)
Where were you when you got the call for the job?

DOMINO (V.O.)
I was asleep in mum's guest house.

INT. SOPHIE THOMAS MANSION -- BEDROOM -- NEXT

Domino is asleep in bed. The TELEPHONE rings.

DOMINO

Hello?

ED (PHONE)

We gotta go to work, Domino.

INT. SOPHIE THOMAS MANSION -- KITCHEN -- NEXT

Domino scarfs down her breakfast. Sophie paces around the kitchen restlessly... peering through the window.

SOPHIE

There is a camera crew waiting outside.

Domino ignores her... paging through the *LA TIMES Calendar* section.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

You will regret this, Domino.

Domino retrieves her lucky SILVER DOLLAR from the table... flipping it through her fingers. Sophie grabs her daughters chin... forcing eye contact with her.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Call it off... and we'll go shopping together.

DOMINO.

But I hate shopping, mum. It's boring. Why does shopping define a woman?

Sophie sighs.

DOMINO (CONT'D)

I want it to be documented. So when I am an old hag I can look back at my life and say that I once kicked some wicked ass.

Domino smiles at her mother and kisses her on the forehead... offering her a sense of hope.

EXT. SOPHIE THOMAS MANSION -- MOMENTS LATER

Domino comes strutting down the front walk with her SHOTGUN over her shoulder. The LAWN SPRINKLERS cascade behind her... refracting the morning light. Ed, Choco and Alf are waiting in front of the winnebago with a CAMERAMAN.

ED
Let's go, Domino!

DOMINO
Quit acting macho for the camera,
douche-bag.

Domino notices something different about his face.

DOMINO (CONT'D)
Are you wearing make-up?

Ed shifts around uncomfortably. Choco giggles.

ED
Can you tell?

DOMINO
You're wearing eyeliner. You look
like a queen.

Domino notices a SECOND WINNEBAGO parked on the street.

DOMINO (CONT'D)
Who the hell is that?

CHOCO (IN SPANISH WITH SUBTITLES)
That's the crew. They follow us.

INT. CREW WINNEBAGO -- NEXT

Weiss and Kimmie sit in the CREW WINNEBAGO in front of a bank of MONITORS. Both are wearing HEADSETS.

Weiss looks' to Ian Ziering and Brian Austin Green on one of the monitors that is linked to a CAMERA in the CAST WINNEBAGO.

WEISS
(into headset)
Okay guys, let's greet the bounty
hunters.

ON THE MONITOR... Green is doing PUSH-UPS on the floor of the Winnebago. Ziering claps his hands together.

ZIERING
Let's do this.

EXT. SOPHIE THOMAS MANSION -- NEXT

Green and Ziering emerge from the Cast Winnebago.

ZIERING
Hey guys! I'm Ian Ziering. This
is Brian Austin Green.

DOMINO
What the fuck is this? We've
already met you.

Green eyes Ziering warily.

ZIERING
They need to get the introduction
on camera. Just play along,
alright?

GREEN
They're gonna edit it together
out of sequence so it's more
exciting.

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS -- LATER ON

The CAMERA TRACKS the Winnebagos as they wind through the
suburban streets of Beverly Hills.

INT. CAST WINNEBAGO -- NEXT

Green talks into the CAMERA with mock enthusiasm.

DOMINO (V.O.)
*Claremont fed us a fake story
about the First Ladies.*

GREEN
Today, Domino and her team are
out to nab four criminals wanted
for forging checks with
counterfeit driver's licenses.

The CAMERA PANS over to Ziering, who sits next to Ed and Domino.

ZIERING
What do we know about these four
creeps, Domino?

DOMINO
Apparently they call themselves
the First Ladies.

INT. HOLLYWOOD RECORDING STUDIO -- NEXT

LESTER KINCAID (206) is in a RECORDING STUDIO... speaking with
several other PRODUCERS. He turns to one of the ENGINEERS at the
mixing board.

DOMINO (V.O.)
*Jackie Onassis. His real name was
Lester Kincaid.*

LESTER

Alright... we on the clock. Let's
get this show on the road.

A RAP BASE LINE throbs through the studio. Through the GLASS
PARTITION... LASHANDRA and LASHINDRA stand before the mike. They
rock back and forth in unison.

LASHANDRA

*Gotta strip/ Gotta give some lip/
Gotta make my tip/ But keep yo
hands to yourself - Cuz you ain't
touching these tits.*

LASHINDRA

*House is a wreck/ Gotta collect
my check/ Gotta perfume my neck/
But keep yo hands off the weave cuz
this black bitch don't suck
the dick.*

LASHANDRA/LASHINDRA

*We're Peaches N' Cream and we
don't take no shit!*

The STUDIO DOOR slams open... Domino and her crew come in...
GUNS BLAZING... CAMERA CREW in tow.

LESTER

What the fuck is this shit?

Domino cocks her shotgun and aims it at Lester.

DOMINO

Lester Kincaid... you're going to
jail.

INT. CREW WINNEBAGO - NEXT

Weiss watches the action unfold on the monitor. Choco slams
Lester up against the wall... exploding his upper lip and
eyebrow.

WEISS

Jesus. That guy is a psychopath.

Weiss turns to Kimmie... snapping his fingers in her face.

WEISS (CONT'D)

Clearances. Get me signatures.

INT. HAWTHORNE COMMUNITY CENTER -- LATER ON

CARL STEIN (40s) stands on a stage in front of a huge BANNER
that reads NYMPHOMANIACS ANONYMOUS with several dozen other SEX
ADDICTS.

DOMINO (v.o.)
*Nancy Reagan turned out to be a
sex-addict named Carl Stein.*

CARL
My name is Carl. I am a
recovering nymphomaniac.

Carl turns to a BOOM BOX that sits on a wooden stool next to him
on stage left.

CARL (CONT'D)
Today's topic is... ME SO HORNY.

Carl presses the PLAY button on the boom box. "ME SO HORNY" by 2
LIVE CREW blares from it.

CARL (CONT'D)
If 2 Live Crew have taught us
nothing else... it is that
horniness in today's society is
out of control. Sexual saturation
in all cultural media is at an
all time high. At some point
within the next decade, society
will achieve APATT.

Carl turns to a MARKER BOARD on stage right. He writes out the
initials: **A. P. A. T. T.**

CARL (CONT'D)
All... Porno... All the time.
Porn addiction in this country
will become an epidemic.
Phase one... masturbation.
We must not revert to
masturbatory habits that are
filth and danger oriented.

A CAMERA OPERATOR enters the community center... quietly
preparing to capture the moment.

CARL (CONT'D)
To our male friends here today.
We must remove the vacuum
cleaners from our homes. We must
turn off our jacuzzi jets.
To our female friends... we must
stop abusing our dogs with the
lure of a peanut butter snatch.

Domino and her crew enter the LOBBY of the Community Center.

CARL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*We must channel our horniness
into extracurricular activities*

*such as fantasy football,
Taekwondo and needle-point.*

Domino bursts through the doors dramatically.

DOMINO
CARL STEIN.

The crowd stirs in their seats, turning to face Domino. Carl rises slowly to his feet with a look of anguish on his chubby face.

CARL
Yes?

Ed and Choco round the side aisles blocking all exits from the building. Choco looks like he's gonna commit genocide.

ED
Cool it, Choco.

DOMINO
YOU'RE UNDER ARREST.

Choco pounces on Carl... knocking him to the ground. He screams out in pain.

The Sex Addicts leer at Domino. *Male and Female.*

INT. CREW WINNEBAGO -- NEXT

Weiss turns from the monitors... cringing.

WEISS
Kimmie, who is this chump?

Kimmie is on the phone... scrawling notes frantically.

KIMMIE
Carl Stein. He's an entertainment lawyer. Some shit firm.

EXT. KAPPA EPSILON GAMMA -- SUNSET

A FRAT HOUSE sits on FRATERNITY ROW at CALIFORNIA UNIVERSITY.

DOMINO (V.O.)
*Barbara Bush and Hillary Clinton
were next. We found them at their
Frat House.*

INT. KEG HOUSE -- NEXT

Frances and his cousin CHUCKIE (24) are chalking up lines of COCAINE on a GLASS TABLE in the fraternity house. STACIE STEVENS

(20) and ARIANA BOWER (21) are sitting across from them.

STACIE

I've never snorted ritalin
before.

CHUCKIE

This is coke on the right.
Ritalin is on the left. Snort one
line in each nostril.

FRANCES

In Vegas we call it Peaches and
Cream. It's a killer high.

ARIANA

I love Vegas.

EXT. KAPPA EPSILON GAMMA -- NEXT

There is a FLORIST VAN parked across the street from the KEG
HOUSE.

INT. FLORIST VAN -- NEXT

Two FBI AGENTS are sitting inside the van. A bunch of SOUND
RECORDING equipment sits in front of them. The sound of Stacie
Stevens snorting cocaine and ritalin can be heard echoing
throughout the van.

CHUCKIE (V. O.)

*Yeah. That's Peaches and Cream,
babe.*

FBI AGENT #1 looks through the back window of the van. The
Winnebagos are approaching from the south end of FRATERNITY ROW.

FBI AGENT #1

Alright boys... we are in
business. The bounty hunters have
arrived. They are driving...
winnebagos.

The Agent has BINOCULARS aligned on Alf's face through the
windshield of the cast winnebago.

INT. CAST WINNEBAGO -- NEXT

Carl and Lester are handcuffed... sitting next to each other on
the couch. Domino is feeding the new additions... 4 GOLDFISH in
a BOWL sitting in the kitchenette.

CARL

Get that fucking camera out of my
face!

DOMINO

You're just making yourself look like a bigger loser by yelling.

Carl notices Ziering and Green.

CARL

Wait a minute... are you...
You're those fucking assholes
from 90210!

GREEN

We're hosting a new show now.
It's called Bounty Hunters.

CARL

Fuck you.

ZIERING

This show is gonna be our big
comeback. You just wait and see.

CARL

*Right! You're about a week away
from hosting an infomercial.*

Ziering grits his teeth... trying to quell his rage.

ZIERING

Listen, dick-fuck. I had a good
run while it lasted. Now I've got
ten million in the bank. *I'll
never have to work again for the
rest of my life.*

GREEN

And he used to fuck a Playboy
centerfold every night.

ZIERING

Twice a night, sometimes.

Green and Ziering high five.

LESTER

Shazaam.

INT. CREW WINNEBAGO/INT. CAST WINNEBAGO -- NEXT

Weiss is watching this encounter on the monitors with manic intensity. ON THE MONITOR: The Bounty Hunters say GRACE together. ALF speaks in ARABIC. They then break and start to devour their sub sandwiches.

WEISS

This is... fascinating. I... for
one... just can't stop watching.

Kimmmie nods her head in agreement.

KIMMMIE

This could break new ground in terms of traditional host models. It's self-reflexive reality television.

WEISS

Your theory is valid... *in theory.*

KIMMMIE

We can't lose focus of Domino's journey, Mark.

Kimmmie speaks into the microphone on her headset.

KIMMMIE (CONT'D)

Domino, we're going to send Ziering and Green in with you on this next raid.

DOMINO (V.O.)

Fine. As long as they stay out of our way.

WEISS

(to Kimmmie)

We're covered on legal with that, right?

KIMMMIE

In theory.

Weiss speaks into his headset.

WEISS

Guys... the last two raids... they were a bit too psychotic for my insurance carrier's taste. I think he just had a bowel movement in his pants. Could you maybe ratchetdown the violence just a tad this time? Especially you, Coco.

CHOCO

(on monitor)

It's Choco.

WEISS

We want non-violent action. Bounty hunter life in the fastlane.

KIMMMIE

Fast and or furious.

WEISS

But real. This is gritty. Like
Cassavetes.

KIMMIE

Exactly. Why don't you leave the
guns behind this time? Go in with
only batons, brass knuckles, and
numb-chucks.

ON THE MONITOR: Domino and Ed stare at each other.

DOMINO

(on the monitor)

It's a fucking frat house. Why
not?

INT. FLORIST VAN -- NEXT

FBI AGENT #2 watches Domino and her crew exit the Winnebago with
the CAMERA MAN in tow.

FBI AGENT #2

Okay... they have a camera man
with them for some reason.

FBI AGENT #1

What is this shit?

EXT. KEG HOUSE -- NEXT

Domino and her crew approach the entrance to the Keg house.

INT. KEG HOUSE -- NEXT

The CAMERA TRACKS along with Domino as she works her way through
the corridors of the Keg house... Choco and Ed flanking her on
either side. KEG BROTHERS emerge from their rooms... staring at
her in awe.

DOMINO

(to Choco)

Take it easy. There's no need to
get too rough with these kids.

EXT. KEG HOUSE -- BACK LOT -- NEXT

Domino and her crew emerge into the BACK LOT of the Keg house.
Several dozen COLLEGE STUDENTS are surrounding a KEG that has
been placed near the edge of the SAND VOLLEYBALL COURT.

DOMINO

We're looking for Frances and
Charles. Are they here?

The students eye Choco.

KEG BROTHER

Who wants to know?

DOMINO

We're with a new reality show.
It's called Bounty Hunters.

KEG BROTHER

No shit? How does that work?

DOMINO

Well... if we catch the right guy
we get to keep 10% of is bail and
he gets to go to jail.

KEG BROTHER

Whoa. Cool.

INT. CREW WINNEBAGO -- NEXT

Kimmie turns to Weiss.

KIMMIE

This girl is going to be a star.
She just tells it like it is.

WEISS

We should sign her to a talent
holding deal.

INT. KEG HOUSE -- FRANCES' ROOM -- NEXT

Stacie and Ariana are dancing on the table in FRANCES' ROOM.
Their hips gyrate to the smooth Mary J. Blige beat. Frances and
Chuckie sit on the couch... fidgeting from the drugs. A bunch of
Keg Brothers enter with Domino and her crew. ('Real People
Casting')

DOMINO

Frances... where is Frances?

The Keg Brothers cheer in anticipation. Frances and Chuckie look
at one another in shock.

INT. CIRCUS CIRCUS -- HONEYMOON SUITE -- NEXT

Cosgrove and Espinoza are huddled around Zendejas... listening
to the audio feed.

INT. KEG HOUSE -- FRANCES' ROOM -- LATER ON

Domino approaches Frances and Chuckie... flanked on either side
by her "BODYGUARDS" Choco and Ed.

DOMINO
Who wants to be on Bounty
Hunters? You can all be famous if
you cooperate!

Ed pushes several of the Keg brothers back.

ED
Everyone... please give Domino
her space. Step back, please!

DOMINO
You have sixty seconds... here's
the question...
(dramatic pause)
Which one of you is Frances?

Frances and Chuckie glance at one another nervously. The crowd goes wild. Frances locks eyes with Domino. *He knows something is awry.* Domino retrieves two pairs of HANDCUFFS and twirls them around either finger.

DOMINO (CONT'D)
Cuff 'em boys.

The crowd goes ballistic as Domino hands the CUFFS to Choco and Ed. Just as they move toward the couch... Frances stands up and FLIPS THE GLASS TABLE OVER. He then CLOCKS Ed in the face with a RIGHT HOOK. Chuckie bolts for the exit.

Choco chases after Chuckie. Mayhem in the Keg house. The CAMERA MAN catches all of it. Ed tries to restrain Frances... but several Keg Brothers jump him. Domino goes to intervene... but STACIE jumps on her back.

STACIE
FUCK YOU BITCH!

Domino shakes Stacie off. She lunges back at Domino again... Domino CLOCKS HER IN THE FACE. stacie falls back onto the floor.

Ed CLOBBERS two Keg Brothers in the face with his BATON... just as Domino catches up with Frances as he tries to escape the crowded room.

Frances slams Domino against the wall... and she responds by wrapping the CHAIN of her NUMB-CHUCKS around his neck.

She twists the handles... and Frances lets out a CHOKING sound... *grasping at the chain with his fingertips.*

Ed approaches from behind and handcuffs Frances.

DOMINO
You're under arrest.

INT. KEG HOUSE -- BACK LOT -- NEXT

The Camera Man follows Choco into the back lot.

ACROSS THE LOT... Chuckie is behind the wheel of his SILVER BMW... starting the engine. He puts the BMW in drive and floors it out of the parking lot toward the REAR DRIVEWAY.

As he rounds the corner... Choco is on a balcony with a huge television OVER HIS HEAD. *Chuckie slams on the breaks.*

CHUCKIE

Fuck.

Choco HURLS THE TELEVISION AND IT PLUNGES THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD INTO THE FRONT SEAT OF THE CAR.

Choco jumps fifteen feet off the balcony onto the hood of the BMW, lifts Chuckie out of the driver's seat and launches him like a two pound bag of sugar.

CHOCO

AAAAHHHHHHHHH!!!!

Chuckie travels a good twenty feet and lands on his head.

INT. CREW WINNEBAGO -- NEXT

Weiss and Kimmie watch the monitors in awe.

WEISS

Good lord.

EXT. 15 NORTH FREEWAY -- NIGHT

HELICOPTER SHOT: The Winnebagos make their way east on the 15 FREEWAY.

EXT. AM/PM COMPLEX -- NIGHT

The CAMERA TRACKS through the OUTDOOR PATIO of the IN & OUT BURGER adjacent to the AM/PM COMPLEX outside of Barstow. Lateesha is sitting at one of the tables with Lashandra, Lashindra and Raoul.

LATEESHA

This new wrinkle in the plan. It was one of those last minute decision-type decisions.

LASHANDRA

Those are the worst kind.

Lateesha swallows every last ounce of pride she once had.

LATEESHA

Lateesha has dug herself a deep hole... and she can't get out by herself. Can you dig?

RAOUL
We're in that hole with you,
Teesha. We dig together. We're a
team.

Raoul and Lateesha join hands in the center of the table.
Raoul's NAILS are painted *semi-turbo*.

LASHANDRA
Just like Billy Ocean says.
When the going gets tough...

LASHINDRA
The tough get going.

Lashandra and Lashindra put their hands in with Lateesha and
Raoul. The FOURSOME IS UNITED.

EXT. AM/PM COMPLEX -- NIGHT

The Winnebagos are fueling up at the same complex. There are
dozens of cars waiting under the fluorescent lights. Domino and
her crew emerge from the Crew Winnebago. Weiss and Kimmie are
following close behind.

Alf is pumping gas. He looks over at a WHITE TRASH FAMILY
gawking at the MURAL on the side of the RV. The MOM begins to
SNAP PHOTOGRAPHS of him. Alf waves to the camera.

ALF
Praise Allah.

Domino is on the phone with Claremont.

CLAREMONT (PHONE)
Did you get all four?

ED
Yep.

CLAREMONT (PHONE)
*Deliver them to the Needles DMV.
Sundown at the Sam Kinison
monument.*

DOMINO
Why the hell are we delivering
them out here? I can't even find
any warrants in the system for
these four.

CLAREMONT (PHONE)

The system hasn't been updated.

INT. AM/PM COMPLEX -- MOMENTS LATER

Domino arrives in line at the KFC counter in a huff. Choco and Green are waiting in line. Green smiles at Domino... studying her.

GREEN
It's all just an act... isn't it.

DOMINO
What?

GREEN
This tough girl thing.

DOMINO
What makes you so sure?

GREEN
Because I'm an actor.
(beat)
You can't fake it like we can.
You're just a scared little girl
with some serious daddy issues.

Domino glares at him... punches him in the face. She storms off. Choco laughs to himself.

EXT. AM/PM COMPLEX -- TARMAC -- MOMENTS LATER

Domino walks across the TARMAC toward the winnebagos. Ziering is signing AUTOGRAPHS for a group of COLLEGE KIDS bound for Vegas.

COLLEGE GIRL
My friend Tina thought you were
dead.

ZIERING
Oh really?

He hands her the autograph.

ZIERING (CONT'D)
Tell your friend Tina she's a
whore.

INT. CREW WINNEBAGO -- NEXT

Domino steps into the Crew Winnebago. Choco and Alf are playing cards. Ed is watching television.

DOMINO
Where are the bond certificates

for the First Ladies?

ED

There are no bond certificates.

DOMINO

What do you mean? Claremont didn't provide them?

ED

No. What's the big deal?

DOMINO

Something is going down.
Something bad.

ED

Claremont said we deliver the First Ladies in Needles. Then we go home. No questions asked.

Domino thinks to herself for a moment.

DOMINO

You know why there aren't bond certificates? Because these guys have never been arrested. This is a private job. I'm telling you that Lateesha and Claremont are setting us up.

EXT. NEEDLES DMV -- NEXT

The WINNEBAGOS pull into the NEEDLES TOWN HALL parking lot. There are THREE BLACK CHEVY SUBURBANS parked below the SAM KINISON monument.

INT. CAST WINNEBAGO -- NEXT

Carl fidgets anxiously on the couch.

CARL

What happens now?

ED

Now we turn you over to the authorities.

Frances glances over at Chuckie... shaking his head slowly.

CHUCKLE

You drove us all the way out to fucking Needles to put us in jail?

FRANCES

This is fucked up. I don't like

this. We gotta call my dad.

Domino and Ed begin to escort the First Ladies out of the Winnebago.

DOMINO
Turn off the camera.

INT. CREW WINNEBAGO -- NEXT

Weiss and Kimmie watch from the monitors. Ziering and Green are both talking on their cell phones.

WEISS
Don't listen to her. Keep
filming.

Green is pacing around in the back of the Winnebago with his cell phone to his ear.

GREEN
I DON'T HAVE TO TAKE THIS SHIT!!
JUST GOT PUNCHED IN THE FACE BY A
GIRL! ON CAMERA!

Green has two black eyes... congealed blood dripping from his nose.

INT. CAST WINNEBAGO -- NEXT

Choco RIPS the camera away from the Camera Man... who steps back in fear. He then hurls it out the door onto the tarmac. An 18 WHEELER TRUCK drives by and decimates it.

CAMERA MAN
Please... don't hurt me.

CHOCO
When Domino speaks... *you listen.*

Domino turns to Ed.

DOMINO
This whole situation is fucked. I
sure as hell hope you know what
you're doing.

Ed turns away... ignoring her.

Domino notices the fish tank. The FISH is floating DEAD on the surface of the water. *She retrieves her SILVER DOLLAR from her pocket... flipping it through her fingers.*

EXT. NEEDLES DMV -- NEXT

Ed and Choco escort the First Ladies toward the Suburbans. Two of BISHOP'S GOONS emerge from inside.

CARL
What is this shit? These aren't
cops...

ED
Shut the fuck up.

Frances looks terrified.

FRANCES
Shit. This is bad. This is really
bad, Chuckie.

LESTER
Watch your mouth. God is
listening. We need him now.

They arrive at the first SUV. The Goons look at one another.

ED
Here's your First Ladies.

The Goons shove the First Ladies into the two SUVs.

GOON #2
It's been a pleasure doing
business with you.

EXT. BONNIE SPRINGS MOTEL -- LATER ON

The Winnebagos are parked in front of a BONNIE SPRINGS in
Needles.

INT. BONNIE SPRINGS MOTEL -- LOUNGE -- NEXT

The entire BOUNTY HUNTERS GANG is assembled in the LOUNGE...
sipping on cocktails. Weiss is deep in conversation with Ziering
and Green. Some FAT REDNECK WOMAN is singing KARAOKE.

WEISS
I'm telling you guys... the
footage we captured today was
phenomenal. This is going to jump
start your careers.

Ziering claps his hands together.

ZIERING
Fuck yeah. Told you it was worth
it.

Green smiles with a sense of cautious optimism.

ZIERING (CONT'D)

Come on, B.A. Think positive for
once. Let's go out and celebrate.
Where's the nearest strip club?

Kimie looks around. Choco is meandering around.

KIMMIE
Where is Domino?

WEISS
She went up to her room.

Choco notices a vase of SILK FLOWERS on a side table. He grabs
one.

INT. MOTEL ROOM -- BATHROOM -- NEXT

Domino sits on the floor of the bathroom... freshly showered.
The GOLDFISH floats on the surface of the toilet water. She
then flushes the toilet... as the dead goldfish disappears down
into the vortex... into the ABYSS OF SHIT.

DOMINO (V.O.)
*Something awful was about to
happen. I could feel it in my
bones.*

A TEAR traces her cheek. Just then... there is a KNOCK at her
door.

EXT. MOTEL ROOM -- NEXT

Choco stands at her door. He holds the linen flower. As he
fidgets in front of her door, he chickens out... throws the
flower behind a towel cart.

Domino opens the door, tears still in her eyes.

DOMINO
What is it, Choco?

CHOCO (IN SPANISH WITH SUBTITLES)
Are you all right?

Nothing from Domino.

CHOCO (SPANISH) (CONT'D)
*Did somebody hurt you? Tell me,
I'll fucking kill him.*

Domino sighs.

DOMINO
Mind if I ask you a question?
(Choco nods)
Do I look like I speak Spanish?

Do I look Mexican to you?
ENGLISH! SPEAK IN ENGLISH!

She steps into the hallway.

DOMINO (CONT'D)
ED IS RIGHT, IT'S NOT CUTE! IT'S
NEVER BEEN CUTE. I DON'T
UNDERSTAND YOU!

Choco retreats down the hall.

INT. CHOCO'S MOTEL ROOM -- NEXT

Choco returns to his room, devastated by Domino's tirade. PORN
BLARES on the TV. Ed sits on the bed with a BUDWEISER in hand...
COCAINE on his upper lip.

ED
They never show penetration in
these piece of shit hotels.

Choco picks up a chair and throws it at the TV, putting an end
to a dedicated group copulation.

ED (CONT'D)
I just charged \$12.95 to our room
for that movie. Now I'll never
know how the story ends.

CHOCO
Don't fuck with me, Ed. Not you,
not tonight.

Ed walks over to the mirror and fixes his hair.

ED
Very well. If you need me, I'll
be in Domino's room... making up
my own ending.

That was it. The STRAW... the CAMEL... the BROKEN BACK.

Choco LUNGES at Ed and throws him to the ground. PUNCHES...
KICKS... you name it... they're doing it.

ED (CONT'D)
C'mon, boy. I'm gonna whup you
and then I'm gonna walk over
there and whup your girlfriend.

Choco CLOCKS Ed in the face. Ed falls to the ground. Choco grabs
a CHAIR, moves to strike, but Ed thwarts him by pulling his GUN.

They stare at one another.

ED (CONT'D)

Put that fucking chair down and
don't say a word, Spanish or
otherwise.

Choco slowly lowers the chair to the ground. Ed gets up, sits on
it. Choco tries to talk but Ed checks him with his gun.

ED (CONT'D)

Young, dumb, full of cum. Don't
you get it, boy? I got no designs
on Domino, she's like a daughter
to me. And you're like a son.

(massages his jaw)

I've been in this business for as
long as I can remember and I
don't know anybody who can bust
down a door as well as you. And
we're talking the top half.

(beat)

Yet when it comes to her, I've
never seen such a pussy. You'd
just as well stick a shotgun
barrel to your head than ask her
out. So when are you going to do
something about it?

Choco just sits there on the bed. He knows that Ed's dead on.

ED (CONT'D)

Oh! And another thing. I am a
liar. A pathological liar. There
was no day in Danang, no multiple
tours in Nam. Just lies to get
laid, lies to get respect.

(beat)

Truth is... I'm scared shitless
all the time.

CHOCO

What about your toe?

ED

(points his gun at his foot)
Anything to get the fuck out of
dodge.

CHOCO

Did it hurt?

ED

(beat)
What do you think, dumbshit?

Choco laughs.

ED (CONT'D)

Shat my pants.

They laugh, together.

INT. MOTEL ROOM -- NEXT

Domino sits on the bed with a LAPTOP in front of her. She has pulled up copies of the FOUR DRIVER'S LICENSES on the screen.

The CAMERA moves in toward FRANCES' FACE on the computer screen.

DOMINO
Who are you?

INT. FBI JET -- NEXT

The CAMERA MOVES down the aisle of an FBI JET. Taryn, Cosgrove and Espinoza are sitting across from Zendejas. They are all three staring at a MONITOR. On it is an INFRARED SATELLITE IMAGE looking down at the desert landscape. Taryn leans in for a closer look.

COSGROVE
Can you zoom in?

Zendejas types something on the keyboard and the IMAGE ZOOMS IN closer to reveal TWO CHEVY SUBURBANS driving north through the desert.

ESPINOZA
Where are they taking these kids?

The CAMERA MOVES THROUGH THE INFRARED MONITOR...

EXT. NEVADA DESERT -- NEXT

...and DROPS DOWN above the CHEVY SUBURBANS as they move through the night. The HEADLIGHTS refract through the dust spinning from the tires.

INT. CHEVY SUBURBAN #1 -- NEXT

Frances and Chuckie sit in the back of SUBURBAN #1. Chuckie shakes his head slowly.

CHUCKIE
I never should have listened to you, Frances. You went too far this time.

INT. CHEVY SUBURBAN #2 -- NEXT

Lester and Carl sit in the back of SUBURBAN #2.

LESTER
(to himself)

*Our Father... who art in Heaven.
Hallowed be thy name.*

INT. MOTEL ROOM -- NEXT

Domino stares at the laptop. She looks very distraught. She has discovered something.

DOMINO (V.O.)
*Thy Kingdom come. Thy will be
done. On Earth as it is in
Heaven.*

EXT. NEVADA DESERT -- NEXT

Frances, Chuckie, Lester and Carl are lined up next to one another. GOON #2 has an AK-47 aimed at them. GOON #1 has his phone to his ear.

GOON #1
Sir... would you like us to shoot
them in the kneecaps?

INT. CIRCUS CIRCUS -- CASINO OFFICE -- NEXT

Bishop stares out at the Vegas strip.

BISHOP
Ask them politely where the money
is. If they don't know... tell
them to start digging their own
graves. *It's that simple.*

EXT. NEVADA DESERT -- NEXT

GOON #1 hangs up the phone and raises his own AK-47. *He turns the safety off.*

INT. CIGLIUTI COMPOUND -- MASTER BEDROOM -- NEXT

Anthony Cigliuti is asleep in his bed when the PHONE begins to ring. He reaches over and answers it.

CIGLIUTI
Hello?

KEG PRESIDENT (PHONE)
Mr. Cigliuti?

CIGLIUTI
Yes.

KEG PRESIDENT (PHONE)
I'm calling from the Kappa

*Epsilon Gamma house at California
University.*

CIGLIUTI

Yes.

INT. KEG HOUSE -- CHAPTER ROOM -- NEXT

The KEG PRESIDENT is sitting at the head of the CHAPTER ROOM with a phone to his ear. The rest of the fraternity watches in silent dread.

KEG PRESIDENT

I'm so sorry to be bothering you in the middle of the night like this... but it's a bit of an emergency.

CIGLIUTI (PHONE)

What is it?

KEG PRESIDENT

Your son... and your nephew have been kidnapped by these crazy game show hosts from the Fox network.

INT. CIGLIUTI COMPOUND -- MASTER BEDROOM -- NEXT

Cigliuti sits up in bed.

CIGLIUTI

My Frances? Frances and Charles have been kidnapped?

EXT. NEVADA DESERT -- NEXT

The GOONS have their AK-47s aimed and ready to fire. Frances and the others are standing in front of their own graves in the desert sand.

GOON #1

For the last time... *where is our
fucking money?*

Frances and Chuckie are hyperventilating.

FRANCES

We don't know anything about any money. Me and Chuckie just wanted fake IDs!

CHUCKLE

We won't tell anyone about the DMV scam! We promise!

Carl falls to his knees.

CARL
(crying)
Please... I just supply them with
pussy...

A TEAR rolls down Lester's cheek.

LESTER
(whisper)
I just wanted to get people high.

The GOONS look at one another and roll their eyes. Death seems imminent.

SMASH CUT TO CLOUDS: THE SILVER DOLLAR SPINS THROUGH THE AIR

DOMINO (V.O.)
*Forgive us oh Lord for our daily
trespasses... for we know not
what we do.*

*The COIN floats to the APEX of its ark. The GOONS fire their
weapons... unloading a hail of bullets into the four men.*

DOMINO (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*And what we see... may not be the
truth.*

EXT. TEXACO STATION -- [FLASHBACK] EARLY THAT MORNING

Locus Fender is behind the wheel of the BLACK VAN at the TEXACO STATION. He turns to look into the back of the van.

The FIRST LADIES are there. Their masks are still on.

LOCUS
I'm gonna fill up the tank and
grab a cup of coffee.
Don't make a peep... especially
you... Barbara.

Locus exits the van. BARBARA BUSH rips off his mask. *It is
RAOUL.*

RAOUL
Now what?

The rest of the masks come off. *LATEESHA... LASHINDRA...
LASHANDRA... and RAOUL... are the FIRST LADIES.*

LATEESHA
I don't know!

Lateesha's CELL PHONE begins to ring.

LATEESHA (CONT'D)
Where are you?

INT. CHEVY SUBURBAN -- NEXT

Claremont is behind the Wheel of a BLACK CHEVY SUBURBAN. He pulls into the Texaco parking lot.

CLAREMONT
I'm pulling up right now.
Evacuate the fucking van! Plans
have changed!

EXT. TEXACO STATION -- NEXT

The FIRST LADIES emerge from the back of the van and jumps into the black Chevy. Claremont slams on the gas... peeling out of the parking lot.

CLAREMONT
You motherfuckin' Tino. You
fucked us so bad.

LATEESHA
I fucked up. You can't help your
greedy black lying ass from
trying to get everything. All
you've done is put a death
sentence on Meeka.

Claremont puts the phone up to his ear.

INT. MOTEL ROOM -- [FLASH FORWARD] NEXT

Ed and Choco are sitting on separate beds... staring at the smashed television with a blank expression.

Ed turns to face him.

ED
Promise me... you won't ever tell
Domino.

CHOCO
What?

ED
*Promise me... you won't tell
her... that I never fucked Pat
Benatar.*

Choco sighs.

CHOCO
I promise.

INT. MOTEL ROOM -- [FLASH FORWARD] NEXT

Domino paces around the room anxiously... phone rings.

CLAREMONT (PHONE)

*The FBI was breathing down
Lateesha's neck... and she
assumed that they were onto our
scam. So she set up some college
kids to take the fall for the
heist. They have been under FBI
surveillance for the past 6
months.*

INT. CHEVY SUBURBAN

Claremont drives like a maniac.

DOMINO (PHONE)

What happened to them?

CLAREMONT

I don't know. They might be dead
already.

SMASH CUT TO: The QUARTER descends from Michelangelo's heavenly glow...

INT. MOTEL ROOM -- NEXT

Domino sits down on the floor... devastated. Her sense of guilt and responsibility... fear and betrayal... all molded into one...

CLAREMONT (PHONE)

*There's something else you should
know, Domino. Those college
kids... were mafia kids.
Cigliuti's kids.*

DOMINO

Jesus Christ! Anthony Cigliuti?!
You set me up to deliver the
children of a mafia crime boss to
be executed? *Do you know how
fucked we are?!!*

(beat)

You've started a war, Claremont!
And you've killed four innocent
people!

Silence on the other end of the line.

DOMINO (CONT'D)

What are we supposed to do now?

CELES (PHONE)

*Follow my instructions... and we
all walk away from this clean.*

INT. BONNIE SPRINGS MOTEL -- CORRIDOR -- MOMENTS LATER

Domino emerges into the CORRIDOR with her BACKPACK in tow. She moves swiftly toward the elevators.

DOMINO (V.O.)

*Claremont laid it all out on the
table. His plan was to ask for a
\$300,000 finders fee to recover
the ten million he'd stolen. The
whole thing became a huge cluster
fuck when Lateesha tried to pin
it on the Cigliuti kids.*

INT. BONNIE SPRINGS MOTEL -- LOUNGE -- NEXT

Weiss is singing KARAOKE with Kimmie in the lounge. The song is "MANIC SUPERSTAR" by Sandra Bernhardt. They are completely wasted. Alf watches from the bar... clapping.

DOMINO (V.O.)

*Now our only chance for survival
was to stay on course and
retrieve the money.*

(beat)

*First priority was cut loose the
television crew and sabotage the
footage. We couldn't leave any
evidence behind.*

Domino approaches... grabbing Alf by the arm.

DOMINO (CONT'D)

WE HAVE TO GO! NOW!

(beat: V.O.)

*I knew in my heart of hearts we
should have stopped when my
goldfish died. It was a sign
from a higher power.*

EXT. BONNIE SPRINGS MOTEL -- MOMENTS LATER

Domino and her crew rush toward the Winnebagos.

DOMINO

Grab that fucking footage. Every
tape you see.

Alf moves toward the Crew Winnebago.

INT. CREW WINNEBAGO -- NEXT

Alf KICKS DOWN THE DOOR into the Crew Winnebago.

He looks around frantically for the TAPES. There are BOXES everywhere. He begins to tear through them... MAKE-UP... CRAFT SERVICE... SCRIPTS... NO TAPES.

INT. CAST WINNEBAGO -- NEXT

Domino, Choco and Ed burst into the Cast Winnebago.

DOMINO

We have to find a man named Locus Fender. He knows where the money is hidden. If we return Bishop's money we might be in the clear.

INT. CREW WINNEBAGO -- NEXT

Alf is tearing the Winnebago apart. He arrives at one BOX... it is filled with a DOZEN TAPES. *TOO MANY TO CARRY.* He hears HONKING outside.

ALF

Shit.

Alf rifles through his back and pulls out an AMATEUR BOMB that he has made. He LIGHTS the fuse and drops it onto the carpet of the winnebago.

INT. CAST WINNEBAGO -- NEXT

Choco is pounding on the HORN. Domino sits shotgun.

DOMINO

COME ON, ALF!

Alf comes into the Cast Winnebago empty-handed.

DOMINO (CONT'D)

Where are the tapes?

ALF

They go boom!

DOMINO

BOOM? WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

Alf steps on the gas.

EXT. BONNIE SPRINGS MOTEL -- NEXT

The Cast Winnebago peels out of the parking lot. Just then... *THE CREW WINNEBAGO EXPLODES.*

INT. VEGAS SECURITY LOCKDOWN -- NIGHT

Taryn stares at Domino.

TARYN

We know that the Afghani burned
the Winnebago because of the
tapes.

(beat)

But there were duplicate tapes in
Mr. Weiss's room. We know
everything, Domino. *Come clean
now... and you can save yourself
from going to jail.*

Domino takes a pull from her Marlboro.

DOMINO (V.O.)

*The bitch was bluffing. There
were no dupe tapes. If there
were... they'd have shown them to
me by now.*

DOMINO (CONT'D)

Show me the tapes. I want to see
them.

TARYN

Not yet.

INT. CAST WINNEBAGO -- NEXT

Alf pulls onto the 15 FREEWAY.

DOMINO

Take us to Vegas.

EXT. BONNIE SPRINGS MOTEL -- LATER ON

The HOTEL is being evacuated. POLICE OFFICERS and FIREMEN move
onlookers away from the fire. Weiss watches in horror with
Kimmie at his side.

EXT. LAS VEGAS STRIP -- NIGHT

HELICOPTER SHOT: The CAMERA sweeps across the VEGAS STRIP.

CLAREMONT (V.O.)

*If Locus Fender has money in his
pocket... you'll find him at
Olympic Gardens.*

INT. OLYMPIC GARDENS -- NEXT

The CAMERA TRACKS through a large strip club called OLYMPIC GARDENS... arriving at Locus Fender as he sits next to the STAGE. He is HAMMERED... dropping \$100 BILLS like they were singles. A STRIPPER approaches him. It is Lashandra.

DOMINO (V.O.)
*Lashandra and Lashindra were one
step ahead of us... orchestrating
Claremont's plan.*

LASHANDRA
Would you like a lapdance?
Tonight we have a two for one
deal for these luscious tits.

Locus smiles up at her.

INT. OLYMPIC GARDENS -- PRIVATE ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Lashandra leads Locus into the private LAPDANCE ROOM. Domino and her crew are waiting there. Choco grabs him and slams him against the wall. Domino slaps on the handcuffs.

INT. OLYMPIC GARDENS -- NEXT

Domino and Ed follow Choco and Locus through the club. She notices Ziering and Green sitting at the BAR. Ed grabs Domino by the arm and points over at them.

ED
We need hostages. Celebrity
hostages. Just in case this gets
ugly.

EXT. NEVADA DESERT -- LATER ON

The Cast Winnebago drives through the desert.

CLAREMONT (PHONE)
*The combination code is tattooed
on his right arm. You'll never
get inside Edna Fender's safe
without the code-breaker on that
arm.*

INT. CAST WINNEBAGO -- NEXT

Domino rides shotgun with her CELL PHONE to her ear.

DOMINO
You're breaking up... I can't
hear you.

CLAREMONT (PHONE)
Remove... (STATIC)... the...

right arm.

DOMINO

What!!?

The phone disconnects. Ed leans in from the back.

ED

What did he say about the arm?

DOMINO

He said... take his right arm.

Ed looks over at Choco with an expression that says... *DO IT*. Choco nods his head... then moves toward the back area with his SAWED-OFF SHOTGUN and disappears behind the curtain.

INT. CAST WINNEBAGO -- BACK BED AREA -- NEXT

In the BACK BED AREA... Locus is sitting next to Ziering and Green... who are both HANDCUFFED watching 'SPUN' on TV. Locus has DUCT TAPE over his mouth. Choco pushes LOCUS up against the wall with his foot... cocking the SHOTGUN.

ZIERING

What the fuck is this?

Choco raises his shotgun and places it against Locus's shoulder.

LOCUS

PLEASE! NO!

Choco pulls the trigger. *BLOOD EXPLODES ACROSS THE WALL... ALL OVER ZIERING AND GREEN.*

GREEN

OH FUCK! HOLY FUCK!

Choco fires off another round.

ZIERING

OH MY FUCKING GOD!!!!!!

HE THEN RETRIEVES THE ARM... NOW SEVERED FROM LOCUS' BODY.

Choco throws a roll of DUCT TAPE to Ziering... unlocking his handcuffs.

CHOCO (IN SPANISH WITH SUBTITLES)

Cauterize the wound.

EXT. FENDER COMPOUND -- NEXT

The Winnebago drives out toward the FENDER COMPOUND. SMOKE BILLOWS from the METAL BARRELS in the distance.

INT. FENDER COMPOUND -- NEXT

The DOOR is KICKED DOWN... Ed and Choco step through... followed by Domino.

TARYN (V.O.)
So now... we're back to where we started.

Domino walks through the family room. *The Manchurian Candidate* can be heard playing on the Mitsubishi widescreen. She notices the LA-Z-BOY in the corner of the room. *It is gently rocking back and forth.*

DOMINO (V.O.)
Yes... we sure are.

A low growling noise can be heard from the kitchen.

DOMINO (CONT'D)
EDNA! WE KNOW YOU'RE IN HERE!

INT. FENDER COMPOUND -- SAFE ROOM -- NEXT

The DOOR to the SAFE ROOM opens. The TWO DUFFEL BAGS are sitting on the cement floor.

DOMINO (V.O.)
*We found the money in the safe.
It was all there.*

Domino stares at them for a silent moment.

INT. FENDER COMPOUND -- FAMILY ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Domino and Choco arrive with the duffel bags.

DOMINO
Let's roll.

Ed turns to Edna.

ED
Make us a pot of coffee, Edna.
(back to Domino)
It's gonna be a long night.

EXT. FENDER COMPOUND -- MOMENTS LATER

Edna stands next to her MAIMED SON near the burning barrels as they watch the Winnebago drive off into the desert. Locus is sobbing... latching onto his mother's sweater.

DOMINO (V.O.)
Turned out Edna. had one last trick up her sleeve.

INT. FENDER COMPOUND -- KITCHEN -- [FLASHBACK] TEN MINUTES AGO

Edna is in the kitchen... pouring coffee grounds into the COFFEE MAKER. She casually retrieves a small CONTAINER OF POWDER from a DRAWER and drops several spoonfuls into the coffee grounds.

EDNA
Cock-fuckers are gonna pay.

DOMINO (V.O.)
Mescaline.

INT. CAST WINNEBAGO -- NIGHT

Domino and the others are all drinking coffee. Alf stares out through the windshield at the GLOW of Vegas in the distance.

DOMINO (V.O.)
*With each passing second...
reality eclipsed into the asphalt
horizon. Soon the mescaline was
pulsing through our veins.*

Alf slowly lowers his foot onto the ACCELERATOR. The Winnebago is now going 80 MPH. *Alf is SWEATING PROFUSELY.*

In the back... Choco stares at Domino with PSYCHOTIC LOVE.

CHOCO (IN SPANISH WITH SUBTITLES)
*You are the Angel of fire. You
burn the brightest.*
(beat)
I want to fuck you in the ass.

Ed is FLEXING his hands back and forth.

ED
Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.
(beat)
I GOT FUCKING VISUALS HERE!

Domino begins to figure it out.

DOMINO
The bitch dosed the coffee.

IN THE FRONT... Alf is now doing 100 MPH. *The entire Winnebago has begun to shake.*

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD... the HIGHWAY begins to twist and turn like a CARTOON CEMENT RACETRACK imbedded into ROCK FACE WALLS OF SAND.

ALF steers the Winnebago to follow the ROAD TO ARMAGEDDON unfolding in his brain. Standing in the middle of the road is

ALF... the SITCOM ALIEN. He is pumped up like STALLONE...
holding a FUTURISTIC MACHINE GUN.

ALF
HOLD ON! WE GO FOR A RIDE!

EXT. HIGHWAY -- NEXT

The Winnebago SWERVES off the highway into the desert...
CAREENING BACK AND FORTH.

INT. CAST WINNEBAGO -- NEXT

Domino and the others are thrown violently across the Winnebago.

DOMINO
ALF! STOP THE CAR!

ALF
(Arabic)
SHEKARALLAH!! MALAAKAALLAAHHHH!!

EXT. NEVADA DESERT -- NEXT

THE WINNEBAGO TURNS VIOLENTLY TO THE LEFT... TEARING THROUGH
DESERT SAND AND PLANTS... FLIPPING OVER AT MORE THAN 100MPH.

INT. CAST WINNEBAGO -- NEXT

Domino... Choco... Ed... Ziering... Green... TUMBLE THROUGHOUT
THE CAB... SMASHING INTO EVERYTHING. A TORNADO OF DESTRUCTION.

GOLDFISH TWIST IN THE AIR... GLASS SHATTERS.

EXT. NEVADA DESERT -- NEXT

*THE GIGANTIC VEHICLE ROLLS OVER A DOZEN TIMES BEFORE SLIDING
INTO A SAND RAVINE.*

Smoke drifts from the wreckage...

INT. VEGAS SECURITY LOCKDOWN -- NIGHT

Taryn retrieves a form.

TARYN
Your blood test confirms that
there is mescaline in your blood.
But then that's nothing new. You
have a history of drug use, don't
you?

DOMINO (V.O.)
*Now the bitch was getting
personal.*

TARYN

That's the only way you can cope
with the route your life has
taken. The fact that you made the
choice to pursue this life-
style... much to the chagrin of
your mother... who is so clearly
ashamed of you.

(beat)

Imagine her shame when we cart
you off to prison because you
won't just tell the truth about
what really happened.

EXT. NEVADA DESERT -- DAY FOR NIGHT [MESCALINE TRIP]

The CAMERA SLOWLY APPROACHES the side of the wrecked RV. The
BLANK VISAGES of DANCING WOMEN IN BIKINIS stare up at the stars
with airbrushed eyes.

DEBRIS is scattered about the desert. Domino's GOLDFISH do their
dance of DEATH on the sandy floor.

The SIDE DOOR to the Winnebago SLAMS OPEN... it's Domino. She is
bruised and battered. She is TRIPPING OUT OF HER MIND. IMAGES
CASCADE over one another under a PURPLE SKY.

She staggers into the desert, trying to find the others but
there is no one around. She is all alone.

By her feet, a SHIMMERING ORANGE LIGHT in the sand catches her
eye. It's her GOLDFISH, dancing its dance of death in the sand.
She tries to save it but it's too late.

Domino begins to tremble... the eight-year-old inside emerges...
she drops to her knees and weeps. In her moment of need, an
ANGEL appears... FLOATING it seems over the desert touching
nothing, not even the sand. The Angel kneels beside her...

ANGEL

Everything is going to be
alright.

DOMINO

I don't want to be alone.

Domino catches a glimpse of Ziering and Green... wandering out
into the sand... vomiting.

It's not until the Angel envelops her with his arms and lifts
her from the sand that his face becomes clear. It is Choco.

CHOCO

You are not alone.

As TIME AND SPACE shift and change all around, they hold on to

one another for dear life. From this embrace, they begin to kiss... undressing one another. They begin to have CRAZY SEX.

FADE TO BLACK:

EXT. NEVADA DESERT -- DAWN

Domino is being cradled by Choco. He is pouring BOTTLED WATER over her head. Stroking her hair gently. The WIND whistles through the early morning light.

CHOCO
You are cleansed.

Domino's eyes flutter open. This is the first time Choco has spoken English to Domino. Alf and Ed are standing there... bloody and bruised.

CHOCO (CONT'D)
She's awake.

The Winnebago lays turned over in the sand. Ziering and Green lean up against it. Green has an ICE PACK on his head. ziering is bleeding from several outs.

ZIERING
Someone's coming!

Ziering points WEST. A RED FORD PICKUP TRUCK approaches on a TINY DESERT SIDE ROAD. The Red Truck stops... and an old INDIAN MAN, the WANDERER (70s), steps out.

The Wanderer slowly approaches the group. Domino is standing there with Ed, Choco and Alf.

He stares at them for a long moment... studying them.

WANDERER
If you do not return this money,
you will all die.
(pointing to Domino)
You are the angel of fire. You
burn bright enough to know that
sometimes certain sacrifices must
be made.

Domino just stares out at the vast expanse of desert earth. The Wanderer's voice echoes through her head.

WANDERER (CONT'D)
A great puzzle has formed. Within
the puzzle... there is a child. A
sick child. She will grow up to
be great world leader some day.
(beat)
Do you know what child I speak
of?

DOMINO

Yes.

WANDERER

Your destiny is this: *You must be willing to offer your lives in exchange for the life of this child.*

(beat)

Only then will you truly be cleansed in the eyes of God.

CHOCO

Will we survive this sacrifice?

WANDERER

(beat)

Only one of you will survive.

Choco stares at the others... his fingers intertwined with Domino's.

ED

Which one of us?

WANDERER

That I do not know.

Domino retrieves the SILVER DOLLAR from her pocket. she looks at the others... then back at the Wanderer.

DOMINO

Take us to Vegas.

EXT. DESERT ROAD -- DAY

The crew rides in the back of the Wanderer's truck toward Vegas.

INT. VEGAS SECURITY LOCKDOWN -- NIGHT

Domino stares at Taryn as she returns to the table.

TARYN

This is your last chance. Tell us everything you know.

Domino lights a cigarette. Her strength has returned.

DOMINO

Do you want know the real reason why I became a bounty hunter?

TARYN

No. Please enlighten me.

DOMINO

I became a bounty hunter because
of cunts like you.

(beat)

I remember all the cunts in high
school who were mean to me.
Eventually... they all grew up to
be just like you. Angry and
bitter because they peaked
early... and now they're stuck in
some dead end marriage... or
worse yet... an unfulfilling job
that keeps them from meeting a
man.

Domino stares her up and down... taking a drag from her
Marlboro.

DOMINO (CONT'D)

But that's not the case with you,
is it Taryn? Because I bet when
you go to sleep alone tonight...
it's my pussy you'll be dreaming
of.

Taryn looks legitimately turned on... but she's too tough to
lose track.

TARYN

We discovered the bodies early
this morning.

EXT. NEVADA DESERT -- MORNING

Taryn, Cosgrove and Espinoza emerge from a pair of SUBURBANS at
a LARGE TENT erected in the desert. There are PRESS HELICOPTERS
circling above.

DOMINO (V.O.)

*The FBI was lying. The guys we
nabbed weren't dead after all.*

SMASH CUT TO CLOUDS: The SILVER DOLLAR descends...

A GOON with a SHOVEL sighs in frustration.

GOON #1

Fuck 'em... they don't know.

The IMAGINARY BULLETS REWIND from the bodies of FRANCES,
CHUCKLE, CARL and LESTER...

INT. TENT -- NEXT

Frances, Chuckie, Carl and Lester are BURIED UP TO THEIR NECKS
in the sand. They are sunburned and pissed off. FBI AGENTS are

grilling them, trying to get information out of them.
Cosgrove and Espinoza are overseeing the whole scene.

COSGROVE
This could work in our favor. Let
Cigliuti think that his kids are
dead.

ESPINOZA
And then we can flush out Bishop
and Cigliuti in the money
exchange. Fucking take down of
the century.

EXT. CIGLIUTI COMPOUND -- SWIMMING POOL -- NEXT

Several MOBSTERS tread underneath the surface of the swimming pool at the CIGLIUTI COMPOUND. They have the YELLOW JAPANESE PHONES connecting their ears to mouthpieces.

MOBSTER (PHONE)
*The FBI is out there right now
excavating the bodies. Bishop
whacked Frances and Chuckie.*

BY THE POOL... Anthony Cigliuti sits at a TABLE next to his SOBBING WIFE. His eyes are filled with rage and sorrow. He turns to one of the other MOBSTERS... approaching from the pool with a TOWEL around his waist.

MOBSTER (CONT'D)
What's our option?

The RAGE is building.

CIGLIUTI
Kill 'em. Kill 'em all.

The CAMERA MOVES in toward a FLOWER POT on the table.

INT. FBI JET -- NEXT

Several FBI AGENTS are listening from the JET as it flies over Vegas.

CIGLIUTI (PHONE)
Kill 'em. Kill 'em all.

MOBSTER (PHONE)
When?

CIGLIUTI (PHONE)
Tonight. Get it done tonight.

FBI AGENT #1 reaches for a PHONE.

FBI AGENT #1
Cigliuti just ordered a hit on
Drake Bishop. It's going to
happen tonight.

EXT. NEVADA DESERT -- NEXT

Taryn, Cosgrove and Espinoza rush toward their SUBURBANS...
SCREAMING into their phones.

INT. TENT -- NEXT

Frances, Chuckie, Carl and Lester are finally being excavated
from their graves by the FBI. They CRY in relief... chugging
BOTTLED WATER under the MASSIVE TENT.

EXT. LAS VEGAS STRIP -- SUNSET

HELICOPTER SHOT: The CAMERA soars across the strip at SUNSET...
approaching the CIRCUS CIRCUS HOTEL/CASINO.

INT. CIRCUS CIRCUS -- LOBBY -- NEXT

Ziering and Green walk through the SHIT LOBBY of the CIRCUS
CIRCUS... following Domino, Ed, Choco and Alf. *All of them still
look like hell... reeling from the mescaline.*

ZIERING
We didn't sign on for this shit.
(beat)
Fuck! This shit is intense. I
need to call my agent.

GREEN
Just shut up and do what they
say. They're gonna kill us if we
don't, Ian.

Domino turns back to Ziering and Green.

DOMINO
I need you to book us a luxury
suite. Put it on your credit
card.

INT. CIRCUS CIRCUS -- CASINO BAR -- NEXT

Claremont sits in the casino bar. He watches Ziering and Ed
walk past toward the elevators. Claremont dials a number on his
phone.

INT. STRATOSPHERE -- ROOF RESTAURANT -- NEXT

Drake Bishop and Burke Beckett are in the empty TOP OF THE WORLD restaurant in the STRATOSPHERE... surrounded by various GOONS. HUGE WINDOWS over look the entire city.

The TELEPHONE rings. Bishop picks up.

BISHOP
This is Bishop.

CLAREMONT (PHONE)
*The Bounty Hunters have arrived.
They will drop off the money in
exactly one hour.*
(beat)
Where do you want to meet?

BISHOP
Top of the World at the
Stratosphere. It's completely
secure.

INT. FBI JET -- NEXT

Cosgrove and Espinoza listen to this conversation.

EXT. CIGLIUTI COMPOUND -- NEXT

Cigliuti sits in the KITCHEN with various MOBSTER relatives. Someone hands him a phone.

CIGLIUTI
Yes?

COSGROVE (PHONE)
*The money exchange with Drake
Bishop will occur on the top
floor suite of the Stratosphere
at exactly midnight.*

The phone disconnects. Cigliuti turns to the other mobsters.

CIGLIUTI
We have ourselves a Negro Deep
Throat.

INT. FBI JET -- NEXT

Cosgrove turns to Espinoza.

COSGROVE
DID I SOUND TOUGH ENOUGH?!!!

INT. CIRCUS CIRCUS -- LUXURY SUITE -- LATER ON

Choco, Ed, Ziering and Green are all freshly showered... pacing around the shitty luxury suite... tripping hard. Domino stares

out at the city... the mescaline still pulsing through her veins.

INT. CIRCUS CIRCUS -- SUITE BATHROOM -- NEXT

Alf is in the bathroom staring at hL~self in the mirror. He has a cup of Edna's Mescaline COFFEE sitting on the counter. He takes an EYE DROPPER and dips it into his coffee... then dangles the dropper over his EYEBALL.

INT. CIRCUS CIRCUS -- LUXURY SUITE -- NEXT

There is a KNOCK at the door. Domino peers through the PEEPHOLE. LATEESHA and her crew are there. Domino opens the door.

DOMINO

Lateesha.

LATEESHA

Domino.

Lashandra, Lashindra and Raoul enter the hotel room.

DOMINO

What the hell have you gotten us into?

LATEESHA

Claremont negotiated a finder's fee of \$300,000. All we want is that money off the top.

ED

Fuck that! You set us up!

LATEESHA

I had to throw the FBI a bone or they was gonna nail me to the wall. I don't know how this happened. If I could take it all back I would.

Domino paces around the suite anxiously.

DOMINO

They're gonna kill us unless we deliver all of the money.

(beat)

Why should I help you?

Tears begin to flow from Lateesha's eyes. She wipes them... turbo nails trembling.

LASHANDRA

Meeka's white blood cell count is dropping fast.

LASHINDRA

Real fast.

Domino stares at Lateesha... beginning to understand. She clutches the SILVER DOLLAR in her grip.

LATEESHA

\$300,000. We need to collect that fee... right now. It will pay for the entire operation.

Domino closes her eyes... turning to the others... looking for permission to grant Lateesha's request. Ed nods his head slowly in a Mescaline haze. Choco follows his lead.

DOMINO

Okay.

Domino knocks on the bathroom door... again and again. We hear Alf muttering into his phone.

DOMINO (CONT'D)

ALF! WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING IN THERE!?

The bathroom door explodes open 1/2 inch. An AMPHETAMINE EYEBALL fills the gap.

DOMINO (CONT'D)

Cut the drama and pullout 300K from one of the bags.

Alf begins to shove money through the crack in the door in sizable increments. He then slams the door.

DOMINO (CONT'D)

THANKS, A-HOLE!

INT. CIRCUS CIRCUS -- LUXURY SUITE -- MOMENTS LATER

Lateesha places the duffel bag over her shoulder... turning back to Domino at the door.

LATEESHA

I love you, Domino.

Lateesha embraces Domino.

DOMINO

Don't blow it.

Lateesha waves at them and moves out the door with her crew... closing the door behind her.

Domino turns back to her FAMILY...

ED
We are so fucked.

DOMINO
Then so be it. If you believe
what that Indian said we were
fucked either way.

She flips the SILVER DOLLAR through her fingers. The TELEPHONE
rings. Ed answers it.

ED
Hello?

CLAREMONT (PHONE)
*The money exchange will take
place at Top of the World at the
Stratosphere. Get there at
exactly midnight.*

DOMINO
Okay.

CLAREMONT (PHONE)
*I won't forget this, Domino. I'm
sorry it turned out like this...*

Ed snatches the phone from her.

ED
Tell your friends that we have
celebrity hostages. So no more
funny stuff, Claremont! You can't
bury a celebrity body in the
desert without some motherfucker
from E! Entertainment television
sniffing down the case.

Ziering and Green's faces are white with terror.

EXT. LAS VEGAS AIRSTRIP -- MOMENTS LATER

Cosgrove and Espinoza run across an AIRSTRIP where an FBI
HELICOPTER is waiting.

COSGROVE
LET'S GO! LET'S GO!

Taryn watches them go.

EXT. CIRCUS CIRCUS -- VALET PARKING

Ziering, Green and Alf struggle with the DUFFEL BAGS... getting
them into the TRUNK of a CAB. Alf closes the trunk. He makes eye
contact with the ARABIC DRIVER of the cab.

Another CAB pulls up into the valet entrance. Another Arabic driver. Alf seems to know him. The driver throws him an Afghani salute.

Domino comes out into the valet area with Ed and Choco.

ALF
You take that cab, we take this one.

Ed and Choco step into the cab with Ziering and Green. Domino rides with Alf.

EXT. STRATOSPHERE -- ENTRANCE -- LATER ON

Domino and the rest of her crew approach the crowded entrance to the Stratosphere. There are FOUR GOONS waiting at the entrance among throngs of YOUNG PEOPLE.

Alf unloads the FOUR LARGE CANVASS BAGS onto a luggage cart.

GOON #1
We need to frisk you.

DOMINO
No need to bother.

Domino nods to Ed and Choco. They both remove their GUNS.

INT. STRATOSPHERE -- LOBBY -- NEXT

The Goons lead them through the crowded casino... filled with young people. They approach the bank of ELEVATORS with the trolley and the bags... moving through a X-RAY SECURITY GATE.

INT. STRATOSPHERE -- ELEVATOR -- NEXT

They ride up to the top floor in SILENT DREAD. Alf begins to twitch from the mescaline. Ziering puts his hand on Green's shoulder. *His face is completely white with terror.*

ZIERING
(whispering)
You're my best friend, B.A.

Green nods his head slowly back at Ziering. Domino retrieves the SILVER DOLLAR from her pocket and begins to flip it between her fingers.

INT. STRATOSPHERE -- ROOF RESTAURANT -- NEXT

The Goons lead them out of the elevator into the HALLWAY that leads to the TOP OF THE WORLD. Beckett is waiting there for them. Claremont is there too. Alf pushes the luggage cart.

GOON #1
They're clean.

Drake Bishop turns from the PICTURE WINDOWS that overlook the entire strip. He looks Domino up and down.

BISHOP
Welcome to the Top of the World.
I thought privacy might be in
order for the nature of the
business that we're conducting.

Bishop glances at Alf... who is SWEATING PROFUSELY... then at Ziering and Green. He approaches the actors... sizing them up.

BISHOP (CONT'D)
Where have I seen you two before?

Sweat pours down Ziering's face.

ZIERING
We're... actors.

BISHOP
What the fuck are you doing here?

GREEN
We're celebrity hostages.

Ziering has now begun to cry.

BISHOP
Celebrity hostages.

ZIERING
They think you won't kill them if
we're in the room. People don't
kill other people... when there
are celebrities present.

BISHOP
I see.
(chuckling)
We'll I better have you escorted
downstairs then.

Bishop nods his head to two of the goons. They grab Ziering and Green and take them away. Green throws Domino a fleeting glance as he walks away.

Bishop turns back to face Domino.

BISHOP (CONT'D)
You're a bounty hunter?

DOMINO

Yes I am.

Bishop nods his head curiously.

BISHOP
Is it a dangerous profession?

DOMINO
Sometimes.

BISHOP
Can you be more specific?

Domino thinks for a moment.

DOMINO
It can be dangerous when you
don't know what to expect from a
situation.
(beat)
When you have no idea what could
possibly happen next.

Bishop smiles at Domino.

INT. STRATOSPHERE -- ELEVATOR -- NEXT

Ziering and Green ride down in the elevator with the Goons. They reach the BOTTOM FLOOR and the doors open.

CIGLIUTI and more than a DOZEN MAFIA GUYS waiting there. They glare at Ziering and Green as they walk past... escaping into the night.

INT. STRATOSPHERE -- ROOF RESTAURANT -- NEXT

Bishop looks down at the DUFFEL BAGS.

BISHOP
Gentlemen, check and see if our
money is all there... then let
these bounty hunters go.

DOMINO
There is ten million here. Minus
the \$300,000 finders fee you
agreed to pay Claremont.

Alf fumbles for the keys to the locks on the bags. Bishop takes a puff from his cigar... assessing Domino once again.

BISHOP
Bold move, Ms. Harvey. I think I
can give you this one.

The GOONS begin to unzip the DUFFEL BAGS... *retrieving stack after stack of PORNO NEWSPAPERS... dropping them on the floor.*

GOON #2 looks over at GOON #1 bitterly.

GOON #2
It's nothing but a bunch of
porno.

GOON #1
It's all porno.

Bishop tries to remain calm. Choco and Ed look at Domino in disbelief.

ED
What the fuck?

Bishop turns to Domino... who looks shocked and terrified... a young girl Once again...

BISHOP
Would you care to explain
yourself?

Domino is frozen. Ed and Choco stare at one another in horror. Alf is sweating like a pig... eyes darting in every direction from the mescaline.

BISHOP (CONT'D)
Ms. Harvey... what happened to my
money?!!

Domino seems lost in a trance... resigned to die. She clutches the SILVER DOLLAR.

ALF STEPS FORWARD.

ALF
Your money is gone. It has been
sent to help free Afghanistan.
This is all that's left.
(long beat)
It's called APATT.

BISHOP
APATT. What the fuck is APATT?

SMASH CUT TO: The ARABIC CAB DRIVER speeds away from Circus Circus.

INT. STRATOSPHERE HOTEL -- EMERGENCY STAIRS -- NEXT

Cigliuti and his GOONS rush up the stairs... armed to the teeth.

INT. STRATOSPHERE -- ROOF RESTAURANT -- NEXT

Domino closes her eyes... realizing what just transpired.

DOMINO
(resigned to die)
All porno... all the time.
(beat)
It's an epidemic.

One of the goons is rifling through the porno in the bag and comes out with a BLUE POWDER on his fingers. He then sniffs it.

ED
Pervert.

GOON #1
It's... C-4.

Suddenly... Alf removes a TELEVISION REMOTE from his pocket.

A SMALL RED LIGHT flashes on one of the black canvass bags.

ALF
LET US GO! LET US GO... OR I BLOW
THIS NEEDLE TO OUTER SPACE!

Before Bishop has a chance to respond... *CIGLIUTI AND HIS MAFIA GOONS BUST INTO THE LUXURY SUITE... GUNS BLAZING.*

MAFIA GOON #1
DROP YOUR WEAPONS!

The GOONS refuse to listen.

GOON #1
FUCK YOU!

SCREAMING MAYHEM ENSUES.

EXT. LAS VEGAS STRIP -- NEXT

The FBI HELICOPTER approaches the STRATOSPHERE.

INT. FBI HELICOPTER -- NEXT

Inside... Espinoza and Cosgrove direct the pilot toward the VEGAS SPACE NEEDLE.

INT. STRATOSPHERE -- TOP FLOOR -- NEXT

The SCREAMING MAYHEM dies down as everyone realizes that Alf is a REAL BOMB connected to his remote control detonator.

ALF
LET US GO OR WE ALL DIE!!

BISHOP
You've got to be kidding me!

SLOW MOTION: The CAMERA slowly approaches Domino as she notices an ETHEREAL GLOW outside the windows of the space needle.

IT IS THE FBI HELICOPTER... SHINING A MASSIVE SPOTLIGHT THROUGH THE WINDOWS.

MAFIA GOONS BEGIN TO FIRE THEIR GUNS.

BISHOP AND BECKETT ARE TORN APART LIKE RAG DOLLS. GOONS FALL BACK AGAINST EXPLODING FURNITURE. PORNO PAPERS EXPLODE LIKE CONFETTI.

ALF GRABS DOMINO AND PULLS HER TOWARD THE ELEVATOR AT THE END OF THE HALLWAY. CHOCO AND ED FOLLOW.

A BULLET STRIKES CHOCO IN THE ARM AS HE RUSHES FOR THE ELEVATOR. HE SPINS, DROPS TO THE FLOOR.

ED, ALREADY WAITING IN THE ELEVATOR AND SCARED SHITLESS, ABANDONS HIS COVER AND PULLS CHOCO INSIDE.

EXT. LAS VEGAS STRIP -- NEXT

THE FBI HELICOPTER SPINS AROUND IN RETREAT FROM THE HOTEL. A GOON FIRES OFF HIS AUTOMATIC WEAPON TOWARD THE CHOPPER.

INT. FBI HELICOPTER -- NEXT

A BULLET HITS THE PILOT IN THE NECK. *BLOOD EXPLODES.*

THE CHOPPER BEGINS TO SPIN OUT OF CONTROL. *Espinoza and Cosgrove scream out.*

ESPINOZA
FUCK!

INT. STRATOSPHERE ELEVATOR -- NEXT

Alf shoves Domino into the elevator with Choco and Ed. Ed clamps down on Choco's bleeding wound.

ED
We're gonna make it. All of us.
That Indian was wrong!

This gets a smile out of Choco.

Alf stands in the HALLWAY with the REMOTE CONTROL DETONATOR in his right hand... nodding his head.

ALF
I MAKE EVERYTHING OKAY!!

AFGHANI STANDOFF - Alf stands in front of the elevator door, TV remote in hand, heavy firepower aimed at him.

THE ELEVATOR DOORS CLOSE.

SMASH CUT TO CLOUDS: The SILVER DOLLAR flips upward once again...

INT. STRATOSPHERE -- TOP FLOOR -- NEXT

Alf rushes toward the elevator with the remote detonator out... catching his arm in between the doors. The doors close on the remote.

ALF REACHES OUT TO STOP THE DOORS FROM CLOSING... LODGING THE REMOTE CONTROL BETWEEN THE METAL DOORS.

A RED LIGHT GOES ON...

EXT. LAS VEGAS STRIP -- NEXT

A HUGE FIREBALL EXPLODES OUT OF THE TOP OF THE STRATOSPHERE.

INT. STRATOSPHERE -- ELEVATOR -- NEXT

THE EXPLOSION ROCKS THE ELEVATOR... SEVERING THE WIRES THAT HOLD THE METAL CAGE IN PLACE. THEY BEGIN TO PLUMMET DOWN THE SHAFT.

SLOW MOTION: DOMINO LOOKS ACROSS THE ELEVATOR AT ED AND CHOCO AS THEIR BODIES BECOME WEIGHTLESS... FLOATING THROUGH THE AIR IN A FREEFALL. THEY LOCK EYES.

CHOCO
(screaming out)
I LOVE YOU, DOMINO.

DOMINO (V.O.)
*I once vowed never to invest too
much emotion into anyone,
anything.*

DOMINO GLANCES DOWN AT HER HAND AND SEES THE SILVER DOLLAR FLOAT UP INTO THE AIR.

DOMINO (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*In our descent into hell
together, I'm glad I made this
one exception.*

THE ROOF OF THE ELEVATOR IS NOW GONE. MICHELANGELO'S HEAVEN GLOWS ABOVE DOMINO... AS HER QUARTER FLOATS UP AND OUT OF THE ELEVATOR INTO THE BLUE SKY ABOVE.

THE ELEVATOR HURTLES DOWN TOWARD THE LOBBY AND HELL BENEATH IT.

FLASH CUT: DOMINO (8) IN THE CATHEDRAL... LOOKING UP.

INT. STRATOSPHERE -- LOBBY -- NEXT

As the ELEVATOR SMASHES DOWN ON IMPACT... the ELEVATOR WALL COLLAPSES into the lobby in a fury of SMOKE.

EXT. LAS VEGAS STRIP -- NEXT

THE FBI HELICOPTER SPINS OUT of CONTROL... CRASHING INTO THE PARKING LOT OF CIRCUS CIRCUS... EXPLODING INTO A BALL OF FIRE.

THE CAMERA FLOATS THROUGH THE CITY NIGHT... CATCHING A TORN PIECE OF PORNOGRAPHY... A WOMAN'S NAKED BODY FLUTTERING AWAY AND INTO THE NIGHT.

FADE TO BLACK:

SILENCE.

ROBOTIC FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)
*Now serving F134. Please report
to window eight.*

The rumble of a HELICOPTER emerges from the darkness.

DOMINO (V.O.)
*When I was a little girl... my
mum took me to Las Vegas. She
told me that it was the most
dangerous place on earth.*

EXT. STRATOSPHERE -- TEETER TOTTER -- [FLASHBACK] NIGHT

YEARS AGO... DOMINO and SOPHIE on the TEETER TOTTER RIDE mounted on top of the stratosphere... hanging above the abyss of desert lights... *screaming with exhilaration.*

EXT. LAS VEGAS STRIP -- DAWN

HELICOPTER SHOT: The CAMERA approaches the mayhem of carnage that was once the Stratosphere. There are AMBULANCES and FIRE TRUCKS everywhere.

DOMINO (V.O.)
*She told me that if you weren't
careful... you could lose
everything you'd ever earned in
life in a split second.*
(beat)
*You have to know when to cash
out.*

INT. VEGAS SECURITY LOCKDOWN -- NIGHT

Domino Harvey sits on the metal table, alive and well, somewhat of a disheveled and bloody appearance.

Taryn puts her hand to her EARPIECE... shaking her head in disgust as security comes in to escort Domino out.

TARYN
(broken... finally)
I suggest you retire... Ms.
Harvey.

Domino turns back to Taryn as she leaves.

DOMINO
Sweet dreams... Ms. Miles.

EXT. SOPHIE THOMAS MANSION -- EARLY MORNING

Domino swims underwater... emerging from the pool. Sophie is there... in her lounge chair. Her little dog asleep next to her.

DOMINO
I love you, mum.

Sophie smiles at her daughter.

DOMINO (CONT'D)
Time to go shopping.

Sophie lowers her sunglasses. Finally... the words she has longed to hear from her daughter's mouth.

DOMINO (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*There are three kinds of people
in the world. The rich...*

EXT. AFGHANISTAN CAMP -- DAY

A group of AFGHANI CHILDREN opens a HUGE FED-EX BOX... filled with CASH. *They scream and yell... pulling out the money.*

DOMINO (V.O.)
The poor...

EXT. UCLA MEDICAL CENTER -- SEVERAL DAYS LATER

Lateesha, Kee Kee, Lashandra, Lashindra, Claremont and Raoul sit in the HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM. Kee Kee paces around nervously.

DOMINO (V.O.)
And everyone in between.

Claremont approaches... putting his hand on her shoulder.

CLAREMONT
(gentle whisper)
We must learn to channel our
horniness into extracurricular
activities such as modern dance,

Taichi, and erotic Chia art.

KEE KEE

What the fuck is erotic Chia art?

He hands her a CHIA-PET carved with GIGANTIC BREASTS.

INT. MRI MACHINE -- NEXT

MEEKA lays on her back as she is slowly pulled back into the TUNNEL of an MRI MACHINE.

DOMINO (V.O.)

*If you're wondering what's true
and what isn't... you can fuck
off... because it's none of your
Goddamn business. I'll never
tell you what it all meant.*

(beat)

*All that matters is that my
mission is complete. I saved
her.*

The FULL BODY X-RAY DEVICE scans over her entire body.

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

*And when she is older... a woman
named Domino will tell her that
there is only one conclusion to
every story.*

(beat)

We all fall down.

The baby smiles helplessly at the CAMERA.

CUT TO BLACK: