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Guns Girls And Gambling

By Michael Winnick

Be right back.
The angels...
...not half so happy in heaven,
went envying her and me.
That was the reason as all men
know in this kingdom by the sea.
That the wind came out of
the cloud by night,
chilling...
and killing...
...my Annabel Lee.
What?
Wrong answer!
The White Man versus the Indians.
That's what we all learned in school.
But that's not entirely
accurate.
It was actually the
White Man versus the Indians...
versus the Indians.
You see, when the Europeans
first came to the New World,
the Indians viewed them
as just another tribe.
One to trade with, fight with,
or ally with
...against other Indians.
But the Europeans brought
with them something
that the Indians had
never seen before...
...and had no defense against.
And I'm not talking about guns and
disease and facial hair...
though that was true, too.
No,
I'm talking about GREED.
And soon, the Indian tribes
were being backstabbed
and treaties were being broken,
and whole peoples were being slaughtered
and moved onto reservations...
...and that was completely barren
and worthless.

And that was supposed to be the
end of the story.
Except for the fact
that the Europeans forgot that
greed is contagious.
And the Indian tribes,
along with Smallpox
and Whooping Cough,
had caught it...
and learned to wield it against
their conquerors.
Wichch is where I come in
Victim number 299 million
458 thousand,
327
There I am now.
Not a bad looking guy.
Ohhh!
Maybe that's not the best
place to start.
There we go. Much better.
So there I was.
At an Indian Gaming Casino.
Just passing through.
I was like an old West gun fighter
coming into town,
looking to right
past wrongs and make a fortune.
Except, of course..
I didn't have a gun or know
the first thing about fighting.
So I played the slots instead...
before realising I needed to
try my luck elsewhere.
Name, address, phone number.
What do you want my social too?
Sign here.
Good luck sir.
There Was
an Elvis impersonation contest...
...usually only a Vegas thing.
So on a whim,
I joined.
Talk like an angel,

but I got wise.
You're the Devil in Disguise.
Oh yes you are
Did okay.
Not enough to win or anything, but
okay enough to grab the attention of
a beautiful lady at the bar.
With your kisses
You cheated and you schemed.
John Smith lied to Chief Powhatan
about why he had come to the
New World in the first place...
that's why Pocahontas had to save him.
Ah ah, she was in love.
She was eleven.
I'm not eleven.
No, your ah...
...you're not.
Mmm.
Buy me another drink?
Mmm!
She seemed really interested in me
and I was pretty sure I knew
where this was going.
Unfortunately...
...life doesn't always
go the way you think it will.
As it turns out,
she was more
interested in what was in my wallet...
It was nice meeting you.
Than what was in my pants
Which is so ironic,
considering I don't keep
my money in my wallet.
Thank you!
So instead of a night of crazy wild sex,
I ended up playing poker
With a bunch of the Elvises
from the contest.
And not that Texas Hold Em bullshit
you see on TV where everyone
now thinks they're an expert.
No no, I'm talking about

good old fashioned
backroom, cigar smokin'
five card draw.
Oh, you're going down this time.
I like to go down.
I bet you do.
But I' m more worried about the Midget.
It's not Midget, asshole.
It's "Little Person".
Oh, that's much better.
Midget is offensive...
but little person is okay?
Who decides these things?
Screw you, bitch.
Are you in or not huh?
Well...
Last week my girlfriend of three years
decided playing doctor with her doctor,
kicked me out of the house and stole my dog.
Oh, that is just rude.
She said, "history would be
written without me. "
What's that mean?
Have no idea, so I just got in my car,
came down here,
got dissed by a girl at the bar, lost at slots,
and had my wallet stolen.
So hell yes boys, I am in.
Read 'em and weep.
Aces and sixes.
Ha! Unlucky in love,
unlucky in cards, bitch.
Three deuces.
Little person, little hand.
Read 'em and weep boys.
Straight to the ten.
Yeah.
I don't think so.
Hail to the Queen! Baby.
Hell, well this is a game of Elvises.
We're going to hail to the King!
First you win the contest,
now you're taking all our money.
You know something we don't?

Yeah. How to pay cards.
I thought was strictly a Vegas thing,
what's the deal here?
Yeah well the Chief,
he has a thing for Mr. Presley.
The Chief? Who is the Chief?
The Chief, head of the tribe,
owner of the casino.
He worships the King almost as much as he does
his ancient Apache Warrior Mask.
This is our hotel!
We're all kings here.
We're VIP's.
Access to everything.
You didn't stand a chance in that contest.
Thanks very much.
So are we gonna play some more cards,
or is Mr. Miyagi still mad?
He might...
...chop, chop our heads. Hoi!
Oh, I get it I get it.
'Cause I'm Asian,
I must be Japanese,
I must do karate.
You know, that's really clever.
You got another one.
Yeah, your driving, it sucks.
You know, even though flying monkeys
scare the hell out of me,
I don't give you a hard time
about the Wizard of Oz, do I?
Woo.
And if Whitey the Clan Member here
wants to bomb abortion clinics,
I don't try to stop him.
I mean, getting molested by a priest
can really screw a kid up.
Oh, what about you?
If I bend over, are you gonna fantasize
about my ass?
You going to "Queer Eye"
my apartment?
I wouldn't have a problem if you did
'cause that's the kinda guy I am.

What are you looking at?
What are you some kind of
generic European hybrid?
Look man my ah...
My wallet and ID got stolen.
That's my story.
And now we took your money.
That's just terrible.
I now had no girl
No ID and no money.
But overall,
The Elvises seemed to be a pretty
good bunch of guys.
But, of course, looks can be
deceiving.
Ah, crap.
Guys! Guys! Take it easy!
Come on guys!
I know I do a really bad Elvis but
this is a little extreme huh?
And here we are again.
Well, no use stalling anymore.
Hey wait! Wait I though...
Native Americans are supposed
to be peace-loving, philosophy spouting,
protectors of nature?
That's a blatant stereotype.
The Apaches...
...are the most fearsome
warriors...
...the world has ever seen.
Wait! Ash! Wait!
Where's the mask?
What mask?
The ancient Apache Warrior Mask that you stole.
I didn't steal anything.
Who is he?
He doesn't have any ID on him.
My ID was stolen last night.
My wallet...
my ID everything.
You should really do something
about the security in this place.
You got these two...Alright! Alright!

Smith. John Smith.
Don't hit me again!
John Smith.
Well Mr. Smith,
an Elvis impersonator just stole the
Chief's sacred warrior mask.
You guys saw my performance
I'm the worst Elvis impersonator
that ever lived.
Where would I be hiding it?
In my pants?
The White Man has stolen this mask before.
And the Tribe...
...has suffered many hardships because of it.
It took almost a century to recover it.
Before it was learned that the
white man had once again
broken his word and
invaded sacred ground.
But this time
...the Chief and his men
were victorious.
And only then...
...did glory and prosperity return
to our people.
That's a really great story and ahh...
...I know how it feels to
lose something valuable.
I sympathize there,
I give you guys all my support
in the world in finding it now
if you just uncuff me
and get me out of here
you can go look for it!
One million dollars.
That's the price.
I want that mask back here...
...by tomorrow night.
Words going to get out.
Call the Indian.
Who's the Indian?
You hear that?
Agh
Your friends are in for it now.

Looks like we're hunting Elvises.
It seem as though the contest winner...
...wrote down his
address on his entry form.
Who would be that stupid?
Name, address, phone number.
Sign here.
All right, I'll stop talking.
What about him?
Well, he's an Elvis impersonator.
There's only one way to be safe.
Kill him.
Hey!
And besides.
Native Americans can do without
another John Smith.
Come on, no! No! No!
Take it easy!
Guys! Guys! Come on!
Really, you don't have to do this!
I'm nothing, I'm nobody!
Ask my exgirlfriend.
That's why we can do this.
You think the Rancher is responsible?
He's always responsible.
Who's the Rancher?
The guy that hired you to steal the mask.
Hey, nobody hired me remember?
The guy who hired the guy...
who stole the mask.
In the past when the Government
wanted to screw the Tribe.
It was always over money!
And almost always
that money went into the Ranchers pocket.
And he hates Native Americans.
But you guys are so friendly!
Oh oh, God!
Hey, hey look I could scream.
What's college boy going to do?
Crush beer cans on our heads?
Which one's yours?
Agh...
Duh...

That one.
That piece of crap?
Buy American. Come on,
you guys are Native American,
I thought you'd be proud.
What are you doing?
I'm copying down this Elvis
address just in case.
Oh come on, you think the guy
who stole the mask put his
real address down on an entry form?
Get in!
Where?
The tunk!
You're in tune...
...with K.Z.R.E...
where we play you
the best of yesterday...
...and today.
I awoke not knowing where I was
Which is probably
a good thing.
Yeah!
Agh!
Come on!
Okay!
Oh Shit!
Oh...What?!
Jesus!
Well looks like Elvis gets to live another day.
You really think the guy who
stole the mask wrote his...
...real address down
on an entry form.
Let's hope.
Your attention please.
This is an announcement
for Train 735...
...to San Antonio,
Baton Rouge and Tacoma
This train has been delayed for
approximately one hour.
Please remain in the station.
for further notices.

All passengers will board...
Once upon a midnight dreary...
while I pondered weak and weary.
There came a tapping,
gently rapping on my chamber door.
Little lady...
you better get the hell outta here...
before I pull out the big gun on you.
Baby, your gun doesn't work on me.
Now, where...
...is the mask?
I don't have it.
Wrong answer!
Hmm.
He is telling the truth.
Oh well.
All right Elvis.
Let's see if this is where you really live.
I'm ready for you.
Hello?
Oh.
You really did put your address
down on the entry form.
You certainly Won't be winning
any thieving contests.
None of you will be.
If I were an ancient Apache Warrior mask,
where would I be hiding?
I know...
...the couch!
Uh!
Hello ?
Is anybody home ?
Who are you?
I'm the girl next door.
Of course you are.
Can I come in?
No. No. Go away.
That's not very neighbourly of you.
That's because I'm not your neighbour.
You know, I've never been in here before.
Oh, neat lamp.
Ha.
Come on, cute girl comes

in here and wants to make
small talk with you and you tell her to leave?
What are you gay or something?
No, I'm not gay.
It's okay if you are.
It's cool.
I'm old enough to be your fath...
...your really cool uncle.
No, you're right.
You could be my father.
Could have been an accident, you know.
Unplanned, high school, maybe after prom.
What?
What are you even doing here anyway?
Oh, sugar.
I need a cup.
Do you have any?
Seriously?
No... it's not the 50's.
Hell, maybe you are too old for me.
See you around Uncle.
Hey if you need anything, I'm right next door.
Give me the mask.
I don't have it!
Give me the mask...
...or I kill your
next door neighbour.
She's not my neighbour, I don't even live here.
Agh!!
That hurt!
Ugh!
So that's how it feels.
Nice punch.
Nice bite.
I'm only going to ask you once.
Where is the mask?
Who are you?
I'm the Cowboy.
That was obvious.
And I can shoot the whiskers
off your chin from 50 yards.
That'd be pretty weird.
Well don't you think the cop behind you
might have something to say about that?

Look behind you?
I can't believe he actually fell for it!
Which one is your car?
I don't have a car!
What do you mean you don't have a car?
I don't know.
How do you get around?
Thankfully I have a cool Uncle.
How did you get here?
I walked!
You walked?
Yeah.
From where?
Somewhere between here...
What?
...and the Indian Reservation.
Even the settlers used horses!
Trust me, if I had a horse,
I would have used it.
Hey, I've seen that guy before.
Outside the casino.
Agh!
Wait!
What the hell's going on?
We're running for our lives.
Is there any particular reason
why Cowboys are trying to kill you?
And Indians!
Cowboys and Indians are trying to kill you?
What's the deal with this mask?
It's an ancient Apache warrior mask.
A what?
It's a long story.
Well, give me the abridged version.
Ulucky in love...
Unlucky in cards, bitch.
Straight to the 10!
Hail to the Queen!
We're going to hail to the King.
Where's the mask?
Uh!
It's a long story.
Well give me the abridged version.
And here we are!

Wow!

You know you should probably call the Sheriff,
tell him what the hell is going on.

Sheriffs.

Sheriff's as in plural.

Yup, and they're both corrupt.

The Chief owns one.

And the Rancher owns the other one.

Lovely.

So it looks like I'm stuck with you
until I find this mask

I am the Girl Next Door.

My name is Cindy, by the way.

I don't live...

...never mind, I'm John.

Cool!

I always wanted an Uncle John.

You have the right to remain silent.

Two perfect kill shots through the windshield.

Theories?

Don't know.

These Indians are a little
far from the reservation.

Native Americans.

What?

They like to be called, Native Americans now.

Whatever.

So what are two...

...Native Americans...

...doing away from the
casino?

In such a crappy car?

Besides getting killed?

Car's got out-of-state
plates, too.

Hmm.

What you got?

The car...

Belongs to a John Smith.

Two Native Americans stole the car...

...of a guy named

John Smith?

Well, that's some irony for you.

I already told you...

...we can't call the Sheriffs.
I'm not calling the Sheriff.
Sheriff's!
Who you calling then?
Nobody.
Oh I get it...
...you're going to be like my
crazy Uncle.
You'll be Crazy Uncle John.
When I was in the apartment next to yours...
See, I told you we were neighbours.
We're not...Never mind.
When I was in that apartment, I noticed
there were some headshots on
the Wall of the other Elvises.
Now I'm willing to gamble
that in this small town,
that there's not too many
Takashi Toshiros.
I thought you said you were a terrible gambler.
Nope, I've only lost in slots, poker...
...and love.
You'd think in a day and age of cell phones...
...the payphone would've died
a horrible death and yet...
...some remain,
fighting destiny...
...marking a...
simpler time.
That's beautiful.
Now give me the mask!
Midget Elvis!
Little person, bitch!
Oh you said he was a little touchy about that.
Very touchy.
Now give me the mask
or I'll blow your balls off!
She doesn't have balls... you don't have
balls... she doesn't have balls.
I'm not screwing around!
Look man, I don't have it!
He doesn't! I would
know, he's my neighbour.
I'm not...

Why does everybody think I have it?
Because you stole it.
I didn't!
Last chance.
Well what do you think the cop behind you
is going to say about it?
Do you think I'm stupid?
I'm not falling for that!
Everything all right?
Yes, everything's fine.
Because I just hate it...
...when people make fun of a little person.
No, listen officer we weren't
making fun of a little person
we're just asking for some
directions. Really.
Right? Yup
Yeah. Have a nice day.
Right.
Thank you Deputy.
Looks like Elvis died on the toilet.
Yep.
Again.
I don't think he's dead.
Which one?
Which one what?
Which Elvis do you think is still alive?
The real one, or that guy?
Both.
Both'?
Really?
Everybody knows that the King
faked his death to get away from the Colonel...
...lead a normal life,
live happily ever after.
That guy however,
is an impersonator.
No shit.
No actually I'm afraid there is.
H g
Don't start with the
toilet humor. All right.
Too late.
So Sheriff...

...you've determined in
your expertise...

...that the dead guy here
is not the real Elvis...

...but rather an
Elvis impersonator.

No, Sheriff,

I've determined in my expertise
that the dead guy is not a
real Elvis impersonator,
you can tell by the boots.

Any true Elvis lover would know that the King
would never be caught dead in those.

No pun intended.

Hmm. Elvis impersonator...
impersonator.

John Smith.

The owner of the car with the dead Indians.
Native Americans.

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

John Smith.

John Smith.

So this is luxurious estate of Asian Elvis, huh?

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

So what's your plan?

My Plan?

I was going to go in there and demand
that he give me the mask.

That's a popular plan these days.

Simple and sweet.

I like it.

Very popular plan.

Maybe its the maid's day off?

Sure hate to be the owner of this place.

That's why I rent!

Hey!

And here I thought I'd have to come after you.

We ahh, we didn't see you there.

Because Asians are sneaky, right'?

Starting right off with the stereotypes.

What?

Give me the mask!
Hey that was your line.
Look, like I'm telling everybody else,
I don't have it!
First you steal the mask,
then you kill Alan.
Alan?
Gay Elvis.
Gay Elvis?
Murdered in a train station bathroom.
They're hunting down all the Elvis'
trying to find the mask.
Heard on my Police scanner that
he was shot on the toilet multiple times.
You have a police scanner?
Of course I do.
Because I'm Asian, I must be
good with technology, right?
What?
Let me guess, you think every Asian knows karate
I bet computers too.
And I suppose I must've
gotten really good grades in school,
studied every night,
all while working at my
parents dry cleaners store
on the weekend.
Well in my case, that's just not true.
Except for the Karate part.
Hey ah!
No one's hunting this Elvis down
you generic European hybrid.
And who are you supposed to be?
The Girl Next Door?
Exactly.
Well little girl.
Tell me where the mask is
or I'm going to open up a can of
whoop-ass on you too.
I don't know where the mask is,
I've never even seen the mask.
I suppose you think I wouldn't hit a girl.
Hey ah!
Wrong again!

Ah, Oh.
I can't believe you just did that.
I know...
I'm just breaking every stereotype today!
Your little White Man's brain
must be ready to explode.
You really are an asshole, aren't you!
Takes one to know one.
Did you really just say that?
Yes I did.
Now give
me
the
mask!
Agh!
Yes!
Look behind you.
Look behind me?
Remember the stereotype little girl,
Asian's are smart.
Not dumb!
I'm here for the mask.
Shocker.
You better pray you're not Elvis.
No no, I'm a Smith.
John Smith?
Yeah!
Aren't you dead?
I don't think so.
Wait, wait. You're a...
you're the Indian.
Do I look like I'm from India?
I meant uhh... Native
American.
Do I look like I work...
...at Seven Eleven?
Wait, wait! That's a little
racist too, isn't it!
Suppose you think...
this a tomahawk?
I was going to say hatchet,
but now that you mention it.
And what? I'm going to
scalp you, is that it?

No, that would be racially
insensitive of me to think that!
That's good.
You're not stupid as you look.
Thank you.
But unfortunately for you...
...it is a tomahawk.
And this Indian...
Help!
...is going to scalp you!
Should have looked behind you.
Come on, let's go.
Never argue with a woman.
Look behind you! What are you
three for three with that?
Four for four.
But to be fair, three of the four times,
there was actually someone behind them.
Okay, come on, come on.
That was my first tomahawking
what about you?
I changed my mind.
I think we need to call the Sheriff's.
The mask is worth one million dollars.
Maybe the sheriff's can
wait a little bit longer.
Not even the girl next door
is immune to greed.
Well, I caught it from my Uncle.
Hey...
...there's that guy again.
What guy?
That guy from the casino!
Hey you!
John, wait!
I want to talk to you for a minute.
What?
Who are you?
Dude what happened to your face?
I just got beat up by an Asian Elvis,
but that is not important right now.
Really I saw you outside the casino
what's your deal?
Dude, unless you want to also

get beat up by a college kid,
I'd walk away right now.
No, I'm not going anywhere man,
until you tell me why you are following us.
Okay.
Agh!
Agh!! Uh!
Stick to fighting Elvises, moron.
Huh!
Stop it! Get away from him!
What! He was
asking for it!
I can't believe it!
The Chief's men were right!
He actually just crushed a beer can on my head.
Just get out of here!
I'd listen to the lady if I was you, boy.
Yes sir!
You look good.
Thanks.
You broke my nose, asshole.
I know how you feel.
Are there any Hispanics in this town
'cause right now that's the only ethnicity that
hasn't kicked my ass yet.
Somebody wants to talk to you.
Ah!
I can't imagine what that's about.
I already killed me two Injun's today.
Don't make me kill you too.
I want the mask.
Well that's refreshing, usually people say
"give me the mask", you went with
"I want" the mask.
Do you know who I am?
You're the Rancher.
Yeah I was ah, going to guess the Rancher too.
I own this town.
Several others just like it,
most of the land in-between.
Goverment says I can't own
the Indian Reservation,
but that doesn't matter, that's
worthless anyway until the...

...Chief's built his Casino.
See that, whether you're rich or poor
we all have problems.
It's been very nice meeting you.
Very enlightening.
Uncle John, I think it's time to shut up now.
That's a smart girl.
I'd listen to her If I was you.
Continue.
This...
Warrior Mask is where the Apache
gain all their power.
When it was lost in...
battle with U.S. Cavalry
they were defeated
and forced to live as drunks in the reservation.
When it was found...
they became powerful again
and built their casino.
Interestingly, I've heard this story before.
From the Indians...
Not with your colorful descriptions added.
But I bet you don't know the best part.
The Apache don't make warrior masks.
Hopi do.
Hopi?
Hopi. It's another tribe.
There's not many of them left.
Wich means
that Chief's tribe originally stole the mask
from some other tribe.
And now, like all good European white man,
we're gonna take it from them.
Greed.
What?
Nothing.
Now don't feel too bad for the savages.
They'll kill to get that mask.
When they lost it the first time
they killed whole family just to get it back.
Careful, it's very old.
Just like that.
How did you find it'?'
His new boss sent him out there

looking for old war artifacts and
he finds this.
All right. Let's wrap it up.
That family worked for me.
Mother, Father, Little boy, all killed.
Except for some old Indian woman,
some sort of...
code of the savages.
: She lives.
: Only the white man
dies today.
That's horrible.
Um, so where again did you
say the Father found the mask?
What's it matter?
He found it, they killed him, the Chief got it!
Without that mask the whole tribe
would still be forced to sork
for me If they weren't too drunk.
to get off that casspool of a reservation..
But Instead...
they built a casino
now make even more money than I do.
So you hired the Elvises
to steal the mask for yourself.
You exploit whatever weaknesses our enemy has..
That casino is a fortress.
Only Apache warriors and Elvis impersonators
are allowed into the Chief's Inner sanctum.
So what happened?
I don't know.
But that's why I have your Uncle John here.
So, Captain Smith, you and...
Pocahontas have 'till tomorrow
to brig me the mask.
or I'm going to cut off your head and hang it.
next to all the other animals on my wall.
Do we understand each other?
Yes sir.
Agh!
We're right back Where we started.
He just threatened to cut off our heads
Well technically he only threatened
to cut off my head.

Well greet, / feel so
much better.

I won't get killed because of a technicality.

Well if it makes you feel any better
there's plenty of other people out there
who are willing to kill you today.

So how are we going to find this mask?

All we know is that an Elvis has it.

That's all we need to know.

There were five Elvises.

One of them stole the meek
and betrayed the others-

If you take me outta the equation,
that leaves only four.

Midget Elvis...

I mean little person Elvis...

...came ater me

looking for the mask.

So we know it wasn't him.

Takashi aka Asian Elvis,

also demanded the mask

the moment he saw us.

So it couldn't have been him either

And before he got a tomahawk in the back

Takashi told us that Alan...

aka, Gay Elvis...

had been killed

at the train station.

Which leaves only the

contest winner himself

Elvis... Elvis.

Your neighbour.

But I thought you were my neighbour.

I'm your uncle.

I'm talking about your real next door neighbour.

So where is this

Elvis-Elvis?

So, if I where an Elvis

impersonator...

contest winner who just stole an

ancient Apache warrior mask

Worth one million dollars, where would I be?

Hopi.

What?

Ancient Hopi warrior mask.

Right.

I do have an idea.

You still think we shouldn't
call the sheriff's'?

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

Hmm.

I couldn't agree more.

Midget Elvis!

Little person, asshole!

Sorry.

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

Which crime is he talking about?

I don't know. There's been
so many, I've lost track.

It's just a figure of speech, dickwad!

I meant you finally came back home.

I don't live here.

She lives next door.

Thanks.

You're a sick twisted bastard, you know that.

Having all our pictures taped to your wall...

...jerking off to them at night!

What?

That is pretty sick.

It wasn't good enough for you
just to steal the mask.

No you had to live out your perverted
fantasies and kill all of us.

You get off on that, don't you?

What the hell are you talking about?

First you kill Gay Elvis...

in a bathroom stall no less!

Then you kill Asina Elvis...

by thrusting a hatchet into his back!

Hey wait. It wasn't a hatchet,
it was a tomahawk.

Apparently there is a difference.

And now you want to try and kill me.

Well ass wipe...

it's not going to happen!

Excuse me, in Uncle John's defense

he didn't kill any of those people.
The Indian did...I think.
Uncle John?
So now you're screwing your niece?
Damn! You are one
perverted bastard!
No, no. It's not like that.
She's my neighbour.
Not actually my neighbour...
Now tell me where the mask is
before I cut you both down to my size!
Yes, tell us where the mask is.
Nice outfit.
Thank you.
Who the hell are you?
It's some visitor, I murdered,
tapping at my chamber door.
This it is, and nothing more.
Edgar Allen Poe?
An educated man.
Then you're smart enough to know
who will be walking out of here
with that duffle bag.
Did you jurt threaten me?
Because bitch, this midget will fuck you up!
Ahh, little person.
Whatever!
Oh I've had about enough of this.
Aghh!
Uh!
Hmm.
How many assassins do they have in this town!
Oh!
Ouch!
That looks like it hurt.
John Smith, I presume.
Yeah.
Well we just heard gunshots.
We going to find another...
dead body up there?
Probably.
Imagine that.
We follow the address written
on the hand of a dead Indian...

Native American.
Native American, lying in a pool
of blood next to another dead...
Native American in a car...
registered to you.
And we find your credit card lying on the body
of a dead Elvis
impersonator-impersonator
in the bathroom of a train station.
And now here you are.
I haven't killed anybody.
Who said you did?
So, ahh, upstairs...
are we going to find a dead Elvis...
or dead Indian.
Native American.
Whatever.
Probably an Elvis.
Agh! I'm tellin' ya,
you got the wrong guy.
Somebody else.
I like that, somebody else.
What about the girl you were with?
No, you don't want her either,
she doesn't know anything,
she's just the girl next door.
Next door to the apartment
that you say you don't live in.
Right.
Okay Mr. Smith we're going to
hold you in this car for 12...
Make it 24.
We'll see if anymore dead people show up.
That's not going to
work for me. Okay!
A lot of stuff is going to happen
in the next 12 to 24 hours.
Sorry jail's cutting into your busy schedule.
You could always tell us what's really going on
and speed up the process.
Native Americans, Cowboys,
Elvis Impersonators, and Blonde Women
they are all trying to kill me.
Any particular reason?

They don't like me?
We're going to let you in on
a little secret here, John.
We don't like you either.
See you in the morning.
None of the settlerd liked
the real John Smith either.
Neither did the Indians.
But they all needed him to survive.
They tried to kill him too.
You stole my wallet.
Yeah. But it had no money in it.
What are you doing in here anyway?
Solicitation.
You're a prostitute?
Yes, John. I'm a prostitute.
So what's the deal with the mask?
You know where it is?
You too? How do you
know about it?
John like to talk during sex.
We didn't have sex.
Not you...
Heeyah, heeyah!
I was doing this guy named the Cowboy.
Giddyup, giddyup!
The Elvises stole the Chief's mask.
Gaw dang it Mo, I'm a little busy,
can't you see!
They haven't reported in.
The Rancher is asking for ya'.
Oh hell, why didn't you say so.
Uh.
That's it?
I got to go find me some Elvises.
Pay the gal.
Few minutes later the Sheriff's
came and arrested me.
At least somebody came.
You would have had a better time with me.
I like girls, John.
So what happened to your face?
You weren't this ugly the last time I saw you.
There's a lot of bad people out there.

There's some in here too.
Aren't you a murderer?
That's funny.
You know they found my credit card
that you stole at one of the crime scenes.
I'll make you a deal.
I'll talk to the Sheriff's and get you off...
no pun intended...
If you tell me where the mask is.
Looks like you and I will be spending
the night together after all
because right now I have
no idea where that mask is.
You where in that Elvis contest.
You played poker with those guys,
I know you know something.
Goodnight my sweet love.
Men!
I woke feeling not too bad.
True, I was in jail.
A whole bunch of people
were trying to kill me.
But somehow I felt today was
going to be better than yesterday.
Rise and shine, Mr. Smith!
Or maybe not.
The girl next door, posted your bail.
Don't I need to be charged with something first?
I'd stop talking if I were you,
we're letting you out.
It's called a bribe.
Anything new you want to
tell us this morning, John'?
I couldn't get laid by a prostitute,
you know what that does to a man's ego?
I can tell you something new this
morning, Sheriff's.
I'm listening.
Will it get me out of here?
Depends on what you tell us, sugar.
The Chief's ancient Apache warrior mask
was stolen by bunch of Elvis impersonators.
And he knows where it is.
I do not!

Really?
Sheriff's come in.
Sheriff Hutchins. What
is it Deputy.
There is broken down car off Highway 18.
Uregistered.
No sign of the driver.
There's a cut water hose and a
bone dry radiator.
Who goes out into the desert without
checking their water level?
Anything inside the vehicle honey.
The only thing is a Elvis trophy.
Say again.
A first place Elvis Impersonation
contest trophy.
Pretty cool.
Keep me posted.
Hutchin's out.
Told you.
Let's go Mr. Smith.
Hey, what about me?
When I get back I'll let you blow me,
then we'll talk about it.
Wow...
you sure know how to make a
girl feel all warm and fuzzy inside.
Bye bye my love.
Thank you for getting me the hell out of there.
Wasn't cheap.
But I didn't want to have a
jailbird for an uncle.
What would the other kids say.
Mmm, thank you,
I owe you.
So what's the plan?
There's a plan?
I hope so.
I mean the Rancher hired the
Elvises to steal the mask.
And the head Elvis screwed
over the other Elvises.
Framed you and then took the mask for himself.
He's probably going to try and

sell it to the highest bidder.
So where do you think he is?
That is the million dollar question isn't it?
Literally.
You said you had an idea, though.
I do have an idea.
Did I?
Yeah, that was the last thing you said to me
before blonde assassins
started killing midget Elvises.
Little person Elvises.
Whatever.
Him again.
Stop. Remember what
happened last time.
I'll take care of it.
Women.
Wise men say...
only fools fall in love.
It's not fools fall in love, it's fools rush in.
Oh you're going to correct me
on my Elvis lyrics now.
Yep Didn't she just pay you guys off?
Ow Hey!
Bribery is against the
law, Mr. Smith.
We call it consulting fees.
You know that's her boyfriend, don't you'?
That's her boyfriend?
Ex-boyfriend, thank you
very much.
Are we ready?
Where we going?
You're going to help us find that mask...
...cause I hear it's worth
a lot of money.
That wasn't part of the deal.
We're changing the deal.
I'm assuming you don't mind sitting in the back.
Do I have a choice?
I could get you two in a lot of trouble.
Ooh... Tell it to the
Sheriffs.
You coming?

Sorry Oh don't worry about it.
Why's your ex-boyfriend
following me?
He's not following you.
He's following me.
But the Sheriffs won't do anything about it!
What was he doing at the casino?
That was before I even met you.
He's got a gambling problem.
That's why we broke up.
She said she was high-classed
but that was just a lie.
See, I got that lyric correct.
You're a genius.
Where we headin' Mr. Smith.
We're looking for the driver of the car
that your Deputy found on Highway 18.
If he didn't die of heat stroke,
there's only one place he could be.
Be right back.
I think you guys better get here pretty fast.
There's a new player in town.
The angels...
...not half so happy in heaven,
went envying her and me.
That was the reason as all men know...
...in this kingdom by
the sea...
...that the wind came out
of the cloud by night.
Chilling... .
And killing...
...my Annabel Lee.
What?
Wrong answer.
Agh!
What's so funny?
Elvis has left the building.
For the moon never beams
without bringing me dreams
of the beautiful Annabel Lee.
What?
Nice satellite phone.
Cells don't work out here.

Interesting.
Did you just call the Rancher...
...or the Chief?
Both.
Really?
I work for the Rancher,
but I owe money to the Chief.
Playing both sides.
I like that.
Well, give them a message for me.
See we made it.
After how many hours of wrong turns'?
Next time I'm driving.
Like you could find a bus stop
in the middle of the desert any faster.
Don't I take you to all the best places?
Whatever happened to dinner and a movie?
Shut up.
Looks like the cowboy is already here.
Cowboy, he's the one that took a shot at us.
Did he hit you'?'
No.
Too bad.
It's the Sheriffs!
Come on outta there boys.
Sheriffs.
What can we do for you?
We're here for the
mask. Mo...
Well ain't we all.
Elvis in there?
Elvis is dead.
Put down your guns and step away from the bus!
I told you we didn't kill the Elvises.
Shut up!
Sheriff Covley, I understand the
Rancher pays you real good.
So I'm going to give you a little advice.
You take that other sheriff there,
and you get in your vehicle
and you ride on outta here.
'Till I tell you It's okay to come back.
Yeah, about that.
See ahh...

...this mask seems to be...
...pretty valuable.
We're going to be renegotiating my contract.
He works for the Chief.
We work for whoever is willing to pay us
the most for that mask.
Think of it like there's
two new Sheriffs in town.
And they're even greedier than the last ones.
So ah...
...like that other Sheriff said...
...drop your guns...
...and step away from
the bus!
Careful Sheriff.
I hear he's a pretty good shot.
I'm also a quick draw.
This town wasn't big enough
for the both of them.
Either of them.
Hell any of them.
John Smith!
The Rancher gave you 24 houred to get us the
Cowboys and Indians, just like the old days.
We both know how that turned out.
We need to see who's in that bus.
Situation's a little volatile
right now don't you think?
Exactly.
Agh!
Talk is cheap white man.
Just like the old days.
Agh!
Agh! Agh!
You seem to be difficult to kill
as your namesake.
John Smith was sentenced to death three times,
twice by his own people!
He was spared each time!
You think you ought to be spared?
Kill 'em.
Let's get the mask.
Wait! Wait!
No! No! Wait!

You can't kill him!
Why not?
Just like Pocahontas, you're
not eleven, are you?
Because if you want your mask,
you have to bring him...
...and the money.
Slight twist on Pocahontas.
She's right.
That's what it says on the bus.
You're making the right choice, Chief.
Thank you.
Where do we go then?
Station 12.
Station 72 was an old west outpost...
on the border of the Chief's
reservation.
It was once Native American land,
the site of a long
forgotten skirmish...
...between the tribe
and the U. S. Cavalry.
To keep the peace...
no-one was supposed
to go the-re.
Thanks for not killing me earlier, by the way.
You can thank your girl next door for that.
Thanks for that.
The Rancher also wants him dead.
Maybe the Rancher isn't so bad after all.
Being Native American,
doesn't it tug at your soul,
knowing everyone wants me dead?
Indian.
Excuse me?
I'm Indian.
I thought all you guys wanted
to be called Native American.
No, no moron.
I'm from India.
The Chief and his casino
are equal opportunity employers.
Not everyone is a racist white man like you.
I did not see that one coming.

Well, we're here.
Glad you boys could all make it.
Bet you never thought you'd be back here, Chief.
I could kill him right now.
And end this war once and for all.
I wouldn't advise that If I were you.
I'm a pretty good shot.
So was the Cowboy.
You're outnumbered Rancher.
Not exactly.
Where'd that come from?
Took it from the Sheriff.
Just like the Indian did.
Which Indian?
The one from India.
You don't have to do this.
Everything's going to be fine.
I know it is.
You just need to choose which
side you're on, Uncle.
Pocahontas would never shoot
her father, Chief Powhatan.
The Chief isn't my father.
The Rancher is.
That's my girl.
No, no, no.
You're just the girl next door.
You don't even live there.
I don't live there either.
So your ex-boyfriend was
really following me around hey?
Of course he was.
How do you think I knew
you were in that apartment?
And neither the angels in heaven above...
...nor the demons
down under the sea...
...can ever dissever my
soul from the soul...
...of the beautiful
Annabel Lee.
Now everyone drop the guns.
Or no one gets anything.
You can all kill each other later.

Good. Now I assume you
both brought the money.
One million dollars.
One million dollars.
How do we know you have what you say you have?
I have it.
So who are you going to sell it to?
Send John Smith in here with all the money...
...and then we'll see what
side wants it the most.
I got a better idea.
As I was saying...
Give John Smith the money...
...and I will give him the mask.
The rest of you...
...don't bother getting up.
Head on my wall.
I'm sorry, John.
Me too.
Why him?
Captain John Smith was friend
and foe of Native Americans
and White Men alike.
Sentenced to death by both.
Killed by neither.
I thought would be poetic.
Are you serious?
No.
You never dressed like
this when we were together.
You never turned me on enough.
Ouch.
Hello, Annabel.
Hello, Lee.
I thought you weren't
interested in any of this stuff.
Especially being in love with
your doctor and all.
Well this is a lot of money.
And she isn't a doctor.
She?
Everything that Elvis has is in that bag.
You once said that ah...
...history would be written

without me in it.
And I was right.
Still, you could have told me you were coming.
But what fun would that have been'?
You know how I feel about guns.
Suit yourself.
What are you going to tell them?
Nevermore...
What are you waiting for?
Nothing...
...just enjoying seeing all
you guys down in the dirt.
I am going to kill you.
Not If I kill him first.
I've been dead before.
30 years ago, Chief
Your men killed my entire family, right here.
The Rancher had sent them
to a place no one
was supposed to go.
The burial ground of a battle your
tribe had with the U. S. Cavalry.
Just like the Rancher guessed ..
...my family found the warrior mask.
And also just like the
rancher guessed.
The Chief ordered them killed
for breaking the peace
and desecrating the ground.
My family had no idea where they'd been sent.
Or that they were pawns
in a centuries old fight.
You couldn't have been part of that family.
The Indians killed all of them.
The Native Americans killed them all.
Except for a little boy.
Boy who had been saved
by another Native American.
My Farher's Hopi guide.
Go to the highway wait for me there.
They were just student archaeologists...
...they had no idea they were
doing your dirty work for you.
That's my ride.

I gotta go.
Who is that?
Her!
We'll leave you a present at the car.
Nice.
Where's my mask?
Your mask, Chief?
Elvis destroyed it.
What?
The mask is gone.
I threw it off a cliff.
I guess he thought that if he
wasn't going to
get paid for it.
No one should.
But don't feel too bad Chief.
Then Rancher's covering this one.
The greedy white man screwed over...
...your Tribe for a
long time Chief.
For the last 30 years
you've been able to do a little screwing back.
You're just going to have to do it now...
...without an ancient
Apache Warrior mask.
And I'm taking the other briefcase,
...for what happened to
my family.
This ain't over.
Be nice.
I'd hate to have to come back here.
What's so funny, Chief?
Greed.
What about the money?
And John Smith, Chief?
There's still a million dollars in that house.
So really, it was the white man
versus the white men
versus the Indians.
versus the Indians.
The Elvises were there at
the casino to steal the mask.
Given the Chief's love
for the King...

...they had even been
given a private room...
...right down the hall
from the Chief's office.
That casino is a fortress.
Only Apache warriors
and Elvis impersonators are allowed
in the Chief's Inner sanctum.
I got to use the little boy's room.
So after doing some hard core losing.
I excused myself.
And took care of
business.
Where the hell is it?
Looks like we've been set up boys.
Every man for himself.
But only an Elvis
contest winner...
could walk out of that casino unscathed
Hi.
Sorry son.
There can only be one king.
And that King...
put me in my place
Crap.
Now if you're going to call in all bet.
You better make sure you 're
holding all the cards-
And of course, Elvis-Elvis
didn't destroy the mask.
I can't believe they
fell for that.
Well, actually I can.
My ex, Annabel...
can be a pretty good liar.
Elvis has left the building.
She left me for a doctor?
Yeah, by doctor you
mean lesbian prostitute.
And they both always
had my best interests in mind.
: John Smith.
But luckily I made sure
and stacked the deck...

...in my favor, before I ever
walked into that casino.
But Annabel did leave
me a present.
The Rancher was right
about one thing.
It wasn't an ancient Apache
warrior mask that was stolen...
...It was an ancient Hopi
warrior mask.
And it was the Hopi that should
get it back.
But being a greedy
White man...
...I did take the
Chief's treasure...
and his money.
Just like the real John Smith.
Of course, I wasn't
John Smith at all.
That random guy was.
Huh. John Smith.
Well that's a good name for
an Indian Reservation.
Yup. I was just an impersonator.
A really good one.
Not a bad Elvis either.