

GET OUT OF DODGE

FADE IN:

INT. HOTEL SUITE - LATE NIGHT

Young amateur card-trick and sleight-of-hand magician Ryder Foye sits before the vanity mirror applying one of the many disguises he's used in the past several days to foil the high-tech surveillance cameras and security operatives always hunting for cheating "Card Mechanics". Money from the weekend haul fills his briefcase. He's about ready to go-down to the High Stakes Poker Room disguised as aging delegate to the AARP convention in town.

INT. HALLWAY - OUTSIDE SUITE DOOR

Woman feverishly knocking on door with cigarette lighter. Spinning around and tapping her toe. Distressed.

JANIS

Rye. Open the door, honey. Rye.
Let me in. Quick. I have something
you gotta to know before you go
downstairs. Rye. Hurry-up, honey.
Let me in.

Ryder opens the door. Janis bursts in, heads directly to the bar. Carefully fills herself a shot glass to the line with Scotch, then takes a long pull right straight from the bottle. Shakes and shivers. Coughs.

JANIS (CONT'D)

They made you. You ... are ...
burned! I seen one of our old marks
take a picture of you with his cell
phone. Then, he shows the picture
to a pit boss for Christ sakes.
Says a few words and they both go
out-back. A few minutes later,
they're back on-the-floor with the
house-man handing-out eight-by-ten's
of a handsome cowboy we know.

RYDER

Marvelous. We got to get out of here
soon. Gimme that bottle. I need
you sharp as a tack to get us out of
here. Janis baby, you got to go do
some shopping. Lets start making a
list of what we're going to need.
Write this down. We're going to
need, ...

Ryder hands Janis a sheet of hotel stationery and begins pacing back and forth, thinking out loud. Janis looks puzzled at some of what Rye tells her to get. The list grows.

INT. CASINO MAIN FLOOR - LATE NIGHT

Casino Security are bustling about, obviously looking for Ryder who was disguised as a cowboy in the photo they are showing-around to patrons and the staff.

BOSS HANDS BLACKJACK DEALER PHOTO

CUT TO:

FULL SHOT SECURITY MAN WITH 2-WAY

EXT. FRONT DOOR AREA - LATE NIGHT

Several "Hard Guys" arrive via limo and get greeted by the old mark Ryder and Janis fleeced recently. He points; hands-out photos. Points inside. They start making small talk and head in the front doors from the sidewalk. Two adjust their pistols in the back waistbands of their pants.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - LATER

Rye is flying-low putting-together the plan that he's going to use to escape from the hotel without being caught. Janis has started gathering some of the things on the list. Rye needs some professional help. He telephones a very UNIQUE escort service pro he knows he can trust and spells-out the predicament he's in.

RYDER

Loretta? Loretta, it's Ryder from the card trick show. You handed-out flyers for my gig when you hit town. I need your special touch to help me get out of some trouble.

LORETTA

Trouble? I don't wanna hear nothing about no trouble. Got enough of my own.

INT. LORETTA'S APT - CONTINUOUS

LORETTA

I got to be steering way clear of trouble. What all kind of trouble could you have got your skinny ass in anyhow?

Loretta listening - Becomes more intent. Then, wide-eyed and shocked.

LORETTA (CONT'D)

Damn, boy. What you want me to do?

INT. RYDER'S SUITE - CONTINUOUS

RYDER

What I need you to do is ...

INT. LORETTA'S APT. - CONTINUOUS

Loretta listening to Rye. Nodding. Thinking. Agreeing.

RYDER (V.O.)

The way you do it and if you can get-over here in a half-hour I'll give you 25-hundred bucks for your trouble. About an hours work.

LORETTA

Oh you sweet thing! How about if we make it an even three grand an I'll be there in less than 20 minutes with my mammy-jammin' mo-jo and mischief!

RYDER

Fine. Get moving. All your shit plus a regular coffee. Plain cheese Danish.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ALL-NIGHT PHARMACY

Loretta putting items in her basket; checking-off some of the things Rye has sent her to get. Ace bandages. Several packages of disposable razors and four cans of shaving cream.

INT. CASINO MAIN FLOOR - MORNING

As some patrons arrive for breakfast, Security is busy showing the photograph and asking the arrivals if they know the cowboy. It's a second edition of the photograph getting handed-out. This one's a bit different from the first. The new one is a "Wanted Poster" offering 5-thousand dollars reward for information.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - MORNING

Janis is back unpacking the supplies she bought at the Pharmacy.

Ryder stands before a mirror, shirtless, practicing manipulating playing cards. His hairy chest and back gets admiring glances from Janis. He never ceases to amaze both himself and Janis when he perfects a new move. Like holding-up five cards spread-out to show a losing hand, then faking a sneeze and fanning-out four Kings with an Ace kicker.

EXT. FRONT DOOR AREA - MORNING

Loretta arrives to the stares and whispers of those who wonder how somebody can look that good so early in the morning. Sashaying into the Casino shouldering a HUGE Coach Bag, she presses the elevator button and shakes her booty when the chime sounds and the doors open before stepping into the elevator car as if moving on center stage in a ballet ripping down a Wanted Poster, smiling and saying.

LORETTA

Ooh, mama. That's what I'm talking about.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - MORNING

Janis answers the knock at the door and lets Loretta in. Loretta takes charge and just starts dictating, doing, commenting and issuing orders like a sensei that's part Marine Corps Drill Instructor and part Carol Channing.

LORETTA

Oh no, darling. You need a different foundation and lighter around the eyes, ... would take years off you. I know it's before noon but could a brother get a Marga-fugin-rita. Damn, Chewbacca! You got a funky Sasqatch thing goin' on with all that hair. Oh, and this is you with the 5-G's on your head. So, just cough-up five large and lets make you gorgeous for getting the fuck out of here. If you know what I'm saying.

JANIS

I could really use a Margarita too.

RYDER

Margarita's? Jan, raid the mini-bar. They have pre-made. Oh, look. A blender. I guess we just need some salt, huh.

LORETTA

Yeah you need salt, fool. Without salt it ain't a Margarita! A saltless-ass Margarita ain't no Margarita, it's a Slurpee. Now you, boy, get naked and get in the shower.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - BATHROOM

Janis is working on Margarita's. Loretta pulls-off his wig, dumps the Coach Bag out, sorts-out a few things, unfolds a

plastic raincoat and puts it on, lays-out a few fine threads, steps out of HIS pumps and gets down to business.

LORETTA

I only got one thing to say to you,
girl!

JANIS

What! What? What could you possibly
have to say to me? Bee-atch?

LORETTA

Salt!

Loretta looks like the Gorton's Fisherman shaking a can of shaving cream in each hand. Rye stops the water and starts rubbing the shaving cream Loretta is squirting on him all over. Janis is having trouble with the ice cube tray. Packages of disposable razors are ripped open and the protective tops along with shaving cream and hair start accumulating around the drain in the shower.

Janis has mastered the art of the Hotel Margarita. Little packages of salt are piled-up on the sink. The sound of a blow dryer is heard coming from the bathroom.

INT. CASINO MAIN FLOOR - MORNING

The hard guys have zeroed-in on where to find Rye. They check their guns to see that they are loaded and cross the lobby to the elevator and wait for the car to come down to the first floor.

The elevator doors open and three lovely ladies step-out pulling their luggage bags behind them. The three catch some admiring glances as they move from the elevator to the bright sunlight streaming in through the Casino Main Doors.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - DAY

The hard guys bust into the Suite. The place is empty. They look around and try to figure-out why the guy ain't here and what kind of party they missed-out on from the looks of things. Nail polish, mascara, hair spray, tanning spray, a shower full of disposable razors and hair. An almost empty blender of Margarita's,...

... And three, salted and lipstick-stained Margarita glasses, each one containing an Ace of Hearts.

FADE OUT: