

# **ONE NATION UNDER PAR**

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INT. GOLF STORE -- LATE AFTERNOON LAS VEGAS STRIP

Scenes of a golfer playing in a major golf tournament are initially being shown. Crowds are cheering over historic and exciting shots.

Meanwhile, Jeff Taylor, young looking late 40ish employee, tall, lanky, is busy performing boring work-related activities in a golf shop while watching the golf tournament on TV. He's filling plastic bags with tees, picking up spilled golf balls by customers, and moves heavy cartons of golf clubs off of delivery trucks into the store.

Next Jeff is sizing a wealthy, over-sized, older women with too much make-up with golf shoes. When he takes off her shoe, her foot odor makes him nauseous.

Different scenes appear, Garbage dump, frying liver and onions, opening package of smelly cheese, men cleaning up zoo cages.

Jeff runs into the bathroom and throws up. A co-worker enters.

JEFF TAYLOR

Man, I hate this job.

CO-WORKER

Smelly feet again?

JEFF TAYLOR

Yep. This was the worst I ever smelled, like sitting in a pile of road kill on a road on a hot summer day.

CO-WORKER

Maybe she works for the Swine Dine restaurant. I heard they use road kill as a meat source.

Jeff gets sick again

JEFF TAYLOR

Don't tell me that. I ate there yesterday.

Jeff and his friend go out to the front of his store to get some fresh air. They watch an exotic, flirtatious and attractive women walk towards them with an older gentleman with silver hair. They stroll past them and into a casino bar.

CO-WORKER

Why don't we ever get action like  
that in our store?

JEFF TAYLOR

They don't sell golf shoes with 6"  
high heels.

CUT TO:

INT. LAS VEGAS BAR -- LATER THAT EVENING

Ginger, the sexy woman, is still flirting with the well  
dressed man. She hands him a motel room key and leaves. He  
finishes his drink, looks at the key, smiles, and departs.

INT. CHEAP LAS VEGAS MOTEL -- LATER

Scratch Delacantos, a stodgy, fierce looking man wearing an  
expensive but outdated leisure suit is holding a straight  
razor with surgical gloves. A camera is dangling from his  
neck.

The silver haired man is terrified, tied to the bed,  
squirming, wearing a thong and women's brassier. His face  
is painted with women's make-up. Cheap costume jewelry  
adorns his body. A wet washcloth protrudes from his cherry  
red lips and bulging cheeks.

SCRATCH

Professor Lithman. Are you certain  
you know nothing about the prototype  
engine? I understand it runs on  
virtually anything, like weeds,  
cardboard boxes, even hair.

Scratch slides the razor blade across his victim's leg,  
removing more skin than hair. Lithman moans.

SCRATCH (CONT'D)

Hmm. Hair just like this,  
professor. I just read how the  
Indians warriors scalped their  
victims. It was inspirational.  
Shall we give it a try?

Scratch, smiling, removes the washcloth and puts the razor  
to his scalp.

MR. LITHMAN

Alright. I'll tell you everything.  
Please. Just don't kill me.

Scratch turns on a small digital recorder.

INT. SCRATCHES APARTMENT -- LATER

Scratch is using a blender to mix vodka, papaya juice and raspberry pop tarts. He's measuring the ingredients with the intensity of a chemist, and pours the concoction into a large glass.

SCRATCH

Hmm. Killer.

He chugs the drink and makes a phone call.

SCRATCH (CONT'D)

I have the information you  
requested. Cutting edge stuff.  
(laughs to himself.)

SONNY HOAG

And the Professor?

SCRATCH

He's a permanent resident near the  
Hoover Dam. A local hooker set the  
whole thing up. She was fabulous.

SONNY HOAG (O.S.)

I'd like to meet her and show my  
appreciation. I'll be in town  
tomorrow. Make it happen.

CUT TO:

INT. GINGER'S APARTMENT -- EVENING

Ginger's small apartment is clean but exotic. Her pet parrot Blabs is sitting on a perch next to her. Ginger's wearing exercise clothes. Her hair is freshly moussed. She answers the phone.

GINGER

Hello?

Scratch is adding a pickle and chocolate syrup to the blender while holding the phone.

SCRATCH

It's me Baby. You did great. Your  
research will help stop the  
development of thousands of acres of  
pristine coastal land.

GINGER

When do I get paid?

SCRATCH

The head of Preserve Carolina Coasts  
is coming over now to pay you,  
and... thank you personally. Take  
care of him, and he'll take care of  
you.

Scratch hangs up the phone and tries the new and improved  
drink, but starts gagging.

SCRATCH (CONT'D)

Yuk. To much syrup.

He adds another pop tart and pickle into the blender.

Ginger hangs up the phone, sits at her PC and Googles  
Preserve Carolina Coasts. She finds nothing. She gets a  
small bag of bird seed and places it on Blabs bird stand.

GINGER

(Talking to her  
parrot Blabs)

I knew it. There is no such  
organization. Now this pig wants  
parting favors. I don't think so.

BLABS

(singing)

Looking for love in all the wrong  
places.

GINGER

You got that right Blabs honey.

Ginger hears knocking at her door and opens it. Sonny  
stumbles in, drunk and smoking a cigar. He gawks at Ginger.

SONNY HOAG

Holy shit. Scratch told me you were  
a knock out, but...

(burp)

You're the best looking hooker I've  
even seen. Let's fuck.

Ginger's disgusted, but acts out a sexy smile. She opens a  
cabinet, gets a plastic cup and fills it with generic gin.  
No ice or soda.

GINGER

I'd love to big boy. You're hot.  
But let's take care of business  
first. Do you have my money?

She raises her t-shirt displaying the bottom of her breast. Then she brushes her hand on his crotch.

Sonny reaches for Ginger's boob, but Ginger backs away.

GINGER (CONT'D)

Slow down lover boy. Love is like a fine wine. You can sip it, enjoy it, and still get drunk.

Sonny dives into his pants and hands her a wad of cash. Ginger counts the money. Blabs squawks.

GINGER (CONT'D)

Strip and lay down on the bed baby. I'm gonna fucking torture you with love.

Sonny undresses. Ginger handcuffs Sonny to the bed and blindfolds him. His stomach is huge, hairy and sweaty. She cleans his body thoroughly, and kisses his belly below his navel. He moans in lustful delight.

GINGER (CONT'D)

I'll be right back baby. I'm gonna change into some play clothes.

Ginger pours some booze down his throat and leaves. She inconspicuously signs in to her Internet account and activates a hidden camera. She puts on a black, skin revealing, Cat-women like leather outfit with mask.

Blabs joins the party. She opens the bag of bird seed on her bird stand, and spills it. It cascades down the stand and spills onto Sonny's moist body.

SONNY HOAG

Holy shith. What the fuck is that? Amazon Love crystals? Shith, I've havent' had that done in years.

Blabs flies down and starts walking over Sonny's body, eating the nuts and seeds. Sonny continues his moaning.

Ginger walks in and is surprised at the scene. She races to take Blabs off, and stops in laughter. Just then, Blabs starts singing along to the music.

BLABS

You can't always get, what you want.

SONNY HOAG

(joins in.)

If you try some time, you might  
find, you get what you need. Oh  
baby, you sing great. Oh baby, This  
is just what I need.

(Howling like  
Tarzan.)

The handcuff chains rattle to the beat of the music, but he passes out in blissful ecstasy. Blabs flies into her cage. Ginger calls for a taxi. She checks to see that the video was captured on her site, smiles, and saves the file to a hidden folder.

Ginger checks Sonny's wallet, and writes down his personal information. She un-cuffs and dresses Sonny, and changes back into her street clothes.

GINGER

Blabs, I can't stand this anymore.  
It's time for a career change.  
But what?

The door Bell rings, and the taxi driver hoists Sonny off the bed and out the door.

BLABS

You can't always get what you want.

SONNY HOAG

(looking at Blabs)  
I got what I needed. You were  
fucking awesome.  
(howling like  
Tarzan)

The confused driver looks at Ginger. She shrugs her shoulders. Sonny scratches his belly and groin, leaving a trail of husks and seeds through her apartment. Before entering the cab, he reaches into his pants and finds a feather in his pants.

SONNY HOAG (CONT'D)

Where did this come from?

The cab driver is smirking and throws him into the cab.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. VIVA LAS VEGAS GOLF AND COUNTRY CLUB, LAS VEGAS,  
SUMMER, **4 YEARS LATER** -- LATE AFTERNOON 18TH HOLE PUTTING  
GREEN

Jeff Taylor, grinning with confidence, is playing the best round of golf in his life. Jeff makes one great shot after another.

While he lines up his last putt, he notices Ginger on the edge of the green. She's dazzlingly tipsy, holding a half drunk bottle of beer.

Her short cut jean shorts and snug, white spaghetti strap top spill out sensual skin. Men scurry around the green closing in for a better look of her.

Jeff shakes his head, trying to refocus. He keeps drying his sweaty palms on his pants.

Ginger wobbles into one gallery patron who catches her.

GINGER

Oops. Sorry. What's going on?

GOLF PATRON

If this guy sinks this put, he's on his way to the US Open.

The gallery becomes quite. Ginger keeps losing her balance. Just as Jeff swings, the spike of Ginger's red high heel shoe sinks into the soft grass, and she wipes out in slow motion with body parts juggling to the ground. No beer is spilled.

Jeff watches her fall, while his ball travels 20 feet past the hole. He buries his face in his hands.

Several predators help Ginger up from the ground. She stumbles over to Jeff, and falls chest first into his arms. Her eyes are moist and blurry.

GINGER

I'm so sorry. My shoe...

JEFF TAYLOR

(Angrily)

I blew an easy putt cause of you. I can't believe it. The US Open, gone. Shouldn't you be on a street corner somewhere screwing up someone else's life?

Jeff looks into her eyes, and his rage melts into disappointment.

JEFF TAYLOR (CONT'D)

I ought to...

He releases her, bends down, removes her shoes, and hands them to her.

JEFF TAYLOR (CONT'D)

(less anger.)

I ought to shove these shoes down your throat.

GINGER

Let me make it up to you.

JEFF TAYLOR

For starters, you can at least buy me a few beers to let me play catch up to your Corona state of mind.

Ginger nods her head in agreement. Jeff, half grinning, watches Ginger walk into the clubhouse while packing up his golf bag.

CUT TO:

INT. COUNTRY CLUB BAR -- EVENING

Ginger is sitting on a bar stool, legs crossed, with two cold beers in front of her. Her eyes show happiness and sadness. Jeff grabs the beer, and chugs it.

Reggae music is whaling in the background.

JEFF TAYLOR

Man, if your fall waited two seconds, I'd be headed to the U.S. OPEN. What the hell are you doing out here?

GINGER

I was supposed to meet a client here in the bar, and went out looking for him. You're swinging club got in my way.

JEFF TAYLOR

My club?

Ginger looks down at his crotch while Jeff smirks. Just then, the TV atop the bar blares out a news update regarding the upcoming presidential election. Congressman Sonny Hoag is wearing an apron, feeding people in his restaurant. A sexy waitress is helping Sonny dish out food, each exchanging lustful glances.

TV NEWSCASTER

... A new poll has Democratic candidate Preston Tate leading Republican candidate Sonny Hoag by only 3 points. Sonny's generous offer to feed the poor and homeless from his Swine Dine restaurants has boosted his ratings significantly. Next weeks final debate should have strong implications on the eventual winner.

Ginger jumps up when she heard the name of Sonny Hoag, and her chest engulfs Jeff's face.

GINGER

Holy shit. I did a job for that pig a few years ago thinking I was helping a conservation group. I found out they never existed, and to think he might become president.

Sitting back down, her chest slowly drags along Jeff's face. Jeff babbles, trying to cover the rising concern in his pants.

JEFF TAYLOR

Man, these guys running for office are all crooks. Honest president is just another oxymoron, just like jumbo shrimp or happily married. Instead of a debate, I'd like to have the press hook all these political shit heads to a lie detector, and let the reporters have at 'em. Can you imagine the questions, or better yet, the answers? No one would get elected.

Ginger squeezes a lime into her beer, and let's Jeff lick the juice from her finger, smiling.

GINGER

That's not such a bad idea. I have the question for the current president. Who gets screwed more often, us Americans, or him?

Longshot, a rustic man in his mid fifties, was hiding in the corner of the bar eaves dropping. A low tipped cowboy hat and sunglasses concealed most of his unshaven, desert-dried face.

LONGSHOT

That's a hell of a question missy.  
I think all the presidential wanna  
be's would go running like rats on  
a sinking ship if they had to answer  
truthfully. By the way, howdy  
folks. I'm Longshot.

Longshot looks at the bartender and swirls his finger  
around. Two fresh beers appear before Jeff and Ginger.  
Longshot joins the twosome.

JEFF TAYLOR

I'm Jeff, and this is...

GINGER

Ginger Holiday.

LONGSHOT

Partner, except for that last putt,  
you played a helluva round. Damn  
near won it. What da ya do when  
you're not playing golf?

Jeff squeezed a lime into his beer and shook his head in  
disgust. Ginger grabs the inside of his thigh to console  
his loss. Jeff is squirming in concealed happiness.

JEFF TAYLOR

Well, since I'm not headed to the  
U.S. Open, I'm back in the golf  
store sizing golf shoes for old  
ladies with flabby ankles and stinky  
feet. Man, their feet can smell  
like a clogged toilet in high school  
locker room?

LONGSHOT

Ewwee partner, Your job stinks. At  
this rate, your nose hairs will  
dissolve, and sniffin' minoxidril  
won't help. Maybe you need a new  
career?

JEFF TAYLOR

You got that right. But golf is all  
I know. That, and spending more  
money than I make.

LONGSHOT

Hell, our current dick head  
president plays golf for shit, and  
we're in a record setting deficit.  
You should take over his job.

Longshot grins a Grinch grin, swirls his finger, and more drinks appear in front of them. Ginger is playing footsies with Jeff. Jeff is enjoying her interaction. Both are getting tipsy.

JEFF TAYLOR

(Surprised &  
laughing.)

Tex, your hat may be one size too small. The only office I ever held was president of a local condo golf league. Setting up starting times for a bunch of retirees is a whole lot different than balancing the national budget.

GINGER

Maybe not. That asshole Sonny Hoag is running for president, and he fucked everyone along the way. At least you're honest.

LONGSHOT

That's a big 10-4 missy. Besides, being president is the easy part. You can blame everyone else for your mistakes. Just look at our current president. Getting the job that's the tough part. So, you ready to lead the country?

JEFF TAYLOR

Dude, What mule clobbered you in the head? I have as much chance of becoming president as I do being married tomorrow.

Longshot smiles, raises an eyebrow, swirls his finger and more drinks appear.

CUT TO:

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - LATE MORNING

Locker room look. Golf clubs in the middle of the floor. Jeff and Ginger are motionless in bed. The sun peeks through the window, reflecting light on their shiny new wedding rings.

Loud phone rings. Ginger grumbles and fumbles for the phone.

GINGER

Hello?

LONGSHOT

Hi missy. It's me Longshot. Sorry to wake you. Figured you and your new hubby would be awake by now.

GINGER

Hubby? Haagh. Oh my God. A ring? I'm married? I must be on the wrong planet.

LONGSHOT

Nope. You're still on earth, but you got married somewhere between Mars and Penis. I was in the space ship during the wedding. Is Jeff up? I mean, is the stud awake?

Ginger hands the phone to a groggy Jeff. He's wearing a tiger thong around his head. In shock and naked haste, she falls out of bed in route to the bathroom and finds the treasure de jour: A stained marriage certificate next to a box of Crunchy Creams donuts and an empty bottle of Champagne.

JEFF TAYLOR

Yeah?

LONGSHOT

Congrats partner. How's it feel to be married?

JEFF TAYLOR

I don't know yet. Who is this?

LONGSHOT

It's your best man. Longshot. We met in the bar yesterday after the golf tournament. I want you to come down to my radio station and talk about your new career.

JEFF TAYLOR

New career? What radio station?

LONGSHOT

WBET on Haven Street over by the Luxor Hotel. I host a radio show about gambling called "Up your Odds". Ever listen to it? I reveal tactics to gamblers on how to improve their odds in betting. Hell, I'm right up there with Howard Stern, Paul Harvey and Jim Cramer. My show airs biweekly.

JEFF TAYLOR

Dude. Chill. To many words. This ring and hangover got me in a fuck of a golf hazard, and I'm not even playing golf

Jeff takes the thong off his head and looks at it confused.

LONGSHOT

Just come to my station at 4. Bring Ginger along. This involves her to. You're a lucky man Jeff Taylor. I'm betting the farm on you.

Jeff hangs up the phone and fumbles with his ring.

JEFF TAYLOR

Man, I sliced, shanked, and duck-hooked balls out of bounds before, but I'm going to need a wizard in a hot air balloon to bring me back to the Kansas fairway this time.

Ginger emerges from the bathroom wearing a towel with frayed edges and a gapping hole in the middle. She jumps back in bed. Jeff hold his aching head, but is pleased to see Ginger next to him.

JEFF TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Well, good morning Mrs. Taylor. How bout some breakfast and aspirin?

Ginger blushes and presents a sleepy, sweet, coy smile.

GINGER

Okay Mr. Taylor.

Jeff jumps out of bed and quickly puts on gym shorts. Ginger examines his body. Jeff examines the marriage certificate.

Ginger grabs the TV remote, channel surfs, stopping on Gilligan's Island. Jeff returns with coffee, aspirin, and two huge bowls of Cocoa Puffs.

JEFF TAYLOR

Well, this certificate looks real. I guess we're married. Hey, I love Gilligan's Island. They have a 24 hour marathon going on. How many shows can you watch in a row?

Ginger devours the cereal, and smiles at her new big kid husband. She shrugs her shoulders.

GINGER

What do you remember from yesterday?

JEFF TAYLOR

Well, I remember your wipe out on the green, and smacking my ball to kingdom come. After that, it gets cloudy. I think Elvis married us.

CUT TO:

INT. NOW OR NEVER CHAPEL OF LOVE -- NIGHT

Jeff and Ginger are standing in front of the King in his white spangled jump suit, thrusting his hips around singing "Hunk of Burning Love".

CUT TO:

GINGER

That explains why I woke up humming "Love me Tender". I think that was his finale. What do we do now?

JEFF TAYLOR

Well, I hate to piss off the king. Besides, Longshot wants to talk to us about some new job. If you're up to it, let's hear what he has to say, and decide what we want to do about this marriage afterwards.

GINGER

(Bouncing on the bed)

The question is, are you up to it?

Jeff smiles and rolls over on his side.

GINGER (CONT'D)

You only have a queen size bed. I doubt you'll be able to sleep while I'm working.

Jeff snickers and replies in a warm tone...

JEFF TAYLOR

I am a light sleeper. Besides, I don't know how much action this old bed can take. It's probably got just enough life for the two of us.

Ginger rolls over on top of Jeff.

GINGER

I'm sorry Mr. Taylor. I don't remember consummating our marriage. Let me show where the phrase "lucky stiff" came from.

Jeff and Ginger start kissing.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. LONGSHOT'S RADIO STATION -- LATE AFTERNOON

Longshot meets Jeff and Ginger at the door of his radio station. It's old and cluttered. Longshot's drinking a beer, his face still hidden behind a cowboy hat and glasses. The newlyweds sit down on a ripped, fake leather sofa.

Longshot's walls are littered with autographed pictures of him with celebrities, and winning gambling tickets. He's sitting behind an old desk that's ready to collapse.

LONGSHOT

I'm so glad you're here. I guess you took a sick day from work?

JEFF TAYLOR

I took a sick of work day. I was supposed to fill plastic bags with golf tees all day. Too demanding. Besides, it is my honeymoon.

LONGSHOT

Congrates again, but you wouldn't have done it without me. Wanna drink?

Ginger and Jeff shake their heads no.

LONGSHOT (CONT'D)

Well, let's get down to the final hand. I love to gamble. I once bet a guy \$100 that I could make time stand still. The moron took the bet. I showed him a broken watch where the second hand ticked, but the minute hand never advanced. He was stupid enough to pay me the \$100. Our world is filled with suckers. Hell, Vegas wouldn't be here without them. That's why I asked you to come here.

JEFF TAYLOR  
Cause we're fucking suckers.

LONGSHOT  
No. Just the opposite. Jeff,  
you're a fucking winner. Every here  
of Lucky Stiff?

Jeff and Ginger look at each other and laugh.

JEFF TAYLOR  
As a matter of fact, I have. So...  
What's the bet?

Longshot chugged his beer and gleamed at Jeff.

LONGSHOT  
I bet you \$100 that I can make you a  
millionaire.

CUT TO:

EXT. GOLF COURSE -- DAY

Jeff is standing on the golf tee, and gets smacked in the  
head with a golf ball, falling to his feet. Afterwards, he  
hears "Fore".

CUT TO:

INT. LONGSHOT'S RADIO STATION -- CONTINUOUS

JEFF TAYLOR  
What? That makes no sense. Hell,  
do you even have a million bucks to  
bet?

Longshot wipes his salivating mouth. He hands Jeff a beer.  
Jeff takes a big gulp.

LONGSHOT  
I will Mr. Taylor. Because,  
tomorrow night, on my radio program,  
I'm announcing that you're  
unofficially running for president  
of the United States.

Jeff nearly falls out of his chair laughing. Ginger  
grimaces takes a gulp from Jeff's beer.

JEFF TAYLOR  
Man. You're insane.

LONGSHOT

Wait. There's more. I've set up a bet with a local casino regarding your candidacy. You're coming in at a million to one odds at winning. I'm laying out \$25 grand on you. What a longshot. I'll announce this on my show. No one will bet for you, but I bet publicity will pave the way to contract endorsements.

GINGER

I think you're nuts.

LONGSHOT

You think so? Publicity baby, Publicity. Look at Paris Hilton or Donald Trump. Their farts get more news time than wars.

(Looking at Jeff laughing.)

Besides, Jeff, you dealt me a royal flush last night. You said that politicians should be hooked up to lie detectors. Well, that's exactly what we're going to do. You're gonna challenge the presidential candidates to a lie detector test of truth.

JEFF TAYLOR

Why me? I don't wanna be president.

LONGSHOT

Buckaroo. You're missing the point. You aren't going to be president. You're just pretending to be in the race. Instead of campaigning, you'll golf with reporters, riding the platform of honesty. You won't make any campaign promises, except that if you were president, you'd be as honest as possible to Americans in running the country.

Longshot looks at Ginger.

LONGSHOT (CONT'D)

You're in this to missy. You and your good looks will mingle with the press on the course. Extra press coverage and more contract endorsements.

Longshot focuses back on Jeff.

LONGSHOT (CONT'D)

You've never been in politics or business, so you have nothing to hide. You and your pretty little wife are going to travel around the country for a few months until election day, playing golf, pretending to run for office, hopefully getting product endorsements. Your campaign is a fake, and everyone will know it. But I'm ready to bet 25 G's it will generate tremendous interest. Just think of this as an all expense paid honeymoon. If people want to vote for you, they can write your name on the ballot. What have you got to lose?

JEFF TAYLOR

So I get to play unlimited golf, for free, while pretending to run for office.

(big smile.)

LONGSHOT

Yep!

GINGER

What if someone wants to contribute to your fake campaign?

LONGSHOT

Aah. Icing on the cake. We'll ask campaign contributors to, instead, give their donation to a charity in your name. No TV ads bashing candidates. No trees cut down for signs that litter the road. You're running for office without officially running. The press will have a field day with this campaign. We should get tons of endorsements.

GINGER

Who will handle the money and contracts?

LONGSHOT

The attorney we used to get your marriage license last night said she'd set up the legal crap for our partnership. This will be more fun

than shooting craps with loaded dice. Are you ready to tee it up?

JEFF TAYLOR

Brain overload dude. We'll get back to you.

LONGSHOT

Free honeymoon. Free golf. Take a chance. Let me know tonight.

CUT TO:

EXT. GINGER'S APARTMENT -- EVENING

Jeff is helping Ginger move her stuff out of her apartment. Ginger is talking to her pet parrot Blabs.

GINGER

Boy, look at all this shit. I think I have more love toys, lotions, thongs and high heeled shoes than clothes. Hmm. Should I take the whips and leather? They were mostly props anyway. What did Jimmy Buffet say in that song? Oh yeah. Indecision may or may not be my problem. Well, he got that right.

Blabs starts singing.

BLABS

Why don't we get drunk, and screw?

Ginger picks up Blabs and gives her a kiss on the beak.

GINGER

Honey, that's how I got into this mess.

Jeff enters the apartment and sees a box of photography equipment.

JEFF TAYLOR

Man, look at all this expensive camera equipment. Hobby?

Ginger's embarrassed.

GINGER

Sort of. Now let's get out of here below the landlord's radar. I owe him rent money. But if he gives me any shit, his wife might like to see

how I avoided paying some of my  
rent.

CUT TO:

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT -- EVENING

Blabs is in her cage. Jeff and Ginger sitting on the sofa  
in front all of her stuff, and puts the TV on.

JEFF TAYLOR

Based on our last 24 hours, I could  
find out that Osama Bin Laden was  
living in the White House after 9/11  
as the president's gay lover, and it  
wouldn't surprise me.

The TV blurts out a special report.

TV NEWSCASTER

The FBI acted on an anonymous tip,  
and they dug up human bones near the  
Hoover Dam. DNA testing revealed  
the remains of Professor Lithman,  
the inventor of an engine that ran  
without gasoline. Professor Lithman  
disappeared, along with all of his  
prototype designs. The FBI has no  
comment regarding the killer.

GINGER

Oh my God Jeff. That's the guy I  
set up for that political pig Hoag.  
He's dead. Scratch told me he was  
some influential land developer.  
Does this make me an accessory to  
murder?

JEFF TAYLOR

I hope not. But if the FBI comes  
knocking on our door, just tell them  
the truth.

Ginger is pacing in the apartment. Jeff hands her a glass  
of wine. She takes a sip and picks up Blabs.

JEFF TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Relax sweetheart. Let's concentrate  
on Longshot's offer. Do you want to  
stay married and see where his plan  
takes us?

GINGER

Blabs, should Jeff and I take off  
the summer to play some golf and run  
for office?

BLABS

Schools, out, for the summer.

JEFF TAYLOR

Man, that's amazing. Maybe she  
knows something we don't.  
(Jeff dials the  
phone.)

LONGSHOT

Howdy. What can I do you for?

JEFF TAYLOR

It's me, Jeff. We're in. Let's do  
it.

LONGSHOT

Yeehaw. Listen to my show tomorrow  
night and get ready for the ride of  
your life.

Blabs starts jabbering using a strangely familiar Austrian  
accent when Jeff hangs up the phone.

BLABS

Let's do it. I'll be back.

JEFF TAYLOR

That sounds like Arnold  
Schwarzenegger. Where did she learn  
that?

GINGER

Movies?  
(kissing Jeff.)

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. LONGSHOT'S RADIO STATION -- BROADCAST STUDIO, EVENING

Longshot is sitting in front of a microphone, wearing only a  
cowboy hat and boots, sunglasses, and boxer shorts. An open  
bottle of whiskey is resting on the table.

Bob, his young, hippie looking sound engineer and producer,  
is using his fingers to count down the start of the show  
behind a soundproof window. At eight PM, Bob starts playing

"The Gambler" song, counts to 10, and points a finger at Longshot. Longshot uses his deeper and rich radio voice.

LONGSHOT

Howdy partners and gamers. Welcome  
to Up your Odds.

Bob now switches the background music to Glory, Glory Hallelujah.

LONGSHOT (CONT'D)

"We, the Gamers of the United States, in the next few months, will be placing bets, and hopefully voting, for the most important position in the world, President of the United States. Look at our list of candidates. Do you trust any these politicians with our forced donations called taxes? Maybe a politician isn't our best choice. Maybe this position should be held by a person with morals and decency who doesn't lay up, but instead, beats the odds, goes for the green, and makes the shot; a person you can trust, above all odds, to never interfere with the sanctity of American sports and the U. S. Gaming Association should hold this position. "

Bob increases the volume of the song, triumphantly blaring trumpets, drums, and exploding bombs.

LONGSHOT (CONT'D)

Fellow gamers, as you know, I offer you advice on ways to reduce risk and up your odds when betting on events, but I've never divulged my own bets. Tonight, I'm going to wager 25 thousand dollars, at a million to one odds, that a new and unknown candidate named Jeff Taylor will become our next president.

Bob turns up the music briefly while Longshot slams down a glass of whiskey. Bob puts his hand in his arm pit and makes fowl sounds.

CUT TO:

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT -- EVENING

Jeff and Ginger are nervously listening to the radio.

JEFF TAYLOR  
I wonder who's listening to this?

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT IN HOME -- CONTINUOUS

Men playing poker with radio playing. Smoking cigars, drinking. They stop and listen to Longshot's bet.

CUT TO:

INT. BINGO PARLOR -- CONTINUOUS

An old woman playing bingo listens to the show wearing a radio headset. She turns to her bingo partner.

BINGO LADY 1  
Holy Rosary, Eythel, Longshot's  
betting a longshot, and he's letting  
us in on it.

Eythel looks up at the priest who stopped calling the numbers, as he's contemplating the bet, as he's also listening on his personal radio.

CUT TO:

INT. GAMBLERS ANONYMOUS MEETING -- CONTINUOUS

Many of the congregation are secretly listening to the show.

CUT TO:

INT. LONGSHOT'S RADIO STATION -- CONTINUOUS

LONGSHOT  
That's right gamers. You heard me right. I'm picking the longshot of my life, and betting the farm on a candidate with no political background, who just agreed yesterday to run. What a gamble.

Longshot scratches his butt and pours another drink while Bob flashes in the music and sounds of crowds cheering.

LONGSHOT (CONT'D)  
No fellow gamers. I'm not crazy. I'm am poised, however, to put an unknown, inexperienced, common everyday Joe in the White House.

After a quick station break, I'll  
answer all your questions. Now  
anyone else care to pick a longshot?

CUT TO:

INT. GAMBLERS ANONYMOUS MEETING -- CONTINUOUS

The congregation goes flying out of the meeting, including  
the presider.

CUT TO:

INT. LONGSHOT'S RADIO STATION -- CONTINUOUS

LONGSHOT

I don't know if I should have a  
heart attack, or just shit my pants.

BOB

You might do both. Our switchboard  
is all lit up, and emails are  
pouring in.

LONGSHOT

I wonder how Jeff and Ginger are  
doing?

CUT TO:

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT -- CONTINUOUS

With the radio on, Jeff is throwing up in the bathroom.  
Ginger's chugging a screwdriver.

CUT TO:

INT. LONGSHOT'S RADIO STATION -- NIGHT LATER

Bob turns off the equipment and goes into the office while  
Longshot puts on his jeans.

LONGSHOT

Man. What a show. We've never had  
that many callers. I reckon we  
caused quite a ruckus.

BOB

Longshot. Ruckus isn't the right  
word. Try media hurricane. Look  
outside.

Longshot goes to the front the radio station, and sees a storm of news vehicles, with reporters prepared to dash into action.

LONGSHOT

Holy shit. We hit the jackpot.

Longshot completes dressing and prepares for his media encounter with a shot of whiskey.

EXT. OUTSIDE LONGSHOT'S RADIO STATION -- MOMENTS LATER

Reporters were screaming out questions and shoving microphones in his face.

LONGSHOT

Hi folks. I know you're anxious to find out more about Jeff Taylor and the bet. Jeff and his new wife are staying in a local hotel for their honeymoon, but Jeff invites you all to play a round of golf tomorrow at the Viva Las Vegas Country Club around 3. Then, we'll address all your questions. See you tomorrow.

Slowly, the reporters dispersed. Longshot walks to his car. A tap on the shoulder turned him around, finding a young, black woman in baggy clothes, wearing oversized glasses. Her hair is in a tight bun.

She sticks an old cassette tape recorder in his face.

JADE

Mr. Longshot. I'm Jade Tomsay, a news reporter for a local Christian rock station. Is Jeff Taylor Christian, and will he bring Jesus to the White House?

LONGSHOT

Missy, If Jesus wants to join the party, he's more than welcome.

Jade looks confused.

LONGSHOT (CONT'D)

Listen little Philly. How long you been in radio?

JADE

Two weeks. I just graduated with a communications degree and am interning at this station.

LONGSHOT

Well missy, I don't know if Jeff's a Christian, but I believe in miracles. How'd you like to be Jeff's press secretary? I need someone with spunk to help get Jeff elected president.

JADE

Do I get paid?

LONGSHOT

Eventually. Now welcome aboard. We got lot's to do.

With a continual look of confusion and before she could reply, Longshot gave orders. Her tape recorder was still recording.

LONGSHOT (CONT'D)

Go home, pack some clothes, head over to the Hard Rock Hotel and ask to speak with Stanley Curila, the night manager. Tell him I sent you. Have him prepare the presidential suite for Jeff and Ginger and get us adjoining rooms.

Longshot looks at Jade's clothes.

LONGSHOT (CONT'D)

Have Stanley set you up with some new duds. You're the new press secretary, so look professional. Now scoot. I'm bringing Jeff Taylor and his wife there within an hour.

Jade is stunned. She turns off the recorder and departs. Longshot calls Jeff.

LONGSHOT (CONT'D)

Mr. President. Pack your bags. We're moving the presidential party to the Hard Rock Hotel.

CUT TO:

INT. HARD ROCK HOTEL LOBBY -- NIGHT

Jade and the hotel manager are standing in the lobby. Longshot approaches them, with Jeff and Ginger lagging behind, carrying Blabs in her cage.

LONGSHOT

Hi Stan. Long time no see. I trust you and Jade worked out some accommodations?

STANLEY CURILA

Hi Longshot. A sheik has all the presidential suites occupied. He and his wives are here for the Brotherhood concert... you know, the Allman Brothers and the Doobie Brothers. But I have a beautiful honeymoon suite set up for Jeff and Ginger. Now Follow me.

Stan guides them to the open doors of a private elevator. Hard rock music is playing as the elevator goes up.

LONGSHOT

Jeff, Ginger, meet Jade, your new press secretary.

JEFF TAYLOR

Press Secretary?

LONGSHOT

Yep. She's riding shotgun on this presidential stage coach.

Jeff, Ginger and Jade shake hands. Jade and Ginger look at each like neither is fit for their role. Stan's smiling.

EXT. HARD ROCK SUITE. -- MOMENTS LATER

Stanley opens the double doors of the suite and makes an announcement.

STANLEY CURILA

The Las Vegas Hard Rock Hotel and Casino is very proud and honored to have Jeff and Ginger Taylor as our guests. I hope your stay here is just the beginning of a long and happy life together. Happy Honeymoon.

Jeff surprises Ginger and carries her into the luxurious suite. A quintet is playing "Here comes the bride, and transitions into modern rock song.

They are greeted by a butler and maid, serving them Champagne. A large black man, dressed like a high-class secret service agent, is erectly standing behind the butler.

STANLEY CURILA (CONT'D)

This is Helmsford and Sasha. They will gladly attend to your every need. And this is Johnson, head of security. During you stay here, Johnson will accompany you offering protective services.

LONGSHOT

I'd like to make a toast to the new Mr. and Mrs. Jeffrey Taylor, our next President and First Lady of the United States.

After they sipped, Jeff went to the bar, and poured glasses of bubbly for the hired help in the room. Helmsford was horrified by this slave like gesture, and the musicians were reluctant to drink.

JEFF TAYLOR

Dudes. Tonight, you're my best friends, so join us in our toast. Otherwise, I may have to go find better accommodations elsewhere.

Everyone laughed and drank. The violinist turned to the cellist.

VIOLINIST

This dude will never be president.

CELLIST

Why not?

VIOLINIST

He's too nice, and his wife is way to hot.

CELLIST

To bad, I'd enjoy watching her for four years.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. HOTEL SALON -- MORNING

Longshot getting a shave, hair cut and manicure.

Jade getting a hair cut, make over and manicure. She is transformed into a sexy but business looking secretary.

Longshot being fitted with new clothes, matching cowboy hat and boots, and designer sunglasses. He's flirting with the girls, and getting used to their manacurring.

Jade being fitted with new clothes and contacts. She is transformed into a sexy but business looking press secretary.

INT. HARD ROCK SUITE. -- CONTINUOUS

Ginger entering a bubble bath in the oversized tub.

Jeff washing Gingers back in the bubble bath.

INT. HARD ROCK SUITE. -- LATER

Jeff, Ginger, Longshot and Jade all meet on the suite outside patio, eight floors above the pool. Jeff and Ginger are wearing plush bath robes. Helmsford and Sasha are serving breakfast.

GINGER

Man. You guys look fabulous. I hate to say it, but I almost didn't recognize you.

JADE

(Jade is glowing.)

Thank you Ginger. But you and Jeff are on deck for your make overs in one hour. Then at 11, we'll cover your speeches for the golf outing. We leave at 2:00 for the golf course, and start playing at 3 after some very short speeches.

JEFF TAYLOR

Speeches? What are you talking about?

LONGSHOT

(Pulling down his Ferrari racing sun glasses.)

Jeff, relax. We'll have about 10 people from a few local TV stations playing golf with you. All you have to do is say Hi. I'm Jeff Taylor, and I'm running for president. Let's play some golf. That's it. No big deal.

GINGER

Honey, relax. I'll be with you.

Without notice, a local news helicopter comes swooping down on the foursome. A cameraman is dangling from the side of the chopper videotaping the breakfast club. Everything on the patio is flying around.

LONGSHOT

Okay everyone. Relax, smile, wave, and head inside.

Longshot and Jade go into the suite, followed by Jeff. As soon as Ginger stands up, her robe opens like a parachute, displaying her bouncing boobs and red thong.

She twirls around, trying to push the robe down, but the strong wind keeps the robe flying up and open. Johnson comes running out, grabs Ginger and yanks her into the suite.

Helmsford astutely greets Ginger with tray of drinks.

HELMSFORD

Tranquilizing beverage madam?  
(Ginger selects the  
Mimosa.)

JOHNSON

Mrs. Taylor. I'm so sorry. I had no idea the press was so hungry.

Longshot is jumping around, acting like he just scored a touchdown.

LONGSHOT

YeeHaa Ginger. If you know the press like I do, you just catapulted Jeff into the election race.

INT. LOCAL NEWS -- MORNING MOMENTS LATER

The video tape is playing on TV, blurring out body parts.

TV NEWSCASTER

This story just in. A local news team caught newly announced presidential candidate, Jeff Taylor having breakfast with his new wife Ginger and friends on their patio at the Hard Rock Hotel in Las Vegas. The chopper winds debuted the First Lady hopeful in her bouncing baby suite. This type of campaigning sure beats kissing babies.

INT. HARD ROCK SUITE. -- MORNING CONTINUOUS

Team Taylor is channel surfing and drinking attitude adjustments.

CNN HEADLINE: FUTURE FIRST LADY UP FOR GRABS

FOX NEWS: TRUE BLONDE, BRUNETTE, OR RED HEAD.

CBS NEWS. PRESIDENTIAL HONEYMOONER MOONS THE WORLD.

JUST FORE GOLF CHANNEL: WIND GUST TEES OFF CANDIDATES WIFE.

Whiling watching the news, Jeff and Ginger are chugging Mimosas. Longshot pulls Jade aside.

LONGSHOT

Jade. Listen closely. This stunt is going to explode Jeff's presidential presence. But, keep this in mind. Jeff's platform is Vote for Honesty. Honesty will triumph over advertising. Jeff's only type of advertising is free publicity. We are on a tight budget, so no TV ads or signs littering road ways. Just Honesty. Got It?

JADE

I think so. What's next?

LONGSHOT

Jeff is going to challenge all candidates to a lie detector test. This will really open the floodgates. Set up the web site to obtain questions from voters. Last of all, go to the golf course and prepare for a news bombardment. We'll meet you there.

JADE

What do I do?

LONGSHOT

Shit, I don't know. Improvise. I'll have Bob, my sound engineer meet you there to help out. You guys will come up with something.

Jade leaves the suite. Longshot answers the ringing suite phone.

LONGSHOT (CONT'D)

Hi Johnson. What? Thousands of people in the lobby? Okay. We'll be down in a few hours. You may also need to help Jade at the golf course. It might be a little hectic there.

CUT TO:

EXT. GOLF COURSE -- CONTINUOUS

A media blitz is taking place. National news teams are jockeying for position. Helicopters are flying. The police direct the traffic mayhem. Jade and Bob are decorating golf carts and speaking with reporters. Scratch is seen speaking with Jade.

CUT TO:

INT. HARD ROCK HOTEL LOBBY -- LATER

Jeff, Ginger, Longshot and Johnson emerge from the elevator. Security is holding back the swarm of media and Beatles-mania like crowd screaming at Jeff and Ginger. Jade and Bob are decorating golf carts and speaking with reporters. Scratch is seen speaking with Jade.

CROWD

Jeff for president. Ginger, skin to win.

They race inside the limo. Jeff looks like he's about to die.

CUT TO:

INT. LIMO BACK SEAT. -- LATER

The limo arrives at the country club, and it's flooded with news media. Jeff, Ginger, Longshot and Johnson are in the back seat. Johnson's on the phone handling security operations.

JEFF TAYLOR

Oh my God. This is worse than the lobby. I thought I was going to play a fun round of golf with a few reporters?

LONGSHOT

Relax Jeff, and remember our bet. Play your cards right, and we'll be millionaires in no time.

JOHNSON

Okay, here's the plan. Jade has some golf carts set up for us that will take us to the first tee. She arranged to have a children's choir sing Glory Hallelujah as we arrive to the first tee. When the song ends, we go to the podium, say a few words, and begin playing golf. Real simple.

Jeff looks he's about to give birth. The limo pulls up to Jade, who is in the parking lot with several golf carts draped with American flags. Longshot and Johnson get out first.

LONGSHOT

Jade. This is fabulous.

JADE

(Smiling)

Thanks. How's Jeff?

LONGSHOT

Shitting golf balls. I hope he makes it to the first tee.

Jeff gets out and notices one cart has a new set of clubs hitched to the back.

JEFF TAYLOR

What's this?

(glowing, fondling  
the new clubs.)

JADE

Your first endorsement. I have you lined up to play golf with their rep and several news teams. Are you ready, Mr. President?

Jeff is gleaming while fondling his new toys. He seems to ignore the hype and concentrates on hitting the new clubs.

JEFF TAYLOR

Let's tee it up.

They drive the carts to the podium. The choir finishes singing their song. Longshot approaches the microphones and speaks using his lower radio voice.

LONGSHOT

For those of you who don't know me, I'm Longshot, and I host a biweekly

radio show that helps gamers improve their odds in games of chance. A few short days ago, I was watching a golf tournament at this very course, the Viva Las Vegas Country Club, and accidentally found myself speaking with a near winner of the event. His name was Jeff Taylor. An unfortunate circumstance occurred that sadly caused him to overpower a short putt to lose the match. But, the fortunate outcome was that he met his new bride as a result of that missed putt. Sometimes, God closes a door but opens a window, and this certainly turned out to be true in Jeff's case."

Crowd Cheers. Jeff is still visualizing hitting his new club.

LONGSHOT (CONT'D)

I met up with Jeff to chat about the round and his missed opportunity. For someone who just lost a dream to compete in the U.S Open, he was very positive and upbeat, displaying sincere signs of sportsmanship and courage when personally challenged. Very stoic. Very presidential. Our conversation turned to politics, and Jeff indicated that's it sad when the most influential and democratic society in the world has such a difficult time finding candidates you can trust and believe in. What really struck me as refreshingly absurd is that Jeff doesn't want to vote for a candidate who will change the world. He would, however, like to vote for someone who doesn't really mess it up any worse than it is now, and he felt that even he had the ability to accomplish that.

At that point, Bob turned up the music just a notch as many of the reporting gallery clapped and cheered at those words. Jeff was starting to fidget, and Ginger held his hand.

LONGSHOT (CONT'D)

I was very impressed with Jeff, and suggested that he run for the position of President of the United States. Jeff laughed and said that

if for some reason, Americans believe that he can do a job as good or better than the challengers, and vote for him as a write-in candidate, and he wins, he'd accept the job. It was these inspiring words that persuaded me to make such an unusual bet on my radio station. I believe, in my heart of hearts, that Jeff Taylor could do no worse than any other politician running for office, and, quite possibly, do better, as he's as American as they come. So, Jeff Taylor is not officially running for President of the United States. Yet, I'm betting that Jeff will become our next President anyway.

The media looked completely perplexed, yet cheers were heard around the course.

LONGSHOT (CONT'D)

And remember, since there is no official campaign, Jeff asks that all political contributions be donated to your favorite charity in his name.

(Crowd cheers.)

And now, without further ado, here's our next president, Jeff Taylor.

Jeff and Ginger approach a throng of microphones. There's much commotion. Bob is playing patriotic music. Jeff is petrified can't speak.

Jeff looks at the microphone, and it turns into a king cobra. It opens it's mouth, and the tongue twists out between it's salivating fangs. Just then, it pounces, and Jeff jumps into the air thinking it bites his crotch.

Ginger releases her hard grip from his crotch without the media's knowledge. Jeff looks startled, but realizes his nightmare is just Ginger's wake up call. Cameras are buzzing and flashing. Then she kisses him.

GINGER

Say a few words so you can hit that new club, otherwise, I'll grab your club again.

JEFF TAYLOR

(nervous smile.)

Hi everyone. I'm Jeff Taylor. And  
this is my new wife Ginger.

(crowds hoots and  
whistles.)

We're going on our horny moon, I  
mean honey moon, and I hope to see  
how many holes I can get in as I  
love to play with my wife, ah, I  
mean golf.

Crowd laughs. Ginger looks at Jeff, elbows his ribs, then  
kisses him viciously. Crowd and news media howl.

JEFF TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Now, before I build a putting green  
on the White House lawn, I'd like to  
break in this new set of clubs.  
Who's up for some golf?

Johnson deploys a small team of security to block the  
reporters from attacking Jeff and Ginger. Jade quickly  
pushes several reporters over to the first tee. Jeff hits,  
followed by the other hackers. They stroll down the  
fairway. Longshot, Ginger and Johnson follow.

REPORTER1

Mr. Taylor. What do you think of  
our current president? Is he doing  
a good job?

JEFF TAYLOR

Hmm. I think you already know the  
answer.

REPORTER1

Huh?

JEFF TAYLOR

Is you life better or worse then  
when he took office?

REPORTER1

Well, my wife lost her job to some  
overseas company. I can't afford my  
health insurance, and can't imagine  
ever being able to retire.

JEFF TAYLOR

Anyone else better off now than four  
years ago?

All the reporters were quiet.

JEFF TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Well I'm much better off.

Longshot and Ginger looked at each in shock.

JEFF TAYLOR (CONT'D)

I married Ginger, and she's letting me play golf on our honeymoon. Life couldn't be any better.

The reporters applauded. Longshot whispers to Ginger.

LONGSHOT

Oh my God, that was perfect. He's a natural politician.

Ginger flirts with the media, bending over to retrieve putts. After several holes, a new group of reporters join Jeff. While hitting their shots, one reporter approaches Ginger.

SCRATCH

Hi baby. Remember me?

Ginger gasps with recognition.

GINGER

What are you doing here?

SCRATCH

Baby, you know I get paid to protect the interests of a certain party. So, who are you working for?

GINGER

No one. I married the guy.

SCRATCH

For love? Come on Ginger. I've seen you work. I think someone's throwing you and Jeff into the election fire to shake up the outcome. Who is it baby? When I saw your juggling tits on TV this morning, I had to come and find out for myself.

GINGER

(angry shouting.)  
Don't call me baby.

Johnson quickly moves in behind Scratch.

JOHNSON

Is everything alright Mrs. Taylor?

GINGER

Keep an eye on his ball. We  
wouldn't want anyone to cheat.

Ginger hides her displeasure, and continues flirting with  
the media through the rest of the round.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. HARD ROCK SUITE. -- EVENING

Jeff, Ginger, Jade, Longshot are sitting down. Johnson is on  
the phone.

JADE

We have about 10 product endorsement  
opportunities. Most of them are  
golf related. One company wants you  
to model patriotic condoms that  
displays the faces of smiling former  
presidents. The bigger you get, the  
more they smile, or so they say.  
Are you up for that?  
(giggling)

JEFF TAYLOR

No way. That's sick. Ax the  
rubbers.

LONGSHOT

Got it. Now more good news. The  
Hard Rock Hotel invited us to stay  
at their chain of hotels for free up  
to election day. After Ginger's TV  
debut, their hotel was packed. They  
have suites reserved at their Ft.  
Lauderdale hotel first. They love  
the publicity.

JOHNSON

They sure do. In fact, they just  
offered me the job to protect you  
guys during your campaign, if that's  
OK with you?

In unison, the group says YES.

GINGER

Well, I ain't doing anymore freebies  
on TV. I don't think it's befitting  
of a First Lady.

JADE

Well, then I guess you'll pass on a nude photo shoot and interview for La Pussay magazine. They're willing to pay a million dollars.

JEFF TAYLOR

A million bucks. Holy shit.

GINGER

Tell them I'll consider it after we make it to the White House.

(group laughs)

LONGSHOT

Partners, tomorrow night I'm going to challenge the other candidates to the polygraph test. This candidacy will be like riding a rodeo bull whose balls are injected with cocaine.

Jade watches Jeff nervously fumble with his scorecard.

JADE

Longshot, call the test the Scorecard Challenge.

LONGSHOT

Perfect. Update the website with everything about Jeff. Any idea how much the endorsements are worth?

JADE

Excluding the rubbers and La Pussay, almost 3 million dollars.

JEFF TAYLOR

Holy Shit.

JADE

Does this mean I'll start getting paid?

LONGSHOT

Darlin, we all will. Partner's, hold on to your hats and git ready to ride a bucking rich bull.

CUT TO:

INT. SCRATCHES APARTMENT -- LATER

Scratch is in his upscale Vegas apartment. He's mixing chocolate, vodka and toaster pastries in a blender while talking on the phone.

SCRATCH

It's me. I went to the course, but didn't find out anything.

SONNY HOAG

(talking on the phone.)

She has to be up to something. A nobody with a whore wife doesn't start campaigning months before a presidential election. See what you can find out. If they make more noise, remove the problems.

Scratch drinks from the blender.

SCRATCH

Ahh. Okay. But this will cost a cool mill. They're celebrities now. Oh, and by the way. The other little project is completed. This will be the easiest debate you've ever had.

(hangs up phone,  
drinks drink)

Hmmm. Good shit.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT -- LATER

Scratch is rummaging through Jeff's apartment and finds Ginger's porn DVD's and starts watching them.

SCRATCH

Bingo.

Scratch looks through the DVD's, finds one labeled Sonnyblabs, and starts watching it.

SCRATCH (CONT'D)

Holy Shit. It's Sonny...and a bird?  
Yuk. Sonny sounds awful, but that bird sounds pretty good.

Scratch finds Ginger's laptop. He turns it on, and clicks on an Internet link that takes him to her video account. He sees her ID, but the password is X'ed out. He writes down the link name and user ID, takes the DVD's and leaves.

CUT TO:

INT. LONGSHOT'S RADIO STATION -- 8 PM PST

Bob signals Longshot, and the Gambler start playing. Longshot is wearing red, white and blue underwear, cowboy boots, hat, and his designer sunglasses.

LONGSHOT

Welcome to Up your Odds.

(Bob switches music  
to "patriotic  
music.)

Gamers and citizens of the United States. As you know, our constitution is a document that our forefathers crafted based on honesty, integrity and high morals. I would bet the farm, however, that none of those who signed this document could ever imagine the amount of unpatriotic disloyalty that's seeped into our country.

Bob turns up crowd shouting.

LONGSHOT (CONT'D)

Politics masks dishonesty.  
Government embraces inefficiency.  
Money is the driving force behind  
our politicians, not We the People.

Bob merges crowd chants with I'm a Yankee Doodle Dandee music. Longshot chugs a shot of whiskey and scratches his groin.

LONGSHOT (CONT'D)

Friends and gamers, as you know, I made a bet to place honesty back in the White House by nominating Jeff Taylor for President. Now, I challenge all presidential candidates to a polygraph test which I call, the Scorecard Challenge. We set up a web site called Vote for Honesty.Org. Here, you can submit any question to any politician. Each question costs \$5, but all of the proceeds will be donated to the charity of your choice. What questions would you like to have honestly answered by our candidates?

Longshot takes another shot while Bob plays God Bless America. Bob looks psyched in the booth.

LONGSHOT (CONT'D)

Just think, you can help your country in two ways; By challenging candidates to be honest, and by donating to your favorite charity. Jeff has already agreed to take the test. After a short break, we'll answer your questions.

God Bless America keeps playing in the background. Longshot's cell phone buzzes. He recognizes the number.

LONGSHOT (CONT'D)

Hi Jade. How's it sound.

JADE (O.S.)

Fantastic. Jeff's puking, Ginger's pillaging the bar, and emails are streaming in.

LONGSHOT

Yeehaa.

CUT TO:

INT. SONNY'S DREAM -- NIGHT

Sonny is naked, standing at a podium with the presidential seal, with his hand on a bible. He's surrounded by three naked girls, spreading BBQ sauce on him and licking it off.

SONNY HOAG

I, Summerton James Hoag, solemnly swear that I will faithfully execute the duties of president of the United States, and will, to the best of my ability, preserve, protect, and grow my chain of Swine Dine Restaurants and power while in office.

(ring, ring)

Dga nabit, would someone answer the phone? I'm busy becoming supreme earthly god of the world.

(ring, ring)

INT. SONNY'S BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Sonny picks up the phone.

SONNY HOAG

Who the hell is this? I'm in the middle of a perfect dream. This better be a Gad dang emergency.

BLAKE SILVER (O.S.)  
Congressman. It's Blake, your  
campaign manager.

SONNY HOAG  
Well, what the hell do you want?

BLAKE SILVER (O.S.)  
Sonny. Wake up and listen. Jeff  
Taylor challenged all presidential  
candidates to a lie detector test.  
The press loves this idea. Preston  
Tate has already agreed to take the  
test right after your debate.  
They're calling me to see when  
you'll take it. In fact, some  
reporters are suggesting that every  
elected official be tested.

SONNY HOAG  
(groggy)  
A lie detector test? What kind of  
questions?

BLAKE SILVER (O.S.)  
Who knows. It could be anything.  
Sonny, you're sort of screwed. If  
you don't take it, you're hiding  
something. If you do take it, well,  
your string of rib restaurants,  
among other things, may be on the  
line.

SONNY HOAG  
Tell the press you haven't conferred  
with me yet. I'll provide an answer  
in a few days.

Sonny hangs up one phone and calls on another phone.

SCRATCH (O.S.)  
Who the hell is this? Do you know  
what time it is?

SONNY HOAG  
Wake up, shit head. This whole  
Taylor thing needs to be terminated.

SCRATCH (O.S.)  
Oh yeah. I saw it on the news. A  
political polygraph. Brilliant  
idea.

SONNY HOAG

Son Bitch. Don't tell me that.  
Just figure out a way to fix the Gad  
dang problem ASAP.

CUT TO:

EXT. PLANE LANDS IN FLORIDA -- EVENING

INT. LIMO BACK SEAT. -- EVENING FT. LAUDERDALE

Johnson is on his cell phone. Blabs is fluttering around in her cage.

JOHNSON

Wow.

(hangs up phone.)

JEFF TAYLOR

What? What is it?

JOHNSON

Well, there's a pretty big group of people there waiting to see you, including the press. Someone, leaked out your stay here. Probably the Hard Rock for publicity. I'm told the area is secure, but expect the worst.

EXT. FLORIDA HARD ROCK ENTRANCE -- CONTINUOUS

Screaming crowd holding signs: Vote for Honesty, Jeff for president, and skin to win.

JEFF TAYLOR

Man. Look at all these people.

JOHNSON

Jeff, you're an unofficial presidential candidate and an overnight celebrity. Have fun with it. I'll keep your back door covered.

GINGER

Johnson's right. These people are rooting for you. Don't be afraid of them. Embrace them. It's just like getting a pigeon in golf.

JEFF TAYLOR

You mean a birdie or eagle?

GINGER

Whatever. Just enjoy the moment.

They exit the limo waving. Reporters break the security barrier and rush up to Jeff and Ginger.

REPORTER2

Jeff, Ginger, welcome to South Florida. Jeff, are you here to play golf or run for the presidency?

JEFF TAYLOR

Well, remember, I'm not officially running for office, so I guess I'm here for my golfing honeymoon. But if anyone wants to write my name on the ballot, be my guest.

REPORTER2

Ginger, if Jeff was elected president, what would be the first thing you would do as first lady?

GINGER

Jeff?

(pause. Crowd laughs)

I mean, Jeff would have to help me decide. But first things first. We better run, cause poor Jeff has to wake up early to play golf tomorrow, if I let him out of bed. This is our honeymoon, you know. The White House will just have to wait, until next year, of course.

Johnson pushes his group inside. Crowd screams.

CUT TO:

INT. HARDROCK HOTEL SUITE FLORIDA -- LATER

The Taylor Team just entered their suite. Bell hops are unpacking their clothes. Jade comes busting into Jeff's room.

JADE

Quick. Put on the news. You won't believe what's happening.

Ginger flicks on the TV.

TV NEWSCASTER

... Photographs of Professor Lithman being tortured were found in the

office of Democratic presidential candidate Preston Tate. Isabella Garcia, employed by White Glove cleaning services, stumbled across the pictures while performing routine custodial tasks...

ISABELLA GARCIA

(Spanish Accent)

I moved a small bookcase to clean the floor, and pictures spilled out. I recognized the pictures of the man from the news, and called the police. Ay-ya-yi.

Scenes of Preston Tate being escorted by police in handcuffs are shown on TV.

TV NEWSCASTER

Preston Tate, leading presidential candidate, was taken into custody for charges relating to the murder of Professor Lithman on the eve of the final debate between him and Sonny Hoag. The Democratic party is scrambling to figure out how to proceed in the upcoming election.

The Taylor Team is quiet, sitting in front of the TV.

JADE

Well, looks like Sonny has this election locked up.

JOHNSON

Yeah, but he framed Tate to win it. Tate couldn't be that dumb to keep pictures of a murder in his office. Tate kicked Sonny's ass in the last two debates, and Sonny couldn't afford to lose another one, so he set him up. Too bad. Tate had a good track record. Jeff, I know we're just playing a presidential money game here, but we better be careful. Sonny's in a position to squash anything and anyone who get's in the way of the White House. Right now, you're one of his primary obstacles.

LONGSHOT

What do you propose?

JOHNSON

Sign as many contracts as you can, take the money, and get out of the race. If Sonny can take out his leading and prominent contender with only a few months to the election, just think what he can do to you.

JADE

Should we make Jeff more of a human interest story than a political adversary?

Johnson looks at Jeff.

JOHNSON

Yes. Enjoy your honeymoon, play some golf, joke at the elections, and let's see how the candidates fare with the lie detector test.

FADE OUT:

JEFF AND GINGER PLAY GOLF WITH THE MEDIA AT DIFFERENT COURSES. THEY MAKE SOME COMMERCIALS. THEY SHOP, GO TO THE BEACH, VISIT SOME THEME PARKS. THE PRESS DECREASE THEIR COVERAGE OF JEFF AND GINGER. . -- WEEKS LATER

CUT TO:

EXT. GOLF COURSE -- AFTERNOON

Golf Manufacturer Commercial. Helicopter hovers over golf course. On ground security in position.

SECURITY AGENT ACTOR

The eagle has landed. Take your positions.

The helicopter lands on a golf course. Security agents jump out and survey the area. Jeff jumps out, and is met with a motorcade of golf carts that escort him to a golf tee.

JEFF TAYLOR

Brief me.

SECURITY AGENT ACTOR

The grass is wet, and the course is playing long. Sir, Deploy the missile.

An agent hands Jeff a club with a presidential seal on it. He swings, and the ball takes off with the sound of a missile.

JEFF TAYLOR

Right on target. But, you don't have to be a president to deploy a missile. Keep one in your bag at all times.

CUT TO:

EXT. HARD ROCK SUITE BATHROOM. -- CONTINUOUS

Jeff and Ginger having a bubble bath watching the commercial on TV.

GINGER

Jeff. You were great. It's a very cool commercial. And you can't beat the easy bucks.

JEFF TAYLOR

Well, you taught me a lot about blasting off my missile. I think it's time to fire one off now.

GINGER

Wait. Here comes another commercial.

CUT TO:

EXT. TV COMMERCIAL WITH GINGER -- CONTINUOUS

Ginger is in a sexy negligee, releases her hair from a bun and it drop to her shoulders. She sprays some perfume on her. Jeff enters the bedroom, whiffs, and smiles at her. The Washington Monument is seen from the window behind Jeff. Ginger faces the camera.

GINGER

First Lady perfume. It brings out the Washington Monument in any man.

The commercial ends, and a news update appears showing Sonny Hoag on the campaign trail, smiling and shaking hands.

TV NEWSCASTER

With the arrest of Democratic candidate Preston Tate, and Jeff Taylor spending more time on his honeymoon than on his unofficial campaign, the polls show Sonny Hoag with an unprecedented lead and sure victory to the White House.

JEFF TAYLOR

Man, that pig's gonna win. There goes the country.

GINGER

Well, what can you do about it?

JEFF TAYLOR

Well, I don't want to end up like Tate, or worse, but..

GINGER

But what?

JEFF TAYLOR

This might sound crazy, but I miss the action of running for president. These commercials are keeping my ratings up in the polls, but everyone knows this campaign is just a hoax. When I see Sonny on TV, it makes me sick that he'll win. I don't know what to do.

GINGER

Maybe you need an attitude adjustment.

JEFF TAYLOR

OK. I'm reloaded and ready to blast off.

GINGER

Perfect, but let's escape to blast off that missile, without the crowds and press, to...like... Key West. Just the two of us. Who know's, maybe a Key West missile deployment will help you figure out what you want to do, as long as you don't start another Bay of Pigs fiasco, unless it's focused on stopping Hoag.

Ginger rubs her body against Jeff's. He smiles, and phones Jade.

JEFF TAYLOR

Jade. Now don't go ballistic. Ginger and I need a rental car. We want to take a drive...alone.

JADE

Well, I'll inform Longshot, and  
Johnson, check your itinerary,  
and...

JEFF TAYLOR

Stop. No. Just get us a car.  
Please. We need some space. Get a  
rag top. We're taking Blabs. She  
needs some fresh air.

JADE

Okay. But I'm not happy about this.

FADE OUT:

EXT. OVERSEAS HIGHWAY FLORIDA KEYS AFTERNOON

Tropical music playing.

Jeff and Ginger are driving a convertible. Scratch is following, drinking a beer, and accidentally spills beer all over himself. Johnson is trailing, recognizing Scratch from the golf course. Jeff and Ginger stop at a road side store.

Scratch goes in unnoticed, grabs a shirt and pants from a rack, throws \$50 on the counter and runs out. He changes into oversized rap pants and skin tight pink t-shirt.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARROTDICE B&B OUTDOOR LOBBY-- AFTERNOON

Jeff and Ginger drive into Key West, find a B&B with a vacancy sign, and enter the tropical outdoor lobby filled with parrots. Scratch is hiding behind a banyan tree. He's drunk, and he has his gun in the waist of his pants covered by his shirt.

MIA

Hi folks. Welcome to Parrotdice.  
I'm Mia.

JEFF TAYLOR

Hi I'm, uh...

GINGER

He's Clyde. I'm Bonnie.

MIA

Ah. Bank robbers. Well, Key West  
is the perfect hide out. That's why

I moved here. Oh, my, who's this?  
Machine gun Eddy?

GINGER  
No. This is Blabs.

MIA  
(She pulls out a  
bird cracker.)  
Oh my, you're beautiful Blabs.  
Would you like something to eat?

BLABS  
(singing)  
Cheese burger in paradise.

MIA  
Oh my God. That's amazing. You  
should bring her to Mallory Square.  
She'd be a big hit down there,  
especially since this is Dress Mess  
Weekend.

JEFF TAYLOR  
What's that?

MIA  
It's a blast. Your mate picks out  
your clothes. The more daring the  
better. You guys go get settled.  
My husband Dale will pick up, ah,  
Clyde in an hour to buy you an  
outfit. Bonnie, I have costumes you  
can select for Clyde. You can join  
us. We'll have a ball.

Jeff and Ginger go to their room, and Scratch approaches  
Mia. He walks up a few steps, and his gun slips into his  
baggy crotch. He starts grabbing himself to push the gun  
up. Mia is disgusted at the sight.

SCRATCH  
(slurring)  
Ah need a room.

MIA  
I'm sorry, we just booked the last  
room. Besides, I think the Stiff  
Wind across the street has a  
vacancy, and they'll make you feel  
at home.

INT. STIFF WIND -- MOMENTS LATER

A Man/Woman greets Scratch.

TONI

Hi sugar. Ooh. Nice shirt. I'm  
Toni. Are you alone?

SCRATCH

(slurring)  
Yeah. Ah need a room.

TONI

Well, we usually only admit couples,  
but I'm currently free to even  
things out. Why don't you go to our  
pool, and I'll meet you there in 30  
minutes for our happy hour. I make  
a fabulous rum punch.

Scratch goes to his room and hides his gun. Then he  
accidentally locks his room key inside. He walks out to a  
deserted pool drinking a beer and falls asleep in a lounge  
chair.

CUT TO:

INT. PARROTDICE ROOM -- LATER

Jeff and Ginger are in their room. Ginger is wearing a  
revealing yellow bird costume with mask. Jeff is wearing a  
Scottish kilt with hat and is playing his toy bag pipes.  
Blabs is squawking.

JEFF TAYLOR

Man. If big bird looked like you,  
I'd still be watching Sesame Street.

GINGER

I hope you're not wearing underwear.  
A true Scott with golf lineage  
wouldn't get caught dead in boxers.

Jeff drops his boxers and tosses them in the air when Dale  
and Mia barge in carrying drinks. Dale is wearing cowboy  
chaps that reveal his butt, and Mia is wearing a boxer's  
robe with no top.

DALE

Holy shit Bonnie. You're the bird  
women of Key West.

BLABS

(singing)  
Fly high, like a free bird, yeah!

MIA  
That's amazing. Here's a bird  
harness. Put it on and let's go.

They all leave together.

CUT TO:

EXT. STIFF WIND -- CONTINUOUS

Calypso music and voices wake Scratch. He opens his eyes and is blinded by a setting sun. Johnson is behind the bushes with a video camera.

TONI  
Hi sleepy head. Jump in the pool.  
I'll bring you a rum punch.

Scratch jumps in the pool. The chlorine burns his eyes. As his eyes adjust, he feels someone put an arm around him.

TONI (CONT'D)  
Here's your rum punch sugar. Why  
are you wearing those silly clothes?

Scratch chugs the punch, and notices that naked men surround the pool, including Toni. He panics, jumps out, and trips over chairs running to his room. He realizes he has no key, and walks back embarrassedly.

SCRATCH  
I locked my keys in the room.

TONI  
You're teasing me sugar. You don't  
need to play games, just ask.

Toni walks Scratch to his room, with men yelling.

GAY MEN  
Don't forget protection, love birds.  
(laughing)

Scratch sees Jeff and Ginger walking down the street.

SCRATCH  
I have to meet some friends right  
away.

TONI  
OK sugar. Let's hook up later in  
the hot tub. Bring your friends.  
We'll get all hot and steamy.

Scratch rolls his eyes, and runs down the street in soaking wet clothes. Johnson follows.

EXT. MALLORY SQUARE KEY WEST -- MOMENTS LATER

A crowd of half naked people in absurd costumes are on the dock with vendors, music and street performers. Two men are wearing diapers and bonnets, connected with a yellow sash. They make a fuss over Blabs.

BLABS

(singing)

Tie a yellow ribbon round the old  
oak tree...

DALE

Man. That's amazing. How does she  
know?

Ginger laughs and shrugs shoulders. They move in the direction of music. The band is wearing German lieder hosen with tropical shirts.

MIA

Oh yeah. The Polka Pirates are  
here. These guys are great. They  
play island flavored polkas.

JEFF TAYLOR

Island polkas?

The band, which includes an accordion and steel drum, starts playing roll out the barrel. Everyone starts dancing to the music.

CUT TO:

EXT. MALLORY SQUARE KEY WEST -- CONTINUOUS

Scratch's huge water logged pants keep falling down. He develops a rash and walks funny, using one hand to hold his pants up. People think he's homeless and deranged, and start offering him charity money.

PASSERBY

Here you go buddy. Go get something  
to eat.

PASSERBY2

Want to finish my conch pizza?

SCRATCH

(shouting in anger)

I'm worth millions you fools, and  
can have anyone of you killed with  
just one phone call.

PASSERBY

(talking to his  
wife)

Poor island soul. He's mentally ill  
as well. Wish we could help him.

EXT. MALLORY SQUARE KEY WEST -- CONTINUOUS

Jeff and Ginger are dancing to the music. Mia hands them  
two plastic cups filled with a funny colored liquid.

MIA

Here Bonny, Clyde. Key West Pirate  
Punch. Perfect for pirates,  
outlaws, wackos, and villains. Now  
chug-a-lug.

While Jeff and Ginger chug the punch, Mia approaches the  
band and secretly whispers to the leader. He approaches the  
microphone.

BAND LEADER.

Ahoy me hartees, yur know that a  
parrot is a pirates best friend, and  
we have a special treat for you.

Dale grabs Ginger and throws her on the stage with Blabs.  
Her sexy outfit generates whistles and yells.

BAND LEADER. (CONT'D)

Aye lass, what'l you two birds be  
singing for us?

Ginger whispers to Blabs.

BLABS

(singing)

Wasted away again in Margaritaville.

The band starts playing, and the crowd joins in singing.  
During the song, two 300 pound women notice they're wearing  
the same costume. Their shirts say "Boobs of Mass  
Seduction". Their skin tight shorts display George Bush  
sneering on one cheek, and the other cheek says "Big Ass".  
They start fighting, and knock Ginger and Blabs off the pier  
into the water.

She climbs up to the pier. Ginger's costume is see through,  
and her mask is gone. Everyone recognizes her. People  
start yelling and videotaping her.

CROWD

Holy shit. It's Ginger Taylor.  
Where's Jeff? Vote for Honesty.  
Jeff for President. Jeff, you have  
our vote.

People run up to Jeff for autographs. Johnson buys a t-shirt, pushes through the crowd and gives it to Ginger.

GINGER

What are you doing here? We're  
supposed to be alone?

JOHNSON

I had a feeling Blabs might sing,  
and I didn't want to miss it.

MIA

I don't believe it, we're partying  
with Jeff and Ginger Taylor. We  
plan to vote for you.

JOHNSON

Well, I hate to spoil the party, but  
this drunken crowd is unpredictable.  
I better get you guys back to  
Parrotdice.

(Johnson shouts to  
the band)

Quick. Play something.

BAND LEADER.

Aye mates, now we'd like to play our  
original song, Polish Island of  
Love.

(tropical polka)

DALE

You're their body guard? Oh man,  
that means you have a conscience.  
Key West is no place for a  
conscience.

JOHNSON

You got that right. Now let's get  
you guys back. I have some other  
business to take care of.

Scratch loses site of Jeff and Ginger and leaves.

CUT TO:

INT. KEY WEST DRUG STORE

Scratch picks up a 6 ounce tube of skin ointment, and shakes his head, realizing this won't cover his rash. He notices a gallon size container of petroleum jelly and picks it up. He limps back to the hotel and is outside his room looking for his key in his pants when two men with no shirts pour out of the room next to his with an empty ice bucket.

INT. STIFF WIND -- MOMENTS LATER

PARTYMAN1

Hey, look who's here, big pants with a vat of jelly. I'd say you're ready to party. Can I help you find your room key?

Scratch finds the key and races into his room. He strips, rubs the jelly all around his butt and groin, lays in bed, and falls asleep.

Meanwhile, the men in the room next door are dancing to Latin music from a radio and knock over a candle. Their room catches on fire. Toni barges into Scratch's room.

TONI

Sugar, let's go. There's a fire.

Scratch jumps out of bed. Toni takes him by the hand and rushes him outside. Sirens are heard, and firemen rush in and put out the fire.

Scratch is standing by the pool naked, butt glistening, holding Toni's hand without knowing it. Johnson is filming the sequence behind the bushes.

TONI (CONT'D)

I was terrified you'd be burned to death. My oh my, you're all lathered up and ready for action. I knew you'd come around.

Scratch realizes he's naked, and runs for his room. Firemen stop him, laughing.

FIREMEN

Sorry slick. This area isn't secure yet. Get your shiny butt out of here.

TONI

You can stay in my place sugar. Follow me.

SCRATCH

Alright. But no funny business.  
I'm not gay.

TONI

Well, maybe you are and don't know  
it?

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. SONNY'S OFFICE -- MORNING

Sonny turns on the news, and every station is showing Blabs singing, and Ginger's Key West water works. Phone rings.

BLAKE SILVER (O.S.)

Congressmen. It's Blake. Have you  
seen the TV yet?

SONNY HOAG

Yes dammit. That son bitch can puke  
and get good exposure on TV.

BLAKE SILVER (O.S.)

Jeff's little Key West trip pushed  
him up to 30% of the vote in the  
polls. Your at 43 and losing  
ground. I think you need to take  
that lie detector test, and pass it.

SONNY HOAG

Set up a press conference next week  
at one of my Swine Dine restaurants.  
Offer people discount coupons so we  
have a good crowd. I'll make an  
announcement then.

Sonny calls Scratch.

CUT TO:

INT. TONI'S BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Scratches phone rings.

SCRATCH

Yeah?

(Sleeping with Toni  
without knowing it)

Holy shit. What the?

TONI

Morning sugar. I needed a place to sleep to. I rubbed some more cream on you while you were sleeping. Look, your rash is almost gone.

SCRATCH

Haaaagh!

CUT TO:

INT. SONNY'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

SONNY HOAG

Listen pecker head. Leave the whore alone for a minute. Ginger and her damn bird are racking up Jeffy points big time. I need them out of the picture.

INT. TONI'S BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Tony goes to the bathroom.

SCRATCH

You listen up asshole. I'm here in Key West following them right now. Besides, I have some of her porn on DVD. I don't think Americans will vote for a porn queen. How much is that worth to you?

Tony returns to bed.

CUT TO:

INT. SONNY'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

SONNY HOAG

(yelling)

Perfect. Let's get them on the air ASAP.

SCRATCH

Not so fast. I also have a DVD of you getting a blow job, from her parrot, of all perverted things.

TONI

Oooh. That sounds interesting.

Scratch rolls his eyes.

SONNY HOAG

What?

SCRATCH

That's right shit head. I'm sure she has a copy of it somewhere. Let me see if I can recover the copy. We might want to borrow her parrot as an added precaution.

SONNY HOAG

Find any copies, and I'll kiss your ass.

INT. TONI'S BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

TONI

I knew it. You are gay. You have another lover. Why didn't you just tell me?

(Scratch shakes his head)

INT. SONNY'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

SONNY HOAG

Fat and Sticky are finishing a job for me in Miami. I'm going to have them get the bird and deliver it to you. Rent a house down there. Then we'll use the bird and videos to get Jeff out of the picture.

INT. TONI'S BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

SCRATCH

Those guys are morons.

INT. SONNY'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

SONNY HOAG

Yeah, and you're their leader. Don't screw this up.  
(click.)

CUT TO:

EXT. PARROTDICE B&B JEFF, GINGER DEPART. SCRATCH'S CAR IS OUTSIDE THE STIFF WIND -- NEXT DAY

Johnson is behind a bush with a video camera as Scratch walks to his car to depart. Toni is following behind Scratch.

TONI

I'm gonna miss you. If you ever break up with your lover, call me.

SCRATCH

Tony, trust me. There's nothing  
between us. I'm not gay.

Just as Scratch opens his car door, Toni surprises him and  
kisses him viciously. Johnson is laughing hysterically.  
Scratch drives away.

TONI

(yelling)  
Remember, Toni LeBlac loves you.

CUT TO:

INT. HARD ROCK SUITE. -- EVENING, DAYS LATER

Jeff, Ginger, Jade, Johnson and Longshot enter their suite.

JEFF TAYLOR

Man, that golf course was a mad  
house. I never saw so many people.  
I felt like I was playing a major  
championship.

LONGSHOT

Well, partner, you're a rich  
celebrity who's climbing the polls  
faster than a horny nun on vacation.

JOHNSON

That's because they want you to win.  
Americans are sick of rich  
politicians running the country.  
They can relate to you far better  
than the millionaires who are  
running for office.

GINGER

(Running into the  
room screaming)  
Blabs is gone.

JEFF TAYLOR

Are you sure? Is she hiding under a  
bed?

GINGER

I looked all over. She's gone.

JOHNSON

Well Jeff, you may be pulling out  
faster than you think. Someone is  
playing hardball, and I expect to  
hear from them soon regarding their

demands. Right now, let's wait and see.

CUT TO:

INT. SCRATCH RENTAL -- CONTINUOUS

Scratch is mixing jelly donuts, orange juice and vodka in a blender. His door bangs open.

SCRATCH  
Oh shit. It's dick and head.

FAT  
Man, I wished I killed you in Kansas.

STICKY  
Here's your present, shit for brains. So now you're a bird sitter. I taught I saw a puddy cat.  
(laughing)

SCRATCH  
I wish I killed you in Detroit.  
(pointing his gun at them)  
Out, pecker heads.

Blabs escapes from her box, flies up, and poops on Scratch. He wipes the poop off his face. Blabs sits on a second floor railing looking down.

BLABS  
Shit for brains.

Sticky and Fat start laughing hysterically.

FAT  
Now who's calling who shit for brains.

Scratch pulls out his gun and fires a shot between Sticky and Fat, and then waves the gun towards the door.

SCRATCH  
Assholes. Beat it.

Scratch slams the door as they exit. He puts in one of Ginger's videos. Blabs sees Ginger on TV and starts squawking.

SCRATCH (CONT'D)

Shut up pecker head, or I'll be  
mixing up your BBQ'd ass in one of  
my famous drinks.

Blabs watches Scratch play the DVD's.

CUT TO:

INT. HARD ROCK SUITE. -- LATER

Two days later, a package arrives at the suite. It has  
pictures of Blabs and a note. Jeff reads the note.

JEFF TAYLOR

Quit the race now, or I'll kill the  
bird and release your porn video.  
Porn video?

Ginger sits in tears.

GINGER

I made some videos with clients. I  
thought about selling them on the  
web, but never did. I also made  
some to protect myself.

JOHNSON

What do you mean?

GINGER

I don't know. Like, I made a video  
with Sonny Hoag in case he ever  
tried to hurt me.

LONGSHOT

You mean Presidential Candidate  
Sonny Hoag?

GINGER

Yeah. Someone must have stolen the  
DVD's from Jeff's apartment.

LONGSHOT

Do you still have access to the  
video's?

GINGER

Sure. I have them all saved through  
my Internet provider.

Longshot is jumping up and down smiling.

LONGSHOT

Ginger, we've got him. No offense,  
but you and Jeff don't have much to  
lose if he releases the videos.  
Sonny has everything to lose.

Ginger sits at the PC and accesses her site. She opens the  
file. Everyone is sitting around her. The video starts  
showing Sonny getting cuffed to the bed. Blabs starts  
singing. Ginger runs into her bed room embarrassed.

JADE

This is gross.

JOHNSON

It sure is. Sonny has a terrible  
voice.

LONGSHOT

No. It's beautiful. All of America  
should see and hear this.

Jeff watches some of the video and goes into the bedroom.  
He puts his arms around Ginger.

JEFF TAYLOR

Man. Sonny can't sing for shit, but  
Blabs sounded pretty good, just like  
Mic Jagger. He wasn't one of your

...

(Ginger smiles and  
hits him.)

Ginger. Don't sweat it. We have a  
fat, juicy mulligan.

GINGER

A what?

JEFF TAYLOR

A mulligan. A free shot in golf. A  
do over. We're sitting on a ton of  
cash. We could bug out now and you  
and I can start our new lives  
together.

GINGER

You don't understand. Sonny used me  
to kill an innocent man. He needs  
to stopped.

(hugs and kisses  
Jeff)

I hate Sonny, but, I love you.

(kiss)

They go into the living room.

JEFF TAYLOR

We're not backing down from this,  
and I want to take the pig man down.  
Johnson, any ideas?

LONGSHOT

Yeehaw Jeff. That's the spirit.  
Let's have a political pig roast.

JOHNSON

I didn't tell you this before, but I  
have some incriminating video's of  
Scratch tailing you in Key West. I  
never said anything cause I didn't  
want you to worry. He had an  
encounter with a gay man. I'm sure  
he knows where Blabs is. Maybe we  
can make a trade with him.

GINGER

Maybe we can trade him a jail  
sentence. Scratch hired me to send  
Professor Lithman to a motel the  
night he was murdered. He was  
supposed to meet me there, but  
instead, Scratch was waiting for  
him. I'll testify to this.

JEFF TAYLOR

Let's do it. But how can we find  
him?

JOHNSON

I used to work for the CIA and FBI.  
My connections there are deeper than  
a two pound laxative stuck in the  
smelly compartment of an elephant.  
No shit.

Everyone starts laughing

JOHNSON (CONT'D)

If you wanna give him a fight, I can  
make some calls, but your videos may  
end up being released to the world.  
It's up to you Ginger.

Ginger is pacing, thinking about what to do.

GINGER

Scratch and Sonny lead me to believe  
that the professor was a bad guy.  
Now, his invention might have helped  
our world, but because of me, the

professor's dead. I'd do anything  
to get back at them.

LONGSHOT

Johnson, let's see those videos of  
Scratch.

JOHNSON

Let me make some calls first.

CUT TO:

FADE IN:

EXT. OUTSIDE A SWINE DINE RESTAURANT. -- AFTERNOON, SEVERAL  
DAYS LATER

Sonny's holding a press conference in front of his  
restaurant. Hundreds of very overweight people are standing  
in the background. Their stomachs are growling loudly.

SONNY HOAG

Good morning ladies and gentlemen.  
I'm Sonny Hoag. A mile down the  
road is Wright Brothers National  
Monument. Orville and Wilber  
Wright, filled with inspiration and  
courage, fullfilled the dreams of  
dancing with angels at Kitty Hawk.  
Yes, this is where air travel was  
born.

(Sonny pauses,  
tears. stomachs  
rumble in the  
background.)

Many people doubted that they could  
fly, but they proved them wrong.  
These non-believers still exist  
today.

CUT TO:

INT. DOG POUND -- CONTINUOUS

Ferd walks into dog pound.

FERD

Hey, where's all the animals?

POUND WORKER

Some guy came in this morning and  
took em all. Said he had a big farm  
for them. I'll miss ole Shep  
though.

FERD

Me too. He was a beautiful dog.  
Hey. I'm hungry. Sonny's giving  
away 20% off coupons at the Swine  
dine if we catch his speech. Let's  
go. There's no animals here  
anyways.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE A SWINE DINE RESTAURANT. -- CONTINUOUS

SONNY HOAG

I have been challenged to take a  
polygraph test from one of those  
doubters; Still, I accept the  
Scorecard Challenge, and will  
demonstrate to all doubters that  
I'll answer all questions honestly,  
and prove that I am your best choice  
to be your next President.

The crowd around Sonny is given their discount coupons, and  
they start cheering just as he finishes his speech. They  
plow into the restaurant like a herd of buffalo. One diner  
calls a waitress while feeding. The Diner is sitting in a  
booth next to Ferd and his Pound worker.

DINER

Waitress, this was in my ribs.

He holds up a dog tag with the name "Shep".

DINER (CONT'D)

Who would name their hog Shep?

FERD

(overhears remark.)  
Huh?

CUT TO:

INT. HARD ROCK SUITE. -- LATER

The Taylor team is watching Sonny's speech on TV with  
Johnson.

JEFF TAYLOR

Look at that pig running for  
president. And to think people will  
vote for him.

JOHNSON

They aren't voting for him. They're voting for his image. He projects a confident winning attitude. You project honesty. That's why so many people want to vote for you, even though you have no political experience. You're a golfer, a drinking buddy, and friendly neighbor next door. People can relate to you. I'm going to vote for you, even if you back out of the race. If Hoag wins, I'm moving to Australia. He'll ruin this country.  
(answer's his  
ringing phone.)

GINGER

I agree. Besides, a president is a front man, surrounded by advisors. Give the people a non-political choice. I'm voting for you also, even if you don't run.

JADE

Me too. I know you got into this race for the money, but you gained my respect, along with the love, respect and hope for millions of Americans. Look outside.

Jeff looks out the window, and thousands of people are in the parking lots with Vote for Honesty signs.

JADE (CONT'D)

You're not even running, and they want you to win.

LONGSHOT

Jeff, they need you to win. I'm voting for you too, otherwise, I'm going to Australia with Johnson.

JOHNSON

(Hangs up phone.)

Great news. I found out that Scratch is living in rented home not far from here, and I think he has Blabs. His recent credit card receipts shows he's been buying bird supplies at a local pet shop.

GINGER

Man, you got some good connections.  
You would have made a good love  
broker.

JOHNSON

Naw, I'd rather investigate crimes  
of passion than participate in them,  
unless, of course, it's just me and  
a special lady.

Room Phone rings. Jade answers.

JADE

Oh my gosh. I forgot. Really.  
Okay.

(Hangs up.)

Jeff, we forgot about the concert  
tonight. The Hard Rock wants you to  
attend the concert in exchange for  
the free room for PR. They asked us  
to go to the band's dressing room  
right now, and then join them on the  
stage after the show.

CUT TO:

INT. HR DRESSING ROOM -- LATER

The band is in the dressing room eating popsicles and  
watching a Monkeys re-run. Door knocks, and Jeff and party  
walk in. Band leader Reggie Goodman is wearing a red, white  
and blue velvet top hat and stars and stripes tie dye shirt.

REGGIE

Jeff, Ginger, I can't believe it's  
you. Thanks for coming. You got my  
vote dude.

Reggie hugs Jeff and Ginger, then reaches around and grabs  
her ass.

REGGIE (CONT'D)

Now, when you get in office, I can  
tell everyone that I had a piece of  
the First Lady.

(sucks on popsicle.)

Have a popsicle. They're awesome.

Jeff, Ginger and Jade each take one. Then he gives the  
girls t-shirts. They go to change. He hands Jeff a bong.

REGGIE (CONT'D)

Jeff, here's my favorite bong. I  
always say, go to sleep with bong,

wake with a new song. It works  
dude. You can reform health care or  
fix our shitty education system if  
you use this sucker.

Jade and Ginger return wearing tight bulging shirts.

DRUMMER

(to Jade)

Man, I could play your congas all  
day.

Jade flirts with him.

REGGIE

Dude, can I play at your  
inauguration bash? We'd sound so  
cool in DC. We aren't well received  
there now by those demons.

Jade finished her popsicle, jumps on the drummer and kisses  
him hard.

JADE

I need another popsicle. Can I eat  
yours? I can make it melt in my  
mouth.

Jade continues her love assault. The band members stand  
around enjoying the action.

BAND MEMBERS

Cool. Far out. Nice Girl. I  
wonder if she can shake a  
tambourine?

Johnson pulls them apart.

JEFF TAYLOR

Holy shit Reggie, I'm buzzed.  
What's in these things?

REGGIE

Liquid grass man. Very cool beans.  
A chemist makes it for me, cause I  
hook him up with free concert  
tickets. Looks like your press  
secretary likes em too. Well dudes,  
it's show time. See you on stage.

The band drags the drummer out, and Johnson is holding on to  
Jade with force.

CUT TO:

INT. STAGE -- MOMENTS LATER

Jeff and Ginger are sucking on a popsicle and jamming to the music. The band is heading back for their encore. Jeff looks up and sees cages and ropes hanging above the stage.

JEFF TAYLOR

Hey dude, what's hanging up there?

STAGEHAND

We have a circus coming in town. We set up tightropes and cages ahead of time.

JEFF TAYLOR

Dude, here's \$100. Come with me.

Jeff grabs Gingers hand. Ginger is wasted. Johnson is holding Jade, and misses Jeff's departure.

JEFF TAYLOR (CONT'D)

OK Dude. Ginger and I are going up into the cages and ropes. When I give you the signal, drop us down on stage.

STAGEHAND

Far out!

Jeff and Ginger climb up. Ginger enters a cage. Jeff closes the door and leans her over the cat walk. Next, he ties a rope around himself. He signals the stage hand, and slowly, they descend.

Large screens are on either side of the stage. Camera's zoom in on Jeff and Ginger. The crowd goes crazy. Ginger is dancing in the cage, slips, and starts to fall out. Jeff can't get enough momentum to swing over to her. Out of nowhere, Johnson comes flying across and grabs ginger.

JOHNSON

Hi Jane. What the hell are you and Tarzan doing?

Jeff finally swings over.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)

'Bout time Tarzan. Cheetah save Jane's ass. Cheetah getting to old for this monkey shit.

JEFF TAYLOR

Good boy Cheetah. I'll get you a banana popsicle later. Tarzan take it from here.

Jeff ties his rope around Ginger and they descend. Johnson is hoisted up. The crowd is screaming. They land on the stage and start dancing. Song ends.

REGGIE

Well, it looks like Jeff and Ginger Taylor, our next president and first lady, decided to swing by.

JEFF TAYLOR

The R Good Band. Aren't they great?

The crowd roars. Jade sneaks up behind the drummer and passionately attacks him, which is seen on the big screens. The crowd jumps on to the stage and riots, pulling hair and clothes from everyone one stage. Johnson and his security team finally get everyone back to the dressing room.

CUT TO:

INT. HR DRESSING ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Jeff reaches in to an ice bucket places a cold beer on his forehead.

JEFF TAYLOR

Hey man, let's go out and do the finale? I want to see the end of the show.

REGGIE

Dude. You were the finale. Man, you brought the house down, literally. That's the kind of president we need.

Ginger grabs an icy beer and puts it on her face.

GINGER

What the hell was I doing in a cage above the stage?

Everyone laughs. Johnson grabs a beer.

JOHNSON

Popsicle heaven Jane. You swingers are going are make Sonny go ape when he sees this on TV. I think it's time I paid Mr. Scratch a visit. Anybody seen Jade?

CUT TO:

INT. DRUMMER'S ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Jade and drummer are having volcanic sex.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SONNY'S BEDROOM -- NEXT AFTERNOON

Smashing up his bedroom while on the phone.

SONNY HOAG

Scratch. You son of a bitch. I told you to stop this Taylor thing. Voters are lovin' their shit. Where are you now?

SCRATCH (O.S.)

Buying Tweet treats for the damn bird, asshole.

SONNY HOAG

Taylor's killn' me. You're killn' me. Stop it now, or I'll be killn' you pecker head.  
(throws phone at TV)

CUT TO:

INT. SCRATCH RENTAL -- CONTINUOUS

Blabs flies down and bites and scratches all the disc's. Scratch walks in, and doesn't notice the chewed DVD's. He puts on a straw hat to protect his head from bird poop bombs. Blabs flies back up to the railing.

Scratch is blending up Trix cereal, tequila, lime juice and sweet tarts.

Blabs flies and poops, but Scratch moves. Her poop goes into blender and is swirling, but he doesn't know it.

SCRATCH

Hah. Missed me.

Scratch pours a glass and starts drinking.

SCRATCH (CONT'D)

Ah. That's good.

BLABS

Shit for brains. Pecker head.

Scratch sees the bitten DVD's. He pulls out his gun and looks around, then goes back to the DVD's.

SCRATCH  
Did you do this?  
(looks at Blabs)

BLABS  
Pecker head. Shit for brains.

Scratch starts shooting at Blabs.

Door knocks. Scratch opens the door.

SCRATCH  
What the hell do you want?

JOHNSON  
Nice hat. Did your boyfriend in Key West give it to you?

SCRATCH  
(nervous and  
confused, he points  
his gun at Johnson.)  
Who are you, and what the fuck are  
you talking about?

JOHNSON  
I'm here to take Blabs home, get  
Ginger's DVD's and save your  
pathetic life.  
(he holds up a DVD)  
You were filmed in Key West with a  
Toni LeBlac in some incriminating  
circumstances. Your butt sure  
shined in the moonlight during the  
fire.

Johnson walks into the house and throws the DVD at Scratch. Scratch and Toni Stiff Wind BB is written on it. Scratch is still pointing his gun at Johnson.

SCRATCH  
Get out!

JOHNSON  
Listen shit head. This isn't a  
game. I know you're working for  
Sonny. We're ready to launch your  
video on the Internet. Ginger's  
also willing to testify that you  
hired her to send Professor Lithman  
to your Motel room. The motel

manager confirmed your face that night. He actually remembered your outdated leisure suit. Amazing.

Scratch sat down totally distraught. He lowers the gun.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)

Here's the deal. I'll take the bird and DVD's now. You join our team, and give us any info that can bring Sonny down. Otherwise, your gay encounter goes on the web, and you get arrested for murder. When you go to jail, you'll get all the ramrod action you want.

Johnson goes up to Blabs with some bird treats.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)

Hey Blabs. Come on, I want to take you home to Ginger.

Blabs jumps on his arm

JOHNSON (CONT'D)

Does anyone else have a copy of Ginger's DVD's?

SCRATCH

No. Besides, the damn bird ate the DVD's. See.  
(pointing on the floor)

Johnson picks them up, breaks them all in half.

JOHNSON

Here's my card. The FBI gave me your number. That's right shit head, the Feds are in on this too. Call me after you watch your video.

Johnson leaves. Phone rings.

SONNY HOAG (O.S.)

Shit for brains. Does the press have the DVD's yet?

SCRATCH

I'm copying a whole bunch right now. I'll mail them as soon as you pay me my million bucks, or they get lost.

SONNY HOAG (O.S.)

I'll pay you next week. Oh yeah, go ahead and kill the bird.

CUT TO:

INT. SONNY'S BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Sonny's on the phone.

SONNY HOAG

Fat. How'd you like to kill Scratch.

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Fat is beating a guy. Sticky's holding the victim.

FAT

You mean it? I'd love to. Hell, I'll do it for free. When?

CUT TO:

INT. SONNY'S BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

SONNY HOAG (O.S.)

Next week. Also, he has some porn DVD's of Ginger Taylor. Find 'em, and send them to me ASAP, and you two can split a million bucks. Bye.

STICKY

A million bucks? Come on Fat. Let's finish this. We got a million bucks waiting for us in Florida. Besides, I'm hungry.

Fat pulls out a gun and kills the man. Blood is all over the place

FAT

Hmm. How bout pizza?  
(evil laugh)

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. HARD ROCK SUITE. -- LATER

Blabs flies from Johnson's arm to Ginger. She shows affection to bird.

GINGER

Blabs baby. You're home. Thank you Johnson?

JOHNSON

No problem. The DVDs are destroyed too. Now help me keep Jeff calm and relaxed for his lie detector test.

JADE

Yeah, for example, don't tell him that we have over 40 million dollars of endorsements.

GINGER

What? Are you kidding?

LONGSHOT

Nope, and don't tell him he's got 35% of the fuckn' votes. If Sonny goes down, he can become president.

GINGER

Oh my God. Who's gonna keep me relaxed?

LONGSHOT

Take your pick, Jack, Jim, Bud or Capt. Morgan. Oh, and you'll have to relax back in Vegas. The Hard Rock wants us there for election day.

Jeff enters the room.

JEFF TAYLOR

Blabs. You're back. Aw man, Johnson, thanks a million.

BLABS

(singing)

Viva, Las Vegas.

GINGER

That's right honey. We're moving the campaign back to Vegas.

JEFF TAYLOR

Man, the bird just got here, and knows more than I do.

LONGSHOT

Hmm. Sounds like our current presidential administration.

CUT TO:

EXT. PLANE LANDING IN LAS VEGAS

INT. SCRATCH FLORIDA RENTAL -- MORNING SEVERAL DAYS LATER

Scratch is mixing up oranges, vodka, and oatmeal breakfast bars. He accidentally finds Ginger's user ID that he scribbled on a piece of paper. He goes to his laptop and keys in the web address and user id.

He clicks on her Internet Service Provider login, and her user id automatically appears. He starts trying different passwords, looks at the busted CD's, keys in the Blabs name, and he gets in to her site. He searches around, and finds all of Ginger's porn files, except the hidden SonnyBlabs folder.

SCRATCH

Holy Shit. I don't believe it. All of Ginger's porn video.

Fat and Sticky enter his apartment through an open back sliding door with guns in sight. They surprise Scratch.

FAT

Hey shithead. Did you miss us?  
Man, this place stinks. Look at all the bird shit.

STICKY

Yeah, where's the bird asshole?

SCRATCH

Flew the coop.

STICKY

Oh Oh.  
(He finds the broken CD.)  
There goes Sonny's wild card.

FAT

Hey, pecker head can use a computer.

The Screen times out. Fat clicks the button, sees Ginger's login and password, and clicks enter. The flies reappear.

FAT (CONT'D)

Holy shit. No wonder Sonny will become president. He's the luckiest bastard.  
(fat calls Sonny)

Scratch destroyed the DVD's and let the bird escape, but you can access Ginger's files right from her web site.

SONNY HOAG (O.S.)

Great. Email the link to me. Now finish the job.

Fat hangs up the phone.

FAT

Hey, what's this CD on the sofa?

He loads DVD into the laptop, and sees Scratch and Toni in the pool.

STICKY

I knew it. He's a fuckn' fruit cake.

They watch Scratch get kissed and hear Toni yelling he loves him. Fat laughs hysterically.

STICKY (CONT'D)

Man. I could puke. Let's kill this fag.

FAT

Wait. I have a better idea.

SCRATCH

Just shoot me now.

CUT TO:

EXT. TONI'S CAR -- EVENING

Toni's driving up from the keys.