

INT. RATTY APARTMENT - DAY

BLACK SCREEN

The sound of static filled traditional Mexican music bursts onto a radio.

CAMERA FROM FIRST PERSON POINT OF VIEW as eyes blink open.

Out of focus, we see what appears to be a blue sky billowing with puffy clouds. Only when the scene comes into focus does it become clear that the clouds are nothing more than chipped paint and water stains on a dirty blue ceiling.

We continue through the eyes of our mystery man as he sits up and surveys the dingy single-room living space. The walk to the bathroom is a brisk one, and with a quick look into his rust-ringed toilet, he turns around and takes a seat.

He grabs a dog-eared edition of "Border Crossing", featuring a photo of a Hispanic man climbing through a fence on the cover. His lean fingers leaf through, stopping only briefly to read a feature on Charo.

We see a fist bang twice on the wall, and looking down, a piece of trim pushes open. A roll of toilet paper is stuffed through from the other side. He grabs the paper and places the trim back.

After flushing, he turns around to see the toilet backing up, cursing in Spanish. Water splashes on the floor as the clog is plunged, and when it finally goes down, the plunger is placed back against the wall, wet toilet paper still clinging to it.

He rinses his hands in the sink, then looks up into a cracked mirror. Staring back is a HISPANIC MAN in his 20s, wearing a white undershirt, slicked back black hair, and a pencil thin mustache.

He splashes his face with water and dries himself with a casino-logo towel. Looking himself in the eye, the lean Hispanic Man says a quick prayer, gives the charm around his neck a kiss, and pivots out toward the main room.

Upon entering his small attached kitchen, the man goes into the fridge for his milk, taking out a half empty container with noticeable chunks. He shakes it until the chunks are one with the liquid, and sets the mixture on a makeshift table made from a sheet of plywood across two crates. On it sits a box of cereal, "El Tigres" with a cartoon tiger wearing a sombrero and a bandolier. We hear the chewing as he downs his breakfast quickly in several chomps.

It's a short walk from the kitchen to the closet. The door slides open, and he's presented with a long line of yellow shirts, all the same size and color, with various phrases on them such as "1-900-HOT-CHIX" and "NAKED WOMEN IN YOUR ROOM". He carefully selects one, pulling it on as he shuts the door.

In a mirror leaned against the wall we see him again, this time from head to toe, dressed in khaki cargo pants and old tennis shoes held together with duct tape.

Two cards sit at the ready on clothespins attached to each side of the mirror. They feature a photo of a scantily clad woman with a name and a phone number. He cracks his knuckles and begins flicking the cards, first in his left hand, then his right, then one in each. It's as if we're watching a master martial artist train for battle.

The cards are returned to their clothespins. He grabs an old cassette player off of the table and walks to the door, taking a deep breath as he stands in front of it. The radio is tuned through several stations until it locks on a static filled version of a disco song.

EXT. DINGY APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

CAMERA ROTATES FROM FIRST PERSON TO THIRD PERSON as we see past the man to a row of apartment doors.

He whistles.

The row of doors all open at once, and in rhythm, a mix of Hispanic men and women come out of their apartments. They are dressed nearly the same except for the different slogans on their yellow shirts. A few wear safety vests over the top with reflective tape.

The music becomes clear and with a pronounced heavy beat.

CREDITS ROLL

MONTAGE - GROUP HEADS THROUGH VEGAS TO THE STRIP

-- EXT. STREET -- The group walks in line, stepping in tandem to the beat of the music.

-- EXT. BUS STOP -- The group waits as the bus pulls up. They all get on in tandem.

-- INT. BUS -- The group sits at the back. The other people on the bus are dressed in their uniform for the day of work and doing an action in rhythm with the music - a dealer who is shuffling cards, a show girl wearing a large feathered head piece adjusting her bustier, a maid talking to another maid showing a sweeping motion, and LOBSTER MAN, a guy in a tuxedo grinning while holding a giant lobster by its claws.

-- EXT. BUS STOP -- The show girl gets off of the bus, feathers coming off her headdress as she wedges it through the door, followed by the group.

-- EXT. WALKWAY IN FRONT OF CASINO -- At a bottleneck in the sidewalk, they all turn in tandem. They begin to flick the cards at passers by.

END CREDITS

EXT. WALKWAY IN FRONT OF CASINO - DAY

CAMERA STILL FOCUSED ON THE HISPANIC MAN FLICKING HIS CARD

Several passers by ignore his card, until it's grabbed by RAY, who walks with his friend STAN.

CAMERA FOLLOWS STAN AND RAY along the strip.

Happy-go-lucky STAN is in his mid-thirties. He moves with an easy gait, impervious to his lewd buddy RAY, the same age, a stocky tough guy with a Chicago accent.

STAN

So Pauline wanted to see Stuart Gatz before we leave.

RAY

(Looking down at the card)  
Stuart Gatz? Not the fat guy at the Mirage who catches the cannonball in his stomach?

STAN

No, I guess he does impressions and dances with a giant panda.

Ray is still reading the card, then looks up and shows it to Stan. It features a side view of a barely dressed woman stretched across the hood of a Pinto.

RAY

Hey Stan, what do you think this breeder weighs?