

The sound of the tires spinning in the dirt is heard as Steve guns the engine.

CAMERA ON THE BACK OF THE CAR.

A chain is attached from the bumper to a fence. Suddenly the fence gives way and rips open.

STAN (CONT'D)
 (out the window)
 Diego! Hurry!

Diego walks through the opening in the fence. He looks at the hole torn through, then looks down the fence twenty five yards to where it stops by an "Under Construction - US Border Patrol" sign, with people walking back and forth across where the boundary would be.

CAMERA ON THE BACK OF THE CAR as the tires spin up the dirt, fishtailing away into the desert.

INT. REHABILITATION CENTER - DAY

Leon and Chin are posing as doctors. They wear lab coats, and Leon is smoking a pipe with a stethoscope around his neck. They approach the receptionist, a middle-aged attractive lady, at the front counter.

RECEPTIONIST
 Sir, you can't smoke in here.

Leon empties the smoking pipe in Chin's pocket.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)
 Thank you. May I help you?

LEON
 Uh, yes, my name is Doctor Leon Jones. My associate Doctor Chin and I have been sent by the State of Las Vegas to assess a...

He looks at a sheet.

LEON (CONT'D)
 (quietly to Chin)
 Gregory Weed? Who the hell is Gregory Weed?

CHIN CHIN
 (whispering)
 I think that's Lucky's real name.

LEON

A fuckin' stonehead named Weed, and you call him Lucky? That's a damn shame, a god damn waste of some serious irony.

Chin points to the receptionist, who is still looking at him.

LEON (CONT'D)

Mr. Gregory Weed. Yes, I believe he is here because he loves his gonja.

RECEPTIONIST

Uh... just a minute.

She picks up the phone, watching the two the out of the corner of her eye.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

Someone will be with you in a moment.

As they wait, Leon keeps looking at the receptionist.

LEON

Thank you. You're a damn fine lady. You know, Leon, I mean DOCTOR Leon, likes fine ladies. You know how much money doctors make each year? It's a lot of cheddar, I know that.

The receptionist smiles and looks away, trying to ignore him.

LEON (CONT'D)

You don't have look away baby. I bet a sweet thing like you gets pretty wild, don't you. You know what else Doctor Leon has? A 10 inch...

CHIN CHIN

(interrupting him as the door opens)

Dr. Leon, Mr. Weed is here.

LEON

Shit, Chin baby, can't you see I was workin'?

Lucky comes out with a social worker.

SOCIAL WORKER

Hello I'm Joe Adams, Gregory's Counselor.

LEON

Sup Joe Joe.

SOCIAL WORKER

Yes, how are you. I must say, I didn't have any notice of an assessment today. And to be honest you don't really even look like doctors. I'll have to see some identification before I release Gregory for your examination.

LEON

You questioning me, the famous Dr. Leon Jones? I cured cancer, biotch. You want my card? Here, punk.

Leon reaches into his pocket and takes out a card. He hands it to the Social Worker, who opens his coat to look for his glasses. He finally finds them and puts them on. He looks at the card only to see it's nothing but a topless woman and a 900 number.

JOE ADAMS

Wait a minute...

He looks up to see Leon, Lucky and Chin running out the door.

LEON

(looking back at the
receptionist)

I'll call you baby!

EXT. STRIP - DAY

CAMERA AT STREET LEVEL, NEAR THE CURB.

A white limousine approaches, quickly screeching to a stop. The air shocks depressurize, dropping the car down one wheel at a time.

CAMERA PANS OUT to see La Cucaracha and a Mariachi getting out of the back of the car. A second Mariachi climbs out of the driver's seat, leaving the door open.

At the back of the vehicle, several pornslappers line up. The mariachi hands a large stack to each person as La Cucaracha watches. The first three are normal workers... then an Elvis impersonator stands expectantly with his hand out. In his other hand he holds a peanut butter and banana sandwich. La Cucaracha doesn't recognize that it's Ray.

LA CUCARACHA
Who the hell are you?

RAY
Who am I?
(Shouts to a passing
tourist)
Who am I?

TOURIST
Your the king, baby!

Ray kisses his fingers at the tourist. He takes a bite of his sandwich.

RAY
Right on.
(Back to Cucaracha)
Times are tight for old Elvis.
Priscilla cleaned me out. I'm
living
(singing)
In The Ghetto.

LA CUCARACHA
Get away from my car.

RAY
Aww, come on baby, don't be cruel.
I can do this job. TCB, hoo-yah.

LA CUCARACHA
Break his arm.

A mariachi grabs Ray by the arm, causing him to drop his sandwich on La Cucaracha's pants and onto his shoes.

LA CUCARACHA (CONT'D)
What the? God Damn it! Somebody
clean this up!

RAY
Are those blue suede shoes? Whoa,
Sorry Colonel.

LA CUCARACHA
Get out of here!

Both mariachis take their bandanas off and begin to wipe La Cucaracha's shoes. The sound of a car door is heard closing, and the car peels away.

CAMERA ON THE FRONT OF THE CAR on Ray, with the Mariachis running after him.