

(POWER)

Suspected of murdering that blond girl in Aruba? Having some problems with your appointment as homeland-security chief? Made the mistake of having sex with Christie Brinkley's husband? Call **Joe Tacopina**, the best-dressed, smoothest-talking, hardest-working criminal-defense attorney going, and for a mere \$750 an hour, **everything** will be okay by **Lisa DePaulo**

*1-800-SAVE-MY-ASS



TONIGHT, JOE TACOPINA—or as the TV makeup artists call him, “Joe-too-bad-he’s-married-Tacopina”—is wandering the beaches of Aruba in his favorite Italian soccer shirt, his \$6,500 Panerai watch (official timekeeping instrument of the Italian navy), and the leather sandals he bought in Milan, searching for Booty. It doesn’t look good. He’s here as part of his ongoing quest to clear “the good name” of Joran van der Sloot, one of his numerous infamous clients, the one who had the misfortune of being the last person to see (and sort of have sex with) Natalee Holloway.

But, ah, Joe is convinced—still!—that his client was not the last person to see Natalee alive. “Booty was,” he says. “And who knows who else?” Booty is an alleged drug dealer who operates out of a hut on the beach, just feet from the ground-floor room at the Holiday Inn where Natalee was staying...until she vanished. Gotta find Booty. >>>