

CRACKED ACES

**EXT. MOJAVE DESERT - DAY**

Blazing sunlight radiates over miles of parched earth.

An inverted tin bucket sits on the sand.

Close by, a black SUV with tinted windows idles.

The bucket violently shifts back and forth.

Under it is TOMMY DODSON (30). We'll meet him in a minute - he's busy right now.

TOMMY  
(muffled)  
Help! Help! Aaagh!

SLAM! SLAM! The doors on the SUV close.

Two sets of immaculate wingtips approach the bucket.

A massive arm unholsters a gun, aims.

BLAM!

The bucket flies off, reveals Tommy buried neck deep.

He squints at the brightness. Three figures come into focus.

TOMMY  
Seriously, guys? C'mon I gotta pee.

The middle one takes aim, pulls the hammer back.

**EXT. LAS VEGAS STRIP - NIGHT**

BOOM! The Mirage volcano erupts.

Neon buzzes, horns honk, people shout - a drunken siren song.

SUPER: 3 days earlier.

**EXT. BELLA FORTUNA CASINO - CONTINUOUS**

An unholy mashup of Trump Tower and the Sistine chapel. The too-bright sign beckons "JOIN THE FUN!" (Bring your wallet.)

**INT. BELLA FORTUNA CASINO - CONTINUOUS**

Crystal chandeliers, velvet drapes and lush carpeting say 'posh' - loudly. Tasteful by Vegas standards, but still.

**POKER ROOM**

A sea of players in everything from torn tees to tuxes.

At one especially jovial table, is pre-bucket Tommy. He oozes Rat Pack cool, and is dressed to the nines.

TOMMY

So, he bets this guy twenty grand  
that he can't make it from this  
table to the bathroom and back,  
naked. Twenty large. To run what?  
Five hundred feet?

Around him, eight slice-of-life tourists eat it up.

COBY smiles, deals the cards. Players fold in turn.

TOMMY

Guy strips down, hoofs it to the  
can, no problem. Touches the door,  
spins around. BAM! Three yellow  
shirts come outta nowhere.

Action to BOB, a living, breathing beefsteak tomato in his Ohio State garb. He clutches two red Queens. A faint smile.

BOB

Raise to a hundred.

Three more fold, more into the story than their hand.

TOMMY

Musta played some college ball, cuz  
he stiff arms the first guy, fakes  
left, bounces off the craps table.  
Slows him down just enough for  
security to pile on. One on his  
back, one on each leg.

Tommy peeks at his cards, his demeanor changes. He huffs and puffs, ferklemt. He's really Hollywooding it.

TOMMY

Sonovabitch! Doyle Brunson had this  
exact hand when he beat me in last  
year's Mondobux tournament.

PLAYER THREE

Bullshit!

TOMMY

Google it. *Tommy Dodson Mad Monkey  
Tilt.*

PLAYER ONE does, shows the phone around the table.

PLAYER ONE

Holy crap!

TOMMY

Yup. I had a big pocket pair and a  
shit-eating grin.

Bob drops his shit-eating grin, attempts a "poker face."

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Screw it. Call.

He casually flips a chip into the pot. Everyone else folds.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

I was itching for the dealer to  
flop the cards, so I can tell  
everyone I beat Texas Dolly."

The whole table is enraptured. Except Bob. He's all business.

BOB

Hey, guys. We're playin' cards  
here, ya know.

TOMMY

Buckeye's got his war face on!

Coby lays the flop - 7 and 10 of Clubs, Queen of Spades.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

The flop comes. Hit my set, but the  
board's wetter than Niagara Falls.

Bob frowns, clears his throat. Throws in five black chips.

BOB

Five hundred.

PLAYER TWO

So what happened?

TOMMY

I panicked and spewed out an over-  
bet. He smooth calls and smiles.  
Ever see Doyle smile, Buckeye?

BOB

Uh, no.

TOMMY

Exactly.

Tommy smooth calls and smiles.

Bob nervously checks his cards for the tenth time.

Coby flips the turn card. A Jack of Spades.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

The turn's a nightmare. Straight  
draws, flush draws. I check to  
Doyle, in my head I'm screaming  
*Don't bet, Don't bet, DON'T BET!*

Bob, redder than his sweatshirt, hyperventilates.

BOB

Ch-check.

Tommy shuffles two stacks of chips, stares into Bob's soul.

Bob gulps, eyes the chips. *Don't bet, Don't bet, DON'T BET!*

Tommy bets.

TOMMY

'Course the old coot bets. I'm  
crapping myself, cuz the board's  
going sideways. But, *maybe* I can  
get a full house or *maybe* I get my  
case jack. Or *maybe* a brick.  
Dolly's a bullshit artist. *Maybe*  
he's bluffing. *Maybe* there's hope.

Bob pushes his chips as if they weigh a thousand pounds.

The *river* card comes, Yuck! A 2 of Clubs.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Ya, hope. Look it up in the  
dictionary. It's between herpes and  
horse shit. BOOM! No pair, no Jack,  
just another freakin' Spade.

Tommy leans back, a big shit-eating grin.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

So now *Doyle's* got the big shit-  
eating grin. He's sitting on a  
possible straight, maybe even a  
flush, and I'm sucking wind.

Bob looks like he needs CPR. He fumbles chips, about to bet.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

I *think* about trying some wild-ass bluff, but can't pull the trigger. He'd see through me in a second.

Bob scrapes back his chips.

BOB

Ch-check?

TOMMY

I check. He looks into my soul. Goes all-in.

Tommy leans in, slides all his chips forward, eyes in Bob.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

I know I'm toast. *He* knows I'm toast. So I put on my big boy pants and fold. Chalk it up as a story for the grandkids.

The table stares at Bob, holds its collective breath.

BOB

Fold. Fold. Fold! Good grief!

Bob slams his sweaty red queens face up into the muck.

TOMMY

Ouch. Redheads. They break your heart every time.

He peeks at his cards. Garbage. He tosses them face down.

CASSIE, the cocktail waitress glides up.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Cassie! Buckeye needs a drink. Actually, tequilas all around!

Tommy tips her a handful of chips.

She leans close, gives him a peck on the cheek, whispers.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

Don't beat them up too bad.

The table hoots and hollers.

Bob sulks, but he wants to be part of the fun.

BOB

So what happened to the naked guy?

Tommy stacks his chips, looks up.

TOMMY

Oh, yeah. I don't know how, but he dragged them guys all the way back to the table. Looked like he was roller skating through pudding. He collapses in his chair, Danny waves off security, rolls a wad of hundos across the table. Two minutes later it's like nothin' happened.

Bob laughs, shakes his head. Cassie distributes the booze.

As Tommy stacks his chips, a heavy hand claps his back.

TOMMY

Oh, hey Cheryl. Gimme ten minutes on my shoulder? It's killing me.

It's not Cheryl. It's NIKO. A side of beef in a suit.

Awkward laughs. All eyes on Niko as his grip tightens.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Yeah, right there. OWWW!

NIKO

Time ta go.

The table stares, quiet as midnight mass.

TOMMY

'Right back guys.

Tommy moves from the table, as players murmur.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

You're scarin' the fish, ya galoot.

NIKO

Boss said two. It's three.

TOMMY

Gimme another hour. C'mon.

Niko growls, pushes him to the table.

Tommy quickly jams his chips into a rack.

TOMMY

Niko's hangry. Gotta buy him a banana.

**INT. BELLA FORTUNA CASINO - CASHIER CAGE - CONTINUOUS**

Tommy and Niko queue up to cash out.

Bob mops his brow, lines up behind Tommy.

BOB  
You OK, buddy?

NIKO  
(to Bob)  
We got places ta go. Scram!

Tommy shoves his chips at Niko.

TOMMY  
Don't get confused. I know numbers  
are hard.

Niko snatches the chips, stomps to the cage.

TOMMY (CONT'D)  
Quick lesson. One, get a poker  
face. You hit a bad card, you  
bounce around like a fart in  
a mitten.

Bob laughs.

TOMMY (CONT'D)  
Two, don't trust anybody. This  
town's fulla sharks. If they're  
smiling, it's cuz they're about to  
take a bite.

He gestures at Niko as evidence.

BOB  
Thanks. Hey, if you're ever in  
Ohio, we have a great home game.

He hands Tommy a business card.

Niko returns, grabs Tommy's collar like a bad dog.

TOMMY  
Give 'em hell, Buckeye!

**EXT. BELLA FORTUNA CASINO - CONTINUOUS**

Niko pushes Tommy out the revolving doors.



STELLA, a homeless woman with bright eyes and brighter clothes, strolls by with a shopping cart.

TOMMY  
(Bad Brando)  
Stell-a-a!

STELLA  
Tommy! Got a dollar, honey child?

TOMMY  
Sure thing, gorgeous!

Tommy slides her a ten spot.

Niko plucks the bill from Stella's hand, pockets it.

He tosses Tommy in the back of a classic Caddy, peels away.

**INT. WHITE CADILLAC - DRIVING - CONTINUOUS**

TOMMY  
That table was an ATM machine. I  
coulda got every dollar on it.

NIKO  
You're late. Again.

TOMMY  
It's not your call. You're just the  
idiot driver.

Niko slams on the brakes.

Tommy's head smashes into the back of the driver's headrest.

NIKO  
Oops.

**EXT. POSEIDON'S WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

A pothole-ridden street lined with burned buildings and stripped cars. If it had a name it would be Murderkill Road.

The Caddy pulls up to a squat, square building held together by graffiti and rust.

Niko yanks Tommy out of the car.

**INT. POSEIDON'S WAREHOUSE - NIGHT**

KRISTOS (20) a scrawny wannabe thug, opens the door.

Inside, Mount Olympus. Expensive Greek furniture surrounds a tacky mural of Poseidon rising angrily from the sea.

The face mirrors "POSEIDON" PETRAKIS, 60s, self-proclaimed god. He scowls through his silver mane.

Niko hands Poseidon a stack of money, which he counts.

POSEIDON

A day is twenty-four hours, not  
twenty five.

TOMMY

Niko drives like my grandmother.

WHUMP! Niko punches Tommy in the stomach.

Tommy takes a knee as Kristos cackles.

Poseidon lays a small pile of bills on his desk, glances at Tommy, then rakes back a few bills off the top.

POSEIDON

For making me stay up and wait.

TOMMY

Sorry. You need all the beauty  
sleep you can get.

WHACK! A backhand across the chops from Kristos.

Tommy reels, recovers, flies at Kristos.

Kristos stumbles, falls backward into an overstuffed couch.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Not the face, dipshit!

(turns)

Tell him, Poseidon. Not the face!

Poseidon glares at Kristos, who sulks on the couch.

Tommy takes the bills off the desk, wipes blood from his lip.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Mondobux tournament's tomorrow. Top  
spot pays five mil.

POSEIDON

Three years I've backed you. Three years, zero money.

TOMMY

Poker happens. C'mon you owe me.

POSEIDON

I owe you? Who covered your loser dad's debts when he skipped town? Who pays your mother's medical bills? Who's like a father to you?

TOMMY

Fathers don't charge their kids sixty percent interest.

Poseidon approaches an ANTIQUE SAFE, the size of a mini-fridge. The door, of course, has a bronze relief of Poseidon.

He spins the dial left, right, left. Inside, piles of cash. Millions. He adds the new cash.

POSEIDON

Perhaps I will play this year.

Tommy laughs. It hurts a little.

TOMMY

I can see the headlines now:  
*Poseidon Drowned in First Round.*

Niko steps towards Tommy, but Poseidon waves him off.

POSEIDON

Eighty-twenty split.

TOMMY

No problem.

POSEIDON

(Points to himself)  
Eighty.  
(Points to Tommy)  
Twenty.

TOMMY

You're crazy!

POSEIDON

Crazy to waste my money! Keep beating up tourists, you don't have the stones for tournaments.

CLUNK! He slams the safe shut, spins the dial.

Tommy stares desperately at the closed safe.

TOMMY

I cash, we split. Fifty-fifty.

POSEIDON

And if you don't?

TOMMY

Thirty-K. In a week. That's a fifty percent vig. I can get better than that from the mob.

Poseidon considers, turns to the safe. Left, right, left. He hands him two stacks of bills. And a DIAMOND HORSESHOE RING.

POSEIDON

For luck!

Tommy catches the ring, studies it. He looks up, shaken.

TOMMY

Side bet. I win the whole shebang, all debts are squared up. Mom's, Dad's. Everything! Gone!

Tommy offers his trembling hand.

Poseidon shakes it warmly. He almost looks not evil.

POSEIDON

Wonderful! You win and we part friends, yes?

Poseidon yanks Tommy close. Nope, still evil.

POSEIDON (CONT'D)

But if you do *not* win ...

Kristos' head slowly creeps in.

KRISTOS

It will be VERY bad.

He makes the "throat cut" gesture.

POSEIDON

Shut up, Kristos.

TOMMY

Shut up, Kristos.

**INT. REGENCY BUILDING - TOMMY & ELEANOR'S CONDO - NIGHT**

A 70s time capsule complete with flowered wallpaper and avocado appliances. A hideous hula girl lamp lights a photo of a beautiful showgirl with Lloyd and young Tommy.

Tommy's jacket and tie hang neatly on a peg on the wall.

Tommy, at the sink, scrubs his bloodstained shirt cuff.

He looks at the ring atop the stack of bills.

TOMMY

Fifty-fifty? You dumb shit.

**INT. POSEIDON'S WAREHOUSE - BACKROOM - NIGHT [FLASHBACK]**

The same ring sits on top of a pile of cash.

Six men sit at a smoky card table in a tiny room.

YOUNG TOMMY watches from the sidelines, wide-eyed.

LLOYD, the weight of the world on him, hunches over his cards, heads up against a younger POSEIDON.

POSEIDON

That's quite a lot of money,  
friend. Much of it borrowed.

LLOYD

Then fold. Coward.

Poseidon's eyes go wide. He shoves his money in the center.

POSEIDON

Call!

Lloyd slams his cards down.

LLOYD

Aces fulla nines!

Poseidon turns his cards triumphantly.

POSEIDON

Quad twos. Sorry, friend.

Lloyd sinks in his chair.

LLOYD (CONT'D)

Go home, Tommy.

TOMMY

But, Dad!

Lloyd shoots up from the chair.

LLOYD

Now!

Tommy runs out. He runs and runs, as the tears stream down.

[END FLASHBACK]

**INT. REGENCY BUILDING - TOMMY & ELEANOR'S CONDO - NIGHT**

BARK!

JACKPOT, an adorably feisty yorkie, begs from the carpet.

Tommy flips him a treat, which he catches mid-air.

ELEANOR (O.C.)

Tommy, is that you?

Tommy pockets the ring and money.

ELEANOR, a queen in a wheelchair throne, enters.

TOMMY

Hey, ma.

She notices his cut lip, reaches.

ELEANOR

Who'd ya piss off this time?

TOMMY

Ha ha. My cocktail glass had a chip  
in it. Otherwise, a good night.

He hands her the small winnings.

ELEANOR

Are you OK? I mean OK, OK?

He removes the cushions, unfolds the sleeper sofa.

TOMMY

Did you take your pills?

Eleanor rolls her eyes, takes pills off counter.

ELEANOR  
Yeesh, was I this bossy when you  
were a kid?

TOMMY  
We called you *The Enforcer*.

They both laugh, but it turns to a wistful smile.

ELEANOR  
You know you can tell me anything.

TOMMY  
Ya, just need some sleep. Big day  
tomorrow.

ELEANOR  
You're playing? Hot damn! This is  
your year - I can feel it!

Tommy kisses her forehead. He winces from the cut.

**INT. BELLA FORTUNA CASINO - CASHIER CAGE - DAY**

Tommy slides the two stacks of hundos to the CASHIER.

She pushes a receipt back to Tommy.

TOMMY  
Table seven. I feel lucky already.

**INT. BELLA FORTUNA CASINO - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Tommy heads to the poker room, past VICTORIA, 30s.

She is fire personified - her red hair sways like flames  
across the back of her fire-engine dress.

On her arm is JT. In snakeskin boots and ten-gallon hat, JT  
is what people from Connecticut think cowboys look like.

CRASH! Tommy rubbernecks, bulldozes a waitress with a full  
tray. He tries to juggle the glasses, a lost cause.

TOMMY  
Sorry!

Victoria freezes, turns.

Tommy helps up the waitress. Gives her a twenty.

His eyes shift to Victoria. He activates a million-watt smile.

Victoria glares, mouths "no," turns away.

He jacks the smile up ANOTHER million watts, runs after her.

TOMMY  
Victoria? V!

Her eyes burn into his skull, but she flips on a smile. Her voice sings in an Irish lilt.

VICTORIA  
Tommy, what a pleasant surprise.

All the air is sucked out of the room. JT offers his hand.

JT  
JT. Pleasetameetcha.

His bolo tie has a scorpion suspended in amber. Seriously?

TOMMY  
Likewise. What are you guys up to?

JT looks to Victoria, coughs, clears his throat.

VICTORIA  
JT is in town ... visiting.

TOMMY  
Ah, business? Or *pleasure*?

Tommy winks and nods, nudges an embarrassed JT.

VICTORIA  
Is that Shania Twain?

JT turns, cranes his neck.

JT  
Where?

Victoria gets in close, grabs Tommy by his unmentionables.

VICTORIA  
(full-on Irish brogue)  
Walk off, ya feckin' gobshite, or  
I'll twist off yer plums.

JT turns around just as the pair finish their 'hug.'



VICTORIA

Lovely to see you, Tommy. Best o' luck.

**INT. BELLA FORTUNA CASINO - TOURNAMENT FLOOR - DAY**

Ballroom beige walls and fluorescent lights surround rows and rows of tables. Hundreds of hopefuls shuffle to their seats.

**TABLE 7**

Tommy scans the players, who flip through their phones.

TOMMY

Hey guys! Playin' cards?

They pointedly ignore him.

He plops next to LILIYA, 20s, all sharp edges. Even her eyebrows are tweezed into an arch.

TOMMY

Whatcha listening to?

She stiffens, adjusts earbuds and turns up the volume.

TOMMY

NAME'S TOMMY!

A shadow eclipses her. ERMOLAI, a walking wanted poster, crushes two walnuts in his hand, offers to Liliya.

She takes them without leaving Tommy's gaze.

LILIYA

Nuts?

Tommy winces.

**ON TV: ANNOUNCER'S BOOTH**

FRANCIS, 60s, caresses the microphone. His suit is thirty years out of fashion, and wasn't even great back then.

SUPER: "Francis Hobbes" with a *PokerLive!* network logo.

FRANCIS

Francis Hobbes, here at the tenth Annual MondoBux Tournament in beautiful Sin City! Along with my beautiful co-host, Cathy.

**ON TV: TOURNAMENT FLOOR**

CATHERINE (never Cathy) STORMS, 30s, the gravitas of a war correspondent, throttles the mic.

CATHERINE

*Catherine Storms reporting for PokerLive! A thousand warriors surround me, locked in tireless battle until one stands victorious.*

FRANCIS

I haven't seen this many hoods since the last Klan meeting. Um, not that I've been to a Klan meeting. I mean --

CATHERINE

-- Let's go to George Owen, Mondobux tournament director.

### **TOURNAMENT STAGE**

GEORGE, 60s, struts to the podium.

GEORGE

Someone in this room is walking out a multi-millionaire!

The crowd cheers and whistles.

GEORGE

You can do better than that! I said MULTI-millionaire!

Predictably, the crowd cheers and whistles even louder.

GEORGE

What's the winner get?

ALL

Five million dollars!

GEORGE

I can't hear you!

ALL

FIVE MILLION DOLLARS!!

The room explodes in applause and whistles.

GEORGE

Shuffle up and deal!

**TABLE 7**

The whole table folds until Liliya, on "the button."

LILIIYA  
One-fifty.

Other players fold.

Action to Tommy, he holds a pair of Kings.

TOMMY  
Raise to four hundred.

Liliya calls. The dealer flops Queen, 7, 3.

Liliya RUBS HER NECK, knocks on the table as a "check."

TOMMY  
Eight-fifty.

LILIIYA  
Eighteen hundred.

Tommy considers, pushes his chips forward.

Dealer turns a King.

LILIIYA  
Four thousand.

TOMMY  
Nine.

LILIIYA  
All-in.

Tommy, excited, snap calls, shows his set of Kings.

Liliya flips her cards. A set of Sevens.

LILIIYA  
*Suka, blyad!*

Tommy stands triumphantly. Only one card can beat him.

The dealer turns over the 7 of Clubs.

That's the one. Liliya wins!

TOMMY  
You gotta be kidding me!

Liliya blows him a kiss.

LILIYA  
*Do svidaniya!*

Tommy storms off the table, devastated.

**TOURNAMENT FLOOR**

Catherine scurries to his side, microphone in hand.

CATHERINE  
 I'm here with our first victim,  
 local Tommy Dodson, knocked out in  
 the first hand. Any thoughts?

Tommy runs to a garbage can and throws up.

Catherine is nonplussed, but recovers.

CATHERINE  
 The perils of tournament  
 competition. Back to you, Francis.

**INT. BELLA FORTUNA CASINO - RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS**

Dark wood, white tablecloths, mood-lighting and soft jazz.

Tommy dashes in.

POSEIDON  
 Need some last minute advice?

TOMMY  
 (breathless)  
 I had pocket Kings, the flop --

-- WHAM! Poseidon shatters a lobster claw with a mallet.

POSEIDON  
 Skip to the part where you lost my  
 money - AGAIN!

TOMMY  
 I got coolered by a one-outer on  
 the river! Gimme another twenty!

Poseidon rips meat from the claw. He chews. And chews.

POSEIDON  
 You know, lobsters are scavengers.  
 Like cockroaches. And poker  
 players.

TOMMY

I'll pay you back double. One week.

Poseidon thinks, lays two more stacks of bills on the table.

Tommy reaches for them.

WHAM!

The mallet slams down on the stack, inches from Tommy's hand.

POSEIDON

Don't get squashed. Cockroach.

**CHANGE**

**ON TV: TOURNAMENT FLOOR - NIGHT**

CATHERINE

The end of day one. These  
gladiators have emerged triumphant.  
Survivors. For. One. More. Day.

**ON TV: ANNOUNCER'S BOOTH**

FRANCIS

You talk about gladiators an awful  
lot, Catherine. Problems with your  
love life?

**INT. BELLA FORTUNA CASINO - TABLE 54 - LATER**

Tommy sits behind an anemic stack. He's a ragged mess.

DEALER

Last hand of the day, folks.

He peeks at his cards. Aces!

One by one, each player folds.

Tommy, last to act, is the winner by default.

The dealer sheepishly slides him a single chip.

TOMMY

Hooray. Now I can buy that mansion  
I always wanted.

GEORGE (O.S.)

Time to bag and tag!

**INT. REGENCY BUILDING - TOMMY & ELEANOR'S CONDO - NIGHT**

Eleanor reads. She brightens as Tommy enters.

ELEANOR  
You still in?

TOMMY  
Ug. Barely.

Tommy collapses in a heap on the couch.

Jackpot jumps on him, licks his face mercilessly.

ELEANOR  
Ouch. Card dead?

TOMMY  
Nah. It's the clocks, the rules.  
It's all so serious. Throws me off.

ELEANOR  
Screw it.

TOMMY  
What?

ELEANOR  
Screw. It. Play your game not  
theirs. Say it.

TOMMY  
Screw it.

ELEANOR  
Louder! Screwwww it!!!

TOMMY  
SCREW IT!

They continue the *Screw it* chant, as Jackpot jumps and barks.

**INT. BELLA FORTUNA CASINO - TOURNAMENT FLOOR - DAY**

Players mill about behind Catherine, whose somber gaze is leveled straight to the camera.

CATHERINE  
Day dawns as we cry 'havoc,' and  
let slip the dogs of war.

**ON TV: ANNOUNCER'S BOOTH**

FRANCIS

Um. Yes. It's the thrill of the fight. Rising up to the challenge of our rival.

Tommy enters in full swagger to an internal sound track.

FRANCIS (V.O.)

And the last known survivor. Stalks his prey in the night. And he's watching us all. With the eye ... of the tiger.

**INT. BELLA FORTUNA CASINO - TOMMY'S TABLE - DAY**

Tommy sits, stacks his chips in tiny perfect piles.

TOMMY

Cassie! Tequilas all around!

PLAYER ONE

It's nine a.m.

TOMMY

What are ya? Amish?

SERIES OF SHOTS (TOMMY TURNS IT AROUND)

- A) Players do tequila shots.
- B) Fewer and fewer players and tables.
- C) Tommy stacks more chips. And more chips.

**INT. BELLA FORTUNA CASINO - TOMMY'S TABLE - LATER**

The table is rowdy, and Tommy is at the center.

TOMMY

So I'm in this big home game. Putz in a big cowboy hat keeps spilling drinks on the table.

Tommy tosses in some chips, players call.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Keeps ordering, spilling, ordering, spilling. Finally, Victoria the game's hostess, cuts him off. Politely. Putz, not so politely, grabs her ass.

PLAYER ONE

Uh oh.

TOMMY

Right? Next thing you know she wrenches his arm behind his back and bounces his head off the table.

Tommy bets, others fold, he stacks, chips, continues.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

She takes his hat, wears it the rest of the night.

The table bursts out laughing.

**INT. BELLA FORTUNA CASINO - TABLE 14 - LATER**

**ON TV: TOURNAMENT FLOOR - NIGHT**

Eleven players left. Six on Tommy's table, five on Liliya's.

CATHERINE (O.S.)

One player away from the final table. Trepidation is in the air.

**ON TV: ANNOUNCER'S BOOTH**

FRANCIS (O.S.)

I'm not sure what trepidation means, but it sure feels tense.

Mid-hand. Tommy is "heads up" against HOODIE PLAYER, dressed all in black.

The dealer turns the last card.

TOMMY

All in.

HOODIE PLAYER

Call!

Tommy flips his cards, confidently.

TOMMY

Flush, king high.

Hoodie looks at his cards, at the board. Back at his cards.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Cards ain't gonna change, pal.

Hoodie looks one more time, hurls his cards face down.



HOODIE PLAYER  
Arrrrrggghhh!!!!

**ON TV: ANNOUNCER'S BOOTH**

FRANCIS  
Sounds like we have our final  
table, Catherine.

**TABLE 14**

ON TV: Live on Tommy as he stacks chips.

CATHERINE (V.O.)  
For local Tommy Dodson, who has  
bubbled three years running, hope  
reigns eternal.

ON TV: "2017" Tommy dumbfounded. Mouth open, wide-eyed.

ON TV: "2018" He cradles head in his hands, pulls hair.

ON TV: "2019" On his knees, fists clenched, screams to poker  
gods in the sky - a series of censor beeps as he curses.

**BACK TO LIVE**

ON TV: Next to Catherine, Tommy watches, horrified.

CATHERINE  
Quite a history, Tommy. Do you...

But Tommy's gone. Again. He beelines it to the bathroom.

FRANCIS  
Time to hit the buffet. Care to  
join me, Catherine?

CATHERINE  
Um... I mean...

FRANCIS  
Well said! See you folks tomorrow  
for the Final Table!

**INT. BELLA FORTUNA CASINO - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS**

WREEEETTTTCH! The back of Tommy's head in the bowl. He  
composes himself, opens the stall door.

Two monolithic beasts block the stall's doorway. Ermolai,  
from earlier, and PYOTR, his uglier clone.

TOMMY

I wouldn't go in there just yet.

He shoulders past them.

The goons breathe down his neck as he heads to the sink.

TOMMY

You guys want an autograph or my  
phone number?

They grab Tommy as KAZIMIR, a gaudy penguin, waddles in.

KAZIMIR

(Russian accent)

Forgive our indelicacy. We waited  
for private moment. You will lose  
tournament tomorrow.

TOMMY

Thanks for the pep talk, but I like  
my odds.

KAZIMIR

My English is not so good. You MUST  
lose tournament tomorrow. My  
daughter Liliya will win.

TOMMY

May the best man - or woman - win!

KAZIMIR

I think our friend does not  
understand. Ermolai...

Ermolai smashes Tommy's head against the stall's door jamb.

Tommy struggles, eyes the door as Pyotr slams it on his head.

Except it's a pneumatic door. It slo-o-wly shuts.

TOMMY

(sarcastically)

Oh. No. Please. Don't.

Kazimir sighs. THWAK! He kicks Tommy in the groin.

The goons join in. Punches and kicks galore.

Niko walks in. Everybody stops mid-kick.

Tommy looks up, relieved, but Niko walks to the john, unzips.

NIKO  
Don't mind me, I'm just the idiot  
driver.

The Russians continue the beat down as Niko finishes,  
flushes, washes his hands thoroughly, turns to Tommy.

NIKO  
You ready?

The Russians yank Tommy back up, brush him off.

KAZIMIR  
Second place is not so bad, yes?

**INT. REGENCY BUILDING - TOMMY & ELEANOR'S CONDO - NIGHT**

Tommy limps in. The lights are out.

ELEANOR (O.C.)  
Is that poker champ Tommy Dodson?

TOMMY  
The one and only.

He opens the door to Eleanor's room. She's in bed.

ELEANOR  
Loved the interview.

TOMMY  
I'm a natural.

He sits on the side of the bed, strokes her hair.

ELEANOR  
Gotta rest up. See my baby kick  
some ass tomorrow.

TOMMY  
I don't think you should go.

ELEANOR  
That Greek schmuck gonna be there?

TOMMY  
Ya. Hopefully for the last time.

ELEANOR  
Be a shame if his foot found its  
way under my scooter.

TOMMY  
I'd pay a dollar to see that.

**INT. BELLA FORTUNA CASINO - FINAL TABLE - DAY**

Bright lights, TV cameras, and a raucous crowd rings an empty table, emblazoned with the MondoBux logo.

**INT. BELLA FORTUNA CASINO - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Poseidon, Niko and Tommy huddle in a quiet corner.

TOMMY  
These guys are gonna break my legs.

NIKO  
You don't need legs to play.

TOMMY  
Hey! The grown-ups are talking.  
(to Poseidon)  
I'm just gonna take second, we all  
walk away happy.

POSEIDON  
I'm not gonna lose two mil cuz  
you're a scared little *malaka*.

TOMMY  
I'm not gonna die over a poker  
game.

POSEIDON  
Looks like you are caught between a  
rock and a hard stone, son.

TOMMY  
I'm not your son, and it's hard  
*place*, you Greek schmuck.

Tommy touches a nerve. They stare each other down ...

POSEIDON  
Aaaagggghhhh!!!

... As Eleanor's scooter runs over Poseidon's foot.

ELEANOR  
Ohhh. Sorry. This damn thing has a  
mind of its own.

Poseidon seethes. He leans into Tommy.

POSEIDON

(whispers)

You throw this and Niko will break more than your legs.

GEORGE (O.S.)

(over intercom)

Players take your seats!

TOMMY

Duty calls.

He bends to hug Eleanor, slides her a dollar.

**INT. BELLA FORTUNA CASINO - MONDOBUX FINAL TABLE - CONTINUOUS**

LOUD MUSIC. The room blinks like a game show in a strip club.

GEORGE

La-dies and gentlemen! Let's make someone a MULTI-millionaire!

Under their sunglasses and hoodies, players sport bruises.

CATHERINE

Once more into the breach. With six nations represented, we have quite the melting pot. Ansgar Larsson has been burning up the tour with two big wins for his native Sweden.

**ON TV: ANNOUNCER'S BOOTH**

Francis rocks a powder-blue tuxedo with a bowtie that would make the 70s throw up. It somehow works.

FRANCIS

Remember the Muppets Swedish Chef?

(sings badly)

*Orn desh, dee born desh, de umn  
bork! bork! bork!*

CATHERINE

From Russia, RPT bracelet winner Liliya Pechenko. A fierce competitor and master of Systema, a Russian-based hand-to-hand combat.

FRANCIS

I wouldn't mind some hand-to-hand combat with her, eh Catherine?

Catherine grits her teeth, soldiers on.

CATHERINE

Much like poker, Systema emphasizes threat neutralization, and employs simultaneous defensive and offensive maneuver --

-- The lights dim.

FRANCIS

Looks like we're ready to start!

SERIES OF SHOTS - FINAL TABLE WHITTLED DOWN

- A) FINAL PLAYER ONE stands, kicks chair back.
- B) FINAL PLAYER TWO screams, runs out.
- C) ANSGAR paces. Dealer flips card. He bursts into tears.

CATHERINE

We're down to heads-up play. Local Tommy Dodson versus newcomer Liliya Pechenko.

FRANCIS

It's like Rocky Four. With poker!

MUSIC swells. Lights dim as two showgirls sashay in. Each holds a briefcase, which they place on the table. Under a spotlight. To a drumroll. Subtle.

GEORGE

Ladies! Show me the money!

They open the cases, stuffed with cash.

GEORGE

There it is! Five million big ones!

**ON TV: ANNOUNCER'S BOOTH**

FRANCIS

Catherine, you had a chance earlier to talk to Tommy Dodson - sort of.

ON TV: Replay of first interview. Tommy runs to garbage can, throws up. The screen freezes on Catherine with a dumb look.

BACK TO LIVE: Catherine with the same dumb look.

CATHERINE

Um. First hand in heads up play. Let's check in.

FRANCIS

Ha! I can't believe he barfed!

**ON TV: MONDOBUX FINAL TABLE**

Graphic shows Liliya has black pocket Aces. Tommy has red Jacks. Odds are in bottom corner. *Pechenko: 82% Dodson 18%.*

FRANCIS (V.O.)

Ouch. Liliya is a heavy favorite with pocket rockets.

CATHERINE

Tommy's Jacks may run head first into a buzz saw.

Tommy watches Liliya happily fidget in her chair, sighs.

TOMMY

One million.

LILIYA

Call.

Flop is 9 of Hearts, 6, 3 of Spades. *Pechenko: 92% Dodson 8%*

FRANCIS (O.S.)

Double ouch. With that flop, Tommy still thinks he has top pair.

CATHERINE (O.S.)

He has no idea he's crushed. This could be it.

LILIYA

Four million!

TOMMY

Call.

The turn is a 10 of Spades. *Pechenko: 98%, Dodson: 2%.*

FRANCIS (O.S.)

Tommy's Jacks are basically worth Jack sh --

CATHERINE (O.S.)

-- Only the Jack of Clubs helps Tommy. The Jack of Spades gives Liliya a flush.

LILIYA

All in!

Tommy looks at Eleanor, who blows a kiss, then a glaring Poseidon, then the Russians, who give him the hairy eyeball.

TOMMY  
 (to self, Russian accent)  
 Second place is not so bad, yes?  
 (hoarsely)  
 Call.

Tommy, head hung low, turns his cards.

Liliya ecstatically flips her cards. She jumps up, dances in a spastic full body gyration.

A hush over the crowd. Even the music stops.

Dealer reveals the last card.

JACK OF CLUBS!

Tommy wins! Confetti! Lights! Music! The crowd goes wild!

FRANCIS (O.S.)  
 Unbelievable! Un-be-lieve-able!  
 Tommy Dodson wins!

TOMMY  
 What? No! Nonononono!!!

Tommy staggers to his feet, dazed.

Liliya pounds the table, glares at Tommy.

LILIYA  
 (in Russian, subtitled)  
*I will grind you and your family  
 into sausage and feed it to a pig.*

Tommy gapes horrified.

LILIYA (CONT'D)  
*And I will burn the pig and stomp  
 on its ashes.*

George raises Tommy's limp hand.

GEORGE  
 There is a new millionaire in Vegas  
 tonight! Ladies and gentlemen,  
 Mondobux champion, Tommy Dodson!

Tommy's head on a swivel, scans the audience.

Poseidon, a greedy grin, hobbles towards Tommy from left.

Kazimir and goons, murder in their eyes, approach from right.



Catherine approaches from behind, puts a hand on Tommy's arm.  
He jumps out of his skin.

CATHERINE

The phoenix has risen from the  
ashes, bathed in the radiant glow  
of victory. Tommy Dodson, how does  
it feel to reign supreme?

Tommy vaults the table, grabs the briefcases, sprints off.

**INT. BELLA FORTUNA CASINO - CASINO FLOOR - CONTINUOUS**

He weaves through the crowd - a salmon swimming upstream.  
The Russians dog his heels, Poseidon power limps just behind.  
Tommy grabs a stack of bills, flings them in the air.  
People dive on the cash like starving hyenas, slow the goons.

**EXT. BELLA FORTUNA CASINO - CONTINUOUS**

Tommy flies out a revolving door, spies Stella and her cart.

TOMMY

Hey, Stella!

He hands her some bills, wedges the cart in the door.  
The group hits the door full speed, but it won't open.  
Stella laughs and waves at the men stuck inside.

**INT./EXT. TAXICAB - LAS VEGAS STRIP - NIGHT [DRIVING]**

GIZMO 40s, bops and sings (badly) to dance music.  
Tommy leaps in front of the car, arms flay wildly.  
SCREECH! Wide-eyed, Gizmo slams the brakes.  
Outside, Tommy jumps in.

GIZMO

Loco! You wanna be a hood ornament?

He hands Gizmo a Benjamin.

TOMMY  
 Airport. Fast and furious.

As Gizmo peels out, Tommy takes out his phone, dials.

TOMMY  
 Hey, ma.

ELEANOR  
 What shit didja get yourself into?

TOMMY  
 Just some millionaire stuff. Should  
 I buy a mansion or a yacht?

ELEANOR  
 Smart ass. Who were the jamokes  
 chasing you?

TOMMY  
 Friends. How about you stay at  
 Bella Fortuna? Get a suite. On me.

ELEANOR  
 What about Jackpot?

Tommy silently screams.

TOMMY  
 Um, I'll grab him. Love you!

*He hangs up. Immediately a Zorba the Greek RINGTONE plays.*

ON SCREEN: "POSEIDON" With an ID photo of him mid-scream.

Tommy tears the battery out of his phone, pounds the seat.

TOMMY  
 Shit. Shit. Shitshitshit!

GIZMO  
 Bad night?

TOMMY  
 Ya. I just won five million bucks.

GIZMO  
 We all got our problems.

**EXT. REGENCY BUILDING - NIGHT**

The cab drives up to a high-rise just off the strip.

Tommy eyes Gizmo's Taxi ID badge.

TOMMY  
Keep it running ... Guillermo.

Tommy jumps out, briefcases in tow, runs into the building.

GIZMO  
Call me Gizmo!

**INT. REGENCY BUILDING - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS**

Tasteful, yet dated decor. MIKE, a portly security guard welded to his chair, doesn't even look up from his paper.

Tommy runs to the bank of elevators, stabs the 'up' button.

**INT. REGENCY BUILDING - ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS**

Wood paneling and dull brass. Looked great in the Nixon era.

It's sole rider, SIGRID (80s) wears a muumuu and a cement mixer full of makeup. An unlit Pall Mall hangs from her lips.

SIGRID  
(flirty)  
Hi-i-i Tommy! Going ... down?

TOMMY  
Up, actually.

SIGRID  
Then I'll take the *scenic* route.

Her laugh turns into a hack as she mentally undresses Tommy.

DING! Tommy's floor. He nearly claws through the door.

SIGRID  
Don't be a stranger, honey!

**INT. TOMMY & ELEANOR'S CONDO - CONTINUOUS**

Tommy flies in the door.

TOMMY  
Jackpot? Wanna go for a ride?

Jackpot goes ape shit.

Tommy dumps the money from the briefcases into a duffel, scoops Jackpot up in his other arm.

**EXT. REGENCY BUILDING - CONTINUOUS**

Poseidon's Cadillac screeches into the parking lot.

**INT. REGENCY BUILDING - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS**

Niko and Poseidon bolt in. Mike still doesn't look up.

MIKE  
Evening, gentlemen.

POSEIDON  
Tommy Dodson!

MIKE  
Not back yet. Big tournament today.

**INT. REGENCY BUILDING - TOMMY'S FLOOR - CONTINUOUS**

The elevator doors open, he flies into the

**CENTER ELEVATOR**

SIGRID  
Are you following me, sweetie?

Tommy, turns, horrified.

TOMMY  
Uh. Just taking Jackpot for a ride.

SIGRID  
Lucky him!

Sigrid hums off key, sways awkwardly to the ancient Muzak.

SIGRID (CONT'D)  
Speaking of rides, I played a  
little Back Seat Bingo in Sinatra's  
limo to this very song.

TOMMY  
Lucky him!

A thousand years later ... DING!

He peeks out, sees Niko rip the paper from Mike's hands.

Tommy catches Mike's eye, nods.

MIKE

No need for violence. Three-oh-six.

Mike winks as Tommy presses the 'close door' button.

He turns on his thousand-watt smile, holds out his hand.

TOMMY

May I have this dance?

**LOBBY**

Poseidon stabs the 'up' button, enters the left elevator.

**EXT. REGENCY BUILDING - CONTINUOUS**

A black SUV pulls in. Kazimir and Pyotr pile out.

Ermolai stays behind the wheel.

**INT. REGENCY BUILDING - CENTER ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS**

Tommy peeks out.

Russians bum rush the desk, Mike doesn't even look up.

MIKE

Three-oh-six.

They run towards the bank of elevators --

-- Just as Tommy punches the 'door close' button. Again.

SIGRID

If I didn't know better, I'd think  
you were up to some hanky-panky.

TOMMY

I love the company of an  
experienced woman.

The Russians enter the empty right elevator. The door closes.

A second later, the center elevator door opens.

Tommy blows Sigrid a kiss, which she catches.

He runs, tosses Mike a wad of bills without missing a step.

TOMMY  
'Night, Mike.

MIKE  
'Night, stranger.

**INT. REGENCY BUILDING - TOMMY & ELEANOR'S CONDO - CONTINUOUS**

Niko and Poseidon inspect the empty briefcases as Kazimir and Pyotr explode through the door, guns drawn.

Niko pulls his gun.

NIKO  
The fuck you want?

**INT. BLACK SUV - CONTINUOUS**

In the REARVIEW, Ermolai sees Tommy jump into Gizmo's cab. He dials his phone.

ERMOLAI  
Man is here. He leave in taxicab.

KAZIMIR (O.S.)  
Follow him!

**INT. TAXICAB - NIGHT**

TOMMY  
Go, go, GO!

CATALINA, 8 going on 30, wears a hat, and squats in the driver's seat to look adult height.

CATALINA  
(giggles, fake man voice)  
Where to, mac?

TOMMY  
What the --? Where's Gizmo?

CATALINA  
Taking a leak.

She honks horn, and Gizmo appears. Catalina scooches over.

GIZMO  
Sorry. Where to, boss?

TOMMY  
The hell outta here!

GIZMO  
Roger, dodger!

Jackpot barks.

CATALINA  
Puppy!

Catalina snatches Jackpot from Tommy, pets him in her lap.

Gizmo looks in the rearview as the black SUV follows.

GIZMO  
Friends of yours?

TOMMY  
Whadda you think?

Gizmo guns it onto the highway, grabs CB radio.

GIZMO  
Desert cab eighteen twelve. Need  
all hands on deck.

DISPATCH (O.S.)  
All units. Emergency message.  
Channel open, eighteen twelve.

GIZMO  
Hey guys 'n' gals. Got a jealous  
wife on our six. Sahara Exit, north  
on Fifteen. Got my high beams on.  
Flash if you see me.

The cabs ahead activate their hazards.

TOMMY  
What's going on?

GIZMO  
Ever play the three card monty?

**INT./EXT. SUV - CONTINUOUS [DRIVING]**

Gizmo's cab speeds up as other cabs slow.

Gizmo maneuvers through the mayhem.

Cabs weave in front of Ermolai in a drunken ballet.

**INT./EXT. TAXICAB - MOVING - CONTINUOUS**

TOMMY

Now what?

GIZMO

Gonna hit the brakes -

CATALINA

- And he'll fly right by.

Tommy stares blankly.

GIZMO

Dude! Top Gun?

Gizmo and Catalina hum *Danger Zone*, Catalina maneuvers Jackpot's paws into an 80s dance move.

Gizmo decelerates, weaves left, and the SUV, in fact, flies right by. He slides right behind it, swerves off an exit.

**INT. SUV - MOVING - CONTINUOUS**

Ermolai looks left, right, pounds the wheel.

ERMOLAI

Gaaaa!

**INT. TAXICAB - MOVING - CONTINUOUS**

GIZMO

We went like this, he went like that. I said to Hollywood, "Where'd he go?"

CATALINA

And Hollywood says, "Where'd wh-o-o go?"

TOMMY

Top Gun?

CATALINA

Damn right ... Goose!

They crack up, and Tommy laughs for the first time.

TOMMY

Who's the Munchkin?



CATALINA  
Who you calling Munchkin, Asshat?

GIZMO  
Catalina! No terrorizing the  
customers. This is my demon spawn.  
She sleeps in the front seat when I  
work the night shift.

TOMMY  
Is that legal?

CATALINA  
You gonna snitch? Snitches get  
stitches.

TOMMY  
No, I'm not gonna snitch. Asshat.

Catalina laughs, turns around puts on headphones.

GIZMO  
Where we off to?

TOMMY  
Heard of Pahrump?

GIZMO  
Hell, yes! ... I mean, I've heard  
of it. Tourists, ya know.

TOMMY  
'Course.

GIZMO  
Lotsa bachelor parties. Best man  
brings his buddy for one last *erka*  
*erka* before the big day.

TOMMY  
Right.

GIZMO  
Never been there myself. I don't  
need to pay for it.

TOMMY  
Got it.

**INT. REGENCY BUILDING - TOMMY & ELEANOR'S CONDO - LATER**

Poseidon takes a flask from his pocket, fills two glasses,  
the only intact items left in the apartment.

POSEIDON

Sit. Sit!

Kazimir sits, sniffs the glass, suspicious.

POSEIDON

Tradition. To new friends.

Kazimir shrugs.

KAZIMIR

*Na Zdorovie!*

POSEIDON

*Gia Mas!*

Both drink the Ouzo.

KAZIMIR

Not bad. Is not vodka, but not bad.

POSEIDON

Not sure what your 'arrangement'  
with Tommy is, but that's my money.

KAZIMIR

This man disgraced my daughter. You  
give him to me, you keep money.

POSEIDON

He's a loner. Not many friends.

KAZIMIR

He has mother.

Poseidon's eyes go wide.

POSEIDON

She won't come here. Too obvious.

KAZIMIR

We will find her. Make her talk.

Poseidon pounds the table.

POSEIDON

NO!

Niko and Pyotr unleash their guns. A CLOCK ticks.

POSEIDON

Let me handle her. We have *history*.

Kazimir shrugs, stands.

KAZIMIR  
We keep in touch, yes?

Poseidon pours a shot, toasts the Russians as they exit.

NIKO  
What about Pahrump?

POSEIDON  
Even Tommy's not stupid enough to  
go to Victoria's.

**EXT. VICTORIA'S MANSION - NIGHT**

The cab pulls into an oasis in the middle of the desert. In elegant neon calligraphy, the sign reads *Victoria's*.

**INT. TAXICAB - CONTINUOUS**

Tommy hands Gizmo a handful of bills.

GIZMO  
Gracias! Want me to wait?

TOMMY  
Ya. Might need a ride to the  
hospital.

**EXT. VICTORIA'S MANSION - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT**

Tommy carries Jackpot. Gizmo, Catalina in tow.

CECIL, a wall of muscle, plants himself in front of the door.

CECIL  
You supposed to be here, mister  
Tommy? I don't want no trouble.

TOMMY  
Cecil, I have a feeling I'd be no  
trouble at all. Just need to talk  
to the missus.

Cecil pushes an INTERCOM button.

**INT. VICTORIA'S MANSION - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

A pair of LIPS bites an EAR.

VICTORIA  
Who's been a bad horsey, then?

JT, on all fours, a saddle on his back, bridle on his neck.  
Victoria, in full equestrian gear, rides him English style.  
SNAP! She whacks his behind lightly with the riding crop.  
JT bucks and neighs.

Victoria's BLUETOOTH RINGS. She taps her ear.

VICTORIA  
(quietly)  
I'm in a session.

JT  
Huh?

VICTORIA  
Quiet, pony!

SNAP! NEIGH!

VICTORIA  
WHO?!?

SNAP! NEIGH! Much harder and louder.

**EXT. VICTORIA'S MANSION - FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS**

The air hangs heavy except for the crackle of the intercom.

VICTORIA (O.S.)  
(rough Irish brogue)  
Throw him out back with the rest of  
the rubbish.

Tommy's eyes go wide.

**INT. VICTORIA'S MANSION - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

VICTORIA  
Bloody Arsehole! Shite! Shite!  
Shiteshiteshite!

SNAP! SNAP! SNAP! SNAPSNAPOSNAP! Bucks and neighs abound.

**EXT. VICTORIA'S MANSION - FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS**

Cecil grabs Tommy by the collar.

Gizmo and Catalina study the sidewalk, back up a step.

TOMMY

You wouldn't hit a man with a tiny  
dog, would you?

**INT. VICTORIA'S MANSION - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

JT has collapsed in a heap from exhaustion. Victoria paces.

VICTORIA

Have him wait in the parlor.

**EXT. VICTORIA'S MANSION - FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS**

Cecil relaxes his grip, smooths Tommy's suit, opens the door.

TOMMY

Always a pleasure, Cecil.

**INT. VICTORIA'S MANSION - BALLROOM - CONTINUOUS**

A candlelit room of decadence. Plush furniture, silk drapes.

Dozens of girls saunter around in various states of undress.  
Some cuddle with guests or sip drinks at the bar.

The guys and Catalina (still with headphones) enter.

CATALINA

DAD! IS THIS A WHOREHOUSE?!?

Everyone stops, looks. A beat, then back to business.

Only in Vegas.

Victoria descends the curved staircase. She has changed into  
an evening gown, her hair now piled high on her head.

VICTORIA

Well, look what the wind blew in.

She coos, caresses Tommy's hair.

TOMMY

Can we go somewhere private?

VICTORIA  
Mmmmmmmmm...yes, please.

TOMMY  
To talk.

VICTORIA  
Sure. Let's go "talk."

Gizmo gives Tommy two thumbs up.

GIZMO  
You good?

TOMMY  
If you don't see them carry out a suspiciously lumpy carpet in five minutes, I'm OK.

**INT. VICTORIA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Victoria opens the door to a candlelit boudoir. In the middle of the room, a silken circular bed covered in pillows.

She shuts the door gently, spins and slaps him. Hard.

VICTORIA  
The fecking hell are ya doing here?

TOMMY  
That's more like it.

VICTORIA  
I didn't want to scare the fish. So then, are ya a customer, or are ya just here to waste my time?

Tommy puts Jackpot up to his face.

TOMMY  
(Puppy voice)  
Pwease don't kick me out.

She takes Jackpot, scratches his ears lovingly.

VICTORIA  
If yer looking for money, Cecil will show ya out. Likely through a window.

Tommy opens the duffel.

TOMMY

Money is the least of my problems.

Victoria ponders.

VICTORIA

Ten grand. One night.

TOMMY

You're charging me? Like a client?

VICTORIA

Not a client. You touch me, I call Cecil, and Cecil touches you. Then a pretty ambulance zoom zooms you to the ouchy hospital.

**INT. RUSSIAN'S HIDEOUT - NIGHT**

An empty warehouse, except for several opened crates of guns.

In one corner, Liliya sulks, half watches an old movie.

By the huge bay door, Kazimir leans on SUV driver's window.

Kazimir's footsteps echo as he sits next to a pouting Liliya.

KAZIMIR

I am proud of you, Angel. Second place is not so bad, yes?

An affectionate arm envelops her.

LILIYA

I want to cut off smug American's head. With dull, rusty chainsaw!

Liliya sobs, collapses on Kazimir's chest.

KAZIMIR

Papa will fix it, Angel.

**INT. TAXI DISPATCH - NIGHT**

Like a Detroit bus station, minus the charm. Drivers lounge on grimy chairs.

At the front desk, NED, a ball of the grease variety, chews an unlit cigar as he openly surfs porn.

ERMOLAI

I am looking for cab.

NED  
Pick one.

ERMOLAI  
A special cab.

NED  
They're all special.

Ermolai introduces Ned's head to the counter top.

ERMOLAI  
One eight one two.

Sufficiently motivated, Ned taps furiously on the keyboard.

NED  
Shift's over. Probably went home.

ERMOLAI  
Where is home?

**INT. GIZMO'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Small, but homey. Catalina, in pink pajamas, colors.

Gizmo, in a recliner, fiddles with the remote.

CRASH! ERMOLAI kicks in the door.

Gizmo struggles to un-recline.

Catalina springs at Ermolai, kicks him in the shin.

CATALINA  
Get outta here, pig face!

Ermolai lifts her off the ground one-handed. He tosses Gizmo a phone as Catalina struggles.

KAZIMIR (O.S.)  
My apologies to intrude so late.  
Early this evening, you had fare?

GIZMO  
Yeah, like two dozen.

KAZIMIR (O.S.)  
This was special fare.

GIZMO  
Sorry. I don't kiss and tell.



WHACK! Ermolai casually pulls a gun from his holster.  
Catalina glares at him with a fury that defies her age.

GIZMO  
OK, OK. I took him outta town to  
Victoria's. In the desert. One way.

Ermolai pivots, walks out the door.

**INT. VICTORIA'S MANSION - BEDROOM - DAY**

Victoria, asleep on the bed, Jackpot curled up next to her.  
Tommy is sprawled on a suspiciously-shaped chair.  
The intercom CRACKLES.

SALLY (O.S.)  
You have a visitor.

She hurls a pillow at Tommy, who jerks awake.

VICTORIA  
Were you followed?

TOMMY  
Probably the taxi guy.

VICTORIA  
No, he's a *guest*. *Visitor* means  
trouble. Get in the cupboard.

TOMMY  
What?

She drags him to the closet, hurls him in.

TOMMY  
But --

-- She slams the door in his face.

She grabs the duffel, opens the door, hurls it at his head.

TOMMY  
Wait!

She slams door again, sprays room with perfume.

**INT. VICTORIA'S MANSION - BALLROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Ermolai shoots quick glances at the girls, who blow kisses.

Kazimir stares straight ahead as Victoria enters.

VICTORIA  
Gentlemen. How may I be of service?

KAZIMIR  
I must discuss private matter.

VICTORIA  
Mmmm. I love private matters.

She slinks up the stairs, as Kazimir tags along to

**VICTORIA'S BEDROOM**

KAZIMIR  
I seek Tommy Dodson.

VICTORIA  
Scum bastard! May a cat eat his mickey, and the devil eat the cat. Left me at the altar. For a poker game. Waste of a perfectly good Vera Wang.

She spits at the ground.

KAZIMIR  
This means you have *not* seen him?

**CLOSET**

Cecil appears from behind. He puts a hand on Tommy's mouth, pulls him through a secret panel.

Cecil puts finger to his lips. SSSH. They listen together.

**VICTORIA'S BEDROOM**

Kazimir wanders the room, searches.

VICTORIA  
He came here, all right. Cecil kicked him to the curb. The gall! You tried his bookie? A real arse wipe, that one.

KAZIMIR  
He was ... unhelpful.

VICTORIA

Prolly deserves everything what's  
coming to him.

Jackpot barks, spins and hops excitedly by the closet door.

Victoria scoops up Jackpot, Kazimir peers into the closet.

Empty. She sidles up next to him, a finger strokes his chin.

VICTORIA

If you find him, bring me a tooth  
from that eejit smile o' his. I'll  
buy you a pint, see where it leads.

### **BALLROOM**

SVETLANA, a Russian temptress, sits on Ermolai's lap.

Kazimir enters, Ermolai jumps up, she tumbles to the floor.

ERMOLAI

Nothing here, boss.

KAZIMIR

I am sorry for bother. Ermolai will  
join you for short time.

They exit and Ermolai takes up a post by the door.

Kazimir and Pyotr drive off in the other SUV.

### **INT. VICTORIA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Victoria opens the closet's secret door.

VICTORIA

He left one of his goons behind.  
Face like a bulldog chewing a wasp.  
(To Cecil)  
Take him to the woodshed.

Cecil presses the back wall open to reveal a tunnel.

TOMMY

Your secret room has a secret room?

### **INT. TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS**

Wooden beams hold up a long dirt passageway.

Cecil and Tommy drive in a golf cart.

CECIL  
Some of miss Victoria's guests need  
a little privacy.

TOMMY  
Is she happy?

CECIL  
She looked happy this morning.

TOMMY  
Probably had a nice dream of you  
tossing me into a flaming dumpster.

**INT. UTILITY SHED - CONTINUOUS**

Rough-hewn lumber holds landscape equipment and a grey SUV.  
On the seat, sunglasses and a ball cap. Tommy puts them on.

**INT. GREY SUV - MOVING - DAY**

Tommy turns on phone. *38 Missed calls.* He dials.

TOMMY  
Hey, ma.

ELEANOR (O.S. SPEAKERPHONE)  
Oh, thank God! Are you OK?

TOMMY  
Just tying up some loose ends.

ELEANOR (O.S.)  
What's going on? I'm worried sick.

TOMMY  
It's complicated.

ELEANOR  
Seems like you got two sets of  
idiots with their eye on your cash.

TOMMY  
Ok, not so complicated. I'll pick  
you up in an hour.

ELEANOR  
One hour. Then I'm ordering the  
entire room service menu.

**EXT. GRAND SAHARA HIGH-RISE - FRONT GATE - DAY**

Glass and glamour. A steel gate with several cameras and an intercom guards the parking garage.

                                BLAKE (O.S.)  
Name?

                                TOMMY  
Um. Tommy. Tommy Dodson!

A moment, and the steel gate opens.

**INT. GRAND SAHARA HIGH-RISE - ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS**

Elegant, but heavily fortified. The floor display ticks up until numbers change to *PH*.

**INT. GRAND SAHARA HIGH-RISE - SECURE ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Another small room lined in steel. A camera, mounted in the ceiling, swivels in his direction.

                                TOMMY  
Hello?

A pause. A robotic voice crackles on the intercom.

                                BLAKE (O.S.)  
Hand on the scanner.

A wall-mounted video panel scans his hand. A flash blinds him. His picture shows on the screen. Not flattering.

                                TOMMY  
Wait, can I take another one?

**INT. GRAND SAHARA HIGH-RISE - PENTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Luxury galore. The wrap-around glass walls boast a view of both the Strip and the mountains.

BLAKE, 50s, a chipmunk dressed like a yacht captain, stands behind a thick glass wall that resembles a clear bank vault.

                                BLAKE  
Mr. Dodson, how can I help?

Tommy displays the duffel.

TOMMY  
Oh. Yeah. I have five --

BLAKE  
-- La la la! Your secrets are yours  
and yours alone.

The door hisses open. Blake walks out, motions Tommy over.

BLAKE  
Type in a six digit code. Something  
easy to remember.

Blake turns his back.

Tommy types the numbers and the door opens.

BLAKE  
Step inside. Box seven is ready.

Tommy walks in, the glass door closes behind him.

He puts the duffel in the open box, shuts it. CLICK!

BLAKE  
Easy peasy. Now, type in an alarm  
code, in the unlikely event you are  
here under duress.

Tommy punches a code into a keypad inside the vault.

WHOOOP! WHOOOP! A steel door drops over the penthouse entrance.

BLAKE  
SECURITY RESPONSE IS THREE MINUTES!

He types a code. The alarm stops.

BLAKE  
You have access to your property  
any time, day or night.

TOMMY  
Great. Can I come out now?

BLAKE  
Just one thing left to do.

TOMMY  
What's that?

Blake pulls out a gun.

Tommy's eyes widen, he dives for cover.

BLAKE

DIE!

BLAM! BLAM! He fires at Tommy.

Hysterical laughter. Tommy peeks through the unharmed glass.

BLAKE

Top of the line polycarbonate.  
Forgive me, sometimes I have a  
flair for the dramatic.

**INT. BELLA FORTUNA CASINO - GRAND SUITE - DAY**

Poseidon knocks on the door.

It opens a crack. From her scooter, Eleanor's eye peers out.

ELEANOR

Well, hell!

She pokes a can of pepper spray through the door.

Poseidon raises his hands, an unnatural smile on his face.

POSEIDON

Whoa, Eleanor. We were just worried  
about Tommy.

ELEANOR

Piss off!

She tries to slam the door, but Poseidon wedges his cane in.

Niko grabs the spray, they muscle their way in.

ELEANOR

He's gone. Far away!

Niko takes a menacing step forward.

Eleanor rakes her nails across his face.

He backhands her, and she's down for the count.

**INT. GREY SUV - MOVING - DAY**

Tommy calls Eleanor. It picks up on the first ring.

POSEIDON (O.S.)

Ah, the poker champion!

Tommy's eyes go wide. He steps on the gas.

TOMMY

I know you're nuts, but kidnapping?

POSEIDON (O.S.)

Nonsense. Eleanor is my guest. We settle our business, and you can take her back to her lovely home.

TOMMY

Put her on. Now!

Tommy takes a cleansing breath.

TOMMY

You OK, ma?

ELEANOR (O.S.)

Peachy.

TOMMY

I'm sorting it out. Don't worry.

Rustling noise as Poseidon snatches the phone back.

POSEIDON (O.S.)

Now about my money. Partner.

**INT. GRAND SAHARA HIGH-RISE - PENTHOUSE - DAY**

MR. SACHS, shady in his sharkskin suit is behind the vault.

BLAKE

Security response is three minutes. You have access to your property any time, day or night.

MR. SACHS

Sounds good.

BLAKE

Just one thing left to do.

MR. SACHS

What's that?

Blake pulls out a gun.

BLAKE

Die!

BLAM! BLAM! He fires at Mr. Sachs, who dives for cover.



PING! TING! The bullet ricochets off the glass, hits a chandelier, which falls on Blake's head, knocks him out.

Mr. Sachs stands, wide-eyed. He opens vault door, sneaks out.

**INT. POSEIDON'S WAREHOUSE - DAY**

On a security monitor, Tommy pounds on the exterior door.

Niko opens it.

POSEIDON  
The prodigal son returns.

Tommy sees his mom's black eye, rushes to her.

TOMMY  
What happened?

ELEANOR  
Meh. You should see the other guy.

Niko dabs at his bloody scratches with a hanky.

Tommy tosses Poseidon a small paper bag.

TOMMY  
Eighty K. One week. Like we agreed.

Niko grabs Tommy by his neck, slams him against the wall.

POSEIDON  
Where's the rest?

TOMMY  
Ug. Safe.

NIKO  
Don't get cute.

TOMMY  
No. It's in an actual safe. Let her go, and we'll get it. Together.

POSEIDON  
No.

TOMMY  
No?

POSEIDON  
Yes.

TOMMY

Yes?

POSEIDON

No. I mean yes, that I mean no.

Niko puts a gun against Tommy's temple.

Eleanor gasps.

TOMMY

You kill me, the money's gone.

NIKO

I once saw a guy get shot eight times. Didn't die. Wished he did.

He pulls back the hammer.

TOMMY

OK, OK.

POSEIDON

Take Niko. Get my money.

TOMMY

There's no way in hell I'm dragging your dumb ape around.

**INT. GRAND SAHARA HIGH-RISE - SECURE ROOM - DAY**

Tommy in the secure room, Niko over his shoulder. He puts his hand on the bio-scanner. BZZZT. It turns red.

He looks at Niko, tries again. BZZZT. He presses the intercom button by the scanner.

TOMMY

Hello?

CLICK! A fish-eye lens view of HOUSEKEEPER, fills the screen.

HOUSEKEEPER

Hello? Mr. Blake no here. He is in el h6spital.

TOMMY

What happened?

HOUSEKEEPER

He shot by lamp.

TOMMY  
What?

HOUSEKEEPER  
He shot by lamp.

TOMMY  
Shot by --

HOUSEKEEPER  
-- No comprende English? HE. SHOT.  
BY. LAMP! Sheesh. Bye, bye now.

The screen goes blank.

**EXT. GRAND SAHARA HIGH-RISE - GARAGE - DAY**

Niko drags Tommy to the car.

Pyotr and Kazimir appear from nowhere with a briefcase.

KAZIMIR  
Mr. Dodson!

Niko takes the briefcase, looks inside. Lots of cash.

TOMMY  
(to Niko, softly)  
You sold me out?

Tommy turns, dons his million-watt smile.

TOMMY (CONT'D)  
Kaz! Been looking all over for you.

THUNK! Pyotr decks Tommy with a blackjack.

Blackness.

**EXT. MOJAVE DESERT - DAY**

Blazing sun radiates miles of parched earth.

An inverted tin bucket on the sand shifts violently.

TOMMY (O.C.)  
Help! Help! Aaagh!

Pyotr and Kazimir exit the SUV, approach the bucket.

Pyotr unholsters his gun, aims at the bucket.

BLAM! The bucket flies off.

We see Tommy once again buried neck deep in sand.

TOMMY

Seriously, guys? C'mon I gotta pee.

Pyotr pulls back the hammer.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

You're gonna eighty-six me? Over a poker game?

KAZIMIR

Eighty ... I am not familiar.

TOMMY

Eighty-six. Eight miles out, six feet down.

KAZIMIR

Ah. Excellent! English language is fascinating! I will eighty-sex you.

TOMMY

Six. Not sex. Big difference.

A red Mercedes screeches to a halt. Liliya exits. Sunglasses, a floppy hat and a scarf shade her from the sun.

LILIYA

Why you call me to this ugly place?

KAZIMIR

We are going to ... eighty-sex --

TOMMY

-- SIX!

KAZIMIR

Six, Mr. Dodson.

He steps aside, revealing Tommy's head.

TOMMY

Hey, Liliya.

LILIYA

What is this?

TOMMY

Your father and I had a misunderstanding.

KAZIMIR

He was asked to lose. He did not.

Liliya lunges forward, pokes her father's chest.

LILIYA

WHAT. DID. YOU. DO?

POKE! POKE! Kazimir backpedals, nearly trips over Tommy.

KAZIMIR

You wanted to win.

LILIYA

Win! Not cheat!

KAZIMIR

We merely *suggested* to him second place was very respectable finish.

TOMMY

I *tried* to come in second.

KAZIMIR

You did not try hard enough.

PYOTR walks over with a rusty chainsaw. VROOM! WHIRRR!

TOMMY

Look, you can have the money!

KAZIMIR

Liliya does not want your money.  
She want your head.

Liliya takes the idling chainsaw, considers.

LILIYA

You were going to let me win?

Tommy nods. Or, the neck-deep-in-sand equivalent.

TOMMY

I knew you had Aces.

LILIYA

How?

TOMMY

You have a tell.

VROOM! She points the chainsaw at him.

LILIIYA  
I have no tell!

TOMMY  
Work the hand!

She turns the chainsaw to idle.

LILIIYA  
Flop is nothing. I am crushing you.

TOMMY  
Right.

LILIIYA  
Turn is a Spade. I have pair and  
flush draw.

TOMMY  
I know you have me beat. Why do I  
go all-in? What am I hoping for?

LILIIYA  
Jack of Clubs only, Jack of Spades  
gives me flush.

Kazimir and Pyotr's eyes ping-pong between them, confused.

TOMMY  
One card. A two percent chance. I  
*tried* to come in second.

Liliya paces angrily. VROOOM!!! She revs the chainsaw.

LILIIYA  
You pity me? You think you are  
better than me?

TOMMY  
WAIT!

She doesn't. Closer. Closer.

TOMMY (CONT'D)  
How about a rematch?

She stops. The chainsaw does not.

LILIIYA  
I am listening.

TOMMY  
 Sit-n-go. Ten players. Two million  
 entry. You win, it's all yours. I  
 win, we chop.

She regards the chainsaw.

LILIYA  
 Chop?

TOMMY  
 Split. The money. Not me. What do  
 you say?

LILIYA  
 (mock sweetness)  
 Father, may I have two million  
 dollars?

KAZIMIR  
 Of course, angel.

LILIYA  
 Now apologize to Mr. Dodson.

KAZIMIR  
 I will not --

LILIYA  
 -- APOLOGIZE!

KAZIMIR  
 My apologies, Mr. Dodson.

LILIYA  
 I will win this tournament, and you  
 will all see I am great player.

Pyotr walks over with the shovel, starts to dig.

Tommy flashes his million-watt smile.

TOMMY  
 How about we discuss your tell over  
 drinks?

LILIYA  
 How about I hit you with shovel?

**INT. POSEIDON'S WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Poseidon opens the Russian's briefcase, filled with money.

Eleanor cranes her neck.

ELEANOR  
Where's Tommy?

NIKO  
He ran into some friends.

Niko finds this hilarious. Jokes aren't his forte.

Poseidon's phone rings.

**EXT. DESERT - CONTINUOUS**

Tommy leans against SUV, talks on speakerphone.

INTERCUT TOMMY/POSEIDON

TOMMY  
I'm not dead, no thanks to you.  
Kazimir's interested in getting his  
cash back, though.

POSEIDON  
That's my money!

KAZIMIR  
Hello, Mr. Poseidon. Tommy said you  
will be joining our game?

POSEIDON  
Uh, yes. Looking forward to it.

KAZIMIR  
You will return our money, yes?

POSEIDON  
Yes, of course.

Kazimir hands the phone back to Tommy.

He and Liliya head to their vehicles.

KAZIMIR  
Pyotr will babysit. See you later,  
crocodile.

Tommy watches them drive off. Screams come from the phone.

POSEIDON  
What just happened?



TOMMY

Ten players. Two million buy-in.  
You, me, Liliya and seven fish. You  
win it's all yours. I win, we chop.

POSEIDON

No.

TOMMY

Now who doesn't have the stones to  
play a tournament?

POSEIDON

No.

TOMMY

I'll pay your entry fee.

POSEIDON

Until I see my money, your mother  
goes nowhere.

TOMMY

I wouldn't have it any other way.

**INT. VICTORIA'S MANSION - V'S BEDROOM - DAY**

Tommy enters, oozes sand.

TOMMY

So, I met with the Russians.

VICTORIA

How'd it go? It's hard to tell.

Tommy enters Victoria's *en suite* shower, strips down.

TOMMY

We came to an agreement.

VICTORIA (O.S.)

Then why is that turd still on my  
doorstep?

He turns on the water, leans his forehead on the wall. He  
bangs it lightly.

TOMMY

So I don't run. I should've skipped  
town when I had the chance.

Victoria thrusts the towel into the shower.

VICTORIA  
Oh, dry your tears, ya bitty baby.

TOMMY  
Dodson men run away. It's in our genes. My dad ran from Poseidon, I run from everything. Even the best thing that ever happened to me.

V tears up, both in sadness and anger.

VICTORIA  
Bull shite!

He slowly pulls aside the shower curtain.

TOMMY  
I wish it was. I'm no good for ya, V. Not then, not now.

One last look. He steps out, grabs his jeans.

VICTORIA  
You try and run. I'll tie your ballix in a knot!

She grabs his arm, pulls him in.

He fights for a moment, then surrenders.

They kiss. And more. As they edge towards the bed --

-- BEEEEEP! A horn honks outside. They run to the window.

**EXT. VICTORIA'S MANSION - CONTINUOUS**

Ermolai inspects a delivery van.

Gizmo, dressed like a demented leprechaun complete with horrific red wig and beard, pulls out a clipboard.

GIZMO  
(terrible Irish accent)  
Kin ya sign fer this?

ERMOLAI  
Um...

GIZMO  
Hurry, Wally, I got miles ta go.

Victoria runs out the door.

VICTORIA  
Can I help you?

GIZMO  
Delivery here. Box o' sex toys.

His red eyebrows waggle like a ginger Groucho Marx.

VICTORIA  
Sex ... Oh, yes, the sex toys!  
Please bring them in. We need them  
... For the sex.

Gizmo removes a large box and handcart, rolls it to door.

GIZMO  
Grab the door, will ya laddie?

Ermolai confused, opens the door for Gizmo.

GIZMO  
(aside to Ermolai)  
I'm great at the sex. Got it down  
to under a minute!

Gizmo wheels in the box, slams the door in Ermolai's face.

**INT. VICTORIA'S MANSION - CONTINUOUS**

VICTORIA  
Looking for Tommy?

GIZMO  
How'd you know?

VICTORIA  
Wild guess.

Gizmo opens the box and Catalina spills out.

**INT. VICTORIA'S BEDROOM - DAY**

The group congregates, Tommy in the weird chair.

VICTORIA  
So, all you have to do is win a  
tournament against nine players,  
two of them pros, using all of the  
money...

TOMMY  
No money. I can't get in the vault.

VICTORIA  
Bloody shit show, isn't it?

TOMMY  
C'mon, you got to have some heavy hitters in your "clientele."

VICTORIA  
So your *plan* is to rip off seven of my best clients?

TOMMY  
That's only *half* the plan.

VICTORIA  
Does the other half involve a bloody SWAT team riding unicorns?

TOMMY  
Cecil and Washington get my mom. You run the game. I win and we split the dough. Easy peasy.

GIZMO  
What do we do?

TOMMY  
I appreciate it, but they're not your problem.

GIZMO (O.S.)  
They came to our house, dude! Threatened my kid. We need to vaporize these mother... funners.

CATALINA  
Oh, dad. You're adorable.

GIZMO  
Catalina and I will get your mom.

TOMMY  
Run that by me again?

GIZMO  
Catalina can talk the pants off a preacher. OK, bad metaphor. We'll be fine. Don't worry.

TOMMY  
Why should I worry? Our greaseman is a third-grade girl?

Victoria buries her head in her hands.

VICTORIA

Feck it, I can get six players on short notice, if I include JT.

TOMMY

Your midnight cowboy?

VICTORIA

He's a good guy. And a bad player. Two mil is just an average weekend.

TOMMY

OK. That's nine. We need a tenth.

GIZMO

Don't look at me. I don't have two million of anything.

**INT. BUCKEYE BOB'S HOME - NIGHT**

A living room/man cave with a distinct Ohio State theme.

Bob sits at a custom poker table with five buddies. He has a huge pot in front of him. Games really ARE different in Ohio.

RING!

ON SCREEN: *UNKNOWN, Las Vegas*

BOB

Deal me out guys. (Answers) Hello?

**INT. VICTORIA'S MANSION - CONTINUOUS**

INTERCUT TOMMY/BOB

TOMMY

Buckeye!

BOB

Who's this?

TOMMY

I'm hurt. It's Tommy, from Fortuna. How ya doin' buddy?

BOB

No way!

He mouths "Tommy Dodson" to the guys.

ALL  
Holy crap!/ No way!/ Put it on  
speaker!

Bob puts it on speaker.

BOB  
Saw you on TV. Congrats! You  
skedaddled outta there quick.

TOMMY  
Hadda see a guy about a thing.  
Question for you. Big private game  
tomorrow. You in?

The boys go wild. He shushes them.

BOB  
Maybe. I'd have to ... check my  
calendar. What's up?

TOMMY  
Ten player sit and go. Two mil buy  
in. Winner take all.

The boys go pale. Bob laughs.

BOB  
Ha! That's funny, Tommy.

TOMMY  
Yeah, maybe next time. Take care.

BOB  
Hold on. Give me a minute.

He mutes the phone, paces.

ALL  
Do it!/O-hi-o!/Bob-bee!

A pause. Tommy smiles.

BOB  
It's a lot, but doable. Story for  
the grandkids, right?

TOMMY  
You're the man, Buckeye! I'm  
booking you a private jet and a  
Penthouse suite at Fortuna. On me.

The boys hoot and holler, high five Bob!

Tommy hangs up the phone.

TOMMY

OK, we got our tenth! By the way V,  
this chair is terrible.

GIZMO

That's no chair, amigo.

Gizmo thrusts his hips suggestively.

Tommy leaps off the chair.

**EXT. VICTORIA'S MANSION - DAY**

Ermolai bakes in the desert sun as Svetlana opens the door.

SVETLANA

Perhaps you are thirsty?

**EXT. VICTORIA'S MANSION - CONTINUOUS**

Gizmo and Catalina sneak out.

They place a cell phone in the spare tire of Ermolai's SUV.

They hop in the delivery van, drive away.

**INT. VICTORIA'S MANSION - CONTINUOUS**

She hands a lemonade to Ermolai.

ERMOLAI

I enjoyed our ... conversation.

SVETLANA

Perhaps you will be free tonight  
for more *private* conversation?

Svetlana loosens his tie.

ERMOLAI

I must get back.

She gives him a kiss on the forehead, wipes off lipstick.

**INT. POSEIDON'S WAREHOUSE - NIGHT**

Eleanor slumps in her scooter, a haggard mess.

KRISTOS sprawls on the couch, plays a video game.

Poseidon, at his desk, wills the phone to ring. PING!

ON SCREEN: TOMMY: *Desert Oasis, 1 hour.*

Poseidon and Niko head for the door. He carries duffel.

POSEIDON

Take care of our guest. Do not let anyone in.

KRISTOS

Mm. Hmm.

POSEIDON

WHAT DID I SAY?

KRISTOS

Don't let nobody in. Geez.

Kristos locks the door behind Niko and Poseidon. He vaults the couch, restarts video game.

ELEANOR

I feel safer already.

**EXT. DESERT OASIS CASINO - DAY**

The gutted shell of a once-mighty gambling hall. Curled, torn posters hang inside cracked lightboxes.

Cecil and WASHINGTON, his bigger little brother, flank an unmarked, rusty door like two massive bookends.

They take a half step forward as Poseidon approaches.

CECIL

Evening, Mr. Poseidon.

Poseidon waves him off, cockier than he should be.

WASHINGTON

Weapons?

Niko relinquishes a gun from his suit.

Washington keeps his hand out.

Niko sizes him up, pulls a small gun from his ankle holster.

Washington puts the guns down, "wands" Poseidon and duffel.



POSEIDON

Take your hands off me, peasant!

Washington couldn't care less. He finishes his search.

WASHINGTON

Clear.

CECIL

You gentlemen enjoy yourselves.

**INT. DESERT OASIS CASINO - HALLWAY - DAY**

Dimly lit and filled with cobwebbed show posters and dinner specials. "T-Bone Steak dinner \$2.99"

**INT. DESERT OASIS CASINO - POKER ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Long-dead slot machines and dusty chairs line the walls.

A pristine table ringed with chairs in the center. Stacks of chips at every seat. Coby the dealer, sits at the ready.

PRIMETIME, a bejeweled rap star in a custom track suit and CAMPBELL, a pearly-toothed pretty boy in expertly ripped jeans, swap stories about their respective levels of fame.

JT chats with Earl, a fellow "cowboy." They tip their ten-gallon hats to the newcomers.

JT/EARL

Howdy!

Niko and Poseidon ignore them, head for a quiet corner.

Cassie, the cocktail waitress, glides up to Poseidon.

CASSIE

Ouzo, Mr. Poseidon?

POSEIDON

Double.

Seven cases in front of seven name tags. Poseidon's spot already holds a bag - (courtesy of Tommy.)

Poseidon dramatically plops a bag in the spot marked *Liliya*.

PRIMETIME

Your name's Liliya? Musta been hell growing up.

Everyone laughs, until Niko puffs up behind him.

JENNIFER enters. What she lacks in height she makes up for in swagger. She's with RANDALL, a breezy, tall drink of water.

They walk over, add their bags.

JENNIFER  
Evening boys.

Bob enters, an Ohio State T-shirt with matching duffel.

BOB  
Nice place. You guys gonna steal my kidneys?

Tommy enters from behind a curtained door, hand extended.

TOMMY  
Your kidneys are safe, Buckeye.

**INT. DESERT OASIS CASINO - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Niko dials phone. It RINGS on speaker.

KRISTOS (O.S.)  
Yeah?

NIKO  
Everything good?

KRISTOS (O.S.)  
Help, She's got me tied up! Oh,  
please old lady, don't hit me again  
- No! No! Hahaha!

NIKO  
Don't screw around.

KRISTOS (O.S.)  
Whatever.

**INT. POSEIDON'S WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

ELEANOR  
This is ridiculous.

Eleanor starts her scooter, motors towards door.

KRISTOS  
Uncle Poseidon said stay put.

ELEANOR  
Ya, well screw him, and screw you!

Kristos pauses game, hops up, rips key from ignition.

ELEANOR  
You're gonna regret that, dipshit.

She claws his hand and Kristos slaps her.

ELEANOR  
You're REALLY gonna regret that!

KRISTOS  
I'm so-o-o scared.

He handcuffs her to a pipe, resumes place on couch.

**EXT. DESERT OASIS CASINO - DAY**

Liliya, father and goons approach the door.

CECIL  
Evening, Ms. Liliya. Gentlemen.

WASHINGTON  
Weapons?

LILIYA  
We need no weapons.

They know the drill, flash open coats. Washington wands them.

CECIL  
Good luck.

LILIYA  
We need no luck, either.

**INT. DESERT OASIS CASINO - CONTINUOUS**

Pyotr scans the room, waves them in.

Ermolai guards the exit, as Kazimir plumps down in a chair.

Liliya enters, sits in a corner, dons headphones.

Cassie approaches Kazimir.

CASSIE  
Cocktail?

KAZIMIR

Vodka.

CASSIE

Rocks?

KAZIMIR

Bottle.

Victoria glides in. Her voice exudes professionalism, just a touch of her accent peeks through.

VICTORIA

Thank you all for coming. Anything I can do to make you comfortable, please feel free to let me know.

She inspects cases one by one during the speech.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

This is a one table sit-and-go. Winner take all. Lots of money, lots of temptation. Let's conduct ourselves as ladies and gentlemen.

She checks the bag labeled *Poseidon*. It's filled with paper.

She casts a quick glance at Tommy.

He's deadpan.

VICTORIA

Your dealer is Coby. He's seen it all. I will not insult anyone's integrity by saying more.

She opens the case labeled *Tommy* - also full of newspaper.

VICTORIA

Erm ... English only at the table. If you are knocked out, you may watch from the rail, but you may not interfere.

POSEIDON

Blah. Blah. Blah. Did we come to talk or did we come to play?

Victoria smolders. A bit of brogue sneaks in.

VICTORIA

How about I stop talking an' give ya a kick in the clackers?

Snickers and outright guffaws. Niko half stands, but Washington has entered behind her, so he sits back down.

VICTORIA  
Good luck, everybody.

**INT. POSEIDON'S WAREHOUSE - DAY**

KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!

Kristos jumps up, checks the video security feed.

ON VIDEO: CATALINA, adorable in her brownie uniform bedecked with badges, pulls a small wagon filled with cookies.

KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!

Kristos grabs his gun, runs to door. He cracks it open.

KRISTOS  
Whaddya want?!?

Catalina takes out a wrinkled piece of paper.

CATALINA  
Hello, sir. My name is Catalina,  
and I am with Summerlin Brownie  
Troop 432. My goal is to sell five  
hundred boxes of --

KRISTOS  
-- We don't want any!

He slams the door, plops back down on couch.

Loud CRYING from outside. More crying. And more.

Eleanor throws her wallet at him.

ELEANOR  
You're a terrible man! Buy some of  
the poor dear's cookies.

He opens the door wider this time, peers left. Right. Down.

Catalina is a puddle.

KRISTOS  
How much?

She snuffles, wipes nose on sleeve, pulls her paper out.

CATALINA

Hello, sir. My name is Catalina,  
and I am with Summerlin Brownie  
Troop 432.

Kristos rolls his eyes.

CATALINA (CONT'D)

My goal is to sell five hundred  
boxes of Girl Scout cookies to earn  
a trip to the Grand Canyon.

KRISTOS

I said how much?

CATALINA

Each box is only three dollars and  
fifty cents. My favorite are Thin  
Mints. Frozen Thin Mints are a  
delicious treat all year long!

Kristos shoves a bill at her.

KRISTOS

Gimme twenty bucks worth.

Catalina counts on her fingers, whispers numbers.

Eleanor strains to see around the corner.

CATALINA

Five boxes cost seventeen dollars  
and fifty cents. Would you like to  
donate your change to...

KRISTOS

Yeah, yeah, whatever.

Catalina fumbles the cookies, and they drop at Kristos' feet.

He stoops to pick them up.

ZAAAAAP! Catalina tasers Kristos in the neck.

He crumbles to the ground.

CATALINA

The Girl Scouts would like to thank  
you for your support, dickhead!

Catalina kicks Kristos' twitching body on the way in.

**INT. DESERT OASIS CASINO - LATER**

SERIES OF SHOTS (THINNING THE HERD)

- A) Jennifer gets knocked out, Tommy rakes chips.
- B) Earl gets knocked out, Liliya rakes chips.
- C) Randall gets knocked out, Poseidon rakes chips.

**INT. DESERT OASIS CASINO - LATER**

The hand is down to Primetime and Bob, a cool customer, unrecognizable from the sweaty mess at Bella Fortuna.

PRIMETIME

Primetime's gonna getcha,  
Cleveland.

Bob sits calmly as the last card comes.

PRIMETIME

Oh, snap. There it is. Prime-time,  
PAH. RIME. TIME! All in, Cleveland.

BOB

You're bouncing around like a fart  
in a mitten. Call.

He winks at Tommy, flips a chip in the pot, turns his cards.

PRIMETIME

Aw, hell no!

BOB

Aw hell, yes! And I'm from  
Cincinnati. Oh! Hi! O!

Bob stands, does something that resembles an end zone dance.

PRIMETIME

That almost made it worth it.

Victoria enters.

VICTORIA

Ten minute break, everyone.

Poseidon pulls out his phone, dials.

**EXT. POSEIDON'S WAREHOUSE - LATER**

SCREECH! A van halts at door. Gizmo exits, pulls out ramp.





CAMPBELL  
Poker movie. *Royal Flush*.

TOMMY  
Get out!

CAMPBELL  
Victoria's a, um, friend. Said this would be great research. I'm the Prince of Norway, and I lose my castle in a high-stakes game in Monte Carlo.

Coby flops three cards.

TOMMY  
Well, this sure ain't Monte Carlo. Five hundred. Whaddya say Hamlet?

He throws in chips, so does Campbell.

CAMPBELL  
Norway.

TOMMY  
Huh?

CAMPBELL  
Norway. Hamlet's Denmark.

Coby turns the fourth card, and Tommy places a large bet.

TOMMY  
Two G's ... Or not Two G's?

Campbell laughs, tosses in money.

CAMPBELL  
I'm opposite Karen Stone. Know her?

BOB  
Boy, do I!

CAMPBELL  
Right? She was in *Red Vengeance*. It's about a woman whose husband is kidnapped by the Russian mob.

Tommy flashes a look at Liliya.

TOMMY  
I think I've seen that one.

LILIYA

You play, or do you yak, yak, yak?

Campbell swivels to Liliya, turns up the smile.

CAMPBELL

Are you an actress?

LILIYA

No.

CAMPBELL

Would you like to be?

Kazimir and Pyotr stand, catch Campbell's eye. He gulps.

CAMPBELL

Anyway, it's gonna be good, you should go see it.

TOMMY

Definitely.

Coby turns the final card, and Tommy shoves his chips in.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

All in, Hamlet.

He contemplates Tommy, who sits stone-faced.

CAMPBELL

You're bluffing.

TOMMY

You sure?

CAMPBELL

I'm an actor. I lie for a living.

He pushes his chips in. They both flip their cards.

CAMPBELL (CONT'D)

Crap.

TOMMY

Coulda been worse. Coulda been a castle.

**INT. MOVING VAN - DRIVING - DAY**

Gizmo, Eleanor and Catalina bop to the MUSIC on the radio.

WHOOOP! WHOOOP! A SIREN blasts.

CATALINA  
Whoop! Whoop!

Gizmo looks in the rear view.

GIZMO  
Uh oh.

**EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Gizmo pulls to the side of the road.

OFFICER JESSUP, all shades and mustache, dismounts his motorcycle, approaches the vehicle.

**INT./EXT. HIGHWAY - MOVING VAN - CONTINUOUS**

GIZMO  
Afternoon, officer.

OFFICER JESSUP  
Do you know why I pulled you over?

GIZMO  
Was it our singing?

OFFICER JESSUP  
You have a tail light out.

GIZMO  
Wow. Sorry. It's a rental. I'll give them a call.

OFFICER JESSUP  
Moving?

GIZMO  
Yes. No. Sort of. Just hauling some ... things.

Jessup removes his sunglasses. Eyes Gizmo.

OFFICER JESSUP (O.S.)  
Is there something in this vehicle I wouldn't want to see?

Eleanor listens from inside, covers safe with a blanket.

GIZMO  
N-no officer.

**INT. DESERT OASIS CASINO - LATER**

Tommy and Bob heads up. King, Ten, Three on the board.

Bob throws in some chips.

BOB

Motley crew you have here.

Tommy matches the bet.

TOMMY

You don't know the half of it.

BOB

Thought you'd be on an island  
somewhere, sipping a Mai-Tai.

Coby turns another card, a Two.

TOMMY

Ya. Life's funny like that. Raise.

He pushes in two stacks of chips.

BOB

Call.

Bob mimics his move perfectly.

TOMMY

Man, you are cool as a cucumber.

BOB

It's like you said, poker face. And  
don't trust a smiling shark.

The final card, an Ace.

TOMMY

You might be the first person that  
ever listened to me.

Tommy pushes all of his chips in.

TOMMY

But I was wrong.

Bob pushes his chips in, turns over King, 10. Two pair.

BOB

How's that?

He flips his cards, Ace Ten. Bigger two pair.

TOMMY  
Sometimes the shark's just smiling.

Bob hangs his head.

TOMMY (CONT'D)  
Sorry, man. I lucked out. You  
totally had me.

No response.

TOMMY (CONT'D)  
You OK?

Bob slowly looks up.

BOB  
That. Was. AWESOME!

TOMMY  
Gimme your phone.

Bob does, and Tommy clicks the video.

TOMMY  
This is Tommy Dodson, Mondobux  
Champion. Buckeye Bob had me  
shaking in my shoes. Almost sent me  
home to momma. Look out for this  
guy, he's a shark!

Tommy offers his hand.

Bob wraps him in a huge bear hug.

**EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Catalina runs up to Gizmo and Jessup. Jackpot hops behind.

CATALINA  
Hi, Officer Friendly!

Jessup looks down, softens.

OFFICER JESSUP  
Why, hello, little lady. Why don't  
you go wait for dad in the van, OK?

CATALINA  
Yes, sir. It's just that we're on  
our way to scouts. I just got my  
campfire badge. See?

OFFICER JESSUP  
Congratulations!

CATALINA  
Scouts is awesome! My dad takes me every week. We're selling cookies. Would you like to buy some, sir?

OFFICER JESSUP  
Ummm ...

GIZMO  
Honey, let the officer do his job.

CATALINA  
OK, it's just that it's really hot and Mrs. Johnson said if they melt then people will return them, and returns don't count.

(To Jessup)  
If we sell a thousand boxes we get to go hiking at the Grand Canyon. Whoever sells the most boxes gets to be hike master. Mrs. Johnson said it's not a competition and teamwork's important.

OFFICER JESSUP  
Yes, teamwork is very important.

CATALINA  
Susie's my best friend! We're trying to tie so we can BOTH be hike masters! I'm only five boxes short.

Catalina looks at her feet, toes the sand.

OFFICER JESSUP  
Uh. How much are they?

She brightens.

CATALINA  
Only three dollars and fifty cents a box.

Officer Jessup digs out a twenty.

OFFICER JESSUP  
I'll take five.

CATALINA

Your total is seventeen-fifty. Out of twenty. Would you like to donate your change to the Girl Scouts Veteran's fund?

She opens the van door. Eleanor, hidden, hands her the boxes.

OFFICER JESSUP

She's a little worker, that one.

GIZMO

You have no idea.

Catalina returns. As she reaches Jessup, she fumbles cookies.

Jessup reaches down to pick them up.

Catalina flicks on her taser.

Gizmo's eyes go wide. He mouths "NO!"

Jessup stands.

Catalina hides it behind her back, extends her other hand.

CATALINA (O.S.)

The Girl Scouts would like to thank you for your generous support. Bye, Officer Friendly!

She shakes his hand, giggles.

Jessup hands Gizmo his papers.

OFFICER JESSUP

Look, just get that light fixed.

GIZMO

Yessir!

**INT. DESERT OASIS CASINO - LATER**

It's down to Tommy, Poseidon, and Liliya.

Poseidon aggressively splashes chips into center.

POSEIDON

Raise.

TOMMY

Fold.

LILIYA

Re-raise.

POSEIDON

Want to play, little girl? All in!

He pushes a huge stack into the pot.

Liliya leaps up, bulldozes chips into the middle.

LILIYA

Call!

They practically throw the cards at each other.

Poseidon has Jacks, Liliya has Ace, Queen.

They lock eyes, as the flop comes Ace, Queen, six.

Poseidon blanches.

LILIYA

Ha! Two pair.

Turn is a King. Liliya is ahead, but a ten or jack sinks her.

The river card comes. A Ten. Poseidon gets his straight.

POSEIDON

Ha! Poseidon has drowned the little girl in the river. Bow! Bow to the god of the sea!

TOMMY

Uh oh.

Liliya hurls her chair into a corner, smashing dead neon.

Kazimir stands, Pyotr and Ermolai jump up.

Niko reaches pulls a hidden knife, confused.

LILIYA

I will tear out your stinking greek heart and and ram it so far up your ass that I have to crawl backwards out of your intestines.

KAZIMIR

Disappointing. Come. We go now.

LILIYA

You go. I want to watch Tommy kill this pig. Slowly.



Kazimir sighs, leaves with goons.

**INT. VAN - BACK ALLEY - DAY**

Eleanor, Catalina and Gizmo stare at the safe.

Gizmo turns the dial, left, right, left.

CLICK! The safe opens.

ALL  
Holy shit!

**INT. DESERT OASIS CASINO - LATER**

The knocked-out players sit at rail, watch, drink, make bets.

Catalina sneaks in the back, holds two bags of money.

Victoria sees her, blocks the bags from view.

Catalina replaces the paper-filled bags, sneaks back out.

VICTORIA  
Five minute break, gentlemen.

**EXT. DESERT OASIS CASINO - BACK ALLEY - DAY**

Gizmo lowers ramp, Eleanor rolls out.

She pulls a beautiful brooch off her blouse.

ELEANOR  
Your rescue badge. Next weekend,  
let's make our own cookies!

CATALINA  
Chocolate chip?

ELEANOR  
Are there any other?

She hugs Catalina, wheels over to driver's side.

ELEANOR  
Be careful.

GIZMO  
Precious cargo.

Eleanor wheels around corner to Victoria and Cecil.

VICTORIA  
Long time no see.

She embraces Eleanor.

ELEANOR  
You get more beautiful every time I  
see you.

CECIL  
Aw. You're gonna make me blush.

**INT. DESERT OASIS CASINO - CONTINUOUS**

Victoria sidles up beside Tommy, kisses his ear.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)  
Your mom's outside. Gizmo said he's  
starting part two?

TOMMY  
Part two? There is no part two!

Tommy pulls out his phone, dials madly.

VICTORIA  
(to the room)  
Time to play.

Tommy hangs up, approaches Poseidon.

TOMMY  
How about we chop? Fifty-fifty.

The players all murmur and complain.

Tommy rises, turns to retrieve briefcases.

POSEIDON  
Ha! Now who's the coward? Run away.  
Like your father.

Tommy smiles, his back to Poseidon. He whirls around angrily.

TOMMY  
OK, you son of a bitch! Game on!

Hoots and hollers from the peanut gallery.

POSEIDON  
Man to man. No dealer. No losers.  
And no whore!

TOMMY

Then the lummoX goes too.

(To the crowd)

It's been a pleasure, but I have to stomp a stupid old man to death.

**INT. VAN - DRIVING - NIGHT**

Gizmo checks his phone. Tommy has called and texted 50 times. He pockets the phone.

GPS VOICE

You have arrived.

**EXT. RUSSIAN'S HIDEOUT - CONTINUOUS**

The van noses up to a loading door, honks twice. It opens.

IVAN, the body of a bear, and brains to match, lumbers over.

GIZMO

Delivery.

IVAN

We have no delivery.

GIZMO

Look. It's my last run. I gotta bring my kid to Girl Scouts.

Catalina peeks her head around.

CATALINA

Hello, my name is Catalina.

**INT. DESERT OASIS CASINO - DAY**

Poseidon slams the cards down for Tommy to cut.

POSEIDON

I will leave you with nothing.

TOMMY

Meh. More than I started with.

**INT. RUSSIAN'S HIDEOUT - LOADING DOCK - LATER**

Gizmo struggles to unload the van.

CATALINA  
Excuse me, sir?

Ivan looks down at her.

CATALINA  
I need to make a wee.

IVAN  
Not possible.

CATALINA  
Pleeease.

She does the pee-pee dance. He points and she runs off.

Gizmo rolls a crate down the ramp. It catches and tips over.

GIZMO  
Little help?

Ivan lumbers over, helps him right the crate.

#### **BACK ROOM**

Dozens of crates in rows. Catalina fishes in one, pulls out an Uzi, puts it in her backpack.

#### **LOADING DOCK**

IVAN  
Where is girl?

He clomps off in pursuit.

GIZMO  
Shit.

Gizmo grabs a crowbar, just in case, follows warily to the --

#### **-- BACK ROOM**

Ivan spots Catalina.

IVAN  
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

Catalina spins around, screams. Loud.

In spite of himself, Ivan jumps back.

Catalina's eyes well up. Inconsolable, she hugs Ivan's leg.

CATALINA  
I'm scared!

Ivan awkwardly pats her head as Gizmo rounds the corner.

IVAN  
Is OK.

They walk back to the van, Catalina sniffles and snuffles.

CATALINA  
Thank you, sir.

She hoists her backpack, and two boxes of cookies fall out. She puts one back, ignores the other, looks at Ivan, winks.

**INT. DESERT OASIS CASINO - LATER**

The board. Ace, 7 of Hearts, 2, 3 of Clubs, Queen of Spades.

Tommy pushes in his chips.

TOMMY  
All in. I've got you covered.

POSEIDON  
Five hundred thousand.

TOMMY  
You don't have that many chips.

Poseidon writes an IOU, tosses in pot.

POSEIDON  
Dollars.

TOMMY  
Table stakes only. No side pots.

POSEIDON  
We make our own rules, no?

TOMMY  
No.

Eleanor silently wheels in, peers from the hallway.

POSEIDON  
Psh! At least your father had guts.

TOMMY  
Lotta good that did him. You took everything from him. From us.

POSEIDON

I'm more of a father than he was. I  
pay your mom's medical bills. Her  
mortgage. Loan you money.

Tommy bolts upward. His chair skids back.

TOMMY

And, I've paid you back a hundred  
times over. Still you want more.  
You want to leave me with nothing?  
It's too late, you already did!

He yanks Poseidon out of his chair, slams him against a wall.

Poseidon, for the first time, looks scared.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

He didn't run away, did he? DID HE?

POSEIDON

No.

**INT. POSEIDON'S WAREHOUSE - NIGHT [FLASHBACK]**

LLOYD (CONT'D)

Go home, Tommy.

TOMMY

But -

LLOYD

Home! Now!

Young Tommy runs out of the room, one last glance back.

Lloyd lunges at Poseidon. Two men restrain him.

LLOYD

You cheating son of a bitch!

WHUMP! Poseidon repeatedly punches Lloyd in the stomach.

YOUNGER POSEIDON

Such a disgrace! To your son!  
To your wife!

Lloyd falls to the ground, limp.

YOUNGER POSEIDON (CONT'D)

Get up!

Lloyd is unresponsive, blood trickles from his mouth.

Poseidon hauls him up. Slaps him. Hard.

He doesn't respond.

Poseidon breathes heavily, drops him.

POSEIDON  
Get the car.

**INT. DESERT OASIS CASINO - CONTINUOUS**

In the shadows, Eleanor's eyes filled with tears.

POSEIDON  
Accidents happen.

Tommy grabs an old lamp like a club.

Poseidon shrinks away, hands cover his head.

Tommy spies Eleanor, drops the lamp.

TOMMY  
I call.

Poseidon looks up.

He writes an IOU, removes his father's ring, slams them down.

TOMMY (CONT'D)  
That's all I have left!

Tommy hyperventilates, drops eye contact for a micro-second.

POSEIDON  
Ha! You are bluffing! I taught you  
everything you know.

Poseidon turns over Ace, Queen - he has two pair.

TOMMY  
No. You taught me everything YOU  
know.

Tommy turns over a 4 and 5 of Hearts. A straight. Winner!

Poseidon's face falls. He grabs the IOU, crumples it.

POSEIDON  
As you said. Table stakes only.

Tommy smiles, looks up to the 'eye in the sky' camera.

Poseidon follows his eye-line. A red light blinks.

TOMMY

Shame if that tape wound up in the wrong hands. Wouldn't stand up in court, but may raise eyebrows with the boys around town.

Poseidon straightens, throws the IOU at Tommy.

He storms to the exit. But it's blocked by Eleanor's scooter.

Eleanor slowly rises, the pain evident. She glares at Poseidon, then slaps him. Hard.

Tommy catches her as she stumbles. He hugs her tightly.

**EXT. DESERT OASIS CASINO - CONTINUOUS**

Poseidon speed hobbles out the door, and into Cecil's chest.

CECIL

Ms. Eleanor told me an interestin' story. Wanna hear it?

Poseidon double times it to the car, squeals down the street.

**INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT**

Various police mill about, make calls, write reports.

Catalina walks up to the front desk.

OFFICER

How can I help you, little lady?

CATALINA

Do you have a lost and found?

She pulls the Uzi from her backpack. Everybody goes berserk.

**INT. RUSSIAN'S HIDEOUT - NIGHT**

BEEP! BEEP! The sound of the SUV's horn outside.

Ivan eats Girl Scout cookies. He clicks the remote.

The SUV drives inside.

Kazimir exits, inspects a wooden crate. It holds a safe with a relief of the god Poseidon.



WHOOOP! WHOOOP! SIRENS and lights as FBI agents storm in.

**EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS**

Catherine Storms unlocks her car as her phone rings.

CATHERINE  
Go for Catherine.

**INT. VICTORIA'S MANSION - CONTINUOUS**

INTERCUT CATHERINE/SVETLANA

SVETLANA, in a frilly pink negligée, sits on a comfy couch with a bowl of ice cream. She dials the phone.

SVETLANA  
Four-Six-One Sandstorm Way.

CATHERINE  
Who is this?

SVETLANA  
Tommy Dodson says bring camera.

**EXT. RUSSIAN'S HIDEOUT - NIGHT**

Police and FBI surround the area. Yellow tape everywhere.

Catherine, the sole reporter, grips a mic.

CATHERINE  
Catherine Storms with PokerLive News. Police and FBI have raided the hideout of a Russian national in what is said to be one of the largest busts in Las Vegas history.

Kazimir and his three goons are cuffed, led to a squad car.

Underneath the car, Catalina hides, spies Ermolai's ankle. She zaps it with her taser.

He drops like a rock, his head inches from Catalina.

CATALINA  
Hasta la vista, pig face...

AGENT SIMS, FBI windbreaker and standard-issue mustache, approaches Catherine for an interview.

CATHERINE

Agent Sims, can you give us any more information?

FBI GUY

An eyewitness informed us that illegal firearms were being stored at this location. The FBI, in conjunction with LVPD, obtained a warrant, searched the premises and discovered over two thousand Uzi sub-machine guns.

Catherine beams as if she just won the Pulitzer.

CATHERINE

Another exciting night in Sin City.

**INT. POSEIDON'S WAREHOUSE - NIGHT**

The room is pitch black. Niko and Poseidon enter warily.

Kristos, hog-tied with duct tape over his mouth. In black Sharpie on his forehead is scrawled "Brownies Rule."

Poseidon flies to the safe. He whips off a cloth to reveal a cardboard box, also sharpied, with the word "Poopseidon" above a bucktoothed, cross-eyed smiley face.

Behind him, Tommy frames the open door.

TOMMY

Good game today.

Poseidon sped limps forward, grabs Tommy.

POSEIDON

Where is my money?

TOMMY

I'm not sure I know what you're talking about. I have an IOU here for half a mil. I was hoping to collect.

Poseidon pulls his cane apart to reveal a dagger.

POSEIDON

Where. Is. My. Money?

Cecil and Washington appear from the shadows.

TOMMY

Looks like you're caught between a  
rock and a hard stone.

Poseidon's phone rings.

TOMMY

Might wanna get that.

He does.

SVETLANA (O.S.)

Mr. Petrakis? We have recovered  
your personal property. A safe.  
Four-Six-One Sandstorm Way.

TOMMY

Good news?

**EXT. RUSSIAN'S HIDEOUT - NIGHT**

Eleanor strokes Jackpot, sobs melodramatically to an agent.

ELEANOR

I was in ... fear for my ... life!

The White Caddy power drifts around the corner.

ELEANOR (CONT'D)

That's him! Oh! Please, help me!

Brakes screech as the entire LVPD and FBI aim their guns.

FBI GUY

Exit the vehicle!

Tommy, pulls up as Poseidon and Niko are being cuffed.

Catherine Storms runs over, her camera guy in tow.

CATHERINE

In a bizarre twist on an already  
bizarre night, poker legend,  
"Poseidon" Petrakis has been  
arrested for alleged assault,  
kidnapping, and money laundering.  
Mondobux winner Tommy Dodson was  
essential in cracking the case.

TOMMY

Actually, this brave girl was the  
real hero today.

Catherine crouches down.

CATHERINE  
Hello, young lady.

CATALINA  
Summerlin Troop 432 rules!

CATHERINE  
There you have it. The Russian mob  
taken out by the Girl Scouts. Only  
in Vegas. Signing off for the last  
time on PokerLive News, this is  
Catherine Storms. Good luck,  
Francis. You're gonna need it.

Gizmo walks up to Tommy and Catalina.

TOMMY  
Crazy night, huh?

GIZMO  
Meh. Maybe for a Tuesday.

Tommy points at Catalina.

TOMMY  
You! Are still dangerous... But you  
can be my wingman anytime.

They high-five as Victoria sidles up.

VICTORIA  
Heading off into the sunset?

TOMMY  
Yeah, this town's too slow for me.

She wraps her arm around his waist.

VICTORIA  
Broads are kinda clingy, too.

She kisses him. He kisses back.

TOMMY  
Maybe I could stay a bit longer.

VICTORIA  
C'mon, I'll show you how that chair  
works.