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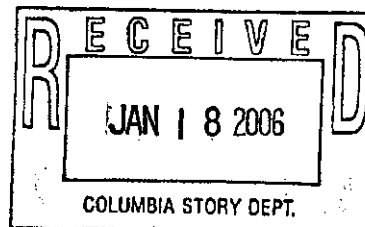
by

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FADE IN

INT. MGM GRAND/CASINO - NIGHT

The green felt of a blackjack table. The steady hands of a BLACKJACK DEALER smoothly slip cards out of a six-deck shoe.

A Jack of Spades, the Two of Hearts, the Seven of Diamonds, the King of Clubs... and on and on.

As the King of Clubs gets kissed with an Ace of Diamonds... we hear the voice of KEVIN LEWIS.

KEVIN (V.O.)
Winner winner -- chicken dinner.
(and then)
Those words had been dancing around my head all night. It's Vegas lore, that phrase. Ask any of the old-time pit bosses... they'll know.

The dealer pays the blackjack a healthy pile of purple chips.

KEVIN (V.O.)
It was a Chinese dealer at Binions who's first credited with the line. Every blackjack he dealt, he would shout it. That was forty years ago and the words still catch. "Winner winner - chicken dinner!" Try it.

LAS VEGAS. 4AM

KEVIN (V.O.)
I had heard it seventeen times that night. I couldn't lose.

The dealer smiles to the player.

DEALER
Helluva run.

AND KEVIN LEWIS

21, baby faced and dark eyed. Currently enjoying his spring semester as a senior at M.I.T.

Kevin wears a blonde wig, fake mustache and mirrored shades.

As he tips the dealer a black chip... \$100.

KEVIN
Kiss ass.

The dealer swipes the chip and deals the next hand.

KEVIN (V.O.)
First of all, what I was doing wasn't illegal. There are certain people and institutions that frown upon it... but it's legal. And not everyone can do it. Just those with gifted minds.

Two tens grace Kevin's wager box.

KEVIN (V.O.)
I have a gifted mind. That's what got me into this mess.

He "drunkenly" takes a sip of his martini. It spills.
The only other player we reveal is a WOMAN next to him.

RESTLESS WOMAN
Don't you think you've had enough?

INT. PARIS HOTEL/SUITE BATHROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Kevin puts on his wig and fake mustache. In seconds, he's gone from Ivy League to Alcoholics Anonymous.

INT. MGM GRAND/CASINO - NIGHT

Kevin looks down at the two tens. Thinks intently.

KEVIN (V.O.)
I was counting cards. And I was up over six hundred and forty thousand dollars.

Kevin finally decides his move, smiles at the woman, then pushes a massive pile of chips into the circle.

He mumbles, drunkenly.

KEVIN
I'm splitting.

DEALER
Splitting 10's!

Seated at another blackjack table is JILL TAYLOR, 22, wearing a red dress, stunning. She looks at Kevin, urgent.

KEVIN (V.O.)
That's my spotter, Jill. She's more intelligent than she is beautiful. And take a look at her.
(a wistful beat, then)
We had hand signals. Folded arms --
"The table's hot." A bent right arm --
"Double the bet."

Jill nervously runs her hand through her hair.
And Kevin turns to see across the casino floor...

FOUR ENORMOUS MEN

in yellow jackets race toward them. Jill's already on her feet.

KEVIN (V.O.)
Running your hand through your hair --
"Get out. Now!"

And now Kevin looks down to see what the dealer dealt him.
Two aces. As the men close in on him...

KEVIN (V.O.)
Winner winner -- chicken dinner...

And off Kevin's horrified expression...

BOSTON. SEPTEMBER.

8 MONTHS EARLIER

EXT. BOSTON MASSACHUSETTS/OPENING CREDITS - DAY

As The Black Heart Procession's "Exit Out" brings in the
opening titles. Beantown in all of it's historic glory.

A bipolar city perpetually hosting the war between the old
and the new.

Where gilded stone lions rub shoulders with wedges of glass.
Where the majestic U.S.S. Constitution floats along side of
scores of sleek pleasure boats. Where roads of rosy brick
townhouses land into grids of dizzying skyscrapers.

Blue collar dock workers... college students... Urban
professionals... The Irish... The Italians...

Beacon Hill... Fenway Park... Quincy Market... Filene's
Basement... The North End eateries...

And...

THE MASS. AVE. BRIDGE

Where we find Kevin Lewis... knapsack strapped to his back
and riding his bike over the Charles River. He bangs a left
onto the Esplanade, rides past rollerbladers, joggers,
sunbathers. The M.I.T. Great Dome behind him.

Looking much more innocent than we just witnessed in Vegas,
Kevin stops out front of a coffee shop and locks his bike.

Titles and music wind down.

INT. THE SOMEDAY CAFE - DAY

Sipping a coffee, Kevin quietly sits across from his best friend MILES, 21 with red hair and a face full of freckles.

They both have notebook computers open in front of them. Miles wears expensive earphones.

Kevin looks down at his computer with a blank expression. Then up to Miles...

KEVIN
I hate essays.

Miles didn't hear him and so Kevin rips off the earphones.

MILES
Dude, these are Bose.

KEVIN
I hate essays.

MILES
So do I. We're mathletes not writers.

KEVIN
I have to nail this.

MILES
The scholarship depends on a few things. The 2.009 competition is just as important.

KEVIN
Yeah, but everything counts.

MILES
You'll be fine.

KEVIN
Without this scholarship, I'm looking at St. George's.

MILES
As least you won't have to suffer another Boston winter.

Kevin leans back. Ignoring the empty screen in front of him.

KEVIN
Yeah, screw Harvard. I get to go to Grenada.

Miles smiles. Puts back on his earphones. Kevin looks around, wants a distraction... anything to keep him from the essay.

At the table next to him, a PRETTY GIRL and her STUDY PARTNER work out a math problem.

PRETTY GIRL
It's not working.

Study Partner looks down at his calculator.

STUDY PARTNER
Let's try again.

The pretty girl reads the formula aloud. Her study partner punches numbers into the calculator as she reads.

PRETTY GIRL
The weight of the bag is forty-nine pounds and the levy is only taxed on fourteen percent at a rate of nine dollars and fifteen cents a pound minus a five percent discount on the first twenty dollars.

Kevin simply turns to them and says...

KEVIN
Sixty-one dollars and seventy-seven cents.

The pretty girl looks at Kevin. He smiles and adds...

KEVIN
Rounding up.

As Study Partner looks up from the calculator.

STUDY PARTNER
He's right.

They both look at him like he's a bit of a freak.

KEVIN
Lucky guess.

He turns back to Miles and rips off his earphones again.

KEVIN
Help me with this essay, bitch.

Miles just shakes his head.

MILES
Why even become a doctor? They don't make money anymore because of the malpractice insurance.

KEVIN

I'm becoming a doctor, Miles.

MILES

Remember when Bill Doyle came to speak? He invented Indiglo his sophomore year.

KEVIN

He didn't invent Indiglo, Miles. Indiglo already existed.

MILES

Ephemerally, yeah. But he figured out how to harness the properties and sold it to 3M for a hundred mil. You're smarter than he is.

KEVIN

I'm becoming a doctor, Miles. And it's not all about money.

MILES

At the moment, Kevin... it is.

And Kevin thinks about it. Miles is right.

MILES

Look, you're already into Harvard Med. The heavy lifting is done. Just take a loan.

KEVIN

No way. I already owe for M.I.T. I wasn't born with a silver protractor in my mouth like you.

MILES

Dude, those were braces.

Kevin briefly smiles at the joke before he continues.

KEVIN

By the time I'm done with residency, making real money and the M.I.T loans are paid off... my mother will be in her mid-fifties. She's going to need my help to retire.

Kevin looks back to his blank screen and sighs in frustration.

MILES

Look, the most important thing to convey in an essay is your core fears and desires. If you do that honestly, you'll be fine.

Kevin leans forward... back to work.

KEVIN

Right.

MILES

So what's your biggest desire?

KEVIN

To get this scholarship.

MILES

Okay, but you're going to have to phrase it differently.

Kevin nods. Thinks about it. Miles looks to his computer before looking back up to his friend.

MILES

What's your biggest fear?

Kevin thinks about it for a beat, then...

KEVIN

Not getting this scholarship.

As Miles slowly nods.

EXT. SOMEDAY CAFE - NIGHT

Kevin unchains his bike. He hops on and takes off, riding past Rolls Royces, Bentleys, etc.

INT. ROYAL EAST RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A Chinese restaurant in Cambridge. Kevin shares a big round table with seven friends and his mother, ELLEN LEWIS.

At forty-four years old, Ellen hasn't lost her looks but they've definitely begun to fade from years of hard work.

A cake is placed down with an equation on it in frosting. It reads "Happy (Square Root of $27,556/2$)* $5(-352)/3$ " Birthday"

MRS. LEWIS

(hugging him)

Happy Birthday, honey.

Also at the table are Miles, ANDREW TAY, 21, mathlete extraordinaire and a few other of Kevin's friends. No girls.

TAY

Took me three minutes to work out the equation.

KEVIN
You're slipping, Tay.

Ellen takes out her credit card and moves for the waiter.
Kevin immediately intercepts.

KEVIN
I'll give it to him, Mom.

As she gives Kevin her card.

ELLEN LEWIS
Add a few beers to the bill... you
guys can enjoy them after I go.

HOST STAND

Kevin, Miles and Tay wait for the waiter to run the credit card.

TAY
Don't worry about the essay, Kev.
We're going to nail the 2.009
competition. That's all it takes.

KEVIN
I hope so.

TAY
Okay, I'll do all the GPS navigation
software. Kevin, you need to acquire
the chip, I'm thinking 16k diad...
you'll nip and tuck my software in
order to press it.

Kevin nods.

MILES
I'll get the vehicle and pimp it up.

TAY
It's not going to be hard. All we need
is for the car to go from Russki Dom
to Simmons Hall on its own. It's like
three turns.

The waiter hands the credit card and receipt to Kevin.

KEVIN
It's still not easy.

As Kevin signs the credit slip.

MILES
No, but if we nail it we win. Richter
and Chang are building a robot that
can catch a ball.

KEVIN
Does it throw the ball back?

MILES
Dude, I don't know. It doesn't matter.
The 2.009 is ours to lose.

Tay and Kevin share a look. Miles is right.

EXT. ROYAL EAST RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Kevin walks his mother to her car. He hands her back the credit card.

ELLEN LEWIS
Oh my God, I didn't sign anything.

KEVIN
Miles paid.

ELLEN LEWIS
Kevin!

KEVIN
He insisted.

ELLEN LEWIS
Just because he's wealthy doesn't mean
he needs to pay all the time.

They arrive at her old Plymouth. She stops and regards her son.

ELLEN LEWIS
Your father would be so proud of you,
Kevin.

Kevin draws a deep breath, then...

KEVIN
Yeah.

ELLEN LEWIS
Do you remember anything about him,
baby?

KEVIN
Not really. Maybe when he shaved.
I think I watched him shave.

They hold the silent moment, until...

KEVIN
Mom, don't take the job at Le Pli Day
Spa.

ELLEN LEWIS
It's a lot more money.

KEVIN
You won't be happy there. You said it yourself -- that place is overpriced and pretentious. You've been doing nails with Kim for nine years. She's your best friend. Don't take the job.

ELLEN LEWIS
I want to help pay for Saint George, Dr. Lewis.

KEVIN
I'm not going to Saint George, Mom.
I'm going to Harvard.

Her face lights up.

ELLEN LEWIS
You got in?

He affirms. And she hugs him.

ELLEN LEWIS
Oh Kevin!

As they break the embrace...

ELLEN LEWIS
How are we going to afford it?

Kevin inhales tightly. And he lies...

KEVIN
I got a scholarship. It's called The Thibault Award. They're going to pay the whole way.

And she glows.

ELLEN LEWIS
I'm so proud. I don't know what to say.

KEVIN
Just don't take the job, Mom. Okay?

As Ellen slowly confirms.

INT. M.I.T./LECTURE HALL - DAY

At the podium is Micky Rosa. He stands before a class of 40 STUDENTS, including Kevin and Miles.

MICKY

Okay, who can tell me about Newton's Method of Fluxions?

FEMALE STUDENT

It's the most efficient algorithm for finding approximations to the zero of a real-valued function.

MICKY

Very nice. Apparently, someone's been reading her textbook.

The STUDENTS laugh. They like the sassiness of their Non-Linear Equations Professor.

MILES

You can use it to solve non-linear equations.

MICKY

Yes! I like that. Especially since my class is called Non-Linear Equations.

(off their LAUGHTER)

Look, we all know you can use this method to find the roots of cubic polynomials by investigating quadratic convergences at a simple root of $p=x$. But tell me something I don't know. Anyone...? Bueller...?

JASON FISHER, big, 6'1", muscular, sits slumped in his chair, completely bored. Too cool for school.

FISHER

Newton stole it. Joseph Raphson published the same method 50 years earlier.

MICKY

Very nice, Mr. Fisher. Joseph Raphson. Not exactly a household name à la Newton. I mean, it's not like they named a cookie after him.

Kevin and Miles share a look, impressed.

MICKY

Okay, that's it for today. Drop off your papers and get out of my classroom. I've had it with you people.

Kevin and Miles follow the procession towards Micky's desk and drop their papers off.

MICKY
Kevin, right?

Kevin looks surprised that Micky knows his name.

MILES
I'm Miles.

MICKY
I bet you are.

INT. THE M.I.T Z CENTER/BASKETBALL COURTS - DAY

Kevin and Miles shoot hoops. Miles is just awful.

In the b.g., the worst game of basketball in the history of the sport is being played by 2 teams of MATHLETES.

Kevin goes to take the ball out as this stunning girl enters in running clothes.

MILES
JT alert. Ten o'clock.

All but drooling, they watch her stretch.

MILES
Wow. She's so limber.

KEVIN
(mesmerized)
It's like... art...

MILES
Yeah. You definitely need to ask her out.

As they continue to admire...

JILL TAYLOR

A genetic miracle of femininity coupled with a genius IQ. Big cucumber eyes, perfect SAT scores, long legs, informed political views, flowing auburn hair and a photographic memory.

MILES
It's not like she's a rocket scientist. Oh, no wait -- she is.

KEVIN
Why don't you ask her out?

MILES

'Cause I'm a geek. A mathlete. A girl that hot's gonna want someone who's smart and good-looking. And one out of two ain't gonna cut it.

Kevin blows past Miles for an easy lay-up.

KEVIN

So you think I'm good-looking?

MILES

I'd do you.

Miles takes a shot. The ball sails clear over the backboard and nearly hits a STUDENT.

MILES

My bad!

Miles gets the ball back, starts to dribble. Kevin watches Jill run the track. He's lost in philosophical reverie. Miles throws him the ball. Kevin catches it, walks it back over to Miles and quietly asserts.

KEVIN

Jill Taylor is why we do what we do. She's not the girl we get, Miles, she's the girl we perpetually aspire to get.

(further more)

Jill Taylor is why we get good grades, make money, work out, cut our hair and buy expensive jeans. If we actually got Jill Taylor then there would be no motivation to get out of bed.

Kevin takes a jump shot and misses.

KEVIN

See. I don't want Jill... but I want to want Jill. Get it?

As Kevin retrieves the ball.

MILES

Sure. Here, I'll help you out with the not wanting her part.

And Miles shouts across the floor at Jill.

MILES

Jill Taylor! My friend wants to have a boner for you!

Miles laughs as Kevin throws the ball at him.

INT. DEWEY LIBRARY - NIGHT

Kevin sits at a table, books spread out before him.
Fisher approaches. Kevin looks up at him.

FISHER
Kevin Lewis?

INT. INFINITE CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Fluorescent lights shine dimly in the empty hallway.
Kevin looks nervous as Fisher leads him down the hall.

KEVIN
Am I in trouble?

INT. M.I.T./ROOM 4-145 - CONTINUOUS

Small tables are covered by green felt. In front of the
blackboard is Micky. He smiles as Kevin and Fisher appear at
the door.

MICKY
Kevin! Please, come in.

Kevin enters, cautious. Three STUDENTS sit in plastic chairs.
ANDRE MARTINEZ, a wiry small twenty-one year old that looks
fifteen. KIANNA, 21, Asian, cute in a Velma from Scooby Doo
kind of way... and Jill Taylor.

MICKY
You ever been in this room before?

KEVIN
Freshman year... Linear Algebra.

MICKY
How'd you do?

KEVIN
I got an A. Professor Rosa--

MICKY
Micky.

KEVIN
Was there a problem with my paper?

MICKY
Well, you figured out a more efficient
method for finding true zero than
Isaac Newton. And that, my friend, is
not so much a problem as it is a
major ass-kicking. Although Newton's
been dead for 250 years, so it wasn't
exactly what I'd call a fair fight.

Kevin looks around, tries not to stare at Jill.

KEVIN
Is this a math club?

MICKY
Kevin, this is the M.I.T. Blackjack
Team and we'd like you to join.

Micky motions to the group.

MICKY
Don't be rude people...

FISHER
Fisher.

MARTINEZ
Martinez.

KIANNA
Kianna.

JILL
Jill.

Kevin looks like he's waiting for the punchline.

MICKY
Have you ever studied blackjack?
(off his "no")
It's the only game in Vegas based on a
flawed system. Unlike craps or
roulette, it's beatable. It's a game
with a memory. The cards already drawn
are the past. The cards still to come
are the future. Your future.

KEVIN
Are you talking about counting cards?

MICKY
I'm talking about getting rich.

KEVIN
I don't understand.

MICKY
Of course you do.

KEVIN
You count cards?

Looks the room over.

KEVIN
All of you?

FISHER
As a team, yes.

KEVIN
When?

MARTINEZ
Weekends.

KEVIN
Where?

JILL
Vegas baby.

First thing she's ever said to him. Kevin just stands there.
A little stunned. Processing it all. Then...

KEVIN
Why do you need me?

MICKY
Let's just say a spot opened up on our
roster.

KEVIN
How?

MICKY
Jimmy got a job at Google.

And Kevin repeats it.

KEVIN
Jimmy got a job at Google.

MICKY
It's catchy -- I know.

KEVIN
If you're making so much money at this
why did he take it?

MICKY
I said Google, Kevin... not Sizzler.

Kevin looks over the room. Takes a long moment to digest it
all, then...

KEVIN
This is crazy.

Micky slowly walks over to Kevin. Looks him in the eye.
And says it real slow...

MICKY
No... this is profitable.

KEVIN
I can't go to Vegas on weekends.

MICKY
I don't see why not. M.I.T is on
cruise control for you -- you're
already into Harvard Med.

KEVIN
How'd you know that?

MICKY
I like to take an interest in my
students, Kevin.

Kevin regards Micky. Gets the heebie-jeebies. Looks at the
team. Jill's eyes avert in what feels like shame.

KEVIN
I'm sorry. You've got the wrong guy.

And he goes.

INT. INFINITE CORRIDOR - DAY

Micky follows Kevin out into the hall.

MICKY
Kevin. We meet here to sharpen our
skills every Monday and Thursday at
this time. You're welcome any time.

KEVIN
I don't think so, Mr. Rosa.

MICKY
We can do it without the slot
filled... but it's best with five.

Unsure, Kevin just looks to his feet.
Micky smells blood, continues...

MICKY
We could really use you, Kiddo. Your
brain's a goddamn pentium chip. But
when you walk into that casino, all
they're gonna think is you're just
some kid.

And now Kevin looks up with conviction.

KEVIN
I'm sorry.

MICKY
(a threatening tone)
I trust you won't tell anyone about
this.

A long moment. Kevin doesn't move.

KEVIN
Nobody would believe me if I did.

And he goes.

INT. HARVARD MED SCHOOL/BOB PHILLIP'S OFFICE - DAY

BOB PHILLIP, 57 with an air of success, leans back in a
leather chair, looking over a set of transcripts. He CLICKS
the pen in and out as he reads.

BOB PHILLIP
Pre-med, 4.0 GPA, 11.0 MCATs.
President of the "Have a Heart"
preventative coronary association. TA
to Professors Wilkins and Sanders.
Both who are friends of mine and wrote
glowing recommendations. Very
impressive.

Kevin smiles, nervous. Bob puts down the folder. Leans back.
Still holds the pen. Click in, click out.

BOB PHILLIP
Kevin, The Thibault Award has seventy-
six applicants this year. Only one of
whom will get the scholarship... and
most of whom have just as an
impressive resume.

Kevin's face falls.

BOB PHILLIP
Forty-three of them did the same fear
and desire bit you did on the essay.

And Kevin curses Miles in his head.

BOB PHILLIP
Do you have a girlfriend, Kevin?

KEVIN
Well, no. It's hard with school and
the extracurricular schedule.

BOB PHILLIP
Kevin, a steady diet of math and science does not a life make. You know who I've found are the best doctors?

Off Kevin's no...

BOB PHILLIP
The ones that get laid.

KEVIN
Okay. I'll work on that.

Bob slightly smiles, then...

BOB PHILLIP
See Kevin -- the Thibault is going to go to someone who dazzles. Somebody who... jumps off the paper.

And Bob leans forward and asks...

BOB PHILLIP
What can you tell me, Kevin, that's going to dazzle me?

Kevin swallows, thinks, then...

KEVIN
I'm building a car for the 2.009 competition that drives by itself. It uses a global positioning chip to navigate its own way to its destination. I'm designing the chip.

Bob registers it for a beat.

BOB PHILLIP
That's great but I don't think you quite understand the bar of jumping off the paper. For instance, Kevin, the Award last year went to Hyum Jae Wook... a Korean immigrant who only has one leg.

KEVIN
Okay, but I have both my legs.

BOB PHILLIP
Well Kevin, have you considered cutting one of them off?

Kevin simply regards him.

BOB PHILLIP
That was a joke.

Kevin nods. Not in the laughing mood.

KEVIN
Do I have a shot?

BOB PHILLIP
No.

KEVIN
If I win the 2.009?

Bob Phillip thinks about it, then...

BOB PHILLIP
Maybe.

EXT. HARVARD CAMPUS - DAY

Depressed, Kevin slowly walks the campus. He sees scores of nice cars in the parking lot then just stops and sits down on a bench.

And he sighs in defeat and looks around. He notices a SLICK DUDE idling his BMW motor-cycle and chatting up a COED who holds a Birkin Bag. Kevin focuses in at the guy's back pack... Tumi.

Kevin turns away to notice a building... "William Gates Hall."
Money, money... everywhere. But not a drop for Kevin Lewis.

INT. BROOKS BROTHERS - DAY

Wearing a suit, Kevin sits across from the MANAGER.

MANAGER
And you have to love suits.

KEVIN
I love suits.

MANAGER
... live and breath suits.

KEVIN
I wear a suit around the house
sometimes.

The manager smiles.

MANAGER
Because it's not about the money.

KEVIN
Of course not.

As the manager looks Kevin up and down.

KEVIN
Evidently, and I know it's not about
the money, but...

Kevin smiles forth the rest of the question.

MANAGER
Nine dollars an hour until you're on a
commission schedule.

Manager nods over to LEO, an acne ridden kid working the floor.

MANAGER
Leo's only been here three years and
he stands to pull in over ninety
thousand dollars...

Kevin raises a brow, impressed.

MANAGER
... in that time.

And Kevin lowers the brow. Now depressed.

INT. M.I.T./ROOM 4-145 - NIGHT

Jill, Martinez, Fisher and Kianna all watch...

MICKY

as he shows them a card and then tosses it. Notice the huge
pile of cards on the floor. He does it again then stops.

MICKY
What's the count?

JILL
Minus five.

FISHER
Minus eight.

He looks to Kianna.

KIANNA
Dude, I lost the count like twenty
cards ago.

MICKY
Don't call me dude.

He looks to Martinez.

MARTINEZ
Minus five.

MICKY
You're just copying Jill.

Martinez confirms.

MICKY
... who is right.

Micky stops and looks to the door.

MICKY
Oh, hello there...

And sure enough... there stands... Kevin Lewis.

EXT. M.I.T. CAMPUS - DAY

Kevin walks with Micky across the quad.

MICKY
We use a Hi-Lo Method. Every time you see a high card, the count is minus one. Every time you see a low card, it's plus one. The more positive the count, the more high cards left in the deck. The more you raise your bet.

Something's bothering Kevin. Micky picks up on it.

MICKY
What's the problem?

KEVIN
Well, it's just, if you suddenly raise your bet, aren't you gonna get caught?

MICKY
There is no getting caught. It's not illegal.

Kevin thinks about it, then asks...

KEVIN
Whose money are we gambling?

MICKY
We're not gambling, Kevin... we're winning.
(then answers)
Some of it's mine. Some from investors.

KEVIN

What about you? You don't play?

MICKY

It's a young man's game, Vegas. The hours are late. Lots of alcohol and smoke. It messes with my sinuses. I have other reasons, but they get less attractive the more I talk and I'd hate to shatter the mystery.

And they enter...

HEINZ BUILDING

and head down the hall.

MICKY

Look, we're not reinventing the wheel here... blackjack teams have been around since the days of Bugsy Siegel. But what no one's done is put together a team with the most brilliant mathematical minds in the world.

They come into ear shot of some other of Micky's students and Micky immediately breaks into...

MICKY

And you're absolutely right about The Fibonacci sequence, Kevin... it's overrated and obtuse.

As they head into the classroom.

To The Red Hot Chili Peppers' "Higher Ground"...

INT. M.I.T./MCCORMICK DINING CENTER - NIGHT

Fisher and Martinez speed deal to Kevin. He tries to keep track of the cards, looks totally overwhelmed.

INT. M.I.T./HAYDEN MEMORIAL LIBRARY - DAY

Kevin deals to himself. A STUDENT watches from the couch, absentmindedly picking his nose, intrigued.

INT. M.I.T./RANDOM HALL - DAY

Miles and Andrew take notes as Kevin reads his textbook. We CLOSE-IN and SEE he's reading *Blackjack and You*.

INT. M.I.T./ROOM 4-145 - NIGHT

Kevin stands with his back to a blackboard. On the board is:

+1 = Tree	+10 = Bowling
+2 = Switch	+11 = Football
+3 = Stool	+12 = Eggs
+4 = Car	+13 = Witch
+5 = Glove	+14 = Ring
+6 = Gun	+15 = Paycheck
+7 = Craps	+16 = Magazine
+8 = Pool	+17 = Sweet
+9 = Cat	+18 = Voting Booth

The team fires numbers at him. All the while, Micky watches in the b.g. Everyone stops cold as the classroom door opens. A SURPRISED GIRL stands in the doorway.

SURPRISED GIRL
Chemistry Review?

They all stare at her, not responding. After a beat, she gets scared, steps back into the hallway and closes the door.

The team goes back to yelling at Kevin.

MICKY
What's the count?

KEVIN
Plus four.

MICKY
Plus five. Let's go again.

EXT. ESPLANADE - DAY

Kevin goes running with Martinez.

MARTINEZ

The team's divided into three types of players: Spotters, Gorillas, and Big Players. Most Spotters back count, meaning they stand behind the player, counting over his shoulder. It's too obvious. Our Spotters sit at the table, playing the minimum bet as they count. Under the radar. When the count gets good, the Spotter signals the Gorilla. And we get the party started.

INT. M.I.T./Z CENTER - DAY

Fisher and Kevin play basketball.

FISHER

A Gorilla's more acting than gambling. He gets called into a hot deck, stumbles over like a drunk rich kid, throwing down big money.
(MORE)

FISHER (cont'd)

He doesn't count. He's just a Gorilla, brain-dead. He bets big, then waits for the Spotter to signal that the run of good cards is over. Then he gets up and goes in search of his next call-in.

Fisher charges into Kevin, knocking him on his ass, then lays the ball in for an easy bucket. Kevin pushes himself up.

KEVIN

What's a Big Player do?

EXT. JILL'S JEEP - DAY

An old Jeep with character. Jill drives. Kevin sits shotgun.

JILL

A Big Player does it all. Acting, counting, betting. He tracks the shuffle, cuts to aces. He carries the big money and gets known by the casino personnel. They comp him penthouse suites 'cause he's betting a thousand bucks a hand. When the Spotter calls him in, he takes over. But he does it with style. He has to look the part. Be The Man. And no matter what goes down, he never forgets the signals.

INT. BORDERS - DAY

Kianna wears earphones at the listening station and runs through the signals.... it looks like she's doing a weird dance.

Kevin stands across the way next to Fisher and announces what each signal means.

As she folds her arms behind her back...

KEVIN

The deck's hot.

As she touches her eye...

KEVIN

I need to talk.

As she puts her hand to her forehead...

KEVIN

I'm getting heat from the Pit Boss.

As she runs her hand through her hair...

KEVIN

Get out. Now.

Fisher nods. Satisfied. Kianna continues to listen to the music.

KEVIN
(re Kianna)
I've never seen her on campus.

FISHER
She doesn't go to MIT.

KEVIN
Then how did Micky find her?

Fisher just shrugs. Kianna now shakes both hands up and down.

KEVIN
I don't know that one. What's it mean?
She does it again with feeling.

FISHER
It means she's groovin', man.
And it's true, Kianna is now really dancing.

INT. M.I.T./ROOM 4-145 - NIGHT

Kevin at a desk. Micky stands in front of him and writes something on a black board that Kevin can't see.

Micky then shouts out.

MICKY
Cat!

KEVIN
Plus nine.

And Micky flips over the board to reveal in large chalk scribble... "Cat = +9"

Micky flips it back over, erases then writes something else.

MICKY
Eggs!

KEVIN
Plus twelve.

And Micky flips the board over to reveal... "Eggs = +12"

EXT. CHINATOWN - NIGHT

Stevie Wonder's "Superstition" plays throughout the following as Kevin emerges from the steps of the T Station and finds himself in the heart of Chinatown. He looks nervous, checks for signs and storefront numbers. Everything's in Chinese.

He heads down a narrow, poorly paved alley. On either side, doorways are boarded up, windows are smashed. He SEES the number 43 scrawled across a tattered blue awning.

He RINGS the buzzer. A peephole slides open. An EYE appears. A latch is unlatched, chains are unchained. Kevin looks terrified as... An ELDERLY CHINESE MAN opens the door.

ELDERLY CHINESE MAN

You Kevin?
(off Kevin's nod)
You follow.

INT. CHINESE BUTCHER STORE - CONTINUOUS

"Superstition" continues to play as the Elderly Man leads Kevin thru the store. They make their way up a staircase.

At the top, sounds of a party are heard thru a door. The Elderly Man unlocks the door. He turns the knob.

INT. CHINESE CASINO - CONTINUOUS

A private, underground casino in full swing. GAMBLERS sit at blackjack tables, roulette wheels spin, PATRONS crowd around craps tables.

ELDERLY CHINESE MAN

You go. You go.

The Elderly Man pushes Kevin inside and closes the door behind him. Kevin hears the deadbolt lock into place. He stands there, frozen, not knowing what to do.

He searches the room. Standing at the bar is Fisher. Kevin smiles at him, but Fisher looks away, as if he didn't exist. He scans the crowd again. Martinez sits at a blackjack table.

Kevin moves thru the crowd, watches the action at the roulette wheel, then SEES Jill at a table. He glances toward Martinez who folds his arms over his chest. THE SIGNAL.

Kevin takes a deep breath, crosses the room. He grabs a seat in the third base position. A grey-haired CHINESE DEALER smiles at him, his teeth black as licorice.

MARTINEZ

It's colder than a witch's tit in here.

KEVIN (V.O.)

The count was plus thirteen.

Kevin pulls out several twenties and lays them on the felt. The Dealer counts then hands him stacks of red \$5 chips. Kevin bets the maximum. \$100.

He draws a 20 against the dealer's 8. Kevin wins. He bets another hundred, doubles down on an 11 and draws a King for 21. He starts to relax.

KEVIN
Can I get a drink?

The Dealer smiles, showing off his black teeth as "Superstition" amps up over a MONTAGE of Kevin winning.

Kevin wins hand after hand, growing more comfortable as he plays. He chats up other PLAYERS, flirts with the Cocktail Waitress, tosses her chips for tips.

A CROWD forms around him, watching him play. He wins a big hand. The CROWD erupts. Kevin reaches for his stack of chips as the Dealer grabs his wrist and yanks him toward the table.

KEVIN
What are you doing?

DEALER
What's the count?

KEVIN
What?

SECURITY rushes in, surrounding him. Kevin looks terrified.

DEALER
I said, what's the count?!

KEVIN
What count?

Security Guards grab Kevin, lifting him off his chair.

KEVIN
I didn't do anything!

They pull Kevin away, spinning him around from the table. Standing there is Micky, the rest of the team behind him.

MICKY
What's the count, Kevin?

KEVIN
Micky, what the hell's going on?
(no response, then)
It's plus eighteen!

Micky takes a beat, then looks toward the Dealer.
The Dealer takes out his fake black teeth.

MICKY

Kevin, this is Lau. He's one of our investors. Congrats, Kiddo. You just made the team.

Everyone bursts out laughing.

KEVIN

You guys suck.

EXT. SOUTH BOSTON - NIGHT

As this lower-middle class neighborhood quiets into an early autumn evening, Kevin stops his bike. He looks to a small house in the middle of the street.

Inside, we see his mother, Ellen Lewis, sitting down to a dinner in front of her television set. She's very alone.

As Kevin sighs and gets off his bike...

INT. LEWIS HOUSE - NIGHT

Kevin sits across from his mother. Works some pasta out of the large bowl.

KEVIN

It's just a weekend to blow off steam.

ELLEN LEWIS

How can you afford it?

Kevin finishes off the bowl, stands and goes to her...

KEVIN

Miles' dad gets these rooms for free because he's a big gambler... they try to keep him happy. And all the food is free. They call it a comp.

She accepts that and kisses him goodbye.

ELLEN LEWIS

Well, have fun and don't gamble too much, baby... nobody wins.

Kevin nods, heads for the door. But he stops and turns...

KEVIN

You should do something like this. Go with Kim to Atlantic City or The Cape and get away for a weekend.

Ellen Lewis smiles at her son.

ELLEN LEWIS
Some day you can have me over to your
country house, Dr. Lewis.

INT. LOGAN AIRPORT/DELTA TERMINAL - NIGHT

Kevin, carrying his knapsack, walks with Fisher and Martinez
through the airport. They pass a men's room.

FISHER
Wait for us. We gotta hit the head.

KEVIN
I don't have to go.

INT. MEN'S ROOM - STALL - NIGHT

Fisher pushes Kevin into the stall and locks the door.

FISHER
Pull down your pants.

KEVIN
What?

FISHER
Don't ask questions.

Kevin unzips his pants, starts to pull them down.
Fisher pulls rolls of \$100 bills out of his knapsack.

FISHER
Shove these in your underwear.

KEVIN
Why?

FISHER
You want me to do it? 'Cause I swear
to God, I will.

Kevin starts shoving the money into his underwear.

KEVIN
Why don't we leave it in the bag?

FISHER
'Cause it shows up on the scanner.
And we're not about to have them
confiscate \$250,000.

KEVIN
\$250,000...? Why do I have to do it?

FISHER
'Cause you're the donkey boy. You
really suck at not asking questions.

Fisher exits the stall as Kevin calls out to him.

KEVIN
What's a donkey boy?

INT. LOGAN AIRPORT/DELTA TERMINAL - NIGHT

Kevin exits the men's room. Martinez SEES the huge bulge in his pants and BRAYS like a mule. Fisher and Martinez crack up as they make their way to the security check.

MARTINEZ
Act casual. Think casual. Be casual.

Kevin nods, blinks the sweat from his eyes. Visions of *Midnight Express* dance in his head. He gets closer to the metal detectors, his pulse racing, heart pounding.

Kevin puts his knapsack on the conveyor belt. Stands before the big white metal detector. The red light blinks to green as everything...

SLOWS DOWN

A SECURITY GUARD moves her lips in SUPER SLO MO. She motions for him to go. Martinez gives him a nudge in the back of his sweat-soaked t-shirt. Kevin lifts his 10-ton foot and takes a step. He slowly crosses the threshold. The Security Guard looks oddly at his bulging trousers as...

He makes it through. No alarms go off. He's free and clear. He quickly heads for the gate. Until...

SECURITY GUARD
Sir!

Kevin stops, terrified. He turns toward the Security Guard.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)
You forgot your bag.

Kevin SEES his knapsack on the conveyor belt. He nods "oh."

INT. PLANE - NIGHT

Kevin sits in his seat, dealing to himself, counting cards. He turns toward the window, looks out and SEES...

THE LAS VEGAS STRIP

lighting up the desert floor. Paris, New York, Venice, Egypt, Medieval England, Rome and Rio... all recreated in neon splendor. From up here -- it looks like an electric toy.

LAS VEGAS. OCTOBER.

EXT. MANDALAY BAY - NIGHT

A black limo makes its way down the Strip. It pulls up to Mandalay Bay. The back door opens as Fisher and Martinez step out. They're already on the move toward the doors as...

Kevin steps out and stares up at the monstrous structure.

INT. MANDALAY BAY/SUITE - NIGHT

Martinez, Fisher and Kevin enter the opulent suite. Already there are Micky, Jill and Kianna.

Kevin's blown away by the spectacular floor-to-ceiling windows and views.

MICKY

Burt, Moishe, Vladimir! So glad you could make it.

Micky throws wallets at the three guys. Kevin opens his wallet, SEES his picture on an ID.

KEVIN

Vladimir Stupnitsky?

MICKY

Your father's a Diplomat with the Russian consulate. You live in DC and your hobbies include backgammon, chess and long walks on the beach.

KEVIN

(freaked out)

Why do we have to use fake names? You said this was legal.

MICKY

It is. Okay, first shift. Fisher's our Big Player tonight. Martinez, you're on Gorilla duty. Jill, Kianna, Kevin... you guys are Spotting.

KIANNA

Are we playing here?

MICKY

Never play where you stay. Casinos have fish-eye cameras in the ceilings. They're called Eyes in the Sky.

(MORE)

MICKY (cont'd)
That's why when you hit The Mirage,
you're gonna stagger it. Every fifteen
minutes. As soon as you leave this
room, you don't know each other.

Kevin steps forward with authority. Faces Micky.

KEVIN
I still don't understand why you don't
play?

MICKY
I did.

And Micky opens his mouth and pulls out a row of false teeth.
He smiles toothlessly, then puts his teeth back in.

MICKY
Nine years ago. They kinda know me.

And we hear that busy cash register that opens Pink Floyd's
"Money"... then that famous base-line...

INT. THE MIRAGE/CASINO - NIGHT

The place is jumping. Kevin heads in with Micky, takes in the
action. The Pink Floyd tune drives the scene.

Wired crap players cheering on their rollers, smoking blue
hairs pulling their one armed bandits, high-priced hookers
advertising their wares at roulette wheels... and the rest of
them all trying to get closest to twenty one.

MICKY
The masses are asses.

Kevin attempts a smile but he's a wreck... sweaty and
anxious. Micky immediately breaks away... leaving Kevin on
his own.

KEVIN
Act casual. Think casual. Be casual.

Martinez sits at a table, doing his best Lou Diamond Phillips
impression from *Stand and Deliver*: flannel shirt buttoned at
the neck, slicked back hair, wraparound shades. At the next
table sits Jill. A "Big Shot" tries to hit on her.

BIG SHOT
Lemme tell you about blackjack, honey.
You ever hear of Basic Strategy?

JILL
Gosh, that sounds complicated.

Kevin keeps moving around the blackjack pit. Kianna sits at a
table and stares at her cards. DEALER #1 waits impatiently.

DEALER #1
Do you want another card?

KIANNA
(giggling)
I no know.

Kevin heads to the next table, finds his place. He looks awful, pale. A HUSBAND AND WIFE are already seated.

HUSBAND
Come to join our sinking ship?

Kevin pulls out a roll of bills. As he lays the money down...

CLOSE ON A SMALL MONITOR

The eye in the sky view of Kevin having a seat and making his first bet. Pull back to be in...

THE PLYMOUTH AGENCY

A spacious old office. Small monitors cover every wall. It looks like an enormous editing suite. All the monitors feature people playing blackjack.

Above each four or five monitors are signs... "Mandalay" and "Treasure Island" and "Caesar's Palace." We realize that this office is showing the play at many casinos.

Kevin's monitor is under the sign that says "Mirage."

Notice that a lot of spaces where there should be monitors are empty. Under "MGM" there are three spaces but no monitors. And under "Hard Rock" there are five empty spaces where monitors should be.

Scrutinizing the table play at Treasure Island we find...

VINCENT COLE

Mid 50s, a humorless man made of sandpaper who hasn't bought a new shirt in ten years. Nobody ever broke Vincent Cole's younger sister's heart because nobody had the balls to date her... and she's hot.

Cole has run this shop for over twenty years. This is his empire. As he watches a player at Treasure Island with a huge pile of chips in front of him...

VINCENT COLE
He's not counting.

Cole turns to his number two... a black man named JIMMY.

JIMMY
So, he's just lucky?

VINCENT COLE
No. Look closely.

Jimmy leans forward... studies the screen.

JIMMY
You got me.

VINCENT COLE
Just watch.

Jimmy does. The dealer pays the player on another winning hand.

VINCENT COLE
Every hand he bets a green... twenty
five dollars. But the dealer pays him
five reds on every win.

JIMMY
Reds are each worth five bucks...
what's wrong with that?

VINCENT COLE
Why does the dealer pay him back five
reds every time... why not pay his
green with another green?

JIMMY
What's the difference?

VINCENT COLE
Those five reds aren't chips. It's a
cylinder made to look like a stack of
reds and the dealer's in on it. The
dealer's sliding greens into the
cylinder and every time he pays... the
player brings the fake stack into his
lap and comes up with five greens.
Look.

Jimmy does. Watches as the player takes the stack of reds
into his lap and returns with a handful of greens.

JIMMY
Well, I'll be...

VINCENT COLE
Then he bets the empty cylinder which
in effect returns it to the dealer
when he loses.

Vincent Cole goes to his feet and puts on his trademark
yellow jacket.

VINCENT COLE
It's called the suck and grab and I
haven't seen it in five years.

Cole's at the door. Jimmy throws on his jacket, follows him out.

INT. THE MIRAGE/CASINO - CONTINUOUS

Kevin places down a bet. He's been here awhile. An attractive woman in a LOW CUT shirt sits next to him. Smiles.

KEVIN
Hey.

LOW CUT
Hey.

The cards from flying out. An Ace kisses Kevin's King.

LOW CUT
Winner winner -- chicken dinner!

The dealer smiles.

LOW CUT
Ever hear that before?

Kevin shakes his head; "no."

LOW CUT
Oh good. That means you're not a
degenerate.

She notices Kevin's formidable stack. Then asks...

LOW CUT
You looking to party?

KEVIN
Oh... um... well... not exactly.

She smiles, grabs her chips and struts off. Kevin watches her go and then turns to the dealer.

KEVIN
Was she a prostitute?

DEALER
(with a wink)
No sir. She was just really into you.

And to Joseph Arthur's "Mercedes"...

INT. THE MIRAGE/CASINO - NIGHT

WARP SPEED. GAMBLERS come and go at a mile a minute. Everything is a blur. Except for Kevin who sits at a blackjack table in REAL TIME. He places his minimum bets.

We SEE him go thru a number of signals: leaning back with his arms folded, touching his eye, scratching his ear, rubbing his neck. All the while, the world whips by him.

INT. THE MIRAGE/MEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Kevin sits, huddled in a stall, writing notes on a notepad.

INT. THE HARD ROCK/CASINO - NIGHT

Kevin smiles at a STUNNING WOMAN. She looks at him like, "Yeah, right." She gets up, walks away as the dealer turns a low card. Kevin folds his arms. Fisher appears in a cowboy hat, working the rich Texas son of an oil billionaire look.

INT. THE LUXOR/MEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Kevin stands at a corner urinal and jots down more notes.

INT. THE LUXOR/CASINO - NIGHT

Kevin sits at a table with two older Chinese women. The dealer shows a six. Both older Chinese women have face cards showing. Waiting for their second card, they shout out...

CHINESE WOMEN
Monkey! Monkey!

Kevin turns to one of them and asks...

KEVIN
What's a monkey?

As she lights up her cigarette and grabs a fresh ashtray.

CHINESE WOMAN
Face card... face card...

AND KEVIN

now shouting with the Chinese Women. The ashtray completely full of butts. Hours have passed.

KEVIN/CHINESE WOMEN
Monkey! Monkey!

As the dealer hits his fourteen with a king.

KEVIN
Yes! Monkey!

INT. THE VENETIAN/CASINO - NIGHT

A COCKTAIL WAITRESS brings Kevin a martini. He tosses her a tip, takes a sip, glances down at his watch. The DIAL SPINS. 4AM. 5AM. 6AM.

INT. MEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Kevin takes notes in a stall. He flushes the toilet, then steps out and SEES a COUPLE having sex on a sink counter.

INT. THE PALMS/CASINO - MORNING

Kevin sits at the table, bleary-eyed, barely able to keep his head up. He glances at his watch. It's 10 AM. He looks over, SEES Martinez. He gives Kevin the signal to quit.

EXT. THE PALMS - MORNING

Kevin steps out of the casino. He shields his eyes against the sunlight then hails a cab.

INT. MANDALAY BAY SUITE/BEDROOM - DAY

Kevin lays asleep in bed. He stirs, opens his eyes. Standing over him is Jill. He smiles at her.

She tosses him a stack of money.

KEVIN
What's this?

JILL
Twenty grand. We split it five ways.

Kevin fans thru the stack. He's never seen this much money.

JILL
So'd you have a good time last night?

KEVIN
Yeah...

They take in the opulence of the suite.

KEVIN
Can you believe this place?

JILL
Yes. I can.
(and then, sadly)
This Persian rug was a retirement nest egg. That 60 inch plasma was a college fund. This whole place is built from second mortgages, lies and loans.

She holds Kevin's look for a long moment. Until...

KEVIN

The masses are asses.

She confirms with a slow nod. He looks away, nervous.
An uncomfortable silence. Which she breaks with...

JILL

So you have 2.11 with Palmer.

Kevin confirms.

JILL

Maybe we can go over Mechanical
Engineering notes sometime.

Before he can respond, Micky heads in.

MICKY

Get dressed. Team meeting.

INT. MANDALAY BAY/SUITE - DAY

Kevin enters. The rest of the team is watching TV, eating
room service, drinking champagne. Micky clicks off the TV.

FISHER

I was watching that.

MICKY

Was. Past tense subjunctive.

KEVIN

Indicative. Were is subjunctive.

MICKY

Nobody likes a know-it-all, Vladimir.

FISHER

How'd we do last night?

MICKY

Funny you should ask, Burt.

MARTINEZ

You're Burt? I thought I was Burt.

MICKY

Last night we worked five casinos for
a grand total of \$68,125. Not bad for
our first night, but we can do better.
We're gonna change things up tonight.
Martinez, gorilla. Kianna, Jill,
Fisher, spotters. Kevin--

FISHER
What?

MICKY
-- Kevin's our Big Player.

FISHER
Are you kidding me?

MICKY
We're just trying out combinations.
A little Mendelian logic.

FISHER
A little bullshit's what it is.

MICKY
Hey Fisher. Win like a man... lose
like a man.

JILL
Or woman.

With a nod and a smile...

MICKY
Or woman.

Fisher's in a state...

FISHER
No way. He's not ready to BP.

JILL
What's the matter, Fisher? You worried
he might do better than you?

KEVIN
Hey, it's okay. I don't have to be Big
Player tonight.

MICKY
That's sweet, Kevin.

Seething...

FISHER
Can I talk to you? In private?

MICKY
Ooh, private? No.

Micky takes six tickets out of his pocket.

MICKY

Tonight's Fight Night at the Grand.
We're gonna play 'til ten o'clock --

FISHER

You mean we're gonna play.

MICKY

Everybody gets a ticket. After the
fight, you go back to work. Got it?
(off their nods)
Now let's act like a team. If we turn
on each other, we're gonna end up like
the American Indians. And look what
happened to them.

MARTINEZ

They own all the casinos.

MICKY

Martinez. Shut up.

INT. MGM GRAND/CASINO - CONTINUOUS

The place is rocking, filled to capacity. Kevin steps through
the doors, almost bowled over by the energy. A GORGEOUS
WAITRESS walks by, gives him a seductive smile.

Kevin gets ready for the show. He messes up his hair,
unbuttons a few buttons on his shirt, then heads thru the
crowd. He spots Kianna, dressed in the latest Asian
dominatrix-wear. She's surrounded by adoring BUSINESSMEN.

Nearby, Jill sits at a table with three African American men
in expensive suits. She leans back, folding her arms.
Kevin grabs a seat as the Dealer swipes Jill's chips.

JILL

There goes that *paycheck*.

And immediately FLASH INTO...

THE CHALK BOARD

From room 4-145... with Micky's large scribble writing
"Paycheck = +15" And just that quickly we're back at...

THE MGM

As Kevin pulls out \$10,000 in cash and tosses it on the felt.
He turns to the men in suits...

KEVIN

(re dealer)

How's she doing??

EXPENSIVE SUIT
Doesn't matter.

Kevin throws him an inquisitive look.

EXPENSIVE SUIT
Yesterday's history... tomorrow's a
mystery.

And Kevin smiles. He likes that. As the cards slide out from
the shoe...

INT. MGM/KEVIN'S TABLE - LATER

A CROWD has grown. Kevin kisses a fifteen with a six.
The dealer pulls a King on his 13 and the crowd goes wild.

INT. PLYMOUTH AGENCY OFFICES - SAME

The monitor under "MGM" isn't there. The six spaces for
monitors next to it are also empty.

Vincent Cole sits with Jimmy and a man in a suit we'll call
MIRAGE SECURITY HEAD. They study the Mirage table play from
the night before... we see Kevin playing.

VINCENT COLE
He's young. I've never seen him
before.

MIRAGE SECURITY HEAD
Is he counting or was he lucky?

VINCENT COLE
He's not running a progressive system.
He doubled on ten when the deck was
heavy but didn't on eleven when it was
light.

MIRAGE SECURITY HEAD
How do you know if it's heavy or
light?

VINCENT COLE
I'm counting.

MIRAGE SECURITY HEAD
If you can count this well, why are
you doing this?

AS Vincent Cole stands...

VINCENT COLE
Because I prefer your side of the
hustle.

Cole leaves the room. After he's clearly gone, Jimmy notes...

JIMMY

He doesn't gamble. Says it's a sure way of getting nothing out of something.

Mirage Security Head nods. Notices all the empty spaces where monitors should be.

MIRAGE SECURITY HEAD

You guys are losing a lot of accounts to that Biometric software.

Jimmy sadly shakes his head.

MIRAGE SECURITY HEAD

It's impressive.

Mirage Security Head looks at the door to make sure Cole isn't coming back yet.

MIRAGE SECURITY HEAD

We signed with them last week. You might want to get me your resume. We could always use good men on the floor.

Jimmy sadly sighs as Vincent Cole heads back into the room with a picture in his hand. He shows it to Security Head.

VINCENT COLE

He's definitely counting and he's new. I'm going to get this to a few pit bosses around town.

They all look at the picture... a close-up of Kevin sitting at the Mirage table.

VINCENT COLE

Distribute that to your men and call me if he sits at your tables again.

Mirage Security Head takes the picture, stands and heads for the door.

VINCENT COLE

Oh and one more thing...

Security Head stops, turns.

VINCENT COLE

If you want to fire me for a computer program -- that's your choice and you won't be the first.

(and then)

(MORE)

VINCENT COLE (cont'd)
But if you try to steal my man from me
again... I will shatter your left
cheek bone with a small hammer.

INT. MGM GRAND/CASINO - NIGHT

Kevin looks up and SEES Jill give him the signal.
It's time to go. She gets up from the table.

JILL
Gentlemen, it's fight time.

INT. MGM GRAND/GARDEN ARENA - NIGHT

Kevin walks down the aisle, dazzled by the bright lights.
He looks at his ticket, checks the seat number as the ring
gets closer. He hears a WHISTLE and turns to see...

EXPENSIVE SUIT
Yo, Big Money!

Kevin daps fists with the man, sees the rest of the team
spread out and takes his seat. MUSIC explodes.

The entire arena shakes as SUGAR SHANE MOSELY steps into the
ring. Micky catches Kevin's eye, raises his palms up as if to
say: *What do you think?* Kevin's mind spins, happy as...

INT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

Kevin sleeps in his seat as Jill shakes his arm.

JILL
Kevin. Time for school.

He looks around, disoriented.

KEVIN
I keep waking up to you.

JILL
Don't get used to it.

EXT. LOGAN AIRPORT - MORNING

An exhausted Kevin exits the terminal. He looks at the bright
sun, puts on a pair of shades and heads for the T station.

INT. KEVIN'S DORM/HALLWAY - MORNING

Kevin heads down the hall, past tired looking MATHLETES in
bathrobes. He gets to his room, closes the door behind him.

INT. KEVIN'S DORM ROOM - MORNING

Spent and thrilled at the same time, Kevin opens his knapsack, pulls out a roll of \$100 bills. He looks for a hiding spot.

Kevin moves his desk to reveal an old large vent. He goes into the closet, emerges with a screwdriver and unscrews the vent... it's a pretty big space.

As Kevin sticks the money inside, screws the vent back on and moves the desk back into place.

INT. MILES' BMW - MORNING

Kevin jumps in. Miles drives.

MILES
Jesus, you look like shit. Where were you this weekend?

KEVIN
I had this... thing.

MILES
Really? Could you be more vague?
(Beat)
You missed a helluva dorm party on Saturday. We almost had a girl there.

EXT. BROOKLINE HOME - DAY

The BMW parks in the gravel drive of the massive estate... Miles' parents home. Miles and Kevin emerge from the BMW.

Tay is already waiting for them.

TAY
Hey Kev, try returning a call once.

Kevin sheepishly nods.

MILES
It's around back...

A SMALL CAR

sits on the back lawn. It looks like a glorified go-cart. Kevin, Miles and Tay look it down.

TAY
It's awesome.

MILES
I know. Kev, what did the fabrication plant say on an E.T.A?

KEVIN
What?

MILES
You were supposed to call the
plant to get the silicone diad chip.
Remember?

KEVIN
Shit.

TAY
Dude, you didn't even call. Those
chips can take weeks to be delivered
and we still have to press the
software on it.

KEVIN
I'm on it.

TAY
Not so much.

Miles and Tay both glare at Kevin, who repeats...

KEVIN
I'm on it!

EXT. EAST BOSTON MASS - NIGHT

Kevin parks his bike outside of the apartment and checks a
piece of paper to make sure he's got the address right.

INT. APARTMENT/HALLWAY - NIGHT

Kevin knocks on the door. A seven year old girl answers.

SEVEN YEAR OLD
What up?

KEVIN
Yeah, is um... Jill around?

SEVEN YEAR OLD
(shouts into the apartment)
Jill, your boyfriend is in the
hizzouse!

Jill emerges and tosses her little sister aside.

JILL
He's not my boyfriend and you're not
Snoop Dog.

Kevin smiles. Jill returns it.

EXT. JILL'S APARTMENT/ROOF - NIGHT

Jill and Kevin take in the city below. Jill drinks a beer.

KEVIN

I don't know... since we've been back... I just. I feel guilt. I totally flaked on this thing and I let down my friends. And I feel what we're doing in Vegas is... I don't know. Immoral.

JILL

Kevin, do you have any idea how many people win gambling? What percent of people who gamble actually win?

KEVIN

I don't know.

JILL

It's like none. Yet, these casinos are sprouting all over the country. A lot of people lose control. And then they lose it all. After that, they borrow... or steal...

She hands him the beer. He takes a swig.

JILL

It's a sucker game, Kevin. Yet, the casinos advertise how sexy it is... and they give away food and rooms... and Steve Wynn is considered a humanitarian when he's no better than Louis Camilleri.

KEVIN

Who's Lous--

JILL

Big tobacco... CEO.

Kevin regards her. She's genuinely angry.

JILL

So they hustle everybody. They get rich. And then we come along and hustle them and what? We're the bad guys?

Kevin nods. Gets it. Hands her back the beer. Then...

KEVIN

You live in a shitty neighborhood, Jill.

JILL
Duh.

KEVIN
With your sister.

JILL
And my mother.

A beat, then...

KEVIN
How much did he lose?

She looks straight ahead... almost crying.

JILL
Which time?

KEVIN
The most recent.

JILL
Everything.

And she turns to him.

JILL
So don't call me immoral for what I'm
doing.

He holds the look. An uncomfortable silence.

JILL
Are you going to kiss me?

KEVIN
I'd like to... but it feels like a bad
time.

She stands and chucks the beer can.

JILL
Wait till Vegas... you'll get a better
result.

And she goes...

INT. MGM FLOOR - IMPOSSIBLE TO TELL IN VEGAS

Vincent Cole shows Kevin's picture to an attractive female
PIT BOSS in her forties.

PIT BOSS
Yeah, he took us big on fight night.

VINCENT COLE
You ever see him before?

Pit Boss studies the picture.

PIT BOSS
No. He's a kid.

VINCENT COLE
Did he stay here? Was he on a comp?

PIT BOSS
Cole, you're not even working us for
anymore. We have that new software
that reads people's faces now.

VINCENT COLE
It's called biometrics and it didn't
stop him. He's not a known counter.
He's not in the system.

PIT BOSS
I'm sure they put him in it now.

VINCENT COLE
Look, I was on this guy on his first
take at The Mirage -- the software's
behind the curve and I'd like the shot
to show people that.

And Cole looks her in the eyes.

VINCENT COLE
Now, we've known each other a long
time... since you were turning tricks
at The Sands. Give me something.

PIT BOSS
He went to the fight. He mentioned he
was sitting eighth row.

VINCENT COLE
Thank you.

And she glares at him.

PIT BOSS
Asshole.

Cole smiles and heads on his way.

INT. MICKY ROSA'S BROWNSTONE/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Views stretch from Beacon Hill over to the Public Gardens.
The place is decorated impeccably. Micky hands Kevin a drink.

KEVIN

This place is really nice.

MICKY

It's okay. Ray Morton just bought a castle three times this size down the block.

KEVIN

Who's Ray Morton?

MICKY

A former student of mine. He's three years older than you. Sold his start-up to Yahoo.

Kevin nervously nods. Micky's dog, an adorable Alsation, comes over to Kevin and says hello.

MICKY

That's Fermat.

As Kevin pets him.

KEVIN

Hey Fermat.

MICKY

He's a good boy. He can smell money.

Kevin chuckles.

MICKY

I'm serious. He worked on the Canadian border for three years before I got him. Some dogs specialize in drugs or weapons... Fermat specialized in money.

Micky takes a sip of his drink, then back to business...

MICKY

Kevin, do you know how much we made with you leading the team?
(off his "no")
\$425,800.

KEVIN

Wow.

MICKY

Yeah, wow. That's why I asked you to come here. Kevin, you can make more money in a year than your father has in the last ten.

KEVIN
My father um... died when I was four.

MICKY
I'm sorry to hear that. Do you mind me asking how?

Kevin drinks down a big swig.

KEVIN
Fell asleep at the wheel.

MICKY
Drinking?

KEVIN
No, he was exhausted from working two jobs to pay for med school.

Micky slowly nods.

MICKY
Well Kevin, that doesn't have to be you. You're a natural at this.
(and then)
You're spot on at keeping the count, you don't throw tells to the pit bosses, you manage your teammates well... I want you to lead permanently from here on in.

KEVIN
I don't know.

MICKY
What do you mean, you don't know?

KEVIN
I'm having second thoughts.

MICKY
About what, Kevin?

KEVIN
This whole thing.

As Micky walks over to the window...

MICKY
Kevin. It's time to grow up. I know you're nervous. I know you're confused. I know you're uncomfortable taking this risk.

Micky takes in the expanse of his view.

MICKY

But life is risk. Tom Stoppard once said that if living were the bet... he wouldn't take it.

(and then)

Y'know, most people think heart disease is the leading cause of death. But how'd they get it in the first place? They're afraid. Afraid to live their lives. So they anaesthetize themselves by drinking, smoking, gambling, Kevin. Anything to deaden the pain of a life unlived.

And then Micky turns to face Kevin.

MICKY

And I know you dig Jill.

Kevin opens his mouth to argue but Micky keeps going.

MICKY

I've been around a long time. Trust me. A girl like Jill Taylor does not go for the guy who prays to the Gods of indecision and safety.

(and then)

Suckers gamble, Kevin... but winners take risks.

As Kevin takes another swig and considers that.

KEVIN (V.O.)

The next 2 months flashed by at a thousand RPMs.

INT. INFINITE CORRIDOR - DAY

Classroom doors fly open as STUDENTS pour into the hallway. Kevin, Fisher, Martinez, Jill and Kianna walk in a pack. They stride through the sea of Mathletes.

KEVIN (V.O.)

Every other Friday, we'd leave from the Infinite Corridor to America West, flight number 69. The Vegas Express.

INT. LOGAN AIRPORT - NIGHT

Kevin and company walk thru the terminal, toward the metal detectors. No fear, no trepidation.

KEVIN (V.O.)

The moment we left campus, the concepts of "vectors" and "matrices" were replaced by "doubling-down" and "RFB comps."

EXT. MCCARRON AIRPORT - NIGHT

Kevin and company exit as a stretch limo sits parked at the curb with its back door open. They climb into the limo.

INT. THE WYNN CASINO - NIGHT

The team is at work. No longer rag-tag. They have a new look, a new edge. Martinez has given up his Lou Diamond Phillips look for Prada. Fisher's in Armani. Kianna works the slots, dripping in diamonds.

Jill and Kevin, however, aren't as dolled up.

Kevin works a blackjack table. A MODEL sits next to him... wowed by his chip count.

INT. PLYMOUTH AGENCY/OFFICES - NIGHT

Vincent Cole freezes a shot taken from the fight. He blows up the audience portion of picture and zooms in on it. He finds Kevin in the eighth row. Zooms in. Kevin's standing and his seat number is exposed.

As Cole writes down the seat number.

INT. STRETCH LIMO - NIGHT

The team cruises down the Vegas Strip, champagne flowing, music blasting. Kianna and Jill stand up thru the sun roof, dancing as the guys smoke cigars.

INT. THE PALMS/N9NE STEAKHOUSE - NIGHT

Premier steakhouse with champagne and caviar bar. The team lounges in suede booths, next to the two-sided water wall.

WAITERS set Beluga caviar in front of Jill, lobsters for Kevin and Kianna, a steak for Martinez and a bacon cheeseburger for Fisher.

Micky watches on, martini in hand.

INT. CRAZY HORSE II - NIGHT

The team is in a cordoned off section of the VIP Room. Fisher and Martinez get lap dances. Kianna dances for Micky.

Drink in hand, Kevin looks on with enjoyment. Jill appears and jumps into his lap.

JILL
Hey baby, where you in from?

KEVIN
Boston.

She flirtatiously plays with his hair...

JILL
For a convention?

KEVIN
No. Business.

JILL
What line of work you in, Mister?

KEVIN
I count things.

JILL
Aha. My name's Sierra.

KEVIN
Hi Sierra... I'm Salvador Sanchez.

And she whispers into his ear.

JILL
Would you like a private dance,
Salvador?

KEVIN
And how much would that run me,
Sierra?

JILL
Twenty a song for a three song
minimum.

KEVIN
Sounds expensive.

JILL
And you're not allowed to kiss the
dancers.

KEVIN
Okay.

And she leans down and kisses him. Tight. Flush on the lips.

JILL
I said...

She kisses him again...

JILL
... you're not allowed...

And he grabs her by the back of her neck. Takes her.
Kisses her with an open mouth. Long and hard.

She pulls away. Flushed.

JILL
... to kiss the dancers.

INT. KEVIN'S DORM ROOM - DAY

Kevin places rolls of bills into the vent space. He quickly screws the vent back on and moves the desk back into place.

KEVIN (V.O.)
By Thanksgiving, I was a pro on all levels.

And he collapses on the bed.

INT. MILES' APARTMENT - SAME

Miles and Tay sit at a computer, looking over a software formula on the screen. Tay looks to the clock then back at Miles.

KEVIN (V.O.)
Counting, shuffle tracking, cutting to aces.

Miles just shrugs and picks up his phone.

KEVIN'S RINGING CELL PHONE

Lighting up and blaring out Kanye West's "Gold Digger."

KEVIN (V.O.)
None of which I could tell anyone.

Pan across the dorm room to find Kevin... sound asleep.

INT. ELLEN LEWIS' HOME - MORNING

Kevin, his mother, and her best friend KIM, 40s, sit at the Thanksgiving dinner table.

KEVIN (V.O.)
In Boston, I had to play the part of Kevin Lewis.

Kevin enters with a giant roast turkey on a platter.
Kevin's mom beams in pride.

INT. THE BELLAGIO CASINO - NIGHT

Kevin lays down \$10,000 in hundreds at a blackjack table.

KEVIN (V.O.)
But in Vegas... I could be anyone.

Fisher watches on, hates that he's not the Big Player.

INT. THE HARD ROCK CASINO - NIGHT

As Kevin sits at a blackjack table.

KEVIN
John Voightman. Nice to meet you.

INT. CAESAR'S PALACE - NIGHT

Kevin shakes hands with a PIT BOSS.

KEVIN
Mark Townsend.
(with a wink)
I was told this casino makes its
dealers hit up to twenty.

INT. THE RIO CASINO - NIGHT

Kevin sits at a crowded high rollers table. A DEALER checks his I.D. Kevin stays cool and calm as ever.

DEALER
David Chan... welcome to The Rio.

INT. FRONT ROW TICKETS - DAY

Cole sits with a TICKET BROKER in the small run down offices.

TICKET BROKER
I can't give out my clients
information. It'd be a breach of
ethics.

Cole places a hundred dollar bill on the desk.

VINCENT COLE
You're not a shrink. You don't have
ethics.

Ticket Broker eyes the bill.

TICKET BROKER
Is somebody going to wind up dead?

And Cole smiles.

VINCENT COLE
Not if you give me the name.

INT. M.I.T./CAFETERIA - DAY

Kevin, with his lunch tray, stands before a CAFETERIA LADY at a cash register. She looks over his credit card.

CAFETERIA LADY
Do you have anything with your real name on it?

She hands him back his card as he shuffles through a stack of credit cards. We can SEE all of his aliases.

INT. CAESAR'S PALACE/SUITE - NIGHT

Kevin enters the palatial 2-floor suite. Micky, Jill, Fisher, Martinez and Kianna are there. Kevin dumps a stack of \$100,000 chips on the table. They crowd around him.

Save for Fisher... who hangs back and keeps to himself.

INT. THE PALMS/GHOSTBAR - NIGHT

50-stories above Vegas, the team parties. Things get heated between Jill and Kevin as Fisher watches on, bitter.

Martinez hands Kevin a bottle of tequila. He takes a swig, then a drag off Kianna's cigarette. His world spins, out of control as...

CUT TO:

CLOSE-ON KEVIN

He's sleeping. His eyes flutter awake. He reaches over and picks up the phone, presses "0". After a beat...

KEVIN
Room service... ? What do you mean,
you don't do room service?

WE PULL BACK TO REVEAL...

BOSTON. DECEMBER.

EXT. MILES' PARENT'S BROOKLINE HOME - DAY

Kevin, Tay and Miles stand next to the small vehicle. Tay inspects the chip.

TAY
And you're sure you didn't inlay the software on more space than the parameters suggest?

KEVIN
No. Just one/fifth of the open face.

Miles grabs the chip and heads to car.

MILES
Let's GPS this mother up.

He opens a little slot on the steering wheel, goes to put the chip in but then looks up.

MILES
Dude, it's the wrong size.

KEVIN
What?

Tay checks it out.

TAY
What the hell? Kevin, this is a 10k.

KEVIN
Right.

TAY
We needed it 16k. I can't believe this.

KEVIN
I thought it was 10k.

MILES
No you didn't! We knew the whole time the Discrete was 10k. Damn it, Kevin! It's going to take two weeks to get a fresh 16k from the fabrication and then another five days minimum to get it ready to press.

KEVIN
It's an honest mistake.

TAY
Did you even inlay my software on it?

KEVIN
Of course.

They both look at him skeptically. Tay holds out the chip.

TAY
So if I do a diag on this chip... the software will be there?

Kevin grabs the chip.

KEVIN
You don't believe me... screw you
both!

And he goes.

INT. PLYMOUTH AGENCY - DAY

Vincent Cole looks at a picture on one of the monitors.
Jimmy stands nervously in the doorway. Cole looks up.

JIMMY
Mirage just called to let us go.

Cole shakes his head in disgust.

VINCENT COLE
Shocker.

JIMMY
You still chasing that kid.

Jimmy now looks at the picture Vincent Cole has up on the
screen. A picture of...

MICKY ROSA

sitting at a blackjack table... eleven years younger...
counting down the shoe.

VINCENT COLE
Micky Rosa. I took his teeth out
years ago. He bought the tickets to
the fight and he's the one backing the
kid.

JIMMY
What's it matter, Vince, this isn't a
job?

VINCENT COLE
Rosa's smart. He's teaching at MIT now
and he's using his students to hit the
houses that just put in the software.
He must have someone on the inside of
Biometrics Inc.
(and then)
He's exploiting the system that's
phasing us out.

Vincent Cole lights a smoke and stares coldly at the screen.

VINCENT COLE
They should know that. They should
know that a computer can't do the work
we do.

Jimmy slowly nods.

INT. MGM GRAND/CASINO - NIGHT

The lights on the elevator make their way down. The doors slide open revealing Kevin, dressed in head-to-toe Armani. He steps onto the floor, looking like a million bucks.

The casino is packed. A FLOOR MANAGER walks by.

FLOOR MANAGER
Good evening, Mr. Klein.

Kevin makes his way into the casino. A quick survey of the room takes in Kianna, Martinez, Jill and Fisher.

Fisher leans back and folds his arms. Kevin notices three empty drink glasses in front of Fisher and heads over.

DEALER JEFF
Nice to see you, Mr. Klein. Back on business?

As Kevin sits...

KEVIN
Jeffrey, my brother from another mother...

And tosses a monster roll of hundreds onto the felt.

KEVIN
It's all business in this town.

Fisher rolls his eyes at Kevin's over-the-top flare then motions the waitress for another drink. He's drunk.

Notice that female pit boss who used to turn tricks at The Sands. Notice her because she notices Kevin.

And as she picks up the phone.

INT. SAGE BAR - NIGHT

A small dark bar. Drunk, Vincent Cole works a beer and speaks to the bartender.

VINCENT COLE
It's all corporate now. Vegas Inc. I remember when this place was the real wild West. Benny Binion would roll over in his desert grave if he saw what's become of this town.

And he looks up with small drunk eyes.

VINCENT COLE
We're dinosaurs, Kyle. I've seen the
future of this basin and it's fuckin'
Disneyland.

Cole's cell phone rings. He picks it up.

VINCENT COLE
Cole.
(and then)
Do not let him go anywhere!

And Cole's up on his feet.

INT. MGM GRAND/CASINO - NIGHT

Kevin slides \$5,000 into the betting circle. Dealer Jeff lays out the cards. Kevin draws 7 and 3. Dealer Jeff pulls a 5 for himself. Kevin slides another \$5,000 purple chip in the circle. All eyes at the table go to him.

KEVIN
Double down.

Jeff deals Kevin a 6 for a 16. Fisher busts on his hand. Dealer Jeff turns over his hole card. It's a King. He draws a 7 and busts with 22. The crowd goes wild for Kevin.

Pounding his fresh drink, Fisher looks on... drunk and disgusted. He fixes Kevin with a stare. Kevin tries not to pay attention to him. Finally...

FISHER
You look familiar. I know you, don't
I?

Kevin can't believe that Fisher's breaking protocol.

KEVIN
I don't think so.

FISHER
Sure, you look exactly like that guy
in "Rain Man."

KEVIN
I get mistaken for Tom Cruise all the
time.

FISHER
No... the retard.

Kevin just glares at Fisher.

FISHER

I loved that scene in Vegas. When the retard wins at blackjack... you look just like that.

Kevin puts another \$5,000 in the circle.

KEVIN

(under his breath)
You're drunk.

FISHER

What I never could understand is how someone so retarded could win so much?

Kevin ignores him. Fisher looks up at Dealer Jeff.

FISHER

Hey, Jeffrey, his brother from another mother... how did that retard win so much?

Kevin grabs Fisher's arm.

KEVIN

That's enough!

Fisher breaks Kevin's hold, stands, throws his drink at Kevin. It misses him and splashes a WOMAN. The woman's BOYFRIEND jumps off his chair.

BOYFRIEND

Hey, asshole.

FISHER

Oh, like she didn't need a shower.

The Boyfriend punches Fisher in the face. Fisher goes back at him. They crash into Kevin. The table turns over as the woman SCREAMS. Kevin tries to scoop up his chips.

The scene devolves into a huge brawl as SECURITY rushes in. They go after Fisher as he races for the doors of the casino. The boyfriend sees Fisher running, pulls out a gun and FIRES.

SCREAMS. Security wrestles the boyfriend to the floor as a RIOT breaks out. Everyone rushes for the doors, tables and chairs getting overturned.

More GUNSHOTS. Kevin hides under the table, terrified.

EXT. THE CRAZY HORSE II - NIGHT

A long line of GUYS waits to get into the premier Vegas strip club. A cab pulls up. Kevin steps out, heads to the front door as a BOUNCER unhooks the velvet rope for him.

INT. MGM/CASINO - NIGHT

All is quiet now, the pit has been closed. Cole speaks with the female pit boss.

VINCENT COLE
You've got to be kidding me.

PIT BOSS
Vegas PD was even called in.

VINCENT COLE
But he didn't pull the gun?

PIT BOSS
No, somebody else.

Cole shakes his head in disgust.

VINCENT COLE
Bad luck...

As he goes...

VINCENT COLE
It's a good thing I don't sit at these
tables.

INT. THE CRAZY HORSE II - SAME

STUNNING WOMEN dance around poles to a White Snake classic.
LAP DANCERS strut through the dark club, looking for their
next dance.

At a back VIP table, the team is quietly freaking out.
Kevin enters, SEES Fisher and charges at him.

Martinez and Jill pull him off Fisher, who just smiles.

KEVIN
What the hell's the matter with you?

FISHER
I was just having some fun.

KEVIN
You started a riot, you idiot. You're
lucky you didn't get shot.

Fisher just sits there... smug.

JILL
Fisher, why are you doing this?

FISHER

'Cause it's bullshit. Don't you see what's going on here? The guy's laughing at us. Sitting in his suite, eating room service, drinking champagne while we're busting our asses to make him rich. He's playing us, man.

Micky comes over as the team goes silent.

MICKY

(glaring at Fisher)

Thank you for confirming my choice in Kevin.

Fisher looks away as Micky addresses the team.

MICKY

The Grand's going to change out their chips. That's what they did when Tupac's bodyguard was shot. We have 'til tomorrow night to cash out, or we'll be sitting on \$200,000 of worthless plastic.

He slides into the booth as the White Snake song continues to play. As he talks, he can't help but check out the DANCERS.

JILL

So we'll cash out.

MICKY

It's too hot. They're going to be dissecting the eye in the sky footage of Fisher's little power play.

FISHER

You're king shit, Professor. What do you wanna do? Or I should say, what do you want us to do?

Micky just shrugs.

MICKY

We take the loss.

Fisher looks away. Martinez shakes his head in disgust. Jill and Kianna silently look down. Silence.

Kevin sees a DRUNK GUY tuck a casino chip into a stripper's g-string. He has a realization.

KEVIN

What about them?

MICKY
What about them?

KEVIN
The dancers. They can cash the chips.
The casino's just gonna think they're
tips.

As a smile curls onto Micky's face...

MICKY
And thank you Kevin for confirming my
choice in Kevin.

INT. MGM GRAND/CASINO - DAY

A line of STRIPPERS winds its way thru the casino, leading up
to the CASHIER. They each take their turn, cashing in chips.

INT. MGM GRAND - SUITE - DAY

An assembly line is set up around the dining table. On one
end, Kianna and Martinez fill Ziploc bags with chips as Jill
hands them out to awaiting Strippers.

On the other end, Strippers turn in their envelopes. Fisher
counts out the cash as Kevin gives each Stripper her payoff.
Kevin looks up at Micky. Micky nods to him.

INT. KEVIN'S DORM ROOM - DAY

Kevin stuffs a roll of hundreds into the vent space and
reaches for the screwdriver.

EXT. BOSTON - DAY

The cityscape grows smaller behind Jill's Jeep as it heads
West into more green pastures.

INT. JILL'S JEEP - DAY

Jill drives. Kevin incessantly changes the station.

JILL
We dated for like a month.

KEVIN
If you broke up with him, why is he
helping?

JILL
(re: radio stations)
Chose one, Kevin... and go with it!

KEVIN
Why is he helping us now, Jill?

She shrugs.

JILL
Ollie owes me a favor.

Kevin looks at her skeptically.

JILL
I tutored him.

INT. EMC COROPORATE OFFICES/LOBBY - DAY

The modern lobby of a huge software storage company.

OLLIE, a good-looking twenty-three-year-old executive in a suit, greets Jill and Kevin.

OLLIE
Jilly-Bean Taylor. It's been too long.

They hug. Kevin uncomfortably waits for them to break the embrace. When they do...

JILL
Ollie, this is Kevin Lewis.

KEVIN
Hey.

Ollie smiles and hands Kevin something small.

OLLIE
16k, silicone diad, ready to press.

Kevin looks down to the small chip in his hands placed carefully in protective coating.

OLLIE
A friend of Jill's is a friend of mine.

As Kevin carefully places it into his pocket

KEVIN
You just saved me days of work.

Trying to be discreet, Kevin offers Ollie a roll of hundreds. Ollie laughs off the offer.

OLLIE
Dude...

INT. EMC PARKING LOT - DAY

Kevin and Jill head for her jeep.

JILL
He makes like a million dollars a
year, Kev, he doesn't need your money.

KEVIN
That was embarrassing.

He grabs her and they kiss.

KEVIN
Thank you... Jilly-Bean.

EXT. MILES' APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Miles and Tay head toward the building with their backpacks
on. Kevin waits for them at the door.

MILES
Oh look, Andrew it's our reliable
friend, Kevin Lewis.

TAY
Hey Kevin. Miles and I were just about
to watch Flake Factor... wanna join
us?

As Kevin holds up the chip with a smile. Tay and Miles can't
believe it.

KEVIN
It's called Fear Factor, bitch.

LAS VEGAS. FEBRUARY.

EXT. THE BELLAGIO - NIGHT

Kevin steps out of the limo, heads to the casino, confident.
VALETS, DOORMEN, HOSTS greet him with a chorus of "Good
evening, Mr. Youngman." "Nice to see, Mr. Youngman." "Welcome
back, Mr. Youngman." He slips them all \$20's, \$50's, etc.

INT. THE BELLAGIO - CONTINUOUS

Kevin enters the casino, on the move, heading toward the high
stakes area.

His cell phone RINGS. He snaps open his flip phone.

KEVIN
I just got here. Is everyone in place?

ELLEN LEWIS (FILTERED)
Kevin?

Kevin stops cold.

KEVIN

Mom?

INT. ELLEN LEWIS' HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Phone cradled to ear, Ellen Lewis scrubs her kitchen sink.

(cutting between them)

ELLEN LEWIS

You just got where?

Beat...

KEVIN

Lab... I just got here.

ELLEN LEWIS

It's very loud. What are all those bells?

KEVIN

Part of our project for the 2.009 competition.

ELLEN LEWIS

Are we still on for dinner Wednesday?

KEVIN

Yes.

(and then)
Mom?

ELLEN LEWIS

Yes, Kevin.

KEVIN

I'm going to bring someone... a girl.

And Ellen Lewis stops scrubbing.

ELLEN LEWIS

What's her name?

KEVIN

Jill.

ELLEN LEWIS

I can't wait, Kevin.

Across the way at a blackjack table, Kianna folds her arms, giving Kevin the signal to come in.

KEVIN

Mom, I gotta get back to work. I love you.

END ON KEVIN... as he snaps his flip phone closed. He puts it back in his pocket, tries to regain his composure. He heads toward Kianna as...

INT. THE BELLAGIO/CASINO - LATER

The high stakes area is filled as a crowd watches Kevin play all six seats at the table. He has \$10,000 on each hand. He doubles down on four of the six hands and now stands with \$100,000 on the table. His hands range from a 14 up to a 20.

The DEALER has a 5 showing. Kevin leans back, a big smile on his face. The Dealer turns over his bottom card. It's a 6. Kevin's smile disappears. The Dealer flips the next card. A 10, for 21. The Dealer sweeps Kevin's \$100,000 off the table. The CROWD is stunned. So is Kevin. He tries to stay cool.

KEVIN

You play big or don't play at all.
Let's saddle up again, boss.

Kevin puts \$10,000 more in the six betting circles. The Dealer deals Kevin his cards and draws a 6 for himself.

Again, Kevin ends up with \$100,000 on the table with no hand higher than a 19. It's now the Dealer's turn. He flips his bottom card. It's a Queen. Kevin smiles at the Dealer's 16, murmurs under his breath...

KEVIN

C'mon... monkey...

A PIT BOSS

looks down to a print out. Pictures of Kevin at the fight and at various blackjack tables around town. A caption above the pictures reads "Plymouth Agency -- \$15,000."

The Pit Boss moves for the phone as...

THE DEALER

slowly slides the card out of the show and turns it... a 4.

AND KEVIN

sits there, frozen, looking at the Dealer's 20. He's just lost \$200,000 in less than a minute. He looks at his pile of chips. All that's left are three scattered \$25 chips.

KEVIN

Guess it's not my night.

He tries to be cool, standing up from the table. He scoops up his \$75 in chips and makes his way unsteadily through the crowd. He picks up his pace, walking through the casino.

He gets to the front doors as...

THE PIT BOSS

lifts up the receiver, checks the numbers on the print-out and looks up to see Kevin's space is empty.

As the pit boss hangs up the phone...

EXT. THE BELLAGIO - NIGHT

Kevin bursts thru the doors. He pushes past the crowds, runs around the side of the building and throws up.

INT. THE PALMS/SUITE- NIGHT

Micky lights a cigarette. Furious.

MICKY

Are you out of your mind?

KEVIN

The true was plus 16. It was at
magazine!

MICKY

What about when you lost the second
hundred, you moron?

Kevin doesn't back down.

KEVIN

Hey Micky. Win like a man... lose like
a man.

The rest of the team quietly looks on at this train wreck.

MICKY

Don't give me that smug shit! You let
your emotions take over.

KEVIN

The deck was heavy.

MICKY

When you lose my money, you don't go
double or nothing. If you do it again--

KEVIN

What? You're going to do what, Micky?

And Micky points at Jill.

MICKY

I know she likes money but you gotta
stop thinking with your dick, Son!

That did it. Kevin steps up, gets into Micky's face.

KEVIN
Why aren't you out there, Micky? Why
aren't you counting down the shoe?

Micky doesn't answer. Kevin keeps going.

KEVIN
Because you couldn't do it... and you
paid for it with your teeth.

Toe to toe...

MICKY
You ungrateful little infant.

... eye to eye...

KEVIN
Those who can't...

Micky breaks Kevin's stare -- heads for the door.

MICKY
You can all find your own fucking way
back to Boston.

And he goes.

EXT. M.I.T./GREAT HALL - DAY

Jill pulls up in her jeep. She parks illegally and enters the Great Hall.

INT. M.I.T./INFINITE CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Jill strides down the Infinite Corridor, down a flight of stairs to the basement and into a fluorescent-lighted hallway lined with liquid nitrogen tanks. She gets to a door.

INT. M.I.T./LAB - CONTINUOUS

The lab is filled with students.

Find Kevin scrutinizing a grid on a computer screen, Tay and Miles looking over his shoulder. The silicone chip is inserted into an external programming drive.

KEVIN
We're close. Andrew's GPS designs just
need a little tweaking. This is like
surgery.
(and then)
Miles, read me the specs on the
carriage weight--

But Miles doesn't read. Kevin turns around...

KEVIN

Miles?

Miles is transfixed on Jill crossing the room towards them.

JILL

(to Miles and Tay)

Hey.

MILES

(stumbling over his words)

Um... a... right... hey.

Jill places an intimate hand on Kevin's shoulder.

JILL

Ready to rock, baby?

Jill grabs Kevin's hand and leads him out of the room.

Blown away...

MILES

No wonder he's been a ghost.

EXT. CROSSROADS IRISH PUB - DAY

Jill and Kevin pull into a parking space as Kianna pulls up in her new silver Range Rover. Kevin gets out of the car.

KIANNA

Hey, guys, what do you think? Is this
killer or what?

INT. CROSSROADS IRISH PUB - DAY

Kevin, Jill, Fisher and Kianna sit at a back table.
They split a pitcher of beer as they wait for Martinez.

KEVIN

Where's Micky?

Fisher doesn't answer. Martinez makes his way over to the
table, dangling his new set of car keys.

MARTINEZ

Guess who's got a brand new Hummer, bi-
yotch.

(Beat)

So'd you tell 'em?

KIANNA

Tell us what?

FISHER
Micky's out.

KEVIN
What do you mean, Micky's out?

FISHER
We're going on our own.

KIANNA
Oh, give me a break. I thought we
already went over this.

FISHER
He's using us, Kianna. We're slave
labor. And he's losing it -- you saw
the way he went at Kevin.

MARTINEZ
We take off classes. We go this week
without Micky. And we see how it
works.

KIANNA
We don't have enough investment money.

FISHER
We can scrape up five-hundred grand
between us. That's more than enough to
get us started.

KEVIN
But that's our own money.

MARTINEZ
You gotta pay to play, my brother.

FISHER
I thought you were the man, Kevin.

JILL
He is.

All eyes turn to Kevin.

JILL
Right, Kevin?

LAS VEGAS. MARCH

INT. MANDALAY BAY/CASINO - NIGHT

With The Beastie Boys' "Skills To Pay The Bills"
kick-starting us...

Kevin and company quickly get to work and win money hand over fist. Martinez splits on aces and draws two face cards.

KEVIN (V.O.)
Our first time on our own, we never
skipped a beat. By 11 PM, we were up
over a hundred grand.

Kianna calls in Fisher. He sits down, puts \$10,000 in the betting circle. He draws an 11, doubles down and hits 21.

KEVIN (V.O.)
By 4 AM, we were at a quarter million.

Kevin plays all six chairs with \$5,000 apiece spread out across an empty table. He doubles and splits, now playing a total of eight hands. The Dealer busts. Kevin wins \$40,000.

KEVIN (V.O.)
By 10 AM, we were closing in on
\$400,000. It was almost too easy.

INT. PLYMOUTH AGENCY OFFICES - DAY

Cole sees something on a monitor that springs him to life... he's on his feet and out of door in a flash.

EXT. CASINO - DAY

Cole and his team of YELLOW JACKETS pull up in a caravan of Chevy Caprice Classics. They emerge from the cars, heading towards the casino doors, guns visibly tucked into waists...

INTERCUT BETWEEN:

INT. CASINO - DAY

ON MARTINEZ... He sits at a table. He SEES Kevin being the Big Player. Martinez looks past Kevin, his eyes go wide as...

ON THE FRONT DOOR... Cole and his team of Yellow Jackets enter the casino. They move smoothly, in military fashion.

ON MARTINEZ... He tries to catch Kevin's attention, running his hand through his hair. Kevin's oblivious.

ON COLE... As he quickly approaches a black jack pit.

ON JILL... She SEES Martinez push away from the table. Her eyes go over to Kevin. He looks over to her. She shakes her head "no," panicked, running her hand through her hair.

ON COLE... As his hand reaches for the player's shoulder.

ON KEVIN... Face flushed as he tries to quickly gather up his chips. The HAND lands on his shoulder.

ON COLE... His hand on the shoulder. The card counter turns around. It's not Kevin. Wrong casino. Wrong card-counter.

ON KEVIN... He spins around and comes face-to-face with a BALD FLOOR MANAGER who's flanked by several CASINO PERSONNEL.

FLOOR MANAGER
We've been watching you.

KEVIN
You have?

The Floor Manager breaks into a huge smile.

FLOOR MANAGER
You're exactly the kind of player we want here at Mandalay Bay! Did you know you can buy wonderful gifts with all the comp points you've earned?

Kevin shakes his head "no," relieved as...

INT. FOUR ACES CASINO/BASEMENT - NIGHT

Cole SLAMS his fist into the counter's jaw... crack.
The counter goes to the floor... severely beaten.

VINCENT COLE
Most of the swanky properties on the strip are publicly traded corporations, they don't condone this "back rooming."

As Cole kicks the man in the mid-section.

VINCENT COLE
But a place like this is old school. They have a "don't ask/don't tell" policy for this kind of thing. I actually have to thank you for playing here -- this is nostalgic for me.

Jimmy picks the man up. He's bloody and bruised.

VINCENT COLE
Count to five.

Hanging his head low, blood dripping to the ground...

BEATEN CARD COUNTER
What?

VINCENT COLE
Count to five so I know I didn't give you brain damage and you can go.

In severe pain...

BEATEN CARD COUNTER
One, two, three, four... five.

VINCENT COLE
Good. Now...

Cole lifts the counter's chin up so they can be eye to eye.
And he slowly says...

VINCENT COLE
... stop counting.

The counter gets the message loud and clear. As Cole nods to Jimmy who lets the man go.

EXT. THE HARD ROCK/CASINO - NIGHT

In SLO MO, Kevin, Fisher, Jill, Kianna, and Martinez stride through the casino like they own the place.

INT. THE HARD ROCK/CASINO - NIGHT

The team is in action... deftly working the blackjack tables.
Kevin sits at his table. Basking in the team's glory.

KEVIN (V.O.)
In one trip, we doubled our
investment. All on our own... without
the teacher's help.

He shuffles his chips with one hand -- a seasoned pro.

INT. THE 702 LOUNGE - NIGHT

The team drinks martinis as WAYNE NEWTON sings on stage.

KEVIN (V.O.)
There was just the ugly business of
letting Micky know...

INT. AL DENTE RISTORANTE - NIGHT

Micky enters the restaurant, heads toward a back room.
He opens the door. Already seated there are Kevin, Jill,
Fisher, Martinez and Kianna.

KEVIN (V.O.)
... and letting Micky go.

Micky knows something's up.

MICKY
I feel like Joe Pesci in "Goodfellas."

He looks to his feet.

MICKY
No plastic... phew...

INT. AL DENTE RISTORANTE - LATER

The team sits around the table. It's dead silent.

MICKY
You took a vote?

Fisher nods. Micky's non-plussed. Calmly turns to Kevin.

MICKY
Is this true?

KEVIN
Yes.

MICKY
I brought you in. I taught you
everything. I've had your back out
there in ways you don't even know.
(and then)
Do you seriously think you're going to
successfully lead this team without
me?

And Kevin looks him straight on.

KEVIN
Yesterday's history... tomorrow's a
mystery.

Micky holds Kevin's look for an extra long beat. Then...

MICKY
Okay then. Good luck, kids.

As he goes.

EXT. AL DENTE RISTORANTE - NIGHT

Micky jumps into his...

SILVER RANGE ROVER

where he produces a sheet of paper from the glove
compartment. And we see it... the print out from Vegas with
Kevin's pictures. "Plymouth Agency -- \$15,000"

INT. MILES' PARENTS' BROOKLINE HOME - DAY

Miles and Tay watch intensely as Kevin programs some
information into a little keyboard on the face of the small
vehicle's steering wheel.

He steps back and watches as...

THE LITTLE CAR

drives by itself toward the tennis court, makes a right and heads across the lawn, directly for the garden.

MILES' MOTHER stands at the porch, shouts out...

MILES' MOTHER

That thing better not run over my roses!

Miles holds up a hand to silence his mother as the car reaches the border of the garden, turns by itself and drives toward the boys. Kevin shares a smile with Tay.

As the car arrives at the boy's feet and stops by itself. The guys rejoice.

KEVIN (V.O.)

Graduation was just two months away and I had four hundred and nine thousand dollars in cash.

INT. KEVIN'S DORM ROOM - DAY

Kevin places the stacks of money into the open vent. He puts the protected semiconductor in there as well.

KEVIN (V.O.)

Harvard Med was almost paid for. Including living expenses...

As he works the vent grid back over the space and screws it into place.

INT. LOGAN AIRPORT/DELTA TERMINAL - DAY

Kevin hugs his mother goodbye. Her friend, Kim, waits at the check-in counter.

KEVIN (V.O.)

Mom even took her first trip in nine years. She went to Mexico with her friend Kim.

Giddy with excitement, Ellen joins Kim. They check in.

KEVIN (V.O.)

She always wanted to see the Mayan ruins.

But Kevin doesn't leave... he just watches them. Smiling.

KEVIN (V.O.)
Now that her son had a scholarship to
Harvard Med... she finally pulled the
trigger.

INT. M.I.T./LIBRARY - DAY

Kevin heads in, spies Jill sitting across the room, books
spread out before her. She touches her eye, signals that she
wants to talk. She gets up, heads for the stairwell door.

INT. M.I.T./STAIRWELL - DAY

Kevin opens the door. Jill grabs him, pushes up against the
wall and starts kissing him. A student comes up the stairs,
sees Kevin and Jill making out and heads back down.

KEVIN (V.O.)
Oh... and I got the girl too...

Jill bursts out laughing as...

INT. KEVIN'S DORM ROOM - DAY

Kevin and Jill pick up where they left off, pulling each
other's clothes off, Jill leading him over to the bed.

INT. KEVIN'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Jill and Kevin sleep in Kevin's bed. After a moment... he
shoots up with a start.

KEVIN
I had a dream we got caught.

He's sweating and shaking. She wakes, kisses him.

JILL
It's okay, Kevin.

KEVIN
This has to be a means to an end. Once
the med school living expenses are
paid up, I'm done.

JILL
But Kevin, we're printing money... we
can go on forever.

Kevin gets out of bed. Goes to his desk, moves it aside.

KEVIN
No, Jill... that's how a gambler
thinks.

As he unscrews the vent...

KEVIN
That's your father talking.

He reaches into the space then produces rolls and rolls of bills. As he brings a roll over to her.

KEVIN
We're taking it for granted. We're looking at it in Monopoly colors. That's why casinos give chips instead of cash... to strip away the reality.

Kevin hands her the roll of bills.

KEVIN
Look at it. Feel it.

She looks down at the money, runs it through her fingers. And he reasserts...

KEVIN
It has to be a means to an end, Jill.

She looks up in capitulation.

JILL
Okay.

A moment. Then...

KEVIN
What's your end?

JILL
I want to move my mother and sister into a nicer place and get my sister's college paid for.

And he leans over, takes her face into his hands... looks deeply into her eyes.

KEVIN
Then it's done.

INT. THE LUXOR/CASINO - NIGHT

Kevin plays blackjack. He looks up as someone slides into the third base position. It's an MIT student named SANJAY that Kevin recognizes.

Kevin's stunned to see him, but Sanjay plays it cool.

Sanjay pulls out a thick fold of hundred dollar bills and tosses it on the table.

DEALER
Can I see some I.D.?

Sanjay hands it to him. The Dealer hands it back, satisfied.

DEALER (cont'd)
Thank you, Mr. Greenberg.

The Dealer slides \$20,000 in chips over to him. Sanjay places \$5,000 in the betting circle. Sanjay wins the hand as Kevin loses a \$20,000 hand.

SANJAY
Bummer.

Kevin gathers his chips and leaves the table.

INT. MANDALAY BAY/CASINO - NIGHT

Kevin hits a nine with an ace.

VOICE (O.S.)
Should've doubled.

And Kevin looks up to see Sanjay sitting down with a smile.

SANJAY
I have the deck at car.

Kevin looks over to Martinez at the next table and touches his eye, signaling him.

INT. THE MANDALAY/MEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Kevin, Martinez and Fisher are all lined up at urinals.

FISHER
You sure he's a student?

KEVIN
He's in my Differential Equations Lab.
And I saw three other familiar faces
on the way to the bathroom.

MARTINEZ
What are the chances...

Kevin and Fisher just stare at Martinez until he realizes...

MARTINEZ
Micky's got another team.

Kevin looks in the mirror, sees his reflection... blood shot eyes with worry lines under them. He quickly looks away.

INT. HARD ROCK CASINO/SUITE - NIGHT

The whole team's assembled. Kevin paces, explains it aloud...

KEVIN

Our favorite teacher's trying to phase us out. Somehow he knows where we're playing and he's sending in another MIT team to burn us. They followed us from Luxor to Mandalay.

JILL

Jesus... he's sick.

Fisher adds...

FISHER

He wants us out so bad he'll even burn his new team if that's what it takes.

MARTINEZ

And he walks away clean. He can just start another team next semester.

Silence, the group is stone still. Then... they all look to Kevin. He's their leader now...

KEVIN

I'm only in this for another hundred grand. That'll give me Harvard Med. Jill's out too.

Martinez looks at Jill who confirms.

KEVIN

That's five hundred grand for the team. That's one good night.

Kianna steps forward.

KIANNA

We've been on the strip the whole time. Micky knows that. We've basically been playing at one of four casinos... that's probably how he found us.

KEVIN

Okay. What's your point?

KIANNA

We play downtown.

And Jill speaks up...

JILL
And we do it tonight.

Kevin thinks about it for a beat, then...

KEVIN
If we take over a hundred grand from
one place... we're onto the next.

MARTINEZ
Right. We can't take too much from one
place.

KEVIN
And at five hundred grand... we're
done for good.

Everyone looks at each other -- it's a deal.

EXT. LADY LUCK CASINO AND HOTEL - NIGHT

Clearly a step below the strip properties.
The team stands outside and sizes it up.

KIANNA
It's cute.

MARTINEZ
It's crap.

FISHER
Their money is as green.

INT. LADY LUCK CASINO - NIGHT

A little rundown with more of a trucker element at the
tables. This is not where Las Vegas keeps the glamour.

The team is spread out around the tables. They're winning
big, drawing the attention of PIT BOSSES and FLOOR MANAGERS.

Kevin's making a killing at a table, drawing a crowd.
The DEALER pulls the cut card, goes to shuffle the decks.

Kevin tosses the Dealer a tip, then moves off, looking for
another table. Nearby, Jill signals Kevin in.

JILL
A big goose egg for me tonight.

FLASH INTO

The chalkboard with Micky's large scribble "Egg = +12" then
immediately back to...

KEVIN LEWIS

placing \$5000 in the betting circle and drawing a pair of Kings. He splits, draws 10's on each and wins \$10,000.

Stay with Kevin as he continues to bet heavily and win.

INT. PLYMOUTH AGENCY - SAME

Smoking a cigarette, Cole sits in his usual perch... watching play on five different monitors simultaneously.

Jimmy answers the phone.

JIMMY
Plymouth Agency... Yes?

Jimmy listens for a beat then hangs up and turns to Cole.

JIMMY
Somebody just anonymously called in
about your boy.

VINCENT COLE
Anonymously?

JIMMY
Yup.

VINCENT COLE
Then who are we supposed to give the
fifteen grand to?

JIMMY
They don't seem to want the money.

Cole's on his feet with a smile.

VINCENT COLE
Where we going, Jimmy?

INT. LADY LUCK CASINO - LATE EVENING

Exhausted, Kevin doubles down on an ten. He's been there a while. His stack of chips is substantial as is the bet in front of him.

The dealer turns over an eighteen then flips over Kevin's down card to reveal the Queen of Diamonds.

And a player at the table we don't see says...

PLAYER (O.S.)
You can tell the Queen of Diamonds by
the way she shines.

Kevin smiles. And now we see who said it...

VINCENT COLE

sitting next to Kevin. Not wearing his yellow jacket.

VINCENT COLE
You're having a good night.

Kevin nods. Tired.

VINCENT COLE
You look like a winner.

KEVIN
Sometimes. Like everyone else.

VINCENT COLE
Now why don't I believe that? I have a
feeling you are far from everyone
else.

As the cards come out.

VINCENT COLE
I bet you're smarter than everybody
else.

Kevin tries to ignore him as he receives a Jack.

VINCENT COLE
My guess is that it's been that way
your whole life. But only recently has
it started paying real dividends.

Kevin's Jack is greeted by a ten.

VINCENT COLE
I'd split them. Deck's heavy as hell.
Since I've sat down the count's plus
nineteen.

Cole locks eyes with Kevin who immediately stands.

But behind Kevin, Jimmy and another Plymouth employee, a
large one, close in tight.

The dealer looks away. He's seen this before. Nobody is going
to help Kevin.

VINCENT COLE
Let's take a walk.

ACROSS THE WAY

The team sees what's going on and immediately makes for the
exits. Jill stops, doesn't know what to do. Kianna grabs her.

KIANNA

Jill, there's nothing you can do. We have to go.

Jill stands there frozen.

KIANNA

Jill! Now!

JILL

We have to call security.

Kianna looks around. Two SECURITY guards watch the scene with big smiles on their faces.

KIANNA

I have a feeling they're not going to help.

JILL

The police.

KIANNA

And tell them what? Hey, we're counters and we need your help. You won't call the IRS -- will you?

Jill knows, she's right.

And Kianna leads Jill out of there.

KEVIN

stays calm.

VINCENT COLE

Let's go.

KEVIN

No problem.

VINCENT COLE

Grab your chips... you don't want to forget them.

INT. LADY LUCK HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Jimmy holds Kevin up. Cole SLAMS a right into Kevin's face.

VINCENT COLE

They call it biometrics. It uses a million pixels to turn your face into a sort of fingerprint.

An UPPERCUT to Kevin's jaw. And with it, we SMASH CUT TO...

CROSSROADS IRISH PUB/FLASHBACK

Kianna pulls up in her silver Range Rover. And back to...

KEVIN

spitting out a bloody tooth.

VINCENT COLE

When a player sits at a table... the eye in the sky transfers their image to the software which reads the biometric profile of their face and cross references it with a database of cheaters. You understand all this -- you go to MIT.

A BLOW to Kevin's midsection. Kevin doubles over, his cell phone falls from his shirt pocket then slides across the floor and finally stops under the bed.

And SMASH CUT TO...

BORDERS/FLASHBACK

Earphones on, Kianna jams at the listening station. Fisher and Kevin watch her from across the way.

KEVIN

(re Kianna)

I've never seen her on campus.

FISHER

She doesn't go to MIT.

KEVIN

Then how did Micky find her?

Fisher just shrugs. And back to...

VINCENT COLE

out of breath.

VINCENT COLE

Casinos I've worked with for twenty five years are dropping me over the phone.

(an angry beat, then...)

Over the phone!

And a left cross to the side of Kevin's head.
AND SMASH CUT TO...

HARD ROCK SUITE/FLASHBACK

Kianna steps forward.

KIANNA
We've been on the strip the whole time. Micky knows that. We've basically been playing at one of four casinos... that's probably how he found us.

KEVIN
Okay. What's your point?

KIANNA
We play downtown.

And back to...

KEVIN

in severe pain. Fighting out the words...

KEVIN
Just take the money. I gotta get home.

VINCENT COLE
I don't steal. After I take out the fifty-three dollars it cost to get this room... you can keep the other ninety-three thousand. But you're mine all night.

KEVIN
Please... I'm in a competition. I have to be there.

AND VINCENT COLE

reaches into his pocket, takes out several gold rings, slowly places them on his fingers, moves closer to a terrified Kevin.

Cole raises his fist, it's going to be a direct hit to the eye socket... with those gold rings.

As Cole brings down his fist with fury...

A BOEING 737

lands on a tarmac. Thunderous and loud. We're at...

MCCARRAN AIRPORT

Find Kevin Lewis, wearing mirrored shades, his face the color of the Ethiopian flag, as he stands at the ticket counter.

KEVIN

Look, I gotta get back by 3:00. What about the 10:15 flight?

TICKET AGENT

That flight's booked, sir. All I have is stand-by.

Kevin reaches for his phone but realizes he doesn't have it. He checks all of his pockets.

KEVIN

My phone! Damnit!

He shouted that. People are staring. He takes a moment to collect himself then looks up to the ticket agent.

KEVIN

Okay, just put me on stand-by.

INT. MCCARRAN AIRPORT/GATE - MORNING

The gate's packed as PASSENGERS stand on line, boarding the plane. Anxious, Kevin sits and waits. A LITTLE GIRL stares at his purple face, fascinated. He smiles at her and she cries.

INT. MCCARRAN AIRPORT/GATE - LATER

Kevin paces around, glancing up at the clock that now reads 10:15. Flight time. Feeling hopeless. An ATTENDANT stands behind the counter, calls over the PA System.

ATTENDANT

Passenger Kevin Lewis.

Kevin races over to the counter and checks in.

INT. LOGAN AIRPORT/GATE - DAY

The door at the gate opens. PASSENGERS stream out as Kevin pushes his way thru. He starts running the terminal, weaving in and out of human traffic.

EXT. M.I.T/QUAD - DAY

3:00. A gorgeous spring day. The quad is packed for the 2.009 Competition. STUDENTS cheer. TV CREWS capture all the thrills and chills as machines battle it out.

Miles and Tay stand at the little car and wait.

MILES

Where the hell is he?

TAY

He'll be here.

A JUDGE heads over.

HEAD JUDGE
Team 21? Are your contestants present?

MILES
We're still waiting for one, sir.

HEAD JUDGE
You have fifteen minutes.

INT. KEVIN'S DORM ROOM - DAY

Kevin rushes in and stops dead in his tracks.

THE DESK

has been moved, the vent has been screwed off and the bag
that he kept his money and the semiconductor in lies empty on
the floor.

INT. M.I.T./QUAD - DAY

Miles and Tay look on nervously as their strongest
competition, RICHTER and CHANG, stand across from their
robot. Richter throws a ball at the robot and it catches it.
The crowd cheers.

TAY
We have them beat.

MILES
(checking his watch again)
I know.

EXT. MICKY ROSA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Micky opens the door to find a shattered Kevin Lewis.

KEVIN
Okay, you win.

MICKY
Kev, I'm a little busy here.

And behind Micky, in the house, Kevin can see...

KIANNA

sitting at the table, in her robe, sipping a coffee.

KEVIN
Keep the fucking money... just give me
back the semiconductor.

MICKY

I don't know what you're talking about, Kevin.

KEVIN

Please... you win. They worked hard on that car. They're my friends. Without the money, the 2.009 is the only chance I have at Harvard.

MICKY

Kevin, if someone stole money from you... you might want to ask Jill. She stole from me as well.

KEVIN

Jill?

MICKY

Yes, Kevin. That's why I stopped sleeping with her.

Kevin lunges at him. Micky fights him off.

MICKY

Kevin. Relax. Keep it together.

Kevin stops. Takes a breath.

MICKY

I'm sorry, Kiddo, she has a problem. That degenerate father did a number on her.

And with that, Micky closes the door in Kevin's face.

INT. JILL'S APARTMENT/HALLWAY - DAY

Kevin bangs on the door one more time. No answer.

He turns to go but can't control himself as he spins around and kicks the door.

A flurry of kicks. Completely losing it, Kevin's taking out his anger on her door. But still... no answer.

EXT. M.I.T./QUAD - DAY

Miles and Tay are now completely freaking out. The judge comes over again. Miles pleads with him for more time.

And Tay sees something that makes him exhale in relief.

TAY

Wait.

Kevin runs across the quad. Beaten and bruised.

KEVIN
I'm so sorry...

MILES
It's fine. Just put the chip in.

KEVIN
It's gone.

TAY
What do you mean it's gone?

KEVIN
It's all gone. Everything's gone.

And behind Kevin's sunglasses... there are definitely tears.

KEVIN
I'm so sorry... I am so... so...
sorry...

INT. JILL'S APARTMENT/HALLWAY - NIGHT

Kevin POUNDS on the door. Jill opens up.

JILL
Kevin, I've been calling your phone
all day.

She goes to hug him but he pushes her away.

KEVIN
Why'd you do it?

JILL
Do what? Kevin, are you okay?

KEVIN
Your father's sick, he's an ass-hole,
he abandoned you. Yes, it's hard. I
should know. Mine died on me before I
was able to know him.

(and then)
But at some point you have to let it
go. The anger, the rage, it'll burn
inside of you until there's nothing
left. And you'll only hurt those who
really care about you.

JILL
Kevin, what are you talking about?

KEVIN
You're the only one who knew where the
money was.

JILL
What money?

KEVIN
You know what money.

And he turns to go.

JILL
I didn't do it, Kevin. I didn't take
your money.

Kevin stops and looks at her one last time...

KEVIN
I thought I loved you.

INT. ELLEN LEWIS' HOME - NIGHT

Refreshed from her trip, Ellen brings Kevin a bowl of soup.

ELLEN LEWIS
Here you go, baby.

KEVIN
Thanks.

ELLEN LEWIS
I'm not going to ask about the
bruises, Kevin.

She sits down next to him. A long moment, then...

KEVIN
Mom, I lied to you. I didn't get the
scholarship to Harvard Med. I just
couldn't stand to see you work so hard
for so long.

Ellen nods. Understanding.

KEVIN
And I tried to get the money on my
own... using a short-cut.

And he turns to her... tears in his eyes.

KEVIN
And it all fell apart.

She hugs her son. Kisses the top of his head.

ELLEN LEWIS
You'll go to St. George's, Kevin. And
you'll become a great doctor, baby.
(finally)
And I'll always be proud of you.

EXT. DOWNTOWN BOSTON - DAY

Kevin walks through the city. He stops at a rundown building, checks an address to confirm and stares it down.

A long beat, then... Kevin heads inside.

INT. SMALL OFFICE - DAY

Kevin sits across from PHILLIP ROBERTS. The office is cluttered with pictures of the Caribbean on the wall.

PHILLIP ROBERTS
And why do you wish to attend St.
George's, Kevin?

KEVIN
I don't. I want to go to Harvard Med.

Phillip Roberts smiles.

PHILLIP ROBERTS
Not everyone can get into Harvard Med.

KEVIN
But I did.

PHILLIP ROBERTS
Then why don't you go there?

KEVIN
Because I can't afford it.

Phillip Roberts slowly nods, then asks...

PHILLIP ROBERTS
Can you afford us?

KEVIN
Yes.

As Phillip Roberts stands and extends a hand.

PHILLIP ROBERTS
Then welcome to St. George's!

INT. KEVIN'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Depressed, Kevin vacantly surfs the channels. Stops on...

LETTERMAN

who has on an animal trainer... a chimpanzee on his lap.

DAVE LETTERMAN

(scared)

And you're sure he doesn't bite?

TRAINER

Not if you're calm.

DAVE LETTERMAN

I'm not calm.

Laughter from the audience.

TRAINER

You have to be. He can smell fear.

And Kevin snaps out of his depressive reverie. On that line... "He can smell fear."

Kevin takes a beat to register a thought, looks over to the open vent and moved desk... at the exposed hole that once was his hiding place.

As Kevin stands with purpose.

INT. M.I.T. FACULTY-ALUMNI DINNER/RITZ-CARLTON LOBBY - NIGHT

DINNER GUESTS in tuxes and gowns crowd the Grand Ballroom. Micky, wearing his tux, exits the ballroom and takes out a cigarette. As he lights it, he looks up and sees Kevin watching him from across the lobby.

Kevin touches his eye, signals that he wants to talk.

EXT. RITZ-CARLTON/PAY PHONE BANK- NIGHT

Micky greets Kevin.

MICKY

What now, Kevin?

KEVIN

You took my money. Your dog sniffed it out.

And Micky smiles.

MICKY

I was waiting for you to figure that out.

KEVIN

And you never slept with Jill.

MICKY
Not my type. I prefer the Asian
persuasion.

A moment, then...

KEVIN
You want me to lead your team. I'm the
best and you know it. That's why you
did it. To get me hungry.

Micky confirms.

KEVIN
Well, it worked. I'm hungry.

MICKY
Excellent. You might need to wear a
disguise.

KEVIN
Am I burned?

MICKY
No. Maybe a little.

And Kevin considers it.

KEVIN
It's not forever.

MICKY
Of course not.

KEVIN
It's a means to an end.

MICKY
Absolutely.

They hold a long look, until...

KEVIN
And I'll wear a disguise.

EXT. JILL'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Jill heads out of the building toward her jeep. She stops.
Kevin leans against it.

KEVIN
I'm sorry.

She glares at him.

JILL
How could you not trust me, Kevin?

KEVIN
I don't know. Micky got in my head.

JILL
What you said about my father and all
was right. Maybe. But to think I stole
your money?

He goes to kiss her. She shakes her head "no."

JILL
I'm sorry, Kevin. I just can't get
past it.

KEVIN
We gotta go in one more time.

JILL
I know. But we're through, Kevin.

And she jumps into her jeep and drives away.
Leaving Kevin Lewis standing there.

LAS VEGAS. MAY.

INT. PARIS HOTEL/SUITE - NIGHT

Martinez, Jill, Kianna, Fisher, Kevin and Micky enter the
spectacular suite. Kevin addresses the team.

KEVIN
Okay, here's the deal. No gorillas
tonight. Everyone's spotting. If the
count's below plus seven, don't call
us in. You play the table min.

MICKY
We don't wanna make any money off
spotting and we don't want any more
attention than we're already gonna
get.

KEVIN
It's different out there this time...
more dangerous. We're going to need be
disguises -- we can't mess around. Any
questions?
(off their "no")
Let's do it!

INT. PARIS HOTEL/SUITE - NIGHT

Martinez and Fisher put on disguises. Jill walks by dressed how we saw her in the opening. She looks stunning.

The all stop what they're doing and simply stare.

INT. PARIS HOTEL/SUITE BATHROOM - NIGHT

Standing at the sink is Kevin. It's the flashback moment we saw at the beginning of the movie. He wears his blond wig and fake mustache.

INT. MGM GRAND/CASINO - NIGHT

Micky enters. He stops, breathes it in. Happy to be back.

At a table, in the third base position, sits Jill. She leans back, folds her arms. Kevin heads over to an empty chair. As he sits, Jill chats with the DEALER.

JILL
So I hear they've got a webcam in the
pool.

FLASH INTO

The chalkboard with Micky's large scribble "Pool = +8" then immediately back to...

KEVIN LEWIS

pulling out a huge roll and handing it over to the Dealer.

KEVIN
Let's see what we can do with this.

Dealer slides over the pile of black and gold chips. Kevin pushes half the stack into the betting circle.

Jill talks to the dealer named ALICE.

JILL
You married, Alice?

ALICE
Seven years.

JILL
I just left my man. He didn't trust
me.

Dead serious, Kevin simply stares at his cards.

ALICE
Trust is the cornerstone to any
relationship.

JILL
Amen. He thought I stole from him.

ALICE
You're better off, sweetie.

Jill bites her lip in mock thought and now glares at Kevin...

JILL
Maybe.

MONTAGE

Kevin goes on an amazing run. Micky standing across the way.
Kevin watches a Queen kiss his Jack. And he shouts out...

KEVIN
There it is!

KEVIN

colors in his chips. The deck's obviously getting lighter.
Stacks of gold chips are pushed forward.

He looks around the casino. See Kianna who folds her arms
over her chest, calling him in.

Kevin now sits at the table. We recognize the woman next to
Kevin from the opening scene. She's the RESTLESS WOMAN who told
him he'd had enough to drink.

Kevin goes on a tear, ecstatic. A CROWD grows, watching the
man clean house. Black, purple, orange and gold chips fill
the table. It's an unbelievable run.

The shoe is getting low, nearing the cut card. There's
\$100,000 on the table. Kevin draws an 11 and doubles down.

There's now \$200,000 on the table. Their cards come out.
Kevin ends up with a 20. The dealer turns over a fourteen
then touches it with a monkey. The crowd ROARS.

The cards come out again. A King of Clubs for Kevin.
And we realize... we're exactly where we started.

As the dealer kisses the King of Clubs with an Ace of
Diamonds...

KEVIN (V.O.)
Winner winner -- chicken dinner!

The dealer pays the blackjack a healthy pile of purple chips and smiles to Kevin.

DEALER
Helluva run.

As Kevin tips the dealer a black chip... \$100.

KEVIN
Kiss ass.

The dealer swipes the chips and deals the next hand.

Two tens grace Kevin's wager box.

Kevin "drunkenly" takes a sip of his martini. It spills. The only other player we reveal is a WOMAN next to him.

RESTLESS WOMAN
Don't you think you've had enough?

Kevin looks down at the two tens. Thinks intently.

Kevin finally decides his move, smiles at the woman, then pushes a massive pile of chips into the circle.

He mumbles, drunkenly.

KEVIN
I'm splitting.

DEALER
Splitting 10's!

A PIT BOSS nods "okay."

Seated at another table, Jill looks at Kevin, urgent.

KEVIN (V.O.)
She's more intelligent than she is beautiful. And take a look at her.

Jill nervously run her hand through her hair. And Kevin turns to see across the casino floor...

FOUR ENORMOUS MEN

in yellow jackets race toward them. Jill's already on her feet.

KEVIN (V.O.)
Running your hand through your hair meant only one thing.
(a beat)
"Get out. Now!"

And now Kevin looks down to see what the dealer dealt him.
Two aces. As the men close in on him...

Kevin quickly brushes the chips into a large MGM gift shop bag he's had with him the whole time.

Vincent Cole heads toward Kevin but makes a quick right and starts toward...

MICKY ROSA

who stands plaintively at the bar.

VINCENT COLE

Hi Micky!

Suddenly terrified, Micky throws down his drink and SPRINTS the casino floor.

Kevin and Micky now head in opposite directions. Jill falls in with Kevin.

Kevin stops cold as... four more YELLOW JACKETS appear at the door with Cole.

KEVIN

Run!

Kevin and Jill race back into the casino. Kevin sees Micky disappear into a fire stairwell then leads Jill toward it.

As Kevin and Jill race toward the fire door.

INT. MGM GRAND/STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Micky bursts up the stairs. Kevin and Jill race close behind. The three of them continue up the stairs as Yellow Jackets crash thru the stairwell door.

Micky heads through the fifth floor door and disappears.

Kevin stops Jill and hands her the MGM gift bag.

KEVIN

Go to the roof. If I'm not there in ten minutes... get this bag out of here.

JILL

How much is in here?

KEVIN

All of it!

He breaks away from her and heads through the door that leads him to the...

5TH FLOOR

Kevin joins Micky who waits impatiently at the elevator bank.

MICKY

They'll be here any second!

AND BAM. The door flies open from the stairwell and three yellow jackets spill into the hall.

Kevin nervously swallows and keeps his eyes pasted on the elevator doors... which open.

ELEVATOR

As the yellow jackets quickly approach...

MICKY

We can't take the elevator down.

Kevin hits the up button.

KEVIN

Who says we're going down?

And the doors close right as the yellow jackets arrive. A split second later and they would've been done.

And we FLASH BACK to...

VINCENT COLE

placing those gold rings onto his fingers. We're back in that Lady Luck hotel room. Where Cole gave Kevin that beat down.

Cole raises his fist, it's going to be a direct hit to the eye socket... with those gold rings.

As Cole brings down his fist with fury... Kevin closes his eyes and shudders in defensive prayer. But Cole stops his fist right before landing the punch.

VINCENT COLE

I want to make a deal with you.

Kevin opens his eyes.

And back to...

MGM GRAND/35TH FLOOR

The elevator doors open as Micky and Kevin head out, running down the hall to another stairwell.

INT. MGM GRAND/STAIRWELL - NIGHT

They race up several more flights of stairs and come to a steel door.

As Micky pushes it open...

MGM GRAND ROOFTOP

Micky and Kevin catch their breath, take in the lights from The Strip below. Kevin looks around... no Jill.

MICKY

We're gonna wait. In an hour, we'll split up and head down one at a time.

Catching his breath with his hands on his knees, Kevin nods.

MICKY

Where's the money?

KEVIN

I gave it to Jill.

MICKY

Are you crazy! You trusted her?

Kevin looks to the fire door. Waiting...

KEVIN

It was insurance in case we were caught. We had to split up. They'd go after me before her.

MICKY

You're so stupid!

And stepping out from behind a huge air-conditioning unit...

JILL

Thanks for the support, Micky.

She tosses the bag to Kevin's feet. He picks it up.

MICKY

How much?

KEVIN

About a million.

And a smile curls across Micky's face.

MICKY

We did it, Kiddo.

And SMASH CUT into...

THAT LADY LUCK HOTEL ROOM

KEVIN catches his breath... spits out a little blood.

VINCENT COLE
I want Micky Rosa.

KEVIN
I don't work with Micky anymore.

VINCENT COLE
See, Micky was very deliberate as to
what casinos he had you guys play at.
He chose the ones that had gotten rid
of me and just put in the software.

Jimmy lets Kevin go. He winces in pain and leans against the
wall. Jimmy hands him a handkerchief.

JIMMY
Sorry, kid. Wasn't personal.

Wiping the blood from his face, Kevin nods.

VINCENT COLE
He knows that, Jimmy.
(to Kevin)
Thing is -- Micky must've had someone
on the inside of the software company
giving him information... now that
would be of interest to a local
prosecutor I know.

KEVIN
Counting isn't illegal.

VINCENT COLE
Conspiracy is though. Also know --
he's the one who outed you tonight.

Cole walks over to Kevin. Leans against the same wall.
They're side by side.

VINCENT COLE
I get Micky... you keep whatever take
you bring in that night.

Kevin's silent. Thinks about it then shakes his head.

KEVIN
I'm done.

Cole slowly nods and slides something into Kevin's bloody
shirt pocket.

VINCENT COLE
That's my card if you change your
mind.

And Cole and Jimmy head out.

True to his word, Cole leaves Kevin's pile of chips laying on
the bed. Ninety-three thousand dollars.

And we FLASH TO current time. To the...

MGM ROOFTOP

Where Micky stands victorious. Smiling.

MICKY
Kevin... we did it!

But Kevin doesn't celebrate. He simply stares at the door.

MICKY
Kevin? What are you doing?

KEVIN
Waiting.

MICKY
For what?

And the roof door opens... Cole steps out with his Yellow
Jackets in tow.

KEVIN
That.

VINCENT COLE
Hey Micky. Been a long time.

Micky's stunned. Kevin winks at Jill and takes her hand.

KEVIN
We're going to leave you two to catch
up. You know -- sink your teeth into
all the good memories.

The Plymouth Agency thugs grab Micky.

VINCENT COLE
Kevin.

Kevin turns. Cole nods over to the gift shop bag with all the
chips in it.

VINCENT COLE
Leave it here.

Kevin's face falls.

KEVIN
But, you said you didn't steal.

VINCENT COLE
You did good, Kevin. But there's still
a thing or two you need to learn.

Jill nudges Kevin and nods over to Jimmy... who now holds a
.38 at his side.

JIMMY
Sorry, kid. Isn't personal.

VINCENT COLE
He knows that, Jimmy.

And back to Kevin...

VINCENT COLE
Leave the bag here.

As Kevin Lewis slowly drops the bag.

INT. MGM STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Defeated, Kevin leans against the wall with his head down.
Once again, he's broke. A long moment, until...

Jill Taylor slowly steps to him, places two fingers under his
chin and lifts his head to meet her gaze.

KEVIN
I lost it all again.

And she kisses him. Soft, slow and direct.

KEVIN (V.O.)
So... to sum it all up...

JILL
It doesn't matter. You trusted me and
I love you.

KEVIN (V.O.)
My senior year of college. I learned a
new skill.

As they fall into each other's arms and kiss again...

INT. M.I.T./GREAT HALL - DAY

Miles makes his way down the hall.

KEVIN (V.O.)
I went to Las Vegas seventeen times to
use it.

He sees Kevin and stops.

KEVIN
Dude, I don't know what to say.

MILES
Say you're an asshole.

KEVIN
I'm an asshole.

KEVIN (V.O.)
I became an asshole.

Miles just shakes his head.

MILES
I don't think I can ever forgive you.

KEVIN
Jill has a friend who wants to meet
you.

Miles thinks about that for a moment, then...

MILES
I forgive you.

EXT. JILL'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Kevin helps Jill and her mother move boxes out to a moving truck.

KEVIN (V.O.)
I scored the prettiest girl in school.
Listening to her Ipod, Jill's little sister looks on and
vogues rap star poses.

INT. ELLEN LEWIS' HOME - NIGHT

Ellen drops down a delicious dinner.

KEVIN (V.O.)
I lied to my mother...

At the table sit; her friend Kim, Kevin, Miles and Jill.

KEVIN (V.O.)
I confessed the lie... and she still
loved me.

A large family enjoying their dinner.

INT. PLYMOUTH AGENCY OFFICES - NIGHT

All the monitors are back in their place.

KEVIN (V.O.)
I got beaten down by an old school
Vegas thug...

A copy of the Las Vegas Sun sits on the desk with the
headline reading... "Biometrix Inc. CFO Arrested in
Conspiracy Scandal."

KEVIN (V.O.)
Then helped him save his business.

And Vincent Cole, cigarette dangling from his lips,
scrutinizing the play on each monitor... back at work.

INT. FEDERAL OFFICES - DAY

Micky Rosa lights up a smoke and sings like a bird.
Two FBI agents take down everything.

KEVIN (V.O.)
I got my Non-Linear Equations
Professor arrested for conspiracy.

EXT. HARVARD MED SCHOOL CAMPUS - DAY

As Kevin walks the Cambridge quad. Backpack on shoulder.

KEVIN (V.O.)
I made over two million dollars
counting cards.

INT. HARVARD MED SCHOOL/BOB PHILLIP'S OFFICE - DAY

As Kevin leans back...

KEVIN
... and I had it all stolen from me...
and finishes up...

KEVIN
... twice.

And Bob Phillips, pen in hand, not clicking it... speechless.
Kevin leans forward with a smile.

KEVIN
How'd I do, Bob? Did I dazzle you?
Did I... jump off the paper?

INT. HARVARD MED SCHOOL/CLASSROOM - DAY

As Kevin has a seat and nods to a few fellow students.

The Professor starts in on a long lecture about theoretical neuroanatomic debate.

And Kevin takes out a pen.

He doesn't need to hide any money in his pants... he doesn't need to put on a disguise... he doesn't need to double down... he doesn't need to know the count...

He only needs to take good notes.

Which we'll leave him to do -- as we...

FADE OUT: