

MiamiLand

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FADE IN:

EXT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

Two surly guys, late twenties, emerge from an old New York City movie theater. The smaller one, GEHRIG, works on what's left of a box of popcorn. The other, MORRIS, burly and strong, fiddles with a deck of cards.

MORRIS

Hollywood is in a sad state of affairs.

GEHRIG

Tell me about it.

They walk on, lamenting the lame movie they just saw, and disappear down stairs going to the SUBWAY. Gehrig drops his popcorn in a wastebasket.

INT. SUBWAY CAR - NIGHT

Gehrig stands, hanging over Morris like a crow on a line. Morris sits, the ever-present deck of cards in his hands. Nimble fingers belie his size and force the cards to leap around the deck like poodles at the circus.

GEHRIG

Do you understand the concept of an unreliable narrator?

MORRIS

What do you mean?

GEHRIG

Have you read CATCHER IN THE RYE?

MORRIS

Sure.

GEHRIG

Well, on page one of CATCHER IN THE RYE, we come to find out that Holden Caulfield is telling the story -- what is essentially the book -- to a shrink. Relaying the events of his recent past, thus making him...

MORRIS

The narrator.

Morris shuffles the deck, the Ace of Spades is on top. He shuffles again, the Ace of Spades is on bottom. He shuffles again, it's back on top.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEHRIG

Exactly. The narrator. So we read the book and we get to the end and we think what a wonderful story.

MORRIS

Great story.

GEHRIG

Yeah, great story. Maybe a little too great.

The subway pulls to a stop, and they shuffle out without even looking up.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

The conversation continues unabated up the sidewalk of this rough-looking landscape.

GEHRIG

This story. It would take a genius mind to tell it in exactly the way young Caulfield tells it.

MORRIS

So...

GEHRIG

So, how do we know that Holden Caulfield hasn't embellished it? He's certainly had time to concoct whatever story he'd like. Lay it out just right. Dot all the "I"s, cross all the "T"s. Cast himself in the role of misunderstood martyr. He's talking to a head doctor after all. How do we know he's telling the truth about any of it? The answer: we don't. Making him, thus, an unreliable narrator.

MORRIS

I see your point.

Morris's slow gait does not affect his ability to make his cards dance. Gehrige keeps his hands in his pockets.

GEHRIG

So now that we understand the concept, let's re-examine Henry Hank Huffman's story concerning Jimmy the Fixer's sports book and gaming salon. Cast in this new light, so to speak.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MORRIS
Cast in the light of Henry Hank
Huffman being a potentially unreliable
narrator?

GEHRIG
Exactly.

They round the corner.

CUT TO:

INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Morris and Gehrig dig noodles out of containers with chopsticks. While they eat, Morris deals blackjack to Gehrig, assuming the role of the house.

GEHRIG
Hit me.

Morris flips a seven on to Gehrig's two existing sevens: twenty-one. The dealer has seventeen.

GEHRIG (CONT'D)
Correct me if I'm wrong, my big
friend, but you weigh over two-hundred
and fifty pounds.

MORRIS
Yeah, but I'm planning on losing a few-

GEHRIG
And Henry Hank Huffman
weighs...what... about a buck-seventy.

MORRIS
Give or take.

Morris deals another hand.

GEHRIG
Hit me.

This time Morris throws him a six on top of his seven and eight. Another twenty-one. Once again, Morris has seventeen.

GEHRIG (CONT'D)
And Hank owes us what, twenty grand?

MORRIS
Give or take.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEHRIG
And Hank knows that you brained
Lowenstein with a what-dya-call-it?

MORRIS
A candlestick.

GEHRIG
That's right. A candlestick. Hit me.

Gehrig's nine and seven are hit with a five: twenty-one
a third time. Morris again has seventeen.

It's obvious: Morris can deal twenty-one to his partner
anytime he wants.

GEHRIG (CONT'D)
So you played CLUE with Lowenstein's
head. A well known story in Los
Angeles. I can only assume that Hank
knows all about it.

MORRIS
(judiciously)
I'll allow the assumption.

GEHRIG
Well, then, your honor, I rest my
case. The man owes us money, the man
knows about your efficient use of a
candlestick, the man knows you could
kill him without breaking a nail,
therefore when he told you about Jimmy
the Fixer's sports book and gaming
salon he was...ta-da... an unreliable
narrator.

MORRIS
I don't necessarily concur with your
opinion.

Gehrig leans back.

GEHRIG
Okay. Let's hear his story again.

CUT TO:

INT. STALL NUMBER SEVEN AT SANTA ANITA HORSE TRACK- DAY

There is no horse to be seen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Sitting behind a small desk in this dark, empty horse stall is the one and only HENRY HANK HUFFMAN, a skinny weasel with a bad moustache. He's a wonderful talker, a P.T. Barnum of bullshit.

Horses WHINNY in the distance.

He's talking to a half-interested Morris. Throughout the story, Morris rolls a quarter up and down his fingers like water tumbling over rocks.

HANK

You may not know this, Morris, but I got a brother by the name of Jimmy the Fixer who runs a sports book and gaming salon back East. It's strictly small time, couple a black jack tables, a numbers wheel, a craps table, a poker table, an odds board, what have you. Not too big, but not too small either, if you catch my drift. It makes due, I'll say that. Especially, Superbowl, World Series, Final Four time of year. Now, if you see fit to give me an extra couple of months on what I owe you, I might just tell you why the Final Four this year is gonna be a hot ticket. An especially hot ticket.

Morris stops the coin in mid-knuckle spin. For the first time, he gives Hank his full attention.

HANK (CONT'D)

Ah-hah! You like that, huh? I've roped you in, eh? What'dya say, Morris? I just need until May to right my wrongs.

MORRIS

This is your brother we're talking about?

HANK

That's right. I hate the son-of-a-bitch. He used to slap me so hard when I was a kid I couldn't bite down straight for weeks. I'm a kid and I had to eat pimento cheese sandwiches and fucking jell-o like a senior citizen. Now, c'mon. What'dya say?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MORRIS
(disgusted)
You'd ambush your own brother?

HANK
I done told you. I can't stand the rat. He's tried to be all chummy with me ever since we started growing ball hair, but I don't forget, man. Henry Hank Huffman don't forget.

MORRIS
All right. Give it to me.

HANK
(hopefully)
And we're good until May?

MORRIS
The jury's out.

Hank rubs his hands together, excited. It's pitch time.

HANK
Okay. Like I said, the joint does all right during the year. But Superbowl, World Series, Kentucky Derby, Final Four, that's when Jimmy rakes it in. Over sixty percent of his annual take is on those four events. We're talking a lot of money. A lot more than I owe you and Gehrig, that's for sure. Now, normally, after one of those big days, Jimmy gets rid of all the dough as soon as it comes in. I mean, he's down at First Union at the crack of dawn, deposit slip already filled out if you know what I'm saying. He doesn't want near that much money holed up in the little safe he has in the back room. Uh-uh. If someone's gonna hit, it'd be on The Day After, you see, and Jimmy knows that. He's not dumb. But this year. This Final Four is different. I know this, see. He tells me, see. Separate times, see. He doesn't think I can put two and two together, but I do. Are you following this?

Morris gives no indication that he is.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

HANK (CONT'D)

Of course you're not, because I'm not explaining the whole thing. Here's the good stuff: March Madness rarely ends in March. In fact, usually it ends in April. April second, third, or fourth being the championship game. Now usually, that would mean on the Tuesday after, Jimmy's down at the bank teller window, all smiles and shoeshines. But...

Hank starts laughing uncontrollably.

HANK (CONT'D)

But...this year, Tuesday is March 30th, and Jimmy won't be at the teller window. Not this year. No, sir. Ask me why? ...Come on, ask me why?

MORRIS

Why not this year, Hank?

HANK

Because March 29th is his anniversary!

With that, Hank nearly splits his britches laughing.

HANK (CONT'D)

(getting a hold of himself)
I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I still haven't explained it. Let me take you to Christmas a few years back.

CUT TO:

INT. STUFFY CHRISTMAS PARTY - NIGHT

A family Christmas party is in full swing as a bunch of PEOPLE who look like Hank mill around drinking eggnog.

Hank himself, sporting a different doo, is rearranging a miniature manger scene. The pieces are home made out of dried vegetables. Baby Jesus is a dried red pepper. Hank's brother, JIMMY THE FIXER, corners him. Jimmy is a fat version of Hank, with the same mustache.

JIMMY

I gotta tell you, Hank, I gotta problem.

HANK

Yeah?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JIMMY

Yeah. It's Linda. Sweet Linda. She won't- We aren't- She ain't attracted to me no more. She says I've gotten too fat to sleep with.

HANK

You mean fuck?

BAM! Like a mongoose Jimmy smacks Hank on the side of the head.

JIMMY

Make love, you cretin. Yeah, that's what I mean.

Hank rubs his ear.

HANK

No shit?

JIMMY

I mean we still could, she just doesn't want to. She says I've let myself get all mushy. That I was always a large guy but I was never mushy before and that it's gotten pretty disgusting even having to look at me with my shirt off.

Hank is impatient having to listen to this pathetic lament.

HANK

Sucks being you.

JIMMY

I'm serious, Hank. This is serious.

HANK

I'm just saying.

JIMMY

(annoyed)

Yeah, you're just saying. So I don't sleep with her no more. She won't let me near her. No blow jobs, no hand jobs, no in and out. It's terrible, Hank.

HANK

Just go buy yourself some trim.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Jimmy SLAPS Hank hard again.

JIMMY

You don't say that, Hank.. Degrading women like that. I won't have it.

Hank rubs his jaw gingerly, looks down at the pimento cheese sandwich in his hand.

HANK

I wasn't meaning anything.

JIMMY

So anyways, what am I supposed to do?

HANK

Linda won't sleep with you at all?

JIMMY

She said she'd sleep with me one time a year. On our anniversary. That's it. She says I can take her to the Biltmore one time a year on our anniversary and then we can do it. If I make her first.

BACK TO:

INT. STALL NUMBER SEVEN - DAY

Hank is pleased with his story. He spreads his hands like he's closed the sale.

HANK

You see? He can't be at the bank teller's window with all the loot first thing in the morning March 30th, because on the night of the championship game, he's going to be at the Biltmore getting his annual fuck from his wife!

BACK TO:

INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Gehrig stares at Morris over his noodles. He points at him with his chopstick.

GEHRIG

You see what you did there?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MORRIS

What's that?

GEHRIG

You took the story three deep.

MORRIS

What do you mean?

GEHRIG

You were telling me the story of Hank telling you the story of Jimmy telling Hank the story of his wife's sudden revulsion. That's one, two, three stories deep.

MORRIS

(perplexed)

Hmm.

GEHRIG

No big deal. Chaucer did it all the time. What it does do though is increases the likelihood of the unreliable narrator.

MORRIS

Are you suggesting that I'm unreliable?

GEHRIG

Not you, pal. Hit me.

Another twenty-one.

INT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Back out on to the city street.

GEHRIG

I'm just saying, potentially, either Henry Hank Huffman or his brother Jimmy the Fixer could have been full of shit.

MORRIS

I don't think so.

GEHRIG

But it's possible.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MORRIS

Anything's possible. What kind of argument is that?

GEHRIG

Do you really think this low-life slimeball won't grab a little Dawson's Creek ass on the side? That he gives two shits about degrading women? You've heard about what he did to Victoria Carmichael.

MORRIS

The plus-size model?

GEHRIG

She owed him and was filching. He put her under and had most of her stomach taken out. Save enough to fit in a lean pocket. She's down to about a buck ten, from what I hear. Her career in ruins.

MORRIS

That's just a story.

Gehrig's eyes go wide.

GEHRIG

My point exactly.

They are standing at the front door of a menacing-looking building between two sleazy bars.

Printed on the door, a sharp typeface reads SAINTS OF THE APOSTLES. Gehrig opens the door for Morris to enter.

INT. SAINTS OF THE APOSTLES - CONTINUOUS

The entrance hall is a tiny room facing a door that can split in half, top and bottom.

GEHRIG

If you believe, brother, I'll let better judgement step aside on this one.

Gehrig stares at Morris, waiting for his gut to make a decision. Morris finally smiles, and knocks on the door.

After a moment the top half opens. A huge BLACK PRIEST, complete with clerical collar, fills the space where the wood used to be.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PRIEST

Yo.

GEHRIG

Hi. We're looking for the card game tonight.

PRIEST

Who's we, white man?

GEHRIG

My name is Gehrig and my friend here is Morris.

The priest stares him down.

PRIEST

Gehrig?

GEHRIG

That's right.

PRIEST

Gehrig like the Iron Horse?

GEHRIG

That's right.

The Priest just continues to stare. Morris shuffles his deck.

PRIEST

Who told you about this place?

GEHRIG

We're friends of Jimmy's brother.

PRIEST

Jimmy knows you're coming?

GEHRIG

(impatient)

Yeah. Ask him yourself.

PRIEST

I can't. I'm the only one here. The card game got moved to Lord Logan's on thirty-third and third. You know the place?

GEHRIG

Naah.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PRIEST

It's between the porn store and the electronics joint on thirty-third. Big red door.

GEHRIG

Jimmy ain't here?

PRIEST

Naah. He shut us down as soon as Indiana cut down the nets.

(under his breath)

Goddamn Hoosiers.

(back)

Anyway, Jimmy was so excited to get out of here, I thought he was gonna wet himself. He musta had something lined up. Like I said, the others went to Lord Logan's.

Morris speaks up.

MORRIS

You wanna see a card trick?

PRIEST

You a magician?

MORRIS

You be the judge. I'm gonna riffle the deck. You stick your finger in when you want to stop and pull out the card.

The Priest shrugs and takes a card from the deck.

PRIEST

You want me to look at it?

MORRIS

Yeah, you look at it. Show it to him. I don't care.

Intrigued, the Priest shows Gehrig the card: Ten of Spades.

MORRIS (CONT'D)

Now put it back.

The Priest complies.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Morris shuffles the deck a few times. Flips it over. Cuts it. Splits it. Makes it dance. The Priest watches, mesmerized.

Suddenly, Morris stops.

PRIEST

What?

Morris nods at the half door that was opened inside.

The Priest turns to look and the Ten of Spades is stuck to the door.

PRIEST (CONT'D)

(amazed)

I'll be...

When he turns back, a huge grin plastered on his mug, a Glock held by Gehrig is pointed in his face.

Before the Priest can even wipe away that smile, he is POPPED in the face, BLAM!

Morris leans over the half door to make sure the guy is gone, crosses himself looking at the collar.

GEHRIG

After you.

Gehrig opens the door for his partner. Morris relieves the Priest of the sawed off shotgun he had under his robe.

INT. JIMMY'S SPORTS BOOK AND GAMING SALON - NIGHT

This joint is much bigger than they would have suspected. Card tables all over the place, a few big screens, a wall dedicated to an odds board.

GEHRIG

There's cameras everywhere.

MORRIS

Yeah. I saw the one outside.

GEHRIG

I hope Henry Hank Huffman is a reliable narrator.

He withdraws a sheet of paper from his pocket and consults it as they make it to a back door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The door has a tin lock with the numbers 1,2,3,4,5 engraved on buttons.

Gehrig checks the paper again and punches 3,1,5,4. He turns the door handle and it clicks open. He smiles in relief.

INT. BACK ROOM AT JIMMY'S - NIGHT

The back room is little more than a counting table, stacks of chips, some storage, a bank of electronics and a small safe.

Morris ejects tapes and tapes of video from the electronics bank and smashes them under his boot, while...

Jimmy consults the paper before turning the combination on the safe. It opens, no problem, revealing stacks and stacks of good old American dough.

MORRIS
How much there?

GEHRIG
I don't know. Five hundred maybe.

From Morris's lips, a low whistle explains how he feels.

Gehrig takes a pillowcase from his coat and starts to fill it full.

EXT. JIMMY'S SPORTS BOOK AND GAMING SALON - NIGHT

They emerge from the front door and walk slowly up the block, Gehrig carrying the pillowcase over his shoulder, plain as day.

GEHRIG
How about that Hank?

MORRIS
Old reliable.

GEHRIG
(chuckles)
Yeah.

MORRIS
I was thinking. You want to hit that card game over on thirty-third?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEHRIG

Are you crazy? We have five-hundred thousand here. I'd just as soon head to the airport.

MORRIS

We don't come to New York often, and we have some time to kill before the flight. I'd just like to give it a whirl. While we're here.

GEHRIG

You are crazy.

MORRIS

I feel good about this. I've been right about everything so far. Come on. I'm on a roll. What'dya say?

GEHRIG

Hoping for more, you will end up with less. That's Shakespeare.

MORRIS

Knock and the door will be opened for you. That's Jesus.

GEHRIG

You want to bring Jesus into this?

MORRIS

Not particularly.

They pause, measuring each other.

CUT TO:

The boys standing in front of a red door.

LORD LOGAN'S PLACE

Sure enough, there they are between an adult book store and a Korean electronics joint on thirty-third.

GEHRIG

This feels wrong.

MORRIS

This is a story, Gehrig. This is writing about what you know. Not sitting in some coffee shop in Venice tapping away at a keyboard with a copy of Sid Field's on the table.

Syd

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEHRIG

I'll keep that in mind.

Morris puts his arm around his partner affectionately, but Gehrig shrugs it off and knocks on the door.

After a moment, a small, round man, LORD LOGAN, appears in the door crack. He notes Gehrig's pillow case.

LORD LOGAN

You lost, Santa Claus?

MORRIS

We're looking for a card game.

LORD LOGAN

Who sent ya?

MORRIS

Jesus.

GEHRIG

(quickly)

We're friends of Jimmy's brother.

LORD LOGAN

What's in the bag?

Gehrig lets the guy peek inside, get an eyeful of all that green.

GEHRIG

Reinforcements.

The door pops open immediately.

INT. LORD LOGAN'S PLACE - NIGHT

The place is a single great room with a card table in the middle. Only a few chairs lean against the undecorated walls. The ceiling is shiny black, the floor is bright red.

Four guys sit around the green felt octagonal table, chips spread out before them. Lord Logan leads them to the table, takes a chair, and gestures at an empty.

LORD LOGAN

We only have room for one of you fellas. That is until Walter here runs out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He says this laughing, but WALTER doesn't look too happy about his dwindling stake.

GEHRIG

That's all right. I'm just the bank.

Morris sits down and Gehrig hands him a stack of bills before making his way over to an empty folding chair against the wall.

LORD LOGAN

(to Morris)

This is Walter, the fella across from you is Moby, next to him is McMichael, and next to him is our dealer, Mister Fingers. My name is Lord Logan. And because your friend Jimmy had a bug up his ass and kicked us out tonight, you get to sit in his place. Now, if you don't mind my asking, who the hell are you?

MORRIS

Morris.

LORD LOGAN

Pleased to meet you, Morris. What we play is no-limit Omaha. Mister Fingers deals all the cards. The ante is a thousand dollars. How much do you want to start with?

MORRIS

I better start with fifty.
(calls out to Gehrig)
Is fifty all right?

GEHRIG

(calls back)
I guess.

LORD LOGAN

Very well.

As Mister Fingers collects Morris's money and slides him a stack of chips...

THE CAMERA TRACKS UP...UP...UP...

...through the black ceiling to...

UPSTAIRS AT LORD LOGAN'S - CONTINUOUS

It turns out that the entire black ceiling at Lord Logan's is a one-way looking glass.

Three figures stand up here, watching the card game below through their feet. One of the figures we've seen before: Henry Hank Huffman, and another is his brother, Jimmy the Fixer. The other is SAL, a large Japanese man.

JIMMY
Unbelievable.

HANK
I told you. Didn't I tell you?

JIMMY
The sheer, magnanimous BALLS on these guys.

HANK
What did I say?

JIMMY
You said it. I just wouldn't have believed it.

HANK
That's what I told you.

Jimmy keeps shaking his head in amazement.

HANK (CONT'D)
Watch here. I give all four of your ringers less than three hours to tap city.

JIMMY
You think these guys are that good?

HANK
Take a look. See Gehrig kibitzing over there against the wall? He set himself perfectly for a view of both Moby and Logan's hands.

JIMMY
He's fifty feet away.

HANK
I'm telling you. The guy's got eyes like a fighter pilot. Watch him. See that.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HANK (cont'd)

He's acting like he's falling asleep, but his eyes see those hole cards every time they bring 'em up. Three hours is all its going to take, you'll see.

JIMMY

How does the other fella know when to play?

HANK

(still on Gehrig)

Watch him. See that. That stretch? That's a signal. Everything that he does is a signal. He tells Morris over there exactly what they're holding, every time. These guys are pros. I'm telling you. See that. You have to be watching. Another signal.

JIMMY

What, about Walter and McMichael? He can't see their cards on the other side of the table?

HANK

Well, Walter over there isn't going to last long and they knew that when they sat down, just looking at the chips. Morris is good enough to play conservative against McMichael unless the odds are with him. Who knows, he may slide. They'll be happy to take the other two.

JIMMY

(impressed)

Huh. These guys get past The Priest, rob me for all I'm worth, and then go out of their way to come here and stick it to my friends.

Hank claps his brother on the back.

HANK

Did I tell you?

JIMMY

You told me.

HANK

That's what I'm talking about. Watch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JIMMY
 (to himself, amazed)
 Huh.

The CAMERA SWINGS BACK through the floor/ceiling to the card room below.

BACK DOWNSTAIRS

The cards are on the table, Morris checks his hole cards, then stares intently at the other players. When he looks up instead of finding Gehrig on the chair, he's standing behind Moby. Gehrig lifts up Moby's hole cards, but Moby doesn't seem to notice.

GEHRIG
 Ten of spades, 2 of hearts, 8 of diamonds, and a Jack of hearts.

He replaces the card and lifts up Lord Logan's, who also is oblivious.

GEHRIG (CONT'D)
 Three of hearts, Ace of spades, 2 of spades, and a 10 of hearts.

Morris smiles. He's got this one won. He pushes in his chips, flips his two of his hole cards revealing only a pair of 8's and a pair of 3's. No one can beat it and he pulls all the chips to him.

Moby turns and looks back at Gehrig, who is fast asleep on the chair.

When Morris looks up from stacking his chips, Gehrig is standing behind Moby again, checking his card.

GEHRIG (CONT'D)
 Ace of clubs, two red knaves, and a 3 of diamonds.

He checks Logan's.

GEHRIG (CONT'D)
 Jack of spades and 7, 8, 9 of clubs.

Strangely, every time one of the players checks on Gehrig, he's snoring in his chair.

UPSTAIRS AT LORD LOGANS:

Jimmy and Hank are in awe.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HANK
Like candy from a baby.

JIMMY
Unbelievable.

BACK DOWNSTAIRS:

SERIES OF SHOTS:

Gehrig checking the other players hole cards, from right under their noses, and showing them to Morris.

Morris folding with three Kings, when Gehrig shows him Moby's third and fourth 2 hidden in the hole.

Morris gathering chips to add to his mounting pile.

Walter's now empty chair.

Gehrig's head falling back in the chair, waking himself up. He settles back in.

Morris catching a glance of Gehrig, who is snoring and scratching his head.

Morris flipping an Ace over to go with his other two, thus beating Lord Logan's Kings and Deuces.

All the money pours Morris' way. Finally...

LORD LOGAN
That's it for me.

MORRIS
(to)McMichael))
Call it a night?

The other man looks at his small stack of chips.

MCMICHAEL
Sure.

Morris stands.

MORRIS
(calls out)
Wake up, Gehrig. We're outta here.

Gehrig stirs like he's coming out of a long winter's nap.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEHRIG
(groggily)
It's over?

MORRIS
Yeah. We gotta catch that plane.

GEHRIG
Did we win?

MORRIS
We did all right.

Gehrig gathers up the pillowcase and takes it to the table, where Morris fills it with more green.

GEHRIG
Not bad.

They shake hands with Lord Logan, McMichael and Mr. Fingers...

GEHRIG (CONT'D)
Thanks, fellas. Thanks a lot.

LORD LOGAN
I can't say it was a pleasure.

...and head for the door.

EXT. LORD LOGAN'S PLACE - DAWN

Day is breaking on this ratty looking street. Just as they get to the curb, a Taxi rolls by and they wave it down.

A beautiful female driver, DEE DEE, looks at them in the rearview.

DEE DEE
Where to?

GEHRIG
JFK.

She flips on the meter and negotiates the cab back out into the street.

Morris leans against the window, tired, and closes his eyes.

Gehrig looks down at the driver's nameplate: Dee Dee.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEHRIG (CONT'D)

You been driving a cab long, double D?

DEE DEE

On and off about...oh...twenty
minutes.

GEHRIG

I didn't mean today. I meant ever.

DEE DEE

I know.

GEHRIG

(amused)

Oh, so today's your first day?

DEE DEE

You might say that.

Just then, the car makes a screeching turn, throwing
Morris into Gehrig. It rolls up an alley.

Both passengers are wide awake all of a sudden.

The car makes another sharp bank into a warehouse and a
steel door crashes down behind it.

INT. JIMMY'S WAREHOUSE - DAY

DEE DEE

Outta the car. Keep your pieces in
your pants or we'll open your heads
like a can of Pringles.

She makes a noise with her mouth like a popping Pringles
can.

Sal, the Japanese man, opens Morris's door for him. The
partners slide out and are frisked. Guns removed, their
hands are cuffed behind their backs, before they are
marched over to where Jimmy the Fixer and Henry Hank
Huffman relax in folding chairs.

Gehrig winces when he sees them.

MORRIS

Awww, shit.

GEHRIG

(under his breath)

The unreliable narrator.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JIMMY

Hello.

Morris shakes his head.

MORRIS

(to Gehrig, whispers)
Sorry, brother.

GEHRIG

Yeah, me too. Hi, Hank.

Hank smiles.

HANK

Boys.

GEHRIG

You must be Jimmy.

JIMMY

You must be correct.

Dee Dee comes around and stands between the two chairs where Hank and his brother sit. She seems quite interested in the conversation.

MORRIS

(to Dee)Dee))
You Linda?

DEE DEE

Who's Linda?

Hank snickers.

MORRIS

(getting it)
Right.

He realizes that the whole story was a lie.

GEHRIG

For what it's worth, Jimmy, we haven't spent any of the money. In fact, we've added to it if you want to check it out.

JIMMY

I know that.

GEHRIG

That's not going to help, is it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Jimmy shrugs.

JIMMY

Interesting that you used the word
"help."

He rises, rubs at his jaw in consideration. Everything that comes out of Jimmy's mouth is like he spent an amazing amount of time thinking about what he is going to say. It's almost like the words pain his face to release them.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

I want you guys to help me. I had Hank audition you for a particular job, because I wanted to see you in action for myself. He told me you were right for this job, but hearing is one thing, seeing, well that's another.

GEHRIG

We didn't know...

JIMMY

(ignoring the interruption)
Now taking my safe was a risk. You didn't know anything about me, what kind of grip I had in this city, what I would do to you if you were caught. You just went and did it.

MORRIS

Your brother's a good storyteller.

JIMMY

It runs in the family.
(beat)
Smoking the Priest, taking the safe, that took balls. It was stupid. But it took balls.

He points to Hank.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Then Henry told me that if a card game was mentioned, no matter where it was or what the circumstances, you guys would take it. Come right in and take it. I told him I didn't believe him. But you fellas proved me wrong.

Gehrig and Morris shrug at the same time.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JIMMY (CONT'D)

(in awe)

Amazing. You just blustered in there and took out the four greatest card players this city has to offer. Like they weren't even there. With a sack full of stolen money weighing on your minds. With blood on your hands. In a city you don't know. Incomprehensible.

He sits back down, shaking his head.

GEHRIG

I'm getting the feeling this is leading somewhere.

JIMMY

Let me tell you another story. A little history that might clear things up. Like I said, story-telling runs in the family.

Jimmy takes a deep breath.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

When I was sixteen, I was filing reports for a boss you might have heard of named Tony the Tiger. Somebody didn't pay his weekly dues, I filed a report. Somebody put his nose where he wasn't supposed to, I filed a report. Somebody pushed into the neighborhood, I filed a report. You get the idea. I was only sixteen, but I was taking care of business for the man who runs the biggest city in the world. You understand?

Morris and Gehrig exchange nods. They understand.

Jimmy opens his hands as he continues his story.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

So I get this call one day that a guy named Lazy Jake popped off to Tony's cousin. Tony wants me to file a report. "Sure," I tell him, cause that's what I do. Well, it turns out my little sister over here, Dee Dee...

He gestures over at Dee Dee, who blushes demurely. She really is extraordinarily pretty.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Well, she's like, let's see, seven or eight at the time...

(to Dee)Dee)

...which was it?

DEE DEE

Seven.

JIMMY

Yeah. Seven. Well, Dee Dee, says she wants to go roller skating.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

A seven-year-old girl, YOUNG DEE DEE, stands next to the curb holding a pair of roller skates over her shoulder by the laces. She has a pleading look on her face.

JIMMY (O.S.)

What am I going to say? She's got a face like an angel. I figure Lazy Jake's on the way to the roller rink. I can file my report while Dee Dee listens to music in the car, snap-crackle-pop, we're off to the rink. No problem.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

They drive side by side in the car. Young Dee Dee's happy as can be.

They pull up to the outside of a tenement building and a YOUNG JIMMY reaches into the back seat and chooses from a pile of aluminum baseball bats.

JIMMY (O.S.)

I tell her to sit right there and don't get out of the car. I tell her I'll be right back, this'll only take a minute. Just don't get out of the car. This is what I tell her.

The young version of Jimmy, satisfied that he's made his point to his little sister, grips the bat and moves into the tenement building.

CUT TO:

INT. TENEMENT BUILDING - DAY

The young Jimmy walks down the tile floor hallway past several doors until he gets to 115.

JIMMY (O.S)

Now everyone knows Lazy Jake is one of the laziest sons-of-bitches in all the land and that he's going to be sitting in his underwear in front of the TV watching The A Team when I show up. This is an easy one I figure. Easy as pie.

The young Jimmy knocks on the door with his free hand.

YOUNG JIMMY

Jake. I know you're in there. Open up and let's get this over with.

There's no answer.

JIMMY (O.S)

But no answer. What's going on? I should be curious, but my sister's down waiting in the car, and this isn't a great neighborhood you understand, and I want to get this over with. So I knock again.

Young Jimmy knocks again. Still no answer.

YOUNG JIMMY

Jake. Let's go...

Emerging like a shadow from the door directly behind him, a very agile Lazy Jake smashes into him. Before he knows it, Young Jimmy is on the ground and Lazy Jake is standing over him with the baseball bat.

YOUNG JIMMY (CONT'D)

Hey, Jake.

LAZY JAKE

I love it when a plan comes together.

Jake holds the bat up above his head.

JIMMY (O.S)

I'm done for, right? I played this guy lightly and I'm about to learn my first lesson, right?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The young Jimmy looks up at Lazy Jake standing over him.

YOUNG JIMMY
Go easy on me, okay?

LAZY JAKE
Sure.

Jake starts to wield the bat.

A sound gets him to turn his head. It's the sound of ROLLER SKATE WHEELS rolling down the tile hallway, ball bearings spinning madly.

Racing at them on roller skates is sweet-faced Young Dee Dee, a baseball bat two-fisted in her grip.

Just when Jake looks up at the sound of those skates, she swings the bat like Hank Aaron, POPPING the shit out of Jake's face. He goes down hard.

Young Jimmy springs up and grabs the other bat. He looks at his sister.

YOUNG JIMMY
Thanks.

She winks at him, cute as a button.

He glares down at Lazy Jake who's now in the position that he himself was just in.

LAZY JAKE
Go easy on me.

YOUNG JIMMY
Sure.

The last thing we see is Young Jimmy unloading that bat down on to Lazy Jake's skull as Young Dee Dee turns her head away, wincing.

BACK TO:

INT. JIMMY'S WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Jimmy folds his hands again.

JIMMY
So, boys, you can see how my sister helped me out there.

Dee Dee grins, proudly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Morris and Gehrig just sit there, not sure what to make of this story. There is a long, awkward pause.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Well, you can imagine how I felt. I'd do anything for her. Every year since then, I ask her, "Dee Dee, what can I do for you?" And every year, steady as clockwork, she says, "Nothing, Jimmy. Nothing."

He stands up moves around behind the two guys. Puts his hands on their shoulders.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

But this year, this year is different. On the twentieth anniversary of my sweet-faced seven-year-old little sister saving her big brother's ass, I say, "Dee Dee, what can I do for you?" And this year, she stops, looks around, and you know what she says?

Gehrig and Morris look at each other, shake their heads.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

She says, "Jimmy, I'd sure like to run Miami."

Jimmy pops them both on the shoulders with his hands.

Hank stands up as Sal pops open the boys' cuffs.

HANK

You boys want some breakfast?

INT. DENNY'S BREAKFAST BUFFET - DAY

Morris and Gehrig sit sandwiched in a large round booth. Jimmy, Hank and Dee Dee select food from the large buffet line about twenty yards away.

In quiet voices, the partners converse.

GEHRIG

What'dya make of this?

MORRIS

Thirty pages and loving it so far. He's right, though. They're pretty damn good storytellers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEHRIG

So we'll give 'em the Newberry award.
What's going on here?

MORRIS

I guess we're about to find out.

He nods ahead as the party slides into the booth, plates bursting with food. Dee Dee's plate is mainly fruit.

JIMMY

You guys ordering off the menu?

They nod.

HANK

(like they're idiots)
Everything you want's on the buffet.

GEHRIG

Yeah, we're menu guys.

JIMMY

Suit yourself.

Jimmy digs in.

GEHRIG

You were saying something about Miami.

JIMMY

Yeah. Like I was saying... by the way, did I introduce myself?

GEHRIG

(confused)
Uh... Hank's brother?

JIMMY

That's right. Hank's half-brother.
Jimmy Colletti.

This name means a lot, and it registers on Gehrig and Morris's collective faces.

GEHRIG

Oh, for God's sake.

MORRIS

I swear we didn't know.

Jimmy waves it off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JIMMY

Of course you didn't. Henry Huffman.
Jimmy Colletti. How could you know?

A WAITER comes up to the table with plates full of
pancakes for Gehrig and Morris.

Hank points at the pancakes. He just can't let it die.

HANK

(to the Boys)
You know they got short stacks over at
the buffet. All you can eat.

MORRIS

We're fine, thanks.

Jimmy talks while he shoves food in his mouth.

JIMMY

So here's the deal. Mikey Cello runs
Miami. Miami Mike. Now, both Miami
Mike and I report to one man and one
man only.

GEHRIG

Casper Ono.

JIMMY

Give the man a prize. The King of the
world. Casper Ono out of Chicago.
Now we're getting somewhere. Here's
the big picture. I don't like Miami
Mike, and he hates my guts and I could
care less. I try to run him down to
Ono every chance I get, I'm sure he
does the same. The difference is: I
don't have a gambling problem.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIALEAH HORSE TRACK - DAY

The camera zooms past flamingos in the infield like it is
airborne, flying past the finish line right as the 3
horse beats the 1 horse by a length, flying, flying up
through the grandstands, up, up, up to the corner suite,
up to an older MIAMI MIKE, hovering, stopping there,
picking up every turgid detail of the tan man's face as
his rage practically leaps into the camera, his grimacing
maniacally-twisted face, him sucking hard on his bleached
teeth, finally pushing in on his ticket as he tears it to
shreds.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JIMMY (V.O.)

Mike got a little risky on a horse named DEPOSITION. He'd been playing double-up, catch-up all day and lost his head. Lost a fortune, too. So many zeroes it would make your head spin.

CUT TO:

INT. HIALEAH HORSE STALLS - DAY

Two jockeys walk back through the stalls like they've just finished the race. The rider of Deposition is suddenly thrown into a room.

BACK TO:

INT. DENNY'S BREAKFAST BUFFET - DAY

The pancakes haven't been touched.

JIMMY

See the way to run the books is you take the bets, add 'em up, then make a bet to even your odds. You collect the juice, no risk no how. But Mikey, he's a bookie with a gambling problem. That's a bad thing.

CUT TO:

INT. BEATING ROOM AT HIALEAH - DAY

Mike is waiting for the jockey, still red with fury. Two guys hold the poor jockey down while Miami Mike goes to work on his head with a metal horseshoe.

JIMMY (V.O.)

He's layin' bets on top of the one's he's takin', leaving himself listing to one side. You lose a couple of those and pretty soon you start taking advances. Mikey owed every money man in Florida and he couldn't make good. This is news that gets around fast.

Each time he hits him, the horseshoe gets more and more covered with gore.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JIMMY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

So he had to call the one man who
could bail him out. Me.

CUT TO:

INT. JFK AIRPORT - DAY

Now, Jimmy walks between Gehrig and Morris. Dee Dee and brother Hank flank them as they make their way through the airport. A few steps behind is the Japanese guy. The story hasn't stopped from when they were dining at Denny's.

JIMMY

He got into me good. And I had him. I mean, I had him by the short nubbies. One more week and a call to Casper Ono and I got no problem settin' up my sweet sister Dee Dee to take his place. It fell right into my lap. But he made it, after all. Scored on a huge Cuban deal, just in the nick of time. Wiggled right off the goddamn hook, when it was so close I could taste it. But that's okay. See, this Saturday is Canes Fest.

They round the corner and Hank hands them tickets to Miami.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Casper Ono is a big University of Miami backer. He went there for a semester in the 60's until he found out they didn't have classes in breaking fingers. But he never misses a football game, and every spring we meet down there for the spring scrimmage. Which is this Saturday. And every Canes Fest Mikey and I gotta pay the yearly dues. Five million to be exact. And this year, Mikey Cello can just barely make his payment. For now.

He smacks his hands together.

They've made it to a line leading to a gate. It's as though Gehrig and Morris's feet are compelling them ever forward.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JIMMY (CONT'D)

See, he's still got that little gambling problem and I need a couple of no-name guys to take those five big ones from him. I mean, clean him out. In one week. You two are just the guys for the job. Good luck.

GEHRIG

(bewildered)

That's it?

JIMMY

(pleased)

That's it.

Dee Dee hands over a ticket to the GATE GIRL and marches up the tunnel ahead of them.

MORRIS

She's coming with us?

JIMMY

(still pleased)

That's right. See you Friday.

GEHRIG

Wait. What's in this for us?

This stops Jimmy in his tracks. After a moment, he decides Gehrig must have been joking and laughs.

They are practically pushed by the other passengers up the tunnel, both of them looking as though the breakfast they didn't eat hasn't settled.

EXT. JFK AIRPORT - DAY

Their plane climbs into the great blue yonder.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

The camera passes Dee Dee in first class, contentedly reading a magazine and sipping on a pi-a colada. It continues back to find the guys asleep with their mouths open in the rear of the plane, an open seat between them.

LATER:

The drink cart rolls past them, bumping them awake and they realize that Dee Dee has plopped down in the seat between them, still thumbing through her magazine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She puts down the reading material.

DEE DEE
You boys up?

They both nod.

DEE DEE (CONT'D)
Good. I was getting bored. So, tell me about yourselves. How did you meet? Pool hall? Craps game?

They try and shake themselves awake.

GEHRIG
We were in grad school together.

DEE DEE
(impressed)
Grad school? Now, that's interesting. What were you studying?

GEHRIG
Well, I was studying English Literature and Morris over here was studying film.

DEE DEE
(fascinated, to Morris)
Film school? How was that?

MORRIS
(shaking his head)
It was all theory bullshit. Never even got to put film in a camera.

DEE DEE
Bummer.

MORRIS
(impressed with himself)
Not really. That's what you have an A.C. for.

DEE DEE
So you guys made a film?

GEHRIG
Oh, yeah.

FLASH: A very bad looking film featuring a blind guy with wings and a seeing eye dog as he leads around a much younger Gehrig.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DEE DEE
(laughing)
What was it about?

GEHRIG
We did this thing where... what if
Cupid, who was really a Greek god,
really was still around, but no one
believed in him anymore, and he was
this old blind guy...

DEE DEE
Blind?

FLASH: The old blind guy with wings puts young Gehrig's
hand into the hand of a pretty young girl.

GEHRIG
Yeah. Love is blind.

DEE DEE
Oh, okay. I'm with you.

GEHRIG
Yeah. Anyway, he had six weeks to
make these two crazy kids fall in love
and if he did, he would get his
eyesight back.

FLASH: The old man takes off his dark glasses, blinks
into the camera. He can see! You can almost taste the
saccharine.

DEE DEE
That's sweet.

MORRIS
It blew.

DEE DEE
(disappointed)
Really?

GEHRIG
Yeah, it was terrible. I played the
young guy if that tells you anything.
My Medieval professor who couldn't act
his way out of a paper bag was the
blind guy. We lost all our money.
Which wasn't much to begin with.

(CONTINUED)

DEE DEE
And that turned you to a life of
crime?

MORRIS
Pretty much.

GEHRIG
It was a natural progression from
Hollywood.

DEE DEE
(pleasantly amazed)
That's amazing. Where'd you get the
cupid idea?

GEHRIG
I wrote my thesis on Greek mythology.
Tragedy, death, et cetera.

MORRIS
Offscreen violence.

DEE DEE
What?

GEHRIG
It's nothing.

MORRIS
(smiling)
Yeah, it's nothing.

DEE DEE
Spill it.

MORRIS
We made another movie for the Spanish
video market. Gehrig thought it would
be 'artsy' to have all the violence
offscreen, just like a Greek play.
(beat)
Saved money too.

DEE DEE
Sounds cool.

GEHRIG
Tell it to the distributor.

DEE DEE
Maybe I will. I have a second cousin
who works in Hollywood.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

The pilot's voice comes over the speakers.

PILOT (V.O.)
Attention, passengers. We are making
our initial descent into the Miami
area...

DEE DEE
Well, I better strap in for the
landing.

She squeezes both their arms.

DEE DEE (CONT'D)
We'll grab a bite once we're on the
ground. Get you guys started right.

She's off, up the aisle. She's still as cute as a
button. Even more than when she was seven. Gehrig
watches her go, smitten.

Morris catches him.

MORRIS
Don't even think about it.

GEHRIG
(defensively)
What?

MORRIS
Trouble with a capital...pow.

He puts a finger "gun" to his head and pulls the trigger
when he says, "pow."

GEHRIG
She's harmless.

MORRIS
Give her a Louisville Slugger and some
roller skates. See how harmless she
is.

The plane lands.

CUT TO:

EXT. OCEAN FRONT RESTAURANT - DAY

They eat Cuban sandwiches at a picnic table on a deck
overlooking the ocean.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEE DEE
Smell that ocean.

GEHRIG
It's great.

DEE DEE
The best. That, right there, is why I
can't live anywhere else, my friends.

Morris can't get enough of his sandwich.

MORRIS
(mouth full)
Teh uth about you.

GEHRIG
Chew your food for Christ's sake.

MORRIS
Sorry.
(swallows, to Dee Dee)
Tell us about you. Did you always
want to run Miami?

DEE DEE
Pssh. No.

She snorts.

DEE DEE (CONT'D)
Hell, I grew up watching L.A. Law and
The Verdict and Debra Winger in Legal
Eagles. I wanted to be a lawyer so
bad I was crazy with it. Get my power
suit, my little brief case, have some
style to go with my substance, wow 'em
in the courtroom. You know, put the
bad guys away, the whole nine yards.
That was my dream.

MORRIS
(mouth full again)
What hap-nd?

DEE DEE
Ahhhh. What can you do? Jimmy
thought I was too good at killing
people.

Gehrig chokes on his sandwich.

(CONTINUED)

DEE DEE (CONT'D)
(unfazed)

See...

She taps her head.

DEE DEE (CONT'D)
...I was smart about it. Did my research, used my wiles, delivered the blow when my mark was the most vulnerable. Prepared myself. Whatever it took. Believe me, guys, this business is full of idiots. It wasn't difficult at all, bumping losers off. So, I excelled, and Jimmy didn't want me to give it up.

GEHRIG
That's thoughtful of him.

DEE DEE
You're patronizing me now.

GEHRIG
Not if it means you're going to shoot me.

DEE DEE
Maybe later.

MORRIS
What about the Japanese fellow?
What's his story?

DEE DEE
Sal? I'm so glad you asked.

GEHRIG
Why's that?

DEE DEE
Because that's a story you won't believe.

MORRIS
After the last 24 hours you'd be surprised.

DEE DEE
Sal's from Kobe. Japan.

GEHRIG
Figured as much.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DEE DEE

Where he was a beef massager. He massaged live steers to keep the meat tender. All these Kobe steers eat is grain and beer. And they get massaged all day.

FLASH: CLOSE ON a YOUNGER SAL, sitting in the plushest cow pen you've ever seen, massaging the side of a steer, empty bottles of beer all around. He's looking at the steer with love...

MORRIS

What?

DEE DEE

Yep. And the meat is 300 bucks a pound. The story goes Sal got so attached to his steer he stole it and set it free. We hired him when he got out of college.

MORRIS

Makes me hungry.

GEHRIG

I don't believe it.

DEE DEE

I told you.

CUT TO:

EXT. MIAMI STREET - DAY

Dee Dee is behind the wheel of a red convertible Fiat; Gehrig in the passenger seat; Morris taking up the whole back.

The car is stopped in front of one of those streets that rises up to let boats pass through.

MORRIS

So what now?

DEE DEE

I'm glad you asked.

MORRIS

'Cause I feel like Gehrig and I are being a little reactive here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEE DEE
What'dya mean?

GEHRIG
It's movie-speak.

MORRIS
Ever since the card game at Logan's
joint, we've just been compelled to go
with the flow.

GEHRIG
Ignore him.

MORRIS
I just feel like we should be more
proactively involved in the planning
from here on out. It'll make us more
interesting.

Dee Dee eyes him in the rear-view.

DEE DEE
I respect that. How about if I lay
out the details and you two come up
with the plan?

GEHRIG
You really don't need to...

MORRIS
(interrupting)
That would be great.

The boat starts to make its way through the street in
front of them.

DEE DEE
Okay, here's the deal.

CUT TO:

EXT. DECK OF THE FOUR SEASON'S HOTEL - DAY

The threesome sit on the luxurious deck of this amazing
hotel, thirty floors up, overlooking the water.

Morris and Gehrig smoke cigars. Dee Dee is in a bikini,
sunning herself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEE DEE

To get into the game with Miami Mike, you're going to have to earn your way in.

MORRIS

Okay.

DEE DEE

That means you're going to have to get into a game with Mike's cousin, Willie the Stump.

MORRIS

I follow you. We beat the Stump, Miami Mike wants to play the hotshot newcomers.

DEE DEE

Wrong. You dump to the Stump. You dump big. You dump so bad that your plaintive cries of submission can be heard all the way in Cleveland.

GEHRIG

(impressed)

Plaintive cries of submission.

DEE DEE

You like that, writer boy?

GEHRIG

Yeah, actually.

Morris nods, seeing it.

MORRIS

Okay. I'm with you now. Miami Mike likes the suckers.

DEE DEE

Exactly. Only suckers get in to his games. He's been taking money from some guy in a wheelchair for fifteen years. Mike's game is always at the Red Velvet.

MORRIS

The Red Velvet?

DEE DEE

His gaming joint.
(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DEE DEE (cont'd)
 But whenever Ono comes in town, Mike has it at the Orange Bowl so Casper can stare out at the field, thinking of games past...

GEHRIG
 Awww...

DEE DEE
 I know. Makes me misty too.

CUT TO:

INT. STEAK RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Now, they are dressed up and stylish, eating steaks in this white table-cloth restaurant. Dee Dee is the most beautiful woman in the entire place.

GEHRIG
 So Jimmy's going to provide the dough for us to dump to the Stump?

Dee Dee shakes her head.

DEE DEE
 Uh-uh. Miami Mike is.

Gehrig and Morris exchange confused looks. Dee Dee's eyes sparkle.

DEE DEE (CONT'D)
 (to Morris)
 Okay, Mr. Proactive. Here's where you get a chance to shine. We're gonna rob Miami Mike, hurt him a little bit, and use his own money to dump to the Stump. We can't steal the whole five mil, that's what you're going to do when you play him. But it'll still sting. The trick is in the robbing. How do we part the fool from his money? That's what still needs a plan.

MORRIS
 Give me the details.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE OCEAN - DAY

The camera sweeps over the ocean, before it finally catches up to an enormous yacht.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEE DEE (V.O.)

Miami Mike only trusts his money to an accountant by the name of Jose Ramirez.

The camera sweeps over the bow of the yacht, pushes past some armed Mexican guards.

DEE DEE (CONT'D)

Ramirez holds most of his cash, pays all his bills, keeps all his records, etcetera, etcetera.

The camera moves from the deck of the boat, down a stair case, down a long corridor, turns a corner, pushes open two huge brown doors, and stops in front of a desk where a small Hispanic man, JOSE RAMIREZ, records numbers on a ledger.

DEE DEE (CONT'D)

Now, here's the interesting part. Ramirez lives on a boat out in the middle of the Atlantic. The boat never docks, the boat never stops moving, and Ramirez never leaves it.

BACK TO:

INT. STEAK RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The dessert is served.

MORRIS

(intrigued)

He never leaves it?

DEE DEE

Never.

GEHRIG

How's he get supplies?

DEE DEE

Ahh.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE OCEAN - DAY

The back of the Yacht splits in half to reveal a small powerboat. Ramirez's son, FILIPE, steers the smaller boat backwards out of the yacht and out to the open sea.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEE DEE

He has a powerboat docked inside the yacht. Once a week, his only son Filipe, the only man Ramirez trusts, meets with suppliers on a Miami dock. There they exchange sundries.

Filipe guides the boat up to a dock where five men await his approach.

DEE DEE (CONT'D)

It's the same five suppliers every time, it's a different dock every time, and if anything at all is fishy, the boat just doesn't come ashore. Besides, these suppliers have been doing it for years, they know who holds the purse strings and they're not about to try anything funny.

Filipe tosses one of the suppliers a rope and they pull the boat up to the dock. Sundries are exchanged.

BACK TO:

EXT. STEAK RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Gehrig, Morris and Dee Dee wait outside the restaurant for the valet parker to bring up the Fiat.

MORRIS

(perplexed)

Hmm.

GEHRIG

How do the suppliers know where to meet the boat?

DEE DEE

Phone calls thirty minutes before.

GEHRIG

How do they know what to bring?

DEE DEE

Phone calls three hours before.

GEHRIG

(equally perplexed)

Hmm.

CUT TO:

INT. GEHRIG AND MORRIS'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Gehrig and Morris lie in separate beds in the dark room, each with both eyes wide open, each churning it over in their heads, trying to come up with a plan.

INT. DEE DEE'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Dee Dee answers a knock on her door, wearing a white Hotel robe, like she just took a shower. Man, does she look good.

She's pleased to let in Morris and Gehrig, who look like they haven't slept but are smiling smiles that say they have worked something out.

DEE DEE
Let's hear it.

MORRIS
What's his vice?

Dee Dee smiles.

GEHRIG
What's he do on the side that Miami Mike doesn't know about? Gambling, drugs, whoring? What is it?

Dee Dee keeps smiling.

MORRIS
(knowing)
It's a whore.

Dee Dee doesn't say anything, just smiles sweetly.

MORRIS (CONT'D)
You already had this figured out, didn't you?

DEE DEE
You wanted to be proactive.

CUT TO:

EXT. MIAMI STREET - NIGHT

A half-Cuban, half-Asian hooker, MARIANELLA CHO, walks bustilly down the street. There is no mistake from the leopard outfit and fake boobies: she's a street-walker.

She carries a sack of groceries.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEE DEE (V.O.)

Jose has a recurring hard-on for this half-Cuban, half-Asian hooker named Marianella Cho.

Marianella rounds the corner and hikes up some cement stairs into an apartment building.

INT. MARIANELLA CHO'S SLEAZY APARTMENT HALLWAY - DAY

She climbs three flights of stairs, groceries bouncing in the sack.

DEE DEE (V.O.)

After Filipe picks up the supplies, he heads a couple of miles up the North Shore to pick Cho up for a little father-son gang bang. She gets the same phone call, thirty minutes before.

When Marianella arrives at her hallway, she rounds the corner and big Morris is waiting for her by her door, a deck of cards in his hands.

MORRIS

Would you like to see a card trick?

Marianella Cho stops in her tracks, scared.

A grinning Gehrig and a delighted Dee Dee step in behind her, and it quickly dawns on Marianella that she is, indeed, fucked.

INT. MARIANELLA CHO'S SLEAZY APARTMENT - NIGHT

Marianella Cho stares nervously at the phone, while Morris and Dee Dee play cards in the background.

DEE DEE

Hit me.

Morris gives her twenty-one. Dee Dee claps.

DEE DEE (CONT'D)

Twenty-one!

Gehrig sits across from the hooker in a chair, a gun in his lap. He's watching her patiently. The impression is that they've been waiting here for a long time.

The phone rings, and everyone snaps to life.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARIANELLA CHO

Oh!

Gehrig quickly slides over and puts the gun right square in the middle of Cho's forehead. He nods.

She picks up the phone, shaking with fear.

MARIANELLA CHO (CONT'D)

Bueno.

She listens for a second and sets the receiver back in the cradle.

GEHRIG

So?

Marianella gives one timid nod.

EXT. SMALL HARBOR - NIGHT

Filipe steers the powerboat, loaded with supplies, towards the docks.

From his vantage point, he can see the figure of Marianella Cho in her leopard outfit, beckoning him over. He waves to her, kills the motor.

As the boat drifts closer and closer, Filipe realizes it's not Marianella, it's someone else, by God, wearing Marianella's clothes.

At the same moment, Gehrig and Morris open fire from where they hide, hanging underneath the dock. BLAM! BLAM! Bye bye, Filipe.

EXT. THE OCEAN - NIGHT

Gehrig (in Filipe's clothes), Dee Dee (in the hooker's clothes) and Morris (in his own clothes) race the boat through the open sea, zeroing in on an enormous yacht.

Morris yells out to Gehrig over the roar of the wind.

MORRIS

(loudly)

Kaiser Soze in the Usual Suspects!

reverse

GEHRIG

What?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MORRIS

Kaiser Soze! Another unreliable
~~non-reliable,~~
 Yeah! Exactly!

MORRIS

(yells to Dee)Dee))
 How reliable are you, Dee Dee?

... but she can't hear over the roar of the engine.

DEE DEE

What?

Gehrig shakes his head at Morris. He understands.

GEHRIG

You better get down.

Morris peers across the bow and spots the lights of the yacht on the horizon.

He gives Gehrig the thumbs up and moves to the back of the boat where the supplies are tied down under a tarp. He tosses out a couple of cases of beer and wiggles his way under the canopy, filling the space that he just cleared.

They make it to the yacht and a couple of goons on the boat wave down to them from the deck. Of course, they are too far away to sense any wrong-doing, and sure enough, the back end of the yacht splits in half and opens.

INT. THE MOTORBOAT HANGAR - NIGHT

They park the boat, and Morris emerges from his hiding place and draws his guns.

Lightly at first, and growing louder and louder over the next two minutes, CUBAN BIG BAND MUSIC that sounds like it is coming right out of the Buena Vista Social Club starts to play.

Dee Dee also two-fists a pair of pistols. Gehrig nods and pulls his own piece.

GEHRIG

How many men does he have?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEE DEE
I don't know.

GEHRIG
(annoyed)
Objection, your honor. You knew
everything else about this boat.

DEE DEE
Over-ruled.

She pushes past him, off the motorboat and on to a side
plank.

CUT TO:

INT. JOSE RAMIREZ'S OFFICE ON THE BOAT - NIGHT

For the next minute and a half, the camera stays tight on
Jose Ramirez, following him around like it's his own
personal STEADICAM. Offscreen action at its best. First
we see him...

...sitting behind his desk, marking in the ledger.

We hear a door open and he looks up, but we stay right on
him.

HISPANIC VOICE (O.S.)
They're here, boss.

...he nods into the camera and we hear the door close
again.

He finishes writing, mumbling numbers to himself, and
closes the ledger. The CAMERA STAYS RIGHT ON HIM.

He stands up from behind his desk and cracks his
knuckles. The big band MUSIC gets louder and louder.

He does a little tango step and turns and moves over to a
bar. Pouring himself a shot of Bourbon, the CAMERA STAYS
RIGHT ON HIM.

He downs the shot, and turns back to where some Coke sits
on a glass next to all the bottles. He's down with that
too, so he picks up a straw and blows a line.

From there, the CAMERA FOLLOWS HIM across the huge office
to a light switch. There are some couches and a king-
sized bed in here, and he passes them as he goes, but the
CAMERA STAYS RIGHT ON HIM.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The light switch has a roll knob on it, and Ramirez dims the lights until he gets them just right.

The MUSIC is really blaring now. The camera moves with him from the light switch back over to his desk, doing another tango step as he goes. He spins, leans against his desk, facing the doors, folding his arms, waiting.

Ramirez thinks he's about to get laid and that look of anticipation is registered like a stamp on his face.

But then that face turns to puzzlement as he hears a couple of GUN SHOTS off-screen. Still the CAMERA STAYS WITH HIM.

RAMIREZ

Esteban?

No answer. Another GUN SHOT off-screen, this one much louder, followed by a piercing SCREAM.

RAMIREZ (CONT'D)

(louder)

Esteban!

Ramirez's face has broken into a cold sweat and his breathing is labored. He suddenly sprints behind his desk, the Cuban music playing out of control, the CAMERA STAYING WITH HIM.

He tries to open a desk drawer and snatch up a revolver, but we hear his DOOR BEING KICKED IN and he drops the gun.

He lurches up from his desk, the CAMERA STAYING WITH HIM, and holds both his hands high. Sheer terror is etched in every crease on his face.

Slowly the camera moves closer and closer into that face.

RAMIREZ (CONT'D)

Please. I don't. What do you?
Please.

The loudest GUN SHOT yet.

At the sound of the blast, Ramirez's face instantly drops out of the frame as though he fell through a trap-door, revealing a framed picture of Ramirez and two UNIDENTIFIED MEN at Hurricanes football game. A hand reaches in and grabs it.

The MUSIC STOPS. The screen FADES TO BLACK.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Five seconds pass. When it FADES BACK IN, we are...

INT. LOBBY OF THE RITZ CARLTON HOTEL - DAY

...in the lobby of the Ritz Carlton. Dee Dee, looking stunning in an evening gown, sits between Gehrig and Morris on a huge white couch. The fellas are now both wearing tailored suits. Morris has a cut over his eye, covered with a bandage. We can only wonder how it got there.

He makes an Ace of Spades jump all around a deck of cards.

A briefcase sits at Gehrig's feet.

DEE DEE

So how did you guys get into cards?

GEHRIG

You wouldn't believe it in a million years.

DEE DEE

Try me.

GEHRIG

You really want to hear this?

DEE DEE

I really do.

Gehrig lets out a deep breath.

GEHRIG

After our money ran out and with our
Hollywood dreams pretty much dashed to pieces, Morris and I moved into a three-bedroom apartment with a magician and his monkey.

DEE DEE

You're kidding me.

GEHRIG

Cross my heart. The guy was barely breathing, he was so old. Apparently, he used to have his own vaudeville act in the Thirties and Forties before TV came along and put him out of business.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEE DEE
Fascinating.

GEHRIG
I got a picture of him.

DEE DEE
You don't!

GEHRIG
I do.

He fishes out his wallet, removes a folded head-shot, and hands it to Dee Dee. An elderly magician's face peers out from the picture. A monkey clings to his neck.

The caption reads: The Great Wazoo.

DEE DEE
Oh, my God!

She hands it back, laughing.

GEHRIG
Yeah. Anyway, we were kind of out of work and this guy was about to keel over at any time, so he offered to teach us the basics. Palming cards, ribbed cards, Svengali decks, the works. Morris proved to be a quick study.

Morris shuffles the deck with one hand.

DEE DEE
I see that.

GEHRIG
So one thing lead to another, and we came up with this plan to put his skills to use. You know, until we made it big writing movies. We started to seek out every cheater in Southern California, harassing them until they'd show us their moves. We even came up with quite a few new ones ourselves. It was a great combination, magic and cheating at cards. Pretty soon, we started making some money.

DEE DEE
When did guns enter the equation?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GEHRIG

Quickly. You'd be surprised at the looks of some of these...

Dee Dee's attention is diverted from his story to an extremely short guy walking their way.

DEE DEE

(cutting him off)
Here he comes.

GEHRIG

(under his breath)
The Stump.

He snatches up the briefcase and stands with the other two.

WILLY THE STUMP

(pleased)
Dee Dee!

WILLY THE STUMP can't be more than four foot nine. He wears a very dapper suit, is sort of handsome, and walks like a weeble-wobble. His pale skin is not made for Miami, but you'd never know that from his bad Cuban accent. Dee Dee bends over and lets him kiss her cheek.

He was one of the men in the picture on the accountant's boat.

DEE DEE

Hey, Willy.

WILLY THE STUMP

Whas' up baby?

DEE DEE

These are the guys I told you about.

WILLY THE STUMP

You the Houston guys who think they got some game?

GEHRIG

We're just on a little vacation from the heat, ready to pass a little time.

WILLY THE STUMP

(staring at Dee)Dee))
Any friend of Dee Dee's is a friend of mine.

(re: Dee)Dee))

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

WILLY THE STUMP (cont'd)
Damn I'd like to spread you on a
muffelata and eat you up.

DEE DEE
(ignoring him)
These guys aren't my friends.

She pulls Willy close.

DEE DEE (CONT'D)
Slippy Coombs in Houston-

WILLY THE STUMP
Slippy Coombs? That guy owes me 50
large.

DEE DEE
(slyly)
Maybe this is his way of paying you
back.

Willy gets a huge grin on his face.

DEE DEE (CONT'D)
He also said it would be a good idea
if Babs were invited.

Willy claps his hands together.

WILLY THE STUMP
Les' play!

EXT. WILLY'S HOUSE - DAY

Willy's beautiful joint has a gazebo that hangs out over
the bay. Water laps at the rocks as speed boats and wave
runners race by. It's all decorated in bright Cuban
colors.

INT. GAZEBO - DAY

In the middle of the room is a green felt table, cards
and chips spread out like hors-d'oeuvres. Willy sucks on
a big Cuban cigar while sizing up Gehrig and Morris.

Dee Dee lays on the deck nearby, half reading a magazine
and half listening in.

WILLY THE STUMP
So, tell me, how you fellas know
Slippy Coombs.

GEHRIG
Odd jobs. This n' that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Gehrig and Morris exchange glances, Morris plays along.

MORRIS

Yeah. We've done some jobs for him.

Willy tries to not react by puffing his stogie, but the boys catch his glance at Dee Dee.

WILLY THE STUMP

Were you in on the Galveston deal?

MORRIS

Nah. We were outta the country.

WILLY THE STUMP

Really.

(beat)

You don't know Slippery Coombs, do you?

The boys looks at Dee Dee, who just shrugs.

MORRIS

No.

WILLY THE STUMP

(to Dee)Dee))

What's going on here?

DEE DEE

I met these guys two days ago at the hotel. They said they were looking for some action.

WILLY THE STUMP

They've found it.

GEHRIG

What are we waiting for, anyway?

WILLY THE STUMP

My partner.

MORRIS

Partner?

WILLY THE STUMP

I'm a spades player.

The boys try to take it all in stride.

Willy smiles as a speed boat races up to the dock, which is driven by a chiseled man, and a hideous woman.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

She's BABS, the highest of high in Miami society. He is IAN, her mimbo.

The Stump gets up to greet them, and couldn't be more pleased. Babs pays no attention to Dee Dee.

WILLY THE STUMP (CONT'D)

Babs, we got some real players here. Couple 'a guys from Houston. At first they said they were friends with Slippy Coombs.

BABS

Slippy Coombs? That guys owes me 75 large.

WILLY THE STUMP

Then they changed their story. But from the looks of 'em, I'm guessing they're a couple of real card sharps.

Babs eyes Willy suspiciously.

BABS

(to Ian)
Come on.

Ian sets her up in a chair and begins to lay out her chips.

WILLY THE STUMP

Fellas, this is Babs Carrington. You ever drink out of a straw?

They both nod.

BABS

I made it.

WILLY THE STUMP

She makes straws.

MORRIS

No kidding.

WILLY THE STUMP

(re: Ian)
And this is... Bart?

IAN

Ian.

BABS

Bart was last week.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

WILLY THE STUMP

(to the boys)

Bart was last week. This is Ian.

IAN

How you doin'?

GEHRIG

Are you into straws also?

BABS

He's into fuckin'. Let's play.

ON THE DECK, LATER:

Dee Dee stirs from a nap and stands to take a look at the table. The sun is starting to set and she pulls a sweater around her.

Morris and Gehrig sit across from each other, Morris staring intently at his hand. He keeps grabbing a card, then putting it back.

Ian is giving Babs a neck massage.

Finally Morris makes a decision and throws a 6 of hearts on the table. Gehrig lets his head fall back in disgust as Babs drops a 3 of spades on top of it.

Gehrig and Willy both drop hearts on the pile as Babs rakes the cards with her perfect nails.

GEHRIG

(to Morris)

Are you paying attention at all?

MORRIS

What?

GEHRIG

Your head is so far up your ass I bet you can see breakfast.

BABS

Hey, hey...

GEHRIG

You just saw her trump the Stump here. What's with the heart?

BABS

Table talk! Table talk!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEHRIG

(dismissing Babs)

I don't give a shit about your table talk rule. You've got this one won.

Willy is doing some calculations on a pad.

WILLY THE STUMP

He's right. That's ten-thousand.

MORRIS

Dollars?

WILLY THE STUMP

Points. We said 25 a point. That's 250. Large.

GEHRIG

Sweet Jesus.

WILLY THE STUMP

Shall we continue?

GEHRIG

(to Morris)

What'd we clear yesterday?

MORRIS

On the boat?

Gehrig gives Morris anther 'man you're an idiot' look, then nods.

MORRIS (CONT'D)

Almost five.

Gehrig sits back in his chair.

GEHRIG

(to Willy)

We're done.

BABS

What boat?

GEHRIG

Nothing. A Puerto Rican Cruise ship. Morris had a run at the black jack tables.

BABS

For half a million? Whoo.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MORRIS

And we found a Hold 'em game. Some English dudes.

BABS

Uh-huh.

Babs and Willy aren't buying this.

GEHRIG

(to Morris)

Pay him.

Morris pops open his suitcase and counts out 5 stacks of bills.

MORRIS

I really thought this was going to be our week.

He slides the money over to the Stump.

As soon as he does, three GOONS emerge from the house and show up on the gazebo. Each has a machine pistol tucked conspicuously into his jacket.

WILLY THE STUMP

We'll take the rest too.

MORRIS

Of what?

WILLY THE STUMP

The five.

GEHRIG

Go to hell.

DEE DEE

Willy! This is a friendly game.

WILLY THE STUMP

Who said anything about friends. My understanding is you just met 'em.

(to the boys)

Where is it?

The Goons step closer.

The boys look at each other and know they are fucked. Morris lays out the rest of the money. A stack almost as big as the first.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BABS

Lemme in on that action.

WILLY THE STUMP

Fuck you, Marla Maples. Get back in your boat and I'll call you next week.

Babs starts to protest, looks at Ian, who is useless, and stands to leave.

Willy nods to the Goons who grab the boys and roughly throw them into another boat, a fishing net on top of them.

WILLY THE STUMP (CONT'D)

Teach them some manners.

One goon drives the boat as the other two start to waylay the boys in the back.

All Dee Dee can do is watch from the dock, horrified.

CUT TO:

BLACK.

Only LAPPING WAVES and children's VOICES.

FADE UP on Morris' POV of Gehrig face down in the rocks. Everything is dark except for streams of light coming in from above. Morris struggles to move but he's wedged in pretty tight. Wherever he is.

MORRIS

Gehrig. Gehrig.

No answer or movement. Morris looks down and surveys the situation.

They are both face down on a pile of seaweed covered rocks. Morris kicks his feet and feels water. He cranes his neck down and figures out where they are: Stuffed under a dock.

MORRIS (CONT'D)

Fuck.

Above them are the wooden planks of the dock. Morris is able to turn and reach a hand to Gehrig and give him a shake.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MORRIS (CONT'D)

Gehrig. You okay? We gotta get outta here.

Morris notes his wet feet, and the waves breaking and retreating at his shoulders.

MORRIS (CONT'D)

I think the tide is coming in.

Morris is able to move some rocks out from under him, and get over to Gehrig.

MORRIS (CONT'D)

Come on man. Help me out here.

He flips Gehrig over, listens for some breath. He's alive.

MORRIS (CONT'D)

Let's go, bro. We're running out of breathing room here.

Another wave breaks up near his neck. Morris tries to splash some of the water on Gehrig's face. Gehrig starts to move, and GROAN.

MORRIS (CONT'D)

That's it. Come on, pal. We gotta get out of here.

GEHRIG

Fuck.

Morris starts moving rocks out of the way, trying to give Gehrig room to move.

Another wave rolls up, chin high.

GEHRIG (CONT'D)

My fuckin' head.

MORRIS

We're going to have to swim for it.

GEHRIG

No way. Leave me here.

MORRIS

Fuck you, come on. Next wave we swim out and stay near the bottom. Follow me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GEHRIG

I won't make it. I think I got some
busted ribs.

A wave comes in.

MORRIS

Come on.

He pulls Gehrig with him, who cries out in pain. The two
kick free and roll out with the wave.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Dee Dee's Fiat zips into the lot near the beach. Next to
the public restrooms sit Morris and Gehrig, wet, dirty,
bloody, tired, pissed...

INT. GEHRIG AND MORRIS'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Gehrig lays on the bed, clean, Dee Dee taping his ribs.
Morris sits out on the deck, a scotch in his non-bandaged
hand. Both of their faces look like over-ripe plums.

Gehrig is hurting, but he's enjoying the attention from
Dee Dee even more. They are speaking in tones just out
of Morris' earshot. He stares at the ocean, listening to
them talk. Dee Dee giggles and he can't take any more,
stands and goes in.

MORRIS

(quietly, to Dee)Dee))
You almost got us killed.

DEE DEE

I know. I'm sorry.

MORRIS

Who the fuck is Slippery Coombs?

DEE DEE

A guy. I didn't think-

MORRIS

Yeah. You didn't.

GEHRIG

Easy Morris. She fucked up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MORRIS

We were stuffed under a dock. I thought you were dead.

He hammers home his drink.

MORRIS (CONT'D)

What then? Huh?

A quiet hangs over the room.

MORRIS (CONT'D)

(to Dee Dee)

Look, I know we are kind of obligated to finish this. I don't wanna fuck with Jimmy. I like being alive. But- I don't know. That was fucked up.

GEHRIG

(to Dee Dee)

Let us talk.

Dee Dee nods and leaves. Morris turns and goes out to the deck. Gehrig rolls himself off the bed and takes some little bottles of scotch to the deck.

EXT. HOTEL DECK - CONTINUOUS

Gehrig fills Morris's glass with a little bottle, and cracks one for himself.

GEHRIG

Kind of rough on her, weren't you?

MORRIS

No. You need to get your head right.

GEHRIG

What are you talking about?

MORRIS

How do we know we can trust her? That's exactly what got us here.

GEHRIG

I don't see the choice.

MORRIS

We could hit the road.

GEHRIG

We wouldn't last a week.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MORRIS

I just can't help but think we're getting played. Hard. What if Jimmy is using us to take out Casper Ono?

GEHRIG

How you figure that?

MORRIS

I don't know, I'm just spitballing here, but...

(beat)

Jimmy sends us down here to take Mike's money, or not, it doesn't matter. Mike's on shaky sand as it is. Jimmy shows up here and in front of Casper he cleans us out. He's a hero, Dee Dee runs Miami, and we're shark food.

GEHRIG

Sort of like the Grifters meets Jaws.

(beat)

I just don't see it.

MORRIS

You don't want to.

GEHRIG

They played us before and now you're gun shy.

MORRIS

Ain't that the truth. We have no money, no plan, and no fucking clue who's up and who's down.

GEHRIG

This the big gloom?

MORRIS

I don't think we've even gotten there yet.

EXT. HOTEL RESAURANT - NEXT MORNING

Gehrig and Dee Dee are having breakfast at an open air restaurant. Morris ambles up. Both the boys' faces look better, but not much.

DEE DEE

Breakfast? You can order off the menu.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Morris sits, but he doesn't settle in.

MORRIS

I think I'm going to take the morning off. I need to think.

DEE DEE

It's Wednesday. Everyone arrives on Friday night. I don't know if you have time-

GEHRIG

He has time.
(to Morris)
Do what you gotta do.

Morris takes a piece of bacon off Gehrig's plate and leaves.

EXT. THE RED VELVET - DAY

Miami's attempt at Vegas by the sea, THE RED VELVET. Electric walkways cart in the South Beach Don Johnsons and their bright silk suits. Plastic babes show off their latest work in the smallest amount of clothing possible. It's Hollywood without the motivation.

Morris ambles in, checking out the scene. He makes his way to the...

JAI ALAI COURT:

Five hundred mostly empty seats are between Morris and the court, which is nearly 200 feet long and missing the wall facing the crowd. Four brightly colored players gracefully whiz the pelota at the granite walls. It's too early for much of a crowd, but not too early for Morris.

He stops at one of the many bars.

MORRIS

Scotch.

His beat up face catches the attention of a SECURITY GUARD who eyes him carefully.

Cocktail in hand, Morris takes a tour of the place. He walks past the betting terminals, the jai alai players all listed on the big board behind them.

Past the terminals is the...

POKER ROOM:

Thirty beautiful felt tables stand ready, all empty except one. Morris makes his way over, and finds the table filled with the hard-core players of South Florida. Who else would be playing at 10:30 on a Wednesday?

Morris checks out the security situation. No glass ceiling, but camera bubbles everywhere. He stops to watch the stud game. He's interested in one man in particular. MR. ROCKET.

VOICE

Is that him?

Morris turns to find a woman, late thirties, whispering over his shoulder.

WOMAN

Is that the Rocket?

MORRIS

Um-hmm.

WOMAN

He's so old.

Older than God and almost as smart, Mr. Rocket sits in a wheelchair staring blankly at the table. He conserves his energy, moving only to check his hole card and collect his chips.

MORRIS

He looks asleep.

Mr. Rocket gets a new deal, and checks his hole card.

MORRIS (CONT'D)

Mr. Rocket. What a shame.

WOMAN

You know him?

MORRIS

In the sixties he routinely took enough off Sinatra and Martin to never sleep anywhere but the top floor of the Sands. Until the big blackout.

FLASH: CLOSE ON a younger Rocket sitting at a poker table, grin on his face, about to rake the pot. The lights go out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WOMAN

Sounds like a story to me.

Morris chuckles.

MORRIS

Yeah, I guess you're right.

Sitting next to Mr. Rocket is a very tan man. We've seen him before. It's Miami Mike.

Mr. Rocket flips a card, starts to reach for the pot.

MIAMI MIKE

(loudly)

Cool your jets, Rocket.

Mike flips a six, filling an inside straight. He reaches for the money.

MIAMI MIKE (CONT'D)

(loudly)

Even in your day a straight beat three threes.

MR. ROCKET

Take it, Mike. Take it.

This gets Morris' attention, who realizes for the first time who the tan man is. He was the other man in the picture with the accountant at the football game.

Behind Mike stands a Greek God of a BLACK MAN, watching everyone else's every move.

The man playing across from Miami Mike gets up to leave. An open seat... Morris stares at the chair. No. Bad move. He turns to leave but the chair is looming, waiting, calling...

He turns back to take the seat.

SECURITY GUARD (O.S.)

Sir, could you please come with me?

A Guard stands behind Morris and the woman.

MORRIS

Why? What for?

SECURITY GUARD

Please.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

There is no saying no. Morris nods at the woman and follows the Guard.

CUT TO:

INT. PLUSH LUXURY BOX - DAY

Morris sits in an easy chair, watching the goings on the floor. Maraca music plays on the speakers and the jai alai seats and court are spread out far below. He absentmindedly fiddles with a deck of cards.

Standing behind him is the black Greek God, RONDELL JENKINS.

Rondell looks at Morris like a car mechanic looks at a housewife. Too easy.

Morris measures him.

MORRIS
You're Rondell Jenkins.

RONDELL
Yeah.

MORRIS
Played fullback for the Canes in the early nineties.

Rondell softens.

RONDELL
Yeah. Eighty-nine through ninety-five.

MORRIS
That's six years.

RONDELL
Something like that.

MORRIS
What happened?

RONDELL
ACL. Against Florida State my senior year.

MORRIS
Damn. That's a shame. What you been doing since?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RONDELL

Mostly this.

Morris nods, thinks the conversation is over, turns back to the jai alai game.

RONDELL (CONT'D)

Did some bodyguard work for Luther Campbell first. He helped me through school. Then Mike called. I'm head of his security.

MORRIS

Luther Campbell? 2 Live Crew?

RONDELL

One and the same.

MORRIS

He still singing?

RONDELL

(smiling)

Nasty as he wants to be.

Morris nods and the door busts open.

In comes Miami Mike. His leathery complexion announces 60 years of Florida sun and he's got a nasty habit of sucking his teeth. In his right hand are some photographs.

Mike and Rondell sit with Morris. Mike leafs through the pictures and sucks. After a moment he tosses the photos on the table. It's spread out are stills from the video cameras on the accounting boat. It's all the OFFSCREEN ACTION we didn't see. Gehrig and Morris on a killing spree. Dee Dee's face is never quite clear.

Finally...

MIAMI MIKE

(loudly)

You killed my accountant.

Morris eyes a photo of himself shooting a guy.

MORRIS

I look fat in this picture.

MIAMI MIKE

(loudly)

And stole from me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MORRIS

What? Yeah, that was us.

(beat)

You don't have to yell.

Suck, suck...

WHAM! Mike's fist slams down on the photos, cracking the table.

MIAMI MIKE

(still loud)

Where's my money!

MORRIS

Gone. Stolen. We got jumped.

MIAMI MIKE

For half a million dollars?

Mike is about to pop.

MORRIS

You should talk to the Stump about it.

MIAMI MIKE

Willie?

MORRIS

You're going to see more of that ugly Cuban art he's so fond of.

Mike eyes Morris, then nods to Rondell, who picks up the phone and dials. We don't hear his conversation.

MORRIS (CONT'D)

Look, you're being set up. My partner and I were hired to do it.

MIAMI MIKE

What? Who's setting me up?

MORRIS

I can't tell you that. Yet. But I'll help you if you promise not to hurt my partner.

MIAMI MIKE

(incredulously)

Help you! You owe me half a mil!
There's a good chance in three minutes
you'll be dead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MORRIS

I don't think so. You need me.

Miami Mike sucks.

MIAMI MIKE

Who's setting me up?

Morris sits back, deciding whether to tell him.

MORRIS

Jimmy Colletti. From New York.

This name burns a hole in the side of Mike's head.

MIAMI MIKE

How do you know this?

MORRIS

You hard of hearing? I just told you he hired me and my partner to do it. We're supposed to clean you out in front of Casper Ono this Friday. Make it so you can't make your payment.

Morris' finger lands on an obscured picture of Dee Dee.

MORRIS (CONT'D)

That's Jimmy's little sister. Dee Dee. She's down here leading the charge. Check me on this, but you would be fucked if you couldn't come through on Friday, would you not?

He would.

MORRIS (CONT'D)

Okay. Here's the deal. I work for you, but don't let Jimmy or Henry Hank or no one know I'm in on it. They think I'm still their guy, and I get to help you bring them down. In return, you let me and my partner go. Scot free. All chips cashed in.

Miami Mike let's it all sink in. Rondell hangs up the phone and returns.

MIAMI MIKE

How were you supposed to clean me out?

MORRIS

Poker.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

MIAMI MIKE

(snickers)

Naw. Can't lose that much in poker.

Morris picks up the deck of cards. He shuffles quickly but thoroughly and starts to deal.

Mike and Rondell each have five cards sitting in front of them.

MORRIS

Five draw. You two play. I'll deal.

MIAMI MIKE

(loudly)

What?

MORRIS

(loudly right back)

How many you want?

Mike looks at his cards. He's got three aces and two kings.

MIAMI MIKE

(smiling)

What's the bet?

RONDELL

I'm not betting.

MORRIS

I'll bet Rondell wins. Betcha a grand.

MIAMI MIKE

It's my own money your betting!

MORRIS

You don't wanna bet then...

MIAMI MIKE

I'm in.

Mike just can't resist.

MORRIS

How many you want?

MIAMI MIKE

I'm good.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

MORRIS
(to Rondell)
How bout you?

Rondell flips over an ace of hearts.

RONDELL
I'll take four new ones.

Morris quickly deals out four cards, which Rondell gathers up.

MORRIS
You wanna raise?

Mike is getting suspicious.

MIAMI MIKE
Check.

MORRIS
Let's throw in a steak sandwich.

MIAMI MIKE
(loudly)
Call.

CUT TO:

INT. RED VELVET DINING ROOM - DAY

Morris is pouring A1 all over a steak sandwich. Rondell is enjoying one too.

Mike sits across from them, Rondell's Royal Flush on the table staring him in the face.

Morris takes a huge bite.

MORRIS
(with his mouth full)
Damn, that's good beef. Kobe?

MIAMI MIKE
(preoccupied with the cards)
What?

MORRIS
I was wondering if this was Kobe beef.

RONDELL
(mouth full also)
Naw. Just top sirloin.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MORRIS

It's good.

RONDELL

I played with a guy who lived in Kobe.
Massaged cows.

MORRIS

You don't say.

RONDELL

He got attached to one and stole it.
Played for us in ninety then Casper
got him a job here in the states. Big
motherfucker.

Morris ponders this. Finally...

MORRIS

(to Miami Mike)

Well? We got a deal?

Mike just stares at the cards.

CUT TO:

EXT. SOUTH BEACH BOUTIQUE - DAY

Dee Dee talks on a cell phone, Gehrig watches the people
go by. Finally she hangs up.

DEE DEE

Come on.

She enters the boutique.

INT. SOUTH BEACH BOUTIQUE - CONTINUOUS

Dee Dee starts rifling through the sun dresses. She
picks one out and disappears into the little dressing
room. She doesn't close the curtain all the way, giving
Gehrig a pretty good view.

DEE DEE

(from the dressing room)

I told Jimmy about the Stump. I also
told him it was my fault.

GEHRIG

Is he pissed?

DEE DEE

Not at you. Can you zip this for me?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She turns her back to him, but Gehrig still has to enter the dressing room to get both hands on the zipper.

As soon as its zipped, Dee Dee turns. It's close in here, and getting closer.

DEE DEE (CONT'D)
Do you like it?

Gehrig is standing so close to her he couldn't see her dress if he wanted to.

GEHRIG
It's great. Everything is great.

She moves even closer.

DEE DEE
Are you sure?

GEHRIG
What do you mean?

Closer...

DEE DEE
Us.

GEHRIG
Us?

DEE DEE
Yeah. The team.

GEHRIG
Me, you and Morris?

Their lips are almost touching.

DEE DEE
Are we still a team?

GEHRIG
In what sense?

DEE DEE
Are we all on the same side?

GEHRIG
Are you questioning Morris?

DEE DEE
Do I need to?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Their lips touch, but they aren't kissing, not yet.

GEHRIG

No. No way. I trust him with everything I know.

DEE DEE

Can he trust you?

She kisses him. Gehrig lets it go, kisses back, then pulls his head back.

GEHRIG

What are you doing here, Dee Dee?

DEE DEE

Keeping the team together.

GEHRIG

Morris is on board. He was a little shaken up, but don't worry.

DEE DEE

Okay. I believe you.

Gehrig looks at her hard. She's good. Miami? Hell, this girl should run the world.

EXT. MIAMI STREET - DAY

Dee Dee's Fiat races into a bank parking lot. Gehrig sits in front and Morris in the back.

DEE DEE

I gotta sign some papers for a money transfer.

She heads inside, turning heads all the way. They can see her inside, talking to the teller.

Gehrig is facing straight ahead, but watching Morris through the side mirror.

GEHRIG

How we doing, pal?

MORRIS

What'dya mean?

GEHRIG

Are we good?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MORRIS

Yeah. Super good.

GEHRIG

Dee Dee took one for us with Jimmy and the money.

MORRIS

She should have.

GEHRIG

We're going to have Jimmy's nut at our disposal.

MORRIS

Perfect.

GEHRIG

Yeah?

MORRIS

Let's watch him sweat a little bit.

GEHRIG

Yeah.

Gehrig takes another look at Morris, who is just staring straight ahead.

Dee Dee emerges from the bank.

DEE DEE

Done.

She looks at Morris in the rear view mirror.

DEE DEE (CONT'D)

Where to?

MORRIS

Time to set up our game.

EXT. THE RED VELVET - AFTERNOON

The sun sets over Dee Dee's Fiat parked at the far end of the parking lot.

DEE DEE

You guys are on your own.

Dee Dee gives Gehrig's knee a little squeeze, which Morris notices.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEE DEE (CONT'D)
Be careful.

GEHRIG
Don't worry.

MORRIS
Let's go.

INT. THE RED VELVET - EARLY EVENING

Gehrig and Morris walk through the giant lobby and into the jai alai area.

The place is jumping now. Most of the seats are filled with PEOPLE CHEERING and CURSING the JAI ALAI PLAYERS equally.

GEHRIG
What are the chances these games are on the level?

MORRIS
Zero.

IN THE CASINO:

Morris and Gehrig watch the games. Baccarat, Euchre, Blackjack, and the game of Miami Mike: Five Card Stud.

The boys zero in on a big money game.

GEHRIG
I can't wait to bust whoever owns this joint and watch Jimmy hand Dee Dee the keys. Holy shit...

MORRIS
What?

Gehrig is staring at Mr. Rocket.

GEHRIG
It's the goddamn Rocket!

Morris sees the Rocket, then notices Rondell standing over to the side of the tables.

MORRIS
(noting Rondell)
I bet he knows where the boss is.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Morris and Gehrig walk over to Rondell, who acts like he has no idea who Morris is.

GEHRIG
We'd like to talk to Miami Mike.

RONDELL
Don't know him.

GEHRIG
Willie the Stump sent us.

Rondell eyes him.

RONDELL
Who's that?

Gehrig hands him the picture of the Stump and the two men at the football game they took from his boat. Rondell takes one look at it...

RONDELL (CONT'D)
Hang tight.

Rondell disappears into a blank doorway, while the boys turn their attention to the game.

AT THE BIG MONEY TABLE:

The cards are laid out, black, green and red chips are piled high in the middle.

GEHRIG
(re: the table)
I can't believe the old guy is still alive.

Mr. Rocket surveys the scene, pushes a three inch high stack of blacks into the middle.

MR. ROCKET
(to another player)
You've got me, Shakes. Show me that cowboy.

The other PLAYER flips his card. It's a King, giving him three of them.

Mr. Rocket's expression doesn't change much, but a sadness comes over him.

Mr. Rocket maneuvers his wheelchair away from the table.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MR. ROCKET (CONT'D)

I gotta take a leak.

Gehrig and Morris take it all in.

GEHRIG

Jesus is that depressing. He used to be the king. You ever hear the story about the time Rocket had Dean Martin dead to rites at the Sands?

MORRIS

Yeah. It's just a story.

GEHRIG

Probably so.

Rondell reappears.

RONDELL

Friday night. Eight. At the Orange Bowl. How many chairs you need?

MORRIS

Just one.

GEHRIG

Who's playing?

RONDELL

Mike, the Rocket, and couple of guests.

Gehrig and Morris smile.

GEHRIG

We'll be there.

(to Morris)

Let's take a look around.

The boys walk through the Red Velvet, taking it all in. They see Mr. Rocket emerge from a bathroom near where a WOMAN works a BUZZING vacuum cleaner.

GEHRIG (CONT'D)

There's the Rocket.

They start to head over, but Morris sees Rondell nod at him to follow him down an obscure hallway.

MORRIS

I'm going to get a drink. Be right back.

IN THE HALLWAY:

Rondell waits for Morris, then opens a door for him.

IN THE SECURITY ROOM:

Miami Mike sits, a hundred monitors showing every crack and crevice of the joint surround him. TECHNICIANS monitor the screens, zooming in on suspicious activity and talking to the pit bosses and security officers.

He still talks as loud as ever.

MIAMI MIKE
Everything here is on the level.

MORRIS
Pardon me?

MIAMI MIKE
Especially the jai alai.

Mike nods to a TECH who zooms a camera in on a COUPLE having a huddled conversation.

ON THE VIDEO:

MAN
A hundred bucks. That's it.

WOMAN
Where have I heard that one?

MAN
I'll turn it into five and we'll have a lobster dinner.

WOMAN
You'll turn it into zero and we'll have Taco Tico.

IN THE SECURITY ROOM:

Mike has a huge grin on his face while he sucks on his incisors.

MIAMI MIKE
We hear all in here.
(beat)
So Jimmy Colletti wants to hand this place to that brat kid sister of his, huh?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MORRIS

Yeah.

MIAMI MIKE

(even louder than usual)

Yeah?

MORRIS

Yeah.

MIAMI MIKE

Is your partner in?

Morris shakes his head.

MORRIS

He's whipped, and I'm better than he is. I always have been.

Mike nods, he believes Morris.

MORRIS (CONT'D)

One problem. I don't have any money. I was supposed to use yours, but... that didn't work out.

MIAMI MIKE

You think I'm going to float you?

MORRIS

If you want me to win this, yeah.

Mike sucks.

MIAMI MIKE

(loudly)

No goddamn way. You've killed my men, robbed me, and were going to con me out of everything I have. I'm still thinking about cutting you into pieces.

Morris is stuck.

MORRIS

Did you talk with your cousin?

Mike smiles.

MIAMI MIKE

Once Willie understood where that money came from he had no problem handing it back over.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MIAMI MIKE (cont'd)
It was the understanding part that
took some effort.

MORRIS
Isn't that worth something?

MIAMI MIKE
It was worth three fingers to the
Stump.

MORRIS
So you're back to even. I only need a
hundred thousand.

Suck, suck...

MIAMI MIKE
I'll give you ten.

MORRIS
The first hand could be worth ten.

MIAMI MIKE
Then you better win it.

Morris thinks. This deal is rotten but it's all he has.
He looks at the bank of monitors and sees Gehrig talking
to Mr. Rocket near the vacuum.

MORRIS
You give me ten, I bust Jimmy Colletti
and you let me and Gehrig go, free and
clear?

MIAMI MIKE
That's the deal.

CUT TO:

THE POKER ROOM:

Gehrig and Mr. Rocket are in an animated discussion about
the old days.

MR. ROCKET
Deano, Deano was a rock player. He'd
sit all day, waiting for a winner to
bite him in the ass. We had an old
saying: All trappers don't wear fur
hats. And that was Dean. Sit and
make small talk, make you fall in love
with him, and then turn on a dime and
leave you nine cents change.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Morris walks up with a couple of drinks, listens in.

GEHRIG

I've been hearing stories about you since I was a kid.

(quietly)

What about the blackout night? Did that really happen?

MR. ROCKET

I'll tell you something, the one thing getting old brings is distance. Distance from the truth.

Rocket disappears in his story.

MR. ROCKET (CONT'D)

The river has a couple of Kevins and a 9,10, Jack. And I'm sitting there with a straight flush, hearts to the King. I can't lose! But Deano's got other plans and he keeps raising. I finally call him at about 25 grand, not wanting it to get outta hand. Dean flips. Both of his cards are in the air, and wham! Blackout! The whole Sands! The curtains are closed and you couldn't see the end of your nose. Next thing you know, money and cards go everywhere. It's chaos. By the time the lights came back on we had to call a misplay, and I had a broken back. I never even saw the baseball bat.

Mr. Rocket leans close into the boys...

MR. ROCKET (CONT'D)

You tell me Frankie had nothing to do with those lights going out in his own hotel...

Gehrig and Morris are amazed.

GEHRIG

Were they right? Were you cheating?

Rocket stares off.

MR. ROCKET

What I wouldn't give to play for those kind of stakes again...

EXT. THE RITZ - NIGHT

Gehrig, Morris and Dee Dee pull up in her Fiat. They're dressed, just returning from dinner. They head into the hotel.

IN THE LOBBY:

MORRIS

You guys want to get a drink in the bar?

DEE DEE

I think I'm going to pass. I'm beat.

GEHRIG

Yeah, me too. We got a big day tomorrow.

Gehrig has never passed up a drink with Morris.

MORRIS

Come on, one drink.

GEHRIG

Naw, I'm tired. You go have one though. Unwind a little bit.

MORRIS

(disappointed)
Yeah, sure.

Gehrig and Dee Dee disappear into an elevator. Morris heads into the bar to have his drink.

EXT. MIAMI AIRPORT - MORNING

Gehrig, Morris and Dee Dee pull up at the curb. Morris rolling a quarter in fingers.

GEHRIG

(to Morris)
Would you mind taking this back to the rental counter? We'll pick you up there.

Morris does mind, but...

MORRIS

Naw. Go ahead.

Dee Dee and Gehrig head inside.

IN THE AIRPORT - CONTINUOUS

Dee Dee is in a sun dress, Gehrig in a suit. They are making their way to the gate.

GEHRIG
I'm not sure.

DEE DEE
About what?

GEHRIG
About the team. Not completely. He disappeared yesterday at the Velvet. He was up to something. And he's been particularly quiet.

DEE DEE
You think he's in with Mike?

GEHRIG
I don't know, I hope not. But I just don't know.

DEE DEE
We have to tell Jimmy.

GEHRIG
No!

DEE DEE
We have to. We have to be sure.

They walk in silence for a beat, finally...

GEHRIG
Okay. But if anything happens to him, I'm done. Outta here. And I'll tell Miami Mike everything.

DEE DEE
Jimmy will kill you.

GEHRIG
I'll take my chances.

DEE DEE
What are we going to do? Can you beat Mike without Morris?

GEHRIG
Yeah, no problem.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEE DEE

What if Morris is in with him?

GEHRIG

Then I'll just have to beat him too.

DEE DEE

Can you?

GEHRIG

I'm better than he is. I always have been.

They arrive at the gate in time to see Jimmy, Henry Hank and Sal get off the plane.

CUT TO:

INT. LIMO - DAY

The limo makes it's way through the airport parking lot.

Gehrig and Dee Dee sit facing Jimmy and Henry Hank. Sal is up front. There's a weight in the air.

HANK

So let's kill him right now. Cut him up, toss him in a burlap bag, rent a fan boat and go chumming for alligators.

GEHRIG

No.

HANK

Just like we did with Beak-o. No sweat.

DEE DEE

We can use this against him.

HANK

That he's a double-playing dead man?

JIMMY

She's right, Hank. We can use this.

GEHRIG

I told you guys I don't even know for sure. Something is just off.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEHRIG (cont'd)

First time I think Morris isn't on the level, I'll take his seat and finish the job. Make him a non-factor. After the game, do whatever you want.

The limo approaches Morris, waiting at the rental car office. Gehrig can't help but see him out the window.

JIMMY

What's the plan?

Gehrig's attention is snapped back.

GEHRIG

We're in the game tonight. Morris and I will ride it for awhile, string Mike along, then catch him in a hand he just can't lose. Except he will.

HANK

How do you know he'll bite.

Jimmy gets it.

JIMMY

He'll bite. If there's a sure thing around, Mike'll think it's his birthright.

GEHRIG

What time does Ono get here?

JIMMY

He'll be at the Orange Bowl at eleven.

GEHRIG

Perfect. By midnight Mike will be short-stacked.

(to Dee Dee)

And you can start house hunting.

The car stops in front of Morris.

INT. PRESIDENTIAL SUITE AT THE RITZ - DAY

Gehrig, Morris, Dee Dee, Jimmy and Henry Hank all sit around a large table. A deck of cards sits in front of Morris, who starts to deal them to everyone at the table. Sal is cutting fruit in the kitchen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEHRIG

Mike's game is 5 card stud, the game of the "Cincinnati Kid." Which is the only poker movie ever made that's worth a damn.

Morris starts to speak, but Gehrig cuts him off.

GEHRIG (CONT'D)

My partner Morris here is a fan of "A Big Hand for the Little Lady." I myself have a hard time with Joanne Woodward winning back the farm with a poker hand, but we shouldn't get into that now.

MORRIS

And "Kaleidoscope."

GEHRIG

Oh yeah, I forgot about that one.

JIMMY

Never heard of it.

GEHRIG

That's where Warren Beatty is blackmailed into using his gambling skills to bring down a criminal.

JIMMY

Sounds ridiculous.

GEHRIG

I know, but it's pretty good.

HANK

What about "Rounders?"

MORRIS

(flabbergasted)

Rounders? The guy's tell is the way he stares at an Oreo!

DEE DEE

I think Matt Damon is cute.

MORRIS

(to Gehrig)

This is why we need to make our own movies.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Morris finishes dealing. One down, four up to each person.

They each check their cards.

GEHRIG

Anyway, five card stud is perfect for us.

HANK

Why?

GEHRIG

For the same reason they always use it in the movies. It's cinematic. Few cards, everything is out in the open, it doesn't take a boat to win, my grandma can understand it... easy.

Gehrig stands up and walks around the table to open the door and let the ocean breeze in.

MORRIS

There's no way they're going to let me deal. In fact Mike has his own dealer, Double Nickel Nick Simms, who's a good mechanic but I'll keep an eye on him. That part will be straight. Mike's going to break out a new deck nearly every game, so we know those will be on the level, too.

Gehrig sits again. Sal places a plate of cut up fruit on the table.

GEHRIG

It's just a matter of laying some value bets, getting everyone's mouth watering, and then dropping the hammer.

DEE DEE

How are you going to do that exactly?

GEHRIG

By knowing what every player at the table is playing.

He bites into an orange wedge.

HANK

This ain't Lord Logan's joint. How you plannin' on doing that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Gehrig looks at Hank closely, then down at his cards, where he has a King, two 4's and an Ace. Hank checks his hole card again.

GEHRIG

A player gets a little buzz when he has an ace working. Even though a 4 would have given you a better hand, those bullets flashed a light on over your head. And you checked your hole card one last time just to make sure you still had it.

Hank flips an Ace.

DEE DEE

What about me?

She has a 7,3,4,8 showing.

GEHRIG

Your hand doesn't matter. No matter what you have there isn't going to affect us. But I know by the way you squinted your eyes when you saw your hole card you thought we dealt you a dog hand on purpose. So you don't even have a pair.

DEE DEE

But you were opening the door when I checked it.

GEHRIG

Only so you'd relax and think I wasn't watching.

She flips over a 2.

GEHRIG (CONT'D)

And Jimmy, you got your straight. You checked it and looked at Morris like he was doing the boss a favor.

Jimmy flips an 8 to fill his 5,6,7,9 straight.

JIMMY

It's easy with us, but Mikey is a pro, and he'll know they are being watched.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

GEHRIG

Which makes it even easier. He's going to be worried about Morris watching them, not some railbird. Everyone has a tell. With or without the Oreo.

INT. CAB - NIGHT

Morris and Gehrig sit in the back, quiet.

EXT. ORANGE BOWL - NIGHT

The cab pulls in to the mostly empty parking lot of the Orange Bowl. The lights are on the field are on, though. The cab deposits the boys at the door leading into the press box, next to a large white truck. Rondell comes out of the back door of the truck and opens the door to the press box.

IN THE ORANGE BOWL:

WE FOLLOW THEM inside the bowels of the old building to an elevator, which is waiting for them. Once inside, they ride it up to the top, taking note of the camera in the corner.

INT. TOP FLOOR OF THE PRESS BOX - NIGHT

The elevator doors open and Morris, Gehrig, and Rondell emerge. The room is decorated in Miami orange and green.

In the middle, sits a beautiful poker table, chips and cards waiting. DOUBLE NICKEL NICK SIMMS stacks chips, getting them ready. Everything about Nick says class. His tux, his haircut, his cuff links. And Nick is a master with cards, making them flip and flutter like an extension of his bony fingers.

Miami Mike stands with another SECURITY GUARD at a small bar. Below, the lit field and empty seats look like the calm before the storm. Both Gehrig and Morris notice the security cameras set up around the room.

MIAMI MIKE

(yelling)

Well. If it ain't the two biggest sets a balls I've ever seen. I've got to buy you guys a drink.

MORRIS

Scotch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEHRIG

Two.

Rondell pours Johnny Walker Blue.

MIAMI MIKE

Good lord, fellas, did you have to
kill everyone?

They just shrug.

MIAMI MIKE (CONT'D)

All the more reason to let the raises
flow tonight, huh?

He slaps Gehrig on the back, a little hard to be purely a
joke.

MORRIS

Yeah. All's fair tonight.

MIAMI MIKE

I'd say.

The elevator opens and Mr. Rocket rolls out, a blanket on
his lap keeping his old bones warm in the cool night.

MIAMI MIKE (CONT'D)

Back for more, huh? Age doesn't bring
wisdom, this much I've learned from
you.

MR. ROCKET

Can we just play cards for once
without all the hot air?

Mike doesn't like being talked back to.

MIAMI MIKE

(loudly)

No, Rocket, I don't think so. You
don't like it go back to your pinochle
game in Fort Meyers.

Rondell pours a seltzer for Rocket.

MIAMI MIKE (CONT'D)

Gonna keep it clean tonight Rocket?
Hate to have to bust up your arms too.

MR. ROCKET

Fair and square. Like always.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MIAMI MIKE

Yeah, sure.

They all make their way to the table. Morris picks out his chair, across from Gehrig who's sitting behind Nick. Mr. Rocket maneuvers next to Morris.

The elevator opens and Jimmy, Henry Hank, Dee Dee and Sal walk out. Dee Dee might melt the chips she looks so good. Sal carries a large briefcase.

Mike comes scooting around the bar to welcome them.

MIAMI MIKE (CONT'D)

Hey, look at that. The white and pasty people made it down from New York.

JIMMY

How you doin', Mike?

They half hug.

MIAMI MIKE

Can't complain. The cards and ponies have been good to me.

While this is going on... Sal and Rondell give each other a hug and the requisite double pat on the back. Sal lifts the briefcase, showing it to Rondell. Rondell opens the bottom of the chip cart where there is a locker. Sal puts the briefcase in the locker, next to the other case already in there.

Back to...

MIAMI MIKE (CONT'D)

How you, Hank?

HANK

Be a lot better if I had a Makers Mark and soda.

They half hug.

MIAMI MIKE

(to Rondell)

Get this guy a drink.

Miami Mike stops when he sees Dee Dee.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MIAMI MIKE (CONT'D)

Little Dee Dee. How you came outta that family I have no idea. Come give me a hug.

It's the last thing she wants to do, but she hugs him.

MIAMI MIKE (CONT'D)

What are you doing with your life now, huh? Still holding down the chaise lounge at the New York Club pool? You should come down to Miami where the sun actually shines.

DEE DEE

That's a great idea, Mike.

JIMMY

What time is Ono getting here?

MIAMI MIKE

About eleven.

JIMMY

You got the place all decked out like usual.

MIAMI MIKE

Just how he likes it.

JIMMY

Yeah.

(beat)

We gonna play cards or what?

CUT TO:

THE POKER TABLE:

Double Nickel Nick goes around the table making formal introductions. He's got a voice like Vin Scully.

DOUBLE NICKEL NICK

Playing this evening we have Miami Mike, Jimmy Colletti, his half-brother Henry Hank Huffman, Morris, the guy who killed the accountant, and Mr. Rocket, 60's legend. I'm Double Nickel Nick Simms. The fastest set of two fives working the felt.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

With this, Nick reaches into the oversized Miami football helmet next to him, picks out a deck, cracks it open, and starts to riffle the cards. Morris eyes him carefully, and with good reason. The guy can shuffle circles around Morris.

Rondell rolls up the chip cart.

RONDELL

How much you wanna start with?

JIMMY

Hundred.

Rondell pushes him ten stacks of chips, which is about what each player has in front of him, then punches some numbers into a keypad on top of the cart.

Rondell wheels the cart back to the bar, where he and Sal each have a watch over it.

DOUBLE NICKEL NICK

House rules. I shuffle and deal all the cards. The imaginary deal passes to my left. When it's your deal, you can call for a new deck. Old ones are thrown out. This is no limit five card stud. Ante is two thousand per hand, and going up a grand every hour. Cash only tonight, no credit. And of course, money plays like Yo Yo Ma.

With that, chips are pushed into the middle and Nick deals the first hand. Dee Dee pulls up a chair near Gehrig.

Morris' up card is a 7. He checks his hole card. Another 7. Mike sucks his teeth then tosses in a couple of chips.

MIAMI MIKE

Two grand.

JIMMY

Not wasting any time.

MIAMI MIKE

Not tonight.

HANK

I'm out.

Morris studies everyone, looks at Gehrig, then pushes in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MORRIS

I'm in.

Rocket silently pushes in. Then pushes in another stack.

MR. ROCKET

Raise five.

Morris looks at his up card. A King.

MIAMI MIKE

Five?

Mike pushes his chips in.

MIAMI MIKE (CONT'D)

It's not even eight-thirty yet.

JIMMY

Call.

MORRIS

Me too.

They both push their stacks in.

More cards are dealt. Morris gets another 7 up. No one else gets any help.

DOUBLE NICKEL NICK

Pair a sevens over there.

MORRIS

Check.

Rocket looks at Morris closely. Gehrig looks at Rocket.

MR. ROCKET

Five.

He pushes in his chips.

MIAMI MIKE

Jesus Christ. I'm out. He's gotta have Kings.

JIMMY

Me too.

Morris looks at Gehrig. Dee Dee studies them both carefully.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MORRIS

Fold.

He flips his cards over. Rocket's frail hand rakes the pot as Gehrig tries to hide his disgust.

DOUBLE NICKEL NICK

Jimmy's deal.

JIMMY

New deck.

Double Nickel Nick cracks a new deck, starts to shuffle again. Morris sits back and sips on his scotch.

CUT TO:

LATER:

Nick dealing the cards, but as the CAMERA follows the deal around the table changed chip piles tells us this game has been going a while. Mike and Jimmy's piles are pretty small, Hank's is gone and Morris' almost gone. Rocket has a HUGE MOUND in front of him.

DEE DEE

(whispers to Gehrig), about
Morris))

Is he still with us?

GEHRIG

(unsure)

Yeah. Just playing it cool.

Morris has a 4 showing. He pushes in threes stacks.

MORRIS

Three.

MR. ROCKET

I'm in.

MIAMI MIKE

Why not.

He and Jimmy both push in.

JIMMY

Things gotta change.

Hank leans over to Mike.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HANK
Float me?

Jimmy thinks for a second.

JIMMY
Once. You lose this and you're done.

He pushes chips in for Hank. Everyone is in as new cards are dealt. Rocket and Hank both get PAIRS.

MORRIS' CARDS:

In a SERIES OF DISSOLVES, added to Morris' 7 is an 8, and a 6. All of different suits.

MORRIS
I'll raise 10.

He pushes in almost all the rest of his chips.

MR. ROCKET
I'm in.

HANK
Call.

Nick deals them each another card. Mr. Rocket now has three 5's, Hank three 4's. Morris gets a Jack. He flips all his cards over, disgusted. Mr. Rocket rakes the money.

Jimmy and Hank are pissed.

HANK (CONT'D)
You better be on the level, Rocket.

Nick checks his watch.

DOUBLE NICKEL NICK
Gentlemen it's time for our first
break.

CUT TO:

SEATS IN THE ORANGE BOWL:

Gehrig and Morris sit, looking out at the green field. There's a quiet weight over them. Dee Dee, Mike and Hank come out a door from the press box and stand in the row in front of them, facing them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HANK

What the hell you doing, Morris?
You're down almost 10 grand? I gotta
better chance at busting Mike right
now.

MORRIS

I'm not getting the cards. Nick- I
don't know what's going on, but I
can't even get a pair.

GEHRIG

You can't win if you don't have
anything.

JIMMY

Look, I stood over you guys in New
York and watched you rape the best
players in the city. Something ain't
right here.

(to Gehrig)

I want you to take his place.

MORRIS

(stung)

What?

GEHRIG

Hey, Jimmy, that's not necessary.
Morris'll get it back. He's just on a
cold streak.

JIMMY

Yeah?

Jimmy looks at Dee Dee.

DEE DEE

(to Gehrig)

Didn't you tell me you wondered?

MORRIS

Wondered what?

Gehrig is caught off guard.

GEHRIG

Wondered...

(to Gehrig)

...about you. And who you're working
for.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MORRIS

You think I'm in with Mike?

GEHRIG

No. I don't know. It's just been a weird few days, and...

MORRIS

Well fuck you. After all these years of jobs, relying on each other no matter what, now you think-

Morris is blown away.

HANK

Jealousy does weird things to people.

MORRIS

Jealousy?

DEE DEE

Of me and Gehrig.

MORRIS

Jesus Christ! You think I'm jealous of you two!

(to Jimmy)

Come on, Jimmy, even if I was, would I double time you? You'd kill me.

JIMMY

That much you're right about.

(beat)

It's a done deal. Gehrig is taking over.

The three leave, leaving Gehrig and Morris. Gehrig starts to say something then decides better and leaves himself.

Morris just stares out at the field.

BACK IN THE PRESS BOX - LATER

Gehrig sits in Morris' old seat, Morris in Gehrig's. Gehrig's pile is starting to grow, and the money is coming directly from Miami Mike, whose pile is almost gone.

Morris looks over at Hank, who's no longer in the game. Hank looks at Gehrig's pile and sneers at Morris like he's a dead man.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mike stands and stretches.

MIAMI MIKE
 (to Gehrig)
 I'll pay you five grand to let your
 sidekick here back in that chair.

GEHRIG
 I'm good.

MIAMI MIKE
 I need a drink.
 (to Morris)
 How bout you? I think you need one
 too.

Morris follows Mike to the bar.

AT THE BAR:

Rondell pours them a drink.

MIAMI MIKE
 Okay, kid. Show time. They want to
 play switcheroo on us, we'll switch it
 right back. Enough of this Mickey
 Mouse bullshit, we're going to put all
 our cards right out on the table.
 They know you've double-crossed them
 or they wouldn't have yanked you.
 So... you'll take my chair...

MORRIS
 But...

MIAMI MIKE
 ... and my protection. Bust that
 friend of yours and I'll make sure you
 never worry about Jimmy Colletti
 again.

Rondell gives Morris his scotch.

Mike walks back over to the table.

MIAMI MIKE (CONT'D)
 Little change of plans, boys. Morris
 here has agreed to play for me since
 my eyesight's getting a little blurry.

Colletti and Henry Hank look at Morris like they can
 barely contain their fury.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIAMI MIKE (CONT'D)

That a problem with anyone?

No one says a word. Gehrig swallows dryly.

AT THE TABLE:

The chip piles look like this: Morris has about 15 grand in front of him and Jimmy is done. Gehrig has nearly 50 grand, Rocket over 100.

Double Nickel deals the cards.

Rocket, Morris and Gehrig are in. Morris has two 10's and a 3. Gehrig has two 9's and a King. Rocket doesn't have anything.

Morris stares intently at Gehrig.

MORRIS

Fourteen grand.

He pushes his chips into the middle, leaving himself a couple hundred left.

Gehrig stares back.

GEHRIG

I'm in.

He matches.

MR. ROCKET

I'm out.

MIAMI MIKE

That's a first.

Morris gets another 3, Gehrig gets a 5. It's Morris' bet. He looks at Mike, who nods.

MORRIS

25 grand.

Mike nods to Rondell who lays down five stacks of chips, makes a note on the key pad.

Gehrig stares at the chips, and looks over to Jimmy, who just shrugs his shoulders.

GEHRIG

I'm out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He flips his cards over. Mike is ecstatic, and claps Morris on the back.

Jimmy and Hank look like they want to rip Morris' spleen out.

Rocket pushes back from the table.

MR. ROCKET
I think I'm done, fellas.

Rondell and Sal roll over the case, POP it open.

MIAMI MIKE
(loudly)
You can't quit now!

MR. ROCKET
Watch me.

Rondell tries to gather his chips, and Mr. Rocket leans over to help him. But when he does this, a card falls out of his sleeve, right on to the middle of the table. It's a King.

Everyone is silent. Finally...

MIAMI MIKE
Holy Mother-fucking shit.

Rocket has a huge pile of chips in front of him.

MR. ROCKET
I- I- it must have gotten stuck in my-

MIAMI MIKE
Shut your goddamn trap!

Jimmy leans back in his chair, a smile on his face.

JIMMY
Real tight ship you're running down here, Mikey.

Mike is about to explode.

MIAMI MIKE
After all I've done for you! You were done, Rocket, done, when you came to me. I gave you another chance. This is what you do!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Mike's fist slams into the poker table with a CRACK, making an indentation in the wood. He pulls an enormous gun from beneath the table, levels it at Rocket.

MORRIS

Look Mike, you don't wanna-

MIAMI MIKE

Shut up!

Rocket is about to cry. A really sad sight.

MIAMI MIKE (CONT'D)

(to Rondell)

Take him out to the farm and put a bullet through his eye. Bury him somewhere.

Rondell grabs the handles of the chair and roughly rolls Rocket into the elevator.

Sal gives Jimmy a raised eyebrow, and Jimmy nods. Sal jumps in the elevator too.

The doors close and they are gone.

EXT. ORANGE BOWL - NIGHT

Rondell and Sal roll Mr. Rocket out the door to the parking lot. They roll him up into the white truck, which pulls off, just as...

A long stretch limo pulls up.

The back door opens and an enormous GOON gets out. Then another one. And another. Finally a man in perfect blue suit gets out. CASPER ONO. He's bigger than any of the goons, larger than life really. Mid fifties, in good shape, and stark white. He's an albino.

Casper and his goons head into the Orange Bowl.

BACK TO:

INT. PLUSH LUXURY BOX - NIGHT

The game has resumed, everyone settled back down. Rocket's chips still sit in front of his empty chair.

Double Nick pushes them into the middle.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOUBLE NICKEL NICK

House rules. Rocket's dough is in the next hand. Only players are those who were in the last hand. The killers, Gehrig and Morris.

It's over 100 grand in the middle. He deals the cards.

One down to each, and then a Queen to Morris and Jack to Gehrig.

DOUBLE NICKEL NICK (CONT'D)

Bet to Morris the Murderer.

Morris looks at Miami Mike, who nods.

MORRIS

Hundred thousand.

Morris looks at Gehrig's Jack.

GEHRIG

I'm in.

He pushes his money in.

BING! Just then, the elevator doors open. Casper and his goons file out and survey the scene.

CASPER ONO

Quite a game going on here.

Mike and Jimmy are too intent to even pay attention. They just nod their "hello's" and stare back at the table.

DOUBLE NICKEL NICK

Still going.

He deals a 10 to Morris and another Jack to Gehrig.

DOUBLE NICKEL NICK (CONT'D)

Pair of knaves.

Gehrig looks at Jimmy, who smiles.

GEHRIG

Five.

MORRIS

Thousand?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GEHRIG
Hundred thousand.

Miami Mike looks at Jimmy, who nods at the locked locker.

JIMMY
We can cover it.

Nick takes FIVE GOLD CHIPS off the cart and hands them to Gehrig. He punches the withdrawal into the keypad.

Gehrig tosses the gold chips into the pot of all blacks.

Mike looks at Morris' hole card.

MIAMI MIKE
We're in.

CASPER ONO
I hope that's not my money you're playing with.

MIAMI MIKE
(nervously)
We got it all covered.

He grabs FIVE GOLDS off the cart and tosses them in too. Nick punches those in.

MIAMI MIKE (CONT'D)
Call.

Nick deals two more cards. An 8 to Morris and a 6 to Gehrig. Morris has Queen, 10, 8 in different suits and Gehrig has two Jacks and a 6.

DOUBLE NICKEL NICK
Two Jacks still bets.

Jimmy checks Gehrig's hole card.

JIMMY
A million.

MIAMI MIKE
What?

JIMMY
You heard me.

Casper Ono lets out a low whistle.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Jimmy takes TEN GOLDS off the cart and tosses them in.
So does Mike.

MIAMI MIKE

My boy's got a straight here. Call.

Nick is punching all this into the keypad. Morris and
Gehrig are along for the ride now.

CUT TO:

EXT. ORANGE BOWL - NIGHT

THE POKER SUITE:

Nick deals two more. A 9 to Morris and another 6 to
Gehrig.

DOUBLE NICKEL NICK

Two pairs showing for the blood-
thirsty gunman Gehrig!

Jimmy and Mike are staring at each other. Everyone else
is holding their breath.

JIMMY

Two million.

Immediately:

MIAMI MIKE

Raise two.

JIMMY

Call.

Hank finally releases his breath.

HANK

Jesus Christ, Jimmy!

DEE DEE

What are you doing?

JIMMY

Don't you two worry.

(to Mike)

This will break you. No way out of
this one.

(to Casper)

He won't be able to cover, Casper,
just like I said. Fast and loose.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIAMI MIKE
Shut your mouth!

CASPER ONO
(to Mike)
That true, Mike?

MIAMI MIKE
Not this time.

Mike flips over Morris' Jack. A straight!

HANK
Oh shit!

Jimmy stares at the Jack.

CLOSE ON:

The Jack. It SMILES at Jimmy, who can't believe it.

Casper Ono nods his approval.

JIMMY
What are the chances?

MIAMI MIKE
(beaming)
That's right, you fat, slimy, double-
crossing motherfucker! A straight!

JIMMY
I mean... what are the chances they
both had Jacks in the hole? Full
house.

Jimmy flips Gehrig's hole card which is another Jack! A full house!

CLOSE ON:

Gehrig's Jack. Which WINKS at Miami Mike. Unbelievable.
Especially to Miami Mike.

His world crashing in on him, Mike surveys all of them...

MIAMI MIKE
(quietly)
They played me.

CASPER ONO
Is this going to affect your payment,
Mike?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIAMI MIKE
 (to Morris, in disbelief)
 You, your partner, the set-up...
 (louder still)
 ...you played me the whole time!

Mike pulls out a huge Magnum.

The gun is right over Morris' shoulder, pointed at Gehrig. Morris grabs the gun and pulls, but the gun FIRES, shooting Morris in the leg.

BAM! There's another shot, that hits Mike square in the chest. He's down and dead.

Dee Dee stands there, holding a smoking palm-sized pea shooter.

Ono's Goons all draw their guns, ready to blast someone.

Gehrig immediately rushes to Morris, whose leg is bleeding.

GEHRIG
 Morris!

MORRIS
 I'm okay. I think it just grazed me.

CASPER ONO
 Good God. What did I walk in on?

JIMMY
 (indicating Mike)
 Just what I said, Casper. A guy who can't cover his bets.

CASPER ONO
 Fuck him then. You got my money?

JIMMY
 I got my payment and Mike's. If it's okay with you, I want to take over both territories.

CASPER ONO
 That's your play?

JIMMY
 It is.

Casper nods. His guys put their guns away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CASPER ONO

Okay, Jimmy. Consider it done.

JIMMY

I thought you might say that.

(to Dee Dee)

Dee Dee, would you mind handing that lock box over to Mr. Ono?

But when the camera finds Dee Dee, she looks panic stricken.

DEE DEE

Ummm... I think we have a problem.

CUT TO:

FACES...

Stunned, hurt, dead faces. Jimmy, Hank and Dee Dee STARE AT THE CAMERA.

They are looking at the money locker in the bottom of the cart. The locker where Sal and Rondell had kept the money. It's empty.

CASPER ONO

So where's my goddamn money?

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE SECURITY TRUCK - NIGHT

Mr. Rocket lifts the blanket off his lap, and the two cases of loot hidden underneath it. He'd just rolled right out with it. Sal drives and Rondell rides shotgun. Both have huge grins on their faces.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON:

A check getting ripped out of a checkbook.

BACK AT THE ORANGE BOWL:

Casper's limo sits in the parking lot, the door open.

Casper has the check in his hands written out for Ten Million Dollars. He climbs inside.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jimmy, Hank and Dee are all getting in, leaving Gehrig and Morris behind. Morris is leaning on Gehrig, a towel wrapped around his grazed leg.

JIMMY
 (to Morris)
 So you were with us the whole way,
 huh?

Morris looks at Dee Dee.

MORRIS
 We were just covering our bets.

HANK
 Sal, Rondell, and Rocket. Who would
 have thought they'd hook up?

Jimmy smiles.

JIMMY
 I never woulda believed it. It's such
 a good story, I'm gonna hate killing
 those sons-of-bitches.

GEHRIG
 Good luck.

JIMMY
 The only luck I'm gonna need is
 getting to the bank before Casper here
 cashes that check.

Inside the car, Casper chuckles.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
 (to the boys)
 You boys get back to New York and
 we'll take you out for good steak.

HANK
 Anything on the menu.

Hank and Jimmy climb in the limo.

Dee Dee faces the boys.

DEE DEE
 You guys played me.

GEHRIG
 I think it was mutual.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MORRIS

What's going to happen now?

DEE DEE

With Ono? I'm just glad he'll take a check.

GEHRIG

And Miami?

DEE DEE

(smiling)

I told you boys. I love the ocean.

She leans up, gives each one a long, meaningful kiss.

DEE DEE (CONT'D)

Thanks guys. You ever need anything, I still got that second cousin who works at Warner Brothers.

With that, she's in the car and gone.

EXT. HIGHWAY REST STOP - DAY

Morris and Gehrig sit in a rented Cadillac, watching the cars pass on the expressway. The shining Atlantic is in the distance.

MORRIS

What do you think?

Gehrig checks his watch.

GEHRIG

They'll be here.

They both sit, sunning themselves, and drift off to sleep.

There is a loud HONK behind them, waking them. The boys turn and see the WHITE TRUCK, Sal and Rondell lifting Mr. Rocket and the loot out of the back.

SMILES on all their faces that could never be edited out.

CUT TO:

INT. HOLLYWOOD STUDIO EXECUTIVE'S BUNGALOW - DAY

Gehrig and Morris sit on a couch, both leaning forward, notes in hand. Morris' crutches sit next to him. Their PITCH just concluded.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

On the table next to them is an 8 X 10 of a group of guys at a baseball game, LEO DECAPRIO in the middle. The room is decorated with plastic plants and movie posters. Behind the boys is a French poster of a SCHWARZENEGGER FLICK.

GEHRIG
...and Fade Out.

In the chairs across from Gehrig and Morris, two STUDIO EXECUTIVES blink to life. The MALE EXEC blinks, and blinks again, like coming out of a coma. He looks over at the FEMALE EXEC.

MALE EXECUTIVE
One question. Does the guy sleep with the girl or not?

GEHRIG
Who?

MALE EXECUTIVE
The short guy. What's his name?

The female executive checks her notes.

FEMALE EXECUTIVE
Gary.

MALE EXECUTIVE
Yeah. Gary.

GEHRIG
Umm... we hadn't thought about it.

MORRIS
If you want...

GEHRIG
Yeah... if you think...

A long awkward pause. Finally, after a few more blinks...

MALE EXECUTIVE
(deadpan)
Okay, then. Wow. That's really great. A good story. You guys have really put a lot of work into it.

FEMALE EXECUTIVE
Yeah. Really great.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Morris and Gehrig exchange looks like they've heard it before. Morris starts to say something...

MORRIS

If you like the...

MALE EXECUTIVE

So... why don't you let us talk.

FEMALE EXECUTIVE

Yeah, let us talk.

The Male Exec has a thought.

MALE EXECUTIVE

Hey. Do you guys have any scripts that have Gladiators? They're really selling right now.

CUT TO BLACK:

THE END.