



## Miamiland

By Michael Brandt & Derek Haas

**For more information**

Velvet Octopus plc, 3a Lower James Street, London, W1F 9EH  
**tel** +44 (0)20 7287 1900 **fax** +44 (0)20 7287 2314 **email** [charlie@velvetoctopus.com](mailto:charlie@velvetoctopus.com)

FADE IN:

OPENING CREDITS:

The CAMERA CRAWLS around the CREDIT BLOCK of a MOVIE POSTER, which contains OUR opening credits. We move line by line, making our way to the bottom of the block.

Once at the bottom, CAMERA PULLS OUT and we finally see the poster:

It's the Hollywood Hills and that familiar sign, only instead of 'HOLLYWOOD' in uneven, white block letters, 'MIAMILAND' is the word spread across the hills.

PULL OUT farther and we see the words 'Coming Attractions' on the wall over the poster. OUT even farther and we discover that the poster is on the exterior wall of a MOVIE THEATER.

The SOUND of a door being flung open gets the CAMERA TO SWING AWAY from the poster and find --

EXT. MOVIE THEATER - CONTINUOUS

Two surly guys, late twenties, emerging 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, fiddles with a deck of cards.

GEHRIG

Hollywood is in a sad state of affairs.

MORRIS

Tell me about it.

GEHRIG

What happened to good old fashioned storytelling? You know, taking the audience for a ride, messing with their heads a little bit...

MORRIS

I wish I knew.

GEHRIG

Nobody knows anything.

MORRIS

You're preaching to the choir, brother.

They walk on and disappear down stairs going to the SUBWAY. Gehrig drops his "Hollywood" brand popcorn in a wastebasket.

INT. SUBWAY CAR - NIGHT

Gehrig stands, hanging over Morris like a crow on a line. Morris sits, an ever-present deck of cards in his hands. Nimble fingers 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.

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

CUT TO:

INT. HARDWARE STORE - NIGHT

Gehrig pulls a package of plastic wire ties from a display. Morris shakes his head and puts them back, instead getting a bigger size.

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.

They start for the register, Gehrig grabbing a role of duct tape on the way.

MORRIS

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

GEHRIG

Exactly.

The CASHIER stuffs their purchases into a brown paper bag.

CUT TO:

INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Morris and Gehrig dig noodles out of containers with chopsticks. The brown paper bag from the hardware store sits on the table. 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 friend, but little 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.

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. We 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

Really? 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.

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 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 April to right my wrongs.

MORRIS

This is your brother we're talking about?

HANK

That's right. But 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. All I could ever eat was pimento cheese sandwiches.

MORRIS

You're gonna sell him out over that?

HANK

I've been waiting for this moment since I started growing ball hair. Whattaya say?

MORRIS

The jury's out.

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

HANK

Okay. Like I said, Superbowl, World Series, Kentucky Derby, Final Four, that's when Jimmy rakes it in. We're talking a lot of money. A lot more than I owe you and Gehrig, that's for sure. Now, after one of those big days, Jimmy doesn't want all that money holed up in the little safe he has in the back room. If someone's gonna hit, it'd be on The Day After, you see, and Jimmy knows that.

(MORE)

HANK (cont'd)

So he gets rid of all the dough as soon as it comes in. Usually. But this year the Final Four is different.

Morris doesn't blink.

HANK (CONT'D)

See 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?

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

Yeah, no shit.

HANK

So just go buy yourself some trim.

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.

(MORE)

JIMMY (cont'd)

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?

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.

EXT. 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.

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  
No. The plus-size model?

GEHRIG  
She did some work for him and filched a  
little off the top. He put her under and  
had her stomach stapled. 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. Gehrig holds the PAPER BAG.

GEHRIG (CONT'D)

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

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. A small camera watches them from the corner.

MORRIS

You aren't going to start with your 'fatal flaw' rap, are you?

GEHRIG

Not if a black priest opens that door.

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. Lo and behold, a huge BLACK PRIEST, complete with clerical collar, fills the space where the wood used to be.

Morris beams with pride.

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. The card game got moved to Lord Logan's on thirty-third and third. You know the place?

GEHRIG  
Naah.

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 and left as soon as Indiana cut down the nets.

Morris smiles. His story is solid.

PRIEST (CONT'D)  
Goddamn Hoosiers. Anyway, Jimmy was so excited to get out of here, I thought he was gonna wet himself.

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.

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 in a crack in 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. Morris opens the bottom half of the door and relieves the Priest of the sawed off shotgun he had under his robe.

CUT TO:

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.

The Priest's hands and ankles are tied with the wire ties. Morris is unwrapping the new role of tape.

MORRIS

Look, we know you're just a guy doing your job, so don't let them rip this stuff off. I've seen people lose a lip when they're not careful. Have 'em soak a little lighter fluid on it first.

PRIEST

Thanks.

Morris tapes the Priest's mouth shut.

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.

Gehrig 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...

Gehrig 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 fills it full.

GEHRIG (CONT'D)

How about that Hank?

MORRIS

Old reliable.

GEHRIG

(chuckles)

Yeah.

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

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

MORRIS

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

GEHRIG

There it is -- the fatal flaw. Can't ever leave well-enough alone, always gotta toss in a raise --

MORRIS

(waving Gehrig off)

Yeah, yeah, yeah. I know. You think I just bluster ahead, no plan, no idea what I'm doing.

GEHRIG

Morris, we have nearly five hundred thousand here. This'll more than cover us with the Captain back in L.A. I'd just as soon head to the airport.

MORRIS

Come on, Gehrig. 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. Besides, I've been right about everything so far.

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.

EXT. LORD LOGAN'S PLACE - NIGHT

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 Syd Field's on the table.

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.

GEHRIG (CONT'D)

Just be on your toes.

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

Reinforcements.

After a moment, the door CLICKS open.

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 blood 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.

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 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.

Two 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, but he's not the fat guy we saw in Hank's story.

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. 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. See that. 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.

(MORE)

HANK (cont'd)

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.

(to himself, amazed)

Huh.

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

BACK DOWNSTAIRS:

The CAMERA is in the middle of the table, starts on Morris. His chips in five neat piles in front of him.

The CAMERA pans around the table, first to Walter, his chips and attitude dwindling, then Logan and Moby, both with well over a hundred grand a piece, then past McMichael and Mr. Fingers and back to Morris. Morris gives Gehrig a glance, who seems to be fast asleep.

Back to Morris, who now has 10 stacks of chips, all three times higher than the ones he started with.

Another PAN of the table shows Walter's chair empty, Logan nearly out of chips, and Moby's chair also empty. McMichael is hanging in there.

UPSTAIRS:

Jimmy and Hank are in awe.

HANK

Like candy from a baby.

JIMMY

Unbelievable.

BACK DOWNSTAIRS:

Gehrig's head rolls back, jerking him awake.

LORD LOGAN

That's it for me.

MORRIS

(to McMichael)

Call it a night?

McMichael looks at his small stack of chips.

MCMICHAEL

Sure.

Morris stands.

MORRIS

(calls out)

We're outta here.

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

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, 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.

GEHRIG

That seem a little easy to you?

MORRIS

Would you lighten up? We go see the  
Captain, make our payment and still have  
a little nut to roll into our 401k.

Just as they get to the curb, a Taxi rolls by. They wave it  
down and climb in.

IN THE CAB:

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, proud but tired, and closes  
his eyes.

Gehrig looks down at the driver's nameplate. A white piece  
of tape with magic marker letters: Dee Dee.

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 - CONTINUOUS

Dee Dee turns and looks at the surprised guys. A GUN has appeared from nowhere, pointed at them.

DEE DEE  
Outta the car. Now.

The guys slide out and stop dead in their tracks.

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.

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 Gehrig and Morris.

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.

Jimmy looks at Dee Dee.

JIMMY  
Where are --

Just then, two THUGS bust through a door, sweating and breathing heavily. They look at Dee Dee like they want to rip her head off.

JIMMY  
Where the fuck have you guys been?

THUG 1  
She left us. We had to walk.

Jimmy looks around.

JIMMY  
Where'd you get the cab?

DEE DEE  
Ask the cab driver.

JIMMY  
Where's he?

DEE DEE  
In the trunk.

Then it dawns on Jimmy.

JIMMY  
Dee Dee. What did I tell you?

DEE DEE  
He wouldn't shut up.

JIMMY

I don't care about the cabbie. What did I tell you about the meatballs here?

DEE DEE

You said to let them handle it.

JIMMY

That's right. You have to watch yourself, let your guys do the work for you.

DEE DEE

I can handle myself, Jimmy.

JIMMY

I know. Believe me, I know.

(beat)

Forget it. It all worked out.

Dee Dee walks over to Hank and Jimmy.

JIMMY

Now, about you guys.

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?

Jimmy shrugs.

JIMMY

Interesting that you used the word "help."

He rises, rubs at his jaw in consideration.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Because I want you guys to help me. Hank said you were good, 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. 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. I told him I didn't believe him. But you fellas proved me wrong.

Gehrig and Morris shrug at the same time.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
(in awe) 'Amazing. You just blustered in there and took out the four greatest card players this city has to offer, with a sack full of stolen money weighing on your minds. In a city you don't know. Astounding.

He sits back down, shaking his head.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
Let me tell you another story, might clear this up for you. 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 it didn't belong, I filed a report. I was only sixteen, but I was taking care of business for the man who ran 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.

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.

YOUNG JIMMY

Now sit right there and don't get out of the car. This ain't that good of a neighborhood. I'll only be a minute.

The young version of Jimmy 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 (V.O.)

Now everyone knows Lazy Jake is going to be sitting in his underwear in front of his RCA 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. Young Jimmy KNOCKS again.

YOUNG JIMMY (CONT'D)

Come on 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 (V.O.)

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

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.

Jimmy 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.

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 the heavy 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. They're pretty damn good storytellers.

GEHRIG

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

Morris just shrugs.

GEHRIG (CONT'D)

I don't know, but if we get out of this with all our appendages we can't go back to L.A. Not without that payment.

MORRIS

One thing at a time.

GEHRIG

I'm not sure we can afford to think linearly here.

The party slides back into the booth, plates bursting with food.

DEE DEE

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, Hank and Dee Dee start to eat.

HANK

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.

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. In my business,  
cities are classified by cars. Fort  
Wayne, Indiana... Provo, Utah... those  
are considered Chevy Novas. Kansas  
City... Dallas... now we're talking about  
your Lincoln Continentals. But only  
three cities are considered Cadillacs.

MORRIS

New York, Chicago...

DEE DEE

And Miami.

JIMMY

Miami. It's not the 28-foot-long two  
door convertible that New York is, but  
it's got its share of leather and white  
walls.

Jimmy looks at Dee Dee, who's beaming.

DEE DEE

Drive a city like Miami and you are  
driving the best. Right now, Mikey Cello  
drives Miami. Miami Mike. He and Jimmy  
both 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. See, here's the big picture: I don't like Miami Mike.

DEE DEE

He's a pig.

JIMMY

That's right. And he hates my guts, too, but I could care less. I try to run him down to Ono every chance I get and I'm sure he does the same. The difference is:

(beat)

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 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.

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.

## IN THE STALL:

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.)

Mikey ended up owing every money man in Florida and couldn't make good. I knew he'd have to come to me. I just knew it. And I was ready to break him.

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

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.

## JIMMY

But at the last minute he scored on a huge Cuban deal, which he collects the end of this week. He wiggled right off the goddamn hook, or so he thinks. I got other plans. 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 Canes Fest, the spring scrimmage. And the Friday night before every Canes Fest, Miami Mike and I gotta pay the yearly dues. Five million to be exact.

## HANK

Come up short on that payment and the migrating bluefin will shit out pieces of you as they pass Myrtle Beach.

JIMMY

Yeah, I usually wire it in cause I don't do too well in the humidity. But Mikey, Mikey likes to make a big deal out of it.

Jimmy stops walking.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

What I know is that this year, thanks to the Cuban deal, Mikey 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.

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 so he can't make his payment this Friday night. That's you.

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.

GEHRIG

Wait. What's in it 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.

CUT TO:

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 piña 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.

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

College. Graduate school.

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)

Really?

MORRIS

Yeah. We actually wrote a script.

GEHRIG

It was about a blind Cupid getting his eyesight back.

DEE DEE

Blind?

GEHRIG

Yeah. Love is blind.

DEE DEE

That's cute.

GEHRIG

We had a tonal problem. It was a romantic comedy with a violent streak. It didn't know what it wanted to be.

MORRIS

We thought it would be artsy to keep the violence off-screen like in Greek theatre.

DEE DEE

Sounds clever.

MORRIS

It blew.

DEE DEE

Really?

GEHRIG

Here we are trying to be clever and everyone wanted to see the violence. We couldn't get anyone to read it.

DEE DEE

And that turned you to a life of crime?

MORRIS

Pretty much.

GEHRIG

It was a natural progression from Hollywood.

MORRIS

We're working on another script though. They say 'write what you know,' so we're going for something a little closer to home.

DEE DEE

I'd love to read it. I'm sure it's great.

GEHRIG  
Tell it to a studio.

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

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 and is 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.

GEHRIG  
(blowing him off)  
Ahhh, take it easy.

MORRIS  
You see? That's it. That's your fatal  
flaw. You don't know the difference  
between which women are right and which  
women can kill you.

Gehrig looks back up the aisle, trying to get one last look.

GEHRIG

You've got to admit there's something about her.

The plane lands.

CUT TO:

EXT. OCEAN FRONT RESTAURANT - DAY

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

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. 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. Put the bad guys away, the whole nine yards. That was my dream. I even spent a year at law school out West.

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.

DEE DEE (CONT'D)  
 I have an amazing talent for stashing  
 firearms. You can frisk me all you want,  
 you'll never find it.

Morris has stopped in mid-bite. Dee Dee pokes at her  
 sandwich.

DEE DEE (CONT'D)  
 It's really about respect though. Jimmy  
 would do anything for me, I know, but  
 it's time to quit being the little  
 sister. See, no woman has ever run a  
 Cadillac city. 'I'm gonna be the first.

GEHRIG  
 I'm sure you can do it.

DEE DEE  
 You're patronizing me.

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

DEE DEE  
 The jury's out.

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  
 Okay, we start with...

MORRIS

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

DEE DEE

What 'dya mean?

GEHRIG

(quickly)

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 characters.

Dee Dee eyes him in the rear-view.

DEE DEE

When are you gonna let me read this script of yours?

MORRIS

When it's done.

DEE DEE

I respect that. Lessee. Proactive. All right, 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.

DEE DEE

Every Friday night, Mike has a poker game at his gaming joint, The Red Velvet. But every year before the Ono meeting, the game moves to the Orange Bowl so Casper can stare at the field and think about games past. You guys need to get into that game.

MORRIS

I get it. We stick him Friday night and then Mike has no way to make good before Ono arrives.

DEE DEE

Exactly.

GEHRIG

And you can get us into that game?

DEE DEE

Nope. But I can get you into a game with Mike's cousin, Willy the Stump.

GEHRIG

Okay, so we trump 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 Hollywood.

GEHRIG

(impressed)

Plaintive cries of submission.

DEE DEE

You like that, writer boy?

MORRIS

I get it. Mikey likes the suckers.

DEE DEE

You got it.

CUT TO:

INT. STEAK RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Now, they are dressed up and stylish. Dee Dee is the most beautiful woman in the joint. They all have giant steaks in front of them.

GEHRIG

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

DEE DEE

No way. The only thing Jimmy loves more than me is his money. He won't let anyone near it. So we're gonna use Miami Mike's.

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. I've decided we're gonna rob Miami Mike, hurt him a little bit, and use his own money to dump to the Stump. We'll keep enough for our buy-in on Friday night.

MORRIS

If we can rob Mike, why not just take the whole payment for Ono?

Dee Dee shakes her head.

DEE DEE

The Cubans, remember? He won't get his big nut until Friday, and that's what you're gonna take when you play him. But he does have some backup cash, which is what we're after.

GEHRIG

How much?

DEE DEE

Half a million. So, how do we part the fool from his money? That's what still needs a plan.

GEHRIG  
Give us the details.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE OCEAN - DAY

The CAMERA SWEEPS over the ocean, before it finally catches up to an enormous yacht.

DEE DEE (V.O.)  
Miami Mike only trusts an accountant by  
the name of Jose Ramirez.

ON THE YACHT:

The CAMERA PUSHES past some armed Mexican guards.

DEE DEE (V.O.)  
Ramirez holds most of his cash, pays all  
his bills, keeps all his records,  
etcetera-etcetera.

The CAMERA MOVES from the deck and makes its way through the boat 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 (V.O.) (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

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.

DEE DEE (V.O.)

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.

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

DEE DEE (V.O.) (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.

MORRIS  
Any ideas?

GEHRIG  
Yeah, but they all involve Dee Dee and a moon walk.

MORRIS  
Fatal flaw, brother.

GEHRIG  
Yeah, yeah.

MORRIS  
Just check under her mattress for an ice pick before this goes too far.

GEHRIG  
I'd love to get the chance. Now shut up and think.

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 tits: she's a street-walker.

She carries a sack of groceries up some cement stairs into an  
apartment building.

INT. MARIANELLA CHO'S SLEAZY APARTMENT HALLWAY - DAY

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

MORRIS

Wanna 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.

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

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 Mariánella 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 Dee Dee wearing Marianella's clothes.

At the same moment, Gehrig and Morris pop out from under a tarp laid over a small boat, guns ready. Morris hands some duct tape and wire ties to Dee Dee.

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.

DEE DEE

(yells over the engine)

So who's the better card player?

GEHRIG  
Between Morris and me?

The boys look at each other.

BOTH  
I am.

GEHRIG  
He works the cards. I do all the heavy  
thinking.

MORRIS  
I don't know about that.

Dee Dee laughs.

DEE DEE  
Well that's a game I'd like to see.

She carefully walks to the back of the bouncing boat and sits  
by the engine, sunning herself.

MORRIS  
(loudly, to Gehrig)  
Kaiser Soze in the Usual Suspects!

GEHRIG  
What?

MORRIS  
Kaiser Soze! Another unreliable  
narrator!

GEHRIG  
(pleased)  
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.



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.

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.

An intercom buzzes:

VOICE

(filtered)

There's someone on the boat, boss!

RAMIREZ

What? Kill them all!

Suddenly we hear GUN SHOTS off-screen, but still the CAMERA STAYS WITH RAMIREZ.

RAMIREZ (CONT'D)

(into the intercom)

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.

The CAMERA PUSHES IN on ONE STUBBY FACE in the picture...

CUT TO:

That same FACE, now in the flesh.

INT. LOBBY OF THE RITZ CARLTON HOTEL - DAY

It's WILLY THE STUMP and he's staring right at us.

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. She stands in the lobby with Gehrig and Morris. Morris has a gym bag on one shoulder.

DEE DEE

Hey, Willy.

WILLY THE STUMP

Mike know you're in Miami?

DEE DEE

Not yet. I'm trying to lay low for now,  
work on my tan.

Willy puts his index finger over his lips.

WILLY THE STUMP

Shhh. I'm down with that.

DEE DEE

These are the guys I told you about.

WILLY THE STUMP

So you're the Houston guys who got some  
game?

GEHRIG

We're just on a little vacation from the  
heat.

But Willy isn't even paying attention. He can't take his  
eyes off Dee Dee.

WILLY THE STUMP

(re: Dee Dee)

Damn I'd like to spread you on a  
muffelata and eat you up.

Willy gets a huge grin on his face.

WILLY THE STUMP (CONT'D)

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, and two big  
THUGS stand behind the boys.

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

WILLY THE STUMP

A little business, first. Need to see  
your stake.

Morris ope the gym bag on the table. Sure enough, half a million dollars.

Willy smiles like he sees it every day.

WILLY THE STUMP (CONT'D)

So, tell me, what do you fellas do... to pull those kind of gees?

GEHRIG

We're bank tellers.

WILLY THE STUMP

Ha-ha. Okay! I love these guys! You tellers want some action? You've found it.

GEHRIG

Great. What are we waiting for?

WILLY THE STUMP

My partner.

MORRIS

What'dya mean?

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.

WILLY THE STUMP (CONT'D)

Speak of the devil.

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.

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

WILLY THE STUMP (CONT'D)

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.

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 on a lounge chair, apparently she's fallen asleep.

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!

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 Willy)

We're done. We need the rest.

(to Morris)

Pay him.

Morris counts some bills out of the bag.

MORRIS

I really thought this was going to be our week.

He slides the money over to the Stump.

WILLY THE STUMP

Great.  
 (to the boys)  
 We'll take the rest too.

MORRIS

Of what?

WILLY THE STUMP

The five.

MORRIS

I don't think --

Willy pulls a gun from under the table. His demeanor turns dead serious and any hint of a Cuban accent disappears.

WILLY THE STUMP

Let's not get blood on my nice gazebo, eh fellas?

The last thing Morris and Gehrig see is Dee Dee, asleep on the lounge chair, as a pair of pillow cases drop over their heads.

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, the wet pillow case still on his head. Wherever he is.

MORRIS

Gehrig. Gehrig.

No answer or movement. Morris is able to shake the thing off his head and survey 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 pull the case off of his friend's head.

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.

MORRIS (CONT'D)  
 Gehrig? Gehrig? Come on, man! Talk to me! You're okay! Oh, Jesus Christ.

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

MORRIS (CONT'D)  
 Oh, thank God. 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.

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

We're with Morris on the deck, a scotch in his non-bandaged  
hand, his face resembling an over-ripe plum. He leans  
against the railing, watching Dee Dee wrap Gehrig's ribs on  
the bed.

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

MORRIS

(quietly, to Dee Dee)

You almost got us killed.

DEE DEE

I know. I'm sorry.

MORRIS

How could you sleep while the Stump  
jumped us like that?

DEE DEE

I didn't think --

MORRIS

Yeah. You didn't. You fucked us.

GEHRIG

Easy Morris. She didn't...

This just pisses Morris off more.

MORRIS

And you! In here like she didn't do anything wrong! 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're kind of obligated to finish this. I don't wanna screw with Jimmy. I like being alive. But- I don't know. That was fucked up. What money are we gonna play with now?

GEHRIG

(to Dee Dee)

Let us talk.

DEE DEE

I'll go call Jimmy. Get this straightened out.

Dee Dee leaves.

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

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. Your fatal flaw is hemorrhaging.

GEHRIG

What are you talking about?

MORRIS

How do we know we can trust her?

GEHRIG

We can. She's as invested in this as we are.

MORRIS

Oh really? She was the one pounded by a couple of monkeys and tossed in the Atlantic?

(beat)

I think it's safe to say you can't make an unbiased decision.

GEHRIG

That's not fair.

MORRIS

Hey, I admit we're in this because of me. But you're just digging us in deeper. I can't let you do it.

GEHRIG

I don't see what choice we have.

MORRIS

We could hit the road.

GEHRIG

Between Jimmy and the Captain, we wouldn't last a week.

MORRIS

I just can't help but think we're getting played. Hard. Asleep? What if she's just using us?

GEHRIG

How you figure that?

MORRIS

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

(beat)

She brings us down here to lift Mike's money Friday night, or not, it doesn't matter. Mike's on shaky sand as it is. But in front of Casper Ono, she takes out the guys, played by us, who stole Miami Mike's last half a million. She's a hero, she runs Miami, and we're shark food. It's the Grifters meets Jaws.

GEHRIG

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. I don't know, man. I say we just call the Captain and come clean. Work out a deal with him.

Gehrig ponders this. Finally...

GEHRIG

You think that's a good idea?

Morris shrugs, conflicted.

GEHRIG (CONT'D)

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.

Morris sits, but he doesn't settle in.

MORRIS

Nothing for me.

GEHRIG

Dee Dee called Jimmy. She took the fall.

MORRIS

(quickly)

She should have.

DEE DEE

He's wiring me the money for you guys to play with. It's my ass if anything happens to it.

(almost smiling)

(MORE)

DEE DEE (cont'd)  
 Jimmy's never trusted anyone with his egg  
 before. This is big.

GEHRIG  
 (still selling Morris)  
 So we're back to square.

Morris isn't impressed.

MORRIS  
 I think I'm gonna take the morning off.  
 I need to think.

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

Morris just takes a piece of bacon off Gehrig's plate and  
 leaves without letting her finish the sentence.

DEE DEE (CONT'D)  
 You sure he's okay?

GEHRIG  
 (not too sure)  
 I'm sure.

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 checks out the security situation. No glass ceiling, but camera bubbles everywhere.

A loud, obnoxious LAUGH gets his attention. It's MIAMI MIKE, reaching for the pot at the busy table.

MIAMI MIKE

(loudly)

Not your day, Sixto.

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...

SECURITY GUARD (O.S.)

Sir, could you please come with me?

A Guard stands behind Morris.

There is no saying no. Morris NODS and follows the Guard.

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 flipping 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 (CONT'D)  
 (from the dressing room)  
 The money's at the bank.

GEHRIG  
 Is Jimmy pissed?

DEE DEE  
 Not at you. Can you zip this for me?

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?

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 finally  
pulls his head back.

GEHRIG  
What are we doing here, Dee Dee?

DEE DEE  
Keeping the team together.

Gehrig grabs her and kisses her again, this time on his  
terms.

GEHRIG  
Just wanted to make sure.

She's good. Miami? Hell, this girl should run the world.

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. You like working  
for this guy?

Rondell SHRUGS.

RONDELL  
My eyes are always open.

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.

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. 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 shooting it out with Mike's guys. Dee Dee's face is never quite clear.

Morris picks up the last picture, where all the crew members are tied up, but perfectly healthy.

Finally...

MIAMI MIKE  
 (loudly)  
 How'd you manage it? All that shooting,  
 tear up my boat... but not kill anyone on  
 the crew?

Morris eyes a photo of himself.

MORRIS  
 I need a haircut.

MIAMI MIKE  
 You don't kill anyone that I can replace,  
 but then you pop my goddamn accountant.  
 What a mess.

MORRIS  
 I didn't pop him.

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

MIAMI MIKE  
 (still loud)  
 Where's my money?!

MORRIS  
 Gone. We got jumped.

MIAMI MIKE  
For half a million dollars?

Mike is about to pop.

MORRIS

You should probably talk to the Stump.

MIAMI MIKE

Willy?

MORRIS

That's right. My partner and I played a money game with ol' Willy. He decided he wanted the whole stake whether he earned it or not.

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

MIAMI MIKE

Fuck-o, let's get something straight right now. In about fifteen seconds I'm ripping out your windpipe.

MORRIS

(calmly)

I've come here to talk to you. You're being set up.

This stops Mike cold. He sucks his teeth, waiting.

MORRIS (CONT'D)

My partner and I were hired to do it.

Mike just keeps staring at him. After an eternity...

MIAMI MIKE

Who's setting me up?

MORRIS

I'm here to make a deal.

MIAMI MIKE

(incredulously)

A deal! You owe me half a mil!

MORRIS

I tell you who's setting you up, you promise to let me and my partner go. That's the deal.

Miami Mike sucks.

MIAMI MIKE

This better be good.

Morris sits back, deciding whether to tell him.

MORRIS

Jimmy Colletti outta New York.

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

MIAMI MIKE

Continue.

MORRIS

He hired me and my partner to clean you out this Friday so you can't make your payment to Casper Ono.

After a moment of disbelief...

MIAMI MIKE

(livid)

How do you know Ono?

MORRIS

Who the fuck doesn't know Ono? He's the top of the pyramid for all of us groundlings.

Morris points at the picture, his 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... which also answers the question of who popped your money-man.

(beat)

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, then. I work for you, but don't let Jimmy or Henry Hank know I'm in on it. They think I'm still their guy, and I get to help you bring them down. When you bust that whole freak-show family in front of Casper Ono on Friday, 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.

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.

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  
I'm in.

Mike just can't resist.

MORRIS  
How many you want?

MIAMI MIKE  
I'm good.

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.

Mike looks smug, until...

MORRIS  
You wanna raise?

MIAMI MIKE  
Check.

Rondell's poker face is non-existent; he's beaming over his cards.

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 has one too.

MORRIS  
That's good beef.

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

MORRIS  
We have a deal?

MIAMI MIKE  
(amazed)  
Oh, yeah.

CUT TO:

EXT. VALET AREA AT THE HOTEL - DAY

Dee Dee's Fiat sits in front of the hotel, having just been brought up by the valets.

Dee Dee climbs behind the wheel and Gehrig accompanies her around to get the door for her.

Now, we notice that Morris is watching from the shadows around the corner, just as Gehrig plants one on Dee Dee's lips.

The Fiat roars away and as Gehrig starts to step back into the hotel, Morris shows himself.

MORRIS

Hey, man.

GEHRIG

Hey. Dee Dee just left to get Jimmy's nut.

MORRIS

Perfect.

Gehrig takes a look at Morris, not sure what to make of his humorless attitude.

GEHRIG

Do you know what John Donne wrote?

MORRIS

Never send to know for whom the bell tolls?

GEHRIG

Same passage. Right before that.

Morris shrugs.

GEHRIG (CONT'D)

No man is an island.

MORRIS

That was him? I thought it was Vince Lombardi.

GEHRIG

It was him. You got everything together?

MORRIS

We're golden.

GEHRIG

Good. When Dee Dee gets back, she'll take us to set up our game.

MORRIS

Swell.

Morris walks off again, leaving Gehrig alone to watch him go.

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. I can't go in with you or Mike'll smell a rat.

Since Dee Dee and Gehrig are in front of Morris, there's no kiss this time. But she does manage to squeeze Gehrig's hand.

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.

Gehrig notices a black dome that houses a camera. He points it out to Morris.

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 an old man in a wheelchair, MR. ROCKET. He looks like he might break at any moment, he's so damn fragile.

GEHRIG

It's the goddamn Rocket!

MORRIS

I thought he was dead.

The cards are laid out, black, green and red chips are piled high in the middle. Mr. Rocket surveys the scene, pushes a three inch high stack of blacks into the middle.

MR. ROCKET

(to another player)

I think you've got me. 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.

He maneuvers his wheelchair away from the table.

MR. ROCKET (CONT'D)

I gotta take a leak.

Rocket knocks over his chips in doing so. He's old, and having a hard time.

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, but I'd love to pick his brain.

Morris notices Rondell standing over to the side of the tables.

MORRIS  
I'll go set up the game.

GEHRIG  
You want me to --

MORRIS  
Naw, I'll take care of it. Go talk to  
the old man.

Gehrig watches Morris walk off and talk to Rondell, then  
disappear down a hallway. Something isn't right.

CUT TO:

THE HALLWAY:

Rondell leads Morris down the hall.

MORRIS  
Mike's in pretty deep, you know that.

Rondell shrugs.

RONDELL  
He's tougher'n any guy I ever played  
with.

MORRIS  
Maybe. Maybe. But I hate to see a man  
like you just doing his job go down on a  
sinking ship. It'd be a waste of talent.

Rondell eyes him, coolly.

RONDELL  
What are you getting at?

MORRIS  
I just think you should play for a winner  
when it's all said and done. Can we talk  
here?

RONDELL  
Yeah, it's safe.

They talk in hushed tones as they move down the hallway.

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.

Everyone WHISPERS but Mike still TALKS as loud as ever.

MIAMI MIKE

Everything here is on the level.  
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)

Your partner didn't sound like he was in with you. Something about handing Dee Dee the keys.

Morris shakes his head.

MORRIS

I'm better than him. I always have been. Besides, I'm the one at the table.

MIAMI MIKE

Willy confirmed your story. He's returning the money.

MORRIS

So I make sure you rake Jimmy's nut,  
which we will have at our disposal, and  
in return, you let me and Gehrig go, free  
and clear.

MIAMI MIKE

I'm gonna love the look on Jimmy's fat,  
smug, pie hole when he hears his little  
sister is shark chum.

Morris smiles at the thought of this.

The VACUUM sound from the monitor stops and a VOICE pumps  
out. It's Rocket talking to Gehrig.

MR. ROCKET

(on the screen, to Gehrig)  
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.

MORRIS

(to Mike)  
You know Mr. Rocket?

MIAMI MIKE

That's the goddamn Rocket? I thought his  
ticket was punched a long time ago.

He looks closely at the monitor.

MIAMI MIKE (CONT'D)

Looks like maybe it was. The Rocket.  
Who'd a thunk it.

Rondell speaks up.

RONDELL

He's been losing money all day. Just  
giving it away.

MIAMI MIKE

Really? Maybe we should include him in  
our little soiree.

Mike SUCKS his teeth and keeps looking at the monitor.

CUT TO:

THE POKER ROOM:

Morris finds Gehrig and the Rocket talking.

MORRIS  
(to Gehrig)  
We're good. Willy vouched for us.

GEHRIG  
(to Rocket)  
This is my partner, Morris.

MORRIS  
Hey, Mr. Rocket. I've been hearing stories about you since I was a kid.

MR. ROCKET  
That's all they are.

GEHRIG  
(quietly)  
What about the blackout night at the Sands? 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)  
I was in the big game. I'd already cleaned Wiedeman out and it was down to me and Dean. 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- I'm about to rake the pot- 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.  
(MORE)

MR. ROCKET (CONT'D)

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...

CUT TO:

INT. THE RITZ - LOBBY

Gehrig and Morris sit in chairs in the lobby. Gehrig watches the beautiful Miami people walk by as Morris watches Gehrig, flipping cards in his hands.

MORRIS

(almost to himself)

This is turning into quite an epic.

GEHRIG

Naah.

MORRIS

What'd'you mean, "naah?"

GEHRIG

If you want to get specific, 'Epic' comes from literature, not Hollywood. There are certain rules that make epics, epics. More than just widescreen and a three-hour running time.

MORRIS

For instance...

GEHRIG  
 For instance, "en medias res." Epics  
 always start in the middle, then  
 flashback to events that took place  
 earlier. If this adventure had started  
 in New York, then maybe you'd have a  
 point.

MORRIS  
 Okay.

GEHRIG  
 And second, an epic has to have a hero  
 with supernatural abilities, like  
 Beowulf's grip, or Luke Skywalker's  
 Force.

Morris's cards dance magically in his nimble hands.

MORRIS  
 What else?

GEHRIG  
 Well... the epic hero has to travel to  
 strange, exotic lands and have journeys  
 filled with adventure.

MORRIS  
 That it?

A couple of transvestites walk by. Morris watches 'em pass.

GEHRIG (CONT'D)  
 No. In the end, the hero is eventually  
 brought down by his fatal flaw.

Gehrig cracks Morris on the back.

GEHRIG (CONT'D)  
 Which just ain't gonna happen to us.

The elevator opens and Dee Dee steps out in her new sun  
 dress. Morris looks from her to Gehrig.

MORRIS  
 Whatever you say.

Gehrig rises to meet her.

DEE DEE  
 You boys talking story?

GEHRIG

Yeah...

DEE DEE

Figured out the ending yet?

GEHRIG

That's the toughest part, 'cause our script is a card movie and everyone knows the good guy has to pull the Ace at the end. The question is: how do we avoid the cliché?

MORRIS

Yeah, we haven't worked it out yet. Are we gonna eat or what?

DEE DEE

Before we take off, you guys should know, I just got off the phone with Jimmy. He's coming. Tomorrow.

MORRIS

What? Why?

DEE DEE

He said he can't miss the look on Mike's face when it all goes down tomorrow night.

Morris hits the roof.

MORRIS

Bullshit. He's squeezing us.

GEHRIG

I don't think so. Things are set. He just wants to see it all firsthand.

MORRIS

Oh, for Christ's sake! He's coming down here to bury us as soon as this is over. I knew it!

DEE DEE

No chance! I would never let that happen!

MORRIS

Just like with the Stump, right Dee Dee? You act like you're in control, but you're just another slice of pie using her assets to get what she wants.

GEHRIG

Hey!

MORRIS

Don't you fucking stick up for her!  
We've been together ten years and now  
it's like you're a little kid having a  
tickle-party in the back seat of Dee  
Dee's goddamn Fiat! She's using you!

DEE DEE

I think you should watch your mouth,  
Morris.

MORRIS

What? You going to have Jimmy whack me?

DEE DEE

Not Jimmy.

MORRIS

Oh I forgot, you can 'stash firearms'  
like nobody's business. Kill me now and  
put me out of my misery.

DEE DEE

Don't tempt me.

MORRIS

(to Gehrig)

The only reason I haven't hit the road is  
Jimmy would kill you. Regardless of what  
Annie Oakley says here.

With that, Morris heads into the hotel bar.

Dee Dee stares after him, madder than we've ever seen her.

GEHRIG

Dee Dee, forget it. Come on.

DEE DEE

He crossed the line.

GEHRIG

Forget it. He just needs to cool off.

DEE DEE

I'm not gonna...

Gehrig turns her to look right at him. Touches her on the  
cheek.

GEHRIG

You have to trust me on this one. This story will have a happy ending. I promise.

CUT TO:

EXT. SOUTH BEACH STREET - NIGHT

The street is nuts. Plastic people are everywhere, lined up waiting for the clubs. Dee Dee and Gehrig saunter through the crowd.

DEE DEE

I want to trust you, Gehrig. I do. There are just too many people counting on me coming through down here, and I can't let Morris get in the way.

GEHRIG

People? Who besides Jimmy and Hank?

DEE DEE

Isn't that enough?

GEHRIG

I guess it is.

DEE DEE (CONT'D)

I know you don't want to see it, but Morris is up to something on his own. I can feel it.

Gehrig looks down, not wanting to face this fact.

GEHRIG

I gotta confess something. Morris set up the game yesterday awfully easily. I didn't say anything to him because I didn't want him to know I noticed, but he was gone and back in two minutes. He said he wanted to do it himself.

DEE DEE

Why didn't you tell me? He's gone to Mike! I knew it!

GEHRIG

No way. Not Morris.

DEE DEE

Imagine it. He's turned South, I'd bet my life on it.

She looks at Gehrig, her wheels turning. Finally...

DEE DEE (CONT'D)

You're gonna have to beat Mike yourself.

GEHRIG

I don't know...

DEE DEE

You said you were a better player.

GEHRIG

I said I was the brains. No one moves the cards like Morris.

DEE DEE

Then you'll have to out-think him.

GEHRIG

Morris isn't dumb. He just does things on impulse rather than thinking them through sometimes. It's his fatal flaw.

Changing speeds, Dee Dee leans in close to Gehrig.

DEE DEE

Yeah? What's your fatal flaw?

He kisses her.

GEHRIG

I don't have one.

Dee Dee pulls away, smiling, then moves back in and kisses him harder.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

Morris sits by himself in bed, staring at the ceiling. The bed next to him is conspicuously empty. GIGGLING can be heard in the adjacent room.

Morris never closes his eyes.

EXT. MIAMI AIRPORT - MORNING

Gehrig and Dee Dee stand near a gate watching people getting off the plane. Most are dressed in flower pattern shirts, ready for the beach.

Then comes Jimmy and Hank. Their dark New York suits give them away.

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. 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. He's going to be playing with our payment money, for God's sake.

DEE DEE

I think we should keep him in. We can use this against him.

HANK

That he's a double-playing dead man?

JIMMY

Dee Dee, look at me.

She does, and his stare is piercing.

JIMMY

Why should I let you play with my money? Convince me that I shouldn't make my payment and go home.

She matches his stare.

DEE DEE

What did you have for dinner last night, Jimmy?

JIMMY

What? A piece of veal at Antonio's. Why?

DEE DEE

How was it?

JIMMY

Perfect, like a piece of sponge cake.

DEE DEE

I've never asked you for a thing, but if it wasn't for me, you never would have gotten to eat that piece of perfect veal. And I'm asking you now. You've got to trust me.

They stare at each other, two peas in a pod. Finally...

JIMMY

It's your game.

DEE DEE

Good. Now the boys already told Mike that Morris would be the player. He'll start, but the first time I think Morris isn't on the level, Gehrig'll take his seat and finish the job.

(to Hank)

And I'll take care of Morris myself.

JIMMY

Where is he?

GEHRIG

He took the rental car back.

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

HANK

Mike nearly threw a rod when I called him and told him we were coming tonight..

GEHRIG

What time does Ono get here?

JIMMY

He'll be at the Orange Bowl at eleven.

GEHRIG

Perfect. By ten fifty-nine Mike'll be short-stacked.

(to Dee Dee)

And you can start house hunting.

CUT TO:

EXT. ORANGE BOWL - NIGHT

The cab pulls in to the mostly empty parking lot of the Orange Bowl. The lights above 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 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.

The guard pats Morris and Gehrig down.

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.

GEHRIG

Two.

Rondell pours Johnny Walker Blue.

MIAMI MIKE

Willy the Stump put in a word for you. Said you were perfect for my little game here tonight.

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

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)

Age doesn't bring wisdom, this much I've learned. Fellas, this is Mr. Rocket from old town Vegas, raised from the dead and resurrected from retirement.

MR. ROCKET

Can we just play cards without all the hot air?

MIAMI MIKE

I always heard you were a sour apple. That is... until they broke you.

The guard doesn't know how to pat Rocket down, so Rocket just lifts his blanket, revealing nothing but frail legs. Mike goes right on taunting.

MIAMI MIKE (CONT'D)

Gonna keep it clean tonight, Rocket? I know all about you and I'd hate to have to get out the hard wood. I haven't swung a bat in years.

MR. ROCKET

You'll see nothing but fair and square outta me.

MIAMI MIKE

I'm sure we will.

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 walk out. Dee Dee might melt the chips she looks so good in her tight skirt and blouse. Jimmy carries a large briefcase.

Mike comes scooting around the bar to welcome them as the guard pats them all down.

MIAMI MIKE (CONT'D)

Hey, look at that. I been inviting you down here for eight years and you finally make it.

JIMMY  
How you doin', Mike?

They half hug.

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

JIMMY  
Yeah, so I heard.

Jimmy hands the case to Rondell, who opens the bottom of the chip cart where there is a locker. He puts the briefcase in the locker, next to the other case already in there.

MIAMI MIKE  
How you, Hank?

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

They half hug.

MIAMI MIKE  
(to Rondell)  
Get this guy a drink.

Miami Mike stops when he sees Dee Dee.

MIAMI MIKE (CONT'D)  
Little Dee Dee. All that boarding school  
did you right. 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 smog  
doesn't block out the sun.

DEE DEE  
That's a great idea, Mike.

Rondell frisks all of them.

JIMMY  
What's this shit?

MIAMI MIKE

Oh, you know. Just keeping it friendly.

Rondell's especially careful with Dee Dee, but she doesn't mind a bit.

HANK

Who's the dealer?

MIAMI MIKE

That's Double Nickel Nick Simms. Most honest man since Abe himself.

JIMMY

(to Hank)

He's straight. Best mechanic outside of Vegas.

(beat)

So, 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, South Florida legend, Jimmy Colletti, his half-brother Henry Hank Huffman, Morris the cat, and Mr. Rocket, 60's legend. I'm Double Nickel Nick Simms. The fastest set of two fives working the felt.

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.

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 fifteen minutes. 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.

MIAMI MIKE

We'll call it a night at eleven. Casper's gonna want his payment as soon as he arrives. That all right with you fellas?

JIMMY

Fine by me.

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.

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.

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, re:  
Morris)  
Is he still with us?

GEHRIG  
(unsure)  
I think so. Rocket is just getting all  
the heat.

Morris has a 4 showing. He pushes in three 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 Jimmy.

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. I've heard enough about you.

MR. ROCKET

Yeah, yeah, yeah.

Nick checks his watch.

DOUBLE NICKEL NICK

Gentlemen it's time for our first break.

CUT TO:

EXT. SEATS OF ORANGE BOWL:

Morris is sitting in the seats, sipping on his scotch when Gehrig, Jimmy, Hank and Dee Dee come down the aisle and stand in front of him.

GEHRIG

What the fuck, Morris.

MORRIS

I don't know. No cards.

GEHRIG

The second to last hand there I told you Rocket was bluffing. Why'd you fold?

MORRIS

I couldn't even beat his bluff.

GEHRIG  
Bullshit. You had a pair of Queens.

Morris just shakes his head.

GEHRIG (CONT'D)  
I'm not going down with you.

MORRIS  
What's that supposed to mean?

Dee Dee speaks up.

DEE DEE (CONT'D)  
(to Morris)  
That's it. Gehrig's taking over the wheel.

MORRIS  
(stung)  
What?

DEE DEE  
You heard me. You're riding shotgun from now on.

Morris stands.

MORRIS  
(to Gehrig)  
Are you in on this?

Gehrig shrugs, can't meet Morris' eyes.

MORRIS (CONT'D)  
Well fuck you. After all these years of jobs, relying on each other no matter what, now you think --

GEHRIG  
I'm not the one tanking --

MORRIS  
I mean I knew it'd be over a girl, I just never dreamed it'd be her.

GEHRIG  
What's that supposed --

MORRIS  
You have no idea, Gehrig. You just have no idea what you're doing!

GEHRIG

Oh yeah? Maybe, like always, I am the one with the idea! I'm through digging myself outta your goddamn holes, every time you bluster ahead like a blind man, you piece of shit! We wouldn't be here if...

Morris SLUGS Gehrig across the jaw, knocking him back, and immediately three sets of guns whip into Morris's face.

GEHRIG (CONT'D)

Wait a minute!

MORRIS

(spits)

Fuck you.

GEHRIG

For once, Morris, know when to hold it back and shut the fuck up.

Morris doesn't say anything, just puts his hands up like he's not gonna give any more trouble. The three put their guns back in their pants, as Morris slumps into a chair.

Jimmy looks Gehrig right in the eye.

JIMMY

You better fucking win.

DEE DEE

He'll win.

Jimmy, Hank, and Dee Dee walk off, 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.

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. Everyone looks at Morris  
like he's the second coming of Benedict Arnold.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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

Rondell rolls over the money case, POPS it open.

MR. ROCKET  
I didn't hear no rules about when we  
could cash out.

JIMMY  
He's right, Mikey.

MR. ROCKET  
Besides, it's been a lot of years since I  
came outta a card game smelling this  
good.

Even Mike has a bit of sentiment somewhere.

MIAMI MIKE  
Okay, you old Geezer. Buy yourself a new  
chair or something.

Rondell tries to gather his chips, and Mr. Rocket leans over  
to help him.

RONDELL  
What the hell?

Rondell sticks his hand into Rocket's chair, pulls out a  
King.

RONDELL (CONT'D)  
He must have half a deck in here.

Rondell digs out a few more cards, dumps them on the table.

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 I let you in this goddamn game! I  
gave you another fucking chance. This is  
what you do!

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.

The doors close and they are gone.

CUT TO:

EXT. ORANGE BOWL - NIGHT

Rondell rolls Mr. Rocket out the door to the parking lot. He  
rolls him up into the white truck, which pulls off.

BACK TO:

INT. PLUSH LUXURY BOX - NIGHT

The game has resumed, everyone settled back down.

Hank checks the clock: 10:59.

HANK

One will be here any minute.

MIAMI MIKE

That's all the time I'm gonna need.

Dee Dee smiles at Mike.

DEE DEE

Whatever you say, Mike.

Rocket's chips still sit in front of his empty chair. Nick pushes them into the middle.

DOUBLE NICKEL NICK

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

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

One down to each, and then an Ace to Morris and Jack to Gehrig.

DOUBLE NICKEL NICK (CONT'D)

Bet to Morris the Cat.

Morris looks at Miami Mike, who nods.

MORRIS

Hundred thousand.

Gehrig checks out Morris' Ace.

GEHRIG

I'm in.

He pushes his money in.

DOUBLE NICKEL NICK

Still going.

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

DOUBLE NICKEL NICK (CONT'D)

Pair of knaves.

Gehrig looks at Dee Dee, who smiles.

GEHRIG

Five.

MORRIS

Thousand?

DEE DEE  
Hundred thousand.

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

JIMMY  
We can cover it. I got my payment in there.

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. An Ace, which gives him two aces and a five. Better than Gehrig's Jacks.

MIAMI MIKE  
We're in.

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. Another 5 to Morris and a 3 to Gehrig. Morris has two fives and an Ace showing plus another Ace in the hole that we've seen. Gehrig has two Jacks and a 3. We haven't seen his hole card.

DOUBLE NICKEL NICK  
Two Jacks still bets.

Dee Dee checks Gehrig's hole card.

DEE DEE  
A million.

MIAMI MIKE  
What?

HANK  
Sweet Jesus.

JIMMY  
(unsure)  
That's my money you're spending there, sis.

DEE DEE  
You gotta let me do this, Jimmy.

Jimmy thinks for a long second.

JIMMY

Whatever the lady says. She's driving.

The sound of a helicopter BUZZING the press box shakes everyone loose.

HANK

Ono's here.

ON THE FIELD:

A black helicopter swings over the fifty yard line, lands softly on the Miami 'U' logo.

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

Casper takes a look around the field and then he and his goons head to the corner tunnel.

BACK IN THE PRESS BOX:

DEE DEE

That was a million to you, Mikey. What's it going to be?

Dee Dee takes TEN GOLDS off the cart and tosses them in.

Mike checks Morris' hole card again. An Ace. Still a winner.

MIAMI MIKE

Going soft on me Jimmy, letting the little girl call the shots.

He throws in his ten.

MIAMI MIKE

Call.

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

CUT TO:

INT. STADIUM TUNNEL - NIGHT

Casper and his goons walk purposely toward the elevator.

BACK TO:

Nick deals two more. Another Ace to Morris and another 3 to Gehrig.

DOUBLE NICKEL NICK

Two pair showing for the man with his own disease! Jeffs and threes! And two pair for the cat over here, Aces and Fives! The bet's to the cat.

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

MIAMI MIKE

You think you have the balls to run a town like Miami, Dee Dee?

(beat)

Check.

DOUBLE NICKEL NICK

Bet's to the Jacks and threes.

DEE DEE

If it took balls Mikey, you'd've been out long ago.

(beat)

Two million.

Immediately:

MIAMI MIKE

Raise two.

DEE DEE

Call.

It happens so fast that no one can breathe. The room is at a complete standstill. Finally...

BING! The elevator doors open. Casper and his goons file out and survey the scene.

CASPER ONO

Quite a game going on here.

Hank finally releases his breath.

HANK  
Jesus Christ, Dee Dee!

JIMMY  
You know what you're doing, sis?

DEE DEE  
(to Mike)  
This'll break you.

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

DEE DEE  
He won't be able to make his payment,  
Casper, just like Jimmy told you: Fast  
and loose. It's time for change in this  
town --

She flips over the card...

DEE DEE  
-- and only an Ace will beat me.

CLOSE ON:

A Jack, which SMILES at Dee Dee.

DOUBLE NICKEL NICK  
A full house! Jacks over threes!

Casper lets out a low WHISTLE.

CASPER ONO  
(to Mike)  
That true, Mike? You need an Ace to make  
your payment?

MIAMI MIKE  
Not a problem.

MORRIS  
(to Gehrig)  
It always comes down to this, doesn't it  
Gehrig?

Gehrig smiles.

GEHRIG  
Let's see that Ace.

MORRIS  
 (smiling)  
 Sure, pal.

Mike grabs the hole card in front of Morris and flips it over. But it's not the Ace anymore! It's a Jack.

MIAMI MIKE  
 What the fuck?

CLOSE ON:

Morris' hole card changed somehow! It WINKS at Mike.

Unbelievable. Especially to Miami Mike.

His world crashing in on him, Mike surveys all of them... He looks hard at Morris and then Gehrig, partners until the end.

MIAMI MIKE  
 (to Morris)  
 What happened to the --  
 (quietly)  
 You flipped it. You played me.

Ono puts an arm around Mike.

CASPER ONO  
 You know the deal when you can't make a payment, Mikey?

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

Morris and Gehrig just smile at him.

In a flash, Mike pulls out his GUN and grabs Ono by the neck. He points the gun right over Morris' shoulder, directly at Gehrig.

Morris grabs the gun and pulls down as the gun FIRES, shooting Morris in the leg, but saving Gehrig.

Casper's goons have their guns in Mike's face before he can get another shot off, but he does manage to get the gun up to Casper's head.

MIAMI MIKE  
 One move and he's done.

CASPER ONO  
You've got to be kidding.

JIMMY  
Mikey, put the gun down; you'll never get  
outta here.

Frantically, Mike looks around, spies the helicopter on the  
field.

MIAMI MIKE  
The hell I won't. I'm flying out.

He starts to pull Casper toward the elevator.

CASPER ONO  
Somebody shoot this piece of shit.

DEE DEE  
Mikey. How bout I go with you, that way  
you and I can settle this once and for  
all.

She steps out in the open and holds out her arms. Nothing  
but tan skin covered by a tight dress, head to toe.

MIAMI MIKE  
That's the first good idea you've had  
tonight, bitch. Get in the elevator.

JIMMY  
Dee Dee, no!

DEE DEE  
Time to grow up, Jimmy.

She walks into the elevator, ahead of Mike and Casper.

MIAMI MIKE  
(to Jimmy)  
I'll circle once and drop her body in the  
parking lot so you can see just how much  
fun I had with her.

JIMMY  
Rot in hell you piece of shit.

Mike starts to pull Ono into the elevator.

MIAMI MIKE  
Take us down.

DEE DEE

Sure.

In a flash, Dee Dee reaches behind her back and has a gun in her hands so fast that it's like she's in permanent fast-forward.

MIAMI MIKE (CONT'D)

(screams)

Try it you stupid C---

She BLASTS him right in the forehead, BAM! BAM! BAM!

Mike let's go of Ono and stumbles back, tripping over the plastic Miami helmet and SHATTERING through the press box glass, where he falls to the seats below.

Casper gains his balance and checks himself for bullet holes.

DEE DEE

(calmly)

Can you believe he'd bring a gun to a friendly game?

They all lean out the window and see Mike's dead body in the seats.

CASPER ONO

Well, I got one thing to say...

Everyone waits.

CASPER ONO (CONT'D)

(smiling)

It looks like Miami has it's first First Lady.

Relief washes over everyone.

CASPER ONO (CONT'D)

That is, if you can cover his payment.

Jimmy smiles and nods toward the box.

JIMMY

No problem.

CUT TO:

FACES...

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

They are looking at the money locker in the bottom of the cart. The locker where 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. Rondell drives, his grin only outshined by Mr. Rocket's.

BACK TO:

CLOSE ON:

A check getting ripped out of a checkbook.

EXT. ORANGE BOWL END ZONE - NIGHT

The helicopter WHIRS on the field, ready.

Casper, Jimmy, Hank and Dee Dee all stand in the end zone. Morris leans on Gehrig, a towel wrapped around his bleeding leg.

Casper has a check in his hands written out for Nine and a Half Million Dollars.

CASPER ONO  
You're five hundred short here.

WILLY THE STUMP  
No she's not.

They turn to see Willy the Stump coming out of the tunnel. He hands the bag of money he'd taken from the guys to Casper.

WILLY THE STUMP  
I was just holding it for her.

DEE DEE  
Casper, meet Willy the Stump. My new captain.

Morris and Gehrig can't believe it.

Casper looks in the bag, sees all the green.

CASPER ONO (CONT'D)

You got style, darling. That is a fact.  
Enjoy your Cadillac.

DEE DEE

Thanks, Casper.

Casper Ono marches on to his helicopter and floats away.

GEHRIG

(re: Dee Dee and the  
Stump)

You two were working together? You had  
Mike's money the whole time?

MORRIS

Then why play with Jimmy's?

DEE DEE

(to Jimmy)

I had to --

JIMMY

(figuring it out)  
She was testing me.

Dee Dee nods.

DEE DEE

I had to prove to Jimmy that I'm not his  
little sister anymore. And he had to  
prove to me that he could trust me with  
the one thing he prizes most.

JIMMY

My money.

(to Dee Dee)

Which you're gonna have to get back.

GEHRIG

So you had the shit beat out of us?

WILLY THE STUMP

Sorry bout that, boys. I'm kind of a  
method actor sometimes.

Jimmy and Hank start for the tunnel, but Jimmy stops, a sly  
smile on his face. He slings an arm around Morris's  
shoulder.

JIMMY

(to Morris)

So you were with us the whole way, huh?

Morris looks at Dee Dee.

MORRIS  
Gehrig and I were just covering our bets.

HANK  
Rondell and Mr. 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. You boys get back to  
New York and we'll take you out for good  
steak.

HANK  
Anything on the menu.

Hank, Jimmy and the Stump head into the tunnel.

Dee Dee faces the boys.

DEE DEE  
So you were playing me the whole time.

GEHRIG  
I think it was mutual.

DEE DEE  
Yeah, I suppose it was.

MORRIS  
Where do you keep that gun?

DEE DEE  
Wouldn't you like to know.

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  
a studio.

(beat)  
Send me that script when you get it  
finished. I'll see what I can do.

With that, she's in the tunnel and gone. Morris and Gehrig  
look at each other, alone on this football field.

MORRIS  
This an epic yet?

GEHRIG  
Only if it has one last twist.

CUT TO:

EXT. SCENIC VIEW OVERLOOKING THE OCEAN - DAY

Morris and Gehrig sit in a rented Cadillac, parked high on a cliff, watching people walk on the beach below. The shining Atlantic is in the distance.

MORRIS  
What do you think?

Gehrig checks his watch.

GEHRIG  
They'll be here.

There is a loud HONK behind them. The boys turn and see the WHITE TRUCK pull to a stop.

Rondell gets out.

RONDELL  
You boys weren't getting nervous, were you?

VOICE (O.S.)  
Of course they weren't. They knew they could trust me.

Mr. Rocket WALKS around from the back of the van, his legs are fine. His demeanor is different, like he's completely in charge. Only it's not Mr. Rocket anymore, it's THE CAPTAIN.

MORRIS  
Shit, Captain. It's about time.

The Captain is carrying a canvas bag and tosses it on the trunk of their car.

THE CAPTAIN  
I took what you owed me out of your cut. Plus enough for my ticket back to L.A. You grifters are goddamn lucky you called.

GEHRIG  
So we're good?

## THE CAPTAIN

As gold. I gotta admit, it felt good to be in the field again. And I got to pretend I was a poker legend.

## MORRIS

Let's just hope Jimmy and Hank don't ever happen across the real Rocket. That would be a helluva ending.

## GEHRIG

O'Henry would be proud.

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.

The room is decorated with 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, who looks at Morris's crutches.

## FEMALE EXECUTIVE

Wait a minute. Are you saying this story is true?

The guys shrug.

## MORRIS

Does it matter?

## FEMALE EXECUTIVE

So, if we make this movie, and someone is watching this movie in the audience, then the story goes five deep because they're watching you tell the story of these two guys who tell the story of Hank telling the story of bla, bla, bla.

MALE EXECUTIVE

(excited)

Yeah. Yeah. And when the audience member leaves and tells his friends about the movie, it'll go six deep.

FEMALE EXECUTIVE

Yeah! You guys need to put more of that stuff into the movie.

MALE EXECUTIVE

Yeah! You should try and get to ten!

He's so happy with their cleverness.

MALE EXECUTIVE

(turning serious)

I've got a question, though. 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. If she sleeps with him it kind of makes her a whore, don't you think?

MALE EXECUTIVE

Oh, I don't know. I think you need it. It will really help the foreign and you'll get more actresses interested that way.

GEHRIG

Really?

A long awkward pause.

MALE EXECUTIVE

(deadpan)

Okay, then. Wow. That's really great.

(MORE)

MALE EXECUTIVE (cont'd)

A good story. You guys have really put a lot of work into it.

FEMALE EXECUTIVE

Yeah. Really great.

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.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BUNGALOW - DAY

The boys exit the building, Morris crutching himself along. They make their way to a DARK CADDY SEDAN and climb in.

Dee Dee's voice comes out of nowhere.

DEE DEE (O.S.)

How'd it go?

MORRIS (O.S.)

Who knows?

GEHRIG (O.S.)

I don't think they got the unreliable narrator part.

MORRIS (O.S.)

Yeah. They asked us if the story was real.

DEE DEE (O.S.)

I hope you didn't tell them the truth.

GEHRIG (O.S.)

We wouldn't be unreliable if people knew the truth.

DEE DEE

What do you wanna do now?

MORRIS (O.S.)

Let's go see a movie.

The car pulls away and THE CAMERA CRANES up, following the car through the studio, where it winds through the fake facades of a back lot.

Nothing in this town is what it seems.

FADE OUT.