

THE GAME

"Take it to the Bank"

PILOT

Written by

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TEASER

TWO FINGERS hold OPEN an EYE. Pupil CONSTRICTING, it looks:  
Up. Down. Side to Side. SEARCHING.

Pulling out, we see the eye's LOOKING in a REAR-VIEW MIRROR,  
and that it, and the fingers, belong to ELI TANNER. 30, today.  
Handsome. Polite and reserved, but it's a real battle.

Shifting to Eli's POV, we see what's causing all the fuss--

--Something small, grayish, and out-of-focus, FLOATS on the  
periphery of his vision. For now, let's call it "The Blur."

BRAD (O.S.)

The light is green.

INT. TAXI - DAY

Stepping back a bit more, we see we're in Eli's TAXI. BRAD'S  
the hipster-dickwad of a fare sitting in the back.

ELI

Oh. Right. Sorry, hold on.

Eli pulls the cab over. Then, turns around and presses  
against the GLASS DIVIDER, holding his eye open for Brad.

ELI

I know this is an odd question, but do  
you see anything in my eye?

BRAD

Depends. Am I wearing a shirt that  
says "*I like handjob*s?"

ELI

Uh, no, sir. You're not.

BRAD

Then stop jerking me around. I know  
You're just trying to run up my fare,  
ergo, I'm not paying. If that's a  
problem, I'll report you.

Yep, Brad really said "Ergo." Ergo, Eli really wants to SLUG  
him. DEEP BREATH. Unclench FIST. Let it go. Let... it... go.

BRAD

Hello? How bout a "yes sir"

(reading Eli's TAXI LICENSE)

...Eli Tanner? Or is there something  
wrong with your ears, too?

EXT. STREET - DAY

Brad stumbles back as Eli's taxi SCREECHES away, leaving him choking down the exhaust.

EXT. BOSTON'S BEACON HILL DISTRICT - DAY

A hub of colonial COBBLESTONES, GAS LAMPS, and people with more money than they know what to do with.

Standing on a corner, headlining the "which one of these things doesn't belong here" category, is KIMBERLY, 20's, fearless with attitude, wearing a KIMONO and not much else.

She enthusiastically HAILS an approaching taxi. Eli pulls up and hesitantly UNROLLS his window.

KIMBERLY

Hi. I need a lift. Unfortunately, I left my wallet in my pants... and, see, I'm not wearing pants.

Kimberly parts her robe. It is true, she's not wearing pants.

KIMBERLY

Perhaps I can find some other way to pay you...

Eli quickly leans over and OPENS the passenger door.

ELI

Just get in before anyone sees you.

She grins and climbs in next to him.

ELI

What are you doing, Kimberly?

KIMBERLY

Wishing my guy a happy birthday.

She gives him a deep, let's get this started, KISS. Showing impressive restraint, Eli breaks the embrace.

ELI

Sorry, I can't. Not now. I need real fares. I'm way behind. The company might take back my cab. Or they might just fire me. I am so screw-

KIMBERLY

Just... re-lax.

Kimberly starts HUMMING *Happy Birthday* as her head drops below the steering wheel.

And suddenly Eli's on his way to being "relaxed." Or at least he would be, if a HOMELESS MAN, 60's, wasn't staring in through the window.

ELI  
Kim... Kimberly. *STOP.*

Kimberly looks up dismissively at the Homeless man.

KIMBERLY  
Oh, he can watch. It's cool.

She starts to go back down. Eli stops her. He can't do this.

KIMBERLY  
Prude.

ELI  
Hold that thought.

Eli gets out of the taxi to see what's up, when suddenly-- The Homeless Man LURCHES toward Eli and GRABS his ARM.

Mistake. BIG mistake. In a fluid motion, Eli SPINS the Homeless Man, TWISTING his arm, SLAMMING him against the car.

Despite the ADRENALINE PUMPING through his body, Eli keeps his tone calm and measured. He can't lose control. Not again.

ELI  
I don't want to hurt you.  
(tightens)  
But I could. So here's how this is going to play out. I'm going to let go, and you're going to walk away. There's nothing for you here, trust me, I don't have any money.

HOMELESS MAN  
I do -- I have money.

He does. The Homeless man is clutching a HUNDRED DOLLAR BILL.

HOMELESS MAN  
I'm drunk. Sorry, I just need a ride.  
(pointed beat)  
*The Regulars are coming out.*

Eli barely hears him, eyes fixated on the bill, weighing his options -- sex with his girlfriend, or crazy homeless dude with cash...

Sadly, it isn't even an argument. He leans back into the car.

KIMBERLY

My. God. That was unbelievably, panty dampening, hot. Take me now, I-

Uh oh. She can't fucking believe the look on Eli's face.

ELI

Kimberly, I'm sorry I...  
I really need the fare. Rain check?

SLAM! Kimberly huffs inside the TOWNHOUSE on the corner.

INT. ELI'S TAXI CAB - DAY [TRAVELING]

The Homeless Man watches Kimberly's Townhouse fade from view.

HOMELESS MAN

Her fire is quite beguiling. Many apologies if I ruined your morning.

*Her fire?* Who is this guy?

ELI

Yeah. Sure. Where are we headed?

HOMELESS MAN

Turn here.

They turn down a narrow ALLEY that leads to an EMPTY LOT. A sign READS: **Rennington Properties Group**.

HOMELESS MAN

Stop. This is fine.

Eli pulls over. He looks at the FARE -- \$2.50. Crap.

ELI

I don't know if I have change.

The Homeless Man warmly passes him the folded-up BILL.

HOMELESS MAN

Keep it. I obviously don't need it.

(hesitates)

I know I'm not supposed to say anything -- but truly, thank you for all you've done for me and my family.

Eli has no idea what he's talking about, but he knows, you don't argue with crazy.

ELI  
You're welcome.

INT. ELI'S TAXI CAB - DAY [TRAVELING]

Smiling at his good fortune, Eli unfolds the hundred-dollar bill. A SMALL KEY falls from the creases and into his lap.

That's odd.

Eli ponders the key for a moment, then turns his car around.

EXT. VACANT LOT - DAY

The Homeless Man sits on a large rock. He's HOLDING SOMETHING.

ELI  
Hi. I think you might have left a...

Eli FREEZES as he realizes what he's holding, is a GUN.

The Homeless Man looks up, confused.

HOMELESS MAN  
You aren't supposed to be here.

Yeah. Eli's getting that. The Homeless Man puts the gun to his head...

ELI  
Wait.

Too late. He PULLS THE TRIGGER.

SLAM TO BLACK:

SHOW TITLE APPEARS:

**THE GAME**

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

EXT. VACANT LOT - DAY

POLICE OFFICERS have taped off the grounds. ONLOOKERS have gathered around the outskirts to GAWK at the proceedings.

An OFFICER finishes taking Eli's statement and escorts him out of the crime scene. As Eli ducks under the TAPE--

--one of the onlookers, a bubbly Asian woman, Boston College t-shirt, bounces over to Eli. This is IRIS CHANG, 20's? 30's? Hard to read, which is just how she likes it.

IRIS

Whoa. Were you there? Did you see what happened? Can I get a picture?

Before Eli can respond, Iris SNAPS his PICTURE.

ELI

Oh. Sure, okay. I was. And I did.

IRIS

Coooool. I mean not cool what happened, 'cause that seems like it was totally uncool? I mean what did happen? Was it just the two of you? Did he really shoot himself?

ELI

Yeah. He shot himself. It was... awful.

He glances over to his taxi. There's a MAN standing next to it, white linen-shirt, pony tale, very Paul Revere-esque.

ELI

Sorry. I've got a fare.

IRIS

Iris.

As Iris unapologetically extends her hand, "The Blur" shoots to the center of Eli's field of vision -- and PULSES.

Eli SQUINTS and BLINKS trying to clear his head.

IRIS

You okay?

ELI

It's just something in my eye. It's been there all morning.

IRIS

Let me look. Ocular health is soooo important. My dad's an optometrist.

She takes his face and gently TURNS it into the light.

IRIS

Hey, y'know what I heard someone say -- headshot over there was Arthur Rennington -- the developer.

(searching Eli's eyes)

Weird huh? A guy who owns like half of Boston, dresses like a homeless man, gets in your cab. Kills himself. What's that about?

There's something about Iris' tone and how much she oddly seems to know, that puts Eli on guard. He pulls away.

ELI

What do you mean?

IRIS

Nothing.

ELI

*Nothing?*

IRIS

In your eye -- that I could find. But you should probably see a doctor.

ELI

I probably should.

Hairs on his neck tingling, Eli nods goodbye and heads over to his taxi where "PAUL," some sort of English accent, waits.

PAUL

All right. We need to go. *Now.*

ELI

Sure.

Eli opens the Taxi's door. Paul hops in. Doesn't shut it. Eli closes the door with a sigh. It's just one of those days.

INT. ELI'S TAXI CAB - DAY [TRAVELING]

Paul glances around nervously, surveying the roads.

ELI

Where are we headed?

PAUL  
We'd better hit The Bank. I'm not  
sure how much time we have.

ELI  
It's only eleven. I think you'll be  
okay. Which one?

PAUL  
Which one, what?

ELI  
Which bank?

PAUL  
The *Bank*. Y'know.

Eli doesn't. Paul's face darkens.

PAUL  
Do you know who I am?

ELI  
Should I?

PAUL  
Christ on a friggin' bike. Has  
anything come through yet? How about  
the score? Do you know the score?

ELI  
The score?

PAUL  
Yes, the score. Just read it to me.  
Hurry up, get the lead out.

Eli looks around, out the window, etc. Nothing. He has no  
idea what Paul's talking about.

PAUL  
You know how to read, right? So  
what's the God Damn score?

That's it. Eli's had enough of crazy people for one day.

Cars HONK and SLAM BREAKS as Eli shoots around and by them.

ELI  
Sorry. I have no idea what the God  
Damn score is.

Blood boiling, he CUTS dangerously through traffic.

ELI (cont'd)  
 In fact I have no "friggin" idea what  
 God Damn game you're even talking...

Eli pulls over. Cuts the engine. Spins around.

ELI  
 ...about.

The back seat is EMPTY.

Unsettling. Eli searches the streets. Paul has vanished.

DR. PICMEN (PRE-LAP)  
 Well, you don't have a floater.

INT. OPTOMETRISTS OFFICE - DAY

DR. PICMEN, fastidiously-groomed GOATEE, studies Eli's eyes  
 through a RETINOSCOPE.

DR. PICMEN  
 Any changes to your diet?  
 (no)  
 Taking any new drugs?  
 (no)  
 Doing larger amounts of the old ones?

Dr. Picmen MIMES taking a big TOKE.

ELI  
 I don't do drugs. Could it be a  
 tumor? Y'know, I looked online and--

DR. PICMEN  
 Oh yes, *online*. Well, good news.  
 (a la Schwarzenegger)  
 IT'S NOT A TUMOR.

The reference is lost on Eli.

DR. PICMEN  
 Mr. Tanner, with a tumor, you'd have  
 double vision or loss of peripheral  
 vision. And you're Oh-fer-two.  
 (considering)  
 It may be neurological. How's your  
 stress level? Any big life changes?

INT. BIRCH TOWERS ASSISTED LIVING/REC ROOM - DAY

DORTHEIA TANNER, 58, sits in an armchair staring vacantly  
 out the bay windows.

Perhaps she's watching the swirling currents of the CHARLES RIVER. Perhaps she's watching the TRAFFIC backing up on Storrow Drive.

It's impossible to tell. Dortheia, along with a good portion of the population of Birch Towers, has early onset DEMENTIA.

Those that still have the mental capacity, PLAY CARDS, KNIT, and WATCH TELEVISION, etc.

The upscale facility is well-staffed and friendly NURSES attend equally to both the responsive and less responsive.

Eli greets a cheery, ruddy-faced Irish nurse, SIOBHÁN, 30's.

ELI

How's she doing today, Siobhán? Did she take her Memantine, yet?

SIOBHÁN

Aye, she took it. Eli, I'm not gonna shine yeh on, she's had better days.

ELI

Maybe I should come back then. Doesn't really make a difference.

SIOBHÁN

Don't say that. Don't yeh ever say that. If it makes a difference to yeh, it'll make a difference to her.

(beat)

Besides, I want me some cake.

Siobhán nods over at a small BIRTHDAY CAKE on a TROLLEY CART.

ELI

It would be a shame to let it go to waste.

SIOBHÁN

Damn right it would. Here we go now--  
*Happy Birthday to you...*

The ROOM joins in, SINGING the best they can. It's broken and spotty. Endearing, and, well... depressing.

Eli sits next to Dortheia and gives her a kiss on the cheek.

ELI

Hi, Mom. Thirty today. Hard to believe, huh?

Eli takes her hand, hoping for a flicker of recognition.

Nothing. Nothing at all.

Eli forces a smile. What else can he do.

SIOBHÁN

I'll go cut you a slice.

Siobhán gives Eli an encouraging pat, and heads to the cart.

Antsy, Eli gets up and takes in the view out the window.

ELI

Impressive. The Charles. The Gardens.  
God, I loved riding the Swan boats.  
Riding around the pond every Saturday.  
Which, I realize now was you cleverly  
ensuring I couldn't go anywhere when  
you started interrogating me about that  
week in school. That was *pure torture*.  
But oh so worth it, to ride the Swans.

Still blank. Eli's not giving up.

ELI

What's that? Am I seeing anyone? Come  
on, Mom, don't be so coy. Just ask.

(playful beat)

Yes, it's Kim. Well, Kimberly. She's  
not big on being called Kim. "Too  
generic." *Kimberly's* all about being  
outside of the box. Which, just  
between you and me, can be exhausting.

Not even a flicker. Eli's frustration is mounting.

ELI

Seriously, is it a crime to  
occasionally want to have plain-old,  
missionary style, one guy on one  
girl, sex in a non-public place?

Judging from the WIDE-EYED REACTION of the room, the answer  
would be no.

ELI

Sorry. That was too far. I guess I  
was just hoping you'd stop me.

Eli sits back down next to Dorthesia.

ELI

I saw someone die today, Mom. It was horrible. Terrifying. The blood. I- I swear, I could smell it. Gushing. But when it stopped, it was over.

He turns to his mom and takes in her blank face.

ELI

No more pain. No more anything. It was just... over.

SIOBHÁN

Here you are, two pieces of cake.

She places one in Dortheia's lap and offers the other to Eli.

Eli stands up abruptly.

ELI

I... I have to go.  
(as he leaves)  
You were right, she's had better days.

INT. BIRCH TOWERS ASSISTED LIVING/HALL - DAY

As Eli races down the corridor, a long, THIN ARM extends from a room and beckons him inside.

MR. BLACKEN (O.S.)

Mr. Tanner, might I have a word?

Eli hesitates. He can't deal with this. Not now.

INT. CONTROLLER'S OFFICE - DAY

Eli slinks inside. The Controller, MR. BLACKEN, 40's, immaculately groomed, gestures for him to have a seat.

MR. BLACKEN

As I'm sure you're aware, your card didn't go through.

ELI

Mr. Blacken, It's a mistake. I'll-

MR. BLACKEN

Shhh. We both know it's not a mistake. You're three months behind. You can't afford to have your mother here.

It's true, Eli can't.

MR. BLACKEN

And even if you were to manage to scrape the money together, it's only a matter of time till we have this conversation again.

ELI

What are you saying?

MR. BLACKEN

Lawyers make evicting a resident such an unpleasant, expensive, process. So instead, I have a proposition for you.

Mr. Blacken takes three BRASS CUPS off a shelf and puts them on his desk. He places a small WOODEN BALL under a cup and slowly starts to mix them.

ELI

You can't be serious.

MR. BLACKEN

You win, you can have till the end of the year to settle what you owe.

ELI

And if I don't?

MR. BLACKEN

Pay in full by tomorrow, or you take your mother out of here, quietly, and find some... state facility where she can live out what's left of her life.

ELI

I don't play games.

Mr. Blacken's hands blur, mixing the cups with the precision of a concert pianist.

MR. BLACKEN

But you will. People will do anything for family.

He stops mixing. Eli eyes the three cups with trepidation.

MR. BLACKEN

Here, let me make it easy for you.

He topples over an empty cup, leaving just two to choose from.

Eli eyes the cups, so much is riding on this. After a seeming eternity, he turns one of the cups over.

*It's empty.* Eli's heart drops.

MR. BLACKEN

A pity. Word to the wise, never bet  
when you've got something to lose.

(dismissive beat)

Tomorrow, then.

EXT. ELI'S HOUSE - DAY

As Eli pulls his taxi into the driveway of a weather-beaten duplex, he notes a WOMAN standing on his porch.

Eli does a double take. He's met her before, or at least he thinks he did. It's Iris from the crime scene, but she's ditched her T-shirt and bubbly demeanor in favor of a Power Dress, ass-kicking boots and a steely resolve.

ELI

I-Iris? What are you-

IRIS

Eli Samuel Tanner. Born, June, 1986.  
Six-foot one. Two hundred pounds.  
Speaks English, Spanish, German,  
French, Italian and, impressively,  
Mandarin. Dropped out of BC after a  
boxing scholarship was revoked.

ELI

How did you-

IRIS

Mother, Dortheia, Fifty-eight, has  
early-onset dementia. This has  
imposed a severe emotional and  
financial burden on Eli.

Eli bristles and takes a threatening step toward her.

ELI

Don't ever talk about my mother.

Iris takes a matching step. She's right in his face.

IRIS

Has anger issues. Served six months  
Juvenal detention at the Springfield  
Secure Treatment program. Court  
mandated anger management. Currently  
on probation. Which I'm sure you  
wouldn't want to violate, just  
because someone's doing their job.

Eli steaming, but Iris is right. He tries to contain himself.

ELI  
And just what is your job?

IRIS  
Knowing things is what I do. And for that, I'm paid very well.

ELI  
Paid? Paid by who?

Iris opens the door to Eli's house. It's clear the only answers he's going to get lie inside.

INT. ELI'S HOUSE - DAY

Eli cautiously enters. His place screams single man, late twenties. A decor cobbled together via trips to Ikea.

Classing up his mismatched furniture, we find Mrs. JULIANNE RENNINGTON. A Rene Russo-like late 40's. So, y'know, smoldering and in charge.

MRS. RENNINGTON  
Mr. Tanner, I'm Julianne Rennington. I believe you were with my husband when...

She takes a moment to composes herself.

MRS. RENNINGTON  
...when it happened?

ELI  
Oh. Yes. I was. Mrs. Rennington, I'm sorry for your loss. But, excuse me if this comes across as rude -- why the hell are you in my apartment?

MRS. RENNINGTON  
My sincerest apologies, Mr. Tanner. It was imperative that no one saw me. Iris helped me break into your home, because I don't believe my husband's death was a suicide.

ELI  
Mrs. Rennington.

MRS. RENNINGTON  
Please. Julianne.

ELI

Sure. Julianne, I'm sorry, but, it was. I was there. I saw it happen.

MRS. RENNINGTON

I know Albert. I know he did... what he did.

(beat)

But *why* he did it. I was hoping that was something you could help me with.

ELI

I don't know how I-

Mrs. Rennington nods to Iris who brings over an IPAD.

MRS. RENNINGTON

Please, look at this.

The IPAD's loaded with FOOTAGE of Albert Rennington's final morning from surveillance cameras in the Renningtons' opulent penthouse apartment. Scrolling through WE SEE:

- 1) Albert gets out of bed, taking care not to wake Julianne.
- 2) He goes to his closet. Pushes aside the suits and pulls out a BAG from the back. Inside that bag is the filthy HOMELESS-ESQUE ATTIRE he was wearing when he met Eli.
- 3) In the bathroom, rubbing some dirt on his face. He checks the MIRROR -- he looks appropriately awful.
- 4) Albert steps into the shower, takes a swig of GIN and then DOUSES himself with the rest of the bottle -- thus completing the illusion.
- 5) Gently kissing his wife goodbye and then slipping out.
- 6) Getting THROWN out of the lobby by HOTEL SECURITY. He shuffles down the street, past a white UTILITY VAN. The van's MUSTACHED DRIVER, who we'll eventually learn is MR. BOOMER, gives him a disgusted once-over.

ELI

Why would he do all that?

IRIS

His homeless cloak of invisibility, ensuring no one would recognize him? It's a good question. But if he wanted to kill himself, why go to such lengths? And more importantly, why did he want to get to you, undetected?

ELI

To me? I have nothing to do with this, he just got in my cab.

IRIS

Here's what I think. I think you need money. Lots of money. And perhaps you have something on Mr. Rennington. And that after he gave you the money you wanted, either he couldn't live with what he'd done.

(beat)

Or you couldn't live with him knowing you knew.

ELI

Are you implying I killed him?

IRIS

Did you?

ELI

No. Of course not. That's cra-

MRS. RENNINGTON

*Iris.* Could you give us a moment?

*Iris* stares Eli down for another moment. Then relents.

IRIS

If you need me, Mrs. Rennington, I'll be on the other side of the door.

*Iris* steps out.

Mrs. Rennington's eyes start to water. She sits down on the couch and takes a moment to compose herself.

Unsure of what to do, Eli sits down next to her and awkwardly gives her a comforting pat on the back.

Mrs. Rennington leans into him appreciatively.

MRS. RENNINGTON

Sorry. This is so hard.

(beat)

Eli, *Iris* is protective. Perhaps overly. But I pay her to be. My husband made a lot of money and almost as many enemies.

She takes Eli's hand. Seemingly for support. But then CLAPS it on her knee.

MRS. RENNINGTON  
 Eli. I need you to be honest with me.  
 Did Albert tell you anything?  
 Anything at all?

She bends in earnestly, causing her hand and Eli's to incrementally slide UP HER THIGH. Intentional? Hard to tell.

MRS. RENNINGTON  
 Because, right now, I'm feeling so,  
 alone. *Vulnerable*. And I need  
 something...to make sense.

Eli's trying not to focus on where his hand's sliding, but it's difficult.

ELI  
 He just... just asked me for a ride.

MRS. RENNINGTON  
 So he didn't say, or perhaps give you  
 anything?

The question gives Eli pause. And yet for some reason, he doesn't want to tell her about the key.

ELI  
 No. I'm sorry.

Mrs. Rennington gives an understanding nod. Then stands, straightening her outfit.

MRS. RENNINGTON  
 Well, if you think of anything. Or if  
 anyone contacts you, call me. I just  
 want to protect my husband's memory.

She slides a scented CARD into his hand. Eli leads her to the door.

ELI  
 I will.

She pulls him close and kisses Eli's cheek, right next to the corner of his mouth. Then with a smile, she's gone.

Eli let's out a sigh. Whoa. That's an impressive woman.

Suddenly, a HEADACHE staggers Eli. "The Blur" zooms back to center of his vision again. Pulsing. Sharpening. And finally coming into focus, FORMING --

--A NUMBER. A number that INCREASES like one of the cigarette death total billboards, and then it stops:

**67,584,997**

Eli looks around, watching the number HANG IN THE AIR. It's a bit like the heads-up-display of Google Glass. But without, y'know, wearing glasses.

ELI

Sixty-seven million, five-hundred and eighty-four thousand, nine hundred ninety-seven... ninety seven, what?

PAUL (O.S.)

So you can see the score. Well, it's about damn time.

Eli spins. Paul is laying on his couch.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. ELI'S HOUSE - DAY

Eli slowly backs away from Paul.

ELI  
You. How did you get in here?

PAUL  
Wrong question, Eli.

ELI  
Who are you?

PAUL  
Again, not really the matter at hand.  
Care for a third go at it?

ELI  
Y'know what, "Paul Revere," I don't  
care. Just get out of my house. Now.

PAUL  
Paul Revere?

ELI  
The ponytail, lacy-shirt get-up...  
(Off: Paul's blank look)  
It doesn't matter. I'm calling the  
police.

Eli pulls out his phone threateningly. Paul doesn't notice.

PAUL  
Paul... Paul on the ball. Hello,  
Paul. How's the day, Paul? Shag me  
till I can't walk, Paul. Puuu-allll.  
I like it. Let's go with, "Paul."

ELI  
Go with Paul? For what?

PAUL  
I'm sorry, and he boots the ball off  
the pitch. Wrong again. The question  
we were looking for, Mate, was "what  
place am I in?" And lucky for you,  
you've only fallen into second.

ELI  
Second? Second place in what?

PAUL  
The Game. What else is there?

And Eli's done with the conversation.

ELI  
Calling the police now.

As he starts DIALING, the SCORE suddenly DIPS by 200 points.  
Paul catches the expression on Eli's face.

PAUL  
Let me guess, you just lost, what,  
'bout two hundred points?

He's right. Stunned, Eli lowers the phone.

ELI  
How did you know that? Can you see it  
too?

PAUL  
Not yet, we haven't fully re-linked. I  
just know the scoring. The Game's not  
big on passing the buck. Prefers if  
you man up, grab your twig and berries  
and deal with crap on your own. A two  
hundred point drop seemed 'bout right.

Intrigued, Eli considers.

ELI  
This Game... what is it?

PAUL  
Come to The Bank, get your ring, and  
you'll have all your answers.

ELI  
No. Tell me first, then we can talk.

PAUL  
Alrighty. Long story, short, you Eli  
Samuel Tanner have been chosen to be  
(kneeling in deference)  
...Player Number Three.

ELI  
Why are you doing that?

PAUL  
Fine. Just ruin the mood.

Paul stands up.

PAUL

You're one of eleven players in the most important game ever played. Everything you do from this moment on will be scored. Think I'm crazy?

(Eli does)

Lose a thousand points.

Eli's point total DROPS by a THOUSAND.

PAUL

See, what did I tell you? Eli, the problem is you've got the score, but something is preventing the understanding from coming through. Thankfully, I've got the fix for it. So let's just hit the bank, put on the ring and Bob's your uncle, we'll be as good as gold.

ELI

Gold... Let's just say for a moment we exist in a hypothetical universe where you're not insane. What's this game for? Do you win something? Money?

PAUL

Money? You're thinking small, Mate.  
(dramatic beat)  
The winner gets to determine the fate of the universe.

And Eli's out, as Paul's obviously fucking nuts.

ELI

Okay. Well, thanks for the offer. Should I get you a Cab, an Uber... maybe saddle up a horse for you?

Before he can call anyone, his PHONE RINGS -- it's Kimberly.

ELI

Hi. Kimberly, I am so-

KIMBERLY (V.O.)

You're an ass. But it's your birthday, so I'm going to let you make it up to me. Four O'clock. Drinks. Eastern Standard.

Eli looks at his watch.

ELI  
That's in fifteen-

KIMBERLY (V.O.)  
-minutes. I know. Don't make me wait.  
Because I'm not going to.

The phone goes dead.

Fifteen minutes. Fuck, he's got to move. Eli SMELLS his shirt. *Ugh*, that won't do.

He RIFLES through a laundry hamper and throws on a polo shirt that's passably wrinkled.

PAUL  
Looking sharp, mate. Where we going?

ELI  
We? "We" are not going anywhere. "We"  
are saying good bye.

Eli opens the front door with purpose.

PAUL  
Interesting. Here I am, the only  
source of answers to what's going on  
in your head, and you drop me like a  
sack of stones for some bird. What  
color is the jar where she's keeping  
your balls?

(intuitive beat)  
That's not it, is it? There's  
something you want from her.

Eli looks away.

PAUL  
Oh. This'll be fun. I'll watch you do  
your thing, then afterwards we can  
finish ours.

Paul struts past Eli, out to the car.

PAUL  
Tic tock, mate. You don't want your  
lady getting her knickers in a bunch.

INT. EASTERN STANDARD KITCHEN - DAY

Upscale New England cuisine. Espresso martini's. Deconstructed Clam Chowder. This is where the power players from Boston's financial district come to unwind -- and spend money.

Paul looks over the menu while Eli desperately searches the crowded floor for Kimberly...

PAUL  
Moules? Bone Marrow? Do they have  
any, y'know, *food* here?

...found her. Kimberly's at the far end of the bar.

ELI  
Stay here. I'll be back.

PAUL  
Hurry, then. The bank closes at-

Eli's already halfway across the floor.

Paul searches for something to keep himself occupied. His eyes land on a VOLUPTUOUS WOMAN sitting by herself.

PAUL  
Hello, how's it going, gorgeous?  
Paul's the name, and wouldn't you  
know, hour-long orgasms are my game.

The woman smartly ignores him.

PAUL  
Fine, your loss, love.

AT THE END OF THE BAR

Kimberly is studying a TIMER on her phone. It's counting down. *Ten... nine... eight...*

Eli plops down next to her.

ELI  
Made it. Kimberly, I-

Kimberly holds up a finger. She's on a call via SPEAKER PHONE.

KIMBERLY  
Still there? Good boy. Dump all of  
the Vancorp shares...

...two... one... Zero.

KIMBERLY  
Now.  
(beat)  
And confirm the price.

She flashes a euphoric smile as she hears the magic numbers.

KIMBERLY

Thank you.

Kimberly hangs up. Her smile VANISHES as she turns to Eli.

KIMBERLY

You're late.

ELI

What? But your timer-

KIMBERLY

-was for business. By that thing up there, called "a clock," your time was up six minutes ago.

As Eli notes the CLOCK, his score DROPS 100 points.

ELI

Well, thank you for waiting.

KIMBERLY

Normally, I wouldn't, but it's your birthday. Besides...

She leans in like she's going to kiss him. Eli leans back.

ELI

Besides...

KIMBERLY

Besides...

Kimberly SLAPS HIM. Eli's score DROPS another 500 points.

KIMBERLY

...I owed you a good slap. Why didn't you tell me he died?

Now Eli's just confused.

ELI

Who?

KIMBERLY

Rennington. The fare you picked up over me. It's all over TMZ. I can't believe you didn't call.

ELI

Call?

KIMBERLY

You can do it with a phone. Skype? Tin can?

(beat)

Eli, something horrible happened to you. If this is going to work we need to be able to tell each other things.

ELI

I tell you... things.

KIMBERLY

Do you? We've been dating for five months and basically, all I know about you is you drive a cab and have terrible taste in music.

ELI

Endearingly bad?

Kimberly sighs. Disappointed. She starts packing her things.

KIMBERLY

Call me when you're ready... or don't.

ELI

My mother has dementia.

KIMBERLY

She what?

ELI

Dementia. It's pretty advanced. She only knows who I am half the time -- maybe not even half the time.

KIMBERLY

Eli, I'm so sorry. I can't imagine-

ELI

No, you can't.

Kimberly flinches.

ELI

Sorry, I didn't mean it like that. No one can imagine something like this, you can only experience it.

Eli shares several PICTURES on his phone of his mother at Birch Towers. The vacant gaze is hard to look at.

Kimberly takes his hand.

KIMBERLY

I'd like to... if you'd let me. Could we visit?

Eli pulls his hand away and shifts nervously.

ELI

We could for another twelve hours... This is so not how I wanted to ask.

That got Kimberly's attention.

KIMBERLY

Ask what?

ELI

I'm behind on my payments, my credit's shot. Unless I come up with the money by tomorrow, Birch Towers is going to evict her.

(beat)

Is there any chance you'd co-sign a loan. I know, I shouldn't ask, but I-

KIMBERLY

How much do you owe?

ELI

Twelve thousand.

Kimberly pulls out a CHECKBOOK and promptly writes a check for twelve thousand dollars.

She slides it to Eli.

KIMBERLY

I don't loan money to friends, family or lovers. This is a gift.

ELI

I couldn't possibly...

KIMBERLY

Yes you can and will. It's not like I'm clearing your tab with your bookie. This is your mother.

(beat)

In case you hadn't noticed, I'm kinda crazy about you.

She kisses him. He kisses her back. Lots of kissing. Eli's SCORE, among other things, starts to RISE.

With a mischievous smile, Kimberly picks up Eli's drink and DUMPS IT in his LAP.

KIMBERLY

Whoops. Let me clean that up.

She starts DABBING his LAP with her NAPKIN. Perhaps a bit more rubbing than dabbing.

Eli looks around uncomfortably. No one's paying attention.

ELI

Thanks. I... I think you've got it.

KIMBERLY

Think so? Perhaps I should make sure.

We hear the SOUND of something UNZIPPING. While we can't see what's happening under the bar, we have a pretty good idea.

And for once, Eli seems like he's going to go with the flow. *However*, it's just not his day, as Iris PLOPS DOWN on the other side of him.

IRIS

Eli. And... Kimberly, right? What are we drinking?

ELI

I-Iris?

Kimberly withdraws her hand and gives Iris a long look-over.

KIMBERLY

Have we met?

IRIS

No, but I've heard a lot about you. You work for a hedge fund, right?

KIMBERLY

Have some money to invest?

IRIS

I keep mine in my mattress. Safer that way.

KIMBERLY

Safe. Where's the fun in safe?

IRIS

You tell me. You're dating Eli. He seems as vanilla as they come.

KIMBERLY  
Eli, vanilla? Seriously?

IRIS  
Oh, do tell.

ELI  
Kimberly, maybe we should-

Kimberly waves him off and settles in to spin her tale.

KIMBERLY  
So I'm in a bar being harassed by a drunk, gorilla of a frat-boy, with hands that didn't understand no. And just as things are crossing the line from annoying to - crap, did I remember my pepper spray? This guy, who I thought was passed out on the bar, grabs the frat-boy and drags him outside.

IRIS  
Eli?

KIMBERLY  
Yeah. Eli. The gorilla had six inches on him. Easy. But shockingly, Eli proceeds to beat the hell out of him. When it's over. We lock eyes. Without a word, Eli steps over the guy and kisses me, right up against the wall. Before I know, it we're doing a lot more than kissing, and trust me, none of it was vanilla.

Flushed from the memory, Kimberly takes a long drink. Iris takes one too.

IRIS  
Eli. Who knew? Very enlightening.

Kimberly stands up.

KIMBERLY  
Alright. Are we going to do this?

ELI  
Do what?

KIMBERLY  
The threesome. She's the escort, right?

For once, Iris is the one who's off balance.

IRIS

E-escort?

KIMBERLY

Don't worry, it was my idea. I told him, for his birthday, just pick someone and I'd pay for it. Eli acted like I was insane, but here you are. And I must say, good pick, Eli.

She gives Iris' legs a lingering once-over.

IRIS

There's been a, very... strange, misunderstanding. I'm not an escort.

Kimberly reassesses. For her, that's not an improvement.

KIMBERLY

If she's not our third hole, then who the hell is she Eli?

IRIS

I work for Mrs. Rennington. I'm looking into her husband's death.

KIMBERLY

That's how you knew I worked for a hedge fund? How dare you look into me?

ELI

I'm sure Iris is just doing her job.

KIMBERLY

Did you really just take *her* side?

Oh boy. Now he stepped into it.

ELI

No, I...

Eli stops as notices something GLINTING in the bar's MIRROR. Iris follows his eyes, to the reflection -- out the window...

...where she sees MR. BOOMER, the mustached van driver.

And he's brought company -- FOUR THUGS, all holding GUNS.

IRIS

Down!

The gunmen UNLOAD. Iris YANKS Kimberly and Eli out of the line of fire. Windows SHATTER. Bodies drop.

As they hit the floor, Kimberly SMACKS her HEAD on a STOOL.

ELI

Kimberly.

More GUNFIRE. The Crowd PANICS, trying to get out.

Eli cradles Kimberly, she's out cold.

ELI

We've got to get her some help.

Iris checks her over, makes sure she wasn't shot.

IRIS

No time. Once the crowd's gone, we'll be sitting ducks.

ELI

I'm not leaving her.

IRIS

If you hadn't noticed, they're shooting at you. Staying is the best way to get Kimberly killed.

Eli assess the situation. She's right.

ELI

What then?

IRIS

This way.

They move Kimberly behind the bar, and crawl for the kitchen.

ELI

Who's shooting at us?

IRIS

Presumably, whoever Rennington was hiding from.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

The Kitchen is deserted. Iris and Eli race by industrial STOVES, and COUNTERS covered with abandoned MEAL PREP.

ELI

So you believe I didn't kill him?

IRIS

Let's just say, I'm willing to give you the benefit of the doubt, that is if we get out of here alive.

Iris leads them to the back door, their hope for a safe exit.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Or is it.

Just outside the door, the BODIES of a half-dozen CHEFS lie BLEEDING in a heap.

Four more GUNMEN, with semi-automatic weapons trained on the door, wait for more prey to be flushed out.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Iris pauses as they approach the door. Something's not right.

ELI

What?

Gunshots ECHO in the restaurant. Mr. Boomer and his thugs will be on them in seconds.

IRIS

Nothing. I'm being paranoid. Let's get out of here.

She reaches for the knob.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

As Iris' fingers close on the knob, the SCORE goes crazy --  
The numbers start RACING UP AND DOWN.

This can't be good. Eli GRABS Iris' hand.

ELI

What if you're not being paranoid?

IRIS

That's the only way out. Unless you  
have a better suggestion?

Eli looks frantically around the kitchen, searching for  
anything that could help.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

The Gunmen jump, as the rear door BURSTS OPEN and a DINING  
CART, with a FIGURE riding on top, FLIES out.

An enormous GUNMAN with a GOATEE, processes the sight a  
split-second faster than his cohorts.

GUNMAN WITH GOATEE

Wait!

Too late. The other three UNLOAD.

As the BULLETS RIP into the figure, it's immediately clear  
it's not a person, but an industrial-sized, SACK OF FLOUR  
with a JACKET thrown over it.

FLOUR EXPLODES into the AIR, filling the alley with an  
OPAQUE CLOUD.

Blinded, the Gunmen COUGH as flour coats their lungs and  
STINGS their eyes.

A STAFF whistles through the cloud. SMACKING hands. BREAKING  
FINGERS.

GUNS DROP, and clatter off across the ground.

As the flour settles from the air, the now disarmed Gunmen  
see their attacker --

--It's Iris spinning a MOP. And Damn, she's got moves that  
would make even Donatello jealous. (The Ninja Turtle, not  
the sculptor.)

B-SLAM. B-SLAM.

ELI

*Iris.*

Iris shoots a look over her shoulder. Eli is bracing himself against the rear door, trying to keep it shut against the efforts of Mr. Boomer and gunmen inside.

But he's just not strong enough. The DOOR IS OPENING.

IRIS

Eli, catch.

Iris THROWS Eli the mop.

He grabs it, and with great effort, BARS the steel door SHUT, momentarily keeping them safe from those inside.

Three of the now gun-less, Gunmen, rush the mop-less, Iris.

Iris DODGES, ROLLS, and unleashes a series of KICKS that stagger her attackers.

Eli looks away, as he has his own problems. Dropping into a boxing stance, he spins to face the Goateed Gunman.

JAB. JAB. JAB. Eli snaps off three quick shots.

The Goateed Gunman SPITS out a TOOTH, unimpressed. Then --

--TACKLES Eli and SMASHES his head against the ground. Two huge HANDS encircle Eli's throat. The world spins.

Then, as consciousness starts to leave him... his body ACTS.

Eli, cups his hands and STRIKES the Goateed Gunman's ears, RUPTURING his EARDRUMS.

The Goateed Gunman SHRIEKS and staggers back in pain.

ELI CHOPS his neck, DROPPING the gunman to his knees. Eli then GRABS his goatee and finishes him off by SMASHING the Gunman's face into his knee.

Iris and the other Gunmen pause, shocked by Eli's brutality.

A pause that is their undoing.

Eli DIVES to one of the abandoned GUNS and pops up FIRING.

A SHATTERED KNEE, a BLAST to the CHEST, and a couple of SHOTS into an ARM, put the three gunmen WRITHING on the ground.

Eli stands over them, sadistically brandishing his gun, like a spoiled child deciding which ant to stomp first.

IRIS

Eli.

Who will it be: Eeny, meeny, miny, m-

IRIS

*ELI.*

This time Eli hears her, slowly shaking off his blood lust.

ELI

I-Iris.

Still in a daze, he looks around taking in the bodies.

ELI

How? Did I..?

IRIS

You went into a trance -- some kind of bad-ass, don't screw with me  
trance.

ELI

So much blood...

Iris takes his head and forces Eli to look at her.

IRIS

Eli, you saved my life.

The words sink in. He nods grimly and drops the gun.

SIRENS WAIL.

Eli looks up worriedly.

IRIS

Go. I can deal with the police.

ELI

But..

IRIS

We both know this will violate the terms of your probation. Really, go.

Eli nods, and heads down the length of the alley.

IRIS  
Kimberly was right.

Eli pauses. Iris smiles.

IRIS  
You sure as hell aren't vanilla.

Before he can issue any rejoinder, a white VAN, driven by Mr. Boomer, SCREECHES up alongside Iris.

Two thugs GRAB Iris and YANK her inside.

Iris struggles, and shouts frantically to Eli.

IRIS  
Warn Mrs. Rennington. They'll come  
for her-

The Van DOOR SLAMS shut. Tires SQUEAL. And then Iris, and the van, are gone.

EXT. EASTERN STANDARD KITCHEN - DAY

Eli sprints out of the back alley, but it's a futile gesture. There's no sign of the van.

Outside the restaurant, people mill about, a few trying to help, but most there to gawk at the carnage inside.

As Eli takes in the scene, the SCORE PULSES, zooming up and down as he tries to make a decision what to do next.

It's overwhelming. Eli can't think. Head spinning, SCORE VACILLATING, he grips a LAMPPOST for support.

PAUL  
Deep breath, push it to the side.

Eli looks up. Paul's standing a foot away, but he might as well be miles. Eli's head is splitting.

PAUL  
Listen to my voice. The score is just like breathing, it's an involuntary process. But you can control it, like when you want to hold your breath.

Eli tries to focus.

PAUL  
Imagine it sliding down and out of sight. Concentrate.

Eli does. And with Paul guiding him, he's able to MINIMIZE the score, SLIDING it out of his field of vision.

Eli relaxes. He's able to think again.

PAUL

Alrighty. Now that you've screwed the nights of fifty diners, can we stop pissing around and hit the bank?

ELI

They've got Iris. I've got to help her.

PAUL

How? You have no idea who took her.

ELI

And Kimberly-

PAUL

Left in an ambulance. She'll be fine, mate. You're the one in danger. Without knowing what you're up against, you'll be dead in hours.

ELI

Mrs. Rennington, I've got to warn her. I've got her card. Somewhere.

Eli starts searching his pockets.

PAUL

You're not listening to me, Eli. This is a Point Event. There's another player involved here. That's why the score was going so crazy.

ELI

Point event?

PAUL

A moment in time that shifts the balance of things. Players are drawn to them. This is why you play. Head to head competition, mate. Eye on the prize. Master of the match. Whoever comes out on top takes the points. And they'll do anything to get them. *An-ny-thing*. If you want to help Iris, you've got get to the bank. *Now*.

ELI

Paul, enough. I don't know what these numbers are or how you know I'm seeing them, but I do know I'm not part of some magic game. They kidnapped Iris. I need the police. Not a withdrawal.

With a sigh, Paul steps up, uncomfortable close, to Eli.

PAUL

Christ, I hate doing this.

ELI

What are you-

Paul takes a big stride forward and THROUGH Eli.

ELI

What the FU-

PAUL

Let's try this again. The name's Paul. I'm your neurological holographic scorekeeper. As you're probably starting to realize, you're the only person who can see and hear me.

He's right, as Paul continues down the street, no one notices him STEPPING THROUGH THEM, mailboxes, etc.

PAUL

So can we hit the bank, before you get yourself and anyone else killed?

ELI

(stunned)

But you... and then I... so you...

(beat)

Where is this bank?

EXT. FANEUIL HALL - DAY

Tourists bustle in and out of the historic landmark, trying to get in a last glimpse, before the doors close for the day.

In its shadow sits a BRICK BUILDING, whose architecture dates its construction to the same era as its famous neighbor.

However, while Faneuil Hall maintains its historic decorum, this building houses a slightly more "modern" occupant.

ELI (PRE-LAP)

Bank of America?

INT. BANK OF AMERICA LOBBY - NIGHT

Eli surveys the interior. There's seemingly nothing that sets it apart from any other Bank of America.

ELI  
Your fate of the universe, mystical game, uses Bank of America?

PAUL  
They have great rates.  
(off Eli's incredulous look)  
Pulling your leg, mate. Back in the day, this particular branch used to be a Bank of Boston. Which was the first bank established in America. We've had an account here since 1798.

ELI  
Oh. So what's next?

PAUL  
Next, we-- Christ, really, now?

Eli looks over. Paul's GROWING OPAQUE, fading away.

ELI  
What's happening?

And then he's gone. A large SECURITY GUARD, who's just witnessed Eli seemingly talking to thin air, steps over.

SECURITY GUARD  
Sir, the bank is closing in five minutes. You'll need to get in line if you want to make a transaction.

ELI  
Transaction. Yes, thank you.

All right, then which TELLER? Eli brings the SCORE back ONLINE as he weighs his four options --

TWITCHY WITH MUSTACHE, SEXY LIBRARIAN, GRANNY WITH HAIR-BUN, PUDGY WITH POTBELLY. Nothing revealing there.

SECURITY GUARD  
Sir.

Time's running out. Gotta make a choice. Scanning the nameplates, one pops out at him -- EDWYNA.

ELI  
Granny it is.

Eli gets into EDWYNA, the ancient teller's, line. The Score pops up with a slight INCREASE. Seems promising.

And it better be. She's deathly slow. Even though there's only one other customer in front of him, by the time Eli reaches the counter, all the other windows have closed.

ELI  
Hi. I think I have an account here.

Edwyna lets out a long, slow, sigh.

EDWYNA  
Do you *think*, Sir, you might have an account number or an ID you'd like to share? Or should I just give you money.

ELI  
Right. Sorry. Eli Tanner.

Eli SLIDES her his DRIVER'S LICENSE. Edwyna looks it over. Then, using one finger, TYPES his name into the computer.

Eventually.

TELLER  
Sir, I don't have anything listed for an Eli Tanner. Maybe you were thinking of some other bank.

Crap. Now what?

ELI  
Uh... what about...  
(under his breath)  
Player Number Three?

EDWYNA  
(under her breath)  
HMMMM, let me see, no.

ELI  
Don't you want to try it in the computer?

EDWYNA  
Good night, Sir.

As she slides her window shut, Eli's eyes race around the room, looking for inspiration...

...landing on a BRONZE PLAQUE:

**Historic renovation by the Rennington properties group.**

Eli's hand sneaks in, stopping Edwyna before she can shut her window.

EDWYNA

Sir, I'm going to need you to remove your hand. Now.

The Guard looks on attentively.

ELI

I'm a friend of Mr. Rennington. Um,  
(a la Homeless  
Rennington)  
*The Regulars are coming out.*

A flicker of recognition passes across Edwyna's eyes.

EDWYNA

I'm sorry, sir, what did you say? My hearing isn't what it used to be.

Eli, more confident.

ELI

The Regulars are coming out.

EDWYNA

(in subtitled Gaelic)  
I see. Do you have the key, Sir?

The key? Surprisingly, Eli seems to understand Gaelic. He fishes in his pocket and finds the KEY Rennington gave him.

ELI

I do. Did you find my account?

Edwyna looks back down at her screen. It hasn't changed.

EDWYNA

Oh, Mr. Tanner, My mistake. You have one of the old safety deposit boxes, downstairs. We're still transferring them to our new system. This way.

INT. BANK OF AMERICA/BASEMENT - NIGHT

Eli follows Edwyna down a rickety staircase. Ancient wooden beams, have been bracketed by STEEL BRACES. Crumbling history propped up by modern construction.

EDWYNA

People don't come down here much since the renovation. Everyone's moved to the new boxes upstairs. The basement's now mainly storage.

She gestures around to haphazardly piled BOXES, FILES, etc.

EDWYNA

Then there's this.

With effort, she pulls aside a stained, faded, TAPESTRY -- revealing a modern, STEEL DOOR, with punch code access.

EDWYNA

Rennington had it added. Thought you might want a way to bypass the lobby. Code's your birth-date.

Eli takes it in, but Edwyna's moving on -- albeit slowly.

She reaches a bank of brass, SAFETY DEPOSIT BOXES built into the wall. Half are hanging open, covered with cobwebs. It doesn't look like anyone's touched them in years.

Edwyna, reaches into her blouse and pulls out a KEY that was hanging hidden around her neck.

Then, with great effort, she bends down and inserts it into the bottom right corner box.

EDWYNA

There you are.

Eli offers a hand to help her up. Edwyna, takes it, shocked.

EDWYNA

Your time off has changed you.

ELI

Uh, for the better, I hope.

EDWYNA

Good night, Sir. And thank you for choosing Bank of America, we truly appreciate your business.

Edwyna shuffles slowly back up the stairs.

Eli bends down and tries the key that Rennington gave him. The box creaks open.

Inside is a BRASS HANDLE.

Eli TURNS it.

There's a giant CREAK, and then the sound of GEARS turning.

With a HISS of GAS, the entire WALL of safety deposit boxes SWINGS OPEN, revealing --

A short, STONE PASSAGE that spills out into a large room.

Mid-80's florescent lights FLICKER ON, as Eli steps in.

The underground chamber is old. Really old. Moss covered stone slabs fused together by mud and straw.

Multiple renovations have brought modern touches, such as electricity, PNEUMATIC TUBES that run into the ceiling and beyond, and RADIATORS for the cold Boston winters.

Chairs, desks, and couches, from the 18th, 19th and 20th centuries furnish the room with a historical time-line of American craftsmanship at it's finest.

And then of course, there's the MONEY.

Shelves sagging under the weight of hundreds of GOLD BARS. Buckets overflowing with GEMS. And crate after crate filled with thirty-year-old CASH.

Eli has no idea how much money is there... aside from a unimaginable-fuckload.

Paul steps THROUGH THE WALL to join him.

PAUL  
Welcome to your bank, mate.

Eli's score slides out and JUMPS UP 50,000 POINTS.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. ELI'S BANK - NIGHT

ELI

So all this... is mine?

Eli, with effort, pulls his eyes from the money and takes in the rest of the room.

There's a study area. On a table, under a thick layer of dust, magazines from 30 years ago featuring -- Reagan's 2nd inauguration, Madonna's "Like a Virgin" tour, etc.

PAUL

This is the bank of Player Number Three. Assets collected to be used in play of the game... and for whatever other *necessities* one may need.

ELI

I have plenty of necessities. Let's find this ring. What's it look like?

Paul tries to speak, but nothing comes out.

PAUL

Sorry. Quirks of the game.

ELI

You can't answer? Is that why you-

PAUL

Faded away? Yes. The Game requires you to earn your own way.

Eli comes across a GOLD RING with a triangle-shaped EMERALD.

ELI

Wait, is this it?

Paul's eyes light up. A little too excited.

PAUL

That's the one. On she goes. Mysteries of The Universe await.

As Eli readies the ring, Paul cracks a bittersweet smile.

The ring SLIDES onto Eli's finger.

Paul's attitude immediately changes. Terrified, he drops down and PROSTRATES himself on the floor.

PAUL  
A thousand pardons, Master. Can you ever forgive your humble servant?

ELI  
Master?

PAUL  
I-I mean, your Lordship, Master of all there is and all there is to come. I meant no disrespect. It's been thirty years. My memory is-

ELI  
Paul, is this part of the game? I'm confused.

So is Paul. Very confused. He cautiously peaks up.

PAUL  
Eli?

Eli nods. It's him.

Distraught, Paul starts PACING around the room.

PAUL  
Christ, this is bad. Really bad.

ELI  
Is something wrong with the ring?

PAUL  
With the ring. With you. With this whole sodding day.

ELI  
With me? What's wrong with me?

PAUL  
You're not supposed to be here. Least not anymore.

ELI  
Where was I supposed to go?

PAUL  
Sorry, I lied to you Eli. The ring wasn't so much meant to fill you in, as wipe you out. How it works is the ring goes on and whoever was in there --

Paul points to Eli's head.

PAUL  
--goes away, and in pops Number Three.

Eli processes. An anger slowly building.

ELI  
I thought I was Number Three.

PAUL  
Sorry. No. You're just the shell.  
Usually, The Players go straight into  
a baby. Take them over before life  
can even get going.

ELI  
That's Horrific. What kind of  
creature kills a baby?

PAUL  
Can't tell you that. What I can tell  
you is sometimes, when there's been a  
penalty, a Player has to wait a bit  
before they can enter. In your case,  
thirty years. When the penalty's up,  
things start leaking through, like  
the score. The ring finishes the job.  
'Cept this time, it didn't.

ELI  
You knew I'd die if I put on the ring?

PAUL  
'Fraid so. 'Pologies. If it's any  
consolation, I don't like Number  
Three much, he's a right vicious sod.

ELI  
Consolation? You tried to kill me.

Eli grabs a gold Brick and angrily throws it at Paul. It  
whistles through his head.

PAUL  
Bygones, mate. We've got bigger fish  
to fry. Another player must have  
mucked with the ring. Who knows what  
happened to Number Three? We've got  
to find him.

ELI  
Are you freaking kidding me? The last  
thing I'd do is help you find Number  
Three so he can take over my body.

PAUL

When you put it that way, there's not a lot of upside for you, is there? Problem is, like it or not, the other players are going to think you're Number Three.

ELI

What's that mean?

PAUL

That they're going to try and kill you. You're buggered either way.

Eli seethes trying to articulate a response, when --  
PHOOOOOMP. A CYLINDER arrives in the PNEUMATIC TUBE.

PAUL

An Event Clue. Interesting.

(off Eli)

They help guide you to the next Point Event.

Eli pulls out the brass cylinder and opens it. Inside is an ANTIQUE PLAYING CARD. Turning it over, Eli finds a faded picture of a flower. More specifically...

ELI

An Iris? Who sends these?

PAUL

I don't know. Really, I don't. But it seems you were right, we'd best find your Miss Iris.

EXT. FANEUIL HALL - NIGHT

An ivy-covered portion of the brick SWINGS OPEN. Eli steps out and gets his bearings. Paul follows and takes in the hidden exit/entrance.

PAUL

This is new. Brilliant, Rennington.

ELI

My cab's this way.

EXT. THE RENNINGTON'S APT - NIGHT

Eli pulls up and parks his cab across the street.

ELI

Hopefully, Mrs. Rennington will have some idea where they took Iris. Maybe something in her surveillance tapes, or Mr. Rennington's records...

Suddenly, Mr. Boomer and two other thugs, ESCORT Mrs. Rennington out of the building and into a van.

PAUL

Or we could just follow them.

EXT. HIGH-RISE UNDER CONSTRUCTION - NIGHT

The van turns into a construction site housing the newest edition to Boston's skyline.

The high-rise is nearing completion. While parts of the building are still a skeletal map of girders, most of the floors have been walled in.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Eli pulls up across from the site and cuts his engine.

EXT. HIGH-RISE UNDER CONSTRUCTION - NIGHT

Mr. Boomer and his men escort Mrs. Rennington into a CONSTRUCTION ELEVATOR that runs up the outside of the building.

As the elevator doors close, Eli makes his break - racing across the dark ground.

PAUL

You go. I'll catch up.

Eli reaches the elevator just as it begins its ascent.

Out of sane options, Eli climbs onto the outside of the cage, and grabs hold of the frame.

Eli tries to peer inside through a crack, but he can only see one of the Thugs.

He tries to adjust his position to get a better look. But NIGHT CONDENSATION has made the metal WET.

Eli's HANDS SLIP. And he FALLS...

At the last second his hands CATCH the bottom of the car.

INT. CONSTRUCTION ELEVATOR - NIGHT

The car JOLTS. Mrs. Rennington and the Thugs look concerned for a moment. But shrug it off as the Elevator continues on.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Eli dangles precariously from the bottom of the elevator. The car's motion makes it difficult for Eli to pull himself up.

Paul steps from nowhere, squatting down on an invisible ledge.

PAUL  
I'd offer a hand, Mate but it  
wouldn't do much good.

ELI  
Not helping, Mate. Not helping.

CHA-CHUNG. The Elevator has reached the top.

Eli waits for the passengers to disembark. Then pulls himself up, and maneuvers around and into the building.

INT. HIGH-RISE UNDER CONSTRUCTION - NIGHT

As Eli enters, he finds Paul's disappeared again.

ELI  
(whisper)  
Paul?

Eli hears a SCREAM. Mrs. Rennington's in trouble.

He races down the hallway. Exposed girders make cover difficult, but he does his best, darting from beam to beam.

Eli spots a forgotten TOOL BOX, and grabs a LARGE WRENCH. Continuing on, Eli closes on the voices ahead. Rounding a corner he sees:

Mrs. Rennington flanked by two Thugs. Mr. Boomer, a step behind, cocks his gun.

Something's about to go down. *Something bad.*

Mustering his courage, Eli CHARGES the group.

WHACK. The FIRST THUG crumples to the ground.

The SECOND THUG turns at the sound, only to get WHACKED by the back swing of the wrench. Two down.

Mr. Boomer PUSHES Mrs. Rennington aside and levels his gun.  
Eli's quicker, THROWING the wrench, KNOCKING the gun free.  
Mrs. Rennington, seemingly in shock, stands transfixed,  
watching the fight.

ELI  
Mrs. Rennington. *Run.*

BAM. Mr. Boomer is on him, LANDING PUNCH after PUNCH.

Eli staggers back up against a STEEL GIRDER, COVERING UP,  
warding off the blows as best as possible. Until...

...he's able to DUCK. Mr. Boomer's PUNCH carries on, full  
force, into the steel beam.

CRUNCH. The bones in his hand SHATTER.

ARGH. As Mr. Boomer grabs his hand in pain, Eli seizes the  
moment to SMASH him headfirst into the girder.

Mr. Boomer drops to the floor. Out cold.

Eli catches his breath. Mrs. Rennington's gone.

A MUFFLED CRY echos in the distance. Eli picks up the wrench  
and creeps cautiously down the hall toward the sound.

INT. PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

This room's a bit more finished than the rest. But Eli's  
less concerned with the progress and more with the person he  
finds GAGGED and TIED to a chair in the center of the room.

ELI  
Iris.

He rushes to her side, puts the wrench down and starts  
fumbling with the ropes.

ELI  
I'll have you out in a second.

Which are really, REALLY tightly tied.

ELI  
Ten seconds tops.

Iris' eyes roll as Eli resorts to using his teeth on the  
knots.

ELI  
Damn, were you kidnapped by boy  
scouts?

Iris' eyes light up with panic. She SHOUTS something  
unintelligible.

Eli removes her gag.

ELI  
Sorry. I'm al-

IRIS  
Mrs. Rennington-

ELI  
She got out, it's-

IRIS  
No, behind-

*SLAM!* Something hard, smacks Eli's head rattling his brains.

He falls to the ground and rolls over. Through blurred  
vision he can see his assailant:

Mrs. Rennington stands over him holding the WRENCH.

ELI  
Why..?

Then Eli notices the BRACELET Mrs. Rennington is wearing.  
It's a match to his Ring. Except her gemstone's setting, has  
SEVEN SIDES.

From out of nowhere, Paul drops down next to him.

PAUL  
FYI, she's Player Number Seven, Mate.

Yeah, Eli got that. Too bad it's too late to do him any good.

Mrs. Rennington brings the wrench down on his head.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

EXT. ROOF - NIGHT

A COLD WIND snaps Eli back to consciousness. He's tied to a chair, perched on the edge of the roof.

ELI

I'm alive.

For now. Mrs. Rennington points a gun at his head.

MRS. RENNINGTON

Thirty years on the shelf haven't dulled your astute grasp of the obvious, Three.

ELI

But why?

MRS. RENNINGTON

My Holo says I'll receive no points from your death. And while killing you again, will be, oh, so satisfying...

She traces his jawline with her gun.

MRS. RENNINGTON

...I'll need you to explain first. Unless you want a repeat of Salem.

Salem? The threat falls toothless as Eli has no idea what she's talking about. *Awww-kward*.

ELI

Right. Salem. Look, Mrs. Rennington, I'm not who you think I am.

MRS. RENNINGTON

What an intriguing gambit. This isn't like you at all, Three. Go on, who--

Mr. Boomer limps out to join them.

MRS. RENNINGTON

--excuse me a moment.

She turns, and coldly stares down Mr. Boomer.

MRS. RENNINGTON

You failed me, Mr. Boomer. Again. Go with dignity now, and I'll spare your children.

A look of abject horror washes over his face. Swallows it.

MR. BOOMER  
Thank you, Mistress.

ELI  
No. *WAIT*.

Mr. Boomer STEPS OFF of the building.

MRS. RENNINGTON  
On second thought, children do talk a lot. Probably better to clean house, don't you think, Three?

ELI  
I think you're a monster.

MRS. RENNINGTON  
Monster? Please, Boomer was sloppy. Arthur spotted him camped outside the building. Almost spoiled twenty-five years of work.

ELI  
Twenty five years?

MRS. RENNINGTON  
Surprised that I found your Courier so quickly? Please, Arthur's meteoric rise had your stink all over it. He didn't take long to hook. At twenty, this body was smoking hot.

That's not hard for Eli to believe.

MRS. RENNINGTON  
And while I wasn't completely sure, it was worth the gamble. Being a trophy wife gave me the freedom to play The Game while I waited for your return and Arthur to lead me to you.

ELI  
I told you I'm not Three.

MRS. RENNINGTON  
Okay, I'll play. If you're Eli, then you'd probably feel horrible if I threw Iris off the building.

The Thugs reappear, carrying Iris. Still bound and gagged, she struggles widely.

ELI  
No! Please don't.

MRS. RENNINGTON  
Bravo, you almost sound human, Three.  
Humans are so irrational. It's  
amazing what they'll do for friends  
and family.

As Eli strains against his bonds, the SCORE pops up,  
vacillating wildly. Eli fights his rage to clear his mind.

ELI  
(under breath)  
It's a Game to her... there's got to--

And then, it hits him. He looks up calmly to Mrs. Rennington.

ELI  
I have a proposition for you. I'll give  
you five million if you let Iris go.

Mrs. Rennington snickers, shocked at the proposition.

MRS. RENNINGTON  
Come now, Arthur left me billions.  
What's five million dollars to me?

ELI  
Who said anything about money?

That draws Mrs. Rennington's interest. She STAYS the Thugs.

MRS. RENNINGTON  
What then?

ELI  
Points.

MRS. RENNINGTON  
P-points? Can he do that?

Paul APPEARS. As does another HOLO, a woman dressed in 80's  
fashion. The 80's Holo confers with Mrs. Rennington.

PAUL  
What are you thinking?

ELI  
They're only points, what have I got  
to lose.  
(re: the other holo)  
Is that?

PAUL

Yes. Her Scorekeeper, *Appalachia*.  
 (condescending sigh)  
 But. Eli, five million. It took Three  
 a century to earn those points.  
 You'll drop to seventh place.

Iris watches Eli and Mrs. Rennington talking to (what appears to her to be) thin air. They're too far away for her to make out more than fragments of what's said. *Intriguing*.

Mrs. Rennington finishes her conversation with *Appalachia*.

MRS. RENNINGTON

We have confirmed, that play is a  
 valid transaction. But why? What's  
 your move, Three?

ELI

No move. I told you, I'm not Three.

Mrs. Rennington stares him down, intrigued.

ELI

And I'll make it seven million, if  
 Boomer's children live.

Paul CHOKES.

MRS. RENNINGTON

Make it Ten.

PAUL

Eli, you can't-

ELI

Ten it is. Do we have a deal?

Mrs. Rennington turns and FIRES twice, dropping the Thugs. Iris tumbles to the ground. Dazed, but alive.

MRS. RENNINGTON

We have a deal.

On the word DEAL, their bodies start SEIZING as Eli's point total PLUMMETS, while Mrs. Rennington's experiences a corresponding RISE.

Seizing so hard, Eli SNAPS the ROPES binding him.

Then it's over. Eli recovers first.

He SNATCHES Mrs. Rennington's gun and trains it on her. A fire rages inside. He desperately wants to pull the trigger.

MRS. RENNINGTON

There's my Three, angry as always. I knew eventually you'd give up this charade. It was, Salem, wasn't it?  
 (truly terrified)  
 I have the points. Do your worst.

Eli's finger TWITCHES, fighting the overwhelming urge to pull.

ELI

I told you, I'm not Three.

Eli THROWS the gun over the side of the roof.

ELI

Spread the word. Tell the others.

Mrs. Rennington takes him in, as if for the first time.

MRS. RENNINGTON

Maybe you aren't. But, no. I don't think so.

ELI

What? Why?

She walks over to the construction elevator, and gets inside.

MRS. RENNINGTON

Far better for the others to waste their time trying to kill you, Eli.

Before Eli can protest, she's gone.

EXT. CAB - NIGHT

Paul smokes a cigarette as Eli struggles to lay Iris' unconscious body down in the back seat.

PAUL

I'd help if I could, Mate, hand to God.

Eli gets Iris inside and shuts the door.

ELI

Are the other players as vicious as Mrs. Rennington?

PAUL  
Seven, vicious? She's a basket of  
kittens compared to most.

ELI  
And Three?

PAUL  
Worst of the lot, by far.

Eli mulls that over.

ELI  
How do you win?

PAUL  
The Game? First to Seventy-five  
million points. That'll do it.

ELI  
And if I won, would I be safe?

PAUL  
(chuckling)  
Safe? Sure. But Eli, after today's  
fluster-cluck, you're eleven million  
points behind. It would take Number  
Three centuries to make that up. And  
as you've grown fond of saying,  
you're no Three.

ELI  
Well, then we'd better get started.  
I'm in.

On "in" Eli's player-ring FLASHES. Suddenly, the SCORE goes  
crazy. Zooming up TWO MILLION points.

PAUL  
Two million points?

ELI  
W-what just happened?

PAUL  
A bonus award. The likes of which  
I've never seen. The Game seems to  
fancy you, Mate. Who knows, maybe you  
can win. Maybe you can.

INT. ELI'S HOUSE - DAY

Eli straightens up his apartment, talking on his cell phone.

ELI

Kimberly. It's me. Again. I'm sorry I didn't call yesterday. I...

Iris emerges from the other room, toweling off her hair, fresh from a shower. She takes in the end of Eli's call.

ELI

...I hit my head in the restaurant. I've been in a daze, kinda just passed out last night. I might have a concussion. I'm sorry. Just call me.

He hangs up.

IRIS

Hard to stop the lies once they start. Trust me, I know.

(beat)

Anyway, thanks for the shower.

ELI

How are you feeling?

IRIS

Nothing two Advil and a bottle of Jack won't fix.

(beat)

What the Hell happened last night, Eli? I mean aside from my employer turning out to be a psychopath.

ELI

It's a blur. I managed to get the gun from Mrs. Rennington and then got us out of there.

IRIS

And how did you "manage" that?

ELI

I don't know. Like I said, it's a blur.

Iris isn't buying it. But before she can press the issue, she receives a TEXT. Reads it.

IRIS

Son of a bitch. That's the third client that's canceled on me. I think she's frigging blacklisted me.

ELI

Who?

IRIS  
 Rennington. Obviously kidnapping and trying to kill me wasn't enough. She wants to ruin my career, too. That bitch. This isn't over.

ELI  
 If you're looking for work, I might be able to help. I think I'm going to be in need of a good investigator.

IRIS  
 You? Hire me? Please, you couldn't afford my retainer, let alone my-

Eli tosses her a large WAD of old, hundred dollar bills.

ELI  
 I inherited some money to take care of my, *necessities*. Want the job?

IRIS  
 I'll think about.  
 (hefts the wad)  
 I'll *definitely* think about it.

INT. BIRCH TOWERS ASSISTED LIVING/REC ROOM - NIGHT

Most of the residents have gone to bed aside from an elderly man, MR. GERVICH, doing a crossword puzzle, and Dortheia.

Siobhán ambles over with a slice of cake wrapped in plastic.

SIOBHÁN  
 Ms. Dortheia, I'm heading out, so this is last call for cake. It won't be good in another day.

No reaction from Dortheia. Before Siobhán can press her, something intervenes that requires her immediate attention.

SIOBHÁN  
 I've told you, Mr. Gervich, the fern prefers to be watered, with water. Let's get you back to your room.

Siobhán puts the slice down, helps Mr. Gervich pull his PANTS UP, and escorts him out of the rec room.

Mr. Blacken waltzes in and sits down next to Dortheia.

MR. BLACKEN  
 You don't mind, do you?

He unwraps her cake and takes a finger-full of frosting.

MR. BLACKEN

So you'll be happy to know, I won't  
have to put you out into the street.

He picks up the slice and LICKS OFF the remaining frosting.

MR. BLACKEN

That boy of yours came through,  
you're all paid up. Who would have  
thought Eli had it in him?

At the mention of Eli, the HAZE CLEARS. Dortheia stares at  
the 30 CANDLE in the cake. Her eyes go wide, clear as day.

DORTHEIA

Eli... His birthday... he's thirty. I  
have to talk to him.

Mr. Blacken shifts uncomfortably.

MR. BLACKEN

Oh. Ms. Tanner. Yes, we can-

Dortheia GRABS him. Her agitation quickly growing.

DORTHEIA

Eli. I have to talk to him. I have to  
talk to Eli. Now. Where is he?

Mr. Blacken has no idea what to do. Dortheia is getting  
manic. She starts SCREAMING.

DORTHEIA

I NEED TO TALK TO ELI. HE NEEDS TO  
KNOW. HE NEEDS TO KNOW.

Siobhán comes rushing back and pulls them apart.

SIOBHÁN

What have you done? Get a doctor. Now.

Chagrined, Mr. Blacken rushes off. As soon as he's left...

Siobhán calmly pulls out a NEEDLE from her apron and JABS it  
into Dortheia's neck. Her eyes glaze over, as she instantly  
falls back into her VEGETATIVE STATE.

SIOBHÁN

Sleep, my lovely. No one needs to  
tell Eli anything. Not yet.

INT. ELI'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Eli's asleep.

Suddenly, the doorknob to his bedroom slowly TURNS. The door creaks open and a figure steals to the side of Eli's bed.

It's Kimberly. She drops her jeans and slips into bed.

KIMBERLY

Hey, happy belated birthday.

(nothing)

Come on, I'm sorry I didn't call you back. But I was pissed you didn't come see me in the hospital. Pissed. Then I got your message and I thought, brain damage is a pretty good excuse.

(beat)

So is your concussion.

She waits for a reaction. Eli doesn't even turn over.

KIMBERLY

Really, that's how you want to play this?

Kimberly angrily gets out of bed and reaches for her jeans.

Suddenly, Eli GRABS her WRIST and pulls her back into bed.

KIMBERLY

Well, it's about time.

Before she can kiss him, Eli takes over. For once, he's the aggressor in their foreplay.

He FLIPS Kimberly over and slides on top of her back.

For a moment, Kimberly is shocked.

But that shock quickly gives way to pleasure. Lots of rhythmic, animalistic pleasure.

Admits the MOANS and GRUNTS we take one final look at Eli.

Despite the gyrations, Eli's eyes are shut. He's still asleep.

Leaving the question, who's having sex with Kimberly?

THE END