

THE STRIP

"Pilot"

Written by

Aaron Ho

CONTACT:

Jeff Greenberg
The Gersh Agency
9465 Wilshire Blvd, 6th Floor
Beverly Hills, CA 90212
310.274.6611

Zadoc Angell / Amotz Zakai
Echo Lake Entertainment
9696 Wilshire Blvd, Suite 300
Beverly Hills, CA 90212
310.789.4790

ACT ONE

INT/EXT. THE BORDEAUX HOTEL - NIGHT

At the heart of the Las Vegas Strip, THE BORDEAUX -- a luxurious, larger than life hotel hustles and bustles as guests enjoy the casino, lounges, clubs, and restaurants.

CUT TO:

INT. LOUNGE - NIGHT

In The Bordeaux's premiere lounge, it's young co-owner, JAMES HAWTHORNE (25), enjoys a drink with LIZ CHARLES (26) and FIONA CHARLES (24) -- sisters and part heiresses to The Bordeaux empire. Also present is friend and resident Asian gambler, DODGER HONG (24).

RICHARD DONOVAN (27) plops down at the table in his expensive suit, struggling to catch his breath.

JAMES

Why are you so sweaty?

RICHARD

See that girl over there? She took a ride with me in the elevator. Well, it wasn't so much "with me" as it was "on me."

LIZ

Is there a bomb attached to your dick that will go off if you don't get laid every six hours?

DODGER

I'd watch that movie.

RICHARD

You should make some upgrades to those elevators. Maybe add a button that dims the lights or install a condom dispenser where the emergency phone is.

FIONA

Ugh, you're such a pig! And not the cute little kind that I like to carry in my purse. Where's your decency?

RICHARD

You're calling me indecent? Hi pot, I'm kettle. Nice to meet you.

FIONA
(as they shake hands)
...I don't get it.

LIZ
You wouldn't.

JAMES
Didn't the tabloids run a picture of
you shoving a drag queen into
Siegfried & Roy's tiger habitat last
week?

FIONA
What was I supposed to do? She was
stealing attention away from me.
That bitch had the balls--

DODGER
Yeah, she did.

FIONA
--to wear the exact same dress as me
to my own party. That fake eyelash
wearing he-she had it coming.

LIZ
And it was shown all over the news.
Congratulations, sis. You're finally
famous.

FIONA
I can't help it if the paparazzi
loves me. This is what happens when
you're the only hot one in the
family. Geek!

LIZ
Slut!

DODGER
Ladies, ladies, no need to fight.
Why don't you two kiss and make up?
(then)
Seriously, let's see some kissing.
I'll wait.

Liz punches Dodger hard in the arm.

DODGER
Watch it, that's the arm I toss with!
(off their looks)
Toss dice... when I play craps.
(MORE)

DODGER (CONT'D)

Geez, why does everyone always think I'm saying something dirty?

On stage, a small orchestra plays as veteran songbird, SCARLETT DONOVAN (60) wraps up a jazzy tune. She walks up.

SCARLETT

Hey kiddies.

DODGER

Heeeeeeey, Miss D. Lookin' fine.

RICHARD

Hello Mother.

SCARLETT

Notice anything different about me?

JAMES/LIZ/FIONA

Face lift? / Botox? / You got vajazzled?

DODGER

Definitely a boob job. Normally you wear a 32 C. Those look like a D.

RICHARD

That's weird that you know that. Why do you know that?

SCARLETT

Actually, you're all wrong. I had the fat removed from my knee caps. Makes me look twenty years younger. What do you think?

Scarlett plants her foot onto the table, flashing her knee and crotch to everyone.

FIONA/LIZ/DODGER

Whoa. / Not cool. / Peek-a-boo!

Off everyone's shock, we:

CUT TO:

INT. LOBBY - NEXT DAY

James, Liz, and The Bordeaux's other co-owner, WALTER CHARLES, trek across the lobby.

Walter, 56, is charismatic, powerful, and if he ever ran for President -- he'd win.

WALTER

The investors for the new hotel in Macau insist I meet in person. I'll be back in a week. In the meantime, you're the boss.

JAMES

You just mean that figuratively, right? Like when you say, "Hey playa, your kicks are the boss!"
(then)
Nope, can't pull that off.

WALTER

Look, I know you've had a rough year. With your dad passing away and leaving law school to take his place... that took a lot of courage. But now that you're here, I need to be able to count on you. Tell me you can do this.

JAMES

(halfheartedly)
...I can do this.

WALTER

Thatta boy! Besides, you've got the best hotel manager in Vegas watching your back. Right, honey?

LIZ

Yes, father.

WALTER

What's on today's agenda?

LIZ

We need to find a new ring card girl for the boxing match on Saturday and Chad Larson will be staying with us for the next two nights.

WALTER

Chad Larson, the TV star? Didn't he have sex with half the maid staff last time?
(Liz nods "yes")
Well, no one can say he's a lousy tipper.

EXT. VALET - CONTINUOUS

They continue out the entrance to a waiting town car.

WALTER

Oh, one more thing. Promise me you'll look after my girls, especially Fiona. I'm pretty sure her bad decisions are what's keeping TMZ in business.

JAMES

I promise.

WALTER

I knew I could count on you. Alright, I'm off. Give Daddy a hug.

James hesitates for a beat, then awkwardly hugs Walter.

WALTER

I was talking to her.

JAMES

Right.

Walter gives Liz a warm hug then gets into the back of the town car. It pulls away. Off James, anxious:

CUT TO:

INT. POKER ROOM - DAY

Chips clanking, players blabbering -- the poker room runs at full capacity. Dodger sits next to a slumped over OLD GUY.

DODGER

Hey, it's your bet... Hey gramps!

No response. Dodger checks his pulse. Then, to the DEALER:

DODGER

Yeah, he's totally dead.

DEALER

(calling out)
Medic!

DODGER

That means I win the pot, right?

James walks up.

DODGER

J-town!

JAMES

Don't J-town me! You and Rich were supposed to meet me for lunch half an hour ago.

DODGER

Sorry bro, I couldn't leave -- lucky table. Well, lucky for me. That dude... not so much.

(re: old guy)

Poor guy, he just ordered the steak special too. Hey dealer, can I have his steak?

The dealer stares at Dodger in disbelief.

JAMES

My god, you look like Vince Vaughn but more tired. Have you slept?

DODGER

Nope. I've been up for three days straight. Check it!

Dodger pulls out a Ziploc bag full of assorted pills.

JAMES

Whoa, did you knock over a Walgreens?

DODGER

I got this new energy pill from Guatemala. Want one? It has some side effects, though. Nothing serious.

Dodger bats at an imaginary fly. Richard walks up with a bloody lip.

JAMES

What the hell happened to you last night?

RICHARD

Well...

FLASHBACK TO:

QUICK SERIES OF SHOTS - RICHARD'S NIGHT IN VEGAS

-- Richard watches a STRIPPER on stage at the strip club.

-- Richard makes out with the stripper in the parking lot.

-- Richard and the stripper get married in a cheesy wedding chapel officiated by an Elvis Presley impersonator.

-- Richard and the stripper hump passionately inside a parked limo.

-- The stripper's burly BOYFRIEND opens the limo door and punches Richard in the jaw.

-- Richard wakes up naked in the median of Las Vegas Blvd.

BACK TO:

INT. POKER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

As they were. James shakes his head in disbelief.

JAMES

Alright, that's it. Why plan anything when your sex addiction...
(to Dodger)
...and your gambling addiction always get in the way?!

RICHARD

I prefer the term, "sex enthusiast."

DODGER

Whoa, slow your roll. We're not addicts. I can stop gambling anytime.

JAMES

No, you can't.

DODGER

You wanna bet?

JAMES

You realize by asking me that you're proving my point.

DODGER

Whatever. We could totally stop if we wanted to.

JAMES

Alright then, I bet that neither of you can make it till midnight tomorrow before slipping into your old habits.

RICHARD

Hey now, leave me out of this.

DODGER
Come on slick Dick, you can holster
it for a day, right?

RICHARD
...Eh.

DODGER
How about if we win, you get us into
the private Playboy party at the club
next week. I wanna go wabbit
hunting!

JAMES
Okay. But if I win... public
humiliation. By method of my
choosing.

Richard ponders for a second, then nods to Dodger.

DODGER
Deal! Finally, I'll prove once and
for all that I'm not the heartless
degenerate everyone takes me for.

A MEDIC rushes up and takes the old guy's pulse.

MEDIC
Time of death: twelve-forty-six p.m.

DODGER
Whoo hoo! The pot is mine! Suck it
loser! Money, money, money, money...
(off their looks)
What?

James looks in horror as Dodger cheerfully stacks his chips.

CUT TO:

INT. SCARLETT'S DRESSING ROOM - DAY

An opulent dressing room. Photos of Scarlett with various
celebrities, old and new, line the walls. James enters.

SCARLETT
James, my boy, thank god you're here.
(throws James a newspaper)
You wouldn't believe what they wrote.

JAMES
"This week marked the release of the
comeback album by former singing
star, Scarlett Donovan."
(MORE)

JAMES (CONT'D)

But while her sound was fresh in the 80's, her new album comes off dated, irrelevant, and just plain sad."

SCARLETT

I didn't screw my way to the top just to be forgotten forty years later. Tell me, James, how do I get the young people to like me?

JAMES

Well, a lot of singers promote online. Try twittering your fans.

SCARLETT

I will do no such thing!

JAMES

I think your definition of twittering is different than mine.
(off her look)
It's on the computer.

SCARLETT

Oh, I see. I suppose I could give that a try. You kids and your technology. What about Snatch-chat? Is that still a thing?

JAMES

I think you mean Snapchat.

SCARLETT

Are you sure? Cause I heard it's for sending pictures of your snatch. So it must be called Snatch-chat.

JAMES

Nope, still Snapchat. But I think you may have stumbled onto something...

CUT TO:

INT. LOBBY - DAY

Liz waits anxiously. A moment later, James walks up.

JAMES

Has Chad arrived?

LIZ

He's pulling up now along with his slut parade.

FIONA
(running up)
I see him! I see him!

LIZ
Oh look, one arrived early.

CHAD LARSON (45, intense, tweaked out, thinks he's a god)
enters with two provocatively dressed PORN STARS.

JAMES
(extends hand for handshake)
Mr. Larson, welcome! I'm James
Hawthorne, co-owner of The Bordeaux--

Chad pounds a beer and places the bottle in James' hand.

CHAD
I'm going to need a masseuse sent to
my room: blonde, big cans, make sure
she's over eighteen.

FIONA
I'm over eighteen!

LIZ
Ignore her, the wheel is spinning but
the hamster is dead. Hi, I'm
Elizabeth Charles, hotel manager.

CHAD
Well, aren't you a delicious little
treat? You know what, there is one
thing I need... to wear your thighs
like ear muffs. Think about it.

LIZ
(Chad winks, then exits)
What a creep. You'd have to be a
complete psycho to want to--

Fiona slaps Liz hard in the face.

FIONA
Back off, he's mine!

LIZ
What the?!

Liz yanks Fiona's hair. She yanks back. As they twirl in
circles, both gripping each other by the hair, hotel guests
take notice. As James struggles to break them up:

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. LOBBY - DAY

James buffers himself between Fiona and Liz.

JAMES
You want to tell me just what the hell is going on?

FIONA
Chad is my ticket to being a star. If I can trick him into putting a baby in me, I'll have my own reality show in no time. "E! Network", here I come!

LIZ
(gasps, then feigning concern)
But what about all of your dignity and self worth?!

JAMES
I didn't want to have to do this, but... Fiona, I forbid you from talking to, touching, kissing, or doing the bedroom rodeo with Chad!

After a beat, Fiona and Liz burst out laughing. Fiona pats James on the head.

FIONA
Okay, you take care now.
(as she exits)
Bedroom rodeo... yee-haw!

JAMES
(calling after)
I'm serious! Don't test me or I'll... I'll... Damn it! Respect meeeeeeee!

Off James, flustered:

CUT TO:

INT. CASINO - DAY

Richard plays blackjack. Dodger stands behind him, gripping the back of his chair as he shakes from withdrawal.

RICHARD
Stop that! I didn't like getting
shook when I was a baby, and I don't
like it now.

DODGER
Sorry bro, I'm cool, I'm cool.
(then)
Can't take it! I need to make a bet!

Dodger lunges forward, money in hand. Richard blocks him.

RICHARD
No! We must resist!

DODGER
(surrendering)
You're right. We got this.

A very DRUNK WOMAN with a yard long Margarita glass strapped
to her neck walks by.

RICHARD
Ooh, she's just my type...

Richard gets up to follow, but Dodger pulls him back into
his chair. The BLACKJACK DEALER deals Richard two aces.

RICHARD
Stay.

DODGER
Whoa, you stupid?! Always split your
aces. Trust me.

The dealer finishes dealing the hand, and Richard ultimately
wins. Dodger pumps his fist in the air.

DODGER
Whoo! Winner-winner, chicken dinner!

RICHARD
Look, you're not shaking anymore.

DODGER
(notices his hand)
You're right! I guess just watching
you gamble gave me my fix. Sick!

A light bulb goes off in Richard's head. He picks up his
chips and starts to leave.

RICHARD
Come on, I helped you get your fix.
Time for you to help me get mine.

DODGER
Uh... I dunno about you, but I got
all my experimenting done in college,
so no thank you.

RICHARD
Just follow me, ass hat. I have a
plan.

As Richard and Dodger exit, we:

CUT TO:

INT. SCARLETT'S DRESSING ROOM - DAY

James enters to Scarlett clicking away on her laptop.

SCARLETT
James, I've mastered the Internet! I
looked up this girl from high school
I absolutely loathed. You would not
believe what I found out!

JAMES
Is she fat? I love it when the kids
I hated are now fat.

SCARLETT
Nope.

JAMES
Divorced?

SCARLETT
Better.

JAMES
In prison?

SCARLETT
She's dead! Her whole family died in
a fire! Haha, take that prom queen!
(laughs hysterically, then)
Why aren't you laughing? That's
hilarious. You should be laughing.

JAMES
Sounds like you're getting a little
distracted. How about I show you how
to tweet your fans?

SCARLETT

Maybe later. Right now I'm commenting on a random teenager's selfie on Instagram. People deserve to know if they're ugly Quasimodo-faced freaks.

JAMES

Do they, though?

CUT TO:

INT. CLUB - VIP AREA - NIGHT

Music blasts as sweaty bodies gyrate on the dance floor. A BODYGUARD greets James and Liz as they approach a VIP table with Chad and his porn star companions.

JAMES

Mr. Larson! Enjoying yourself?

CHAD

Absolutely. Who are you again?

JAMES

It's James, we met this afternoon, I own the hotel... not important.

CHAD

(noticing Liz)
Oh, but I do remember you.

LIZ

Mr. Larson, we filled your bathtub with butterscotch pudding, as requested.

CHAD

Thank you. I do have one more request, though. Your lips... touching mine. Can that be arranged?

A scantily-dressed Fiona approaches and sits on Chad's lap.

CHAD

Uh... hello. Have we met?

FIONA

It's me... your honey bunny.

CHAD

Definitely not. Go hop along now.

Panicked, Fiona spills a nearby drink on her chest.

FIONA

Oh my, I'm such a klutz. Can you help me wipe this off?

Fiona grabs Chad's hands in hers and pats her chest down.

LIZ

(coughs)

Whore!

(off Fiona's look)

Sorry, I had something stuck in my throat. Let me try that again.

(coughs)

Whore, whore, whore!

(then)

Man, I just can't get it out.

CUT TO:

INT. CLUB - AT THE BAR - CONTINUOUS

Richard and Dodger watch an endless stream of GIRLS walk by.

RICHARD

Yes. No. No. Hell no.
Maybe if I was drunk. Yes.
Yes, please. No. No. No.

DODGER

Yes. Yes. Yes. Yes. Yes.
Yes. Yes. Yes. Yes. Yes.

RICHARD

Okay, so apparently you have no standards what so ever. That's good though, it makes my job a lot easier.

DODGER

I still don't see how me getting laid helps you out.

RICHARD

It's the thrill of the chase that I need. If I can just help you hook up with a girl, then by proxy, I will have hooked up with her too. It's like, physically, you will be doing the deed, but mentally, I'll be right there next to you, doing her too.

(off his look)

It's not weird. Alright, let's get to work.

Richard sweeps the club, landing on a GORGEOUS WOMAN nearby.

RICHARD
Beep. Beep. Beep. Beeeeeeeeep.
Revealing dress, hoop earrings, sad
"why isn't anyone talking to me"
eyes...
(sing-songy)
Somebody wants attention.
(then)
Okay, here's what you do--

DODGER
Please, I am well versed in the ways
of the tang. People don't call me
the "Asian Sensation" for nothing.

RICHARD
Nobody calls you that.

DODGER
Nobody yet. Watch and learn.

Dodger struts toward the woman.

DODGER
Sup? I'm Dodger.
(shaking her hand)
Your hand is awfully warm. Are you
feeling okay?
(places hand on her forehead)
Tssssss. Uh oh, looks like you've
got a case of the... yellow fever. I
better get you to bed.

She shoves Dodger, then walks away. Dodger retreats back to Richard.

DODGER
She'll be back. We had a connection.
I felt it.

Fiona walks up in a huff.

FIONA
Unbelievable! My plan to seduce Chad
isn't working. Doesn't he know who I
am?! What, does he think he's
special or something? Ugh, people
that entitled just make me sick!

DODGER
Want something to lift your spirits?
(pulls out bag of pills)
I got Vicodin, Adderall, Zoloft,
Percacet, Ambien, Ecstasy--

DODGER
You can meet Chad. I'm gonna
introduce those ladies to the "Asian
Invasion."

RICHARD
No one calls you that either.

Dodger sits next to a porn star at a neighboring table.

DODGER
Hey honey, I'm Dodger.
(shaking hands)
Your hand is awfully warm, are you
feeling okay...

At the main table, Richard scoots in between Fiona and Chad.

RICHARD
I'm a huge fan of your work.

CHAD
Thanks, I'm glad you like the show.

RICHARD
What? No, the show is horrible. I
was referring to your reputation. Is
it true that you slept with the
entire US Women's Soccer team?

CHAD
What can I say? Goaaaaaaaaaaaal!!!

PORN STAR (O.S.)
Get away from me, you perv!

They turn to see a porn star hurl a drink in Dodger's face.

BODYGUARD
Sir, you need to leave!

JAMES
What happened?!

PORN STAR
He asked me if I liked Chinese food.
When I said yes, he told me to try
his egg roll and unzipped his pants.

Dodger shrugs, innocently. He struggles as the bodyguard
drags him away.

RICHARD
Hey Sasquatch! Put him down!

Richard tries to pry Dodger free. Out of options, Richard lets out a right-hook to the bodyguard's cheek. WHACK! The bodyguard glares down at him, completely unfazed.

DODGER

Wuh oh.

The bodyguard drops Dodger and takes a huge swing. Richard ducks, REVEALING Fiona standing behind him. She catches the punch straight in the eye! She flies back onto the table, spilling drinks everywhere. Everyone reacts in horror.

LIZ

Best. Night. Ever.

JAMES

(examines Fiona)

...And she's unconscious. Great, now we have to go to the hospital.

Richard! Dodge! Give me a hand!

Liz, you stay and smooth things over.

(to self)

TMZ is gonna love this...

James, Richard, and Dodge drag Fiona away.

CHAD

Looks like it's just us, lover.

Here, have a drink with me. Please, please, pretty please with a line of cocaine on top.

LIZ

(considers, then)

Fine, as long as you promise to behave yourself.

CHAD

I promise. I'll even pinky swear.

Chad holds out his pinky.

LIZ

Put that away. There's no telling where that pinky has been.

PORN STAR

(leans in)

Girl, you have no idea...

As Liz takes a sip from Chad's drink:

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LAS VEGAS BLVD. - TIMELAPSE

The Las Vegas Strip transforms from night to morning.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - NEXT MORNING

Fiona runs up alongside James.

FIONA
Hey! You on your way to see Chad?

JAMES
Yeah, I thought I'd apologize for--
(notices her eye)
Holy Rocky Balboa!

Fiona's eye is bruised and swollen to the size of a baseball. They arrive at Chad's hotel room door. As James lifts his fist to knock, the door opens to reveal a shocked and disheveled Liz.

JAMES
Liz? What are you doing here?

LIZ
I was just... checking on Chad. He's not here, though.

JAMES
Is that butterscotch pudding in your hair?

CHAD (O.S.)
Who's at the door?

Liz slams the door behind her. A second later, it opens to REVEAL Chad -- nude. James averts his eyes. Fiona gawks.

CHAD
Morning hotel people! Can you send up some breakfast? I'm starved. This one's a real animal, I tell ya.

Chad slaps Liz on the butt before retreating into the suite. Liz reacts, mortified. Off James and Fiona, shocked:

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. JAMES' OFFICE - DAY

A lavish office overlooks the Las Vegas strip. It smells of leather upholstery and cigars -- a remnant from it's former owner. James lectures Liz as Fiona spectates.

JAMES

How could you sleep with that psycho?! This is so unlike you. I'd expect this behavior from her, but--

FIONA

Hey!
(then)
Yeah, you're right.

JAMES

I know we say "customer satisfaction guaranteed" and all, but still.

LIZ

I don't know what happened. I found him repulsive the whole night, and then all of a sudden, I couldn't keep my hands off him.

JAMES

This is bad. I promised your dad I'd look after you two. He's gonna be furious. There's no telling what he'll do. What if he snaps and has Joe Pesci put my head in a vice?! I've seen *Casino*, I know how this works!

LIZ

How about we just don't tell him?

JAMES

Ooh, I like that.

FIONA

Hell no! Not only did you steal my man, but I'm tired of being judged while dad treats you like you're little miss perfect. Get ready to lose your jobs because daddy's gonna hear all about it when he gets back!

Fiona struts out. After a beat:

LIZ
You hold her down, I'll grab the
vice. Deal?

Off James, not amused, we:

CUT TO:

INT. DODGER'S HOTEL SUITE - LATER

Richard and Dodger are on separate laptops. Richard plays
online poker as Dodger watches. James enters.

JAMES
Are you playing poker online? That
counts as gambling, you know?

DODGER
He's playing, not me. See? We're
satisfying each other's needs!

JAMES
You might want to rephrase that.

DODGER
(his laptop beeps)
She answered baaa-aaack!

JAMES
What's happening?

DODGER
He's gambling for me, and I'm going
to get laid for him.

RICHARD
But since Dodger has less game than
an all-white basketball team, we've
resorted to meeting a girl online.

DODGER
Ooh! She's asking us about favorite
sexual positions. What should I
write?

RICHARD
Let me.

Richard nudges in and types on the laptop.

DODGER
(reading screen)
Squatting kangaroo? Frothy walrus?
(MORE)

DODGER (CONT'D)
Chinese fingering trap-- Are you just making this stuff up?!

RICHARD
If only. You have much to learn, my young apprentice.

Richard flexes his injured hand.

JAMES
Your hand still bothering you?

RICHARD
Yeah. Next time, warn me not to punch roided-out bodyguards. Drunk me might ignore you, but sober me will thank you afterward.

JAMES
Well, be glad it's just your hand. Fiona's face looks like she's been using a Foreman Grill as a pillow. She must be really hurtin'.

DODGER
Doubt it. With how much E she mixed into her drink last night, you could've slapped her with a cactus and she wouldn't have felt it.

JAMES
Ecstasy? But her tox screen at the hospital came back negative. And she didn't seem extra handsy or anything so-- (gasp) That's it!

James scurries out. Dodger and Richard exchange a confused look. The laptop starts ringing.

DODGER
She wants to do a video chat.

RICHARD
Ooh, I bet we're in for a peep show.

A video chat window opens on the laptop to REVEAL Scarlett, fully nude.

DODGER
Miss D?!

SCARLETT (ON SCREEN)
Dodger!

RICHARD
Mom?!

SCARLETT (ON SCREEN)
Richard!

RICHARD
Close your legs! Cover yourself up!

SCARLETT (ON SCREEN)
I'm trying! I'm trying!

Scarlett scrambles to cover herself up.

RICHARD
Dodger, do something! Turn it off!
Turn it off!

Dodger pounds the keyboard, but nothing happens. Richard lunges forward and throw the laptop out an open window. Richard and Dodger exchange an awkward glance, as we:

CUT TO:

INT. JAMES' OFFICE - LATER

Fiona and Liz enter. James spins around dramatically in his leather office chair.

FIONA
What's this about? You're keeping me from my daily run.

LIZ
You don't exercise.

FIONA
My run to the forum shops. Versace is having a buy twelve, get one item at five percent off deal.

LIZ
You're an idiot.

JAMES
Just take a seat. Why you're here will become evident soon enough. But first, I'd like to call Miss Elizabeth Charles to the stand.
(off Liz's confused look)
Just play along.

FIONA
What is this?

JAMES

Your ass getting handed to you... and hopefully proof that two years of law school wasn't a waste.

(then)

Now... Miss Charles, is it true that you weren't feeling like yourself last night? That you suddenly threw yourself at Mr. Larson, with no explanation?

LIZ

Uh... affirmative.

JAMES

Were you also aware that your sister was in possession of a considerable amount of Ecstasy last night?

LIZ

I was not...

JAMES

At this time, I'd like to enter this surveillance footage into evidence.

James pulls out a DVD disc.

FIONA

Okay, clearly you've been watching too many re-runs of Law & Order.

LIZ

Try Judge Judy...

JAMES

You're both wrong, I prefer Ally McBeal.

(then)

Where was I? Oh yes. After treating the boys in security to a replay of Fiona getting clocked in the face-- which looks super awesome in slo-mo by the way-- I also have...

(turns to Fiona, dramatically)

...you, on camera, spiking Chad's drink with Ecstasy! Gasp!

Liz gasps. Fiona reacts, guilty.

JAMES

And then, well, not knowingly, Chad gave it to Liz.

(MORE)

JAMES (CONT'D)

But still, it shouldn't have been there in the first place!

LIZ

You drugged me?!

FIONA

Okay, I'll admit to the first part. But I didn't know you would end up with it!

JAMES

I rest my case.

LIZ

I could have died!

FIONA

Oh, don't be such a drama queen.

LIZ

I'm the drama queen?! Hi pot, I'm kettle. Nice to meet you.

FIONA

What does that mean?!

JAMES

This is how it's going to go. If you whisper a peep to your dad about the whole Liz-Chad thing, then he'll hear about how you tried to drug one of our most important clients. So if we go down, you go down. Got it?!

Defeated, Fiona shrieks then storms out. Liz gazes at James, impressed. James flashes her a confident grin.

CUT TO:

INT. SCARLETT'S DRESSING ROOM - LATER

Richard enters. Scarlett immediately turns the other way.

SCARLETT

Don't look at me!

RICHARD

Oh mom, it wasn't that bad.

SCARLETT

Really?

RICHARD

No, it was horrifying. I gag every time I think about it.

(gags repeatedly, then)

What were you doing on there?

SCARLETT

I don't know. I thought learning all this Internet stuff would make me hip. Instead, I got sucked into seedy chatrooms and wasted my whole morning liking pictures of Taylor Swift's cat.

(then)

When did the whole world pass me by? How'd I get so old and boring?

RICHARD

Are you kidding me? You're the coolest person I know. Tell me: who took me to my very first KISS concert?

SCARLETT

...I did.

RICHARD

And made out with Gene Simmons on stage?

SCARLETT

...I did.

RICHARD

And let me drive us home even though I was only twelve years old?

SCARLETT

You always were a great D.D.

RICHARD

See? Your world's biggest fan is right here, and you never have to worry about me leaving you behind.

SCARLETT

Oh, darling. You really know how to cheer a gal up.

Scarlett and Richard share a warm hug. Dodger peeks in from the doorway.

DODGER

For the record, Miss D., I thought your fun bags looked extra perky.

SCARLETT

Aw. Thank you, sweetie. Come here.

Dodger joins them in a group hug.

CUT TO:

INT. JAMES' OFFICE - EVENING

James reminisces over an old photo of him and his dad. The ring of the telephone jolts him into reality. He answers.

CUT TO:

EXT. MACAU - BUSY STREET - DAY

Walter (on his cell) rides in a bicycle-powered rickshaw. The driver zooms in and out of traffic. WE INTERCUT.

WALTER

James, my boy, how's your first time flying solo?

JAMES

Excellent, sir. Though I'd be lying if I said I wasn't looking forward to your return. How's China?

WALTER

Wonderful. The food is delicious, the weather is perfect, the locals are friendly--

A motorcycle bumps the rickshaw. Walter yells after in perfect Cantonese:

WALTER

Ai yah! Nay hi jo gun mut yeh?! Diu nei lo mo!

(then)

Sorry about that. An entire country of Asian drivers... you can only imagine. Anyway, I'm calling to tell you the investors have agreed to finance the new hotel, but only if I stay and oversee operations. I've already said yes.

JAMES

But then who will run things here?

WALTER

I think you already know the answer.
Congratulations, son. The Bordeaux
is all yours!

(long beat)

Hello..? You there..? Stupid Apple!
You'd think the kids here would know
how to assemble an iPhone that
actually works by now.

JAMES

Sorry, I'm still here. I just
blacked out for a second. Sir, The
Bordeaux is a huge responsibility.
I'm honored, but stepping in for my
dad was supposed to be temporary.
This is not the life for me.

WALTER

Well, that's the thing about life.
You don't find it, it finds you.

(then)

You know, it was always your dad's
dream that you'd take over one day.
It's a lot to handle, but you are
your father's son, which means you
were born a leader. You just don't
know it yet.

Off James, conflicted:

CUT TO:

INT. LOUNGE - NIGHT

James and Liz relax at a table.

LIZ

You're going to do great. I mean it.
You really proved yourself today.
That reminds me, I never got the
chance to say thank you for saving my
ass with my sister back there.

JAMES

Don't mention it, I've always got
your ass. I mean, not literally, not
that I wouldn't want it, you have a
great ass, it's just--

(off her look)

You're welcome.

They share a sweet moment. Richard and Dodger take a seat.

RICHARD
Pardon, do you know what time it is?
(checks watch)
Why, I believe it's you-lose-sucker-
so-it's-time-to-pay-up-o-clock!

DODGER
(puts hand in James' face)
Face!

JAMES
Well, a bet is a bet. Two passes to
the Playboy party, as promised.

James hands Dodger the tickets.

DODGER
(as Elmer Fudd)
Whoo hoo, I'm gonna hunt me some
wabbits!

JAMES
I can't believe you went two days
without gambling. I honestly didn't
think you could do it.

DODGER
Let this be a lesson to you, James.
Maybe try having a little more faith
in your friends.

Just then, a PIT BOSS walks up to Dodger and hands him a
rack of chips.

PIT BOSS
You forget your chips at the table,
sir. FYI, your lucky dealer is back.

The pit boss walks away. Caught, Dodger grins sheepishly.

DODGER
Double or nothing?

Richard smacks Dodger on the head. James sings "The Price
Is Right" losing horn and snatches the tickets back.

Fiona walks up wearing a bedazzled eye patch.

JAMES/LIZ/DODGER
Ahoy matey! / Yo-ho, you dirty ho! /
Thar she blows!

FIONA

Hi-larious. I got tired of looking like Chris Brown's girlfriend, okay? And look, it matches my dress!

Fiona strikes a pose, then sits down. The lights dim as a spotlight hits Scarlett up on stage.

SCARLETT

Welcome back to the show. Before I start, I want to share a little experience I had with my son today.

Richard starts gagging.

SCARLETT

Lately, I had been feeling like a failure because the life I once dreamed for myself did not go as planned. But my son made me realize something. It may not always seem like it, but things work out for the best. What matters most is that I'm right here, right now, looking at all your smiling faces, and I couldn't be happier. Thank you for your love. This next song is for all of you.

The orchestra starts up "The Best Is Yet To Come" by Frank Sinatra.

SCARLETT

(singing)
*"Out of the tree of life, I just
picked me a plum. / You came along
and everything started to hum."*

James gazes at Liz. When she notices, he quickly looks away. Feeling another pair of eyes on her, Liz turns to see Chad Larson staring from across the room. He blows her kisses. Liz pretends to catch them, throw the kisses to the ground, and stomp them out like a cigarette butt.

SCARLETT

*"Still it's a real good bet, the best
is yet to come."*

Off the gang, enjoying themselves:

END ACT THREE

TAG

INT. BOXING ARENA - NIGHT

James, Liz, Fiona, and Scarlett sit ringside. In the background, WE HEAR an announcer introduce the fighters. Scarlett stares up at one of the boxers.

SCARLETT

James, could you be a dear and send that hard-bodied man in the red and white up to my suite after the fight? From this angle, I can see up his shorts and it's no wonder they call him "The Bazooka from Montezuma."
(shuttering)
Whoooo!

JAMES

Ooh ooh, it's starting! Time to cash in my bet!

REVEAL Richard and Dodger in bikinis prancing around the ring holding up "Round One" cards. The gang makes catcalls and blows kisses.

JAMES/FIONA

Come to daddy! / Work it!

LIZ

(singing)
Thong! Thong-thong-thong-thong!

SCARLETT

(to strangers, proudly)
That's my boy up there! That's my boy!

JAMES

Ah, it's good to be the boss.

END OF SHOW