

Exec. Prod. Greg Walker  
Exec. Prod. Nicholas Pileggi  
Exec. Prod. Cathy Konrad  
Exec. Prod. Arthur Sarkissian  
Exec. Prod. James Mangold  
Co-Exe. Prod. Nick Santora  
Co-Exe. Prod. Vanessa Reisen  
Co Exe. Prod. Seth Hoffman  
Co-Exe. Prod. Dennis Quaid  
Co-Exe. Prod. Michael Chiklis  
Consult Prod. Ashley Gable  
Producer Todd Coe  
Co-Producer Jim Adler  
Director Christine Moore

# VEGAS

Episode #110

"TBD"

Written By

Greg Walker & Steven Levenson

**STUDIO DRAFT** 10/28/2012

**NETWORK DRAFT** 10/29/2012

 EYE PRODUCTIONS

Copyright 2012 Eye Productions Inc. All Rights Reserved. This script is the property of Eye Productions Inc., and may not be copied or distributed without the express written permission of Eye Productions Inc. This copy of the script remains the property of Eye Productions Inc. It may not be sold or transferred and it must be returned to Eye Productions Inc. promptly upon demand. THE WRITING CREDITS MAY NOT BE FINAL AND SHOULD NOT BE USED FOR PUBLICITY OR ADVERTISING PURPOSES WITHOUT FIRST CHECKING WITH THE TELEVISION LEGAL DEPARTMENT.

**VEGAS**  
EP#110  
"TBD"

TEASER

1 EXT. ROAD - NIGHT (N2) 1

A dark, winding country road. The song HONKY TONKIN' by HANK WILLIAMS plays as headlights appear on the horizon, puncturing the blackness. The lights grow closer and closer...and FLY past us into the night.

2 INT. LAMB'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT (N2) 2

We find LAMB behind the wheel, Hank Williams's reedy tenor coming through the radio, as he pulls into the empty, fluorescent-lit parking lot of a bank.

He grabs a valise from under the passenger seat. He steps out, leaving the keys in the ignition and the radio on.

3 EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT (N2) 3

Before he has a chance to shut the door -- SLAM! -- a HAMMER comes down with FULL FORCE on the back of his head, knocking him out cold. His body falls backward, sliding down the truck and dropping limply to the ground. All the while, Hank Williams just keeps on singing: *We'll go honky tonkin'...* Off Lamb, unconscious and unmoving on the pavement...

OVER BLACK: 36 HOURS EARLIER.

4 INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - DAY (D1) 4

YVONNE fills out paperwork behind the front desk. DIXON approaches, bringing her a cup of coffee and a big smile.

DIXON

I brought you some coffee. Extra sweet, just like you.

Yvonne eyes him suspiciously.

DIXON (CONT'D)

Why are you looking at me like that?

YVONNE

The last time you made me a cup of coffee, you wanted petty cash to paint racing stripes on your squad car.

(CONTINUED)

DIXON

You know what's sad?

YVONNE

(without looking up)

Famine?

DIXON

What's sad is how you can't take a kindly gesture for what it is.

Before Yvonne can respond (but not before her eyes go wide) --

FRANK LAFORGE (O.S.)

*Dixon Lamb!*

Dixon turns to see A SHOTGUN BARREL IN HIS FACE. Holding it: FRANK LAFORGE (30s, angry, cuckold), standing beside wife MARGIE LAFORGE (30s, beautiful, terrified). Frank's eyes race as the few other deputies reach for their sidearms --

FRANK LAFORGE (CONT'D)

You so much as touch your gun, I'll blow this boy's head off!

They FREEZE.

DIXON

(keeping cool)

Mr. LaForge, I don't know what you think you saw this morning but...

FRANK LAFORGE

Margie told me everything you two done together. *Everything.*

Margie bursts into sobs.

DIXON

(tries to laugh it off)

You got it all wrong. We're just bridge partners me and her. Right, Margie?

FRANK LAFORGE

Don't lie to me --

Frank RACKS the shotgun as Lamb enters from his office.

LAMB

(casual)

What's the fuss about, Frank? Some of us are trying to work here.

(CONTINUED)

FRANK LAFORGE  
Your boy there's been messing with  
my wife.

LAMB  
(to Dixon)  
Is that true?

Dixon plaintively looks at Lamb. Shrugs.

LAMB (CONT'D)  
The two of us, we're going to have  
a talking-to about that. But right  
now, you need to go on home.

Frank keeps his gun trained on Dixon, but his resolve begins  
to fade, as tears spring to his eyes.

FRANK LAFORGE  
She's broke my heart, Ralph.

LAMB  
Frank, Margie's your wife and she  
loves you. She just loves a lot of  
other folks, too.

Frank nods. It makes sense. He puts his gun down.

FRANK LAFORGE  
I'm sorry about all this, Sheriff.

He turns to Margie, ashamed. Margie touches his cheek,  
tenderly.

MARGIE LAFORGE  
I'm sorry, Frank.

FRANK LAFORGE  
I'm the one who's sorry, Margie.

LAMB  
(gesturing to Dixon)  
Deputy Lamb will give you two a  
ride home. You can tell him all  
about your troubles on the way.

DIXON  
He just said he's going to kill me!

LAMB  
Frank, tell him you're not going to  
kill him.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: (3)

4

FRANK LAFORGE  
(through tears)  
I won't kill you.

LAMB  
See? Man said he won't kill you.

Lamb goes back to his office.

YVONNE  
(to Dixon)  
Well. Thanks for the coffee.

Yvonne takes her cup and goes. Off Dixon, in for a long drive...

5 INT. SAVOY - MIA'S SUITE - DAY

5

JACK wakes up, shirtless and groggy. MIA sits at the edge of the bed, fully dressed, adjusting her stockings and garter belt.

JACK  
You shouldn't have to work Sundays.

MIA  
(teasing)  
I didn't realize you had the day off.

JACK  
There are no days of rest in the Holy Book according to Ralph Lamb. He thinks that was most likely a typo.

Mia stands. Jack looks her up and down, sighing.

JACK (CONT'D)  
You're so pretty it hurts.

MIA  
(playful)  
Did you write that down and memorize it?

Jack grabs her around the waist and pulls her back into bed -- her face an inch from his, too close not to kiss.

JACK  
Now why would I do that?

Jack tries to kiss her. She pulls back half an inch, toying with him.

(CONTINUED)

MIA

I can't figure you out.

JACK

I'm not all that complicated.

MIA

(unconvinced)

Mmm... I don't know about that. I just haven't put my finger on it.

JACK

Put your finger on what?

MIA

Your angle.

JACK

Don't know if I have one of those.

MIA

Everybody has an angle. Especially when they say they don't...

JACK

Where'd you learn that?

MIA

Chicago. My father. Every man I've ever met.

JACK

Except for me.

He's about to kiss her when there's a KNOCK at the door.

MIA

Don't talk. Don't move.

Mia goes to the door and opens it, revealing COTA. She keeps it open only a crack, in order to block him from seeing Jack.

COTA

You wanted me to get you when those high-rollers from Kansas City showed up. They're playing poker in a private game upstairs.

MIA

I'll be there in a second.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: (2)

5

COTA

I don't know how much longer  
they're going to be there. These  
guys are losing their shirts.

Mia considers. She awkwardly squeezes through the narrow  
opening in the doorway. Cota watches the contortion act,  
baffled.

MIA

Let's go.

5A EXT. FREMONT STREET - DAY (WAS SCENE 11)

5A

LAURA SAVINO carries a shopping bag down the street, turning  
into an ALLEY, empty save for a parked car. She looks behind  
her and gets into the passenger seat of the car.

5B INT. KATHERINE'S PARKED CAR - CONTINUOUS - DAY (WAS SCENE 12)

5B

KATHERINE sits behind the wheel.

KATHERINE

I'm glad you called.

Laura reaches into her bag and pulls out a business card.  
Katherine reads it: Deluxe Restaurant Supplies, Inc.

LAURA

One of the fronts Rizzo uses to  
launder money from loan-sharking in  
Vegas.

KATHERINE

Where did you get this?

LAURA

The maid found it in Vincent's coat  
pocket. I asked him what it was.

KATHERINE

And he told you?

LAURA

We don't keep secrets.

KATHERINE

Your husband, he's not involved?

LAURA

I wouldn't be giving it to you if  
he was. This is Rizzo's operation.

Katherine considers the card for a beat. She looks up.

(CONTINUED)

KATHERINE

What do you know about Diane Desmond?

LAURA

It's terrible. I had no idea she was an addict.

KATHERINE

I've spoken with a contact at the FBI. Diane had been working for them as an informant. If Rizzo found out his fiancée was talking to the government...

LAURA

(confused)

Diane's death was an accident. She overdosed.

KATHERINE

Men like your husband can make anything look like an accident.

LAURA

My husband has nothing to do with this.

KATHERINE

Then help me prove Rizzo did it.

(continues)

It's only a matter of time before the FBI starts investigating. And they won't stop when they get their killer. They'll dig up everything there is to find. I need evidence that proves Rizzo killed Diane Desmond.

LAURA

And you want me to get it for you?

KATHERINE

If the D.A.'s office brings charges against Rizzo, the Feds stay home and your husband stays a free man. But once the FBI gets involved... it's out of my hands.

Off Laura, not sure what to believe...



ACT ONE

7 INT. SEDAN - NIGHT (N2)

7

CLOSE ON Lamb, eyes shut tight, seemingly asleep. In the background, the sound of grainy AM radio. Headlights stream by, and we WIDEN to see that Lamb lies prone across the back seat of a car -- hands and legs bound tightly with rope -- driven by an unseen abductor...

OVER BLACK: 34 HOURS EARLIER.

8 INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - BULLPEN - DAY (D1)

8

Jack enters the station hurriedly, trying not to be noticed. He runs into Lamb by the coffee pot. Lamb pours Jack a cup.

LAMB

Well, look who decided to show up.

JACK

Some kind of construction going on at the Sahara. They had it down to one lane in both directions.

LAMB

You have been running into the *worst* traffic past couple days.

JACK

Town's getting crowded.

LAMB

You ought to consider a helicopter.

Dixon comes over.

DIXON

(to Jack)

Traffic again?

Lamb and Dixon share a look. Lamb makes himself a cup of coffee. Jack will put up with crap from Lamb -- but not Dixon. He pulls Dixon aside.

JACK

You better watch it, or you're *walking* to work from now on.

DIXON

(cracks)

I'd still get here faster than you.

Yvonne approaches, holding a steno pad.

(CONTINUED)

YVONNE

Sheriff, we got a call from the owner of the...Daily Double Turf Club?

JACK

That's a sport book. Downtown.

YVONNE

He started asking if we could send a deputy down there and then the line went dead. I've tried calling back. I can't get through.

LAMB

Let's send a deputy just in case.

YVONNE

Yes, sir.  
(then, to Jack)  
Glad you could make it, Deputy.

LAMB

(winking at Yvonne)  
Traffic.

Dixon laughs. Jack shoots him a look. He stops.

9 INT. SAVOY - SUITE 3B - DAY

9

A half-dozen CARD PLAYERS and a Savoy DEALER in the middle of Seven Card Stud in a small but elegant suite. ANGLE ON Mia and Cota, watching from the side of the room. Cota points out the middle-aged high-rollers at the table: TWO MEN with small stacks of chips in front of them.

COTA

That's Bert Robinson. Last time he stayed here, he dropped forty-grand on one hand of blackjack. Over there's Henry Deloit. He's been at Caesar's for two months.

As Cota speaks, Mia's eyes are fixed elsewhere: On the young, stylish MAN with a huge pile of chips before him.

MIA

What about him?

COTA

That guy? Uh. Hal something or other. It's his suite. He's been losing downstairs all week. Wanted to have a private game up here.

(CONTINUED)

Mia considers this.

HAL  
Cards are hot, fellas.

The others grumble as Hal lays down his cards: Full house. He scoops in the chips. Mia and Cota come over. Mia stands right next to Hal.

MIA  
I don't mean to interrupt, but I had to say hello. Lots of familiar faces at this table. Bert. Harry. Welcome back to the Savoy.

Mia turns to Hal, extending her hand.

MIA (CONT'D)  
And Mr...?

HAL  
Whitford. Hal Whitford.  
(he gestures to the Dealer)  
Thanks for lending us such a top-notch dealer.

MIA  
Our pleasure. I'm surprised we haven't met before.

HAL  
I don't make it out to Vegas very often. I'm here from Providence on business.

MIA  
You must love the Old Colonial.

HAL  
Oh I'm not a very serious card-player. Not like these gentlemen here. I just like to play a few rounds of poker every once in a while.

MIA  
Well, then, I hope your luck keeps up.

Mia's smile vanishes as she walks down the hall with Cota.

MIA

Call Providence. Ask around. See what we can find out about that guy.

COTA

How come?

They get to the elevator. Mia stops.

MIA

Those are some of the best players in Vegas around that table. Some working stiff from Rhode Island shows up and cleans them out? I don't think so.

10A INT. SAVOY - CASINO - DAY (WAS SCENE 6)

10A

SAVINO, on one of his regular walkthroughs of the casino floor, sees LEO FARWOOD come in the front door. Savino goes over to him, all smiles.

SAVINO

Little early to be hitting the slots, Leo, don't you think?

FARWOOD

Where's the money, Mr. Savino?

SAVINO

Excuse me?

FARWOOD

I've just come from the bank. Your accounts are empty, cleaned out.

Savino tries to conceal his own shock at this revelation.

SAVINO

What do you mean, cleaned out?

FARWOOD

The first installment of the loan money we gave you for the Tumbleweed? The two hundred seventy-five thousand dollars? It's gone.

SAVINO

(covering)

Look. There must be some kind of mistake here.

(CONTINUED)

FARWOOD

You haven't even started construction yet and you've already used up half the loan. One week from breaking ground and suddenly you start pulling out all the dirty tricks.

SAVINO

(reassuring him)

Nobody's touched that money, Leo. Whatever happened, we'll fix it.

Farwood hesitates for a moment.

FARWOOD

Don't make me look like a fool.

Farwood exits. Off Savino -- he has a bad feeling he knows exactly where the money's gone...

11 OMITTED (MOVED TO SCENE 5A) 11

12 OMITTED (MOVED TO SCENE 5B) 12

13 INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - LAMB'S OFFICE - DAY 13

Lamb at his desk doing paper-work. Yvonne enters.

YVONNE

Sheriff? I sent Deputy Howard to that sports book a half hour ago. He hasn't come back yet.

LAMB

You try him on the radio?

YVONNE

(nods)

He's not responding.

Off Lamb, not liking the sound of that...

14 EXT. DAILY DOUBLE TURF CLUB - PARKING LOT - DAY 14

Lamb and Jack pass an empty squad car, the radio SQUAWKING. Hands on holsters, they enter the empty storefront.

15 INT. DAILY DOUBLE TURF CLUB - CONTINUOUS - DAY 15

The Lambs silently inspect the dark sports book. Out of the corner of his eye, Lamb notices an object in the corner. Jack sees him.

(CONTINUED)

JACK  
What is it?

Lamb crouches down to see it's a BLOODY DEPUTY'S CAP...

Suddenly, the door to the back storage room opens. The Lambs draw their weapons on...the DEPUTY and the sports book OWNER, both bruised and bloodied, hands bound with rope. The Deputy and the Owner freeze when they see the Lambs. A moment of confusion.

LAMB  
Deputy Howard?

Suddenly two unmasked BURGLARS (one early 20s, the other early 30s) emerge from behind them, one with a duffle bag. Startled to see the cops, they immediately spring to action.

OLDER BURGLAR  
(frantic)  
Stay back.

The Older Burglar grabs Deputy Howard around the neck and puts a sawed-off shotgun to his head.

OLDER BURGLAR (CONT'D)  
(to Lambs)  
Don't come any closer.

LAMB  
All right, let's just take it easy.

Lamb has his gun trained on the Older Burglar, Jack on the Younger. The Younger Burglar, not as adept as the Older, nervously shifts his aim from Lamb to Jack.

YOUNGER BURGLAR  
You heard what he said. Stay back.

JACK  
I'm staying back.

OLDER BURGLAR  
We'll kill them both.  
(to Younger Burglar)  
Take him. Hold him.

He pulls the Owner back and throws him at the Younger Burglar, who takes control of him.

LAMB  
There's no need for this.

(CONTINUED)

OLDER BURGLAR  
(to Lamb)  
We just want to get out of here.

LAMB  
That's fine. Give us the hostages  
and you can be on your way.

The Older Burglar looks to the storage room.

OLDER BURGLAR  
We're going back in there and  
nobody's following us.

He drags Deputy Howard toward the door.

LAMB  
Why don't you let them go?

OLDER BURGLAR  
(to Younger)  
Take him.

The Younger Burglar goes into the room with the Owner.

OLDER BURGLAR (CONT'D)  
Try to break down the door, we kill  
him. You can have this one back.

He smashes the shotgun into Deputy Howard's head. The deputy  
slams into the ground as the Older Burglar flees into the  
storage room, pulling the door shut behind him. Off the  
Lambs -- what the hell just happened?

RIZZO (O.S.)  
I don't understand the big deal...

16 EXT. FREMONT STREET - SHOE SHINE STAND - DAY

16

A SHOE SHINE brings the rich Italian leather of RIZZO's  
loafers to a brilliant sparkle.

SAVINO  
The big deal? There's two hundred  
seventy-five thousand dollars  
missing from the bank. It's a  
loan, we need to pay it back.

Rizzo stands and pays the Shoe Shine.

RIZZO  
You should be happy. We found a  
new way to rob banks, and we don't  
even need guns -- everybody wins.

(CONTINUED)

SAVINO  
Where is it now?

They begin walking to the Savoy.

RIZZO  
I sent half of it home to our  
friends in Chicago. I invested the  
other half.

SAVINO  
Where? General Motors?

RIZZO  
I put it to work on the street.  
Shylocking. GM dividends don't pay  
a hundred-fifty percent interest.

SAVINO  
That money is for the Tumbleweed.

RIZZO  
So we'll get more money.

SAVINO  
Over a quarter million dollars by  
next week?

RIZZO  
We'll go to a different bank.

SAVINO  
After Farwood tells everybody about  
what you did, nobody in this town's  
going to go near us.

They stop by the doors of the Savoy.

RIZZO  
Let me talk to Farwood. Set him straight.

SAVINO  
We're not doing things that way.

RIZZO  
(offended)  
What way?

Rizzo enters the Savoy. Off Savino, considering his options.

Lamb and Jack delicately move the unconscious Deputy Howard  
across the room and prop him against the wall.



Lamb pulls a knife from a sheath in his boot and cuts the rope from his wrists, as he starts to come to.

LAMB  
He'll be all right.

JACK  
I'll head around, cover the back.

From the storage room, the sound of BREAKING BOTTLES.

LAMB  
What was that?

18 INT. DAILY DOUBLE TURF CLUB - STORAGE ROOM - CONTINUOUS - DAY 18

The Older Burglar pours liquor from a broken bottle onto the tied-up Owner.

OWNER  
(aghast)  
What are you doing?

OLDER BURGLAR  
Don't act like you don't deserve this.

The Older Burglar calmly strikes a single match...

19 INT. DAILY DOUBLE TURF CLUB - MOMENTS LATER - DAY 19

The Lambs watch as smoke begins to pour from under the door. They look at each other--they can't wait any longer. Lamb kicks down the door.

20 INT. DAILY DOUBLE TURF CLUB - STORAGE ROOM - CONTINUOUS - DAY 20

They rush in through the haze of smoke to see the Owner, writhing on the floor, his clothes engulfed in flames. Lamb fans away the smoke, finds a fire extinguisher. And douses the Owner before he suffers more than superficial burns. Jack's boots crunch on the broken glass coating the floor as he squints through the smoke and sees an open window leading to a fire escape...

21 EXT. DAILY DOUBLE TURF CLUB - CONTINUOUS - DAY 21

Jack races up the fire escape ladder and clambers onto the roof... but it's empty. He stands there in the middle of the roof, breathing hard, scanning the three-hundred-sixty degree view of the Las Vegas skyline. Off Jack -- realizing that they've vanished.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

22 EXT. ABANDONED MINING SITE - NIGHT (N2) 22

An old industrial site, sparsely littered with the hulking ruins of obsolete, rusted-out equipment -- illuminated solely by the headlights of an idling sedan.

QUICK CUTS:

-- Lamb, unconscious, in the back seat.

-- A set of hands yanking Lamb's comatose body out of the car with great effort.

-- Lamb's body falling roughly onto the dirt.

-- Lamb being pulled across the dirt by his bound hands.

-- Lamb's boots dragging in the dirt.

-- Lamb's empty holster.

OVER BLACK: 28 HOURS EARLIER.

23 INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - LAMB'S OFFICE - DAY (D1) 23

TIGHT ON a mugshot of the Older Burglar in Jack's hand.

JACK  
Nathan Auster.

Lamb takes the mugshot from him.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Robbed a liquor store in Henderson  
with a sawed-off shotgun in 1954.  
Served three years in the Nevada  
State Penitentiary.

LAMB  
Guess he's back at it.

Yvonne knocks and enters.

YVONNE  
(to Jack)  
You have a visitor, Deputy.

Jack looks past to see Mia at the front door.

LAMB  
Best not keep a lady waiting.

24 INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS - DAY

24

Jack approaches Mia. He leans in close, whispering.

JACK  
Miss me already?

MIA  
(playing along)  
It's been excruciating.

Lamb saunters over and Jack snaps into professional mode.

LAMB  
Miss Rizzo.

MIA  
Sheriff Lamb.

JACK  
How can we help you, then, Miss  
Rizzo, ma'am?

MIA  
A man named Hal Whitford's  
organized a private poker game at  
the Savoy. He's beating some of  
the best card players in Vegas.  
Somebody this good, you'd expect  
everybody in town to know his name.  
I've called around to other  
casinos, nobody's heard of him.

JACK  
You think he's cheating.

MIA  
I think something isn't right. I'm  
wondering if you can look him up  
for me, see if he has a record.

JACK  
You don't have your own people to  
investigate that sort of thing?

MIA  
At this point, I can't be sure my  
people aren't in on it, too.

JACK  
(with a wink)  
It's like that old saying:  
everybody's got an angle.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JACK (CONT'D)

Now, is that the Bible or is that Shakespeare? I can never remember.

MIA

I think you may be quoting it out of context...

Lamb, uninterested in their flirting, pats Jack on the back.

LAMB

I'll leave you to it, Deputy.

Lamb takes off to his office.

JACK

(to Mia)

Excuse me a moment.

Jack follows Lamb.

JACK (CONT'D)

We should see if we can find a current address for Nathan Auster.

LAMB

"We?" Not when there's a poker cheat roaming the streets. I'm just hoping we don't need to call in the National Guard on this one.

Lamb goes back to his office. Off Jack, unamused.

25 EXT. FREMONT STREET - DAY

25

Lamb and Dixon stand with DORIS AUSTER (50s) outside the Golden Nugget. She wears a cashier's uniform and holds Nathan Auster's mugshot. She hands it back to Dixon.

DORIS

(weary)

What's Nathan gotten himself into this time?

DIXON

Your son just held up a sports book. The Daily Double. Assaulted a deputy, put the owner in the hospital with third degree burns.

DORIS

My husband Clint used to go there to listen to the horse races.

Dixon looks to Lamb.

(CONTINUED)

LAMB

Might be helpful if we could speak with your husband, as well.

DORIS

I'm afraid Clint passed away last month.

LAMB

Sorry to hear that, ma'am.

DORIS

It'd been a long time coming. This city swallowed him up bit by bit. The man I married... I lost him in a bottle somewhere.

LAMB

Nathan didn't rob the sports book alone, Mrs. Auster. He had a partner. Any idea who that might have been?

DORIS

Not a clue.

DIXON

You happen to know anyone in Nathan's life, early twenties? Red hair? Freckles?

Doris's face falls. Tears well in her eyes.

LAMB

Mrs. Auster?

DORIS

(disbelieving)

Russ.

Off the Lambs' look of confusion.

DORIS (CONT'D)

(explaining)

Nathan's little brother. Russ is my sweet boy. He just hasn't been the same since his daddy passed.

(she shakes her head)

I heard Nathan the other day, talking to Russ about robbing a bar. I told Nathan, pack your bags and don't ever come back. But I didn't think Russ would actually do something like that.

(CONTINUED)

Doris shakes her head.

DORIS (CONT'D)  
Russ is a good boy. His brother's  
just filled his head with nonsense.

LAMB  
We're going to try to bring in both  
your boys, Mrs. Auster, before they  
do something they can't take back.

26 EXT. FREMONT STREET - MINUTES LATER - DAY 26

Lamb and Dixon walk back to Lamb's truck.

LAMB  
They hit that sports book for a  
reason.

DIXON  
Because their daddy gambled there.

LAMB  
And if they're talking about  
robbing a bar, odds are good it's  
one where their daddy drank.

DIXON  
I'll go back, ask Mrs. Auster which  
bars her husband was a regular at.

Lamb turns around, starts to head back to the Golden Nugget.  
Dixon stops him.

DIXON (CONT'D)  
I think I can take care of this  
myself, Pop. Not to boast, but I'm  
something of an expert when it  
comes to the various drinking  
establishments of Clark County.

Lamb gives him a withering look and keeps walking.

DIXON (CONT'D)  
What?

27 INT. SAVOY - SAVINO'S SUITE - DAY 27

Savino inspects a briefcase filled with hundred dollar bills.

COTA  
I thought the skim was on its way  
to Chicago.

(CONTINUED)

Savino shuts the case and hands it to Cota.

SAVINO  
Not anymore. Take it to Farwood.

COTA  
This has got to be the first time I  
ever brought money to a bank.

SAVINO  
It's enough to pay the bills on the  
Tumbleweed the next couple weeks.

A KEY in the door--Laura steps in with her shopping bags.

LAURA  
I'm not interrupting, am I?

SAVINO  
Of course not.

Cota goes, nodding to Laura and shutting the door. Laura  
lays out the clothes she's bought, folding them and putting  
them away.

SAVINO (CONT'D)  
Looks like a productive morning.

LAURA  
The stage manager just asked me if  
I wanted Diane's dresses.

Off Savin's look of confusion.

LAURA (CONT'D)  
There are racks and racks filled  
with dresses, just sitting there.  
Rizzo told him to throw them all in  
the garbage.

Laura looks up at him, questioningly.

SAVINO  
(shrugs)  
It doesn't make sense to me either.

LAURA  
Diane had everything going for her.  
Gold records, sold-out concerts --  
she got *engaged* two weeks ago. Why  
would a woman like that be shooting  
heroin in her dressing room?

(CONTINUED)

SAVINO  
She was a drug addict.

LAURA  
She didn't seem like a drug addict.  
When we went out to drinks with  
her, when I saw her sing...

SAVINO  
These people, they do it long  
enough, they know how to hide it.

LAURA  
She wore sleeveless dresses every  
time I saw her. Why didn't she  
have needle marks on her arms?

Savino sees she's not buying it.

SAVINO  
You're asking questions you don't  
want to know the answers to.

LAURA  
You know what happened. You just  
don't trust me.

SAVINO  
Of course I trust you.

LAURA  
Did you kill her?

SAVINO  
How can you even ask me that?

LAURA  
Why else won't you tell me?

SAVINO  
Because I'm trying to protect you.

LAURA  
By lying to me?

A loaded beat for Savino: Can he trust her or not? If he  
wants their relationship to work, he has no choice.

SAVINO  
Rizzo shot her up with a hot dose  
from a dealer on Cursey Street.  
Two parts heroin, one part  
strychnine.

(then)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



SAVINO (CONT'D)  
Now is that it? Or is there  
anything else you want to know?

A beat. Laura leaves. Off Savino, miserable.

28 INT. SAVOY - DAY 28

Jack walks with Mia.

JACK  
He's clean as a whistle. No  
record. Maybe he's just lucky.

MIA  
Please. I work in a casino.  
There's no such thing as luck.

JACK  
If it's a private game, why does it  
matter anyway?

MIA  
The whales up here are the same  
whales who play at our tables  
downstairs. If they think they've  
been taken advantage of at the  
Savoy, they don't come back.

JACK  
You should put me in the game.

Mia looks at him incredulously.

JACK (CONT'D)  
I can spot a liar from a mile away,  
not to mention I've won my fair  
share of card games.

MIA  
These are high-stakes gamblers,  
Jack, not ranchers on a smoke break-  
-with all due respect.

JACK  
Those ranchers on smoke breaks?  
Best damn card cheats around. If  
you put me in the game, I can get  
up-close, see what's actually  
happening at the table. I can pick  
up on if he's doing hand motions,  
eye contact, silent signals.

He winks at her, demonstrating a silent signal.

(CONTINUED)

MIA

Can you pick up on the silent  
signal I'm sending you right now?

JACK

You think it's an incredible idea  
and you suddenly find me  
irresistibly attractive?  
(off Mia's look)  
Come on. Not even close?

MIA

I'll front you with house money for  
the buy-in. Take off the star. No  
one wants to gamble with a cop.  
And act like we've never met  
before. We don't want him to know  
we're on to him.

JACK

This is going to be fun.

29 INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - LAMB'S OFFICE - DAY

29

Lamb and Dixon interview DOUG FORBES (40s), a workaday bar  
owner sporting a prominent black eye.

DOUG

You're two days late. They held my  
bar up Saturday morning. Couple  
hours before we opened, Nathan and  
Russ bust in, put guns in my face.  
They peeled the safe in ten  
minutes.

DIXON

So you knew these guys?

DOUG

Their dad, Clint, used to work at  
the cement factory on the corner.  
He'd drink his check every payday.  
Nathan came in every once in a  
while, too, drink off his dad's  
tab.

LAMB

What about Russ?

DOUG

Russ would pick him up nights the  
old man was too drunk to walk home.

(CONTINUED)

DIXON

Why didn't you report the crime?

DOUG

Nathan said, if I went to the cops,  
he'd come back and kill me.

LAMB

He the one who gave you the shiner?

DOUG

(shakes his head)

Nathan got Russ all riled up. Told  
him how I poisoned their dad with  
liquor. He told Russ to give me  
something to remember their dad by.  
So he did.

30 INT. SAVOY - SUITE 3B - LATER - DAY

30

Jack sits directly across from Hal. Aside from the two of  
them, everyone else has folded. Mia watches from the side of  
the room, unable to hear the conversation.

HAL

It looks like it's just you and me.

JACK

Looks that way.

Hal slides a stack of chips into the pot.

HAL

I'll raise you four-hundred.

Jack whistles at the amount and examines his cards.

HAL (CONT'D)

Take your time.

JACK

(conflicted)

I don't know...

HAL

What's your line of business, Jack?

JACK

Uh. Rancher, actually.

HAL

You don't meet a lot of ranchers in  
Rhode Island.

(CONTINUED)

Jack notices that Hal wears ostrich cowboy boots.

JACK  
Didn't know folks in Rhode Island  
wore ostrich.

HAL  
(explaining)  
My parents took me to a dude ranch  
in Paradise Falls every summer when  
I was a kid. Whenever I'm in town,  
I try to sneak out there. Nothing  
helps you unwind quite like a  
weekend in the saddle.

JACK  
I hear you there.

HAL  
So. Are you in or out, Jack?

A beat. Jack slides his last remaining chips into the pot.

JACK  
Count me in.

Hal lays his cards down: A pair of aces and a pair of eights.

HAL  
Two pair.

Jack sighs and shakes his head, disappointed.

JACK  
Shoot. Can't win 'em all, I guess.

He puts his cards down: Three tens. Hal laughs.

HAL  
No, I guess not.

Jack gathers the pile of chips and makes quick eye contact  
with Mia. He smiles -- she does not.

31 INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - LAMB'S OFFICE - DAY

31

Lamb pores over files on his desk. Yvonne and Dixon enter.

DIXON  
Got in touch with the cement  
factory Clint Auster worked at.  
Started there when he was fifteen.

(CONTINUED)

YVONNE

They fired him six years ago--drunk  
on the job. Never worked again.

Jack enters and joins them.

JACK

What'd I miss?

LAMB

We found the bar, but we were too  
late. Auster brothers already  
robbed it Saturday morning.

DIXON

Looks like they're going after  
places they think took advantage of  
their dad: Sports book he gambled  
at, bar where he drank.

JACK

Like some kind of moral crusade.

LAMB

Maybe for Russ. But Nathan's just  
using his little brother's grief to  
recruit him, picking targets that  
make Russ feel like he's doing the  
right thing.

DIXON

Timing's right too. They hit the  
bar Saturday morning when the safe  
would have the most cash.

JACK

What about the sports book?

YVONNE

Sunday morning, day after the prize  
fight.

DIXON

So now we just need to find out  
what places have a lot of cash  
lying around on Mondays.

Lamb considers a moment.

LAMB

Clint Auster worked at that cement  
factory since he was fifteen years  
old.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LAMB (CONT'D)

Gave his blood, sweat, and tears,  
and then they fire him for coming  
to work with a few drinks in him.

(then)

What's today's date?

YVONNE

(checking a desk calendar)

The fifteenth?

Lamb looks at Jack.

LAMB

Payday.

32 EXT. CEMENT FACTORY - DAY 32

A windowless brick building, chimneys billowing clouds of dark gray smoke. An armored truck pulls up in the parking lot, filled with cement mixers. PULL BACK to see Lamb and Jack, hidden behind either side of the building, guns out, waiting.

Two GUARDS unlock the back of the armored truck and pull out four massive cash bags. They begin walking toward the building when--out of nowhere--a black sedan comes screeching in front of them. Before they have time to think, Nathan and Russ bound out of the car, guns drawn.

NATHAN AUSTER

Don't you move. You stay right  
where you are.

RUSS AUSTER

Don't move.

NATHAN AUSTER

This is how this is going to go.

Lamb and Jack come out from behind the building, cornering them from either side.

LAMB

Put the weapon down, Nathan.

JACK

You too, Russ.

Nathan hesitates for a moment, looking desperately for a way out, panic beginning to mount.

LAMB

You got nowhere to run, Nathan.  
Put the weapon on the ground.

(CONTINUED)

Instead of retreating, Nathan begins firing wildly, an insane last stand, spraying the area with bullets. Lamb and Jack dive back behind the building, taking cover from the flurry of bullets ricocheting dully against the brick facade. The Guards hit the pavement, sending bricks of cash spilling out of the bags and onto the ground.

Russ, drenched in sweat, runs for the sedan. He starts the car, his hands trembling, his skin ice cold.

Lamb and Jack are pinned down, returning fire at Nathan, looking for an opening.

RUSS AUSTER  
(from the car)  
Come on, Nathan. Let's go.

Nathan begins frenziedly grabbing stacks of banded cash on the ground in great fistfuls, firing with his other hand. Lamb steps out from the building and squeezes off a shot that lands in Nathan's shoulder, the force sending Nathan falling backward. Russ SLAMS on the gas and skids away from the factory --

Lamb and Jack approach Nathan carefully. Lamb looks over the muzzle of his shotgun and down at Nathan, panting from the adrenaline, blood beginning to seep through his shirt.

LAMB  
Put the gun on the ground, Nathan.  
We're ending this right here.

Nathan looks up at Lamb. He looks around him. He has no other cards to play and he knows it. He loosens his grip on the rifle and begins to set it down, slowly, very slowly...when he suddenly, with tremendous speed, grabs back the gun, pointing it at Jack -- but he never gets the chance to fire. Lamb shoots, killing him on the spot.

33 INT. LEO FARWOOD'S CAR - DAY

33

Farwood drives with his wife MAUREEN (30s), and their son ADAM (6), asleep in the back seat. Suddenly a sibilant HISS as the car lurches forward.

MAUREEN  
What was that?

FARWOOD  
I don't know.

34 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - CONTINUOUS - DAY

34

Farwood steps out, follows the sound to the rapidly-deflating left rear tire. He crouches and sees there's a large nail stuck in it. He shakes his head and looks around--no houses, no businesses, nothing for miles. Suddenly, a car appears in the distance, approaching him. He waves down the town car, which slows to a stop.

FARWOOD

Thank you so much for--

Farwood's relief melts away as Rizzo steps out and comes toward him. Rizzo surveys the tire, shaking his head.

RIZZO

Would you look at that. What do you got there, a nail? I'm telling you, these new radials look like a million bucks in the showroom, but you get 'em out on the road...

Leo nods. Rizzo looks into the car and smiles at Maureen and Adam. Maureen looks at Leo with alarm.

RIZZO (CONT'D)

That must be Maureen. And Adam. How does Adam like first grade?

(then)

In Chicago, you can go your whole life and never know your neighbors. Out here, I want my neighbors to know me. So we can help each other out.

(leaning in close)

I heard you came to Vincent with some accounting problems. From now on, any problems, you come to me.

Farwood nods. Rizzo pats him on the shoulder. An ASSOCIATE steps out of the car, taking a spare tire from the trunk and wheeling it toward Leo.

RIZZO (CONT'D)

See? Here I am, helping my neighbor.

The Associate and Rizzo get in the car and it takes off. Off Farwood, watching Rizzo drive away, frozen with fear.

END ACT TWO



ACT THREE

35 EXT. DESERT - NIGHT (N2)

35

Find Lamb, prone on the ground. His eyes flutter awake, slowly adjusting. He tries to move but he can't -- his hands and legs have been bound tightly with rope. He shifts his weight and sharp pain courses through the left side of his body, emanating from a twisted ankle.

Lamb's eyes widen with the terrible realization: He's lying in a SIX-FOOT PIT. As he squints up at the fading light out the hole above, we CUT TO:

OVER BLACK: 6 HOURS EARLIER

36 INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - LAMB'S OFFICE - DAY (D2)

36

A hand aimlessly spins a bullet on the wood desk... WIDEN to find Lamb, reflective after the shooting. Not something he ever wants to do.

Jack steps to the doorway, eyes Lamb a beat.

JACK

Nathan Auster made his own choice.

LAMB

Just wish he made a different one.

JACK

He can count himself lucky he didn't get his brother killed too.

Lamb considers.

LAMB

Brothers have a way of dragging each other into trouble.

JACK

(a grin)

I wouldn't know anything about that.

As Katherine enters...

KATHERINE

Looks like you don't have to worry about Russ Auster doing any more damage in Vegas. His car was spotted outside of Phoenix. It shouldn't be long before he's caught.

(CONTINUED)

JACK

Or ends up in Mexico. I'll let the Border Authority know he's heading their way.

Jack exits. Katherine closes the door, steps to Lamb.

KATHERINE

I have new information on Diane Desmond's death. My C.I. believes Rizzo killed her with a spiked heroin dose.

LAMB

Why'd he want her dead?

KATHERINE

Apparently they suspected her of working with the FBI.

News to Lamb.

LAMB

Was she?

KATHERINE

I can't find out. But I think the information is enough to convince the D.A. to authorize wiretapping warrants on Savino, Rizzo, and the Savoy. If he says yes, I'll be celebrating with a cocktail at the Gemini and I hope to not be doing it alone.

LAMB

They got cold beer there?

KATHERINE

I believe they do.

She winks, moves off. HOLD on Lamb watching her a beat, as we CUT TO:

37 INT. SAVOY - CASINO FLOOR - DAY

37

Jack and Mia move across the Savoy floor...

MIA

I've been thinking about how Hal Whitford lost to you yesterday.

(CONTINUED)

JACK

Funny, my memory was me soundly beating him.

MIA

I don't think you beat him. I think he intentionally lost to you.

JACK

How do you figure? I had the winning cards.

MIA

And every time you did, he bet the house, driving out all the other players so you had the game to yourself. Whenever you were bluffing, he folded.

As they enter the elevator...

38 INT. SAVOY - FOURTH FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY

38

As they exit the elevator and move down the hall...

JACK

I set him up. It was skill.

MIA

It was cheating. Losing that badly is the same as winning crooked. In both cases, you have to know the exact cards your opponent has. Either he was on to us, or he figured you for a mark and was setting you up for the next game.

JACK

You ruled out a spotter.

MIA

In the suite. But not out of the suite.

She stops at a hotel door, produces a KEY. On the door, a DO NOT DISTURB SIGN. She opens the door. CUT TO:

A BIRD'S EYE VIEW...

*Of Hal's card game in progress. The camera slowly SCANS each player's hand, giving a MACRO VIEW of each player's cards. We PULL BACK through the AC DUCT where the lens is hidden to reveal we are --*

39 INT. SAVOY - FOURTH FLOOR ROOM - DAY

39

Where a SPOTTER sits at a table in the center of the room. He looks down through a camera device drilled into the floor. On the table is a TRANSISTOR RADIO.

ANGLE ON THE DOOR

It opens. Jack and Mia approach. The Spotter turns, startled. Mia holds her finger to her lips.

MIA

Not a word.

Off the Spotter --

HAL (O.S.)

Blackjack's all about luck.

39A INT. SAVOY - SUITE 3B - MINUTES LATER - DAY

39A

Hal sits at a full table, in the middle of a game.

HAL

Nothing's going to turn two face cards and a three of clubs into anything but a bust.

Engrossed in the cards, Hal fails to notice Jack and Mia enter, Mia holding the transistor radio.

HAL (CONT'D)

Poker on the other hand...Poker is a game of skill.

(throwing in chips)

Call.

Mia TURNS ON the transistor. Hal FLINCHES and shifts uncomfortably, as a low buzzing sound emanates from him.

HAL (CONT'D)

Because Poker is...a game that...

Mia TURNS UP the radio. Hal WRIGGLES in his chair.

HAL (CONT'D)

If you'd excuse me, gentlemen...

Hal stands. Mia uses her finger to slide the volume UP even higher -- Hal can't take it any longer --

HAL (CONT'D)

Stop it!!

(CONTINUED)

JACK  
Pardon my reach.

Jack RIPS open Hal's shirt and tears off the BUZZER strapped to his chest. Shirtless, Hal looks around the table at the half dozen men whom he's bilked for days.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Well. This is a little awkward,  
isn't it?

40 INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

40

Jack paces in the room. Mia sets the radio on the table in front of Hal Whitford, who sits, looking bored.

MIA  
I just spoke with your Spotter. He told me how he used a hidden camera to see the other players' cards. And then he'd use this --  
(nods to the transistor)  
To send you a signal to tell you what they were. Morse Code.

JACK  
That's not just a crime, Mr. Whitford, that's plain rude.

Hal looks up at Jack with contempt.

HAL  
It's a misdemeanor. I'll make bail and hit asphalt in ten minutes.

JACK  
Minus all that loot we found in your hotel safe. The hundred grand.

This gets Hal's attention --

HAL  
What hundred grand? You caught me in one game. Fine, I plead guilty. For today. The rest of the money I won fair and square -- and my Spotter will back me up.

MIA  
You've been taking my guests' money for seventy-two hours.

HAL  
Prove it in court.

JACK  
We will. And until then, that money will be held as evidence at Las Vegas Bank and Trust.

Jack heads for the door. Stops and turns to Hal.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Oh, and I wouldn't try your buzzer act again. We plan to send your pretty little mugshot to every casino in the state. I don't suspect you'll be welcomed with open arms.

Jack smiles, leaves. HOLD on Hal, a dangerous darkness clouding his face...

41 INT. THE SAVOY - SAVINO'S OFFICE - DAY

41

Savino sits at his desk, on the phone. Listens with concealed surprise. Rizzo stands across from him, monitoring.

SAVINO  
Well thank you, Mr. Farwood. Of course. We'd love to be your guests. We'll see you tonight.

He hangs up the phone -- trying to put together what just happened.

RIZZO  
What did Nelson Rockefeller want?

SAVINO  
He's opening the credit line back up for the Tumbleweed. And he wants us to make a presentation to the board out at one of their houses. Wants you there as co-owner.

He regards Savino -- still trying to put it all together.

RIZZO  
This is how these types do business. A round of g-and-t's, a handshake then boom -- the money starts flowing.

(CONTINUED)

SAVINO

They're Mormons. They don't drink.

RIZZO

So it'll be Sasparilla.

Savino regards Rizzo. Serious.

SAVINO

The Tumbleweed can't be your piggy bank anymore. The real money comes when we turn that place around. No more of this nickel-and-dime business.

RIZZO

You think you're the only one who can play it straight?

(off his look)

What time we gotta be there?

SAVINO

Six.

RIZZO

I'll see you out front.

Rizzo exits. HOLD on Savino, it doesn't feel right, PRELAP:

KATHERINE (O.S.)

Loan-sharking, extortion,  
racketeering...

42 INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

42

D.A. REYNOLDS sits at a table across from Katherine. They're a good distance away from any other customers. Reynolds's slice of berry pie is neglected while he peruses the file Katherine has given him.

KATHERINE

... and the murder of Diane Desmond. With all this, we have more than enough on Rizzo to request a wiretap.

REYNOLDS

You have a witness to the murder?

KATHERINE

I'm not sure there is one. But I think I can get the dealer who sold him the poisoned dose.

(CONTINUED)

REYNOLDS

(weighs it)

I can't go any further without knowing who your C.I. is.

KATHERINE

I can't tell you. I made a promise.

REYNOLDS

I'm not putting my ass on the line on your promise. I need to know your witness is credible and can stand up to cross in court. This could blow up in my face if I don't play it right.

Katherine leans forward, adamant.

KATHERINE

Diane Desmond was a Federal witness. If we don't make a play on Rizzo, the Feds will. Once they come to the party, they don't leave. And I didn't come back to Vegas to end up shuffling papers for a Federal prosecutor.

Reynolds gauges her, impressed.

REYNOLDS

How very... *ambitious* of you.

KATHERINE

I thought you'd find it appealing.

They take each other in. A new balancing in play.

43 INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - NIGHT (N2)

43

Lamb and Jack move down the hallway. Jack carries a valise.

JACK

Hal Whitford made bail. Freddie Newsome over at the Bank and Trust, said he'll hold the hundred thirty grand in his vault.

LAMB

I can take it. I'm meeting Katherine over at the Gemini.

JACK

Look at you, out on the town.

(CONTINUED)



As Jack hands it to him, Yvonne calls out from the intake --

YVONNE  
Phone call for you, Sheriff. Says  
he's Russ Auster.

A look between the brothers -- they hadn't expected this.

44 INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - LAMB'S OFFICE - NIGHT 44  
Lamb picks up the phone.

LAMB  
This is Sheriff Lamb.

INTERCUT:

45 INT. PHONE BOOTH - RURAL AREA - NIGHT 45  
Russ Auster stands in the booth, nerves-jangled. Way out of  
his league.

RUSS AUSTER  
This is the man who killed my  
brother?

LAMB  
What can I do for you, Russ?

RUSS AUSTER  
Go to hell, for starters.

LAMB  
Out of my hands, son.

Across Russ's face RED LIGHTS FLASH and a nearby railroad  
crossing bell RINGS. His anger building...

RUSS AUSTER  
A badge don't make a man, Sheriff.  
I'm coming back for you, soon as  
the time is right.

LAMB  
I'll be waiting.  
(then)  
'Course you could save your mother  
some more grief and surrender where  
you are.

RUSS AUSTER  
Funny, you thinking of my family  
now.

(CONTINUED)

LAMB

Sometimes a brother will do what's right for him and not think about the other. Don't fight Nathan's fight. He's gone now.

ON Russ. Lamb's words hit him. He barely can muster enough conviction to continue.

RUSS AUSTER

It's my fight now.

Part of Lamb wishes he didn't say that.

LAMB

Then it'll play out the way it has to.

RUSS AUSTER

Guess it will.

Russ pauses a moment, hesitant, truly the last thing he wants. But he can't see his way out. He hangs up. Off the SOUND of a TRAIN ROARING BY, we CUT TO:

46 INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - LAMB'S OFFICE - NIGHT

46

Lamb holds the receiver a beat then hangs up. He looks up to see Jack.

JACK

We tried to trace it but there wasn't enough time.

LAMB

Track down any railroad crossings near Phoenix. I could hear a signal from near where he called. He may be on foot or in a stolen vehicle.

Lamb grabs the valise of money.

LAMB (CONT'D)

I'll take this over to Freddie. If Katherine calls, tell her I won't be late.

JACK

Don't spend it all in one place.

LAMB

You know me.

(CONTINUED)



50 INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - NIGHT

50

Yvonne scribbles down info, then gets off the phone at the intake desk. She calls out to Jack as he crosses by --

YVONNE

Found Russ Auster's car --  
(checks paper)  
Arizona Highway Patrol caught up  
with it near the border. Only Russ  
wasn't in it. Driver said he  
bought it from Russ last night here  
in Vegas. Says as far as he knows,  
Russ never left the city...

Before Jack can respond, Dixon enters. Ash-white.

DIXON

Freddie Newsome just called from  
the bank. He came across Pop's  
truck. Driver side window was  
broken. There was blood on the  
ground outside.

JACK

He was supposed to drop the money  
off then meet Katherine.  
(to Yvonne)  
Get on the dispatch, get every  
deputy back here...

As they quickly move off, we --

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

51 INT. MINE SHAFT - NIGHT

51

As we catch up to real time...

TIGHT ON LAMB: PLOP! A fresh load of dirt lands on his face. He spits it out, blinks his eyes. He struggles to release his hands bound behind his back. Dirt begins to pile up around him. He contorts his body, trying to reach back...

Pain surges through him from his twisted ankle. He bends back just enough to grab... the KNIFE in his leg holster. He unsheathes it, flips it in his hand and starts to saw at the braided rope tying his wrists. Off Lamb, exerting all his strength...

52 INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - NIGHT

52

The station buzzes with energy. Deputies man phones. All hands on deck.

FIND Jack, Katherine, and Dixon by a MAP laid out on a table.

JACK

Our best bet is tracking down Russ Auster. Ralph said he called from near a train crossing, so we've got Deputies at McCarran, Fillmore and El Soto. There are any number of motels on those roads where he could be hiding.

Dixon points to the downtown area...

DIXON

I need more men to check every apartment, motel room and SRO off Fremont to see if he dragged Ralph into a room there...

His eyes lift as he sees Mia enter the station.

MIA

Do you still have Hal Whitford in custody?

JACK

He made bail this afternoon.

(CONTINUED)

MIA

(concerned)

Turns out he ran a similar rig up at the Nugget in Reno six months back, under an alias. They hired a private security man to track him down. Who went missing right after.

DIXON

They think Whitford killed him?

MIA

They can't prove it. They never found the security man's body.

Jack and Katherine exchange a look --

KATHERINE

Russ Auster may not be our guy.

JACK

Hal knew we were taking the money to the bank. He could've been waiting there and jumped him.

(thinks, then)

Paradise Valley. He said his family had a place out there.

Jack starts to the door. Dixon's on his heels.

JACK (CONT'D)

(to Yvonne)

Round up all units and have 'em check every ranch out there. If he's got Ralph, that's where he'll be.

53 EXT. DESERT/MINE SHAFT - NIGHT

53

The shovel hits the dirt, the blades slicing into the dusty soil for a new load. TILT up to reveal...

Hal Whitford. As he dumps another load down the abandoned mine shaft hole, CAMERA LANDS on...

ANGLE ON THE HOLE -- LAMB

He sees the last piece of rope binding his wrists. He looks up, the moonlight silhouetting the form of Hal. Lamb grabs onto the broken boards (remnants of the mine's old scaffolding) and hoists himself up...

(CONTINUED)

ANGLE ON HAL -- He swings another load of dirt down, but suddenly feels a pull on the shovel. He looks down, sees --

Lamb GRIPS onto the shovel. He YANKS it back and Hal TUMBLES into the hole...

54 INT. MINE SHAFT - NIGHT 54

Lamb and Hal land with a THUD. Lamb SLUGS him, Hal falls, grabs the shovel and SWINGS it wildly at Lamb. Lamb DUCKS, wrestles the shovel away and KNOCKS Hal on the ground. Hal reaches out and KICKS Lamb's damaged leg, dropping him...

Lamb's knife lies on the dirt. Lamb lunges for it, but Hal gets it first --

He WHEELS on Lamb, drives the blade towards him --

CRACK! A gunshot snaps back Hal's momentum. He freezes a beat, the life draining from his face... then tumbles towards Lamb, crashing to the dirt. Lamb looks up --

Backlit by moonlight, Jack stands, holding his rifle. Off the brothers, we CUT TO:

55 INT. BARN - NIGHT 55

Rizzo and Savino, arms-bound behind their backs, sit on chairs in the center of an empty, dilapidated barn. A sheet has been laid out beneath their chairs. Blood trickles from Rizzo's lip. Both he and Savino look roughed-up. Porter Gainsley bounces a pistol in his hand as he circles them... His voice is calm, authoritative. Even his own men -- the fellow ranchers lining the room -- seem to live in fear of him.

PORTER  
(at Rizzo)  
You ever hear of the Pautites?

Rizzo spits blood on the floor.

PORTER (CONT'D)  
Didn't think so.  
(then)  
They were the local Indian tribe when our people rolled in on the wagon train. Peaceful for the most part, but there's always a few bad apples in every group. Some of those decided to raid a homestead one night. Pilfered their stores, torched the cabin. Burned the whole family inside.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PORTER (CONT'D)

(beat)

A council was convened the next morning. You people understand the need for an immediate response, don't you, Mr. Savino?

He stops and stares down at Savino. Savino pins him, eyes bared. Doesn't want to show weakness, but now is not the time to cop an attitude.

PORTER (CONT'D)

'Course you do.

(continues)

The council determined that measures be taken. When someone goes after our families, a message will be sent. So I'll ask you again...

(turns back to Rizzo)

You ever hear of the Paiutes?

Rizzo stares down at the ground. Won't even acknowledge him.

PORTER (CONT'D)

You may have operated with impunity, but it has only been at the forbearance and pleasure of the men in this room. And now you have pushed us to the limits of our hospitality.

He stops a few feet from Rizzo. Readies his weapon. Then:

SAVINO

You got nothing left.

Porter turns to Savino.

PORTER

What's that?

SAVINO

Mining. Ranching. Water. All tapped out.

(off his look)

You made your fortune in this valley, but you kill us, you'll be a footnote to the Pauites.

This gets Porter's attention.

PORTER

And sparing you, what's that get me?

(CONTINUED)



SAVINO  
A foothold in the future.

PORTER  
Doesn't sound like much, other than  
that pretty picture you're  
painting.

SAVINO  
(considers)  
It's prettier when you own the  
Tumbleweed.

Rizzo shoots him a look - what the fuck are you doing?  
Porter steps over, interested.

PORTER  
A lot of blood has been spilled  
over that place. You're willing to  
give it up right here?

SAVINO  
If you let us walk.

PORTER  
(considers)  
What do I know about owning a  
casino?

SAVINO  
You don't need to know anything.  
I'll run it for you.

Off Porter, the idea intriguing..

56 INT. SAVOY - SAVINO'S OFFICE - NIGHT

56

TIGHT on amber fluid poured into a shot glass. Two fingers.  
Bourbon. WIDEN to find Savino making himself a drink. He  
savors it a moment, looking down at his scale model of the  
Tumbleweed on his desk... then belts it down with one gulp.  
He looks up as Rizzo enters.

RIZZO  
What are you celebrating for?

SAVINO  
Being alive for starters.

RIZZO  
You missed a real opportunity back  
in the war. The French army  
would've loved you. They're good  
at surrendering too.

(CONTINUED)

Savino glares at him.

SAVINO  
You'd have a bullet in your skull  
if I didn't give up the Tumbleweed.

RIZZO  
Oldest trick in the book, Vinny.  
They weren't going to kill us.  
They *need* us.

SAVINO  
The Tumbleweed was mine. And it's  
gone because of you.

Rizzo smiles to himself.

RIZZO  
It was never yours. Nothing here  
is. You walk around giving orders  
to all the ants nobody gives a crap  
about. You're a quarter Irish,  
Vinny. You'll never be a made man.  
You're expendable.

SAVINO  
You're ruining it here. For Mia.  
For everybody.

RIZZO  
Ain't that a shame. 'Cuz I'm a  
made guy, and the only way I'm  
leaving this town is in a bodybag.

He reaches over and SLIDES the Tumbleweed model in the  
garbage.

RIZZO (CONT'D)  
Good luck explaining it back home.

Rizzo leaves. Off Savino...

57 INT. LAS VEGAS GENERAL HOSPITAL - ROOM - DAY (D3)

57

Lamb lies in a hospital bed, leg in a cast. He stares out  
the window... cleaned up and in a dressing gown, he doesn't  
quite look himself. A KNOCK on the door -- he turns, sees...

Jack, Dixon, and Katherine.

JACK  
(to Dixon)  
Maybe the guy in the dress can tell  
us where the Sheriff is.

(CONTINUED)

Lamb smiles.

LAMB  
Visiting hours are over.

As they enter...

KATHERINE  
They actually just started, Ralph.  
As much as it must pain you, you  
don't call the shots here.

Dixon carries in a handful of magazines, passes them to Lamb.

DIXON  
They're out of "*Field and Stream*"  
in the gift shop, but I did what I  
could.

Lamb sorts through the magazines, a range of topics --  
hunting, sports...

LAMB  
(off one of the magazines)  
"Fifty Fantastic Dinner Ideas"?

DIXON  
We're tired of beans, Pop.

Lamb smiles. Jack's attention turns to the doorway, where  
Mia stands. Off all eyes on her --

58 INT. LAS VEGAS GENERAL HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - DAY 58

Jack steps out into the hallway with Mia.

MIA  
How's he doing?

JACK  
A little rest and he'll be back on  
his feet in no time.

MIA  
Good.

A beat.

JACK  
I'll make sure Ralph knows you  
tipped us to Hal.

MIA  
You don't need to.

(CONTINUED)

JACK  
You didn't need to tell us.  
(then)  
Still trying to figure out what  
your angle was there.

Mia raises an eyebrow.

MIA  
Why would I have one?

JACK  
Thought you said everyone did.

Mia smiles, fair enough.

MIA  
I suppose you could say I was  
worried about you.

JACK  
I suppose you could.

MIA  
And I am.

She looks into his eyes. Leans forward and kisses him.  
After a beat.

JACK  
If that's your angle, I could use  
some more.

MIA  
(an inviting smile)  
You know where to find it.

She walks away, down the hall. Off Jack, a man in serious  
trouble, we...

END EPISODE