

**"TOMORROWLAND"**

by

Michael Harbert & Nicholas Pileggi & David J. Burke

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FADE IN:

INT. CASINO

A frenzy of anxiety, elation, desperation. Eyes riveted on rolling dice, tumbling icons, green felt idiomatically embossed; *hardway, pass line, come, don't come.*

Slots gulp folding money, spew back coins. Bells, whistles, hosannas, howls. An incessant wall of sound going eerily quiet as we enter the --

INT. CASINO - LIMITLESS SALON - CONTINUOUS

High rollers' Valhalla. Croupiers serve Dom Perignon in crystal flutes, Balvenie in Tiffany tumblers. The ice is Evian. The game is Baccarat, and there is only one player --

Lee Hung, a liquored up Pacific rim whale, is accompanied by his 'Date', a barely legal trophy fuck decked out in haute couture cinching up an augmented bosom on which rests twelve carats of sapphire at the end of a platinum strand.

The hushed crowd watches. Hung's bet: ten chips at one-hundred-thou per. Cards are pushed from the Baccarat shoe. Hung draws a seven. The bank draws nine.

Hung's chips are swept away. He's angry, gesturing; *pen, I'll sign, extend credit.* A Croupier moves to the phone.

CROUPIER

Certainly, Mr. Hung.

HUNG

Who do you call?

CROUPIER

Approval.

HUNG

I am approved. We play now.

CROUPIER

Just take a second ...

Hung pounds the table and three unobtrusive bodyguards slice through the crowd to take his flank. Hung tears the sapphire from his Date's neck and slams it to the betting line.

HUNG

Here! Now Baccarat.

CROUPIER

(coughing)

Excuse me.

He politely covers his mouth, surreptitiously whispers in a microphone hidden in his cuff.

CROUPIER  
(continuing)

Tommy ...

INT. CASINO - SURVEILLANCE CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Security Agents monitoring a wall of closed circuit screens covering the casino react --

SENIOR SECURITY AGENT  
Security, Tommy to Baccarat.

Marshall Parish - casino owner and most sophisticated senior citizen on the planet - steps from the shadows with his floozy secretary, Fawn, and Owen Wright, a visiting tout.

Parish eyes the Baccarat screen, concerned to see --

PARISH  
Lee Hung. Where's Tommy?

SENIOR SECURITY AGENT  
Oasis.

He points to a screen covering the --

INT. CASINO - GAMING FLOOR - OASIS BAR - CONTINUOUS

Thomas Carson - thirty-four, tuxedo, Cuba Libre lapel pin - strides with the confidence of a man about to pick up his winnings rather than confront a belligerent billionaire. He wears a cocky smile, but around him --

Pit bosses, dealers, react as if they knew something was up.

Tommy glances over his shoulder, sees security converging. He gestures; easy guys, hang back.

A Second Croupier hustles up. In fitful, hushed tones --

SECOND CROUPIER  
Hung's freaked, down three mil.

TOMMY  
Smile when you panic.  
(regards players)  
Don't want them sensing fear.

SECOND CROUPIER  
(awkward smile)  
He's drunk, getting violent ...

And they're in the --

INT. LIMITLESS SALON - CONTINUOUS

The Date cries. Hung points at the sapphire --

HUNG

Bet is down. You deal ...

The Croupier looks to Tommy; *what do I do?* Hung's drunk enough to cause a scene and rich enough to pay for it. The last thing Tommy needs. The long term negatives on a casino's reputation are immeasurable.

Tommy nods, *deal*.

Parish watches the surveillance screen. Hung worries him.

Cards from the shoe. Hung draws an eight. The bank pulls a nine. The Croupier reaches for the sapphire. Hung grabs it.

HUNG

(continuing)

No. Two million for this. I have one bet left in it.

(to crying Date)

Silence.

Hung will push until he wins. His goons are trouble. Tommy slides by one, backs him off with a smile, pulls a chair up to Hung, whispering --

TOMMY

Bad Karma tonight? Walk away, we'll forgive the debt. Our gift to a special client.

HUNG

No gifts. Baccarat.

(to ~~whimpering~~ Date)

Shut up.

Hung grabs her arm hard. Tommy's tone takes on a steely edge.

TOMMY

One hand. You win, we're even. You lose, you leave. And let's sweeten the bet.

HUNG

Good. How much?

TOMMY

Her.

Being part of the wager startles the Date enough to stop her tears. Betting flesh appeals to Hung's nefarious nature.

HUNG

That is a bet.

Cards from the shoe; Hung - seven, the bank - eight.

TOMMY

We'll chopper you back to Manhattan.

HUNG

No. You comp me a suite.

TOMMY

It's a felony to bring firearms into a casino. Your boys are packing. You lost, you leave.

HUNG

You are aggressive young man. Maybe I make you the loser.

TOMMY

I'm an employee and a bachelor. I got nothing to lose. You have an empire that'll unravel while you're doing a nickel at Rahway.

HUNG

... Nickel at Rahway?

TOMMY

Five years. New Jersey prison. You're a billionaire, Mr. Hung, but your money's off shore. In Atlantic City, our money is the shore ... Say good-bye.

Tommy's eyes shift, drawing Hung's attention to the gaming floor and strategically stationed security agents.

In the surveillance center Parish hoots as he watches Hung and his bodyguards exiting.

Tommy turns to his winnings; Hung's Date.

TOMMY

(continuing)

How old are you? ... How old?

DATE  
Twenty-eight.  
(off his look)  
Two. Twenty-two ... Nineteen.

CROUPIER  
Mr. Parish is in surveillance.

TOMMY  
Let's go.

Tommy heads out. She hesitates.

TOMMY  
(continuing)  
You're mine now. Let's go.

INT. CASINO - SURVEILLANCE CENTER - SECONDS LATER

Tommy and the Date enter. Parish is amped up.

PARISH  
What'd we get him for?

TOMMY  
Three mil.

PARISH  
(high fives Tommy)  
All right! Tommy, Owen Wright.  
Sells bloodstock. You know  
horses, thought you'd show him  
around.

TOMMY  
Quarter horses not thoroughbreds.

OWEN  
Got quarter horses in Rio Doso.

PARISH  
Where's my wife?

TOMMY  
(points at a screen)  
BJ seven.

PARISH  
Keep her winning while Fawn helps  
me with my hydro-therapy.

Tommy picks up the house phone.

On a screen Mrs. Parish is seen playing blackjack. Behind  
her dealer the Pit Boss picks up a phone.

TOMMY  
(into phone)  
Mrs. P's lucky day ...  
(to Parish)  
How lucky?

Parish holds up five fingers as he answers his cell phone.

TOMMY  
(continuing)  
Five.

PARISH  
(into cell phone)  
Yeah ... What's wrong? ...  
(to Tommy)  
Get Ryan.  
(into cell phone)  
How bad? ... Immediately.

Parish hangs up, turns to Tommy on the house phone --

TOMMY  
Ryan, Tommy. He's flying ... Now.  
(to Parish)  
Marsh, where to?

PARISH  
Vegas.

TOMMY  
Vegas ... Got it.  
(hangs up, to Parish)  
You're airborne inside an hour.

PARISH  
Not me. You. Your dad's in the  
hospital. That was Dominic. Said  
you should hurry.  
~~(Tommy stares)~~  
Tommy?

TOMMY  
Eighteen hundred dentists coming  
in tomorrow. The topless tooth  
fairy review isn't on its feet ...

PARISH  
Tommy! ... This is your father.

TOMMY  
Right.  
(to Owen)  
Maybe tomorrow night if you're ...

PARISH

Tommy!

TOMMY

I'm leaving.

Is this guy ice? He strides for the door. Suddenly he's on his knees, struggling to stand. Parish rushes to help.

TOMMY

(continuing)

I'm fine, Marshall.

PARISH

No you're not.

(to Date)

Who are you? Go with him. See he gets on the jet and calls Dominic.

EXT. ATLANTIC CITY - NIGHT

A limousine races from the casino.

INT. LIMOUSINE - CONTINUOUS

Tommy's fingers tremble over his cell phone. He can't make the call. He hurls the phone. The Date retrieves it.

DATE

What's the number?

TOMMY

Scroll to Dominic Toscano.

DATE

How do you scroll?

TOMMY

Press function then ... I don't know. Figure it out.

DATE

Don't yell at me.

TOMMY

Forget it. I don't want to talk to him anyway.

They stare at each other.

DATE

What?

TOMMY

You're an idiot.



DATE

Because I don't know how to use  
your phone?

TOMMY

Nineteen, you whore yourself out  
to a Yakuza overlord ...

DATE

Why are you attacking me? I  
didn't do anything to you.

TOMMY

You're ruining your life in front  
of my face. Look away.

They ride. She whimpers, self-esteem crumpling.

EXT. ATLANTIC CITY AIRPORT - NIGHT

The limo pulls to an idling Gulf Stream.

INT. LIMO - CONTINUOUS

Tommy opens the door, but he can't get out, not after being  
so obnoxious. He turns to the Date.

TOMMY

What you're selling has a short  
shelf life ...

DATE

You don't know what I'm selling.

TOMMY

Sell this.

Tommy tosses her the sapphire, exits. She stares at the gem.  
It's a gift beyond her wildest dreams. And the guy who just  
gave it to her is gone, asking nothing in return.

She watches the Gulf Stream take off, missing him already.

EXT. LAS VEGAS - ENDLESS LOVE CHAPEL - NIGHT

Specializing in drive-thru weddings. Police stretch out  
crime scene tape. Bob and Rebecca, early thirties, comfort  
one another. A doo-wop group in choir robes mills as --

Anthony Toscano, Tommy's age, and rat pack wannabe in a shiny  
suit and skinny tie, turns from the cop in charge --

ANTHONY

Hold on.  
(answers cell phone)  
What?

INTERCUT WITH --

INT. HOSPITAL - ICU CORRIDOR - NIGHT

In the background, through the glass wall of an ICU room, doctors surround a comatose patient. In the foreground --

Dominic Toscano, a burly seventy, eyes the room. He's on the pasty side of a flop sweat. His hand, scarred by decades old third degree burns, holds a pay phone --

DOMINIC

Anthony, Tommy's coming in, I need you to pick him up at the airport.

ANTHONY

I can't ...

DOMINIC

Don't tell me you can't. I need some sleep before he gets here.

ANTHONY

I can't. I got a situation.

DOMINIC

What situation?

ANTHONY

Is Lucky dead?

DOMINIC

No. What situation?

~~ANTHONY~~

Get this. Couple drives up in a new Benz 600. Orders the works ...

EXT. LAS VEGAS - ENDLESS LOVE CHAPEL - MOMENTS EARLIER

A Mercedes six-hundred pulls to the drive-thru. Rebecca and Bob are in the car. Anthony is at the window. Over his shoulder a menu lists the chapel's options: *Room's Waiting*, *Short Celebration*, *Romantic Interlude*, *The Works*.

ANTHONY

Welcome to the happiest day of your lives. Which nuptial would you like?

BOB  
We want the works.

Lights dim to a romantic glow. The choir robed doo-wop group steps from the chapel. One of them hands Rebecca a dozen roses and a wedding veil.

The doo-wop group sings, *Going to the Chapel* --

ANTHONY  
Rebecca. Bob. May this night be  
one to remember ...

Two men - guns drawn - shove through the doo-wop group and yank Bob and Rebecca from the Mercedes.

CARJACKER ONE  
Out'a the car bitch!

CARJACKER TWO  
Out, out! Cap your ass!

The men are in the Mercedes, careening into the night as Anthony rushes out with a gun. Too late. They're gone.

RESUME INTERCUT --

Dominic in the ICU corridor. Anthony outside the Endless Love Chapel, cops waiting to talk to him.

DOMINIC  
Car jack a wedding's a sacrilege.

ANTHONY  
Yeah, well, a buck-and-a-half Benz.

DOMINIC  
Good you see their side of it.

ANTHONY  
I'm just saying ...

DOMINIC  
It don't take five hours to file  
a police report. Pick up Tommy.  
Call me when he lands.

Dominic hangs up, eyes going to the ICU room, doctors leaving it, looking grim.

EXT. LAS VEGAS AIRPORT - PRIVATE TERMINAL - NIGHT

Anthony leans against a '58, two tone, rag top El Dorado, doing a dead-on Dean Martin; sings, dances, *A Kick In the Head*. He's through a verse, into the chorus, when he sees --

The Gulf Stream is approaching. Anthony dials his cell phone.

ANTHONY  
(into cell phone)  
Tommy's landing.

INT. DOMINIC TOSCANO'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dark. Dominic is in his jockeys on the bed's edge, on the phone. Behind him - in shadows - his wife, Binky, stirs.

DOMINIC  
Okay, take him to the hotel, gimme  
a chance to wake up, get dressed.  
(hangs up, then ...)  
Tommy's here.

BINKY  
Oh God.

DOMINIC  
Yeah.

EXT. LAS VEGAS AIRPORT - NIGHT

Tommy trots from the jet. Anthony trots from the car. Bear hugs. These two have known each other since the crib.

TOMMY  
Tony D. Been too long.

ANTHONY  
Tommy C. My man. Sucks, what  
brought you home.

TOMMY  
Yeah. Let's get it over with.

ANTHONY  
(getting in El Dorado)  
Mind the top down?

TOMMY  
Does it matter, way you drive?

Anthony cranks up Dean Martin on the stereo and floors the Cadillac, leaving a trail of rubber in the parking lot.

INT. HOSPITAL - ICU CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Quiet except for the drone of life support systems. At the nurse's station two young RNs idle their time as --

Tommy and Anthony stride off the elevator. The RNs react; gorgeous guys with seductive smiles are rare in ICU.

TOMMY

My father's here. Lucky Carson.

RN ONE

(leads them for room )

You should prepare yourself ... He  
won't be responsive.

She nods to a glass-walled room where --

Lewis "Lucky" Carson is hooked to IVs, vital organ monitors,  
oxygen. His skull is wrapped in surgical gauze. His  
unfocused eyes sit in sockets purple from gunshot trauma.

Tommy and Anthony stop in their tracks. Tommy's denial  
collapses. This is it. He braces himself.

ANTHONY

I'll wait here.

Anthony pivots for the nurse's station.

RN TWO

You need something to calm you,  
I'll get a doctor.

TOMMY

No.

She retreats. It takes an enormous effort, but --

Tommy enters the room, steps to his comatose father. He  
doesn't know how to proceed. What can he say? It's been --

TOMMY

(continuing)

Eight years ... Jesus. Why'd we  
let this happen?

Tommy grabs a glass of water, tries to settle his nerves.

TOMMY

(continuing)

Booted Lee Hung from Baccarat last  
night. Big smile, chilly whisper.  
Right out of your playbook ...

(wipes away tears)

Good you're unconscious, wouldn't  
want to see me like this.

Tommy takes his father's hand. Like Dominic's, it carries  
old third degree burn scars.

TOMMY  
(continuing)  
Dad. It's Tommy ...

As if the name got through, Lucky squeezes Tommy's hand.

INT. HOSPITAL - ICU CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Dominic hustles from the elevator, to Anthony and the nurses.  
He can see to Lucky's room and Tommy with his father.

DOMINIC  
I tell you take him to the hotel?

ANTHONY  
He wanted to come here.

DOMINIC  
Lucky say anything?

RN ONE  
The doctor told you the coma was  
irreversible.

DOMINIC  
Lucky never listened to doctors.  
You got coffee?

INT. HOSPITAL - LUCKY'S ICU ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Tommy, still holding Lucky's hand --

TOMMY  
Marsh taught me a lot. He was  
always on me to call ... You can't  
check out without us having a  
conversation.

Lucky suddenly sits upright; death rattle decompensating --

LUCKY  
Kill those cats.

TOMMY  
Dad?

LUCKY  
Hairballs white carpet. Mother's  
cats. Hairballs. White Berber.  
Stupid woman. White Berber.  
Tabby, Tabby, Tabby ...

INT. HOSPITAL - ICU CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

The RNs are dumbfounded to see Lucky sitting up, then suddenly convulsing. An alarm blares. RN One hits the P.A.

RN ONE  
Code blue, ICU. Stat.

The RNs rush for the room. Dominic follows, worried over what Lucky might be saying to Tommy.

The RNs enter Lucky's room, shut the door in Dominic's face. He turns to find Anthony, eyeing him with suspicion.

DOMINIC  
.... What?

ANTHONY  
You tell me.

Lucky's gauze-drenched with blood. He's hemorrhaging, heart attack, flat-line. RNs rip back his gown as doctors rush in, grab paddles --

DOCTOR  
Clear.  
(jolts Lucky with  
paddles, nothing)  
Clear.

Another jolt. Nothing. An RN covers Lucky's body. The last Tommy sees of Lucky is his father's bloody skull.

EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Anthony and Dominic help Tommy for the El Dorado. His eyes are red with self-loathing. Dominic misreads it, thinks Tommy is angry at him. He reacts; defensive, culpable.

DOMINIC  
What? What'd he say?

TOMMY  
Why wasn't I told he was shot?

DOMINIC  
You were supposed to call ...

TOMMY  
Who did it?

DOMINIC  
... It was self-inflicted.

TOMMY

No way ...

DOMINIC

He was cleaning his gun ...

TOMMY

Which gun?

DOMINIC

What's the difference?

TOMMY

He was raised around guns ...

DOMINIC

You're traumatic. Stay with us,  
we'll talk in the morning.

TOMMY

I'm staying at Lucky's.

DOMINIC

Tommy. Cops wanted to call it an  
attempted suicide ... I said no.  
Look. You get our age? You get  
moments. Your dad had his. Real  
high then low, depressed, which  
your dad never used to be. What'd  
he say to you?

TOMMY

... Said I should kill those cats.

DOMINIC

... What cats?

TOMMY

All of them.

Dominic's alarmed. Tommy's too upset to see it. He gets in  
the El Dorado, leaving Dominic and Anthony facing each other.  
Anthony sees his father's discomfort. It pisses him off --

ANTHONY

I never saw Lucky depressed.

Anthony's in the --

INT. EL DORADO - CONTINUOUS

Pulling away. With the top down Tommy can see a disturbed  
Dominic in the background, getting in his Lincoln.

Anthony is just as disturbed. Tommy studies him.



TOMMY

Problem with you and your dad?

ANTHONY

Eh, like you and Lucky.

TOMMY

I can't fix that now. You can.

ANTHONY

Guy's so old school.

TOMMY

Sort of like your wardrobe.

ANTHONY

This style is classic as the martini.

TOMMY

I could use a drink.

ANTHONY

Rum Jungle, Mandalay Bay. Wait 'til you see the women.

TOMMY

Just a drink, Tony. How's the wedding business?

ANTHONY

Five stores now and I'm talking to a group about franchising.

TOMMY

You're gonna be rich.

ANTHONY

Hey, it ain't the casino business.

TOMMY

You had your chance.

ANTHONY

Got it again. You're back.

TOMMY

This is a layover. You want in you got'a come to Atlantic City.

ANTHONY

Born and raised here, look at you. You're a tourist. Open your eyes man, A.C.'s a dump next to this.

Anthony turns onto the strip.

Welcome to Sin City; the Luxor's sky beam, the Bellagio's dancing waters, pyrotechnics at Treasure Island. Vegas is the most dazzling show on the planet.

TOMMY

Even bigger than my dream.

ANTHONY

You're on your way, pal. Your dad's half of Lucky's is yours now. Yours and Nickie's ...

TOMMY

Oh! Nickie!

ANTHONY

It's all good. I called her. She'll be here tomorrow.

They're entering downtown, the old end of the strip. Bright lights give way to shadows, boarded up buildings --

A Mercedes six hundred passes them; the Carjackers amped up on meth. The guy in the passenger seat wears the wedding veil, laughing his ass off, blowing kisses at Anthony.

ANTHONY

(continuing)

Son of bitch car jacked my chapel.

Anthony snaps open the glove box, takes out a road map, a gun.

Red light. A cop car crosses the intersection. The Mercedes stops. Anthony stops behind them. He jumps from the car.

TOMMY

There's a cop right there.

Anthony doesn't care. He's walking to the Mercedes, driver's side, hiding the gun behind the map.

ANTHONY

'Scuse me, 'scuse me, I'm lost.

The driver side window hums down.

ANTHONY

(continuing)

Out'a the car, bitch.

Anthony drops the map, shoves the muzzle in the guy's eye. Cold steel has Carjacker Two frozen. But Carjacker One - in the wedding veil - jumps out, pulls a pistol.

He's so high he can't hold on to it. It bounces to the street, and --

Tommy's leaping from the El Dorado, charging him.

Carjacker One sees Tommy bearing down and bolts. He's got the gun in his hand but he's fumbling his grip.

ANTHONY  
(continuing)

Hey!

Anthony fires a warning shot. Tires screech, a siren wails.

Tommy chases Carjacker One, who glances back to see Tommy isn't armed. He pivots in the street, draws aim as a cop car skids up, clips Carjacker One as it stops. Carjacker One is knocked down.

Tommy leaps on him. Two Cops jump from the car, guns drawn.

COP ONE  
Hold it! On your knees, clasp  
your hands behind your head.

Tommy and the Carjacker assume the position. Interesting couple; Tommy in a tux, Carjacker in a veil. They look like figurines on a wedding cake served at a correctional facility.

COP ONE  
(continuing)  
Tommy Carson?

TOMMY  
... Lonnie?

COP ONE  
Geez, Tommy, welcome home. Gonna  
introduce me to your bride?

The Carjacker blows kisses. Tommy looks at Lonnie Walker (AKA Cop One), a hunk in a Vegas PD uniform. Tommy and Lonnie have known each other since grade school. Off Tommy's chagrin we --

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LAS VEGAS - SPANISH GHETTO - MORNING

Lucy Marquez - radiant, late twenties, Rio maid's uniform - dashes for a jitney loading various hotels' uniformed workers.

LUCY  
Don't leave. Wait, wait.

At the jitney's door she stops cold, pivots to --

A newspaper dispenser. The Sun. Its front page banner reads: LUCKY CARSON LAST PIONEER DEAD AT 73. There's a recent picture of Lucky. The man is larger than life, kindred spirit to John Wayne.

JITNEY DRIVER

Lucy.

LUCY

Go on.

She grabs a paper, dashes back down the sidewalk, shouting --

LUCY

(continuing)

Manny! Manny!

INT. GARDEN APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Working class clutter. In the living room, Momma, an old woman tethered to an oxygen cylinder, stares at the TV.

In the kitchen, Carlos and Rosita - eight and nine years old, parochial school clothes - eat breakfast. At the counter --

Manny Marquez - thirty, Lucky's Casino busboy outfit - pulls a block of aluminium foil from the freezer, surreptitiously opens it, revealing a stack of hundreds. He thumbs through the cash, a quick count --

MANNY

Everybody do their homework?

ROSITA

Si, poppy.

MANNY

Carlos? ... Carlos?

LUCY (O.S.)

Manny!

He jumps, shoving the foil-wrapped cash down his pants. Jesus, it's freezing --

Lucy rushes into the house, waving the paper.

LUCY

Manny! Look!

MANNY  
(off headline)  
... Take the kids to school, I  
got'a go in.

LUCY  
You don't go 'til this afternoon.

MANNY  
Yeah, but this ...

LUCY  
Does it mean no more new job?

MANNY  
Don't think that. You take the  
kids. I got'a go to work.

LUCY  
How do we do that with one car?

MANNY  
... I'll use Rosita's bike.

ROSITA  
No.

LUCY  
Rosita. Poppy needs your bike.

MANNY  
Just today, honey.

LUCY  
What about Momma's medicine?

MANNY  
I'll take care of the new job, get  
the medicine, bring it to Momma,  
then go to work. Okay?

LUCY  
On a bicycle?

MANNY  
There a choice?

Manny rushes out, returns shouldering a small girl's bike --

MANNY  
(continuing)  
Bye kids. Good in school today.  
I love you.  
(yells to other room)  
Bye Momma.

LUCY  
Good luck, baby.

A frantic kiss for Lucy and Manny's out the door to the --

EXT. LAS VEGAS STRIP - MOMENTS LATER

Off the gold glass tower of the Mandalay Bay to the entry drive, where one of its buses stops short, as --

Manny pedals by, squatting over the seat of his daughter's bike so his knees don't hit the handlebars.

The driver waves, laughs. Manny nods, keeps pumping hard.

Now Manny's passing the Luxor. The Mandalay Bay bus is pulling into its entry --

Manny eyes traffic, crosses the road, passes The Alladin as --

A Cadillac paces him. In it are Gene and Dave, loan sharks catering to the working class.

GENE  
Manny, still looking for two G's?

MANNY  
No, thanks.

DAVE  
What'd, you sell the car?

GENE  
Or you mugging school kids now?

A laugh and they're gone --

Manny's sweating, passing the Stratosphere. The Mandalay Bay bus pulls from its drive, cruises to Manny. Its door opens.

MANDALAY DRIVER  
Going to Lucky's?

MANNY  
Yeah.

MANDALAY DRIVER  
Get in.

The Driver stops. Manny hoists the bike up, hops in the --

INT. MANDALAY BUS - CONTINUOUS

The seats are filled by giant floral arrangements - one from every mega-casino - adorned with ribbon tributes to Lucky.

MANNY

Thanks ...  
(off flowers)  
Everybody loved Lucky.

MANDALAY DRIVER

Yeah, almost as much as they're  
glad he's dead.

EXT. LUCKY'S HOTEL & CASINO - DAY.

Finally. Here we are. And it's a dump.

But let's be generous. Let's call it fifties kitsch, the last vestige of what was Vegas before behemoths hunkered down on the strip with their micro-chip screens, synchronized aquatics, and cultural narratives. Let's show some respect for Lucky's reflection of our heritage, when life was about skimming cash, screwing broads, and swilling hootch.

The Mandalay Bay bus pulls up. It almost obscures the place.

INT. LUCKY'S HOTEL & CASINO - PENTHOUSE SUITE - DAY

Tommy's tux shirt is untucked. He's barefoot at the window, looking to the street where Manny hustles, unloading floral arrangements. Behind Tommy is the largest collection of naugahyde and chrome in North America, and --

Naomi Reiss, a knock-out, no nonsense sixty year old. Naomi was Lucky's personal assistant for thirty-five years. She runs a #2 pencil down a legal pad clipboard.

NAOMI

Armani, Canali, Zegna, Boss ...

TOMMY

No, no ...

NAOMI

Hilfiger, Karen, Versace, Sachs,  
Neiman Marcus ...

TOMMY

No, I'm not trying on suits.

NAOMI

They'll come here.

TOMMY

I'm not trying on suits.

NAOMI

Marshall Parish faxed your sizes  
you won't have to try anything on.  
Maybe a quick thing with the cuff.

TOMMY

No.

NAOMI

Marsh said you represent him ...

TOMMY

It's my father's funeral.

NAOMI

This is Las Vegas. He's Atlantic  
City. He has his point.

TOMMY

You think he killed himself?

NAOMI

Not directly. You need proper  
attire.

TOMMY

Indirectly?

NAOMI

Cumulatively. You're not wearing  
a tux to your father's funeral.

TOMMY

I'm in no mood to be fitted,  
tailored, or tried on. You were  
Dad's assistant, Naomi, not mine.

NAOMI

How about something from your  
father's closet?

INT. LUCKY'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Museum quality Las Vegas, 1931. The rough hewn best of the  
American West and, for Tommy, a burden to stand in. This was  
his grandfather's office.

In 1931 the Nevada State Legislature legalized gambling.  
Tommy's grandfather built a gaming saloon that year and  
christened it with his son's nickname; Lucky's.

There were hitching posts and water troughs outside.  
Gamblers were covered in dust and wearing six-shooters.



A history of Lucky's hangs on the wall in a series of news articles and black and white photographs. All that remains of the original Lucky's are the swinging doors framed behind plexiglas, a hitching post bolted to the floor, a collection of holstered revolvers Tommy's grandfather forcibly took from unruly customers.

One holster is empty.

TOMMY  
Where's the Colt?

NAOMI  
The police have it.

The existing Lucky's opened in 1961. That history is on the walls too. It plays out in Technicolor. It was the birth of Vegas celebrity and the business marriage of Lewis Carson and Dominic Toscano.

Tommy and Naomi step to a study and bath adjoining the office. The walls are bare. They were meant for Tommy to fill. Tommy walked away.

Tommy opens a closet. His father's wardrobe. Cowboy hats on the shelf, bola ties on the rack, suits trimmed in piping and embroidered with gila monsters, scorpions, and steer horns. Seeing his dad's clothes staggers him.

INT. LUCKY'S HOTEL & CASINO - CORRIDOR - SECONDS LATER

In emotional upheaval Tommy bolts from the office, rushes down the corridor. He's turned the wrong way - out of habit and a desire to escape - and Naomi can't keep up enough for him to hear --

NAOMI  
This way. Tommy ...

Barefoot, Tommy steps to ~~the~~

The floor of the casino is cramped with slots and blackjack tables. The ceiling is low. The sports book looks like a Trailways waiting room. You won't find a High Stakes Baccarat Salon in this place.

The customers are older, fewer, and working class.

Tommy reacts. As tumultuous as his emotions are, this is still a casino. Purpose comes to Tommy's stride. His eyes focus, seeing --

The dealers and pit bosses are staring at him at the expense of their games. Tommy gives a sharp nod; pay attention. They react; turning to their jobs.

His eyes dart to the entry, where Manny places the floral arrangements and --

Nichole Hannaman - Tommy's older, beautiful and sophisticated sister - arrives carrying lots of luggage. A nearby Bellman ignores her, preferring to sit on a stool and flip through the local Pennysaver.

Tommy pivots for his sister as --

Manny hustles to her, grabbing her luggage. In spite of the distance and the noise, Tommy can hear --

MANNY

Welcome to Lucky's, ma'am.

A slot machine rings loud; Jackpot. Tommy's eyes dart to --

A sign above a slot flashes: \$100,000.00. At the slot sits --

An Old Woman in an electric wheelchair. Her hand is in her blouse, clutching her heart as if she were about to hyperventilate. People applaud, a Floor Manager rushes over.

FLOOR MANAGER

Congratulations, you won a hundred thousand dollars.

Tommy's suddenly on top of them, shoving his hand into the woman's bra, and extracting a plastic card. The Old Woman tries to rise but Tommy holds her shoulder.

He pivots to another slot, shoves the plastic card in its receiver and pushes the play button. Now that machine's paying off its jackpot.

He tosses the plastic card to the Floor Manager as security converges --

TOMMY

Not another casino in Vegas where he'd get away with using that.

He yanks the Old Woman's hair off, revealing; a male grifter.

TOMMY

(continuing)

Hello Sid.

(to Floor Manager)

Pay attention, or you're gone.

(pivoting)

And you ...

Tommy - trailed by Naomi - storms to the Bellman, grabs the stool and shoves it to his chest.

TOMMY  
(continuing)  
Your severance pay.

BELLMAN  
But, but ...

TOMMY  
Good-bye.

The Bellman looks to Naomi for support. Not a chance. The Bellman's gone. Tommy turns to Nichole, embraces her.

TOMMY  
(continuing)  
Nickie.  
(hugs her)  
Put her in the room that adjoins mine. Tell housekeeping to at least change the sheets, the towels ...

NICHOLE  
Tommy! Calm down, you'll give yourself a heart attack. Get a grip, you're disrupting the floor.

Nichole nods to the casino. Players, dealers, and pit bosses have stopped to watch what rash act Tommy might next commit. Tommy shrugs a faint smile to the staff; it's okay, get back to work.

NICHOLE  
(continuing)  
Thank you. Why don't you relax, I'll meet you upstairs.

TOMMY  
Yeah ... I'll just ...

He exits to an *employees only* door. Nichole and Naomi move for a snapped-to front desk --

NICHOLE  
(hugs Naomi)  
And how are you holding up?

NAOMI  
I'm fine, sweetie. It's good to see you.

NICHOLE

You too, Nomi, you're the only thing I didn't dread about this trip.

(regarding Tommy)

He's completely out of control, isn't he?

NAOMI

Well ...

NICHOLE

And looking to you to handle it.

NAOMI

I'm an old hand at handling out of control.

NICHOLE

I know, but you don't have to be the stalwart soldier for him. If you need time ... This is your loss too.

NAOMI

Hon, I've spent years preparing for it ... Tommy was with your dad when he died. I heard from an RN there that it was awful.

INT. LUCKY'S HOTEL & CASINO - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

An employees only corridor. The concrete floor is dirty. Tommy's bare feet are oozing grease. Tommy finds the entrance to --

The men's prep room has rows of lockers, showers, sinks, stall toilets, and bad fluorescent lighting. Tommy grabs a towel from a stack, wipes his feet. He hears --

MANNY (O.S.)

How soon can I start, Mr. Marx?

MARX (O.S.)

You got the two G's?

Tommy peers around a row of lockers, seeing --

Manny is with Dick Marx, a pit boss. Manny's pulling the foil-wrapped cash from his pants, handing it to Marx.

MANNY

There's eighteen hundred ...

MARX

You want to move up to serving  
pool side it's two G's.

MANNY

All I got, when I get paid ...

MARX

I'll spot you two bills, but it'll  
cost another two for doing it.

MANNY

... Okay, when can I start?

MARX

That's four hundred, and five  
percent a week each week you can't  
pay out.

MANNY

Fine. When can I start?

MARX

A week a month.

MANNY

That's every dime I got ...

MARX

It's a sought after job, Marquez.  
Next one open, it's yours. Long  
as you're paying the vig.

MANNY

I'll pay, but I need that job.

MARX

Don't nag. You on duty?

MANNY

I came down to give you the money.

MARX

I got it. You can go.

Manny stares at Marx. He doesn't trust him, but he doesn't  
have a choice. Manny exits by Tommy, who slips around the  
lockers to avoid being seen. Marx heads out --

TOMMY

Pssst.

Tommy's gesturing; give it to me.

MARX

Who are you?

TOMMY

Tommy Carson. The money.

MARX

Sorry 'bout Lucky, but I work for Dominic.

TOMMY

Not anymore. The eighteen hundred.

MARX

You know who you're talking to?

TOMMY

Don't want to. The money, collect your things, get out.

MARX

This ain't Atlantic City. You're uninformed and pushing your luck.

Marx shoves by Tommy. Tommy's on him; armlock, shoving his face to a sink. Tommy yanks eighteen hundred from his pocket.

TOMMY

Everybody thinks I'm from out of town. I was here from jump street, tough guy. Pack up, get out.

Tommy shoves Marx hard. Marx wants a piece of him bad, but isn't so sure what he's dealing with. Reluctantly he exits.

EXT. DRUG STORE - DAY

Rosita's bike leans against its wall.

INT. DRUG STORE - CONTINUOUS

Manny is at the counter. The Pharmacist is handing him a bag.

PHARMACIST

Mr. Marquez, that's one-thousand-four-hundred-eighty.

MANNY

No.

PHARMACIST

I know ...

MANNY  
(reads bag)  
Fifty dollars a pill?

PHARMACIST  
It's very expensive. Your mother-  
in-law doesn't get medicaid?

MANNY  
We're trying. She's alien status.  
I thought this would cover it.

Manny holds out two hundred dollar bills.

PHARMACIST  
I'm sorry.

MANNY  
Can I buy four pills?

PHARMACIST  
I'll have to call the doctor.

MANNY  
Thank you.

The Pharmacist steps to the back, places a call. The  
conversation is brief. He returns --

PHARMACIST  
There's a strict protocol ...

MANNY  
What's a protocol?

PHARMACIST  
Your mother-in-law can't miss a  
day of medication for thirty days.

~~MANNY~~  
Two days. I'll come back with  
money for the rest.

PHARMACIST  
I'm sorry.

EXT. LAS VEGAS STRIP - DAY

Manny is worn out, pedaling Rosita's bike is an ordeal. He  
is in front of New York New York. He takes a deep breath.

INT. NEW YORK NEW YORK CASINO - MOMENTS LATER

Manny moves through the Big Apple themed casino to Nathan's  
Coney Island, where Gene and Dave gulp down franks.

MANNY  
I need thirteen hundred dollars

DAVE  
Not two?

MANNY  
It's for my mother-in-law's  
medication.

GENE  
We don't need to know that.

DAVE  
You take a pass on buying the pool  
side waiter's gig?

MANNY  
I did that.

GENE  
You had the two?

MANNY  
I had eighteen in emergency money.

GENE  
No. You gave Dick Marx eighteen,  
let him spot you two?

MANNY  
Well ...

GENE  
Manny, Dick Marx'll eat you alive.  
He's five percent a week and a G  
penalty you miss a payment.

GENE  
(continuing; peels  
off bankroll)  
Give you the thirteen, plus the  
four you're in to Marx. No charge  
on the four. We're two-and-a-half  
a week, which is like a free week,  
and no penalties you miss once or  
twice.

DAVE  
We're nice guys.

GENE  
Tommy Carson's in town. What's he  
like?



MANNY

I don't know.

GENE

... Okay. We're done.

CLOSE ON the pharmacy bag. We pull back to find we are in --

EXT. LAS VEGAS - SPANISH GHETTO - DAY

Manny clutches the pharmacy bag to the handlebar, pedals to his cement block garden apartment. He hoists the bike on his shoulder and crags himself to the second floor --

INT. GARDEN APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Momma's still linked to the oxygen cylinder, on the sofa in front of the TV. Manny enters, moves to the kitchen, takes a pill from the bottle in the bag, draws a glass of water.

MANNY

Momma Rosa, I got your medicine.  
It's so expensive, you could buy  
a car. Very important you take  
them same time every day 'til the  
bottle's empty. Can't forget ...

(moves to her)

Here Momma ... Momma? ... Rosa?

Momma's dead. Manny checks for a heartbeat, breathing, a pulse. He flops in a chair.

MANNY

(continuing)

I borrowed money from loan sharks  
to pay for your pills.  
Two-and-a-half percent a week ...  
Got nothing left. Gave a man our  
emergency money to buy a better  
job ... I have to go to work ...  
I can't afford to bury you ...  
Forgive me Momma Rosa. I am  
looking to God and I am telling  
you, I don't know what else to do.

Manny kneels by Momma, removes her jewelry.

DISSOLVE TO:

A still photograph. A young Lewis "Lucky" Carson and his family. In boots and a Stetson, Lucky has a Reaganesque resiliency. He holds Tommy, age one, while Nichole - age four - peers around the long legs of a jaw-dropping Spanish beauty, Terasa; Nichole's, and Tommy's, mother. Pull back to reveal the --

INT. LUCKY'S HOTEL & CASINO - ADJOINING ROOM - NIGHT

The photograph is in a silver frame on the bed. Nichole is dressed for cocktails. In a rush. Checks her make-up, grabs the frame. A deep breath. The beauty queen smile, and she's opening the door leading to the --

INT. LUCKY'S HOTEL & CASINO - PENTHOUSE SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Where we find; Naomi, Anthony, and his mother, Binky. Binky (the only one seated) is mid-sixties, dripping in diamonds, an expression vacant as the desert.

They're dressed for dinner. Tommy's in a hotel robe fixing Cosmopolitans.

ANTHONY

What'd we know? First rattlesnake  
we ever killed ...

(hugs Nichole)

Hey, gorgeous.

NICHOLE

You deserved to sleep in the  
garage.

ANTHONY

It was a hundred-and-ten and  
they're staying here ...

BINKY

House stank of dead snake.

ANTHONY

He said it'd dry out quicker in  
the oven.

TOMMY

That was your idea.

NICHOLE

Binky. Don't get up.

Nichole sits, gives her a warm embrace.

BINKY

Still beautiful as your mother.

NICHOLE

Not even close.

She hands Binky the framed photograph as evidence.

TOMMY

Cosmopolitan, Nickie?

NICHOLE

Why am I rushing if you're still  
in a robe?

TOMMY

Waiting for my cleaning.

NAOMI

Every store in town offered to  
bring him a suit.

NICHOLE

You didn't bring clothes?

TOMMY

(brings her drink)

I went straight from the casino to  
the plane.

NICHOLE

You can't wear a tux to a funeral.

NAOMI

See.

TOMMY

(regards frame)

What's that?

NICHOLE

It's for you.

Binky passes him the picture.

TOMMY

Wow. Thanks. I don't remember  
this picture.

NICHOLE

You remember any pictures with Mom  
in them?

TOMMY

... No ... At Dom and Binky's.  
Why didn't that strike me as odd?

NICHOLE

You were a child.

NAOMI

... Your dad fell apart around  
your mother's things. I put them  
in storage, then ...

NICHOLE

They were a wedding gift.

NAOMI

Seventeen steamer trunks.

NICHOLE

Ten years, I still haven't gone through all of them.

ANTHONY

Pretty upsetting, huh?

NICHOLE

No, it's more melancholy. My memories are pretty limited.

Dominic enters carrying a dry cleaning bag.

TOMMY

I don't have any memories of her.

NICHOLE

You were a toddler. Weird, both our parents died violent deaths.

DOMINIC

No, why we talkin' about this?

NICHOLE

We're remembering our parents.

DOMINIC

You remember the good things.

(hands Tommy dry  
cleaning bag)

Boy in the elevator said this was yours. Can we talk a minute?

TOMMY

You don't mind watching me dress.

We follow Tommy and Dominic to the bedroom. Dominic closes the door. As Tommy dresses --

DOMINIC

You askin' round about a busboy?

TOMMY

Yeah, Marquez?

DOMINIC

Hour before he's on duty calls in a personal day. Can I handle it, or you wanna fire him too?

TOMMY  
Don't fire him.

DOMINIC  
No notice he takes the day off.

TOMMY  
He was here earlier.

DOMINIC  
Probably stealing flatware.

~~TOMMY~~  
He was busting butt carrying  
luggage, the bellman's sitting on  
his ass reading the Pennysaver ...

DOMINIC  
Let's talk about that. I come in,  
I'm puttin' out fires. Here a  
day, you humiliate my floor guy,  
fire a bellboy, rough up a pit  
boss.

TOMMY  
... I got a little aggressive.

DOMINIC  
(growing anger)  
A little? I'm proud'a how good  
you done for yourself in A.C. But  
this ain't A.C., it's Vegas. An'  
this ain't your casino. Not yet.  
You'll get your taste, but this  
ain't your operation, you don't  
walk in here dismissin' my people.  
You understand? Look at me when  
I'm talkin' to you.

TOMMY  
Your floor man's sleeping while a  
grifter jams slots for a hundred  
G's. Your bellman's leaving a  
'screw you' first impression, and  
your pit boss is shaking down  
busboys. I'm not twelve anymore,  
Dom. Lucky's little boy runs the  
richest game on the East Coast.  
As long as his 'taste' is fifty  
percent, he's not turning a blind  
eye on bad business. I got a life  
in Atlantic City I'm looking to.  
I'm not a threat. Play tough. I  
will be.

Dominic's stunned. Then, an embarrassed smile crosses his face. He holds out an up-turned palm; gimme five.

DOMINIC

Geez, kid, you grew up good.  
(Tommy slaps his hand)  
Yell at me like that? I'm an old man. Told ya, we get moments.

TOMMY

I'm adjusting to it. Let's eat before we're litigating.

They're hugging. Then they're --

Stepping into the Penthouse, Tommy and Dominic see tension on everyone's faces. They heard the argument.

TOMMY

(continuing)  
Family fight, can't have 'em, what's the point of being family?

DOMINIC

Like dealing with his dad. I'm much happier now. Let's eat.

Dominic waves them to an exit. Tommy and Dominic make light of the fight. But Nichole and Anthony catch Tommy's eye. We sense their understanding; this battle has just begun.

EXT. THE BELLAGIO - ESTABLISHING - DAY

The waters dance to a Mozart dirge.

INT. THE BELLAGIO - PRIVATE DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sumptuously set for fifty. Irish linen, English porcelain, French sterling, weeping centerpieces.

NAOMI (V.O.)

There's a memorial supper at the Bellagio for gaming professionals, you have to attend. Every hotel will be represented.

INT. RIO'S NAPA RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

A brass stand at the Captain's desk announces: CLOSED FOR PRIVATE EVENT --

NAOMI (V.O.)

Binky will be hostessing supper for civilians at the Rio's Napa. Nichole is the guest of honor ...

EXT. LAS VEGAS AIRPORT - DAY

One private jet after another --

NAOMI (V.O.)

MGM Grand and Mandalay comped out-of-town mourners. They set aside hospitality suites for meet and greets and nightcaps.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

An open-sided tent shades hundreds of chairs. Between them and the eulogy platform is a silver casket resting on a green skirt stitched from the cloth of craps tables.

NAOMI (V.O.)

A prayer will be offered by the UNLV Chaplain, then the Governor will offer a remembrance, followed by your eulogy ...

INT. LUCKY'S HOTEL & CASINO - PENTHOUSE SUITE - DAY

Nichole and Naomi are dressed in mourning. Tommy in a tux.

NAOMI

Which you'll be delivering in a tuxedo. When you're done you can run a crap game grave-side.

TOMMY

This is what I'm wearing.

NICHOLE

We'll meet you downstairs.

Naomi exits.

NICHOLE

(continuing)

Why won't you change clothes?

TOMMY

This is all I have here.

NICHOLE

Intentionally. I'm asking why?

TOMMY

... I don't what to be here. I can smell the shore on this suit and that's keeping me sane.

NICHOLE

You're not close to exhibiting  
sanity. What are you afraid of?

TOMMY

... Have you been to his office?

INT. LUCKY'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Tommy and Nichole enter. The environment shakes Tommy.  
Nichole takes it in.

NICHOLE

Doesn't mean to me what it means  
to you. It was never going to be  
my office ... I remember Grampa at  
this desk. Then Dad. Then you -  
walked away. Have some guilt  
about that?

TOMMY

... About not coming back?

NICHOLE

You're the progeny of frontier  
speculators. They don't root.  
Why should you?

TOMMY

They tried.

NICHOLE

You don't abandon a rig while it's  
still pumping oil. They weren't  
staying for anything else. Have  
you been to the ranch?

TOMMY

God no. Look at this.

He leads her to the study, the closet, Lucky's wardrobe.  
Nichole sees her father's western gear --

NICHOLE

You're all that's left of him ...

TOMMY

You, too.

NICHOLE

I was Momma's girl. You were his.  
You're all that's left of him.  
Embrace it, Tommy, you're free.



EXT. LUCKY'S HOTEL & CASINO - DAY

Three cars in line; a cop car and two limousines. In the second limousine are Dominic and Binky. Dominic impatiently glances at the hotel doors. At the trunk of the cop car, Anthony chats with Lonnie, who is on funeral detail.

ANTHONY

How do you have a kid in high school?

LONNIE

By having sex when I was in high school.

ANTHONY

You married somebody from school?

LONNIE

Remember Sharon Huff?

ANTHONY

Yeah. She was gorgeous. Why don't I know this?

LONNIE

We hung in different circles.

ANTHONY

Still. Hey, ever want to renew the vows? Endless Love Wedding Chapels. It's on me.  
(gives him card)

LONNIE

That include the car jacking?

ANTHONY

Once! ...

Lonnie's eyes dart to the hotel door. He straightens up --

Nichole and Tommy step from the hotel. Tommy wears alligator boots, scorpion embroidered pearl button shirt, bola tie, and a Stetson. Dad's clothes.

Dominic can't believe it. Nobody can.

Lonnie opens the first limo's passenger door. Naomi's inside.

LONNIE

Tommy.

Nichole and Tommy get in the limo. Anthony joins his parents. Lonnie's in the cop car, they're cruising the --

EXT. LAS VEGAS STRIP - DAY

The three-car convoy sweeps from one mega-casino to another, each time a new limo joins the parade, until --

EXT. DESERT TWO-LANE FLATTOP - DAY

Through ripples of heat rising off asphalt we see a football field long caravan of limos snaking its way for the --

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

High rollers, casino big shots, state dignitaries, step from the limos, find their seats under the open-sided tent.

Tommy's on the platform shaking hands with the UNLV Reverend, the Governor. Then he's watching the multitudes assemble.

Nichole's in the front row with Naomi and the Toscanos. Tommy eyes the crowd. He doesn't know most of them, but --

The old Quido spilling out of one limo is easy to spot. Tommy's never met him, but he knows why he's come to pay respect. He's Dominic's pal. Dominic's moving to him.

Beyond them Tommy sees --

The loan sharks, Gene and Dave, are there. Tommy doesn't know them, but they're making eye contact, trying to curry favor.

Stepping from a limo is Marshall Parish, Fawn, and the Date. The Date? Hung's Date. What the hell is she doing here?

The Reverend is offering a prayer now. Tommy scans the congregation, heads dutifully bowed.

In the distance he sees a hearse trailed by a compact car. It moves for the far end of the cemetery. Another burial is taking place. A two-car procession. Tommy dwells on the stark contrast between Dad's 'event' interment and the paltry funeral heading across the graveyard.

Finishing at the pulpit is the --

GOVERNOR

Lucky's roots go to the rugged men who tamed the American west. The freedom loving spirit on which our nation thrives lived in Lucky, his father, and now his son. Sad as the day is, there's renewal going on. Lucky's boy is home and Nevada's better for it ... Tommy.

Jesus. This is a dreadful moment. Snapping out of his reverie, Tommy rises, moves to the pulpit.

All those faces staring oddly at him. It dawns on Tommy that, beyond the forced ritual of the moment, what strikes the gathering odd is Tommy's choice of wardrobe.

TOMMY

Well, hell ...

Nichole is startled. Tommy's voice rings of their father.

(continuing)

Wherever my old man is, I know he's looking at this gathering of high rollers, risk takers and whales, and thinking, why couldn't it be one'a you in this box ...

(a few stifled laughs)

Nothing got his juices flowing like beating a lot of you out of your cash. Gramps left him a sawdust joint, Dad turned into the first mega-casino hotel. That was forty years ago, it pales against what some of you have built. But it was his shoulders you stood on to see your vision through.

(amens in the crowd)

He loved the action. Loved to see people win, as long as they didn't leave the casino that way.

(louder amens)

That's right. Killed him to see players walking off with his cash. Forty years ago half his dealers were mechanics. The slots were screwed so tight you had a better chance of pulling the arm and getting a soda ...

(the mourners are loosening up)

I was little, I remember him saying to me, 'keep an eye out boy,' then we'd run to the parking lot and he'd shove an ice pick into the tires of a winner's car just to keep the guy at the table. If a craps player was making too many passes he'd whistle in a dealer with casino friendly dice. Dead bones Dad called them.

GENE

Those were the days.

TOMMY

They were, but things change as they do. And Dad's Vegas changed.

Tommy's eyes are drawn beyond the back of the tent, where --

A Man - backlit by the sun - sits on a horse and holds the reins of a second, saddled, riderless stallion.

TOMMY

(continuing)

Business analysis built theme park mega-casinos to lure patrons. My old man hated them. I can hear him, 'Babysitters in suits. Ain't a'one of you gamblers.'

The backlit Man subtly gestures and the riderless stallion trots for the tent.

TOMMY

(continuing)

Well, we're not, we're business people. I think what bugged him most wasn't that we had a better way of doing business, it was the way our business ignored the past.

The riderless stallion enters the tent, dumbfounding the guests as it saunters up to Lucky's casket, and curtsies.

TOMMY

(continuing)

New Vegas buried the memory of old Vegas. He hated that we had no regard for the trail riders and hitching posts and water troughs and swinging doors ... We bury my father and those days are gone.

(steps to stallion)

Well, hell ...

And Tommy's on the stallion, at full gallop out of the tent, right up to the backlit man --

Sarge Cody sits in the saddle like he was born there. He's a hard sixty, with sun-leathered skin. Sarge puts spurs to his horse and they're galloping together, Tommy and Sarge, heading for a distant rise of red rocks. Their history is so deep no words are needed.

Behind him Tommy sees those gathered for his father's funeral staring after him in disbelief. Except for Nichole and Anthony, who find pleasure in his abrupt departure.

Ahead of him Tommy sees --

The two-car procession funeral. Around a pine casket are a cemetery worker, a priest, and the Marquez family; Manny, Lucy, Rosita, and Carlos. They're burying Momma.

It takes a beat for Tommy to recognize Manny in an ill-fitting suit and tie. Tommy cuts the stallion sharp, pulls it to a rearing halt, frightening Manny and his family.

TOMMY

(continuing)

You're Marquez? Work at Lucky's?

MANNY

Yes sir.

Tommy pulls eighteen hundred dollars from his pocket and hands it to Manny.

TOMMY

Sorry for your loss.

Tommy gallops off, joining Sarge as the Marquez's look on.

LUCY

Who is that?

MANNY

... I don't know.

LUCY

Gave so much money, you don't know who he is?

Carlos tugs his father's jacket and Manny leans down to hear his son whisper --

CARLOS

Zorro.

In the distance --

Tommy and Sarge ride shoulder to shoulder, galloping towards the rise of red rocks, a cloud of desert dust behind them.

EXT. RED ROCKS BLUFF - DAY

A tranquil desert plateau. Tommy and Sarge arrive on horseback, dismount, take in the view. Vegas skyline in one direction, a sprawling desert ranch in the other.

TOMMY  
Great ride. Opened me up.

SARGE  
Be sore as hell in the morning.

TOMMY  
Yeah. I heard you were dead.

SARGE  
Might as well be, much effort as  
you put into staying in touch.

TOMMY  
Maybe if you got a phone.

SARGE  
You staying?

TOMMY  
Long enough to settle his estate.

SARGE  
(nods to ranch)  
Been to the house?

TOMMY  
Too tough for me right now.

SARGE  
Got'a do it, Tommy.

TOMMY  
I'll get around to it.

SARGE  
It's a priority, not something you  
get around to.

~~TOMMY~~  
Sarge ...

SARGE  
Don't make excuses to me. You  
left your dad on bad terms.

TOMMY  
They were his terms.

SARGE  
I know. He was wrong. So what?  
It's still gonna eat at ya'.  
Can't put it to rest you don't  
deal with it.

TOMMY

Police think he shot himself.

SARGE

That's a crock, but many people as he pissed off, might as well have.

TOMMY

You sound like Naomi.

SARGE

She was a fine piece in her day.

TOMMY

Keep it to yourself. You mind?

SARGE

You know I'd love to brag ... Been in your father's office?

TOMMY

Yeah?

Sarge tosses him a Town Car ignition key.

SARGE

You'll need this to get in his desk.

TOMMY

This is a car key.

SARGE

Town Car. Go through his desk.

(off Tommy's look)

Can't say. I promised Lucky ... Lot'a people comin' at ya', wantin' what he left you. Don't part with it in grief.

Sarge opens a saddlebag, takes out a cellular/two-way. Keys the two-way.

SARGE

(continuing; into phone)

Sky Dog, you near me?

SKY DOG (OVER TWO-WAY)

I'm available. You ready?

SARGE

Right away.

Sarge keys off, looks to Tommy.

SARGE

(continuing)

Got a phone, just don't give out  
the number.

He's on his horse, grabbing the reins of the stallion.

SARGE

(continuing)

Sure Naomi's got you on a tight  
schedule ... Tell you what a fine  
piece that woman was?

Sarge and his horses are gone. Behind Tommy, rising over the  
bluff is Sky Dog, a helicopter bearing the sheriff-like  
insignias of Cody Security Service.

EXT. LAS VEGAS AIRPORT - DAY

Sky Dog touches down. Tommy steps out and sees --  
Anthony is just beyond the chainlink fence, shrugging.

INT. EL DORADO - SECONDS LATER

Anthony drives hard, Tommy rides shotgun.

ANTHONY

What the hell's going on?

TOMMY

Not a clue. Why are you here?

ANTHONY

Naomi sent me. Believe the number  
of heavy hitters at the funeral ...

TOMMY

Everybody knew Lucky.

ANTHONY

They were there for you. You're  
being courted.

TOMMY

They're hoping for a fire sale.

ANTHONY

They know better than that. You  
got my father scared to death.

TOMMY

Why?



ANTHONY

Why? Come on. My dad didn't buy into Lucky's with his own money.

TOMMY

That old man at the funeral?

ANTHONY

Pathetic watching my father kiss ass to a guy who wears diapers. Seriously. He's nothing next to the guys you're about to party with. You gotta class for it.

EXT. CAESAR'S PALACE - DAY

The El Dorado barrels to valet parking. Naomi's opening the door, Tommy stepping out as she gets in --

NAOMI

They're ready for you at Armani's.  
(to Anthony)  
Run me to Lucky's then come back for him.

ANTHONY

How am I suddenly a taxi service?

INT. CAESAR'S PALACE - CONTINUOUS

Tommy strides through the casino, heads for the mall when --

Harlan Haskell - Tommy's age - steps up, matches Tommy's pace. His engaging good looks and high-beam smile mitigate the kind of forwardness that borders on stalking.

HARLAN

Tommy, Harlan Haskell.

~~TOMMY~~

Harlan ...

Harlan throws an arm around Tommy.

HARLAN

I am so excited about the future. Maybe it's this town, the sense of endless possibilities, but I know if we tug on the same rope, we can make magic happen.

TOMMY

What's your line, Harlan?  
Motivational speaking.

HARLAN

Venture capital. I want in on the assets you're about to inherit. I'm independent, very flush, and all due respect to your late, ice pick wielding dad, I am a gambler.

TOMMY

You want to buy me out of Lucky's?

HARLAN

I don't think I'd be a good fit with Dennis' Tuscano.

TOMMY

What are looking to buy?

HARLAN

Synergy. The future's a big place. I want to get there first. I think you're the partner I need to do that. All I'm looking to buy are some nights on the town - some red-blooded, rugged American, drunken debauchery - to see if we're a good fit.

TOMMY

You're asking me on a date.

HARLAN

Well, yeah. We can skip the sex, unless there's somebody you want to come between us.

TOMMY

Have you been following me?

HARLAN

I'm not a stalker. I was in Armani's when your office called, made your appointment. I thought it'd be worth taking a couple of relaxed minutes before the crush.

TOMMY

And this is your version of relaxed?

HARLAN

Hole in my adrenal gland. You'll see tonight. Hard sell, soft sell, they're bottom-liners. Lawyers, bankers.

(more)

HARLAN (cont'd)  
You can't hang with those guys and  
be who you are. Do you really  
want to be in business with them?  
Think about it, we'll pound some  
beers.

Harlan exits, leaving Tommy at the entry to Armani's where a  
waiting salesman whisks him for the back with --

SALESMAN  
Mr. Carson, we're ready for you.

EXT. CAESAR'S PALACE - SUNSET

Tommy steps for valet parking. He's wearing an Armani power  
suit. Anthony grabs him, leads him for the bridge that links  
Caesar's to The Bellagio.

ANTHONY  
We're this way.

TOMMY  
Where's my dad's car?

ANTHONY  
In the garage at Lucky's. You  
need it?

TOMMY  
No, where's Nickie?

ANTHONY  
You're going to your dinner, she's  
at hers.

INT. RIO'S NAPA RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Guests drift in, pay homage to Binky who sits with several  
other older women. Among the guests is --

The Date from Atlantic City. She's checking every face,  
finds a maitre'd.

DATE  
Where's the honored guest?

MAITRE'D  
Did you try the cellar?

He nods two floors down to the --

INT. RIO'S WINE CELLAR - CONTINUOUS

Closed to everyone but invited guests. The Date bounces down the stairs, flashing an invite at a security guard, entering the crowded grotto. In a corner she sees --

Nichole talks with Brooke Henderson; bright, beautiful, Vegas born and groomed for civic authority. They're very happy to see other another.

NICHOLE

I didn't see you at the services.

BROOKE

I didn't go. Maybe I'm kidding myself, but I thought it might be disruptive.

NICHOLE

I appreciate the consideration. As it was, it was weird enough.

BROOKE

What are the odds I might talk you into staying, permanently?

NICHOLE

I have a life in Monterey.

BROOKE

You'd be queen bee. Your history is here. We need roots that run to culture. The only writers I know in this town are publishing pornography and how-to-win books.

NICHOLE

I lived here, I'd write the same thing. Though the idea of writing pornography is tantalizing. I can't come back here. Too many ghosts. My family's settled.

BROOKE

Why aren't they with you?

NICHOLE

Brooke, please. He was never a father to me, certainly wasn't a grandfather to my children. I'm here for Tommy.

The Date intrudes, and she has a name --

DATE

Hi, I'm Vivica Rodgers. Are you Tommy's sister?

NICHOLE

Yes, Nichole Hannaman.

VIVICA

Nobody's ever done for me what he did. I love him so much.

Even more than Nichole, Brooke has a visible reaction, as if she was just punched in the stomach.

NICHOLE

Really? And I would have guessed you to be a little young for Tommy.

VIVICA

Oh God no, I've dated men twice his age. I'm moving out here and I don't know a soul, I was hoping I could sit with you at dinner.

NICHOLE

Well ... I live in California, but this is Brooke Henderson, she's from here, and she knows everybody.

VIVICA

Excellent.

BROOKE

Yes, excellent. The vibe I'm getting from you, I'm sure you're exactly what we need here.

INT. THE BELLAGIO - PRIVATE DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Big men, big cigars, big drinks. Big breasts on servers passing hors d'oeuvres. In this company of men the only woman, other than waitresses, is --

Naomi eyes the crowd, impatient. She's looking for --

Tommy enters with Anthony. The crowd gravitates for him. Tommy's shaking hands, but his eyes are searching for Naomi. He sees her, their eyes lock when --

Ari Edelstein, a middle-aged businessman, steps him aside, slipping a business card and a check in his handshake.

EDELSTEIN

Ari Edelstein. There's two million dollars for the right to match your best offer. At the end of the day I took less of your time and put the most cash on the table. Our sympathies.

Edelstein turns to exit. Tommy stops him, returns the check.

TOMMY

Ari. Let me think about it.

EDELSTEIN

Fair enough.

Edelstein exits. Tommy turns to find himself face to face with the enigmatic smile of Lee Hung --

HUNG

Now you play the big game.

Naomi steps up --

TOMMY

I need you a minute.  
(to Hung)

Excuse me.

(aside to Naomi)  
What don't I know?

NAOMI

Didn't Sarge give you a key to your dad's desk?

TOMMY

I haven't gone through it yet.  
What am I missing?

NAOMI

I can't say.

TOMMY

How am I supposed to work a room without information?

NAOMI

Be vague.

TOMMY

That's a virtual certainty.

NAOMI

Mingle, Tommy. Your future's in this room.

She's moving away. Tommy looks up --

From across the room Harlan winks. There's Anthony with a sideways grimace as he tolerates his father being obsequious with the old man.

There's Edelstein with a nod, a tip of his tumbler. There's Hung displaying his cryptic grin.

Parish hobnobs with other gaming potentates. Tommy is on him like a magnet.

TOMMY

Marsh ...

PARISH

Tommy, you know Eddie Fields, MGM, Lionel Watkins, the Hard Rock?

TOMMY

(quick handshakes)

Hey fellas, I need a quick minute with Marsh.

Tommy pivots Parish to a private aside.

TOMMY

(continuing)

Naomi put me here, I got guys coming at me, I don't have a clue what they're talking about.

PARISH

Was a time Naomi could suck a baseball through a straw. You see Vivica?

TOMMY

Vivica?

PARISH

What's her last name? Flew out with me. Lady you were with the night Dom called about your dad.

TOMMY

That was Hung's party girl. I don't know her ...

PARISH

She's sure got a thing for you. On a bad day the girl's a ten.

(nods to a server)

Look at the breasts on the one with the barbecue shrimp ...

TOMMY

Marsh, please, back on subject.  
I'm at sea here.

PARISH

Can't, we promised your father.

TOMMY

We? You, Naomi ... Sarge?

Parish nods, affirmative.

TOMMY

(continuing)

I don't know what I'm mired in,  
how long it will take to bed, when  
I'll get back to Atlantic City ...  
Lucky's not changing my life from  
the grave.

Tommy pivots for an exit. Parish grabs his arm.

PARISH

You're not going back to Atlantic  
City. Your game's here.

TOMMY

... What game?

PARISH

Ask something else.

Tommy scans the room. Everybody's glancing at him.

TOMMY

Who's the old guy with Dominic?

PARISH

Leonetti Aiuppo, last link to the  
glory days of the Chicago mob. No  
muscle left in that racket, but  
forty years ago he was probably  
the bank for Dom buying into  
Lucky's.

TOMMY

How's he connect to Harlan Haskell?

PARISH

Doesn't. Aiuppo's here because  
he's worried about what you'll  
mean to his skim.

TOMMY

Dominic's skimming?



PARISH

Chump change. Haskell's like you. Ten squared. Dad did billions in shipping. Put him in boarding school at nine, didn't see him more than twice a year 'til he finished Villanova. Humiliated him when he joined the company.

TOMMY

Sounds familiar.

PARISH

Walked out on his dad too, got in with some venture capitalists. Few years ago his dad died, left him everything. He's on his own.

TOMMY

He's not interested in the casino, what's he want with me?

PARISH

... Anybody else?

TOMMY

Ari Edelstein?

PARISH

Arms dealer got into high-tech, cashed out at the peak. Looking for his next deal. Pure money, all about the deal.

TOMMY

Lee Hung?

PARISH

You know Hung. You tell me.

TOMMY

Asian gangster.

PARISH

His straight money?

TOMMY

Third world; pharmaceuticals, logging rain forests, utilities.

PARISH

Good, go meet your suitors.

Parish hustles him into the fray and abandons him.

Lots of backslapping. Tommy disconnects. He doesn't hear conversation, he hears grunts of beasts at a watering hole.

His eyes play the room, increasingly focusing on --

Parish laughs with Naomi. She's sipping on a cocktail straw.

Edelstein and Hung are in a tight-lipped argument. Both want to walk away, neither wants to appear in retreat.

Dominic with Anthony and Aiuppo. Anthony strains to be the good son, attentively listening.

Aiuppo stares at Tommy with a killer's malice, but his threat is undermined by an uncontrollable bladder. Alarm on his face, Aiuppo grabs his crotch, urges Dominic to shuffle him for the men's room.

Harlan leans on a wall, watching Tommy watch everyone else. When Harlan catches Tommy's eye, he smiles; hey, partner.

INT. LUCKY'S HOTEL & CASINO - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

The elevator opens, Tommy barrels out, moves down the hall yanking off his tie. He reaches in his pocket for the key and pulls out three; to his room, Lucky's office, and the Town Car ignition key. He considers it, then enters the --

INT. LUCKY'S HOTEL & CASINO - PENTHOUSE SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Light spills in from the adjoining room. Tommy tosses his jacket on a chair, his keys on the bar. He moves for the liquor, we move tight on Tommy, the exhaustion, stress --

TOMMY

Nickie.

FEMALE VOICE

Hello.

TOMMY

Past four hours. I hope your night went better than mine.

FEMALE VOICE

I won't know until you turn around.

Shot through the heart. Tommy's run a blind defense all evening, and held his ground. But now? Now the earth's rocking. He has to brace a hand to the bar to find the strength to turn around and face --

Brooke stands at the edge of the room, stiff with anxiety.

TOMMY

I'm having a bit of a vertigo problem. So, I guess your night's going just fine.

BROOKE

Vivica got drunk. Nickie's taking her back to the Four Seasons.

TOMMY

Vivica was here ...

BROOKE

She flew out with Marshall Parish.

TOMMY

Drinking with you and Nickie?

Tommy grabs a cigar from a humidor. He doesn't smoke cigars, but it's what men do, and right now, well --

BROOKE

Christie's got her eight-hundred thousand for the sapphire. She worships you, Tommy. She's moving here to be near you. Are you staying?

TOMMY

Married, Brooke?

BROOKE

No ... I live with someone.

TOMMY

Past forty-eight hours I haven't stood on solid ground. I haven't slept. And now ... I'm reminded how empty I am.

Tommy takes the keys, marches for the door. He can smell her. She comes in a wave, a paralyzing undertow. He can't pass her without stopping to catch his breath. Then, he's moving for the --

INT. LUCKY'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Tommy enters, moves to the desk, takes it in; wild west mementos, his grandfather's phone which has no dial and requires two hands to use. Behind the desk is a Nevada State and a forty-eight star American Flag. Between the flags a table holds pictures of Lucky and celebrities, but --

TOMMY

Not one of us, huh, Dad?

Tommy picks up the ancient phone - two hands - holds it to his ear and mouth and is surprised to hear --

OPERATOR'S VOICE

Lucky. Oh, my God, oh my ...

TOMMY

It's alright this is Tommy ...

OPERATOR'S VOICE

I'm so sorry I'm just so used to answering it that way.

TOMMY

Of course you are. I'm just playing with my father's things. I didn't mean to startle you.

OPERATOR'S VOICE

If you need anything, sir ...

TOMMY

No, you have a good night.

Tommy moves to the desk drawers. They're locked. He tries the Town Car key.

The center drawer opens, the desk top hinges back, exposing: A pricey laptop computer, a case of digital disks, and a single envelope marked in Lucky's handwriting: Tommy.

Tommy opens the envelope; a digital disk.

Tommy turns on the computer. It boots up with an image of Old Glory and The Star Spangled Banner.

Tommy slips the digital disk in its port, clicks run.

The program boots up, its active matrix screen fills with digital video of Lucky in the very chair Tommy's sitting in. Lucky's looking at Tommy, grinning wide.

LUCKY ON DIGITAL VIDEO

Hey Tommy ... Well, hell, you're looking at this, I must be dead.

Tommy is so startled he slams the laptop screen down --

INT. LUCKY'S OFFICE - SECONDS LATER - NIGHT

Tommy can't take his eyes off the laptop, even as he pours himself a fortifying drink at the bar.

He moves to the desk, raises the screen. The screensaver is on; a cattle drive. Tommy examines the screen frame.

A tiny camera - size of a Monte Blanc pen barrel - is built into it on a horizontal swivel.

Hesitantly Tommy taps the space bar and --

Lucky's on the screen, robust and sassy --

LUCKY ON DIGITAL VIDEO  
Hey Tommy ... Well, hell, you're looking at this, I must be dead ... I miss you. You were right to walk. I screwed up most of my life, but I've changed. Look at me, have I ever looked better?

Eyes twinkling, Lucky juts out his chest and chin.

TOMMY  
No Dad, you look great.

LUCKY ON DIGITAL VIDEO  
Heart attack seven years ago. I kept it from you 'cause I was afraid you wouldn't care enough to come back ... Before you fire sale things to wash your hands of me, give it a chance. It's not just your share'a this joint ...

Lucky leans in conspiratorially. He is so compelling, Tommy leans closer to the screen.

LUCKY ON DIGITAL VIDEO  
(continuing)  
This is the big game, boy. You wanna win, only a couple'a people you can trust to help you play ...

INT. LUXURIOUS MASTER BEDROOM/BATH - NIGHT

Naomi - hair down, make-up off, silk robe - moves from the bath to the bedroom dimming the lights and adjusting the wall knob for the stereo; new age sexual serenity music.

LUCKY ON DIGITAL VIDEO (V.O.)  
Naomi knows my business top to bottom, don't let it get in the way she used to change your diapers. She'll do whatever it takes to help you win ...

Naomi takes a glass of wine from a table, steps to the --

EXT. MASTER BEDROOM DECK - CONTINUOUS

Steam rises from the hot tub. Naomi drapes her robe over a lounge chair and slips into the tub, her eyes dwelling on a star-filled sky.

LUCKY ON DIGITAL VIDEO (V.O.)

She knows every player in town and how to play to them. Hellofa woman ... More than once I didn't think I had a hand to play, she kept me focused. The lady can smooth out the rough spots ...

INT. LUCKY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

LUCKY ON DIGITAL VIDEO

Honest to God ...

TOMMY

I don't want to hear it.

LUCKY ON DIGITAL VIDEO

Well, hell, you don't want to hear this. Maybe another time. This video thing I'm doing? It was her idea. There's a box right here ...

Lucky picks up a case of digital video disks. Tommy finds the same case in the desk, opens it. Inside scores of disks are labelled with issues in their lives; First Horse, Boarding School, Your Mother --

LUCKY ON DIGITAL VIDEO

(continuing)

Done nine so far, remembering things I should'a talked to you about while you were growing up. Anyway ... Sarge Cody ...

EXT. THE DESERT - NIGHT

Sarge pulls the saddle off his horse, lays it on the ground. A slight nod from Sarge and the horse trots into the night. Sarge takes off his boots, sets them by his saddle.

LUCKY ON DIGITAL VIDEO (V.O.)

He's easy. Man taught you how to ride. I know you love him. Not a better man in Nevada. Every star in the state respects him, some pick up extra cash working for his security firm. He's made money with that, but Sarge don't give a lick about money ...

Sarge removes his shirt, his trousers, folds them neatly across the saddle.

LUCKY ON DIGITAL VIDEO (V.O.)  
(continuing)

He cares about honor and loyalty.  
Give those things to Cody he'll  
have your back no matter what ...

INT. HIGH ROLLER'S SUITE - MANDALAY BAY - NIGHT

It's massive. Fawn, in a baby doll teddy, walks through the suite searching for --

FAWN  
Marsh ... Marsh ...

LUCKY ON DIGITAL VIDEO (V.O.)  
Then you got Marshall Parish. I  
trust Marsh much as you can trust  
any man who's still a player.  
Make no mistake, Marsh is player.

Fawn finds an ice bucket of champagne and a note reading:  
*Playing stud, Marsh --*

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

Close on a luxury coupe. Parish steps from it, takes a beat for his eyes to adjust, then he's moving through the darkness.

LUCKY ON DIGITAL VIDEO (V.O.)  
If being with you means going up  
against the house, he'll hesitate.  
Don't get me wrong. Parish will  
always stand with you, but he'll  
hesitate first ...

Parish stops in his tracks, looks to his feet and sees --  
Sarge's saddle and clothes.

LUCKY ON DIGITAL VIDEO (V.O.)  
(continuing)

The west was won by men who didn't  
hesitate, the rest of them are  
buried on boot hill ... Marsh has  
deep pockets, may come a time you  
need them. But if this were a  
trifecta, I'd bet Naomi, Cody,  
then Parish, in that order ...

Parish moves on, up four wide wooden planks to the back deck of a ranch house where he finds --

Naomi and Sarge in the hot tub. Parish is embarrassed. He starts to exit. A look between Naomi and Sarge, then --

NAOMI

Well, hell ...

Naomi waves Parish to the tub.

INT. LUCKY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

LUCKY ON DIGITAL VIDEO

... This is tough, but you need to hear it from me ...

Light crosses Lucky's face. He looks up, angry.

LUCKY ON DIGITAL VIDEO

(continuing)

What do you want?

Beyond Lucky, a voice; distant, garbled.

LUCKY ON DIGITAL VIDEO

(continuing)

Get out. I said ...

Lucky bolts from frame. All Tommy sees is the empty chair. He hears a scuffle, punches thrown. A tiny object bounces across frame, in and out of the desk, landing in the chair.

There's a sudden silence, his father's voice at a distance --

LUCKY ON DIGITAL VIDEO (O.S.)

Get out.

Lucky returns to his chair, disheveled, wiping a bleeding lip, holding the Colt revolver, and laughing.

LUCKY ON DIGITAL VIDEO

Old man, ~~by-pass~~ surgery, still kick ass. Where was I?

TOMMY

Something I have to hear from you.

LUCKY ON DIGITAL VIDEO

Oh, yeah. Be careful with Dominic.

INT. LUCKY'S HOTEL & CASINO - NIGHT

Dominic's in the pit signing a chit, exchanging it with a pit boss for a full tray of five hundred dollar chips. He takes the tray to the cashier's window and exchanges it for bank wrapped hundred dollar bills. Five stacks, ten Grand each.



LUCKY ON DIGITAL VIDEO (V.O.)

He's a thief. I've seen him sign for a tray of five dollar chips, then walk away with a tray of five-hundreds. This puts a man's character in question.

INT. LUCKY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

LUCKY ON DIGITAL VIDEO

I put up with it because I needed a cash partner back when his bank was a Chicago gangster. Those guys are all but gone. The few left know they're an endangered species so they're pretty quiet. They show up once and a while, make some noise. They get too loud, call Cody. The desert's a big place. Well ... I guess that's it ...

TOMMY

That's not it.

LUCKY ON DIGITAL VIDEO

Oh. Most important part. In my Town Car, it's in the garage, there's a micro-recorder in the glove box. Take it to the top of the Stratosphere. That's where I recorded it, that's where I want you to play it ... I Love you, son.

Lucky reaches for the laptop. The screen goes black.

Tommy stares.

TOMMY

One big game right to the end, huh, Dad.

Tommy runs a finger along the point pad, high speeding the digital image back to the moment his dad jumped out of the chair. Tommy advances the image - frame by frame - until an object crosses frame. Tommy freezes it.

The picture's a little blurry. It looks like a miniature plastic knob. He runs it forward. The object bounces in and out of the desk, lands in the chair.

Tommy gets out of the chair, shoves his hand between the chair's back and seat, finding loose change and --

The miniature plastic knob. It's a hearing aid. Off Tommy's consideration we are in the --

INT. LUCKY'S HOTEL & CASINO - GARAGE - NIGHT

Manny wheels a cart stacked with garbage bags piled so high he has to peer around them to see a path to the dumpster. He hits a speed bump. Bags fall. Manny bends down for them --

Across the garage, Tommy steps from the hotel, sees Lucky's lemon yellow Town Car. He doesn't notice --

Dick Marx lurking in the shadows with a baseball bat. Marx is angry. He's been waiting a while. He snaps the bat back, lumbers for Tommy, his shoes slapping loud against the cement.

Tommy turns, recoils as Marx swings hard, taking out a car window, then side view mirror. Tommy's backpedaling fast. This man means to kill him.

Manny hears the confrontation, sees --

Marx tries to bludgeon the man his son called Zorro. Manny's hoofing for the battle, pulling a stiletto --

MANNY

Back off him!

Marx sees the blade, spins on Manny, swinging the bat. Manny dodges, doesn't back down. He's thrusting the knife.

MANNY

(continuing)

Don't make me cut you.

MARX

Knife on me?! Wetback!

MANNY

I was born in Texas, stupid bastard!

Tommy's in the Town Car, the glove box, grabbing a .357 revolver. Manny's about to have his brains bashed in. Tommy cocks the hammer. Its ratcheting echoes through the garage --

Manny and Marx freeze.

TOMMY

(to Marx)

Now I want to know who you are.  
Gimme a name.

Marx clams up.

MANNY  
He's Dick Marx.

TOMMY  
Your name's Dick Marx?

MARX  
You're in way over your head.

TOMMY  
I have the gun but I'm in over my  
head.  
(very low whisper)  
Can you hear me?

MARX  
Yeah, I hear you.

Tommy shoots Marx in the foot. Marx collapses to the cement,  
howling in pain. The gunshot has three Casino Security Men  
running into the garage.

CASINO SECURITY MAN  
Mr. Carson!

TOMMY  
Police and an ambulance! Don't  
let anybody else down here.

One Casino Security Man goes to his two-way. The others rush  
to Marx, guarding against his escape, providing first aid.  
Sirens are heard approaching as Tommy pulls Manny aside.

TOMMY  
(continuing)  
You were at the cemetery today.

MANNY  
Yes. Thank you for returning my  
money. ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~

TOMMY  
It was your money.

MANNY  
You're Lucky's son?

TOMMY  
Yeah. What are you doing here?

MANNY  
My job.

TOMMY  
Who were you burying?

MANNY  
My wife's mother.

TOMMY  
Shouldn't you be with your family?

MANNY  
They told me I didn't come in I  
would be fired.

TOMMY  
Who's they?

MANNY  
Mr. Toscano.

TOMMY  
Called you himself?

MANNY  
He was mad I took personal time  
with no notice.

TOMMY  
What's Mr. Toscano paying you?

MANNY  
Eight dollars an hour.

TOMMY  
Marquez, right?

MANNY  
Yes sir.

TOMMY  
First name?

MANNY  
Manny.

A police cruiser sweeps into the garage. The siren's so  
loud, people have to cover their ears. The car stops, the  
siren stops.

Lonnie and his partner get out of the cruiser. Lonnie nods  
his partner for Marx. Tommy moves for Lonnie, speaking over  
his shoulder to --

TOMMY  
You're not a busboy anymore.  
You're my driver. Thousand a week  
plus benefits ...

Tommy steps to Lonnie. They're standing over Marx.

TOMMY  
(continuing)  
Lonnie.

LONNIE  
What happened?

TOMMY  
Fired this guy. Came at me with  
a bat. Busboy interrupted, he  
went after him, I grabbed the gun  
from my dad's car and shot him.

LONNIE  
(to Marx)  
You dispute that?

MARX  
... I want my lawyer.

LONNIE  
I'll take that as a 'no.'

An ambulance arrives. Tommy and Lonnie step from its path.

LONNIE  
(continuing)  
You know, every time I hear  
gunfire, I'm going to think of you.  
(nods to Manny)  
What's with him?

Manny's pumping his fists, dancing with joy.

As EMS workers attend to Marx, and Lonnie and his partner  
move to interview Manny, we --

EXT. LUCKY'S HOTEL & CASINO - GARAGE - NIGHT

Lucky's lemon yellow Town Car pulls out, heads for the strip.

INT. LUCKY'S TOWN CAR - CONTINUOUS

Manny's behind the wheel, still in his busboy outfit.  
Tommy's in the passenger's seat holding the micro-recorder.  
Then he's peeling hundreds from his bank roll.

TOMMY  
You're going to need some clothes.  
Something nice, whatever you're  
comfortable in. You don't have to  
dress like a chauffeur. Go to one  
of the men's stores on the strip,  
tell them you're with me. Maybe  
they'll give you a discount.

Manny breaks a grin so wide it's infectious. Now Tommy's grinning too.

EXT. STRATOSPHERE - NIGHT

Manny steers the Town Car to the entry.

INT. LUCKY'S TOWN CAR - CONTINUOUS

Coming to a stop.

MANNY

... Mr. Carlson.

TOMMY

Tommy.

MANNY

Tommy ... This job - Pretty quick decision you made giving it to me.

TOMMY

It's how I work.

MANNY

You don't know me.

TOMMY

You work when you don't have to, you're willing to buy your way in. I need to know something else.

MANNY

No ... So, this is real? Me getting this lucky.

TOMMY

You put yourself between me and a baseball bat. You're getting what you deserve. ~~Between~~ Between the two of us, I'm the one that's lucky.

Tommy sits in that thought; he's Lucky. It's in his genes.

TOMMY

(continuing)

Take the car, go be with your family.

Tommy exits. Manny watches after him, screams in joy.

MANNY

Yes yes yes yes ...

He throws the car in gear, heads out --

EXT. STRATOSPHERE - CONTINUOUS

The Town Car pulls onto the strip as we angle up the --

EXT. STRATOSPHERE - OBSERVATION DECK - NIGHT

Tommy looks out to the strip, a psychedelic, electric totem in a void of dark desert. He listens to --

LUCKY VIA MICRO RECORDER

... Right out'a school you begged me to build a mega-casino. There were what, two on the strip then? And what'd I say? 'How dumb that college make you?' Well, go on. Say it, I'll wait.

TOMMY

I told you so.

LUCKY VIA MICRO RECORDER

Feel better?

TOMMY

Marginally.

LUCKY VIA MICRO RECORDER

Look at it, Tommy. Population doubles every seven years. Hotels at capacity, airport busting at the seams. Burning billions of megawatts. Thing's growing like a virus, no sign of stopping. In twenty years the ground aquifer won't sustain it. Rolling blackouts will shut off the lights, thermostats will be at eight-five ... Town'll be held hostage by two things; water and electricity. What I'm giving you, Tommy - control over the flow water and wattage into this fool's paradise. My legacy to you, boy, is power over Las Vegas.

Lucky is laughing; a rascal with one ace up and three in the hole. There's truth in his voice. Looking at the electric midway, Tommy's aroused by a primal hunger and impending fresh kill. Power is the player's narcotic, and Tommy is the progeny of players. He's not sure how, but he knows what is in his sight is within his grasp. All of it.

EXT. HARD ROCK HOTEL - DAY

Lucky's Town Car is cruising by --

INT. LUCKY'S TOWN CAR - CONTINUOUS

Manny drives. Brand new duds; peach linen pants, parrot silk shirt accentuating cut muscle. He spots --

Dave and Gene's Cadillac is parked at the Hard Rock.

Manny turns into the drive --

EXT. HARD ROCK HOTEL - POOL SIDE - DAY

Gene and Dave eat breakfast, ignore the thong bikinis splashing in the pool. Dave opens The Sun, stunned to read --

DAVE

Ho-ly - Carson shot Dick Marx.

GENE

What?

DAVE

Tommy Carson shot Dick Marx.

(scans it)

'Marx, disgruntled ex-employee, shot in the foot, by Carson, attacked Carson with a ball bat.'

GENE

(Manny approaches)

Whoa, look at this.

MANNY

Hey guys.

GENE

Your boss shot Dick Marx.

MANNY

I know.

DAVE

It affect your job, or just your taste?

MANNY

I'm driving now.

(gives Gene envelope)

This is everything, plus the one plus one.

GENE

Driving pays better than pool side?

MANNY

I'm driving Tommy Carson.



Gene and Dave are briefly speechless. Manny's moved into the big leagues. Gene looks to hide how surprised he is.

GENE

You're not afraid he'll shoot you?

MANNY

I think he'll give me a little latitude since I stopped Marx from taking his head off with a bat.

DAVE

... Saved Carson's life. Now he's driving for him.

GENE

We can't take this money.

MANNY

No, I'm not owing you money.

GENE

This is a gift. From Gene and Dave to their friend Manny in honor of his promotion.

MANNY

I can't. I got'a go, I got'a pick up another car.

GENE

(shoves envelope in  
Manny's hand)

If you hear something we should know, you tell us. That's all.

DAVE

You're a player now. We're players. Like a club. Anything you want ~~to tell us?~~

MANNY

I just started.

GENE

Okay, just don't forget us. We never liked Dick Marx.

DAVE

Guy was a loser. Dick Marx.

GENE

Wet spot on the wall.

As Manny has moved up in stature, Gene and Dave give him a closed fist handshake good-bye. Manny exits, smirking. He's moved up big time --

EXT. DESERT SHACK - DAY

A hundred and fifty years old. A horse is tied to a hitching post. Workers and a flatbed truck are parked on the side.

In front; A Lincoln, Lexus, BMW, Anthony's El Dorado, two Nevada State cruisers, a Navigator, an armored car from Cody Security. Over which we hear the rapid monotone of --

ROSEN (O.S.)

Being of sound mind and body do by  
my own free will bequest my assets  
as follows ...

INT. DESERT SHACK - CONTINUOUS

Gathered are; Tommy, Nichole, Parish, Naomi, Sarge, Dominic, Binky, Anthony, and the Governor. They face --

Rick Rosen and his assistant sit at a table before a metal case, from which the assistant passes items to recipients --

ROSEN

To my daughter's children Michael  
and Esperanza, I offer apologies  
for being a lousy grandfather and  
a million dollars each in the  
hopes it covers the costs of  
college. To Anthony Toscano I  
leave one pair of wolf head velvet  
slippers and a diamond pinky ring  
I won in a poker game off Sammy  
Davis, Jr.

Anthony is so excited he's trying on the slippers.

ANTHONY

Oh man, Lucky, this is great.  
Look how little his feet were?

DOMINIC

Anthony, not now.

ROSEN

To Binky Toscano, who suffered her  
husband longer than I did, I leave  
whatever car I owned at my death,  
in hopes she'll use it to escape.

DOMINIC

Funny.

BINKY

He gave me his car? You never gave me a car.

DOMINIC

Now you have a car.

ROSEN

To Dominic Toscano: I forgive all debt incurred legally or illegally to the date of my death ...

DOMINIC

What debt?

ROSEN

Hold on ... That he may owe me or my estate, that may be discovered in the course of any criminal investigation following my death.

DOMINIC

What criminal investigation?

ROSEN

There is no investigation. This says, if there were one that discovered you owned Lucky money, you wouldn't have to pay it back, and his heirs couldn't sue you.

DOMINIC

... Oh. I don't owe him nothing.

ROSEN

To the state of Nevada, I leave this shack once lived in by my father and which is the last standing Vegas edifice on the Old Spanish Trail. Governor.

Rosen passes the Governor a rusty skeleton key.

GOVERNOR

Thank you, Lucky.

ROSEN

To Naomi Reiss I leave in trust my ranch house to live in free and clear until her death, at which time its ownership will pass equally to my children, Thomas Carson and Nichole Hannaman, or their heirs. To Sarge Cody, I leave my Colt Walker ...

The assistant puts on white cotton gloves, passes a pair to Sarge, then passes him a revolver, circa 1849.

SARGE

Damn.

ROSEN

All other assets save one - I  
leave equally to my children,  
Thomas Carson and Nichole Hannaman.

The assistant opens the door, waves to the armored vehicle. Rifle-armed agents spill from it, guarding a man who carries a Lucite display case to the table. Within it is --

A contract and right-of-way deed nestled in red velvet.

ROSEN

(continuing)

I leave five percent to Marsh  
Parish and ninety-five percent to  
Thomas Carson, of the ownership  
vested to me in this contract ...

Rosen's by rote reading is done. He stares at Tommy.

ROSEN

(continuing)

This contract and deed signed in  
1931 by the Governor and your  
grandfather, gives you all non-  
existing aqueduct and water line  
rights of way east and south of  
the Capitol ... Congratulations  
Tommy, you've just become the most  
dangerous man in Nevada.

EXT. DESERT SHACK - SECONDS LATER

Everyone exits the ~~shack~~, saying good-byes and --

DOMINIC

(to Rosen)

Insulted me in front'a those  
people, forgivin' my crimes.

ROSEN

I'm only the messenger, Dom.

Rosen and his assistant are in the Lexus and gone.

BINKY

Tommy, where's my car?

TOMMY  
Should be in your driveway.

BINKY  
Was very sweet of your father.  
But if you need it ...

TOMMY  
I have a car coming.

DOMINIC  
Your father insulted me. Like I  
was cheating him.

TOMMY  
Right or wrong I think he saw it  
as a very generous gift.

DOMINIC  
Yeah, well. I got somebody you  
need to talk to.

TOMMY  
I'll get around to it.

DOMINIC  
He don't like to be kept waiting.

TOMMY  
When I get back.

DOMINIC  
... C'mon Bink, let's go see your  
getaway vehicle.

They're in the Lincoln and gone --

Sarge supervises the return of the Lucite encased contract to  
the armored car, then mounts his horse, still holding the  
Colt Walker --

SARGE  
We're clear, Governor.

The Governor nods and workers dismantle the shack, load it on  
the flatbed. For a moment everyone watches; the last remnant  
of another time disappearing from the landscape.

Anthony isn't watching. He's in his El Dorado, shoving his  
feet in the slippers, changing a CD in the player.

ANTHONY  
T.C. You need a lift?

TOMMY  
No, my guy's coming.

ANTHONY  
(regards slippers,  
pinky ring)  
Alright. How cool is this?

Then Anthony's gone, top down, stereo blaring Sammy Davis Jr. singing, *Fly Me to the Moon* --

SARGE  
Tommy. The Walker.

Sarge waves the gun and gallops off.

GOVERNOR  
The Walker?

TOMMY  
Colt only made five. Only three left. The Smithsonian, one went at auction a few years ago for four million. And that one.

GOVERNOR  
... This water thing? We'll be talking, right?

TOMMY  
No doubt.

GOVERNOR  
Good.

He exits in the Navigator, flanked by State Troopers. Headed Tommy's way, a white Mercedes 600. Manny's behind the wheel.

Nichole takes Tommy's arm, walks him aside.

NICHOLE  
Tommy, what'd he mean the most dangerous man in Nevada?

TOMMY  
Twenty years, anyone in Vegas wants to take a bath or turn on a light, they'll have to see me ... Nickie, I have to stay. Why don't you move back?

NICHOLE  
No thank you.

TOMMY

We only have each other ...

NICHOLE

I have a family.

TOMMY

I'd like to know them.

NICHOLE

Come to Monterey.

TOMMY

Our history's here.

NICHOLE

My kids are settled in school.

TOMMY

Then summers ...

NICHOLE

In Las Vegas?

TOMMY

This is going to be huge and one day it's going to go to your kids because I'm not having any.

NICHOLE

You don't know that.

TOMMY

How can I have a family when I don't know what that means. Will you talk to Brian?

NICHOLE

... Yes. It was great seeing you.

TOMMY

You're leaving?

NICHOLE

We're done here. Had the funeral, the will. Marsh is letting me use his jet. It's small enough for Monterey. Saves me changing planes, those puddle jumpers ... I need to be with my kids.

TOMMY

... I understand. You'll talk?

NICHOLE

Said yes. Watch out for yourself.

A hug, Nichole joins Naomi in the BMW, heads for Vegas.

Tommy looks to the shack. It's gone, the last of it being loaded onto the flatbed.

INT. MERCEDES 600 - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Manny drives, Tommy rides shotgun, Parish is in the back. Manny hands Tommy Gene's envelope full of cash.

MANNY

They wouldn't take their money.

TOMMY

Why?

(to Parish)

Local loan sharks.

MANNY

They're bank to all the hotel employees who can't qualify for a real loan.

PARISH

That's a lot of customers.

TOMMY

Why wouldn't they take the money?

MANNY

Said it was a gift 'cause I'm a player now. And if I had something to tell them ...

PARISH

(to Tommy)

You're on a roll.

TOMMY

Keep the money. We'll figure out what to tell them. Just don't tell them we're figuring out what to tell them.

PARISH

How about Deja Vu?

TOMMY

It's the middle of the day.

PARISH

I'm hungry.



TOMMY

Right. What about Fawn?

PARISH

She's shopping. Anthony's got a table for us.

Manny can't hide an expectant smile.

TOMMY

What?

MANNY

I've never been to Deja Vu.

PARISH

He's hungry too.

INT. DEJA VU - DAY

Lap dancing gin mill. Greasy steaks. Loud house music. You have to scream to be heard. Tommy, Parish, and Anthony take it in stride (though Parish apparently has a permanent erection), but Manny is mesmerized --

PARISH

Look at that one dressed for Catholic School.

A dancer steps on stage; pleated plaid micro-mini, powder blue blouse hemmed just south of her areolae, six inch platform shoes --

PARISH

(continuing)

I want to be spanked. Manny, get a dance.

Manny looks to Tommy. Tommy shrugs; go ahead. Parish tosses him a Mandalay Bay chip. Five hundred dollars.

PARISH

(continuing)

Virgin never pays for his first dance.

Manny's up, after a Latina fairy princess.

ANTHONY

Sweet kid.

PARISH

Tommy changed his life.

VIVICA (O.S.)

Marsh!

PARISH

Look who it is.

Vivica approaches, dressed like Daisy Duke.

TOMMY

(to Anthony)

We got'a go.

VIVICA

Marsh! Tommy, hi.

PARISH

Vivica ...

VIVICA

Sky. My professional name.

PARISH

Sky, this is Anthony.

VIVICA

So nice to meet you.

ANTHONY

Likewise.

PARISH

You already found work.

VIVICA

Yeah, and a condo. You're staying out here, right?

TOMMY

A while.

VIVICA

You changed my life.

ANTHONY

He does that to people.

VIVICA

I want to be friends. You're such a good influence on me.

TOMMY

There's no apparent evidence of that. We have to go. Marsh, Tony's going to run me back ...

ANTHONY

I am?

TOMMY

Manny'll drive you.

PARISH

Fine, Tommy, fine.

VIVICA

Can I call you?

TOMMY

Yeah sure.

EXT. DEJA VU - DAY

Tommy and Anthony step out, blinded by the sun.

ANTHONY

Why are we leaving?

TOMMY

I don't want to get friendly with her.

ANTHONY

It's a business relationship.

TOMMY

Not with her.

And they're in the El Dorado.

INT. DEJA VU - DAY

The Latina fairy princess lap dances for Manny, sheds her costume, save the tiara.

MANNY

What's your name?

FAIRY PRINCESS

Wanda. What's yours?

MANNY

Manny ... You are so beautiful.

She hands him her wand. Manny notices his wedding ring. Guilt jolts him. Only lasts a second.

EXT. LUCKY'S HOTEL & CASINO - DAY

The El Dorado pulls into Anthony's personal space.

ANTHONY

Whatever you do with your water,  
I'm more interested in what you're  
thinking with this place.  
(notices ascending  
private jet)  
That Marsh's plane?

TOMMY

... Yeah. Nickie's on it. I wish  
I could talk her into coming back.

ANTHONY

That would be so cool. All of us.  
Fate gave it to you before me, but  
I'd think'a you as my partner ...

TOMMY

I'm not doing anything to hurt you.

Boom! Tommy and Anthony flinch, pivot, see --

A ball of flame descending in the distance sky. Marsh's  
plane? What else could it be?

TOMMY

(continuing)

Oh God oh God oh no no no ...

ANTHONY

Jesus, don't know, we don't  
know ...

Inner ears shredded; they stagger, struggle for balance.

TOMMY

Not possible not possible ...  
AAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH  
HHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH.

Pure torque vectoring for the --

INT. LUCKY'S HOTEL & CASINO - CONTINUOUS

So much energy's pushing ahead of him, people are clearing  
his path ten feet out. Firing a finger --

TOMMY

Aiuppo.

PIT BOSS

Penthouse three.

Angling down a corridor to --

INT. LUCKY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The wall of holstered guns. Hand on a .44. Chambered, a full load --

ANTHONY

Tommy, Tommy ...

Back in the --

CORRIDOR

Fuck the elevator, take --

THE STAIRS --

Like a jackhammer.

ANTHONY

(continuing)

I'm not getting this ... What are you thinking ... Tommy ...

SIXTH FLOOR CORRIDOR

The door opens. To the wall. Through it. Tommy's pivoting --

THE DOOR TO PENTHOUSE THREE

Is open. Tommy's through it. Aiming at --

People at the window. Backs to us. They heard the explosion, now they hear --

Tommy cocks the gun. Aiuppo, that ancient incontinent prick is first to turn. Professional experience. He's already dead. Fuck this kid ---

~~NICHOLE~~

Tommy!

Nichole. She's right there. And Dominic. And Binky.

BINKY

... I need to lay down.

Dominic cradles her to a sofa.

Nichole, terrified of Tommy's anger, desperate to be in it.

And that old prick. That smug, soulless turd, with his venal hide dripping down his skull in collapsing folds, around eyes so empty no fear could jolt life into them.

Tommy's reeling. And that old prick stares --

AIUPPO

You got time for me now?

INT. LUCKY'S HOTEL & CASINO - PENTHOUSE SUITE - DAY

Tommy's suite. Tommy and Aiuppo sit across from each other, staring. Tommy holds the gun at his side.

Nichole's fixing drinks, phone cradled to her ear.

NICHOLE

Tommy's meeting with Mr. Aiuppo, Tony went for Marsh ... We're not certain it's his plane ... Naomi, I got'a go, I'll call if I hear anything.

Nichole hangs up, takes a drink to Tommy, to Aiuppo, pries the gun from Tommy's hand.

NICHOLE

(continuing)

I'll take this back to the office.

Nichole exits. Tommy and Aiuppo, staring.

AIUPPO

Your sister had second thoughts.

TOMMY

Yeah.

AIUPPO

Every time a plane goes down, you gonna come to me? ... What's the matter with you? ... After forty years, found out I'm an open secret here ... Dom tells me that's okay with you.

TOMMY

I don't want to know.

AIUPPO

Run a big joint in A.C. ... Big joints need public money. Public money needs accounting procedures ... I don't like accounting procedures ... You and your dad had a fallin' out over a big joint ... Dom tells me this ... Dom can be hysterical ...

(more)

AIUPPO (cont'd)  
Long as I get what I get how I get  
it, I don't care what you do ...

TOMMY

Fine.

AIUPPO  
I could be your friend ... Maybe  
you need a friend who can do you  
favors ... I need a favor.

TOMMY

... What?

AIUPPO

Help me to the bathroom.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

Tommy's Mercedes. One-hundred-and-twenty miles an hour.

INT. MERCEDES 600 - CONTINUOUS

Manny drives, Parish rides shotgun, Anthony is in back.  
Parish is scanning the sky, seeing --

Helicopters hover a half mile into the desert, over --

Emergency crews maneuver through shards of scorched metal,  
burning fuselage, a wing; the FAA registration number --

PARISH

Pull over.

Side of the road. Parish gets out, stares at the number.

ANTHONY

Is it?

PARISH

Yeah, it's mine.

A helicopter approaches, fast and low. Sky Dog.

It lands. Sarge jumps out, hustles Parish into the car.

SARGE

(to Manny)

Go, go, go, back to town.

Manny floors it. Sarge is dialing his cell phone --

PARISH

You got something?

SARGE

Not certain. Maybe bomb  
fragments.

(into phone)

Nichole Hannaman.

INT. LUCKY'S HOTEL & CASINO - PENTHOUSE SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Tommy leans against the wall by the bathroom door. Muffled by running water, Aiuppo can be heard hacking. The phone rings in the adjoining room. Tommy gets it.

TOMMY

Hello ...

Tommy listens, hangs up. Knocks on the bathroom door.

TOMMY

(continuing)

I'm leaving for a minute.

INT. LUCKY'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Nichole is at her father's desk, flipping through the disks, fixating on one: Your Mother.

Tommy enters. Nichole holds up the disk.

TOMMY

You have to leave.

NICHOLE

What is this?

TOMMY

Tell you on the move.

NICHOLE

I want to know sitting down.

TOMMY

Nichole, Marsh's plane may have been bombed. You could have been on it. Please.

NICHOLE

What is this? This is Dad's handwriting. What is it?

TOMMY

... Naomi talked Dad into doing a oral history on digital disk. It was meant for me. I don't know what's on it.



NICHOLE

He was my father too.

TOMMY

I don't want to hurt you.

Tommy boots up the computer, slips in the disk, and --

Lucky appears on the matrix screen. His rugged demeanor seen in the earlier disk is gone. He's weak, vulnerable --

LUCKY

Your mother ... it was too hard on me to talk about her. That's the worst thing I did to you and your sister ... I still have a tough time looking at Nichole, she reminds me too much of your mom. Beautiful women. Told your mother every day, never said it to Nickie.

(wipes his eyes)

Damn it. I've started this one four times, boy, I got'a get through it ... Well, hell, you're just gonna have to deal, aren't ya'.

Nichole is weeping. Dad's wiping tears. Tommy stops the disk, ejects it.

NICHOLE

Put it back on.

TOMMY

No, take it. Send it to me when you're done, you have to leave for your own safety.

NICHOLE

Why aren't you leaving?

TOMMY

Like you said, I'm all that's left of him. But I'm not free of him. I'm the descendant of speculators.

NICHOLE

Easier to live an empty life with dangerous men than change it. That's your inheritance. I was little, but I have a brief memory of being a family. Him coming home happy, a loving dad. That part of him died when mom died.

(more)

NICHOLE (cont'd)

You got the brunt of it because you were too little to know anything else but this cold calculator ... He was crying for her, Tommy. Thirty years later. Those weren't tears for a busted deal or a bad hand ...

TOMMY

... We need to go.

NICHOLE

They were tears for one person gone from his life. For the person who made us a family. You're descended from that too.

TOMMY

... Nichole. You have to pack.

NICHOLE

You know how lonely you are?

TOMMY

Stop it. Yes. I know how lonely I am. Now, please.

NICHOLE

I'll leave if you promise to write me a letter about that. Tonight.

TOMMY

God, Nickie ... Okay.

Nickie heads for the door.

EXT. LAS VEGAS AIRPORT - PRIVATE TERMINAL - NIGHT

A Vegas PD cruiser loops through the parking lot. Lonnie is driving, Sarge is his passenger. Their eyes scanning, passing strategically placed and manned Cody Security cars.

Lonnie stops at the entry of the --

INT. PRIVATE TERMINAL - CONTINUOUS

Tommy, Nichole, Parish and Manny sit in silence. Parish and Nichole clutch travel bags. Cody Security agents keep a respectful distance.

Sarge enters. Tommy and Parish move to him.

SARGE

We couldn't make a hard case.  
It's with the NTSB now.

PARISH

But you're suspicious.

SARGE

Way some metal was torn. Clear  
day, nothing from the pilots  
before the event.

PARISH

I don't see a motive.

SARGE

With you two? All the money and  
people moving through your lives.

PARISH

People I fight with litigate and  
leverage, they don't bomb planes.

SARGE

(points out window)  
First one's here.

Through the window we see --

A Lear Jet touches down, taxis for the terminal.

PARISH

Dominic's Chicago partner is in  
the bombing business, isn't he?

SARGE

His issue's with Tommy.

PARISH

Nickie ~~was supposed to be a~~  
passenger.

SARGE

How'd he know that? If it was a  
device, you were the target.

TOMMY

I'll have personnel records  
checked.

PARISH

You don't work for me. You've got  
your hands full.

SARGE

Could be the water. Kill the five percent, say to the ninety-five percent, 'what'll it be for you?'  
(points out window)  
There's the other.

TOMMY

Is it smart to put them back on private planes?

SARGE

They're out of state, touch down and take off. It's safe.

PARISH

Maybe it was just an accident.

SARGE

Maybe.

Nobody believes that.

EXT. LAS VEGAS AIRPORT - TARMAC - NIGHT

Marsh is boarding his jet. Tommy is with Nichole at her jet, hugging her too tight --

NICHOLE

I want that letter.

Tommy nods; okay, okay. Nichole's gone.

EXT. LAS VEGAS AIRPORT - PRIVATE TERMINAL - NIGHT

Tommy and Manny move for their car. Sarge heads for a Cody Security vehicle.

SARGE

Call for anything.

Sarge is gone in his Security car.

At the Mercedes, Tommy stops, watches the private jets lift off. Then --

TOMMY

I'll drive.

EXT. LAS VEGAS - SPANISH GHETTO - NIGHT

Tommy's POV from behind the wheel; night creatures, crack houses, drugs addicts.

INT. MERCEDES 600 - CONTINUOUS

Stopping in front of Manny's apartment. Through the window Lucy is seen tussling with Carlos and Rosita.

TOMMY  
That your family?

MANNY  
Yeah. What time you want me?

TOMMY  
Take tomorrow off, find a decent place to raise them.

MANNY  
Tommy, I can't afford ...

TOMMY  
We'll work out the money.

MANNY  
You are too ...

TOMMY  
Don't. Just go, go.

And Manny's out of the car, bounding up the stairs.

Tommy watches him enter the apartment, share the news. His family is bouncing off the walls with joy.

A slight smile for Tommy. Doesn't last --

INT. LUCKY'S HOTEL & CASINO - PENTHOUSE SUITE - NIGHT

Tommy writes Nichole's letter. It's too painful. He's alone, isolated in a place that haunts him.

INT. MANDALAY BAY - RUM JUNGLE - NIGHT

This is what Tommy needs. A high-tech, high energy night spot. A young crowd moving to strong Latin/Caribbean rhythms. Tommy wedges his way to the bar.

BARTENDER  
What can I get you?

TOMMY  
Something exotic.

BARTENDER  
That would be Elan ...

He points to a gorgeous Eurasian waitress working tables.

BARTENDER  
(continuing)  
Trans-sexual.

TOMMY  
Not that exotic. How 'bout a  
Margarita?

The Bartender moves off.

Tommy takes in the bar; the new Vegas. Twenty-five years ago these people would have been run out of town. Interracial couples, gay and lesbian couples, at ease as the young moneyed heterosexuals pairing off with their own ethnicity.

Across the bar, Tommy's eyes find --

Harlan Haskell looks at Tommy with a roguish grin --

On Tommy - Haskell stepping up.

HARLAN  
Too many ghosts in the room?

TOMMY  
Meaning?

HARLAN  
Walked in alone. Eleven at night.  
I'm guessing you're staying at  
your dad's place, and there were  
too many ghosts in the room.

TOMMY  
On the money, Harlan.

HARLAN  
Try the Bellagio, here.

~~TOMMY~~  
You're alone. Got ghosts in Vegas  
too?

HARLAN  
I'm horny. I've been zeroing in  
on that fine cocktail lady.

TOMMY  
Her name's Elan.

HARLAN  
Yeah? She with anybody?

TOMMY  
That I don't know.

HARLAN  
I'm thinking of taking a shot.

TOMMY  
She's a trans-sexual.

HARLAN  
You sure?

TOMMY  
So I've been told.

HARLAN  
Never done that.

Harlan studies her with such consideration that Tommy's looking too. Their eyes wander up long, smooth legs, to a firm ass, tight waist, manufactured cleavage and a come hither face looking back at them. She winks. What a coquet.

Harlan winks back, exchanges a lascivious look with Tommy ---

MOMENTS LATER

Tommy and Harlan are at a table, laughing, enjoying each other. Elan serves them another round. Tommy reaches for his cash, Harlan tosses a hundred dollar chip on Elan's tray.

TOMMY  
I got it. Keep the change.

ELAN  
Thanks. You've been watching me.

HARLAN  
Hard not to, Elan.

ELAN  
Ooo, and you know my name. Do you know that I'm a ...

HARLAN  
Crossed over? Word's out.

ELAN  
And you're still flirting. Brave boy.

She's on to other tables. Harlan and Tommy watching --

HARLAN  
So ... How gay would that make me?

TOMMY

That's the kind of answer you get  
only after the fact.

HARLAN

The paradox of forbidden fruit.  
No pun intended ...

TOMMY

None taken.

HARLAN

Strictly illicit desire.

TOMMY

Shameless, immoral ...

HARLAN

Unlawful but not illegal.

TOMMY

Impure.

HARLAN

Unwholesome.

TOMMY

Taboo.

HARLAN

Yes.

TOMMY

What?

HARLAN

... I forgot.

TOMMY

The paradox of forbidden fruit.

HARLAN

Yeah. The thing about taboo is,  
you only know why it is when it's  
too late to say never mind.

TOMMY

Elan gets a pass tonight?

HARLAN

Ask me after another margarita.  
I've completely scoped it out.  
There's one other girl ...



TOMMY

That remains an assumption.

HARLAN

She's with an army of people ...

Harlan points across the bar to a crowded table. There are too many people between them to see to whom he refers.

HARLAN

(continuing)

Staggering beauty, so she's with somebody. And very complicated.

TOMMY

You get that from a scoping out?

HARLAN

You can look at some women and know - one hello, you're screwed for life. I may be better off going for gender confusion.

Suddenly, a part in the crowd. Across the bar --

Brooke is looking back at Tommy.

HARLAN

(continuing)

That's her.

(off Tommy's face)

Whoa. You've had that hello.

The crowd's blocking them again.

TOMMY

I'm calling it a night. If I can remember where I left my legs.

~~HARLAN~~

Back to the ghosts?

TOMMY

Can't escape them here.

HARLAN

What are you driving?

TOMMY

600.

HARLAN

Perfect escape vehicle. Get on the fifteen, crank up whatever your guilty pleasure is - some adolescent testosterone fueled metal that takes you back to your junior year - and open that puppy up.

EXT. RECORD STORE - NIGHT

Tommy exits it, jumps in his car and we're --

EXT. HIGHWAY 15 - NIGHT

One-hundred-and-forty and climbing. Golden Earring's, *When the Bullet Hits the Bone*, red-lines the sound system --

EXT. DESERT BLUFF - NIGHT

Overlooking Vegas. Music blasting. Tommy dances his ass off, blowing out the stress until the song ends, and he's spent.

He feels better. But that glittering town below is beckoning him, like heroin whispers to an addict. Tommy looks in the other direction. In the black desert night a single light shines.

EXT. RANCH HOUSE - NIGHT

Close on its door opening. Naomi - hair down make-up off, silk robe - peers around it, not surprised to see --

NAOMI

Tommy.

TOMMY

Did we have white carpet?

INT. RANCH HOUSE - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Fire burning, overstuffed conversation pit. Naomi and Tommy.

TOMMY

I think last words are whatever neurons are firing at the time. But to sit up in an irreversible coma and bitch about white carpet, hairballs, tabby, tabby, tabby - Did we have cats?

NAOMI

Five. He called them all Tabby to annoy your mom. Said they didn't respond to any name so why'd he need to remember more than one.

TOMMY

I can see some sense in that. And the white carpet?

NAOMI

... You were here. This room was near wall-to-wall white carpet. It wasn't down in the bedroom yet. You were in an infant walker. You rolled from the bedroom, but the wheels stuck in the pile ... I was in the guest room shower. I couldn't here you crying.

Tommy is hit with a fragmented memory --

TOMMY'S POV AS A ONE YEAR OLD --

In the infant walker, pushing one way, then another. Not being able to move over a sea of white carpet. Crying --

Lucky staggers in. He's in boxers, apparently sedated, hands covered in gauze, mitten-like. The crying stops --

LUCKY

What's wrong? Can't move?

Lucky steps on a hairball, steps back and onto another one.

LUCKY

(continuing)

Terasa! Tera ...

It hits him; she's dead. Get it together Lucky, your baby's crying. He moves to Tommy, to us in Tommy's point of view --

LUCKY

(continuing)

It's okay.

Bandages prohibit picking him up. He's hit with his own flashback; Terasa's fiery death. He staggers, steps on a --

LUCKY

(continuing)

Hairball. Terasa Terasa your white carpet ...

PRESENT DAY

The memory flickers on Tommy's face.

NAOMI

Went in the day before she died.  
Your dad burned his hands trying  
to save her ... They were wrapped  
like a mummy, he was drugged for  
pain. I had moved in to help ...  
That moment, his life caved in.  
Carpet, cats, hairballs, your  
crying - Terasa was gone. He  
worshipped her, now she was gone.

FLASHBACK

In fragments. Lucky as a wounded animal, on his hands and  
knees tearing at the carpet. The bandages are coming off,  
taking with them skin. A viscous blood oozes. Means nothing.

A young Naomi rushes in, wearing a bath robe.

YOUNG NAOMI

Lucky, my God.

Little Nichole is in the hall, watching, terrified --

Naomi struggles to stop his self-mutilation. He pushes her  
away, but she's stronger. She's back on him, pulls him to  
her breast. He collapses, bloody hands drenching her robe.

LUCKY

Want it gone, all gone.

YOUNG NAOMI

It'll all go, it's okay ...

LUCKY

Everything, all of it.

~~YOUNG NAOMI~~

Fine fine ...

LUCKY

Cats, carpet ...

YOUNG NAOMI

Yes, shh ...

LUCKY

Them.

He flails a hand at his children.

RESUME PRESENT DAY

Tommy stares at the fire. He can almost see his mother in it. That black and white picture. Almost. The flames roar. He can almost see his father in them, flailing at him.

Naomi dims lights, new age serenity on the stereo, cracks a slider, wind chimes seep in from the deck.

Tommy is nailed to the conversation pit. Naomi puts a blanket over the back cushion, hugs him from behind. She turns to an exit --

TOMMY

Don't leave.

He never takes his eyes off the fire. She sits, never takes her eyes off him, gauging his pain, his need. Her hand lays across his, comforts him. When she pulls it away, Tommy grabs it, holds on for the thing he can't go near but lives his life alluding to; a human touch.

FADE OUT:

The End