

VIVA LAUGHLIN

The Pilot

"Ripley Believed It and Got"

TEASER

FADE IN:

Out of Main Titles into a spinning wash of colorful neon -- red, green, yellow and blue -- again and again and again.

PRELAP some guy "dee-dah-dumming" the tune "Viva Las Vegas," as we dissolve into the image of RIPLEY HOLDEN in his bathroom mirror.

INT. RIPLEY'S HOUSE - MASTER BATH - EARLY EVENING

PULL BACK to reveal Ripley freshly showered and sexily wrapped in a towel. He's humming to himself as he combs back his wet hair.

INT. RIPLEY'S HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON his opened top dresser drawer. He reaches underneath his boxers to retrieve a hidden key ring with two keys. He tosses them onto the clothing laid out onto his bed. He tears off his bath towel and flings it toward camera. The towel swooshes toward and covers the lens.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY/STAIRWAY - CONTINUOUS

A fully-dressed Ripley in a sassy jacket and tie doing a happy little jig-of-a-dance down the hallway. He quietly sings the first four lines of "Viva Las Vegas" to himself, without music, as he bounds down the stairway.

RIPLEY

Bright light city gonna set my
soul, gonna set my soul on fire,
gotta whole lot of money ready to
burn, so get those stakes up
higher...

INT. RIPLEY'S HOUSE - FOYER/DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

He continues his bounce through the house, stopping to pat his two pug dogs who are lounging on the floor.

INT. RIPLEY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Ripley's wife NATALIE is at the refrigerator, writing on a piece of paper that's held with a magnet to the door. She's in her early forties, beautiful and in great shape.

Also in the kitchen are JACK (16) and CHEYENNE (18), Ripley's son and daughter. Jack sits in front of his laptop, inserting CD's, with IPOD earplugs stuffed into his ears. He's not just a typical, music loving kid. There's a secretiveness to what he's doing.

Cheyenne sits at the table giddily chatting on her cell phone. A happy Ripley enters and throws his arms open wide.

RIPLEY
Happy birthday!

No one hears him, really, as they continue with their business.

NATALIE
(to Jack)
I can't honey. I have that silly
Association luncheon.

Jack doesn't respond. Natalie removes one of the earplugs from his ears and repeats --

NATALIE (CONT'D)
I SAID I CAN'T.

JACK
Then make Cheyenne take me.

CHEYENNE
(to Jack)
No.
(into phone)
Tonight?

Ripley goes up to Jack and puts him in a playful hammerlock.

RIPLEY
I said "Happy Birthday," buddy.

JACK
That was two weeks ago.

Jack puts the earplug back into his ear. Ripley pours himself a cup of coffee.

RIPLEY
Well, all good things come to he
who waits. I mean look at me...
casino's right on track.
Finishing touches are almost
touched. Should be a big press
release for the grand opening in
just a matter of days.

He leans into Jack and yells into his ear plugged ears.

RIPLEY
FULL THREE COLOR SPREAD IN "NEVADA
GAMING."

Jack just nods.

NATALIE
Fabulous.

RIPLEY
Granted, the carpeting for the
main floor is stuck offshore on
some ship near Catalina Island,
but Jonesy says he'll get it
unstuck by tomorrow.

NATALIE
Thank God for Jonesy.

RIPLEY
Thank God for Jonesy, is right.

RIPLEY
(to Jack)
Come on, bud... follow me.
(to Cheyenne)
Off the phone, Cheyenne.

CHEYENNE
(covering the phone)
I'm talking to a friend.

RIPLEY
More than just a friend from that
sound in your voice. Is this one
human or is he like all the others?

CHEYENNE
Not fair.

NATALIE
Admit it. That last one was
really nothing more than a tattoo
on a motorcycle.

CHEYENNE
Everybody has tattoos these days.

RIPLEY
Right. And in fifty years we're
going to have a whole generation
with nothing but ink around their
ankles. I want to meet him. Hand
me the phone.

No way she'll let that happen.

CHEYENNE
(into phone)
I have to call you back.

Ripley pulls both earplugs out of Jack's ears.

RIPLEY
Come on, Jackie, let's go. Front
yard. Now.

Ripley starts humming "Viva Las Vegas" again as a very quiet score of the song plays under the rest of the scene. Natalie, Jack and Cheyenne follow Ripley through the foyer.

EXT. RIPLEY'S HOUSE - FRONT DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

They exit the house to see Ripley's black Masserati convertible in the circular driveway. Parked in front of that is a red Corvette convertible.

RIPLEY
Happy Birthday, buddy.

JACK
ARE YOU KIDDING ME?

NATALIE
You didn't.

RIPLEY
I did.

Ripley tosses Jack the keys.

RIPLEY (CONT'D)
Take it for a ride, go pick up
some girls, try to keep it under
eighty on the freeway and don't
come home until midnight.

NATALIE
You're telling me to watch my
spending and you bought a car?

Jack gets behind the wheel and starts the car.

NATALIE
(calling out to Jack)
Under fifty on the freeway and I
want you home in an hour.

Jack squeals out of the driveway.

RIPLEY
Atta, boy... burn some rubber for
your old man.

CHEYENNE

I want a car.

RIPLEY

And I want to meet your boyfriend.

Cheyenne exits into the house. Ripley runs to his Masserati.

NATALIE

Home for supper?

RIPLEY

Home for supper.

Natalie stops to hand prune a plant by the front door as she exits back into the house.

From his front yard, Ripley takes in the view of Casino Drive in Laughlin, Nevada. It's in the distance but it's dusk and the colorful lights are starting to bathe the horizon. Triggered by the view, a view he considers to be the eighth wonder of the world, he starts to sing again, only this time he's singing to the Elvis recording of "Viva Las Vegas."

We hear both voices of Elvis and Ripley. He climbs behind the wheel of his Masserati and top down, tears out of his driveway, heading toward Casino Drive as he and Elvis sing.

RIPLEY/ELVIS

BRIGHT LIGHT CITY GONNA SET MY SOUL
GONNA SET MY SOUL ON FIRE
GOTTA WHOLE LOT OF MONEY READY TO BURN
SO GET THOSE STAKES UP HIGHER...

He waves to a few buoyantly BEAUTIFUL WOMEN in spandex as they jog down a neighborhood street.

RIPLEY/ELVIS (CONT'D)

THERE'S A THOUSAND PRETTY WOMEN
WAITING OUT THERE
AND THEY'RE ALL LIVIN'
DEVIL MAY CARE
AND I'M JUST THE DEVIL
WITH LOVIN' TO SPARE
VIVA LAS VEGAS VIVA LAS VEGAS

He stops at a red light. Casino Drive is now within reach. TOURISTS on both sides of the sidewalk do a single-line-simple-step as they sing.

RIPLEY/TOURISTS

HOW I WISH THAT THERE WERE MORE
THAN THE TWENTY-FOUR HOURS IN A DAY
CAUSE EVEN IF THERE WERE FORTY MORE
I WOULDN'T SLEEP A MINUTE AWAY

The light changes to green and he makes a left turn and drives south of Casino Drive. The tourists to sing and dance as they escort and follow him on his way.

RIPLEY/ELVIS/TOURISTS
OH, THERE'S BLACK JACK AND POKER
AND THE ROULETTE WHEEL
A FORTUNE WON AND LOST
ON EVERY DEAL
ALL YOU NEED'S A STRONG HEART
AND A NERVE OF STEEL
VIVA LAS VEGAS VIVA LAS VEGAS

EXT. VIVA LAUGHLIN CASINO - ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

He pulls in to the circular drive in front of his casino, VIVA LAUGHLIN. Whereas the large hotels he was just viewing were four star hotels and casinos on the Colorado River, his is off Casino Drive and is, at best, maybe two stars. Resting on the ground is the enormous VIVA LAUGHLIN marquee that has yet to be erected in front of the casino.

RIPLEY/ELVIS/STAFF
VIVA LAS VEGAS
WITH YOUR NEON FLASHING
AND YOUR ONE ARM BANDIT'S CRASHING
ALL THOSE HOPES DOWN THE DRAIN

INT. VIVA LAUGHLIN CASINO - GAMING FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

He enters the casino. He obviously wasn't telling the truth to Natalie when he told her they were putting the finishing touches on the place. Construction is nowhere near completed. Men on stepladders wrangle wires hanging from the ceiling. Concrete floor. Exposed 2x4's and unpainted drywall. Unopened crates.

Regardless, he's greeted by his happy staff and laborers who welcome him by joining along in song.

RIPLEY/ELVIS/STAFF
VIVA LAS VEGAS TURNIN'
DAY INTO NIGHT TIME
TURNIN' NIGHT INTO DAYTIME

And he grabs the hands of DIANE, an employee who isn't having that much fun with the singing and dancing. He starts to spin her around. His joy is contagious and her spirits brighten.

RIPLEY/ELVIS/STAFF
IF YOU SEE IT ONCE
YOU'LL NEVER BE THE SAME AGAIN

He races around the casino as he "high-fives" random employees.

RIPLEY/ELVIS/STAFF
I'M GONNA KEEP ON THE RUN
I'M GONNA HAVE ME SOME FUN
IF IT COSTS ME MY VERY LAST DIME
IF I WIND UP BROKE UP
WELL I'LL ALWAYS REMEMBER
THAT I HAD A SWINGIN' TIME

His racing ends with taking a run for a black jack table that's covered with a drop cloth. He jumps on top of it for the finale of the opening number.

RIPLEY/ELVIS/STAFF
I'M GONNA GIVE IT EVERYTHING I'VE GOT
LADY LUCK PLEASE LET THE DICE STAY HOT
LET ME SHOUT A SEVEN WITH EVERY SHOT
VIVA LAS VEGAS, VIVA LAS VEGAS VIVA LAS VEGAS
VIVA, VIVA...

Ripley stands on top of the blackjack table with his arms outstretched to the heavens.

RIPLEY/ELVIS
LAS VEGAS...

Song comes to an end. Staff drift into the background. Standing before Ripley is JONESY, a short, wiry guy who looks like he could have done speed for about ten years but quit two days ago. He helps Ripley jump off the table.

JONESY
Bad news.

RIPLEY
The ship with the carpeting sank?

JONESY
Worse. Buddy Baxter's waiting for you in your office. I think he's looking for blood.

RIPLEY
No problem. Blood I got.

INT. VIVA CASINO - RIPLEY'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

BUDDY BAXTER paces. He's an old desert dick wearing a leather string tie with a turquoise clasp that he could have made in rehab. He doesn't necessarily look like he's traveled a long and lonely highway as much as he looks like the actual highway itself.

Ripley and Jonesy enter with amiable greetings. Obviously nervous, Jonesy takes a seat on the couch and commences to pull, futz and pat his hair, a nervous habit that seldom goes away.

RIPLEY

Buddy! What brings you here this bright sunny morning?

BUDDY

Money.

RIPLEY

Then you're in the right place. A casino is a better investment than a 401K or IRA. Prostitute or priest, always a chance of hitting the big one.

BUDDY

But I'm not a prostitute and I'm not a priest. I'm a landlord and your rent on the land next door is two months late.

RIPLEY

Now when have I never paid up?

BUDDY

The past two months.

RIPLEY

Buddy. Pal. Join the vision.

He puts his arm around him and walks him to the window.

THEIR POV:

The VIVA MOTEL, a crappy thirty room motel with vans and beat up old cars parked in about seven of the thirty parking spaces

RIPLEY (CONT'D)

You know I'm putting up a grand hotel on that land as soon as I tear down the roach motel. Don't you want to be a part of it?

BUDDY

I could care less.

RIPLEY

Come on, Bud... float me awhile longer. I'll let you and Bunny be the first to break ground with a golden shovel.

BUDDY

It's my land, Ripley. I don't want to break it. I want to sell it. Twenty years ago that land was a cat box.

(more)

BUDDY (cont'd)

It's worth millions today. Pay up your lease and buy it, or don't pay and lose your option to buy. It's that simple.

RIPLEY

Noooooooooo, come on, Bud.

BUDDY

Got no choice. Bunny and me need solid retirement. I'll be next door if you find a check.

Buddy starts to exit, turning back to Ripley with --

BUDDY (CONT'D)

Why'd you ever sell those convenience Stores, Ripley? They were gold mines.

Ripley goes to his desk. Trying to hide his anger and frustration, he randomly starts to organize nothing on his desk... staplers, piles of paper, an ashtray, a miniature six inch silver slot machine. On his desk is a miniature architectural mock up of his future hotel.

RIPLEY

Maybe I want to help out some folks in this town who've had a rough time of it and help them build a career for themselves. Maybe I want to watch people grow who'd normally be bussing tables for thirty years and getting a crappy fake gold watch as they walk out the back door. I've got an employee downstairs, Diane Ferguson. She used to work graveyard at my fourth convenience store selling tampons and slurpees. Now she's manager of the casino cage. Maybe I want to see a lot of other "Diane's" make it big in this town. I know how they feel, believe me, because all of my life, all I've ever wanted is respect. And in Laughlin, Nevada... a casino is the only place to get it.

BUDDY

Very pretty speech, Holden. But you can't get respect if you don't pay your rent.

(more)

BUDDY (cont'd)

You've got three days to pay what
you owe or you'll be bussin'
tables.

HARD CUT TO BLACK:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. VIVA LAUGHLIN CASINO - RIPLEY'S OFFICE - LATER

Now Jonesy paces in his office, financial files in hand.
It's a "reaching for straws" strategy meeting.

JONESY

Buddy Baxter'd rather tap dance at
your funeral than extend your
lease on that land.

RIPLEY

I sold thirteen convenience
stores. Where's that cash?

JONESY

Paint. Carpeting. Slot
royalties. Tables. New kitchen.
Down payment on property with the
bank. Overleveraged with high
interest rate. Unbelievable huge
VIVA LAUGHLIN marquee. Club and
Showroom renovation. I can go on.

RIPLEY

Get a line of credit on the Motel.

JONESY

No one is going to mortgage
something that you're going to
bull doze.

RIPLEY

Can we torch it for insurance?

JONESY

Conservatively speaking, you need
about eight-hundred and fifty
thousand clams in cash so you can
pay up the past two months
mortgage on the casino so the bank
will let you open the doors.
You've also got two mortgages on
your home.

RIPLEY

Keep my house out of this.

JONESY

I'm trying. Baxter wasn't blowing
kindness, Ripley. You have to
keep hold of that land.

(more)

JONESY (cont'd)

You've got to get him to extend your lease. If you can't get him to do that, he'll sell the land right out from under your toes. You've got to finish construction downstairs and start generating some cash flow.

Ripley starts to exit.

JONESY

NOW where are you going?

RIPLEY

Men's room. I have to throw up in private. Then I'm grabbing a hammer and get this place open.

INT. VIVA LAUGHLIN CASINO - GAMING FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Ripley hurries from his office toward the exit of the hotel. Passing the ladies room, he almost literally runs into Diane. She doesn't look happy.

RIPLEY

Diane. Why the long face?

DIANE

I'm sorry... it's nothing, really... nothing.

She tries to move on. He stops her.

RIPLEY

It's not nothing. What's going on?

DIANE

I have to quit, Mr. Holden and I don't want to quit.

RIPLEY

Then don't quit.

DIANE

But I work in the cage and there's nothing to count. Brinks brought the start up cash this morning and I've counted it three times. And everybody's saying we're not going to get paid this week. I got kids. I can't work for free.

RIPLEY

I promise you that you are getting paid this week. Trust me. I'm not worried. Do I look worried?

She scrutinizes his face. He looks worried. Silence. Ripley looks around at all the employees who are working at setting up the bar, the floor, cleaning, etc. There's not a lot of energy.

RIPLEY

HEY, EVERYBODY. I HAVE AN ANNOUNCEMENT.

Slowly they gather around Ripley.

RIPLEY

Now Diane tells me there's an ugly rumor going around that nobody is getting paid this week. Not true. I promise you that we are going to open and I ask that you stick with me just one more week. I can't do this without you. Do I have your support?

There is a smattering of applause. Ripley forces a positive read.

RIPLEY

Great. Thank you for choosing to be winners.

DIANE

I owe you so much, Mr. Holden.

RIPLEY

You owe me nothing. You're a great employee. Now get back to the cage and stack your chips.

And he moves off, troubled.

EXT. VIVA LAUGHLIN CASINO - REAR PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Ripley exits to see MARCUS HENCKMAN, a muscle-guy who wears black clothing and sunglasses with yellow lenses. He's exiting Buddy Baxter's office which is in the Viva Motel on the other side of the parking lot.

RIPLEY

(calling out)

MARCUS HENCKMAN.

Marcus approaches.

MARCUS

Just had a chat with Baxter. He tells me you might not be buying this land afterall.

Ripley puts on a cheery face.

RIPLEY

That's not true, not true at all.

Jonesy has caught up with Ripley.

MARCUS

Hey, Jonesy. Love the haircut.

JONESY

Thanks.

Jonesy stands by and just listens to the rest of the exchange.

RIPLEY

You know, I was thinking about pitching Nicky Fontana. Thought maybe your boss might actually be interested in investing in the new hotel.

MARCUS

He just might be.

RIPLEY

Why don't you set it up? Would love to come and give him a presentation... show him this new gold mine that I'm erecting in Laughlin. Give him a shot at coming in... if he has any interest.

MARCUS

I'll do that.

RIPLEY

And I better go tell Buddy to stop spreading rumors.

They both laugh a false laugh. Marcus moves off.

RIPLEY

(to Jonesy)

You know, ten minutes ago I didn't need an investor. It was so simple. Buy. Rennovate. Open. Make money. Have a nice life. Retire. Hang out with my grandkids. What the hell happened, Jonesy?

JONESY

You ran out of money.

RIPLEY

Right. That.

EXT. RIPLEY'S HOUSE - DRIVE - AFTERNOON

Ripley on his cell phone, speeds up to his house in his top down Masserati. He gets out and hurries towards the door.

RIPLEY (INTO PHONE)

Today... I have to have it today... of course I'll pay for it... well send me a bill... I never got it... look, I want to see those fixtures at the casino this afternoon... no excuses... yeah, yeah, yeah... love doing business with you, too.

INT. RIPLEY'S HOUSE - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Ripley hurries into the foyer and moves towards the living room.

RIPLEY

(calling out)

THEY HERE?

NATALIE (O.S.)

Oh, yes...

INT. RIPLEY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ripley enters to see Natalie and Cheyenne and boyfriend STEVE.

NATALIE

They're here.

RIPLEY'S POV:

Natalie seated in a chair. Cheyenne and Steve seated close together on the couch. Steve must be at least twenty years older than Cheyenne. His temples are even graying. Natalie has a forced smile on her face which translates "be nice."

NATALIE

Darling.

CHEYENNE

Daddy, you're late.

RIPLEY

I'm sorry, sweetheart. I had a little employee motivation seminar and I...

Then he notices Steve, who stands and crosses to Ripley. He extends his hand for a shake.

STEVE

Mr. Holden. Steve Hurst.

NATALIE

Steve is a professor at the University.

STEVE

A pleasure, Sir.

Ripley looks to Cheyenne.

RIPLEY

Right.

CHEYENNE

We met in Steve's class.

Ripley just stares at Steve.

NATALIE

Darling, please. You're out of breath. Sit down.

Cheyenne notices her Dad is stressed.

CHEYENNE

Are you okay?

RIPLEY

Sure, sure. Fine. Just a few glitches at work.

(to Steve)

I'm opening up a new casino in town.

STEVE

I've heard.

RIPLEY

Always something, you know.

STEVE

I can imagine.

RIPLEY

So. Tell me. Where'd you two meet?

NATALIE

I told you. Steve is a Drama professor at the University.

(more)

NATALIE (cont'd)

They met in Cheyenne's Shakespeare class.

(to Steve)

Literature, right?

STEVE

Scene study.

Enough already.

RIPLEY

How old are you, Steve?

STEVE

Forty-two.

RIPLEY

So biologically speaking, you're old enough to be Cheyenne's father.

CHEYENNE

You promised you would be civil.

RIPLEY

That was before I knew you were dating a grandfather.

CHEYENNE

(to Steve)

Let's go.

STEVE

(to Cheyenne)

We didn't expect this to be easy. Maybe we should talk about it.

CHEYENNE

Maybe we shouldn't.

Cheyenne takes Steve's hand and starts to pull him from the room toward the foyer. He stops.

STEVE

I like your daughter very much, Mr. and Mrs. Holden. I know you're both highly respected in the community and it's important to me that you know I would never do anything to embarrass you. I respect Cheyenne. You can trust me.

RIPLEY

Bet it's too late for that, Shakespeare.

CHEYENNE
(to Steve)
Come on.

And they exit.

INT. RIPLEY'S HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Natalie is in bed reading a fashion magazine. Ripley exits the bath in his boxers and crosses to the dresser.

RIPLEY
She's punishing us, that's what she's doing.

NATALIE
She's got to make her own mistakes or she'll never grow up. And admit it, he's better than that motorcycle guy.

Ripley throws back the covers and gets into bed. Natalie puts her magazine on the nightstand and rolls over for a cuddle.

RIPLEY
Debatable.

NATALIE
Honey. He had a paperclip through his forehead.

RIPLEY
Whatever.

Natalie laughs. A beat and she starts to get affectionate and kisses Ripley on the shoulder. He's obviously not in the mood. He gives her a feeble smile as she works her way down, out of frame. A beat and Natalie reappears.

NATALIE
What's wrong?

RIPLEY
It's nothing.

NATALIE
I can see that.

She's rolls away, feeling a little rejected.

RIPLEY
Would you believe a headache?

NATALIE
I'd believe secrets.

RIPLEY
(playful)
I ain't keepin' nuttin' from you.

NATALIE
Really?

RIPLEY
Okay, okay. I'm thinking of bringing in Nicky Fontana as an investor. I'm obsessing.

NATALIE
That explains "Mr. Softy."

RIPLEY
I know the hotel in my mind, inside and out. But pitching it to Nicky Fontana... "Mr. Laughlin..." well that's a whole 'nother crap shoot.

NATALIE
Sometimes you forget that you could sell snow to an eskimo. Why don't you do a dry run with me tomorrow. And don't worry about softening up tonight. You're just a wreck about tomorrow.

RIPLEY
Trust me, honey. Fontana isn't in this bed.

NATALIE
Well somebody is.

And he rolls over and instead of Natalie, he sees Buddy Baxter.

PRELAP:

MUSIC: Lead into The Rolling Stones "Sympathy For the Devil."

TIME DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LAUGHLIN CASINO DRIVE - MORNING

CLOSE ON a black Ferrari convertible with NICKY FONTANA (Hugh Jackman) at the wheel. He's a devastating and divine kind of guy who is about an inch short of having star bursts on his teeth.

EXT. THE FONTANA CASINO - CONTINUOUS

Fontana peels up in his Ferrari to his fountain riddled, four star casino where he's met by a VALET GUY and TWO BODY GUARDS. One of his body guards is Marcus.

Fontana exits his Ferrari and he and "Mick Jagger" start to sing to the tourists ogling outside the casino.

NICKY/JAGGER
PLEASE ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE MYSELF
I'M A MAN OF WEALTH AND TASTE
I'VE BEEN AROUND FOR A LONG, LONG YEAR
STOLE MANY A MAN'S SOUL AND FAITH
AND I WAS 'ROUND WHEN JESUS CHRIST
HAD HIS MOMENT OF DOUBT AND PAIN
MADE DAMN SURE THAT PILATE
WASHED HIS HANDS AND SEALED HIS FATE

He works his way toward the entrance of his casino, stopping to shake the hands and touch the faces of the tourists with --

NICKY/JAGGER
PLEASED TO MEET YOU
HOPE YOU GUESS MY NAME
BUT WHAT'S CONFUSING YOU
IS JUST THE NATURE OF MY GAME

INT. FONTANA CASINO - GAMING FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

The casino is packed with players, gorgeous cocktail waitresses, pit bosses in suits. He soaks up their admiration as he sings.

NICKY/JAGGER
I STUCK AROUND ST. PETERSBURG
WHEN I SAW IT WAS TIME FOR A CHANGE
KILLED THE CZAR AND HIS MINISTERS
ANASTASIA SCREAMED IN VAIN

An OLDER HEAVY WOMAN screams toward Fontana as if he were a rock star and he tears open his shirt to reveal his bare chest.

A NEARLY OBESE man sees Nicky heading his way and scoots over on the seat, offering Nicky a ride on his electric "move about scooter." Nicky hops on for the ride, waving and saluting as he continues through the casino with --

NICKY/JAGGER
I RODE A TANK
HELD A GENERALS RANK
WHEN THE BLITZKRIEG RAGED
AND THE BODIES STANK, OH!

Nicky indicates that the man on the cart doesn't smell that great, and on cue with "stank" he hops off the moving cart.

NICKY/JAGGER
PLEASED TO MEET YOU
HOPE YOU GUESS MY NAME
AND WHAT'S CONFUSING YOU
IS JUST THE NATURE OF MY GAME

The waitresses, dressed in their outrageous push up bra uniforms and fruit, fringe tiarras, pick him up and continue to carry him through the casino. They do everything but peel grapes for him.

NICKY/JAGGER
SO IF YOU MEET ME
HAVE SOME COURTESY
SOME SYMPATHY, AND SOME TACT
USE ALL YOUR WELL-LEARNED POLITESSE
OR I'LL LAY YOUR SOUL TO WASTE
YEAH! PLEASED TO MEET YOU
HOPE YOU GUESSED MY NAME
BUT WHAT'S CONFUSING YOU
IS JUST THE NATURE OF MY GAME!

By the end of the song, Nicky reclines on his back, supported by the moving cocktail waitresses. His head falls over his shoulders, hands scraping the floor as the cocktail babes carry him into his private elevator.

INT. VIVA LAUGHLIN CASINO - RIPLEY'S OFFICE - MORNING

Ripley is just finishing giving his Nicky Fontana rehearsal pitch to Natalie. Jonesy stands by the side of the room, once again holding an armload of files, futzing with his hair. An architectural mock up of the hotel is in front of Ripley.

RIPLEY
And there you have it! The VIVA
FAMILY RESORT, CASINO AND SPA.
Laughlin's very first five star
hotel on the Colorado River.
(to Natalie)
So what do you think?

NATALIE
You forgot the "you've got to be
in it to win it" part, but other
than that it was genius. If I had
money... I'd invest in that hotel
faster than you could say "Ripley
Holden I love you."

RIPLEY
And I love you, too.

They kiss a pretty passionate kiss which embarrasses Jonesy. It's like they forgot he was there. He drops his files onto the floor.

RIPLEY
(to Jonesy, re
Natalie kiss)
Don't ever forget it, Jonesy...
you gotta be in it to win it.

OFF another kiss.

HARD CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. THE FONTANA CASINO - PENTHOUSE HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

Ripley exits the elevator into a long, red carpeted hallway. He's carrying the architectural mock up of the HOTEL VIVA FAMILY RESORT, CASINO AND SPA. At the end of the hallway are two floor to ceiling doors.

INT. NICKY FONTANA'S OFFICE - RECEPTION - CONTINUOUS

Ripley enters. Antique slot machines and photos of old Laughlin decorate the room. Sitting at a reception desk that could double as the bridge for the Queen Mary are TWO RECEPTIONISTS. Both are foldout beautiful and look the same.

FIRST RECEPTIONIST

May I help you?

RIPLEY

Ripley Holden to see Nicky Fontana.

Second Receptionist picks up the phone.

SECOND RECEPTIONIST

Ripley Oldman to see Mr. Fontana.

RIPLEY

HOLDEN. Ripley Holden.

SECOND RECEPTIONIST

Holden. Ripley Holden.

(beat)

Follow me.

INT. NICKY FONTANA'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Two more floor to ceiling doors that lead to Fontana's office. Ripley follows Second Receptionist and she opens the doors.

ON a dwarfed Ripley standing in the opened doorway.

RIPLEY'S POV:

An enormously large and out of scale portrait of Nicky Fontana hanging on the wall. Nicky sits at his desk. Marcus stands quietly behind Nicky. There are EIGHT SUITS seated beside Nicky, four on each side. There are two large German Shepherds by Nicky's side.

RIPLEY
(trying a joke)
I've never seen attack cattle
before.

Nicky forces a laugh.

NICKY
Muffin and Louise? They're love
bugs.
(to dogs)
Go welcome Mr. Holden, girls.
"Kiss Kiss."

Clearly "kiss kiss" is a command. The dogs start to growl.

RIPLEY
Looks like the love bugs are
having a mood swing.

More forced and insincere laughter. Fontana gives another
command to the dogs.

NICKY
HIT IT, GIRLS.

The dogs whimper and hit the ground.

NICKY (CONT'D)
Women.
(beat)
So. Can't wait to hear your
pitch.
(re mock up)
Already looks exciting.

Nicky snaps his fingers and directs Marcus.

NICKY
Move that table over here for Mr.
Holden.

Marcus effortlessly picks up a heavy table and places it in
front of Ripley. Ripley places the mock up on the table.

NICKY
So with out further adieu, let's
hear what you got.

RIPLEY
What I got is the very first five
star hotel on the Colorado River.
The likes of which Laughlin has
never seen.

Ad-libs of "five star," "oooooh, ahhhh."

RIPLEY

And the theme is a salute to "Laughlin." Vegas has Paris and Venice and New York, New York... but not Las Vegas. I want HOTEL VIVA FAMILY RESORT, CASINO AND SPA to be all about Laughlin.

NICKY

Very interesting.

RIPLEY

Laughlin sits on the banks of the Colorado River and I'm going to bring that very river into the property. Not the real river, of course... but a river. It will run through the lobby and the gaming floor and all of the outside environment. We'll have small motorboats for the kids to take rides, 'cause you've got to admit... Vegas has really done well with their family themes.

NICKY

True.

RIPLEY

We're going to be forty stories high and will be able to be seen for miles around. Vegas is nothing but many structures all surrounded by light, none of them really identifiable from the distance. But the VIVA FAMILY RESORT, CASINO AND SPA will be identifiable both from land and air. "Look! There's the Hotel Viva" will be the cry for miles around.

NICKY

This is really good. I mean, this is really good, Holden.

Ad-libs from the eight guys of "this is really good, yes, this is really good."

TIME DISSOLVE TO:

Ripley is finishing up his presentation. He's a little unkempt from his excitement now. Tie untied, jacket off.

RIPLEY

So what with the River and the misters and the lounge chairs and gambling tables in the pool itself, four pools actually... not to mention the five top of the line restaurants and night club and a showroom where I plan to feature acts from the past... the VIVA FAMILY RESORT, CASINO AND SPA will be like no other casino in the state of Nevada... dare I say the world... and I would be honored if you would jump on board as an investor. After all, Nicky... don't forget... "you gotta be in it to win it."

Nicky starts to applaud and all of his eight guys follow suit.

NICKY

That was a stupendous presentation, Ripley. I knew you were good, but I had no idea you were this good. And I'd love to be in on the ground floor.

RIPLEY

Great!

NICKY

Not only do I want to be in, but I'm willing to be one hundred percent. I want to buy the land outright from Buddy Baxter and I'd like to finance the entire hotel. And everybody knows what a smart guy you are. I mean you turned one convenience store into twelve and made a fortune selling motor oil and ice. I'd love to have you on my team and I'd like to offer you now, right here in front of everybody, the opportunity to manage the entire property.

RIPLEY

Manage?

NICKY

Absolutely. Do you play golf?

RIPLEY

Not yet.

NICKY

Easy fix. So what do you say?

Nicky holds out his hand for a shake, but Ripley doesn't take it.

RIPLEY

There were thirteen convenience stores actually, not twelve. And I don't know about the "manage" part. Sort of saw myself in the bigger picture.

Nicky can't believe someone didn't shake his hand and covers by smoothing back his hair. As he stands in front of the huge portrait of himself on the wall --

NICKY

Well, if anyone knows anything about the big picture, it's me. But you won't find a better deal in town, Rip. It's risk free.

RIPLEY

Right.

NICKY

I'll give you two days to think it over.

(to his eight guys)

Show Mr. Holden out, gentleman.

And all eight exit as Ripley follows, carrying his architectural mock up. As soon as they're gone, Nicky swings open the giant portrait of himself to reveal a safe in the wall. He opens it and takes a few stacks of cash and puts it in a manila envelope. He hands Marcus the envelope jammed with cash.

NICKY

Go tell Baxter not to make a deal with Holden.

Marcus exits. Nicky turns and sings to his portrait, a reprise of "Sympathy for the Devil."

NICKY

PLEASED TO MEET YOU
HOPE YOU GUESSED MY NAME
BUT WHAT'S CONFUSING YOU
IS JUST THE NATURE OF MY GAME.

INT. LAUGHLIN COMMUNITY COLLEGE - HALLWAY - MORNING

Ripley is angry. He maneuvers through a sea of students.

RIPLEY

(to student)

Where can I find Steve the old drama teacher?

STUDENT

Second floor. On the right.

Rabid Ripley stomps up the stairs, finds the office and blasts in to find Steve sitting at his desk. Steve stands.

RIPLEY

SIT DOWN.

Steve plops back down into his chair.

RIPLEY

I'm a busy man, Shakespeare and this hasn't exactly been the best morning of my life.

STEVE

I'm sorry to hear that.

RIPLEY

And you're not going to make it worse. Stop seeing my daughter.

STEVE

I can't agree to that. I won't.

RIPLEY

How long you been teaching here, Shakespeare.

STEVE

Six months.

RIPLEY

That's sure not long for a guy your age. Something tells me the way you love dating students, that you might have a bit of dirty laundry. I'd hate to have to make a few more calls and find that out.

STEVE

Who've you been talking to?

RIPLEY

I bluffed. You swallowed the bait.

Ripley leans in close.

RIPLEY

Remember what happened to Mr. Gloucester in King Lear, STEVE.

STEVE

He got his eyes gouged out.

RIPLEY

Let's not turn this into a
tragedy. Stop seeing her. Would
hate to have to air your dirty
laundry.

INT. GATED COMMUNITY - SOCIAL CENTER - AFTERNOON

Small meeting room with a long conference table dressed with
linen and flowers. MRS. HARDEE (60's), a tall and thin St.
John kind of woman in her 60's stands at a small podium at
the head of the table. It's a small luncheon for twelve.
Natalie sits near the front of the table next to MRS. LYONS
(50's).

MRS. HARDEE

Then we all agree. No more than
fifteen strings of lights on any
exterior structure during the
holidays.

Natalie is doodling on a pad of paper.

MRS. HARDEE

Now if there's not further
business, I move that we...

NATALIE

I spoke to Cissy Canon the other
day. Mrs. Canon's daughter, you
know... over on Palm Circle.
She's convinced that her mother
died of a stroke because of all
the stress she encountered from
the Homeowner's Association.

MRS. HARDEE

We did not inflict stress on Mrs.
Canon. We only insisted that she
build her sun room to code. Now
if there is no further...

NATALIE

(interrupting)

Are we still going to fine Laura
Erickson for the peace symbol she
has in her yard?

MRS. HARDEE

Rules and regulations clearly
state that no political signage
can be openly displayed anywhere
on...

NATALIE

(interrupting)

It's a peace symbol.

MRS. HARDEE

Natalie. If Laura insists on displaying the sign she should be fined. As Secretary, would you please send her a letter?

NATALIE

I'll talk to her in person. God forbid she strokes out on us, too.

MRS. HARDEE

May we please adjourn?

NATALIE

(to Mrs. Lyons)

It's a very small sign.

MRS. HARDEE

Natalie. You are either with us or against us. Which is it?

NATALIE

With you, of course.

(sotto)

I just never thought when I became Secretary of the Homeowner's Association I'd be joining the axis of evil, that's all.

INT. VIVA LAUGHLIN CASINO - GAMING FLOOR - AFTERNOON

Natalie enters to discover that the casino construction is not as far along as Ripley lead her to believe. WORKMEN are progressing slowly with painting the drywall. Stepladders with guys installing the "eye in the sky" black bubbles. The floor is still concrete, no carpet. Liquor being stocked in the bar.

NATALIE

(to workman)

Hey, Pete... you seen Ripley?

WORKMAN

Probably upstairs.

INT. VIVA LAUGHLIN CASINO - RIPLEY'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Jonesy on the couch with financial files and a calculator. Natalie enters.

NATALIE

Hi, Jonesy. Ripley here?

JONESY

Said he had a big meeting with Baxter.

NATALIE

I'm supposed to meet him here for dinner. Big date night.

JONESY

Gotta keep it alive, that's what I always say.

NATALIE

What's the Baxter meeting?

Silence. Jonesy just looks at her.

NATALIE

How bad are things, really?

JONESY

It's not my place to...

NATALIE

Jonesy.

JONESY

Bank's foreclosing on the casino at the end of the week unless he pays the past two late payments.

NATALIE

I have some jewelry. Not much, but I could sell it.

JONESY

Unless you're talking the "crown jewels," don't bother. And Baxter isn't going to extend his land lease, which means there's nowhere to build the hotel. That's why he went to talk to Bunny Baxter.

NATALIE

Bunny?

Jonesy futzes with his hair.

JONESY

You know. Buddy's wife.

NATALIE

Oh, I know who she is.

Jonesy exits leaving Natalie alone. She looks at her watch.

INT./EXT. RIPLEY'S MASSERATI - EVENING

Ripley drives up to the gate of Buddy and Bunny Baxter's home. He pushes the "security intercom." A beat and a female voice with a Portuguese accent answers.

FEMALE VOICE (FROM INTERCOM)
Baxter Residence.

RIPLEY
Ripley Holden. Bunny home.

FEMALE VOICE (FROM INTERCOM)
Une a moment. I see.

As Ripley hums and taps the wheel as he waits. A beat and we hear the voice of Bunny Baxter. She's probably had a few midday scotches.

BUNNY (FROM INTERCOM)
(happy he's there)
Ripples! Enter at your own risk.

And the gate is buzzed open. Ripley drives up the drive to the '50's Laughlin home that has been maintained flawlessly, but with 50's style and decor. Concrete "Lion planters," etc.

As he gets out of his car, the double white doors of the house open to reveal BUNNY BAXTER, blonde and sexy. She's in her early Pilates fifties, trying to look in her early forties. It's the middle of the afternoon and she's wearing a peignoir and mules.

BUNNY
When'd you get that fancy German car?

RIPLEY
It's Italian and you took a ride in it six months ago.

BUNNY
Really? Did I enjoy it?

She laughs and throws her arms around Ripley giving him a flamboyant kiss on the mouth. He pulls away.

INT. BUDDY AND BUNNY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

They enter. Marble floors and smoked mirror. Lots of tall brass planters with silk philodendron. There are three white yipping Bizon dogs.

BUNNY
(to the dogs)
SHUT UP, PEARL.

And the dogs quiet down and follow Bunny as she takes Ripley's hand and guides him toward the kitchen.

INT. BUDDY AND BUNNY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Very fifties kitchen and den all rolled into one. FOX news plays on a big old color television console in the b.g. Bunny brushes her hand across Ripley's chest. Ripley gently pulls away.

BUNNY

Bourbon for the baby?

RIPLEY

Nah. But thanks.

BUNNY

You're no fun anymore.

RIPLEY

Yeah, well, you know.

BUNNY

So what brings you here on this bright sunny day?

She goes to the bar.

RIPLEY

My land lease with Buddy. You know about that?

BUNNY

(disappointed)

Business. I should have known.

RIPLEY

I'm sorry, Bunny.

Bunny stomps into:

MUSIC: "One Way Or Another" (BLONDIE)

This isn't "flirtation." This is "predatory."

BUNNY/BLONDIE

I'LL WALK DOWN THE MALL
STAND OVER BY THE WALL
WHERE I CAN SEE IT ALL
FIND OUT WHO YA' CALL
LEAD YOU TO THE SUPERMARKET CHECKOUT,
SOME SPECIALS AND RAT FOOD
GET LOST IN THE CROWD
ONE WAY OR ANOTHER
I'M GONNA GET YA'

ONE WAY OR ANOTHER,
I'M GONNA FIND YA'
I'M GONNA GET YA', GET YA', GET YA' GET YA'
ONE WAY OR ANOTHER,

I'M GONNA WIN YA'
I'M GONNA GET YA', GET YA', GET YA', GET YA'
ONE WAY OR ANOTHER,
I'M GONNA SEE YA'
I'M GONNA MEET YA', MEET YA', MEET YA, MEET YA'
ONE DAY MAYBE NEXT WEEK
I'M GONNA MEET YA'
I'M GONNA MEET YA', I'LL MEET YA'
I'M GONNA DRIVE BY YOUR HOUSE
AND IF THE LIGHTS ARE ALL DOWN
I'LL SEE WHO'S AROUND

ONE WAY OR ANOTHER
I'M GONNA FIND YA'
I'M GONNA GET YA', GET YA', GET YA', GET YA',

ONE WAY OR ANOTHER
I'M GONNA WIN YA'
ONE WAY OR ANOTHER
I'M GONNA FIND YA'
I'LL GET YA', I'LL GET YA'

ONE WAY OR ANOTHER,
I'M GONNA SEE YA'
I'M GONNA MEET YA' MEET YA' MEET YA' MEET YA'
ONE DAY MAYBE NEXY WEEK
I'M GONNA MEET YA'
I'LL MEET YA', AHFFF

RIPLEY/BLONDIE

ONE WAY OR ANOTHER,
I'M GONNA LOSE YA'
I'M GONNA GIVE YOU THE SLIP
A SLIP OF THE LIP OR ANOTHER
I'M GONNA LOSE YA'
I'M GONNA TRICK YA', I'LL TRICK YA'
ONE WAY OR ANOTHER
I'M GONNA LOSE YA'
I'M GONNA TRICK YA', TRICK YA', TRICKY YA' TRICK YA'
ONE WAY OR ANOTHER
I'M GONNA LOSE YA'

BUNNY/BLONDIE

I'M GONNA TRICK YA' TRICK YA', TRICK YA' TRICK YA'

RIPLEY/BLONDIE

ONE WAY OR ANOTHER
I'M GONNA LOSE YA'
I'M GONNA GIVE YOU THE SLIP

RIPLEY/BUNNY/BLONDIE

I'LL GET YA'
I'LL GET YA', GET YA', GET YA', GET YA',
WHERE I CAN SEE IT ALL
FIND OUT WHO YA' CALL

They end in a compromising position on the table, when we hear someone entering the kitchen.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Hey, Babe, you seen...

TOMMY enters. He's in his early 30's. Buff and brown and wearing a swim suit with an open terry robe. Hot stuff.

TOMMY

Oh. Sorry. I didn't know you were with somebody.

BUNNY

It's okay. Ripley's family. Ripley, Tommy. Tommy, Ripley.

TOMMY

Pleasure to meet you, sir.
(to Bunny)
I'll be in the pool

He exits.

RIPLEY

(to Bunny)

Babe?

BUNNY

He's my nephew. You wanna make something out of it?

RIPLEY

I never asked.

BUNNY

Buddy is at that stage in his life when the sun always seems to be setting. Personally, I like to see the sun rise.

She brings him a drink and they clink glasses.

BUNNY

Cheers.

RIPLEY

Buddy says I have to buy the land. It'll ruin me. He's got to give me a new lease on that land. Talk to him for me. Convince him. Use your ways on him like you did on me.

BUNNY

You know you and me'd be a good team. We could run that hotel real classy like... together.

RIPLEY

But you've got to get Buddy to change his mind.

BUNNY

He's never gonna change his mind on that one... unless someone changes it for him.

INT. VIVA LAUGHLIN CASINO - RIPLEY'S OFFICE - MUCH LATER

Natalie now on the couch, jacket off. She looks at her watch again. It's clear she's been stood up for dinner. She exits, turning off the lights.

EXT. VIVA LAUGHLIN CASINO - ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Ripley pulls up to the darkened entrance. Using keys and a security code, he lets himself into the casino.

INT. VIVA LAUGHLIN CASINO - GAMING FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

He turns on the lights and the darkened casino comes to life. He goes to the bar, grabs an unopened bottle of liquor and goes to a corner of the gaming floor with slots. He takes a seat, opens the bottle, takes a healthy hit and starts to play the machines.

INT. RIPLEY'S HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - LATE

Natalie in bed on the phone making a call. It rings and rings and rings. Finally, voice mail.

RIPLEY (VOICE MAIL)

It's Ripley. Leave a message.

NATALIE (INTO PHONE)

Hey. It's me. I... I... I'll see you when you get home. Hope you're okay. Bye.

She hangs up. Sad.

TIME DISSOLVE TO:

INT. VIVA LAUGHLIN CASINO - GAMING FLOOR - MORNING

Ripley has passed out on a black jack table. He's awakened by sirens in the b.g. He stirs, gets up, exits the side of the casino.

EXT. VIVA LAUGHLIN CASINO - SIDE ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Ripley follows the sound of the siren which is the VIVA MOTEL parking lot.

RIPLEY'S POV:

Two police cars, cherries flashing. A paramedic van. City Coroner's van. Bunny's Cadillac convertible with Tommy, Bunny's "nephew" sitting in the passenger's seat.

A hungover Ripley walks toward the motel and enters.

INT. VIVA MOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Ripley enters.

RIPLEY'S POV:

Dead Buddy sitting up right at his desk. Blood has flowed and dried from his forehead down his face from a shot in the back of the head. Bunny is looking at the body. She looks up and sees Ripley. All they do is stare at each other.

HARD CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. VIVA MOTEL - LATER

The Coroner flashes his camera. Police are taping off the room as a crime scene. Police compare notes. Bunny approaches Ripley.

BUNNY
(hushed)
When I said "change his mind" I
didn't mean "put a hole in it."

RIPLEY
(hushed)
I didn't kill him.

BUNNY
Where were you last night?

RIPLEY
I was at the casino.

BUNNY
What time did you go home?

RIPLEY
I didn't.

BUNNY
Who were you with?

RIPLEY
Nobody. I passed out on a black
jack table. Sirens woke me up.
Where were you last night?

BUNNY
With my nephew.

A Policeman approaches them. Suddenly, for the policeman's benefit, Bunny goes from bitter and inquisitive to an hysterical grieving wife.

BUNNY
(to Ripley)
WHY'D YOU DO IT?

RIPLEY
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

BUNNY

(to Policeman)

Ask him where he was. Ask him who he was with. My husband had everything that he wanted and wouldn't give him any of it.

(to Ripley)

How could you.

Another Policewoman approaches and escorts a sobbing Bunny from the scene.

CARLYLE (O.S.)

Who were you with, Mr...

Ripley turns to find plain clothesman PETER CARLYLE and his partner MICK. Carlyle is a sexy puppy dog kind of guy. He graduated head of his class, and was hated by everybody for the simple fact that he never really followed the traditional rules. Has his own style of questioning. Mick is an intent, sincere listener.

RIPLEY

Holden. Ripley Holden. I was working. I own the casino across the way. And you would be...

CARLYLE

Peter Carlyle.

(re Buddy)

Didn't exactly die of natural causes as is witnessed by the crater in the back of his head. LPD assigned me to the case.

RIPLEY

Well good luck solving it. I know a hundred people who aren't gonna miss the guy.

CARLYLE

Won't need luck. Facts and forensics usually fall together like raindrops from the sky.

RIPLEY

That makes no sense.

CARLYLE

Most things don't.

(looking about)

Absolutely no forced entry here. You have keys to the place?

RIPLEY

It's a motel. It's open 24/7.

CARLYLE

That would be true. But the gentleman here with the hole in his head was shot from behind, which means the killer probably entered from the back door.

RIPLEY

Or he could have been hiding in here and waiting.

CARLYLE

VERY GOOD. But I doubt it. Where's he going to hide in this office? Under the desk.

Ripley looks around. Carlyle's right. There's no place to hide in this office. The back door is probably the only way the killer entered the office.

CARLYLE

And if he was under the desk, I doubt very much he would have shot him in his head, you know what I mean. Had to come in the back.

RIPLEY

Great. So he came in the back.

CARLYLE

So do you or don't you have keys?

RIPLEY

Yeah. I got keys.

And Ripley turns to leave. Carlyle stops him.

CARLYLE

Oh, Mr. Holden. One more quickie question. That was Mrs. "What's Her Name," right... the lady you were visiting with?

RIPLEY

Baxter. Right.

CARLYLE

She seems to think that the body here had something you wanted.

RIPLEY

That body had a lot of things that a lot of people wanted.

Ripley starts to exit again. Carlyle stops him.

CARLYLE

These hundred people you refer to
who aren't gonna miss the guy...
any idea who might have wanted to
not miss him the most?

RIPLEY

Not really. Now if you'll excuse
me, I've got a business to run.

Ripley starts to exit. Carlyle stops him one more time.

CARLYLE

You and Mrs. Baxter seem to be
pretty familiar with each other.
Screaming and all.

RIPLEY

Buddy was my landlord. Mrs.
Baxter's his wife.

CARLYLE

Was.

RIPLEY

We know each other socially. It's
that simple.

CARLYLE

Might have to keep you from
opening up next door, this being
a crime scene and all.

Ripley just looks at him. War. Ripley exits.

EXT. VIVA MOTEL - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Ripley enters the parking lot to see Natalie hurrying over
from the casino. She's steamed and concerned.

NATALIE

Where were you last night?

RIPLEY

With you.

Natalie looks over and sees Bunny sitting in her Cadillac
convertible. She gives Ripley a wink and Natalie a shitty
smile. They don't see him, but Carlyle watches from the
doorway.

RIPLEY

(to Natalie)

Let's get out of here.

INT. RIPLEY'S HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - MORNING

Ripley just lies on the bed. Natalie paces.

NATALIE
WHERE WERE YOU LAST NIGHT?

RIPLEY
THE CASINO.

NATALIE
ALL NIGHT?

RIPLEY
ALL NIGHT.

Beat.

NATALIE
Who were you with?

RIPLEY
I was alone.

NATALIE
Buddy Baxter is DEAD, Ripley.

RIPLEY
YOU CAN'T THINK FOR A SECOND...

NATALIE
DON'T. JUST DON'T. I CAN'T.
(beat)
YOU COULD HAVE CALLED ME.

RIPLEY
It slipped my mind. I'm sorry.

RIPLEY
I seem to be slipping your mind a
lot lately.

RIPLEY
You're not slipping my mind.

NATALIE
I waited there by myself for at
least two hours.

RIPLEY
Why didn't you call me when I
didn't show up. The phone works
both ways you know.

NATALIE
I did call. Your phone was off.

RIPLEY

(urgent, re Buddy)

What time?

NATALIE

Check your voice mail.

(beat)

I had a lot of time to think last night while I was waiting for you. Do you realize that I don't know who your friends are anymore? I don't even know if you have any friends. Jonesy this and Jonesy that. Is he all you've got left?

RIPLEY

He works for me.

NATALIE

You don't pay friends to be friends. I have no idea how you run your business. And every time you open your mouth it sounds like a secret.

RIPLEY

So I'm protecting you from stuff you don't need to know. And maybe I'm... what if... if... what if Cheyenne wants to go to grad school. She can't get a Masters at "Laughlin Community College."

NATALIE

It's where she wants to be, Ripley.

RIPLEY

And Jack. I couldn't have him riding around on a bicycle forever. Any maybe you haven't noticed, but he's not up at 4AM everyday, slaving away in some cornfield detassling corn, either.

NATALIE

Might be the best thing that ever happened to him. And he doesn't need cars. He needs you.

RIPLEY

I. Am doing. The best I can.

NATALIE

No. You're not.

RIPLEY

WELL THANKS FOR THE VOTE.

INT. RIPLEY'S HOUSE - JACK'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jack obsesses about the blemish on his face. Then he hears his parents fighting in their room.

RIPLEY

YOU KNOW, FOR A KID WHO GREW UP IN
A CORN FIELD WITH FATHER WHO SAID
I'D NEVER AMOUNT TO SQUAT... I
THINK I'M DOING PRETTY DAMN GOOD.

NATALIE

YOUR FATHER WAS WRONG. AND YOU
DIDN'T GROW UP IN A CORNFIELD.
YOU GREW UP IN NEBRASKA. YOUR
NAME WAS MARVIN STRUNK AND YOU
WANTED TO GO INTO MARKETING
RESEARCH. WHAT IS HAPPENING TO
YOU?

Jack exits his room.

INT. RIPLEY'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

He moves down the hallway and eavesdrops outside of his parents room.

NATALIE (O.S.)

LET'S JUST SELL OUT BEFORE IT'S
TOO LATE.

RIPLEY (O.S.)

LOSERS SELL OUT. DON'T YOU GET
IT. THIS IS EVERYTHING TO ME. I
FAIL AT THIS AND I'VE GOT NOWHERE
TO GO.

NATALIE (O.S.)

Stop feeling sorry...

RIPLEY (O.S.)

(interrupting)

AND HOW MANY SUCCESSFUL GUYS DO
YOU KNOW NAMED "MARVIN?"

NATALIE (O.S.)

I DON'T CARE IF YOU DON'T HAVE A
NICKEL TO YOUR NAME. I DON'T CARE
IF YOU NEVER MAKE ANOTHER DIME.

And Jack heads back to his room.

INT. RIPLEY'S HOUSE - MASTER BATH/BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

RIPLEY

I'm not going to screw this up,
Nat. I'm just not.

Ripley crosses to Natalie and tries to put his arms around her. She pushes him away.

NATALIE

Please don't. I can't even look
at you right now.

Ripley bleeds into:

MUSIC: "Don't Give Up On Us" (DAVID SOUL)

RIPLEY/SOUL

DON'T GIVE UP ON US, BABY
DON'T MAKE THE WRONG SEEM RIGHT
THE FUTURE ISN'T JUST ONE NIGHT
IT'S WRITTEN IN THE MOONLIGHT
AND PAINTED ON THE STARS
WE CAN'T CHANGE OURS

NATALIE/SOUL

DON'T GIVE UP ON US, BABY
LORD KNOWS WE'VE COME THIS FAR
CAN'T WE STAY THE WAY WE ARE
THE ANGEL AND THE DREAMER
WHO SOMETIMES PLAYS A FOOL
DON'T GIVE US ON US, I KNOW
WE CAN STILL COME THROUGH

RIPLEY/SOUL

I REALLY LOST MY HEAD LAST NIGHT
YOU'VE GOT A RIGHT TO STOP BELIEVIN'
THERE'S STILL A LITTLE LOVE LEFT, EVEN SO

RIPLEY/NATALIE/SOUL

DON'T GIVE UP ON US, BABY
WE'RE STILL WORTH ONE MORE TRY
I KNOW WE PUT OUR LAST ONE BY
JUST FOR A RAINY EVENING
WHEN MAYBE STARS ARE FEW

RIPLEY/NATALIE/SOUL

DON'T GIVE UP ON US, I KNOW
WE CAN STILL COME THROUGH

DON'T GIVE UP ON US BABY
DON'T GIVE UP ON US BABY

EXT. CASINO DRIVE - AFTERNOON

Carlyle, sucking on a soft-serve ice cream cone and Mick his partner walk the strip of casinos.

CARLYLE

You think mankind is wise, Mick?

MICK

Sure.

CARLYLE

I don't.

(beat)

Read yesterday that scientists found this map maker thinga-majiggy at the bottom of the sea in some sunken ship. Two thousand years old. Said it could predict an eclipse of the sun within one hour of it happening.

MICK

If it was so advanced, how come the ship sank?

CARLYLE

You're missing the point. There's always a window of time that messes up people's alibis if they're guilty. And you know who always says they weren't around when somebody gets killed?

MICK

The killer.

CARLYLE

You'll go far. And murderers are always with their wives, Micky. Even if they didn't kill anybody... they're always with their wives.

(beat)

I want another ice cream. You want another ice cream?

MICK

Sure.

CARLYLE

You know who always knows where husbands are even if they pretend they don't know?

MICK

Mistresses?

CARLYLE

WIVES. Trick is to talk to the wife when she doesn't know she's being talked to.

MICK

Right.

INT./EXT. CARLYLE'S CAR - RIPLEY'S STREET - MORNING

Carlyle and Mick sit in the car near Ripley's house.
Surveillance. Carlyle is eating a "Red Vine Twizzler."

MICK

You really should get your blood
sugar checked.

CARLYLE

Lot of vitamin C in these things.
And fiber. Good for you.

MICK

Right.

CARLYLE

I want you to go digging for me.
This is a gambling town. Even
proctologist's offices have
cameras. See what security tapes
you can line up.

MICK

Right.

He sees Natalie exit the house and slouches down into his
seat.

CARLYLE

That's her.
(squinting)
She cleans up real nice.

MICK

I wonder what she sees in Holden.

CARLYLE

Oh, Mick, one day you'll grow up
and realize the heart is a tricky
organ. Not only does it beat, but
it falls. No one should ever
judge what magic takes place
between two individual souls.

Carlyle gets out of the car.

EXT. RIPLEY'S STREET - CONTINUOUS

Carlyle picks up his pace to catch up with Natalie before she
gets into her black Escalade and still make his appearance
seem natural.

CARLYLE

Excuse me. Miss?

NATALIE

Yes?

CARLYLE

I'm sorry to bother you and I don't want to seem creepy, but you live here, right? In the neighborhood?

NATALIE

Yes.

CARLYLE

I'm thinking of buying a house here. I was just wondering if it's a nice place to live. The neighborhood. You like that car?

She laughs.

NATALIE

Yes. I live here. And yes, it's a very nice place to live and yes, it's a great car.

CARLYLE

You have real nice landscaping. Plants. Last place I lived the Homeowner's Association made me rip mine out. Somebody had allergies.

NATALIE

Homeowner Associations can be vicious.

CARLYLE

So the conclusion I draw is that you are very happy here.

For some reason, the question resonates with Natalie.

NATALIE

In the neighborhood, yes.

CARLYLE

But you're not happy? Is that what you're saying?

She tries to cover.

NATALIE

That's not what I'm saying at all. Look, I've got to get going. It's a lovely neighborhood.

She gets into her car and drives off. He just stands there watching. She checks him out in her rear view mirror.

EXT. BUNNY BAXTER'S HOUSE - MORNING

Marcus stands in front of the door, which opens to reveal Bunny in peignoir number two. He's holding a manila envelope similar to the one that Nicky gave him to give to Buddy.

MARCUS

As promised.

He hands Bunny the envelope.

BUNNY

I always knew you could deliver.

INT. VIVA LAUGHLIN CASINO - RIPLEY'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Ripley at his desk on the phone.

RIPLEY (INTO PHONE)

I said "silver metallic" not tombstone gray. The entrance to the casino looks like a funeral home... well fix it.

Marcus enters and closes the door and crosses to Ripley and extends his hand for a shake.

MARCUS

So, Ripley. Two days no hear. What's the word on you and Nicky's deal?

Ripley doesn't shake Marcus' hand.

MARCUS

What's with not shaking hands with nobody. You one of those germ fobes? I heard that gameshow star is a germ fobe.

HOLDEN

What do you want, Henckman?

Ripley crosses to the window.

MARCUS

You know Nicky offered you a great deal. Great deal. And you up and disappeared on him. People don't disappear on Nicky.

HOLDEN

Certainly hasn't been intentional.
What with Baxter getting killed
about five-hundred feet from the
casino, things have sort of slowed
up a bit.

MARCUS

Five-hundred feet. That's pretty
close to home, huh?

Ripley just looks at Marcus.

MARCUS

Nicky's not happy that you didn't
grab the deal he put on the table.
You don't kiss it by end of today,
he'll turn the screw a little
harder and I don't think it's a
secret that Nicky's got lots of
screwdrivers. Stop playing with
him, Holden. He knows you're sunk
without him.

RIPLEY'S POV:

The giant VIVA LAUGHLIN marquee that rests on the ground.
Then up to the top of the towering steel pole where it should
be resting. Then back down to the sign. He looks back to
Marcus, but like a ghost, Marcus has gone.

HARD CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. RIPLEY'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - EVENING

Natalie has prepared a nice table. She's lighting candles.

JACK

Why are we eating in here and why do we have candles?

NATALIE

I thought it would be nice if we had dinner as a family. Like we used to.

JACK

But we never ate in here and nobody's home.

Ripley enters, harried. Late. He takes off his jacket and hangs it over the chair and takes a seat.

RIPLEY

There is now.

JACK

Cheyenne isn't.

NATALIE

She's coming.

JACK

But if we don't wait for her we won't really be eating together as a family.

RIPLEY

Just eat.

They start to eat. SILENCE. They're not really very good at dining together as a family unit.

JACK

Kids at school today asked me if you killed Buddy Baxter. One of their dads is a cop and he said he saw you talking to the police.

Ripley puts down his fork.

NATALIE

JACK.

RIPLEY

It's okay, Natalie. Times like these, rumors fly.

(to Jack)

Son. I may be many things, but I am not a murderer. Mr. Baxter made many people very angry during his lifetime.

JACK

You hated him, too, right?

RIPLEY

I did not hate "Mr. Baxter."

NATALIE

This is not the conversation I envisioned for a family dinner.

JACK

So can we talk about it at breakfast?

RIPLEY

NO.

And then they hear the front door open and slam. Cheyenne, crying, runs up the stairway and slams her bedroom door.

RIPLEY

Now what?

He exits the dining room and heads up the stairs.

JACK

I think Dad's losing it.

NATALIE

Your father is going through a difficult time, that's all.

JACK

What did he mean when he said "he's many things."

NATALIE

He's a complicated man, Jack, that's all. And he's under an enormous amount of stress. Don't give up on him, okay?

JACK

We're broke, right?

NATALIE

We are not broke.

(beat)

We just don't have a lot of money
at the moment.

JACK

Then why are we having steak?

NATALIE

Please just eat.

INT. RIPLEY'S HOUSE - CHEYENNE'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Cheyenne lies on the bed crying. There's a knock on the door.
She doesn't answer. A beat and another knock. Nothing.

RIPLEY (O.S.)

Come on, Shy, you made quite an
entrance. Slammed two doors and
all. We know you're in there.

(beat)

Maybe Dad can help.

(beat)

I'm coming in.

(beat)

Okay if I come in?

CHEYENNE

COME IN.

Ripley comes in and sits on the side of the bed.

RIPLEY

You need some money or something?
Problems at school?

CHEYENNE

He dumped me, Daddy. Just like
that.

RIPLEY

Who dumped you?

CHEYENNE

Steve.

RIPLEY

Steve?

CHEYENNE

You met him two days ago.

RIPLEY

Oh, that Steve.

CHEYENNE

Told me it wasn't working for him anymore. Just like that. Ended it.

RIPLEY

Jerk.

(beat)

You want maybe I should talk to him.

CHEYENNE

NO. You can't make somebody want to see me or not see me.

RIPLEY

Right.

(beat)

Well. I've had my heart broken, too, you know. Few times. Sucks. But, you know, just because the rose dies on the vine doesn't mean it lied to you when it was in bloom, and stuff.

CHEYENNE

Oh, Daddy, that is so beautiful.

RIPLEY

It is?

CHEYENNE

I know he loved me. I know he still loves me.

RIPLEY

Well. Maybe it just wasn't meant to be. You're a lovely and intelligent mature young woman, and I know this doesn't help right now, but one day you'll meet the perfect boy... man. And you'll fall in love and be happy. I promise. He's just out there waiting to be met. That's exciting, huh?

That didn't help.

RIPLEY

But as for now, I can't think of anything better to do than maybe stay in bed for a few days. Pull the covers over your head. Eat junk and stuff.

She puts her arms around her Dad.

CHEYENNE

You really understand. I never would have thought you'd understand.

RIPLEY

Oh, your Dad knows quite a lot. Sometimes more than he wishes.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - MORNING

Natalie is getting aspirin and a bottle of water. Carlyle is getting a coffee. He sees her but she doesn't see him. He works his way to her aisle to make it look like an accident that he ran into her.

CARLYLE

Well, lookie lookie. It's the nice lady from the neighborhood.

She's not thrilled to see him but is friendly.

NATALIE

Hello. How's the house hunting going?

CARLYLE

Slow and steady wins the race, right?

NATALIE

If you're a snail, I suppose, yes.

She starts to move off. He stops her with --

CARLYLE

You're not looking much happier this morning.

NATALIE

Look. I don't know who you are. You show up in my neighborhood asking about houses and telling me that I'm not happy. I'm happy, all right. Now if you'll excuse me, I have to get aspirin.

CARLYLE

I'm very sorry. You're right. Please let me apologize. I've been very inappropriate and probably have crossed the line with all my questioning.

(more)

CARLYLE (cont'd)

You seem like a very nice lady,
and should we run into each other
again, you know, as neighbors, I
would hate to have ruined the
chance to be friends. I've
presumed much too much and asked
far too many questions about
things that really aren't any of
my business.

NATALIE

Thank you.

CARLYLE

You're welcome.

An uncomfortable moment. Now what? A beat.

CARLYLE

Two.

NATALIE

Two what?

CARLYLE

Aspirin are in aisle two.

She smiles.

NATALIE

Thank you.

And his eyes follow her. Before she turns the corner, she
looks back at him quickly. He catches her looking and their
eyes meet. A beat. He gives her a silly little wave. She
smiles back and moves on.

INT./EXT. RIPLEY'S MASSERATI - AFTERNOON

Ripley drives, top down, singing along with the radio.

RIPLEY/STEVIE WONDER

VERY SUPERSTITIOUS, NOTHIN' MORE TO SAY
VERY SUPERSTITIOUS
DEVIL'S ON HIS WAY
THIRTEEN MONTH OLD BABY
BROKE THE LOOKIN' GLASS

EXT. CHAPEL - CONTINUOUS

He parks in front of the church and just stares at the
building. The thought of going inside is unsettling.

STEVIE WONDER (RADIO)

SEVEN YEARS OF BAD LUCK
GOOD THINGS IN YOUR PAST

STEVIE WONDER (RADIO)
WHEN YOU BELIEVE IN THINGS
THAT YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND

He punches off the radio, gets out of the car and heads toward the chapel, singing as he goes.

RIPLEY
THEN YOU SUFFER
SUPERSTITION AIN'T THE WAY
NO, NO, NO

INT. CHAPEL - CONTINUOUS

A small chapel with a Crucifix and altar in the front. Ripley goes and sits in the front pew. He looks around at all the religious symbols, the Crucifix, the opened bible on the altar. A beat.

RIPLEY
(to himself?)

Hello.

(beat)

Well. Here we are. Bet you've never had a gambler in here before. Well, I'm sure you've had "one who gambles" but probably not somebody who owns, well, you know, who makes it possible for the "one who gambles" to come here and ask for help.

He hears a noise behind him and quickly looks around. It's nothing.

RIPLEY
Look. I'd like to tell you that I'm a nice guy, but clearly all the votes aren't in yet. And there's this messy murder thing going on which is sort of the straw that might break this mammals back.

(beat)

Damn it. Things just aren't going as I had planned. My wife. My kids. And my work... well, guess pretty much everything. I thought I could make a good life for them and for me and for us but instead, well... ain't happening. I hate letting people down. You're only as good as your last convenience store, you know, and if I fail on this one I've got no where to go.

(more)

RIPLEY (cont'd)

It means the last twenty or so years of my life never mattered and that my old man was right. I don't think I could live with that.

(beat)

My Dad used to work for you, remember?

(beat)

I guess that's it. Oh... I just want you to know that not everything you've heard about me is true, okay. Just do what you can do. I promise I'll try harder to be the guy my wife and kids want me to be.

(beat)

And you, too.

He quickly gets up and starts to exit. Over the archway, written in stone is Scripture which reads: "To he who gives, abundance shall be returned tenfold." Ripley exits. A beat.

He returns and quickly stuffs a wad of cash into the poor box. As he exits --

RIPLEY

(to himself)

Tenfold. Good bet.

INT. VIVA LAUGHLIN CASINO - RIPLEY'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

He enters to find Jack waiting for him, a duffel bag on his lap.

RIPLEY

Shouldn't you be at school?

JACK

Yeah.

RIPLEY

You in trouble?

JACK

I'm just missing bowling.

RIPLEY

Bowling?

JACK

I'm taking bowling for gym class.

RIPLEY

I didn't know that.

JACK

I know.

Jack hands Ripley the duffel bag.

RIPLEY

What's this?

JACK

Just open it.

Ripley opens the bag to find stack of cash.

RIPLEY

You are in trouble. You been selling drugs?

JACK

I sold my car for you, okay?

RIPLEY

What?

JACK

I loved that car and I loved the fact that you bought it for me. But I don't need it. I just thought maybe you could use this.

Ripley really doesn't know what to say to his son.

JACK

Well. I guess I better get back.

RIPLEY

Right.

Jack starts to exit. Ripley stops him as he struggles for the language to communicate.

RIPLEY

Jackie?

JACK

Yeah?

RIPLEY

That blemish zit red thing on your face. It's clearing up real nice.

Although it's the best his Dad can do, Jack gets it.

JACK

Thanks.

Jack exits. Ripley looks toward the heavens.

RIPLEY

I didn't mean he had to sell his
car.

HARD CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

INT. VIVA LAUGHLIN CASINO - CASINO CAGE - LATE MORNING

Ripley enters and grabs an empty cloth bag from under the counter. Diane is stacking chips.

RIPLEY

You wanted something to count,
Diane? Stuff the duffel with four-
hundred-twenty-five-thousand bucks
of that start-up cash, stat... if
stat means right away.

Diane looks at him as if it's a robbery.

RIPLEY

STAT.

Diane hustles the cash into a bag. Jonesy enters.

JONESY

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

RIPLEY

Paying the mortgage and getting a
down payment together for the land.

JONESY

THIS IS THE BANK'S MONEY. How
DEEP A HOLE DO YOU WANT TO DIE IN,
ANYWAY?

Diane finishes putting a heck of a lot of cash into the duffel. Ripley grabs it and bolts toward the exit.

JONESY

YOU CAN'T DO THIS.

RIPLEY (O.S.)

WISH ME LUCK.

INT. FONTANA HOTEL & CASINO - GAMING FLOOR - LATE AFTERNOON

Ripley walks into Fontana's casino. He walks up to the first roulette table he sees.

RIPLEY

I'd like to place a bet. Money
plays.

Ripley shows him the cash inside the bag. Roulette Guy nods and catches the eye of FELIX WANG, the pit boss who picks up the phone and makes a "quick call upstairs" and then approaches Ripley.

RIPLEY

Four-hundred-twenty-five-thousand.

WANG

I need permission to raise the limit. Gaming Commission and all that.

RIPLEY

Well, hurry up. My shorts are getting wet.

WANG

And of course, management.

RIPLEY

Management is Fontana. I already saw you make the call.

Ripley dumps the cash onto the table. A large crowd is gathering. Nicky Fontana approaches the table.

NICKY

So. You ready to take my offer?

RIPLEY

I'm ready to place a bet.

NICKY

A four-hundred-twenty-five-thousand bet that pays two to one just might get you comped at the Steakhouse.

RIPLEY

What color is that fancy car of yours?

NICKY

Black.

RIPLEY

Then make it red. My kid used to have a red car.

Nicky nods to the Wang and a chit for \$425K is placed on the "red" square.

NICKY

Believe Marcus has you up to date. You lose, my offer's off the table.

RIPLEY

Spin it.

Wang spins the wheel. The silver ball "click click clicks" away and comes to a stop on a red number. A cheer from the crowd. Sweat has gathered on Ripley's brow. Nicky is without emotion.

NICKY

Pay him.

Pit boss slides the \$425K chit toward Ripley, and then gives him his winnings, which are \$425K more. After he cashes out, he'll have \$825K total.

NICKY

(to Ripley)

Wipe your brow, Holden. Real winners never break a sweat.

And Fontana struts away. Ripley calls after him.

RIPLEY

I'll be back for that steak.

EXT. BUNNY BAXTER'S HOUSE - GATE - LATE AFTERNOON

Ripley pulls up to the gate and buzzes the intercom.

PORTUGUESE VOICE (O.S.)

Baxter residence.

RIPLEY

Ripley Holden for Mrs. Baxter.

A beat and he gets buzzed in.

EXT. BUNNY BAXTER'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Ripley gets out of the car with one duffel bag. The front door opens to reveal Tommy.

RIPLEY

Where is she?

Buff Tommy doesn't speak. He just lets Ripley in and closes the door.

INT. BUNNY BAXTER'S - FOYER/KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Tommy leads Ripley into the kitchen. Bunny sits at the island drinking her scotch and smoking her cigarette.

RIPLEY

You don't really think I killed him, do you?

She just looks at him.

RIPLEY
Where were you that night?

A beat.

BUNNY
(re duffel)
So what's in the bag?

RIPLEY
We need to talk down payment.

PRELAP:

MUSIC: AIN'T NO STOPPING US NOW (McFadden & Whitehead)

EXT. CITIZENS BANK - LATER

Ripley parks in the lot in the rear of the bank. He gets out of his car carrying the second duffel bag.

INT. CITIZENS BANK - CONTINUOUS

Ripley enters and starts to sing to the customers and tellers.

RIPLEY
NOW, ARE YOU ALL READY?
ARE Y'ALL READY?
NOW WE'RE GONNA DO IT
WITH THE FEVER, YEAH
COME ON

He walks up to the desk of NORTHCUT, his banker from Scene One.

RIPLEY
Hey, Northcut.

And Ripley and the customers sing and dance for Northcut.

RIPLEY/BANK CUSTOMERS
AIN'T NO STOPPIN' US NOW
WE'RE ON THE MOVE
AIN'T NO STOPPIN' US NOW
WE'VE GOT THE GROOVE
(to Northcut)
I'm here to pay the mortgage.
You take cash?

And he plops the duffel onto Northcut's desk.

EXT. RIPLEY'S HOUSE - DRIVE - MOMENTS LATER

He pulls up to his house, and still singing enters.

RIPLEY
AIN'T NO STOPPIN' US NOW
WE'RE ON THE MOVE
AIN'T NO STOPPIN' US NOW
WE'VE GOT THE GROOVE

INT. RIPLEY'S HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

He enters to find Natalie at her dressing table. He falls to his knees and seranades her.

RIPLEY
THERE'VE BEEN SO MANY THINGS
THAT HAVE HELD US DOWN
BUT NOW IT LOOKS LIKE THINGS
ARE FINALLY COMIN' AROUND

YEAH, I KNOW WE'VE GOT A LONG LONG WAY TO GO
AND WHERE WE'LL END UP I DON'T KNOW
BUT WE WON'T LET NOTHING HOLD US BACK
WE GONNA GET OURSELVES TOGETHER
WE GONNA POLISH UP OUR ACT

NATALIE
AND IF YOU'VE EVER BEEN HELD DOWN BEFORE
I KNOW THAT YOU REFUSE TO BE HELD DOWN ANYMORE
DON'T YOU LET NOTHING, NOTHING
NOTHING STAND IN YOUR WAY
AND ALL WE GONNA DO
I WANT YOU TO LISTEN (THAT'S RIGHT)
TO EVERY WORD I SAY
EVERY WORD ABOUT IT

He goes to the closet and pulls a very dressy dress out of the closet and tosses it to Natalie with --

RIPLEY
AIN'T NO STOPPIN' US NOW
WE'VE GOT THE GROOVE (WHOO HOO HOO)
AIN'T NO STOPPIN' US NOW
WE'RE ON THE MOVE (WE'VE GOT THE GROOVE)

IN JACK'S ROOM:

Both Ripley and Jack face the mirror. Ripley is tying Jack's tuxedo tie with --

RIPLEY
LOOK, LEMME TELL YOU THIS
I KNOW YOU KNOW SOMEONE WHO'S GOT A NEGATIVE VIBE
AND IF YOU ONLY HELP IT WILL ONLY KEEP IT ALIVE
THEY REALLY DON'T HAVE NOWHERE TO GO
ASK 'EM WHERE THEY'RE GOING
THEY DON'T KNOW

IN CHEYENNE'S ROOM:

BUT WE WON'T LET NOTHING HOLD US BACK
WE GONNA GET OURSELF TOGETHER, COME ON
WE GONNA POLISH UP OUR ACT

EXT. RIPLEY'S HOUSE - DRIVE - MOMENTS LATER

Hand in hand, Ripley and Natalie and Jack and Cheyenne exit the house and pile into the top down Masserati and take off toward the casino with --

RIPLEY/NATALIE/JACK/CHEYENNE
AIN'T NO STOPPIN' US NOW
WE'VE GOT THE GROOVE (WHOO HOO HOO)
AIN'T NO STOPPIN' US NOW
WE'RE ON THE MOVE (WE'VE GOT THE GROOVE)

EXT. VIVA LAUGHLIN CASINO - ENTRANCE - MOMENTS LATER

Ripley and his family pull up to the entrance of the casino. Jack and Cheyenne are riding on the top of the back seat as if they were in the Rose Bowl parade, waving at the crowd.

"The Crowd" consists of Jonesy, Diane and the entire casino staff, along with whatever qualifies for "Laughlin Paparazzi," cameras flashing. They are in front of the casino, welcoming the arrival of Ripley and family.

JONESY/DIANE/CASINO STAFF
YEAH, I KNOW WE'VE GOT A LONG LONG WAY TO GO
AND WHERE WE'LL END UP I DON'T KNOW
BUT WE WON'T LET NOTHING HOLD US BACK
WE GONNA GET OURSELVES TOGETHER
WE GONNA POLISH UP OUR ACT

The crane is just finishing erecting the marquee that was on the ground. The guy in the crane looks down and gives Ripley a thumbs up. Jonesy hands Ripley a small electrical box with a long black cable that leads to the base of the pole that holds the marquee. It's as if he's handing him the "fatted calf."

Ripley flips the switch. We hear the crackling of first time neon coming to life.

RIPLEY'S POV:

VIVA LAUGHLIN neon sign glowing and alive with color.

CRANE GUY'S POV:

Natalie, Jack, Cheyenne and Jonesy and Diane and the entire Viva Laughlin staff gazing up at the marquee as if it's the space ship from E.T. And Ripley, arms stretched open wide to the heavens as they all continue to sing AIN'T NO STOPPING US NOW as the neon flashes across their faces.

HARD CUT TO BLACK:

END OF SHOW

END TITLES:

MUSIC: AIN'T NO STOPPING US NOW, to conclusion.