

# **Wild Card**

"The Pilot"

A 90 minute pilot for USA

by

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WILD CARD

"The Pilot"

TEASER/ACT ONE

EXT. LAS VEGAS -- THE CAIRO -- EVENING (NIGHT 1)

A sunset over Las Vegas. An early Friday evening outside of The Cairo, a high-end Hotel and Casino. There is excitement in the air -- the mischief is about to begin.

OVER A BLACK SCREEN: 6:49 p.m.

EXT. THE CAIRO -- EVENING -- MOMENTS LATER (NIGHT 1)

Visitors from the world gather at the edge of the fountain in front of the hotel -- snapping photos and what not.

"ELIZA EVANS" at the edge of the fountain. Late twenties. Pretty and sexy. Funny. She has the cool confidence that often accompanies fierce intelligence. Wearing a long cashmere cardigan and drinking a to-go cup of coffee. She sighs as she takes in the fresh air. She pulls a silver dollar from the pocket of her cardigan. Closes her eyes and makes a wish. She flips the coin over her shoulder ...

ELIZA

Tonight.

We follow the spinning coin in the air and into the fountain. A hand comes into the fountain, fishes around for a second. We follow the hand out. The hand of a young man ...

CLOSE UP: four guys. We do not see their faces yet.

TEDDY (O.C.)

It's too cold.

COREY (O.C.)

Don't even start. You're going in.

CLOSE-UP: a pair of hands peels off hundred dollar bills.

COREY (O.C.) (CONT'D)

One Benjamin, two Benjamin, three Benjamin, four--

SEAN (O.C.)

*(Rhyming)*

Five Benjamin, six Benjamin, not enough for a--

Teddy grabs the money.

                  TEDDY (O.C.)  
Who's taking care of this?

                  COREY (O.C.)  
          *(Snatches it back)*  
Get in there. Let's go. No one's  
looking.

                  SEAN (O.C.)  
Two minutes. And you have to get  
your hair wet.

                  COREY (O.C.)  
Yeah. You gotta get it wet.

                  SEAN (O.C.)  
That's what she said.

                  TEDDY (O.C.)  
Yeah, yeah. Watch my pants.

We REVEAL Teddy's coconspirators on shore. Three college  
guys, attractive and preppy. Overjoyed -- they cannot  
believe what's happening. Some tourist snaps a photo.

SFX: CAMERA SHUTTER. A still photo of the guys laughing.  
Someone wading into the fountain in the background. A Vegas  
moment of joy and mischief. Before the consequences ...

                  COREY  
Oh my God. It's going down.

Visitors nudge one another as they notice a guy in the  
fountain. People start snapping photos and taking videos.  
REVEAL TEDDY IN THE FOUNTAIN, arms crossed. He could not  
look more uncomfortable. "TEDDY" is 21 -- a cute college  
kid. Into the water to his knees. He's wearing only boxer  
shorts. The boxer shorts are dotted with large black and  
gold Fleur-de-lis. They are New Orleans Saints boxer shorts.

                  TOURIST (O.C.)  
Who dat!

Teddy halfheartedly pumps his fist in agreement.

                  TEDDY  
How much time?

                  COREY  
Forty seconds.

TEDDY

Forty seconds in or forty seconds left?

COREY

Forty seconds *in*. Gotta get your hair wet, dude.

SECURITY OFFICER (O.S.)

Sir, you need to step out of the fountain.

We reveal a HOTEL SECURITY OFFICER. Large and in charge.

TEDDY

Be with you in one minute, sir.

SECURITY OFFICER

Now, son. You need to step out of the fountain *now*.

Teddy exchanges a long look with his buddies on shore. "What's it gonna be, Teddy?"

TEDDY

I'm really sorry, Officer. And that's the best I can do. The world's looking for a hero.

Teddy dives in, comes up doing the backstroke towards the baroque statue in the middle of the fountain. The crowd reacts. Teddy reaches the statue, and he starts climbing.

SECURITY OFFICER

*(into walkie-talkie)*

I have a two-eleven in progress at the main fountain. Bring a taser.

Teddy reaches the top. Triumphant. For the moment. Two more security guys show up at the fountain's edge. Ominous.

The CAMERA TILTS to a room ten stories up from the Fountain. A HANDSOME MAN stares out the window. This is "WILL GARRATT." We stay on Will as we hear OTHER MEN'S VOICES ...

LAWYER (O.C.)

Returning to Exhibit 81. The e-mail titled "Las Vegas Housing Market -- the next big winner." You stated you were not involved in crafting this strategy?

DONATELLO (O.C.)

I didn't even read it.

INT. HOTEL CONFERENCE ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Will stares out the window at the Fountain. A STUNNING SUNSET its backdrop. Will is in his thirties. He's in a dark and elegant suit, his tie is loose. Will watches with interest as two security guards wade into the Fountain. Teddy remains on top of the statue in the center. As the guards reach him, Teddy dives over their outstretched arms.

LAWYER (O.C.)

Something out that window more entertaining than this deposition?

WILL

You lose this witness at seven.

REVEAL the room. A COURT REPORTER. The plaintiff's lawyer ("LAWYER") is in his forties. Will's client is "ANTHONY DONATELLO," chairman of Country Mortgage. 50's, spray tan orange, French cuffs, gold cuff links. A diamond-encrusted watch. Impressed with himself. Will sits next to Donatello.

LAWYER

Your bank systematically lures low-income residents of Las Vegas into buying houses they can't afford, you toss them out when they can't make their balloon payments. And you would have us believe the CEO didn't read the document that--

Donatello shows Will his diamond-encrusted watch.

DONATELLO

What time does that say?

WILL

Seven. I'm done. We're done.

Donatello grabs his CIGARETTES off the table and EXITS.

LAWYER

You know how dogs and their owners slowly begin to resemble one another? It happens with lawyers and their clients, too. The way you've defended this lawsuit. The lies. The obstruction, the sleazy--

WILL

I said I'm done.

LAWYER

Low-ball tactics from a high-minded law firm. Color me unimpressed.

WILL

You want to make a pretty speech, save it for trial. Which will never happen. We'll paper you until you drown.

LAWYER

What a delightful way to practice law. Do you actually enjoy this?

WILL

*(to Court Reporter)*

I'll need an expedited transcript. I apologize for keeping you late on a Friday night.

COURT REPORTER

It's the job. Whatever it takes.

Looks are exchanged. On Will. He's not so sure.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR -- MOMENTS LATER (NIGHT 1)

Will has emerged. Donatello pulls out a smoke and lighter.

DONATELLO

Two-point-five million a year. That's what I pay your law firm. They better not touch me.

WILL

We'll keep you out of harm's way, Mister Donatello. I don't think you can smoke in here.

DONATELLO

I own part of this hotel. And four others like it. Who's stopping me?

Donatello drops his sterling silver lighter. Not on purpose. But then he waits to see if Will picks it up -- a power play. Will picks it up. He lights Donatello's smoke.

DONATELLO (CONT'D)

So there's no way I'll be ... what's that word? It's legal.

WILL

Implicated.

DONATELLO

That's how I want to go through life. *Not implicated.* This guy's got some nerve. He slandered me.

WILL

Sir, lawyers are protected from--

DONATELLO

And here's what this guy wins. More foreclosures. I want people tossed this weekend--

Will gestures for Donatello to lower his voice as a lovely Midwestern couple in matching outfits walks past.

WIFE

*(quietly, to her husband)*

There's no smoking in here.

Donatello takes a drag and puts the cigarette out on a plate on a room service tray with half-eaten food.

DONATELLO

The same idiots that come to Vegas thinking they'll strike it rich are the same idiots who thought they could buy a house for nothing. Made me a fortune. And I'm keeping it.

WILL

You won't be implicated, sir.

DONATELLO

I'm gonna play some craps. Get richer. If that's possible.

WILL

Sounds great. Have a good weekend.

Donatello moves off, forgets his lighter. Just as Will starts to call out, Donatello passes a housekeeping cart, steals some shampoo -- it's who he is -- a criminal. Will hates this guy. Will pockets the lighter.

INT. ELEVATOR -- MOMENTS LATER (NIGHT 1)

Will gets on the elevator, hits "3." His iPhone rings. The photo for the incoming call is of A GORGEOUS YOUNG WOMAN. Late twenties, patrician-looking. The name on the iPhone is Jenny. Will seems not too thrilled to hear from this beautiful woman. He puts Jenny on speaker.

WILL

Hey there.

AMBIENT RESTAURANT NOISE in the background of her call.

JENNY (O.S.)

What are you doing?

WILL

Getting out of a foul deposition.  
And into a foul disposition. Going  
back to my room, turning on the tv.  
Pretending this isn't my life.

JENNY (O.S.)

I want a house on Nantucket this  
summer.

WILL

Jenny, Nantucket's so far away.  
It's a full day just to get--

JENNY (O.S.)

Everyone's going to be there.

WILL

The houses are really expensive.

JENNY (O.S.)

Since when is money an issue?

WILL

I'm just top-to-bottom annoyed with  
work. And jumping into some snazzy  
house I can't even get to--

JENNY (O.S.)

Our food just got here. I already  
found our house. Call you later.

She hangs up. After a beat, his phone rings. It's Jenny.

WILL

That was fast.

JENNY (O.S.)

That looks so good. What is that?

WOMAN (O.S.)

Polenta.

WILL

Jenny, you pocket-dialed me.  
Jenny. Hang up.

JENNY (O.S.)

The nice thing about Nantucket is it's all rich people. There's something comforting about that.

WOMAN (O.S.)

What about Will?

WILL

Yeah. What about Will?

JENNY (O.S.)

He'll do whatever I tell him to do. And Will doesn't like real people either. He's in Las Vegas for God's sake. He was dreading it.

WOMAN (O.S.)

Why is he in Vegas? Sounds awful.

JENNY (O.S.)

I have no idea. Something boring. Should we have one more drink?

WOMAN (O.S.)

You know what sounds really good--

Will hangs up. Will's having a lousy time of it. A guy who could be living the American Dream and now feels trapped in a life he does not love. The elevator arrives at Will's floor. A young couple gets on as Will starts to exit.

MAN

What do you want to do first?  
Blackjack?

WOMAN

I want a big fat drink.

Will stays on the elevator. A big fat drink sounds good.

INT. CASINO -- MOMENTS LATER (NIGHT 1)

Eliza walks through the Casino like she owns the joint. It seems as if everyone who works there knows her by name. A cocktail waitress catches up with her. "COLLEEN."

COLLEEN

Eliza. You have a second to talk about that thing at Caesar's?

ELIZA

I called Max. Relax, it's done. It never happened.

COLLEEN

Oh my God. You're a gem.

Eliza is already gone. As Eliza moves through the casino, an OLDER WOMAN IN A MOTORIZED WHEELCHAIR rumbles towards a bank of slot machines. This is "DOTTIE." Dottie is in her 60's, the kind of woman who wears a visor indoors. Dottie's on a mission. Four pretty young women are running through the casino, laughing. They run past Dottie, forcing her to hit the brakes. Dottie's massive "change cup" spills out of her chair and onto the casino floor. Coins are everywhere. We will meet one of these young women later. This is "SUZI."

ELIZA

Hey! No running in the casino!

SUZI

Sue me.

The women disappear, laughing harder. Eliza is on the floor scooping up the coins.

ELIZA

You gotta be careful, Dottie. It's Friday. Stupid is on the loose.

DOTTIE

I'll be ready for 'em when they come back.

Dottie opens her purse to reveal a SILVER GLEAMING HANDGUN.

DOTTIE (CONT'D)

An armed society is a polite society.

ELIZA

Seriously, Dottie. You're gonna pull that thing out someday and what happens when I'm not here to stop you? Then what?

DOTTIE

Bam! That's what. I can't wait to shoot somebody.

Dottie pulls out a cigarette. People walk past without a thought of helping out. Someone kneels down. It's Will. As Will scoops up coins ...

WILL

I didn't get the license plate on the other vehicle. But I'm pretty sure they were speeding.

Will pours the coins into Dottie's cup.

WILL (CONT'D)

I assume you're okay. By okay I mean okay to continue gambling?

Dottie, enthralled with this handsome man, can only nod. The unlit cigarette dangling in her mouth. Will pulls out a beautiful silver lighter and with an expert flick of the wrist, lights it. This guy is Cary Grant.

WILL (CONT'D)

I hope you win a million bucks.

DOTTIE

Thanks, babe.

Dottie motors on her way. Now it's just Eliza and Will.

ELIZA

Don't get your hopes up. She calls everyone "babe."

Eliza goes. Will watches. As Eliza enters the "high stakes" room, she takes off the long cardigan, revealing an elegant cocktail dress and a beautiful body. Eliza is a blackjack dealer at The Cairo. On Will. Intrigued ...

INT. CASINO -- HIGH STAKES ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER (NIGHT 1)

Will enters the high stakes room. It feels and looks utterly different from the coarse madness of the main room -- less frenetic, more sophisticated, slightly exotic. All of the dealers are pretty women. All wearing the elegant cocktail dress that Eliza is. Decolletage on display. Will stops near the entrance, a cocktail waitress is nearby. "Quinn."

QUINN

Cocktail, sir?

WILL

What room is this?

QUINN

High stakes. Something to drink?

WILL

Jack and Coke. Easy on the Coke. And a glass of milk. Thanks.

Will moves towards Eliza's table.

INT. CASINO -- HIGH STAKES ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER (NIGHT 1)

With the dealer changeover, three gamblers are at Eliza's table. A man in his forties in an elaborate cowboy shirt to her right. "COWBOY." An Asian man in his fifties in a Puma track suit. "LEE." A beautiful blonde in her twenties hangs on Lee's chair. "SANDY." An elderly man to Eliza's left starts to get out of his chair. Unsteady with age and booze. "FLANAGAN." Will waits to take his spot.

ELIZA

Easy on the dismount, Mister Flanagan.

Flanagan stumbles a little. Will is ready to catch him.

WILL

You okay there, sir?

FLANAGAN

What kind of idiot question is that? I just lost twenty-five thousand dollars.

*(moving off)*

Jackass.

WILL

*(To Eliza)*

Just trying to be helpful.

ELIZA

I see that about you. A good man is hard to find.

Will pulls out an elegant silver money clip. He takes out five one-hundred dollar bills. He offers the money to her.

WILL

Five hundred, please.

ELIZA

You need to place your money on the table. I can't take it from you.

COWBOY

Great. One more rich guy who don't know whether to scratch his watch or wind his ass.

Sandy laughs. Will puts the money on the table.

ELIZA

Changing five. Five hundred for the gentleman.

COWBOY  
What's your damn story, Chief?

WILL  
I don't have a story.

As Eliza deals, she gives Will a long look. Although there is a twinkle in his eye, Will seems a little lost. He is. Cowboy wears a diamond-encrusted ring with a horseshoe on it. He nervously taps the ring on the table. Will takes note -- it's not unlike the watch Donatello wears.

COWBOY  
My friends call me Cowboy.

Will won't respond. Cowboy downs his drink.

COWBOY (CONT'D)  
I said my friends call--

WILL  
I'm not your friend.

ELIZA  
Okay, boys. It's just cards. Is there a need for an argument?

WILL  
No. I've been arguing all day.

ELIZA  
Did you win?

Will regards Eliza. A beat between them. He nods.

ELIZA (CONT'D)  
You're on a streak.

Eliza places more chips in front of Will -- he won the hand. Quinn arrives with drinks.

QUINN  
Shot of Patron for the Cowboy.  
Number *five*.

Quinn gestures to Eliza, "we need to cut him off."

QUINN (CONT'D)  
Jack and Coke. With a milk. Neat.

COWBOY  
Milk? What the hell is that about?

WILL

That's about to disappear.  
*(Toasts Cowboy, downing it)*  
 Milk coats the stomach.

COWBOY

Kind of a sissy move if you ask me.

WILL

So says the guy wearing a blouse.  
 And for the record, no one asked.

COWBOY

Something you want to say to me?

WILL

No. And there's nothing I want you  
 to say to me. So please stop  
 talking to me. *Pardner*. Hit me.

Cowboy stands up.

ELIZA

Settle down, tiger.

WILL

Seriously, hit me. I need a card.

Eliza gives him a card. Twenty-one.

ELIZA

Twenty-one for the gentleman. Sir,  
 I need you to sit down. Or I'll  
 need you to leave this table.

Cowboy ain't going anywhere. A bad guy who wants to fight.

WILL

You want to take a swing at me,  
 here's what it'll cost you. That  
 idiotic horseshoe ring you're  
 sporting, I'll probably lose four  
 teeth. It's expensive orthodontia,  
 twenty thousand a tooth. Soft  
 tissue damage, that's another  
 eighty thou. If I bump my head  
 when I fall, I own you for the rest  
 of your life. My lawyer can  
 definitely beat up your lawyer.  
 And I bet I can take you. Cowboy.

Will stands. It's High Noon.

ELIZA

Sit down or I call a guy who will  
make you sit down.

After a beat, they sit.

COWBOY

Boy talks like a lawyer, don't he?  
You a lawyer, Chief?

WILL

Tonight I'm a drinker.

Will gestures to the cocktail waitress for another drink.

ELIZA

So are you a lawyer?

WILL

I am.

LEE

Bust.

WILL

Actually, so far so good.

COWBOY

You one of them Wall Street a-  
holes? You look like one.

WILL

If you're trying to distract me, it  
won't work. This game isn't that  
hard. So unless there's something  
else in your bag of tricks that's  
meant to divert me. Besides that  
Roy Rogers shirt. No offense--

COWBOY

None taken--

WILL

To Roy Rogers. I win.

Will wins. He tips Eliza three one-hundred-dollar chips.  
And he gives her his business card.

WILL (CONT'D)

Thank you ...

*(off her name plate)*

Eliza from Nevada. I'm Will from  
Connecticut.

ELIZA  
Thanks, Will.

WILL  
You're welcome.

Quinn arrives with drinks, Will takes his Jack and Coke off her tray, leaves Quinn a one-hundred-dollar chip and exits.

LEE  
(to Sandy)  
I keep busting.

COWBOY  
'Cuz you keep taking my face cards.  
No one hits on sixteen. You guys  
can find Pearl Harbor in the middle  
of night but you can't find the  
rules of blackjack?

LEE  
I'm Chinese. And he school you big  
time. Roy Rogers sum bitch.

Sandy does a SPIT TAKE. Eliza approaches her shift boss.

ELIZA  
Jimmy, I need to see a guy about a  
thing. Might not make it back.

JIMMY  
You're killing me, Eliza. Every  
night some guy with a thing.

Eliza gives him a look. Jimmy dismisses her with a wave. He gestures to another dealer. Eliza quickly moves off. Quinn the cocktail dress has been listening. Quinn shoots Jimmy a look. "Why does Eliza always get to leave early?"

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
She knows where I put the bodies.

Eliza catches up to Will.

ELIZA  
Hey. Will from Connecticut.

WILL  
I apologize. I know you're just  
doing your job. I wasn't trying to  
make your night any longer than it  
is.

ELIZA  
 I like my nights long.  
 (Beat)  
 Would you like to go on an  
 adventure with me?

A beat. Will's wheels are turning.

ELIZA (CONT'D)  
 It's not what you're thinking.

WILL  
 Ask me again.

ELIZA  
 Would you like to go--

WILL  
 Yes.

ELIZA  
 Meet me at the fountain in ten  
 minutes.

Eliza moves off. On Will. The look of a little boy on  
 Christmas morning.

EXT. THE CAIRO -- THE FOUNTAIN -- LATER (NIGHT 2)

Will surveys the circus that is Friday night. A mother and  
 five-year old daughter pass a hooker who is scantily attired.

DAUGHTER  
 Mommy, what is she wearing?

MOTHER  
 I have no idea. Let's go find  
 Daddy.

Will turns to see Eliza walking towards him. She's in her  
 street clothes and holding his business card.

ELIZA  
 Will. From a big-time New York law  
 firm. What do you do for them?

WILL  
 I'm a litigator.

ELIZA  
 What kinda stuff?

WILL  
 Wall Street matters.

ELIZA  
Not to me. What law school?

WILL  
Yale.

ELIZA  
Sweet. Undergrad?

WILL  
Yale. What exactly--

ELIZA  
I'm asking the questions.

WILL  
Are you in some kind of trouble?

ELIZA  
I'm. Asking the questions.

WILL  
I just want to know what kind of a mess I'm getting myself into.

ELIZA  
I said if you wanted to go on an adventure that you should meet me here. You're here. You're already in it. The mess.

(*Off Will*)  
Unless you've changed your mind. Want to go back in where it's safe and cozy? Will from *Connecticut*.

WILL  
I'm fine.

ELIZA  
Yeah, you seem fine. Where in Connecticut?

WILL  
Greenwich. It's just outside--

ELIZA  
I know where Greenwich is, Hoss. We get *Vanity Fair* here.

A town car pulls up. A driver from the hotel pops out. Sketchy-looking character. "TOMMY." Tommy is from Brooklyn.

TOMMY  
Okay, let's roll. Chop chop.

WILL  
Cool. An extra from The Sopranos.

ELIZA  
Let's go, we're burning light here.  
Get in the car.

WILL  
(Beat)  
Look. I really don't need this.

ELIZA  
No? Here's what I see. Will's  
drinking some Jack, a little high  
stakes gambling, some low stakes  
anger. A smart guy like you, I'm  
guessing you despise your job. Or  
that some girl just broke your  
heart. No? That's not it? You  
about to break her heart, Will? Am  
I getting warm? Do you want a real  
distraction? Other than the  
clichéd Vegas-by-the-numbers move  
back there. You want an adventure?  
(Beat)  
I don't think you have the *faintest*  
idea of what you need.

Eliza opens the door. Will is way out of his comfort zone.  
But he smiles -- she's a force. He gets in. Off they go ...

INT. CENTRAL LOCKUP -- LATER (NIGHT 1)

An old school jailhouse. People from all corners of the  
corrections world -- cops, lawyers, all manner of offender --  
young and old, rich and poor, buttoned-downed and barely  
zipped-up. Eliza and Will enter. A few of the cops know  
Eliza. They ad-lib hello. "Yo, Eliza." "What's up, babe."  
There is a brief skirmish between a cop and a perp. The cop  
slams the perp against a wall with some violence.

COP  
If you don't calm down, I will make  
you calm down.  
(Slams him again)  
Are you calm? Say you're calm.

PERP  
I'm calm, I'm calm.

Will seems a little spooked. He sidles up to Eliza.

ELIZA  
You got my back, Yale?

WILL

I do. I'm using you as a shield.  
What are we doing here?

ELIZA

(to Sergeant)

What do we have tonight?

The Sergeant crosses to a holding cell. Five inhabitants. One is laying on the floor under a blanket. The Sergeant ticks them off one by one.

SERGEANT

Exposed himself to a statue at  
Caesar's. Sinatra impersonator  
assaulted a guy in his audience.  
This one urinated on a bouncer.  
That's the bouncer. Punched out  
the urinator. Blanket took a swim  
in the fountain at The Cairo.

WILL

Look, Eliza. I'm not licensed to--

The body under the blanket moves and GROANS.

ELIZA

Is the blanket injured?

TEDDY THE SWIMMER pokes his head out. He's not doing well.

TEDDY

They tasered me. Dicks.

SERGEANT

You take a dive off a statue in  
your underdrawers, and we're the  
dicks? We issue a helmet for that  
move. Says "dick" right here.

There is a lone girl in a nearby cell. She's 14, pretty and  
Midwestern. Blonde pigtails, a la "Pippi Longstocking."

ELIZA

Why is she on this side?

SERGEANT

It's like a hooker convention over  
there. They were recruiting her.

ELIZA

What did you do, honey?

The Runaway is not talking.

COP

She stole a watch at City Center.  
A very expensive watch. No i-d,  
hasn't said a word. Runaway.

ELIZA

What's your name, sweetheart?

RUNAWAY

Blow me.

ELIZA

Watch the mouth. Let's go, honey.  
Cough it up. What's your story?

RUNAWAY

I don't have a story.

Eliza has heard this line before, verbatim. From Will.

WILL

I like her style.

ELIZA

Okay. We'll take the runaway.  
Sweetheart, do you want a lawyer?

The Runaway nods.

WILL

Whoa. I'm not her lawyer. I'm not  
licensed to practice law in Nevada.

ELIZA

I know. I am.

Eliza moves off to confer with the Desk Sergeant. On Will.  
The adventure begins.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. NIGHT COURT -- LATER (NIGHT 1)

Night court. Some whose evenings have landed them here are attractive. Others, not so much. The presiding Judge is in his forties. He's seen it all, and he's developed his own way of handling the cases -- with humor. Which doesn't mean he's indifferent. On the contrary. This is "CHRISTOPHER HOCKETT." Will and Eliza and The Runaway enter.

OVER A BLACK SCREEN: 9:07 p.m.

ELIZA

*(moving off)*

Don't let her steal anything.

WILL

I really don't want to be here.

RUNAWAY

Shh.

WILL

Hey. You don't shush me. I shush--

A TERRIFYING WOMAN with a "CRYSTAL-METH FACE" sitting in front of Will turns around and shushes him.

WILL (CONT'D)

Sorry.

A 35 year-old Hispanic man is at the lectern in an orange prison jumpsuit. "RODRIGUEZ." Eliza crosses to confer with the Clerk in order to cut in line. A whisper, a laugh -- everyone knows her. The Bailiff hands Eliza a cup of coffee.

HOCKETT

You registered a point-one-eight, Mister Rodriguez. That's pretty hammered. How do you plead?

RODRIGUEZ

Not guilty.

HOCKETT

Sweet. I assume you have a story.

RODRIGUEZ

My wife's birthday. She wanted In-N-Out. I was more soberer so I drove. She was out there, man.

HOCKETT

And hungry. *Jonesing*, as they say.

RODRIGUEZ

We was a little herbal, too. I probably should've just opened the fridge for some pizza rolls. But that In-N-Out is serious.

HOCKETT

Not as serious as, I don't know, vehicular manslaughter? Right? Driving drunk and killing somebody?  
*(Rodriguez nods, he gets it)*  
 I can't have you offing one of our visitors. You're bad for business. Sixty days in County. Upon release, you'll complete our drug and alcohol program. Stay out of the car when you're on the firewater. Or herbal. Next.

Hockett and his clerk quietly confer. The clerk motions to Eliza. Eliza and The Runaway move to the defendant's table. The City Attorney is a pretty and buttoned-down woman in her late twenties. As young prosecutors often are, she is relentless and as tough as nails. This is "REBECCA RANDALL."

REBECCA

Defendant "Jane Doe" stole a five thousand dollar watch from Adler's Jewelers in The City Center.

HOCKETT

What's your name, young lady? How do you plead?

RUNAWAY

Michelle Obama. Not guilty.

HOCKETT

Any inkling as to Miss Obama's age?

ELIZA

She's not giving up much, Your Honor. Put a gun to my head, I'd say no older than fourteen.

RUNAWAY

I'm way way older than fourteen.

HOCKETT

Not if you still say "way way."  
 What do you want to do, City?

REBECCA

A few nights in County should  
loosen her tongue.

ELIZA

And some teeth. She's a kid.

HOCKETT

I think I just said that.

REBECCA

It's Grand Larceny, Your Honor.  
She should spend time in jail--

ELIZA

*Enough.* I was in County when I was  
fourteen. Guess what, it didn't  
exactly set me straight. She's a--

HOCKETT

Whoa. Chill.

ELIZA

She's a *child*. She needs to stay  
out of the system.

HOCKETT

Fine. How about we remand her to  
your custody for twenty-four hours?  
You can use your ... *intriguing*  
powers of persuasion to solve the  
mystery of who she is. We'll see  
you all back here tomorrow night.

ELIZA

Fine. I have a baby sitter.

She turns to look at Will. He shakes his head.

HOCKETT

You don't do exactly as Miss Evans  
tells you, if you cause any more  
trouble in my town, I issue a bench  
warrant for your arrest. That will  
be "way way" bad for you. What's  
next, City?

As Eliza and the Runaway return to Will ...

REBECCA

Trespassing. Disturbing the Peace.

HOCKETT

How do you plead?

At the lectern is TEDDY THE SWIMMER.

TEDDY

Not guilty.

HOCKETT

Where's your lawyer, son?

TEDDY

I don't have one. I don't have any money. I mean I do, but the money's in my pants.

HOCKETT

Where are your pants?

TEDDY

My friends have them.

HOCKETT

Okay. Pulling teeth. Where are your friends? Use your words. Gotta keep the belt moving, son.

TEDDY

They took off--

HOCKETT

When you were arrested. Where's the PD? C'mon, folks, it's late.

Rebecca and the Court Clerk confer. Angle on Eliza and Will.

ELIZA

Okay. Let's go sweat the Runaway until she sings us a hometown.

WILL

This kid was in the fountain. I want to see how this plays out.

HOCKETT

Anybody want to take this one pro bono? Mister Cotonio, come on.

Angle on a Mob lawyer in the back of the courtroom. Overweight, slicked-back hair. Disastrous.

COTONIO

No can do. No pants, no justice.

HOCKETT

I want to get home for Leno.

COTONIO

I'm supervising Eliza tonight.  
Have her do it.

ELIZA

Actually, Judge, I can't. But my  
friend here can. You're up, Yale.  
He went to Yale, your Honor.

HOCKETT

Congratulations. We're all very  
proud of you.

Hockett gestures to the lectern. As does Eliza.

WILL

*(sotto, to Eliza)*

Forget it. I'm not getting  
involved. What's this supervision  
thing? Are you a lawyer or not?

ELIZA

This close. Two years of law  
school. A moment to confer with  
Yale, your Honor.

WILL

Stop calling me that.

ELIZA

Okay. *William*. Now go.

WILL

My given name is Will. It's Will.

ELIZA

More like Won't. Or Can't.

RUNAWAY

She's right. I mean you look cool  
and all, but you're kind of a tool.  
It's Vegas, and you're like the  
enemy of fun. Not okay.

ELIZA

I think Will works on cases that  
never actually go to trial. It's  
called a motion practice. Yeah,  
that's what Will does for a living.  
He goes through the motions. When  
real bullets are flying, he's  
probably not your guy.

Will buttons his jacket and goes to the lectern.

WILL

Will Garratt for the defense.

*(To Teddy)*

How's it going?

TEDDY

Not great.

WILL

Okay. Your Honor, given the recent turn of events, perhaps a continuance would be--

HOCKETT

Oy. What's the story, City?

REBECCA

Defendant took a swim in the fountain at The Cairo. When hotel security asked him to get out, he continued to swim for several minutes, he took a dive off the statue into the fountain, stopping traffic in and around Las Vegas Boulevard. Disruptive and not something we wish to encourage.

HOCKETT

Why were you in the fountain, son?

ELIZA

On a bet.

TEDDY

On a bet.

HOCKETT

How much was on the line?

TEDDY

Six hundred dollars.

HOCKETT

*(re: computer screen)*

You the same Will Garratt who's a lawyer at Cravath in New York?

WILL

Yes.

HOCKETT

Yes, Your Honor. That's a fancy-pants white shoe law firm. How much do they bill you out at?

WILL

Seven hundred fifty, Your Honor.  
I'm not licensed to practice in--

HOCKETT

And I'm not wearing pants. Life is not perfect. As the defendant is about to learn. You should have bet more, Teddy. You can't afford this guy. In the absence of mitigating circumstances, you're spending two nights in jail. I'm--

WILL

I'm doing this pro bono, your Honor. They tasered him.

HOCKETT

Charlie say what?

WILL

Security at the Hotel tasered him.

TEDDY

They did. I threw up in the fountain.

REBECCA

There's nothing in the report to--

HOCKETT

Stand down, City. How do you know that? That they tasered him?

WILL

Because I was in the police station with Miss Evans when the defendant said that they tasered him.

REBECCA

It's hearsay. Move to strike.

WILL

Excited utterance exception. The defendant was cursing at the cops at that moment. Miss Evans can corroborate.

ELIZA

*(standing)*

The defendant was telling them that they were dicks for tasering him. The defendant's phrase, Your Honor. "Dicks." Thanks.

HOCKETT  
City's motion is overruled.

WILL  
Permission to examine my client as  
a witness, your Honor.  
*(Off Hockett's gesture)*  
You see a sign at the fountain at  
The Cairo that says "do not swim?"

TEDDY  
I did not.

REBECCA  
Objection. Relevance. There's no  
sign on the roof that says "don't  
jump." Defendant entered the  
fountain on a bet. He knew what he  
was doing was wrong.

WILL  
Withdrawn. Why are you in Vegas?

TEDDY  
Should I tell the real reason?

HOCKETT  
We'd prefer that you lie.

TEDDY  
Um. We're here for the strippers.

WILL  
So you're here to get into trouble?  
To cause mischief? Say yes.

REBECCA  
He's leading the witness.

WILL  
The kid was just electrocuted, he  
needs to be led. Why'd you come?

TEDDY  
To cause mischief.

WILL  
What's the slogan for Las Vegas?  
Do you know? Come on, you know it.  
You've seen it a million times.

TEDDY  
What happens in Vegas stays in  
Vegas?

WILL

That's right. But they don't really mean it, do they?

TEDDY

No.

WILL

The City invites the mischief, encourages the mischief, and when the mischief they've invited and encouraged takes place, what do they do?

TEDDY

They taser you.

WILL

They taser you. And haul you into court.

HOCKETT

What were you doing when they tasered you, son?

TEDDY

The backstroke, I think.

WILL

The tasing, Your Honor, is a response disproportionate to the offense and the basis of a civil suit against the hotel and the city. Unless, of course, you want to change the official slogan to "what happens in Vegas stays in Vegas if you have a good lawyer."

HOCKETT

That's not a good slogan. City?

REBECCA

I don't know about this whole line--

WILL

I do know. Seek leave, Your Honor, to perform further discovery. Unless, of course, the City wishes to dismiss the charges against ...

TEDDY

Teddy Wilson.

WILL  
Will Garratt. Good to meet you.

HOCKETT  
City?

REBECCA  
We're out.

HOCKETT  
Dismissed. Go find your pants,  
Mister Wilson. And better friends.

Will turns to Eliza. Will's feeling an excitement that he hasn't felt in a long time. He's starting to come to life. He gestures to Eliza, "how do you like me now?"

ELIZA  
*(answering the Iphone)*  
What's up, Tres ... wow ... okay,  
be there in ten. Less.

CRYSTAL-METH FACE  
Can I have him next?

ELIZA  
Sorry, honey. I've got dibs. A  
good man is hard to find.

Will comes up. Ready for his ovation.

ELIZA (CONT'D)  
You know anything about football?

WILL  
My law firm represents the NFL.

ELIZA  
Excellent. Let's get in the car.  
Big things are happening. Now.

Eliza grabs The Runaway, and they exit. Will is alone.

CRYSTAL-METH FACE  
Do you know anything about assault  
with intent to maim?

WILL  
*(exiting)*  
I'm with her.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT./INT. LAS VEGAS BOULEVARD/DINER - NIGHT (NIGHT 1)

Eliza and Will and the Runaway walk quickly down The Strip. The place is happening. It's Friday night in Las Vegas.

RUNAWAY

So what did you get popped for?

ELIZA

Tell me who you are, I'll tell you everything.

RUNAWAY

Was it hooking?

ELIZA

I was a thief like you. Come on. You talk, I talk. Something for something. *Quid pro quo.*

*(No response)*

Yeah, I didn't think so. You're dumber than I was.

WILL

And you're definitely dumber than Michelle Obama.

RUNAWAY

Eliza's much smarter than you are.

WILL

No. No. Did you not see me in that courtroom?

RUNAWAY

It's a different kind of smart. I like hers better.

They arrive at Eliza's destination. A SLEEK DINER. People wait in a line. The Maitre 'd sees Eliza and motions her in.

WILL

That Judge loved me. Come on.

Will looks to Eliza for confirmation.

ELIZA

They don't validate parking here.

WILL

You're just jealous.

ELIZA

Judge Hockett was very impressed by you. Blown away, actually. And he's usually un-blow-awayable.

WILL

Un-blow-awayable. We are a different kind of smart, you and I.

ELIZA

Get over yourself.

As they head towards a booth in the bustling diner, people ad-lib hello to Eliza. Sexy crowd. Eliza corrals a waitress.

ELIZA (CONT'D)

Hey, Dolores. Got a booth for me?

DOLORES

Take 27.

ELIZA

*(To Will)*

You want coffee?

WILL

I don't do caffeine this late.

ELIZA

Two coffees. A Red Bull for the kid. Thanks, Dolores.

WILL

Why haven't you finished law school? Why stop at two years?

ELIZA

Well. Will. I'm not sure if you've actually ever received a tuition bill. Have you?

*(Off Will, no)*

It's a *bill*. For *money owed*.

WILL

So judges don't care? They allow you to appear?

ELIZA

Technically I need to be supervised by another lawyer. You see that lummoX in the courtroom? Cotonio?

WILL

He's your supervisor?

ELIZA

He keeps trying to kiss me. You won't try to kiss me, right?

WILL

No interest in that or in becoming your supervisor. I have a job and a girl.

A handsome black man in his 20's plops down. This is "TRES."

TRES

Will. Runaway.

*(Off Will's confusion)*

Texting. They have texting in Connecticut, right?

WILL

They do.

TRES

I'm Tres.

WILL

Cool name. T-r-e?

TRES

Don't even tres.

ELIZA

So what's so top-secret you can't even text me?

TRES

Not in front of the k-i-d.

ELIZA

Go over there for two minutes. And do not move from my sight.

RUNAWAY

Can I go to the bathroom or should I just wet the booth?

Eliza points behind her. Dolores arrives with beverages.

ELIZA

Take a sip, Pippi. It's past your bedtime, and I need you upright and conscious.

RUNAWAY

Awesome. Ritalin and Red Bull. Up all night with Johnny Vegas.

The Runaway takes a sip and exits. Eliza takes the Red Bull, pours it into a glass and gives the can to Tres.

ELIZA

Run this. Switch seats with me so I can keep an eye on her. Talk.

TRES

You know who Tucker Gates is?

WILL

The quarterback from Notre Dame?

TRES

Arrested at The Cairo tonight.

WILL

For ... drinking too much milk?

TRES

Aggravated Assault. He put a Bouncer in a hospital.

WILL

Tucker Gates is a choir boy. He makes Tim Tebow look like Caligula.

TRES

Who?

ELIZA

Who called you, Tres?

TRES

He's with some football player. Some Samoan dude named Umi who bets with my bookie. Umi calls my bookie when he gets arrested. Says they need somebody local to spring Tucker Gates. I said I got you. The person who knows *everybody*.

Tres and Eliza do some handshake.

Angle on The Runaway. She's in the hallway outside the Ladies Room, plotting her escape. A bus boy wheels a cart full of dirty tablecloths into the hallway. The bus boy goes into the Men's Room. The Runaway knows what she has to do.

Back to Eliza. She's up and looking towards the bathroom.

TRES (CONT'D)

Ready to be a Vegas lawyer, Will?

WILL

No. Tres. T-r-e-y?

TRES

T-r-e-s. It's French for very. As in very handsome. Very crafty. Very anything Eliza needs me to be.

WILL

I know what tres means. I read "Madame Bovary" in French. I've read Flaubert *en origine*.

A beat. No one knows what the hell he just said.

TRES

You didn't tell me he was gay.

WILL

No. Not gay. Why would ... *no*.

ELIZA

We're going back to jail. Come on.

WILL

No. I don't want to be implicated. My firm represents the NFL.

TRES

This guy isn't *in* the NFL. He's in jail. He needs to get out so he can get in.

WILL

I. Don't care.

TRES

(*to Eliza*)

Will doesn't care.

ELIZA

Then Will should go get Pippi. Because we gotta get rolling.

WILL

I'm not walking into a girl's bathroom.

ELIZA

Oh my God. Two minutes, and then trot back to your little life in Connecticut.

Will's Iphone rings. "Anthony Donatello." Eliza looks.

ELIZA (CONT'D)

Why is Anthony Donatello calling you? You don't represent that guy? Is that why you're in Las Vegas?

WILL

My firm represents Country Mortgage.

ELIZA

That's disgusting. Answer it.

Will does not answer. It eventually stops ringing.

ELIZA (CONT'D)

Anthony Donatello is scum. Vegas has the highest foreclosure rate in the country. You know why? Him. Put people *I know* on the street.

WILL

I'm sorry. My firm represents--

ELIZA

My firm, my firm. You represent *him*. Take responsibility.

(Beat)

Now I know why you helped Dottie. And Flanagan. Why you're such a big tipper. You hate your day job.

She goes into the pocket of her cardigan, pulls out the three one-hundred-dollar chips that he gave her as a tip. She tosses them on the table.

ELIZA (CONT'D)

I only accept tips from winners. You're just posing as one. You're on the wrong side, pal. Now go get Pippi. I have to talk to Tres.

Will is bewildered and a little hurt. He moves off uncertainly through the crowd. They watch him go.

TRES

He checks out. Will's an All Star. Off the charts. You like him?

ELIZA

I think he's my new law partner.

TRES

My money says he's gone by morning.

ELIZA

My money says your money's my  
money.

Eliza nervously eyes the bathroom hallway.

ELIZA (CONT'D)

Where's this little thief?

INT. LADIES BATHROOM -- MOMENTS LATER (NIGHT 1)

A few hot women in an array of revealing outfits in a high-end bathroom. One pretty woman, "SUZI", is crying. Suzi was one of the girls laughing in the opening Casino scene. But her night has turned. As they often do in Las Vegas. Will enters. Everything stops for a beat as they check him out. Then, they return to the primping and the crying.

WILL

I'm looking for a young girl.

One woman -- a prostitute and a Madam -- misunderstands.

PRO

How young? What kind of body type?  
She need to speak English?

WILL

No. No. I'm looking for someone.  
About fourteen. Blonde pigtails.

PRO

I got that. But she's Vietnamese.

SUZI

I've been in here all night. She's  
not in here.

WILL

Okay. Why are you crying?

SUZI

I lost all my money gambling. I'm  
an idiot.

WILL

Right. Okay.

Will exits out the door. He then enters immediately and gives Suzi a hundred dollar bill.

WILL (CONT'D)

Use it wisely.

Will exits. Suzi holds the hundred dollar bill, dumbfounded. Then, to her girlfriend ...

SUZI

It's a hundred dollars. Roulette?

INT. DINER -- CONTINUOUS (NIGHT 1)

Will exits the bathroom. A bus boy dumps a dirty tablecloth on top of the cart. The tablecloth then moves -- the Runaway is in there. Will returns to Eliza empty-handed.

ELIZA

Are you kidding me?

Eliza looks around the diner. No Runaway anywhere.

WILL

She's a runaway. It's what they do.

ELIZA

You would know.

*(On phone)*

Hey, this is Eliza Evans. Could you patch me through to Kyle, I have a missing persons problem ...

Eliza goes off in search as the dirty tablecloths and the Runaway are rolled into the kitchen. Tres stares at Will.

WILL

It's really not my problem.

*(Off Tres)*

What?

TRES

Tucker Gates? They don't want to talk to a woman. They want a guy.

WILL

I don't want to get involved.

TRES

You keep saying that.

WILL

And?

TRES

It's not cool.

Eliza returns empty-handed.

TRES (CONT'D)

Why you holding on so tight? Why you so uptight in Vegas? I know you're not married. I ran a check. What's his deal, Eliza?

ELIZA

I'm not sure. I think Will has a girlfriend. Some very pulled together ... Connecticut girl. No?

TRES

Yeah? You gonna marry this girl?

A beat. Will doesn't respond.

ELIZA

Will's hoping to be the first person in history to leave Vegas *without* a story. Will wants to go to bed. Get a good night's rest. Been doing it his whole life, why stop now? It's worked out spectacularly so far.

Eliza throws down a twenty. She and Tres move off. Will is alone. He's not happy to be alone.

WILL

Hey.

Eliza stops. Will comes up.

WILL (CONT'D)

I could use a Vegas story.

ELIZA

You could be the story, Will.

She gestures to Will, "after you." Will exits. Tres slips Eliza a twenty for the bet he just lost.

INT. JAIL -- LATER (NIGHT 1)

An interrogation room. The room has a window; cops are in the bullpen sneaking looks -- there's an NFL quarterback. In the room are Eliza and Will and Tres. "TUCKER GATES" is 21. He is an All-American Quarterback at Notre Dame and looks the part. Tall, handsome. Sweet-faced and innocent. With Tucker is his father. JOHN "BIG JOHN" GATES. 50. Military bearing. With them is another football player. Also 21. He's built like offensive linemen because that's what he was at Notre Dame. Origin Samoan. "UMI." A young cop enters. "TOM" Tom hands a sheath of papers to Eliza.

TOM  
Three extra police reports.

ELIZA  
Thanks, Tom.

TOM  
*(exiting)*  
Good luck in the draft, Tucker.

TUCKER  
Thank you, sir.

As Eliza closes the blinds ...

ELIZA  
You pose for any photos with cops?

BIG JOHN  
My son's not an idiot. Academic  
All-American at Notre Dame.

ELIZA  
I'm not trying to offend anyone.  
I'm trying to protect him.

BIG JOHN  
*(To Will)*  
There were no photographs.

WILL  
You can talk to Eliza. She's  
local. And connected. That's  
important at this hour.

BIG JOHN  
I'm just not used to dealing with  
women. Not in business anyway.

WILL  
What calls have you made?

BIG JOHN  
I called his lawyer in New York.  
It's two in the morning, his  
phone's off. I left a message.

ELIZA  
We're not trying to replace your  
lawyer. But we're here and it's  
two in the morning in New York and  
his phone is off.

WILL  
Who's your lawyer, Tucker?

TUCKER  
Daniel Pick.

WILL  
Daniel Pick is a sports agent.

UMI  
He's a lawyer, dude.

BIG JOHN  
Umi. Zip it, son. You've done  
enough damage.

ELIZA  
This police report says you  
appeared extremely intoxicated at  
the pool at The Cairo, and when  
security asked you to leave, you  
became belligerent and then you  
attacked a security officer.

UMI  
Bouncer.

BIG JOHN  
I said zip it.

TUCKER  
I don't remember any of it.

WILL  
How many drinks had you had?

TUCKER  
Not one, sir. I don't drink.

BIG JOHN  
Not a drop of booze. And he's  
never been in a fight in his life.

ELIZA  
I find that hard to believe --  
you're a football player.

TUCKER  
I'm the quarterback, M'am.  
*(Tucker pats Umi)*  
I let my offensive line do my  
fighting for me.

BIG JOHN

Or his father. My son's never told a lie in his life. So the next time he says something that you find *hard to believe*, believe it.

WILL

And where were you two when he got into the first fight in his life?

BIG JOHN

I was meeting with a guy from Gatorade.

WILL

About the commercial?

BIG JOHN

It's the only reason we're here. I wouldn't allow him in a town like this if it weren't for business.

WILL

And you?

UMI

I was ... talking to a girl.

Umi looks nervously at Big John.

UMI (CONT'D)

It's Vegas. What am I supposed--

Big John gets up, throws a chair with a flick of a wrist. The violence is startling.

BIG JOHN

You're supposed to be watching his back. Why do you think I bring you anywhere? Look where we are?

*(Beat)*

My son is a projected first round pick. You know what that means?

WILL

It doesn't mean a thing if he's indicted for Aggravated Assault. Why don't we get that to go away and then proceed from there.

Eliza pulls a needle and an empty blood vial from her purse.

ELIZA

I know the police tested your blood-alcohol, but I'd like to get my own sample. You have anybody who'd want you in trouble? You have any enemies, Tucker?

TUCKER

Anybody who ever played for USC.

BIG JOHN

Alabama. Michigan. Any of the eight schools he beat this year.

TRES

Or bet on those schools. You lost people a lot of money when you won that Sugar Bowl in January.

BIG JOHN

My son didn't lose anybody any money. He won a football game.

TRES

That's not the way gamblers see it.

ELIZA

I have the number of a Judge. I'm going to wake him right now. You'll be back in your hotel room in two hours. Three hours, max.

BIG JOHN

Then we'll let his agent take it from here. I'm sure Danny knows everybody in Vegas.

UMI

Guy's hooked up.

ELIZA

I bet Danny has a few hookers on speed dial. The concierge at The Wynn. Maybe even Steve Wynn. So when you're in your bathrobe in your room watching SportsCenter, you can pow-wow with Danny as to how to get out you out of an indictment for assault that's coming down the pipe tomorrow. He's hooked up at Gatorade? Maybe Gatorade can represent you at your preliminary hearing tomorrow.

BIG JOHN

Please ... just get us out of here.

Eliza pulls out an alcohol swab. Tucker rolls up his sleeve.

ELIZA

Squeamish about the sight of blood?

TUCKER

No, M'am. I see blood every Saturday.

BIG JOHN

And we want to see more on Sundays.

The CRIMSON BLOOD flows into the vial. Will hates the sight of blood. We stay on Will -- he looks horrified.

On Will. The same horrified look. But now he's staring at THE HEAD OF A DEAD ELK.

HOCKETT (O.S.)

This *in camera* proceeding is being held in my living room at the request of the defendant. The evidentiary rules of the state of Nevada apply.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS (NIGHT 1)

The voice of Judge Hockett. We are in his living room. Dead animals on the walls. Eliza, Will, and a court reporter, "SHERYL KOLAS." An ADA, "PABLO CASTELAZ." Pablo is in his thirties. Handsome. Judge Hockett is in his bathrobe.

HOCKETT

What do you have, Mister Castelaz?

PABLO

The defendant's complaint. Affidavits from witnesses that corroborates his allegations. A photograph that shows a savage beating in progress, Your Honor.

Pablo has copies of everything. They look at the photograph.

WILL

The photograph hasn't been authenticated. It's inadmiss--

CASTELAZ

Mister Garratt is here in a supervisory role per Miss Evan's continuing education at the UNLV School of Law. He's not licensed in this state, so as far as this Court is concerned--

HOCKETT

Here's how this Court is *concerned*. Whoever gets me back drooling into my pillow fastest wins. Shut up.

ELIZA

The Casino has security tapes of the pool. Seek the court's leave to look at those tapes before we ruin this young man's reputation.

HOCKETT

You mean before we queer this young man's endorsement deals. Twelve hours, and then we get rolling.

Will subtly gets Eliza's attention. Will mimes putting two fingers down his throat. Will pretends to wretch.

HOCKETT (CONT'D)

Why are you throwing up on my rug? I obviously own guns. Kill things.

WILL

Gag order.

ELIZA

Tabloid press won't get us to the truth any faster, Your Honor. I don't think you want that circus in your courtroom. And on your lawn.

HOCKETT

Fine. A gag order is in effect. We're off the record. I don't like the pro athletes who routinely descend upon our city like locusts and flout our laws. I said "off the record," Miss Kolas, why are you still hitting keys?

KOLAS

Just catching up. Your Honor.

She stops punching keys. Exhales.

ELIZA

He's not a professional athlete,  
Your Honor. He's a highly honored  
scholar-athlete at Notre Dame.

HOCKETT

I know exactly who he is, Miss  
Evans. He's the guy who put a  
citizen of Las Vegas in a hospital.  
You have some work to do. Or this  
fine young man's golden behind  
belongs to the state of Nevada.  
Back on the record. Bail is set at  
one hundred thousand. Dismissed.  
You can let yourself out. And you  
two better find that damn runaway.

Eliza nods. Hockett exits. A beat.

WILL

(sotto)  
Or he'll shoot us?

HOCKETT (O.S.)

Right between the eyes. Get out of  
my house.

EXT. COUNTY JAIL -- LATER (NIGHT 1)

Three paparazzi wait on the front steps of the jailhouse.  
Eliza is nearby. She eavesdrops at a safe remove.

OVER A BLACK SCREEN: 2:21 a.m.

PAP 1

So what did you hear?

PAP 2

Somebody really famous was arrested  
for sexual assault at The Cairo.

PAP 1

They didn't say who?

PAP 2

They did. It's Bill Gates.

PAP 1

The Microsoft guy? He doesn't seem  
like the type.

PAP 2

Vegas. People lose their minds.

INT./EXT. COUNTY JAIL -- LATER (NIGHT 1)

Eliza and Will and Tucker walk quickly through the winding bowels of the County Jail. She is on her iPhone.

ELIZA

Drive into the alley now.

They exit through the side entrance. A small limo pulls up.

INT. LIMO -- MOMENTS LATER (NIGHT 1)

Tommy No Thumbs is driving.

ELIZA

Don't leave your room. Not even for ice. Keep your phone on. If your agent calls your father before he calls me, have him call me.

TUCKER

I've played by the rules my whole life. And now this. Worst night of my life.

WILL

It's almost over.

Tucker rolls down the window. Las Vegas glimmers.

TUCKER

Doesn't look like it's almost over. What's wrong with this place? Doesn't anyone sleep here?

ELIZA

After we drop you off, we're going to the Casino owner's house. And we're getting the security tapes of the pool. And we'll keep going until we get the story right.

*(Off Will)*

We're up all night.

Tucker looks out at the American City of Lights. Brilliant and seductive.

TUCKER

I hate it here.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

EXT. LAS VEGAS SUBURB -- LATER (NIGHT 1)

Eliza on the phone. They are approaching a beautiful house.

ELIZA

Blonde pigtailed ... she's *exactly* how she looks in her mug shot ... make sure Eddie knows I'm the one who wants her found. Thanks.

WILL

You have any idea what time it is?

ELIZA

I don't wear a watch.

WILL

Responsible adults are supposed to wear a watch.

ELIZA

Responsible adults make responsible choices with their lives. Country Mortgage. Anthony Donatello.

WILL

Cool it on Country Mortgage. We represent a lot of people.

ELIZA

Give me names. I want names.

WILL

AT&T. The New York Philharmonic. Time Warner. The Port Authority. The Metropolitan Museum of Art.

ELIZA

Those aren't names. Those are buildings. Ring the doorbell.

WILL

So this guy owns the casino?

ELIZA

The House always wins. The House always gets *the house*. Unless you got a loan from Anthony Donatello. Then you lose the house.

WILL  
You can't keep me up all night and  
beat me up. I'm tired, Eliza.

ELIZA  
Have some coffee.

Will takes a sip from her new to-go cup.

WILL  
That's so good. What is that?

ELIZA  
It's life. Now give it back. Ring  
the doorbell.

WILL  
Don't come in all hot.

ELIZA  
You think I'm an idiot, don't you?

WILL  
I don't. I think you have two  
years of law school.

ELIZA  
I know the score.

WILL  
Then why do you need me?

ELIZA  
To ring the doorbell. Show some  
stones when we get in there. Max  
won't like you, he has a crush on  
me, he'll try to show off by  
pushing you around. I'll need you  
to push back. Let's go. We don't  
have all night.

Will rings the doorbell.

INT. BEAUTIFUL HOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER (NIGHT 1)

We're in the elegant study of the owner of The Cairo. "Max  
Hart." 30's and handsome. With him is his lawyer, "Thomas  
Ryan." Fifties, likewise sophisticated.

MAX  
I'm sorry about your predicament,  
Eliza, but there's no way you can  
see these security tapes.

WILL

We can get a court order.

THOMAS

Which you won't because you don't want this thing going public.

ELIZA

You can show us a redacted version, Max. Whatever you're hiding isn't the issue. No one cares if there's underage drinking at the pool.

Max looks to Thomas. No go.

MAX

Thanks for stopping by.

A small, wiry man in his twenties enters with a beverage for Max. This is "ETIENNE." He waits for Max to taste it.

MAX (CONT'D)

That's good. Tell her she can dial it back just a notch on the ginger.

Etienne nods and begins to exit.

MAX (CONT'D)

Hey, Etienne. Do the thing.

Etienne does a SPECTACULAR GYMNAST MOVE out of the room.

MAX (CONT'D)

Cirque du Soleil. Never gets old.

ELIZA

I need those tapes. I know things about your hotel.

MAX

You know what, Eliza. I'm getting the sense that your night job is interfering with your day job.

WILL

That's a great line in a deposition in a suit for wrongful termination.

MAX

I don't like you.

WILL

Then we're in sync.

MAX

We're done here.

*(Beat, to Will)*

What are you still doing here?

Don't you have a motion to file?

Eliza looks to Will. This did not go well.

ELIZA

Will?

WILL

You're going to give us the security tape right now. Or I'm going to be your worst nightmare. That judge will grant us access to all your security footage because that's the law. Having stayed here for the last three days, I'm guessing underage drinking is the least of your problems. I work at a prominent law firm in New York. Maybe you've heard of it ...

Will flicks his card at Thomas. It hits him in the chest.

WILL (CONT'D)

We do work for the government at the highest levels, including Justice. Racketeering. You better hope your house is in order. Because if I have anything to do with it, they'll fit you for an orange jumpsuit. *That.* Max. Is why I'm still here.

Max and Thomas exchange a look.

WILL (CONT'D)

So please do *me* a favor and give Eliza what she's entitled to. And then I won't pick up the phone in two hours when New York wakes up. There's a legal phrase for that, right, Eliza? It's Latin.

ELIZA

*Quid pro quo.*

WILL

Something for something.

Will exits, and Eliza follows. They're in the foyer.

ELIZA

I thought we weren't coming in hot.

WILL

I changed my mind.

ELIZA

Are you really calling Justice?

WILL

No. I don't know anyone there.

*(Off Eliza)*

Bluffing. It's a gambling phrase.

ELIZA

Guess you're not very good at it.

Eliza starts to reach for the front door. Will pulls her hand away. He looks at his watch.

WILL

Ten, nine, eight ...

ELIZA

What are you doing?

WILL

Looking at my watch. It's a Rolex.  
I saw you checking it out at the  
blackjack table. Four, three, two--

Thomas enters the foyer. He hands Eliza a DVD.

THOMAS

You're welcome.

Thomas nods and moves off.

WILL

You can get the door now.

INT. HOTEL -- LATER THAT NIGHT (NIGHT 1)

A tiny Asian housekeeper pushes her cleaning cart through an empty hallway. A statuesque hooker wearing some shiny outfit exits from a room and walks past. The Asian woman keeps rolling, but quietly shakes her head -- she does not approve.

INT. HOTEL -- NIGHT (NIGHT 1)

A hotel worker vacuums in a near-empty casino. Others apply the spit and polish. As Eliza and Will walk through, she ad-libs hello to all the workers. They all know her name.

WILL

You're like the Mayor of the Night.

ELIZA

I like people who work at night.

WILL

Because?

ELIZA

They know exactly how hard life is.  
So they work hard.

They pass Dottie in her motorized wheelchair. She's pumping an old-fashioned slot.

WILL

Or you can skip all the hard work.  
Hope to get lucky.

ELIZA

Been dealing with gamblers my whole life. Only three kinds of luck in this world. Born beautiful. Born brilliant. Or born rich. Yale.

WILL

I've worked hard my whole life.

ELIZA

Your dad go to Yale?

*(Off Will)*

His father?

*(Off Will)*

Wow. Some people pull strings; you had a rope.

WILL

I resent that. I have always--

ELIZA

Kid starts life on third base and thinks he hit a triple. You dive in head first just to get your little uniform dirty?

*(Her phone chirps)*

"Tell Will from Connecticut I said hey. Thanks for the Red Bull. Sorry I bolted without paying. Love, Michelle Obama."

They reach a remote bar. Eliza pulls out her laptop. The security DVD that Max has given her. She gets on the phone.

ELIZA (CONT'D)

Hey Eddie, that missing girl I told you about? I want an APB. Her mug shot faxed to every patrol car. If Tommy has a problem with it, tell him I know exactly what he did at The Luxor. And who he did it with.

WILL

*(sotto)*

With whom he did it--

ELIZA

Don't. Really. No more grammar.

On the DVD, Tucker is at the pool, talking with two girls.

WILL

Talking to some girls. Not exactly a prelude to assault.

On the DVD, Tucker rises and weaves badly. Looks hammered.

ELIZA

You look drunk, Tucker Gates.

WILL

Someone slipped him something.

ELIZA

Or he's a liar. If he was slipped something, be nice to see that. Max didn't give me all the footage.

On the DVD, a HUGE GUY enters the frame. The Bouncer.

ELIZA (CONT'D)

I know this meatball. Bad man.

Unprovoked, the Bouncer grabs Tucker by the hair. Tucker tears himself away. The Bouncer pushes Tucker.

WILL

Bouncer's looking for a fight.

Tucker punches the Bouncer repeatedly. The DVD ends.

WILL (CONT'D)

That's Assault. If you can't prove that Tucker was drugged--

ELIZA

He's going to jail. There's got to be more footage. Max hosed me.

WILL

You file a motion to compel. You have a right to present a defense and they can't impede that right in any manner. You'll win the motion.

ELIZA

It's Civil Court. No gag order. Max wants me to file that motion. He wants the press. An assault charge against a football hero, his idiotic pool party will be the hottest ticket in Vegas. I'm done.

WILL

No. *Tucker Gates* ... is done.

ELIZA

The second this thing goes public, the New York lawyers come flying in, right? I'm gone by morning.

WILL

And I'm gone, too. I'm sorry.

Tres comes up. By his look, she knows it's not good news.

ELIZA

Seriously?

Another look from Tres.

WILL

You guys known each other so long you only speak in code?

TRES

Since we were kids.

WILL

Where did you two--

ELIZA

Prep school. Just tell me, Tres.

TRES

Blood tests came up empty. If he was slipped some drug, it ain't there. This boy's going to jail.

On Eliza. It's all falling apart.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

EXT. HOSPITAL -- NIGHT (NIGHT 1)

An ambulance. EMT workers roll a guy on a gurney towards the entrance. The guy's DRUNK FRIEND is swaying behind them. Swaying badly. EMT lifts the gurney over the curb.

OVER A BLACK SCREEN: 4:07 a.m.

DRUNKY

We're almost there, buddy boy.  
Doctors and hot nurses and drugs--

"Drunky" trips on the curb. He goes down hard onto the sidewalk. The EMT workers keeps rolling along ...

EMT

I'll come back for Sir Sways-A-Lot.

INT. HOSPITAL -- NIGHT (NIGHT 1)

Eliza and Will and Tres at the Admissions Desk with a sexy if wholesome-looking nurse. "DAISY." In her twenties.

WILL

No one's mentioned any bouncer  
being beaten?

DAISY

We have a couple beatings by  
bouncers. We always have those.

A nurse nearby overhears this.

NURSE

The beaten bouncer is in 721. Hot  
mess. Boy puts the fug in fugly.

ELIZA

Seventh floor. That's a private  
room. Must be nice.

Eliza gives Tres a distinct look. The play is on.

ELIZA (CONT'D)

He must have great insurance. I  
should switch mine. What insurance  
company is that, Daisy?

Daisy goes through papers. Tres moves to Daisy's station.

DAISY

Room 721. 721. Here we go.

As Daisy reads the form, Tres reads, too. Because Tres on the other side of the desk, the form is upside down.

TRES

What time you get off, sweetness?

DAISY

Seven a.m. It's Farmer's.  
Farmer's Insurance. They're good.

TRES

You like breakfast?

DAISY

After working the graveyard shift?  
No. I like bed.

TRES

That works for me. I like bed.

DAISY

Whatever you're asking ... no.

Daisy puts the papers away. Tres got what he was looking for. In about five seconds.

ELIZA

Okay, Daisy. Nice seeing you.  
Tell your Mom I said hey.

As the three of them move quickly down the corridor ...

ELIZA (CONT'D)

"I like bed?" Really?

TRES

You got what you wanted. You're  
welcome.

Tres is dialing his phone.

WILL

What just happened?

ELIZA

No bouncer at The Cairo has that  
kind of insurance. Someone else is  
paying for this guy's room.

TRES

*(On phone)*

Yeah, I had a question about my  
policy. It's Farmer's Policy  
number D as in David 4-5-7-3-1.

(MORE)

TRES (CONT'D)

C as in Charlie 1-7-9-4-6. B as in Betty 8-5-8-9. A as in Alex, 8-4.

WILL

He read that chart upside down.  
Memorized it in like two seconds.

ELIZA

He can count cards. Got to be able to read upside down. And fast. They offer that course at Yale?

TRES

*(on phone)*

Nicholas Sutton, Lincoln, Nebraska.  
That's me.

*(Beat, Hangs up)*

Nick Sutton? Nicky Sutton? That name mean anything to anybody?

*(No)*

He's paying for that room. This guy's medical expenses.

ELIZA

This meat took a beating for hire.

WILL

It's just like Watergate.

Tres and Eliza exchange a look. It's just like "Flaubert" and "Madame Bovary." No idea what he's talking about.

WILL (CONT'D)

We're following the money. That's what happened in Watergate. That's how Watergate was solved. Most crimes are solved that way. You follow the money. History will bear that out.

*(Beat)*

I was a History major.

ELIZA

Why can't you just say things without the "look how smart I am?"

TRES

No, I like it. Look at Will getting all hopped up at four in the morning. You go on with your Watergate and your Madame Bovine.

WILL  
C'mon. I want to do something.  
Put me in, Coach.

ELIZA  
That's the guy I'm looking for.  
Johnny Danger.

WILL  
Johnny Danger? I didn't say--

ELIZA  
Too late. You're going in. Put  
your helmet on.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR -- NIGHT (NIGHT 1)

A few minutes later. They are outside the Bouncer's room.  
The door is open. The Bouncer is asleep. Tones are hushed.

ELIZA  
Put your driver's license in there.  
Flip the badge open with your  
wrist. Hold it up to your face.

Will holds Eliza's fake police badge. He is practicing his  
cop routine.

WILL  
Will Garratt. Las Vegas P.D.

Will does it. But he snaps it close very quickly.

TRES  
Don't close it so fast. Makes it  
look like you're hiding something.

WILL  
I am hiding something. The fact  
that I'm not Las Vegas P.D. Why  
can't he do this?

TRES  
I've seen this dude around. Dude's  
seen me. And you're white.  
Wearing the nice white-boy suit.  
Very credible.

ELIZA  
Just steal his chart, okay? If he  
wakes up, you're a detective. Or a  
doctor looking in on him. Either.

WILL

I've seen this number in the movies. Good doc, fake cop.

ELIZA

You wanted in, you're in. Take a walk on the wild side. You do like the wild side, don't you, Will? Or you've never been there? No?

*(Off Will)*

Steal his chart. Go through his stuff. If it looks helpful, steal that. Try not to wake the beast.

Will goes in. Eliza takes a sip from yet another to-go cup.

ELIZA (CONT'D)

I think he has promise.

TRES

I think he has a plane leaving this morning.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM -- NIGHT (NIGHT 1)

Moments later. Will stands by the Bouncer's bed. The guy's on a drip. His face is badly beaten. Will reads his chart.

WILL

Lloyd Drumm. Six-six, 280. Wow.

Will runs his finger down the drip.

WILL (CONT'D)

Morphine. Night-night, Lloyd.

He then looks at the Bouncer's hands. There is scar tissue. A fighter's hands. Nothing fresh.

WILL (CONT'D)

You didn't put up a fight.

Will looks through the drawers. A Bible. He goes to the closet. Looks through his clothes. Nothing. Will looks out the window. Las Vegas glimmers brilliantly even at this hour. But Will isn't focused on the lights of Vegas. He only sees his reflection. He pulls out his badge. Flips it open. Closes it. Flips it open. Then, to himself ...

WILL (CONT'D)

Just the facts, son.

A beat. Will figures out something. In the reflection in the window, we see him take the chart and exit.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR -- NIGHT (NIGHT 1)

Will enters the hallway. Eliza and Tres wait.

WILL

I think I know who Nick Sutton is.  
We need to wake up Tucker Gates.  
And his dad.

ELIZA

Who's Nick Sutton?

WILL

Somebody's father. It's all about  
the money. It's pathetic. Here's  
your chart.

Will hands her the chart and starts to exit.

WILL (CONT'D)

Let's go. I don't have all night.

TRES

*(to Eliza)*

I'm following the money to the  
bitter end. It's just like  
Watergate. All The President's  
Men. Wait up, Will.

Eliza looks at the chart -- the answer's not there. She  
watches Will and Tres as they talk and move down the hallway.

BIG JOHN (O.S.)

Nick Sutton is Jimmy Sutton's  
father.

WILL (O.S.)

The Quarterback at Nebraska.

INT. HOTEL SUITE -- LATER (NIGHT 1)

Eliza and Will and Tres are in Tucker's hotel suite. It's  
beautiful, but it's a mess. NFL Footballs waiting for  
Tucker's signature and bottles of Gatorade and products are  
everywhere. Tucker and Big John are in sweats.

BIG JOHN

Yeah. Nick Sutton's a moron.

TUCKER

Dad.

BIG JOHN

Son's a moron, too. Notre Dame didn't even recruit him. Test scores were too low.

TUCKER

Dad, enough. Jimmy's a good guy.

BIG JOHN

Nebraska. Where the N stands for Knowledge.

WILL

The Bouncer who Tucker beat up. His name is Lloyd Drumm. But the insurance -- his hospital room and his medical expenses -- all under Nick Sutton's insurance policy.

BIG JOHN

I don't understand.

TUCKER

This guy's in the *hospital*?

ELIZA

(*with the Chart*)

You broke his jaw. Fractured his eye socket. We saw it on tape.

WILL

You beat the hell out of him.

Tucker's hands are bandaged.

TUCKER

I don't even want to think about what might be on that tape. What I did to this person. I don't remember it. And I'm glad I don't.

Tucker gets a little emotional. Will and Eliza exchange a look. They know that Tucker is telling the truth. He's a good kid in a terrible situation.

WILL

We think you were slipped a drug. Probably phencyclidine. It's a nasty drug. Makes people *appear* intoxicated. And act violently. It's hard to detect in blood tests. Which is why yours came up empty. No booze, no nothing.

TUCKER

Okay.

WILL

And then this Bouncer picked this fight with you. And lost it on purpose. We think Nick Sutton orchestrated the whole thing. Paid this guy to have your son beat him.

Big John leaps out of his chair. Goes for the door.

BIG JOHN

I'll kill him. I swear, I'll kill him.

Tres bars the door.

TRES

Not a good idea, sir.

TUCKER

Dad, sit down. You're not doing me any good by storming out.

ELIZA

Nick Sutton is here?

TUCKER

Yeah. Jimmy's in the Gatorade commercial. They're staying here.

WILL

I think I see what's going on here. Are you projected to be drafted ahead of Jimmy Sutton?

BIG JOHN

Absolutely. Everywhere. ESPN. All the mock drafts. He's the one.

TUCKER

Jimmy and I get on fine. But ...

ELIZA

But what?

TUCKER

Dad?

ELIZA

Mister Gates?

BIG JOHN

We hate each other. These two boys have been kind of, well kind of neck and neck since they were kids. And Nick and I, I guess we go at it through our boys. I'd never do something like this. Nick's dumber than a hammer. How can you get away with a stunt like this? I mean, he didn't. His name is on the insurance. It's over, right?

WILL

We can bring this to the DA. But it'll be public. My firm works for the NFL. The NFL is painstaking about protecting its image. Its investigations are as thorough as any corporation's in America.

BIG JOHN

Bottom line this for me, son.

WILL

Tucker's life will be put on hold for months. And whether Jimmy Sutton did anything or not, so will his. So the NFL draft is a question mark. And frankly, we cut some corners in gathering some of this information, so even the DA's investigation is not a sure thing.

BIG JOHN

So what do we do?

No one has the answer. Tres is looking at the NFL footballs.

TUCKER

You want one? I can sign it if you'd like.

TRES

I'd like.

Tucker tosses Tres the football. Tres catches it. Then Tres SPIKES IT ON THE FLOOR.

WILL

People are asleep underneath us. You want to wake everyone up?

TRES

I was a concierge here for two years. And the concierge to the concierge before that. If these walls could talk? Well they can't. Nobody can hear a damn thing. Nobody's waking up unless we set off a bomb. Which I've never done.

TUCKER

What does the concierge to the concierge do?

TRES

Anything the concierge doesn't want to get fired for.

ELIZA

That's it. We're waking everyone up.

*(Beat)*

I think I have a way to make this all go away. Tonight. But we'll need to cut a few more corners if that's okay with you two.

WILL

I actually want to be disbarred.

BIG JOHN

Do what you have to do to fix this. Whatever you have to do to make this go away, do it.

ELIZA

Tucker?

TUCKER

I'm not a fan of the corner cutting. But I do wish this night never happened.

TRES

That's what we do. We make bad nights disappear.

ELIZA

All right then. This one's about to take a hard left.

On Will. His adventure is about to take a strange turn.

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

INT. HOTEL ROOM/BATHROOM -- LATER (NIGHT 1)

Just before dawn. The sun is not quite up. The sky is violet. Will has an elegant hotel room high above Vegas. He's in his dress shirt, packing. A knock at the door. Will looks through the peep hole. Opens the door, Eliza enters.

ELIZA

Take off your shirt.

*(He hesitates)*

It's Vegas. We won't be the first.

Will takes off his shirt. He's ripped. She moves towards him. We stay close on them. She puts her arms around him.

WILL

This is against the law.

ELIZA

It's not. Not in Nevada.

WILL

Your hands are warm. Not surprising. You're the Devil.

ELIZA

I'm full of surprises, Will. You have to stick around to see them.

She pulls away. As does the camera. Will is wearing a wire.

ELIZA (CONT'D)

The microphone is there. Put your suit on. Look like a lawyer.

As Will dresses, she peruses the contents of his suitcase.

ELIZA (CONT'D)

You pack light.

She goes into his bathroom. He follows.

ELIZA (O.C.) (CONT'D)

I knew you'd have a lot of moisturizer.

WILL

What do you want?

ELIZA

I want you to stay in Las Vegas.

Will's iPhone rings. It's Jenny and her photo. Eliza has a look. He silences the phone.

ELIZA (CONT'D)

Jenny's pretty. What's she doing calling so early? She all worried about her boy alone in Vegas?

WILL

I'm not that guy. The hour wouldn't even occur to her. She just knows that she's awake ... and that she wants something from me.

Will exits. She follows. He's at the window. The sky is still violet. And the view of Las Vegas is stunning.

ELIZA

I never quite understood the fuss over sunsets. This is the one that matters. The fresh start.

Eliza picks up the dog-eared book on his bed.

ELIZA (CONT'D)

"The Moviegoer" by Walker Percy. What's this about?

WILL

"The Moviegoer?" It's about ... it's about a guy trying to figure what kind of a man he wants to be.

ELIZA

You have some work to do. You might start by doing something for a living that you like. And maybe find a girl who'll make you want to pick up the phone.

She exits. Will looks at himself in the mirror. Will exits. On Will's copy of "The Moviegoer."

EXT. THE CAIRO POOL -- LATER (NIGHT 1)

Dawn. Will and Eliza are pool side with a young Hispanic man. "ARMANDO." Armando has been cleaning the pool. A gorgeous Infinity pool.

ELIZA

You won't get in trouble, I promise. There's no one around to see you.

Over a BLACK SCREEN: 5:49 a.m.

ARMANDO

I like my job. Pretty girls in bikinis. I don't want to lose it.

ELIZA

Who got you this job, Armando? Who got you off the DUI? And didn't even charge you? You think I'm going to bail on you now?

Two young guys, really hammered, walk pool side. One of them hip checks the other into the pool.

ELIZA (CONT'D)

If anyone asks, say you saw those idiots skulking around.

As one drunk tries to pull the other drunk out, he falls in.

ELIZA (CONT'D)

Two hundred dollars for your troubles, Armando.

ARMANDO

Deal.

ELIZA

Pay the man. C'mon, I saw that silver money clip at the blackjack table. I know you got more Benjamins in there.

Armando puts out his open hand. Will pulls out the pretty silver money clip.

EXT. THE CAIRO POOL -- LATER (NIGHT 1)

Armando has pulled his hoodie over his head. He breaks a fire alarm glass near a cabana and pulls the lever.

SFX: ALARM.

EXT. THE CAIRO -- THE ENTRANCE -- LATER (NIGHT 1)

The hotel has emptied into the entrance. It's a CIRCUS. Mistakes of the previous evening are on display. Hookers, midgets, and a drag queen. One Midwestern couple is still trying to untie one another. A woman with a monkey. Whatever happens in a Vegas night, we're seeing some of its residual weirdness. And, yes, there are plenty of hangovers.

Will and Eliza and Tucker and Big John. The Gates men are in hats and sunglasses so as not to be recognized.

BIG JOHN

What a bunch of nut jobs. Vegas.  
Where mistakes go to be made.

ELIZA

Well that's what we do -- we erase  
your mistakes. You see him?

BIG JOHN

No.

TUCKER

Dad. Over there near the little  
person.

BIG JOHN

Say what now?

TUCKER

The midget. They like to be called  
little people.

Big John sees him. Nick Sutton is a big man in a red sweatshirt. A big white "N" on the sweatshirt. Nick is talking to the midget. He lifts the midget. What a jerk.

BIG JOHN

He's the big guy in the red  
sweatshirt.

ELIZA

*(to Will)*

You're on. See if you can  
impersonate a lawyer.

Moments later. Will is next to Nick Sutton. His son, Jimmy Sutton is next to him. Jimmy is signing autographs. Will holds Lloyd Drumm's chart.

WILL

Mister Sutton. My name is Will  
Garratt. And I'm the lawyer for  
Lloyd Drumm.

Nick Sutton reacts.

NICK

Hey, Jimmy, give me a second.

JIMMY

Sure, Dad.

As Jimmy moves off with some of his fans ...

JIMMY (CONT'D)

I'd like to go with a team where I  
can take some snaps. The Redskins.

Once Jimmy is out of earshot ...

NICK

Lawyer for who now?

WILL

Don't play with me, Mister Sutton.  
Lloyd Drumm. His injuries are  
severe. Much more severe than he  
anticipated. And he's going to  
need some more money.

NICK

No idea what you're talking about.  
What'd you say your name is?

WILL

Will Garratt. Here's my card.

Will gives him his actual business card. Nick reads it.

NICK

New York.

WILL

Mister Drumm's injuries may even  
leave him permanently disabled. The  
money you offered isn't even close.

*(Reads off the chart)*

"Fractured skull, broken eye  
socket, detached retina ..."

Nick grabs the chart. Reads it. Now certain Will is legit.

NICK

I knew he'd pull this.

WILL

So either you come up in dollars,  
Mister Sutton. This morning. Or  
we go to the police with our story.  
We flip for a deal. And then you  
and your son are done.

NICK

My son didn't have anything to do  
with this.

WILL

Not my problem. But I'm guessing Tucker Gates plays on Sundays while the NFL investigates your son.

Nick looks at Jimmy. Surrounded by fans, Jimmy holds Court. His son is as happy as he can be.

NICK

What do you want?

WILL

Make me an offer.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- (DAY 2)

We continue to hear this conversation. Nick Sutton's voice. But it's now on tape in the living room of Judge Hockett. We are in his living room. Eliza, Will, and the court reporter, the ADA, Pablo Castelaz. Judge Hockett is in his bathrobe.

NICK (V.O.)

"Would a hundred thousand dollars keep him quiet?"

WILL (V.O.)

"I think it would."

NICK (V.O.)

"Then we have a deal."

HOCKETT

Turn it off. I've heard enough.

Eliza turns off the recording device.

HOCKETT (CONT'D)

If you can authenticate that recording, you can arrest Mister Sutton and Mister Drumm. Dismiss the charges without prejudice against Mister Gates. I'm going back to bed. It's Saturday.

ELIZA

Your Honor, given the cloud of suspicion that might hang over Jimmy Sutton, if we could arrest these two without fanfare. If the State could proceed against them with a gag order in place.

PABLO

I have no problem with that.

HOCKETT

So ordered. Miss Evans, I think you owe me something.

ELIZA

A good night's sleep, Your Honor?

HOCKETT

A runaway. I better see her tonight. Will you be joining us, Mister Garratt?

WILL

No, Your Honor. I'm going home.

HOCKETT

Sorry to hear that. You're bright. Our nights are so full of bad judgment ... a little more light would have been nice.

Hockett exits. There is a beat between Eliza and Will.

ELIZA

It would have been nice.

Eliza turns her phone on. She reads a text.

ELIZA (CONT'D)

"Saw y'all at the fire alarm. Another day in Paradise. Gonna bag some rays. Love, Michelle." Little thief is stalking me. She wants to be caught.

EXT. THE CAIRO POOL -- MORNING (DAY 2)

Sunrise. Eliza and Will and a uniformed police officer stride past the pool. They arrive at the Runaway. She's asleep on a chaise lounge. The cop's name is "JOEY." Tall and gorgeous. Eliza kicks the chaise, waking The Runaway.

JOEY

Please stand up, M'am. Place your hands behind your back.

RUNAWAY

What? Are you kidding me?

Joey yanks her off the chaises lounge, starts to cuff her.

RUNAWAY (CONT'D)

I can't believe you're doing this.

ELIZA

A bench warrant was issued for your arrest. Don't blame me.

Joey starts to handcuff her.

ELIZA (CONT'D)

Hold on, Officer. There's one thing can keep you out of jail.

RUNAWAY

I swear. Anything.

ELIZA

Go put on your clothes. Guard the bathroom this time.

The Runaway grabs her stuff; she and Will move off.

ELIZA (CONT'D)

Thanks, Joey.

Eliza starts peeling off some bills.

JOEY

You're lucky. We did the "strip search" show last night. I was about to take this to the cleaners.

Eliza moves off. Joey counts his money. He looks up to see a few tipsy young women heading in after a long night of partying. They're checking him out -- he's very handsome.

JOEY (CONT'D)

Welcome to Vegas, ladies.

In a Chippendale move, Joey rips off his one-piece "police uniform," revealing a cut body in a Speedo. The women start pulling out cameras.

INT. CITY CENTER -- MORNING (DAY 2)

The high-end shops of the City Center are opening. The Runaway speaks with a man in front of a watch store.

INT. WATCH STORE -- MOMENTS LATER (DAY 2)

Eliza and Will enter. The owner and the Runaway speak in the corner. The owner is Persian; he's in his fifties. "TEJ." Eliza pores over the watch case.

WILL

You like watches?

ELIZA

Obsessed.

WILL

But you don't wear one.

ELIZA

I once had an Air King like yours.  
You know the movie, "Paper Moon?"

WILL

Ryan and Tatum O'Neal. Con  
artists. She won an Oscar. She  
was like, twelve years old.

ELIZA

That was me and my Dad. My Dad  
liked watches.

WILL

So where's your dad now?

ELIZA

I'm guessing he's wherever my Air  
King is. If you see him, tell him  
I want my watch back.

The pow-wow between Tej and the Runaway ends. The Runaway  
comes over and shakes her head. Eliza goes over to Tej.

TEJ

No way. She tried to steal from  
me. An arm for an arm.

ELIZA

I don't even know what that means.

TEJ

She steals from me. I steal from  
her. She should go to jail.

ELIZA

She's a kid.

TEJ

Not my problem.

ELIZA

The law actually carves a spot for  
kids being stupid. They can't get  
married, they can't vote, can't  
sign a contract. Can we let this  
one slide? You have a kid, right?

TEJ

I do. And he's smart like me.

Tej moves off. Will is outside with the Runaway, lecturing her. Eliza looks at the gleaming watches in the case.

ELIZA

She's smart. Smart enough to lift a watch from you.

*(Off Tej)*

But here's what could happen. She did something really dumb. And if she gets popped, then she goes into the system. And then she's stuck on dumb forever.

*(Beat, it's not working)*

She'll show you exactly how she stole the watch. We'll give you all the moves. I'll save you thousands of dollars a year.

On Will and the Runaway. His lecture has ended with her in tears. A frightened little girl. Will beckons her, and she goes in for a hug. The Runaway just wants to go home.

TEJ

It's a deal.

INT. CASINO -- LATER THAT MORNING (DAY 2)

Will is at the bar, drinking coffee. Eliza enters, she's wearing her cardigan over cocktail dress. She's ready for a shift at the blackjack table. She heads for Will.

WILL

Buy you a cup of coffee?

ELIZA

I have a shift. What time is it?

WILL

Ten of ten. You should get a watch.

ELIZA

No way. There aren't any clocks in a Casino. I'd just look at it all night. I leave when my shift boss tells me to leave.

*(Beat)*

Is that what you're going to do? Leave the job you hate when your family tells you to.

WILL

I'm not turning my life upside down  
for you, Eliza. I'm fine.

Will's phone rings. Eliza grabs it. "Anthony Donatello"  
She gives him the ringing phone. Will silences his phone.

ELIZA

Anthony Donatello is not the kind  
of man you want pissed off at you.

WILL

Donatello doesn't scare me.

ELIZA

He should. You know, Will, for a  
man whose life is *fine*, you sure  
hate hearing from it.

*(Off Will)*

Vegas isn't for everyone. It's  
psychotic. Even the big gamblers  
can't handle it. They'll make some  
big bet, but even they don't  
believe it. Not everyone has the  
nerve. The daring. Not everyone  
can be all in.

WILL

I'm going home.

ELIZA

Why did you follow me to the  
blackjack table last night? Why  
did you meet me at the Fountain?

WILL

*(Beat)*

I liked the idea of an adventure.

Tucker enters, and he is quickly surrounded by fans. Will  
and Eliza cross to meet him. Tucker graciously slips away.

TUCKER

You two really saved my life.

ELIZA

I'm glad everything worked out.

TUCKER

If you ever need tickets. Or  
anything. I owe you folks.

WILL

I'll take some football tickets.  
Be great to see you play on Sunday.  
You get to call the plays, right?  
Not your Dad.

TUCKER

The coaches probably call all the  
plays. In their eyes, I'm a kid.  
Anyway, thanks for everything.

Tucker waves and exits the Casino. They follow.

EXT. THE CAIRO -- CONTINUOUS (DAY 2)

Tucker is approached by a few fans. Tucker graciously and happily signs autographs and poses for photographs. Eliza and Will watch.

ELIZA

That was very impressive hearing  
you tell that kid to distance  
himself from his dad. That's rich  
stuff, Yale boy. From the guy  
who's living everyone else's dream--

WILL

You know what. I'm doing fine.

ELIZA

You keep saying that. You might  
want to try to do better than fine.  
Kill me if I ever--

*(Beat)*

You're very unimaginative for a guy  
with a great imagination.

WILL

Sue me.

ELIZA

Better yet. I'll ignore you. Try  
not to miss me.

Eliza exits into the Casino. Tucker waves to Will as his limo moves off...

TUCKER

I'll see you in New York, Will.

Tucker is gone. And Will is alone.

INT. RECEPTION -- MOMENTS LATER (DAY 2)

Will comes up to the desk clerk. In her twenties. "Laila."

WILL

Will Garratt, checking out.

LAILA

Of course. How was your stay?

WILL

Good. Exhausting. One wild night.

A young couple is next to him at reception. It's Teddy the Swimmer. He's with Suzi. The woman who was crying in the bathroom. The one to whom Will gave the \$100.

TEDDY

Mister Garratt. It's Teddy.

SUZI

I know you. You gave me a hundred dollars last night.

TEDDY

This is him? This is my lawyer.

SUZI

No way?

TEDDY

Way. This is the guy I'm telling you about. This is Will Garratt.

SUZI

*(shoving Teddy)*  
Shut up.

WILL

How do you two--

SUZI

I took your hundred and went to the Roulette table. I won him. He goes to LSU. I go to Ole Miss. We could get married someday.

Teddy rolls his eyes. She slugs him in the chest.

TEDDY

We could. We could get married right here. You could be our judge.

SUZI

Photo op. Excuse me, could you--

Laila takes the camera. The three pose.

SUZI (CONT'D)

Okay. Big smiles, y'all. Best night of your damn life.

SFX: CAMERA SHUTTER. A still photo of everyone smiling.

SUZI (CONT'D)

Never forget you, Will Garratt. You've been implicated.

On Will. Suzi and Teddy move off, hand in hand, still buzzing. A slot machine winner's bell goes off. It's Dottie's machine. Her machine lights up with a sign that reads. "\$10,000." Silver dollars pour out. The coins are for show. But she has won ten thousand dollars. People come over. Some young guy scoops coins for her. But crazy Dottie doesn't know any better. She thinks he's trying to steal her money. She pulls out the handgun we saw earlier. Will rushes over.

WILL

Put the gun away. You've won the money, don't blow it. Now. Do it.

Casino officials are coming over. Dottie puts the gun away.

WILL (CONT'D)

*(to the guy, sotto)*  
She's a little off, I'm sorry.

GUY

No problem. It's Vegas.

The guy moves off. The Casino officials arrive.

CASINO GUY

Evening, Ma'am. Looks like someone just won ten thousand dollars.

Dottie starts shaking like a leaf. She reaches for her cigarettes. Drops them. Will picks up the pack. He gives her a cigarette. And then with a flick of his lighter ...

DOTTIE

I know you. You're the guy with the light.

People descend upon Dottie. Will moves off. On Will.

INT. CASINO -- MOMENTS LATER (DAY 2)

Eliza is at her table, pulling chips out. As Will arrives...

ELIZA

Good. Because I had one more thing. I bet they don't even want you in Greenwich.

WILL

Believe me, they want me in Greenwich. But I want to be here.

ELIZA

What does that mean?

WILL

I'm all in, Eliza.  
*(Beat)*  
 How long do you think it will take someone like me to disappoint the hell out of some people?

ELIZA

How many people do you have to disappoint? *Really* disappoint.

WILL

Huh. Five to seven.

ELIZA

That's one person a day. One week.  
*(Pulls a chip from her pocket)*  
 I'll even front you the hundred to waive into the Nevada Bar.

Will doesn't take the chip. A beat.

ELIZA (CONT'D)

You're not coming back. But that's very sweet that you think you are.  
*(Kisses him on the forehead)*  
 You're a great guy, Will Garratt. Don't believe anyone who ever tells you different.

A long beat between them. It's been an adventure.

WILL

I'll be back in one week. You can time me.

He takes off his ROLEX AIR KING and puts it on her wrist. On our two heroes. They are friends for life.

INT. RECEPTION -- MOMENTS LATER (DAY 2)

Will returns to Laila at reception.

LAILA

Mister Garratt. I thought we had lost you in all the excitement.

WILL

It was close. There was a gun.

LAILA

What does that mean?

WILL

Nothing.

LAILA

Here's your bill if you'd like to look it over. Shall I keep it on the same credit card?

WILL

Please. I have a slight change of plans. Do you happen to have any availability one week from today?

LAILA

Excellent idea, Mister Garratt.

She hits her keyboard. Will looks around. Dottie is drinking champagne, posing for photographs. A happy scene.

LAILA (CONT'D)

How many nights were you hoping for?

A stunning question for Will. He turns back to Laila.

WILL

Would you say that again?

LAILA

How many nights in Las Vegas were you hoping for?

On Will. Wondering about all the nights that lie ahead ...

GO TO BLACK.

END OF SHOW