

**HIGH ROLLER**

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HIGH ROLLER

FADE IN

**INT. CORPORATE BUILDING -- MID MORNING**

The logo of Interlink Software Systems hangs over cubicles filled with SOFTWARE WRITERS busy at their keyboards.

BLAINE HARRISON, 24, walks towards the boss' office with a stack of software code. He's the type of guy you see in the background of Life - smart but lacking confidence.

CO-WORKERS give Blaine tokens of support as he passes - a thumps up, a nod...

He pauses outside the boss' door, gathers up his game face and enters...

**INT. BOSS' OFFICE -- SHORT TIME LATER**

The BOSS, 45, sits at his desk, Blaine's papers before him.

BLAINE

Can you at least show it to the guys in Development?

BOSS

(scooping up papers)  
I said not interested.

BLAINE

I've been working on this every night for eight months.

BOSS

The world doesn't need another database, Mr. Harrison. It needs you to churn out conversion tables for our accounting module.

Blaine lowers his head in defeat. He reaches for his papers but the boss pulls them away.

BOSS (CONT'D)

I'll keep these. I need something to level my desk.

He puts some of the papers under a desk leg.

**INT. BLAINE AND RODGER'S APARTMENT -- MOMENTS LATER**

Blaine's roommate RODGER, 22, is watching TV in his underwear.

He's a modern day Neal Cassady without the acid and the psychedelic bus -- fearless with an infectious personality.

Blaine enters and notices the programming on the TV.

BLAINE

Is that HBO?

RODGER

I got tired of waiting for those cheap fucks in 4F to subscribe so I went on the roof. We're stealing from 6G now.

Blaine notices what he's wearing.

BLAINE

One o'clock and still no pants, huh?

RODGER

First, not that it's any of your business but for your info anyway, I don't want to get my pants dirty from all the shit we've spilled on this couch and, second, go fuck yourself for being so judgmental, you judgmental fuck.

BLAINE

You can't look for a job with no pants on. That's all I'm sayin'.

RODGER

I have seven more weeks of Unemployment. I get a job now, I'd be throwing money away.

(then)

Why you even home? You never come home for lunch.

BLAINE

I needed to take a walk.

Blaine plops down in the chair. Should he even try and discuss something with Rodger? What the hell...

BLAINE (CONT'D)

I finally showed my boss that code today. Eight months of work, you'd think he'd give me the courtesy of pretending to care. These algorithms, I'm telling ya, they're worth millions. I'm sure of it--

RODGER

(interrupting)

You know what you need? You need a break. I say you take the rest of the day off and go to Vegas with me. The Mendoza fight's on Sunday. I was planning on leaving tomorrow but we'll get there early-- Don't shake your head. We'll have fun. Remember fun?

BLAINE

I don't have any money.

RODGER

The bank says you've got eight hundred bucks.

How does he-- Oh.

BLAINE

What'd I say about opening my mail?

RODGER

Blaine, You're my best friend. I can't go to a prize fight without my best friend. Don't stop me from going.

BLAINE

(figuring it out)

Your car broke down again, didn't it? You need me to drive.

RODGER

And in return, I'll give you this coupon I got in the mail -- fifty bucks in chips at the MGM Grand. You just have to pretend your name's...

(checking coupon)

Crystal Rosenberg and you live in 1C.

Rodger can see that Blaine is teetering...

RODGER (CONT'D)

(whispering crowd)

Ve-gas. Ve-gas...

BLAINE

(breaking)

Oh, what the hell?

RODGER

There's the guy I'm looking for!

Rodger gets up and heads to the bedroom to pack.

BLAINE

Where are we gonna stay?

RODGER

You worried about finding a room in Vegas?

**INT. PARADISE MOTEL LOBBY -- EARLY THAT EVENING**

Our guys are standing behind the lobby counter of a cheap motel. A flickering VACANCY sign hangs in the window next to endorsement stickers: AAA, Rotary Club, McCain/Palin...

GUS is behind the counter.

GUS

All booked.

RODGER

The sign says "Vacancy."

GUS

The one on the roof says Paradise Motel. This look like a fucking paradise to you?

RODGER

We've been to nine other places already.

GUS

I'll put you on the waiting list.

BLAINE

How many ahead of us?

GUS

Take a flying guess, Einstein.

The guys look at each other. They start to exit.

GUS (CONT'D)

Hold on, hold on. Sometimes, for an extra ten bucks, rooms suddenly become available.

Rodger takes out a ten and gives it to Gus.

GUS (CONT'D)  
Wait outside. I'll talk with my  
Capacity Manager.

**EXT. PARKING LOT OF PARADISE MOTEL -- MOMENTS LATER**

They walk to Blaine's car -- a beat-up 87 Honda.

BLAINE  
Never occurred to you it'd be tough  
finding rooms during a prize fight.  
huh?

RODGER  
Hey, Plan B is all ready to go.  
Just say the word.

BLAINE  
I'm not sleeping in a tent.

RODGER  
Than stop whining, okay? It's not  
my fault you didn't sell your  
program for millions.  
(Blaine stops)  
Don't look at me like that. You  
failed and you're misdirecting your  
anger towards me. You don't have to  
be a rocket scientist.

BLAINE  
Okay, first off, I didn't fail.

RODGER  
You let your boss get the upper  
hand. You did. I know you.

Blaine rolls his eyes. Here it comes again.

BLAINE  
You weren't there.

RODGER  
So you held your ground? You told  
him he was shortsighted and dooming  
his company to the backwaters of  
history?

BLAINE  
Those are the exact words I used.

RODGER

Look, I know you hate to keep hearing it but the winner's the guy who holds his ground--

BLAINE

Yeah, yeah, I know. I give up too soon. I wimp out. I don't know why I don't listen to the guy who watches TV all day with your pants off.

RODGER

I'm full of shit. You're right. I have no clue how to sell an idea. Riddle me this though -- how come you didn't want to come to Vegas, yet here we are?

Rodger has a point but Blaine is not about to admit it.

A TOUGH LOOKING GUY crosses holding a baseball bat. He goes to the door the guys are standing in front of

TOUGH LOOKING GUY

This the room you guys want? Step back for sec.

Before they can answer the guys bangs on the door with bat.

TOUGH LOOKING GUY (CONT'D)

Open up! Security! Open up!!

He bangs on the door again as Rodger and Blaine look at each other - let's get out of here before somebody is hurt.

RODGER/BLAINE

Never mind! / Keep the room!

The guys jump into the car and drive out of the parking lot.

**INT. BLAINE'S CAR -- A FEW MINUTES LATER**

Rodger is driving down a main boulevard past the VEGAS CONVENTION CENTER. The marquee reads: SEMICONDUCTOR MANUFACTURING CONFERENCE. Keynote speaker - MARTIN BARCENTE.

BLAINE

Look at that -- Martin Barcente's speaking at a conference tomorrow.  
(explaining)

He runs Tanis Microsystems. He's like the Bill Gates of enterprise computing.

RODGER

Between you and me? I've never been so bored this early in a conversation.

Blaine shuts up, annoyed.

BLAINE

Remind me why we're friends?

Rodger realizes his comment was pretty harsh. He starts to laugh. A few beats later Blaine joins in. Sharing laughter over Rodger being such an asshole breaks the tension.

RODGER

Okay, I know you didn't ask but this guy's some big computer honcho, right? Track him down tomorrow. Pitch him your program.

BLAINE

Great idea! Then I'll call The White House with fixes for the economy.

RODGER

Eight seconds! Usually it takes ten before you give up.

BLAINE

Rodger, big shots like Barcente hire extra people just to act as filters so guys like me don't bother his regular people.

RODGER

You're right. Probably best to wait for him to call you.

Blaine sees The Strip ahead and suddenly grows suspicious.

BLAINE

We going to The Strip? Those rooms are two-hundred bucks a night!

Rodger pulls the car over, out of patience.

RODGER

You wanna just drive home? Seriously, tell me what you wanna do. We've only got three options here -- drive home, go to The Strip or Plan C.



BLAINE  
 (half knowing)  
 What's Plan C?

RODGER  
 I jam a screwdriver into one of  
 your eye sockets until you stop  
 whining.

No other options, Blaine motions to keep driving.

**EXT. MGM - MAIN ENTRANCE -- SHORT TIME LATER**

Blaine and Rodger have parked the car and are heading inside.

BLAINE  
 Eight hundred bucks to my name and  
 we're gonna spend half on a room.

RODGER  
 Whining.  
 (then)  
 We'll make it all back on the  
 fight. A bet on Anthony wins six  
 times our money.

BLAINE  
 I'm not betting against the champ.

RODGER  
 There's something I didn't tell you  
 -- Mark is friends with someone who  
 knows a guy named Jimmy who's  
 working the champ's corner. Jimmy  
 said the champ's gonna lose.

BLAINE  
 That's your tip? Mark knows a guy  
 who knows a guy?

RODGER  
 Who works Mendoza's corner! Mark  
 swears by him.

BLAINE  
 Mark has a tattoo that's  
 misspelled. I don't really trust  
 him on details.

RODGER  
 Just think about it -- we pool your  
 eight hundred and my sixty -- we  
 win over five thousand! That's  
 twenty-five hundred apiece!

BLAINE  
I put in over ten times as much but  
we split the winnings?

RODGER  
It was my tip.

BLAINE  
It was Mark's tip.

RODGER  
That came through me.

They reach the reception area.

BLAINE  
(firm)  
I'm not betting against the champ.  
(then)  
Meet me in the bar. I'm gonna get a  
coke. Cheapest room. I'm serious.

**INT. MGM LOBBY BAR -- MOMENTS LATER**

Blaine is sitting at a table in the lounge. A COCKTAIL  
WAITRESS crosses in with his drink.

COCKTAIL WAITRESS  
Eleven dollars.

Blaine gets up as if the seat was hot.

BLAINE  
For one coke!

COCKTAIL WAITRESS  
We're in a desert.

BLAINE  
I can buy real coke for that price.

COCKTAIL WAITRESS  
I wouldn't know.  
(aside)  
But the doormen might. Ask for  
Marquis.

She exits.

**INT. MGM CHECK-IN COUNTER -- CONTINUOUS**

Rodger reaches the front of the line.

RODGER

Need a room, Big Guy. That's a nice tie by the way. Really picks up the light.

COUNTER PERSON

Sorry. We're booked solid.

RODGER

Right, right. My secretary may have called. Try looking under Hamilton.

Rodger flashes a ten dollar bill. The counter person politely shakes his head.

RODGER (CONT'D)

Try Hamilton and...  
(fishing thru wallet)  
..eight Washingtons.

COUNTER PERSON

We really are full. There's a prize fight this weekend.

RODGER

Look, I know you have rooms. If the President came in you'd have a room.

COUNTER PERSON

The President wouldn't come to Vegas during a prize fight without a reservation.

**EXT. MGM ENTRANCE -- A FEW MINUTES LATER**

Our guys walk out the front door and into the valet area.

RODGER

Let's try the Luxor.

BLAINE

You want me to admit stuff, why can't you admit there's no rooms?

Just then a man in a suit, MR. DOUGLAS, 40s, comes out of a door marked EMPLOYEE ENTRANCE. He is carrying a suitcase and finishing a conversation on a cell phone...

DOUGLAS

(into phone)  
..your reservation is all set. Mr. Miller will be handling my accounts while I'm away... Thanks. Bye.

He hangs up as a cab pulls up. Douglas gets in with his suitcase and doesn't notice his phone falling to the ground.

The cab drives away leaving the phone on the pavement.

The cell phone RINGS.

BLAINE  
(knowing Rodger)  
Don't.

Rodger doesn't listen. He goes over and picks up the phone.

RODGER  
(into phone)  
Hello?

INTERCUT WITH:

**INT. CORPORATE OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS**

SECRETARY  
Mr. Douglas? I'm calling on behalf  
of Mr. Fillmore.

RODGER  
(cupping phone)  
She's calling on behalf of Mr.  
Fillmore.

BLAINE  
Hang that up!

Blaine tries to grab the phone but Rodger pulls it away.

SECRETARY  
Unfortunately some business came up  
last minute and he won't be able to  
visit your hotel this weekend.

Rodger takes this in.

RODGER  
I'm sorry. The reception on this  
phone isn't very good. Can you  
confirm that name again, just to be  
safe?

SECRETARY  
Wade Fillmore. I am speaking with  
Mr. Douglas of the MGM Grand, am I  
not?

RODGER

Yeah, it's me. Okay, so, Wade  
Fillmore won't be needing his room  
this weekend. Got it.

Rodger hangs up, tosses the phone and heads into the hotel.

RODGER (CONT'D)

(to Blaine)

Mr. Ye Of Little Faith.

Blaine wearily follows.

BLAINE

What'd I say about made-up names?

**INT. MGM CHECK-IN COUNTER -- MOMENTS LATER**

Blaine hangs off to the side as Rodger walks up to the  
opposite end of the counter he was at earlier.

RODGER

Fillmore. Nice tie, by the way.  
Really picks up the light.

A NEW COUNTER PERSON types it in and quickly straightens up.

NEW COUNTER PERSON

Mr. Fillmore! Welcome to the MGM  
Grand. I see it's your first time  
staying with us.

Rodger suddenly sees the COUNTER PERSON from earlier. He  
needs to get out of there quick!

RODGER

Actually, he's Fillmore. Over  
there.

Rodger scurries out of sight.

NEW COUNTER PERSON

(to Blaine)

Mr. Fillmore? Excuse me, sir? I  
just need you to sign in.

Blaine has been looking around, not paying attention. Is that  
guy talking to him? Blaine looks around for Rodger. Once  
again Rodger's put him in a situation he isn't prepared for.  
Blaine sighs. The New Counter Person takes the sigh as an  
expression of inconvenience - something to be avoided!

NEW COUNTER PERSON (CONT'D)

That's okay. We'll get it later.

He hands the BELLMAN the room key. The bellman sees the room number and immediately straightens up. He starts walking and Blaine reluctantly follows.

**INT. MGM CASINO HALLWAY -- MOMENTS LATER**

They turn a corner and find Rodger. He joins Blaine and they walk behind the bellman.

BLAINE

(sotto)

Where'd you go? First I was supposed be Crystal Rosenberg, now I'm some guy named Fillmore... Why can't YOU be Fillmore?

Rodger smiles, saying in effect - relax. They pass a blackjack table and Rodger points to a sexy blonde dealer.

RODGER

There's one for ya.

(off his indifference)

Oh, that's right. I'm the one who likes blondes.

They see a SECURITY GUARD on a wall phone. He spots our guys and points them out to two OTHER GUARDS.

BLAINE

(nervous)

We've been made.

RODGER

Just relax. Let me do the talking.

They reach the guards.

SECURITY GUARD

Gentlemen, I'm Head of Security--

BLAINE

(breaking)

He wanted to stay here, not me!

SECURITY GUARD

(confused)

I was gonna say, if there's anything you need, Mr. Fillmore, just ask.

Rodger sees their nervousness was a false alarm. In fact they might even be in control!

RODGER

Can we hold one of those guns?

Nobody's ever asked that before. The Head of Security begrudgingly nods to one of the other guards -- let 'em. The guard starts to unhook his holster snap.

BLAINE

He was just kidding!

Blaine starts to walk again towards the elevator bank.

BELLMAN

Uh, Mr. Fillmore. We're not taking the regular elevators.

The bellman pushes a button hidden behind a painting. A formerly unseen door opens leading to a small room beyond.

BLAINE

(sotto; worried)

It's one of those secret rooms where they beat people up.

Rodger nudges him to enter.

**INT. PRIVATE ELEVATOR -- MOMENTS LATER**

The room is a private elevator. Blaine and Rodger sneak glances at each other - pretty snazzy.

BELLMAN

(pointing out music; proudly)

Hall and Oates.

Blaine and Rodger look at each other.

**INT. MGM WHALE SUITE -- MOMENTS LATER**

The bellman opens the door revealing a large room with tall ceilings and wall to wall marble. In the center of the room, where you'd normally expect a large bouquet of flowers, is a large bowl filled to the brim with Fig Newtons.

BLAINE

Wow! This is our room?

BELLMAN

(chuckling)

This is the entrance hall. The rooms are in here, sir.

(re: bowl; proudly)

Fig Newtons.

Rodger and Blaine follow the bellman around a corner and into a huge... opulent suite with a gorgeous view overlooking The Strip.

Blaine and Rodger try to hide their giddiness.

RODGER

This is more like it. Thought we'd have to complain there for a second.

BLAINE

Jesus! You'd need a golf cart to get around this place.

BELLMAN

Very good, sir.

BLAINE

What?

BELLMAN

A golf cart. I'll have one sent up.

BLAINE

I was just kidd--

RODGER

Yeah! Have one sent up.

The bellman nods and "prepares" to leave. Rodger realizes he's waiting for a tip. He pulls out a few crumbled bills. The bellman forces a smile and exits.

BLAINE

This guy Fillmore must be rich.

RODGER

Ya think?

Blaine notices a tray with chilled champagne.

BLAINE

(reading card)

"Mr. Fillmore, Welcome to the MGM Grand. Whatever you request, the answer is yes."

RODGER

Save that. I wanna use it to wipe my ass later.

Rodger plops down on one of the couches and eats a chocolate from a silver tray.



BLAINE  
Don't eat that! They're for  
Fillmore.

RODGER  
We are Fillmore. Well, you are.

BLAINE  
Rodger, we can't afford this.

RODGER  
They're not gonna charge us.  
Fillmore must be a whale.

BLAINE  
A whale?

RODGER  
A super high roller. This is one of  
those rooms they give away free to  
guys like him.

BLAINE  
How do you know that?

RODGER  
Look at it! It SCREAMS high-roller  
- private elevator, the view, 80  
pounds of Fig Newtons--

BLAINE  
What if you're wrong? Suppose they  
charge us a thousand bucks a night?

RODGER  
Oh, this room would go for more  
than that.

Hearing that out loud does it. Blaine heads to the door.

BLAINE  
We're not staying.

Rodger rushes over and blocks his way.

RODGER  
Give me one good reason.

BLAINE  
Cause it's wrong.

RODGER  
I said a good reason.

Blaine tries to get around Rodger but is blocked again.

RODGER (CONT'D)  
 (compromise)  
 Just one night then.  
 (compromise more)  
 Six hours. We won't even sleep.  
 Just hang out and watch TV.

Rodger can see that Blaine isn't gonna back down.

RODGER (CONT'D)  
 Fine. But I'm going to use the  
 restroom first.

BLAINE  
 Do it in the lobby.

RODGER  
 Its gotta be in this room.

BLAINE  
 You can't you go downstairs? Just  
 this once?

Rodger looks as if it's the dumbest question in the world.

RODGER  
 (talking to child)  
 I've defecated at the Vatican. I've  
 defecated at Carnegie Hall. Do I  
 really need to explain again why  
 it's important I go in the high-  
 roller suite of the MGM Grand?

BLAINE  
 I'm gambling for a half hour and  
 then I'm driving home.  
 (exiting)  
 A half hour and I'm gone. I'm  
 serious.

Blaine starts out the door.

BLAINE (CONT'D)  
 You are gonna do it in the  
 bathroom, right?

Rodger nods. Blaine exits. Rodger crosses to the huge window  
 and takes off his pants. He makes gyrating gestures towards  
 The Strip and twirls his pants over his head.

DISSOLVE TO:

**INT. MGM CASINO -- SHORT TIME LATER**

Blaine steps off the elevator and gets his bearings. He spots the casino tables and starts to walk over but... runs into EMILY NORRIS, 23. Dressed in her new Banana Republic suit, she's pretty in a scared sort of way. Her papers go flying.

BLAINE

Oh my god! I'm so sorry!

Blaine gets on the ground and starts gathering up papers as she does the same.

EMILY

It was my fault. I should know to hold papers tighter when I fall.

Blaine is amused. He looks at her. She looks at him looking at her. He's tongue-tied. Say something... anything... Nothing comes out.

She starts to get up. Blaine rushes to get up first to help her but trips and pushes her over again. He's now laying on top of her!

BLAINE

(horrified)

That was an accident!

EMILY

(laughing instead)

It's okay. I had to come back down to get the rest of the papers.

Blaine is again taken by her sense of humor. He clumsily rolls off her and they both get to their feet. Blaine stands there, trying to think of something to say. Against nothing comes.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Okay. Well...thanks.

The conversation unfortunately over, Blaine walks away.

He tries to summon up the courage to turn around and talk to her some more. Just turn around. Don't keep walking. Do it! It's now or never.

BLAINE

(turning back)

My name's Blaine.

Too late. She's gone.

DISSOLVE TO:

**INT. MGM CASHIER WINDOW -- 30 MINUTES LATER**

Blaine reaches the front of a short line. He hands some yellow chips to the CASHIER who stacks and counts them.

RODGER (O.S.)  
(re: number of chips)  
Not bad for a half hour's work.

Blaine turns, startled, and sees Rodger has joined him.

BLAINE  
(glass half empty)  
I started with fifty.

The cashier quickly counts \$100 bills into stacks on the counter.

CASHIER  
One thousand... 2 thousand... 3...

Blaine suddenly turns away from the counter.

BLAINE  
(sotto)  
Those are hundred dollar bills!!

Blaine's right! Rodger quickly turns around also.

RODGER  
She must've thought those were  
thousand dollar chips!

CASHIER  
7... 8...

As the numbers keep getting higher their smiles get bigger...

BLAINE  
She's still counting!!

CASHIER  
12... 15... Eighteen thousand.

They compose their best poker faces. Eighteen thousand dollars sits on the counter. They stare for a beat.

Blaine gets up his courage and touches the money. No alarms go off. He pulls the money closer. Still no alarm.

BLAINE  
Okay. We're gonna take this now.

The cashier looks confused. Blaine finally picks up the money and they cross out.

**INT. MGM CASINO -- MOMENTS LATER**

They are "walking" though the casino in doubletime. They just have to make it to the door. Just make it to the door...

RODGER

(noticing)

Why are you slowing down?

Blaine stops.

BLAINE

This money's not ours.

Rodger pulls Blaine into a seating area off the main walkway.

RODGER

We're in a casino! This whole place is about getting money that isn't yours!

BLAINE

Something feels wrong.

RODGER

Uh, yeah! We have eighteen thousand dollars now! Blaine, do you know the odds of finding a color-blind cashier? We hit the jackpot here!

BLAINE

We're being punked!

RODGER

We're not being punked.

BLAINE

No one else has yellow chips. Look. Yellow chips are for people being punked.

Rodger looks around. Blaine is right.

RODGER

Stay here.

Rodger crosses to a FLOOR MANAGER near some blackjack tables.

RODGER (CONT'D)

Nice suit. What is that, gray? Listen--

Before he can ask his question...

FLOOR MANAGER  
Would Mr. Fillmore like a table  
cleared?

RODGER  
You recognize Mr. Fillmore, huh?

FLOOR MANAGER  
(letting him in on secret)  
They immediately post pictures of  
high-rollers when they check in.

Rodger takes this in.

RODGER  
So all the employees here know Mr.  
Fillmore's a high roller?

He nods. Rodger crosses back to Blaine.

RODGER (CONT'D)  
How'd you get those chips?

BLAINE  
I walked up to a table and said  
"Give me fifty." Why do you look  
nervous? You never look nervous.

RODGER  
Did you give 'em any money?

Blaine tries to remember the exact details...

BLAINE  
No. I gave the dealer that coupon.  
Now that I think about it he didn't  
even look at it. He just laughed--

RODGER  
He called you Fillmore, didn't he?

BLAINE  
He might have--  
(realizing)  
Oh my god! He advanced me fifty  
thousand from Fillmore's account?

RODGER  
(confirming)  
We're not up eighteen thousand,  
we're DOWN thirty-two thousand!!

Blaine suddenly gets up.

RODGER (CONT'D)  
 (grabbing him)  
 Where you going?

BLAINE  
 To clear this up.

Rodger pulls him down.

RODGER  
 What are you gonna say? We checked  
 in under a fake name and took money  
 from a VIP's account?

BLAINE  
 It was an accident.

RODGER  
 Who's gonna believe that? Everybody  
 who called you Fillmore? The same  
 ones who didn't hear you say, "I'm  
 not him"? We can go to jail for  
 this, Blaine. It's called fraud.  
 It's a felony!

Blaine realizes Rodger's right. He gets up, now very nervous.

BLAINE  
 We gotta get out of here.

Rodger pulls him back down.

RODGER  
 We can't just leave. They have us  
 on camera.

BLAINE  
 (getting more nervous)  
 Maybe they won't come after us. I  
 mean 32,000, that's not a lot for a  
 place like this--

RODGER  
 Blaine, who owns casinos? Guys who  
 like nothing better than to visit  
 you in the middle of the night with  
 a baseball bat and nipple clamps.  
 (off Blaine's confusion)  
 I was trying to think of something  
 that hurts more than a bat.

BLAINE  
 (panicking)  
 We'll change our looks -- shave our  
 heads, walk with a limp for the  
 rest of our lives--

RODGER  
 Blaine! You really want to spend  
 the rest of your life looking over  
 your shoulder?

Blaine considers this. He knows that Rodger is right.

BLAINE  
 You HAD to take a shit, didn't ya!!  
 You couldn't come down and gamble!!  
 You had to take a shit!!

People are beginning to look over.

RODGER  
 Sshhh.  
 (thinking it though)  
 If the money's back in his account  
 by Monday they won't need to call  
 Fillmore's bank. He'll never know  
 we were here.

BLAINE  
 All we have to do is get thirty-two  
 thousand dollars in two days. I  
 know! We'll get some high-paying  
 jobs and a TIME MACHINE!

RODGER  
 (eureka moment)  
 We'll borrow more of Fillmore's  
 money. Use it to bet.

Blaine starts shaking his head even more nervously.

BLAINE  
 No no no. I'm a lousy gambler,  
 Rodger. The cards don't come to me.  
 Half the time my drink orders come  
 back wrong.

RODGER  
 You have a better idea?

Blaine thinks for a beat. He doesn't. So he tries to run  
 again but Rodger grabs him.



RODGER (CONT'D)

We can't run. We gotta stay and  
keep pretending you're Fillmore.  
It's the only way. It's that or we  
go to jail.

Blaine considers this for a beat then tries to escape again.  
Roger grabs his arm and holds him as...

MILLER (O.S.)

Gentlemen!

They're interrupted by BARRY MILLER, 50s. With him is Emily.

MILLER

I'm Barry Miller, Hotel Manager. I  
hope I didn't interrupt anything.

RODGER

We were just...wrestling.

Miller holds out his hand but isn't sure who to "aim" it at.  
Rodger nudges Blaine -- say something.

BLAINE

I'm Blaine--

RODGER

Wade.

BLAINE

Right. Wade. I meant Wade. Blaine  
is my...wrestling name.

They shake hands.

MILLER

My apologies, Mr. Fillmore.  
Normally Mr. Douglas would've  
greeted you but he's had a family  
emergency and had to fly back East.  
I've arranged for another casino  
host for you. He should be here  
within the hour.

Miller notices Blaine admiring Emily.

MILLER (CONT'D)

Where are my manners? This is Emily  
Norris, our newest host.

EMILY

We've met. We had a quick roll on  
the carpet.

She can't believe she said that! Blaine and her share a smile.

RODGER  
 (to Miller)  
 May I speak with you a moment?

Rodger and Miller walk to the side, leaving Blaine with Emily.

RODGER (CONT'D)  
 I'm Mr. Fillmore's personal assistant. Forgive me but Mr. Douglas promised he'd fill me in. See, this is my first visit to Vegas with Mr. Fillmore and I don't know exactly how the casino-thing works.

(cut to the chase)  
 We're not gonna get a bill here, are we?

MILLER  
 Oh, no, no, no. Everything is on the house.  
 (gingerly)  
 We expect of course that Mr. Fillmore will be placing larger bets than he just did.

RODGER  
 Of course. He was just warming up.

MILLER  
 I'm embarrassed I brought it up.

Miller assumes the conversation is over and starts to cross back but Rodger holds him...

RODGER  
 We'd like Ms. Norris to be our host.

MILLER  
 (diplomatically)  
 I'm sorry. This is her first weekend. She's still in training. I'm sure you understand.

RODGER  
 I think I do. Nobody greeted us and now our first request is being dismissed.

(MORE)

RODGER (CONT'D)  
 Perhaps that note should've read  
 "Whatever you request, the answer  
 is yes - unless it's inconvenient."

Rodger pretends to start back. Miller's job IS to kiss  
 butt...

MILLER  
 I guess I could allow it.  
 (Rodger stops)  
 If it would make Mr. Fillmore  
 happy.

RODGER  
 It would.

**ANGLE ON BLAINE AND EMILY**

BLAINE  
 ..It's just with all the jettin'  
 around it's hard to meet women--

MILLER  
 (crossing back in)  
 Ms. Norris, you'll be on Mr.  
 Fillmore's account this weekend.

EMILY / BLAINE  
 Really?!

Emily doesn't know what to say! Or where to begin...

MILLER  
 (prompting)  
 Perhaps you can start by helping  
 arrange some dinner reservations.

EMILY  
 May I recommend our steak house?--  
 (correcting herself)  
 Award-winning steak-house. I don't  
 know if you've ever seen the Steak  
 House Awards but our burgers always  
 win and they give the best  
 acceptance speeches.

Everybody laughs. Maybe this wasn't a mistake after all.

BLAINE  
 I feel more like In 'n Out Burger.

EMILY  
 There's one four blocks away.

MILLER  
 (quickly)  
 Ahem. Will you excuse us for a  
 minute?

Miller pulls Emily to the side to talk in private.

RODGER  
 This is good. She's new. It'll be  
 easy to pull things over on her.

**ANGLE ON EMILY & MILLER**

MILLER  
 Number one rule of hosting?

EMILY  
 "Keep high-rollers in the hotel."  
 Can I explain--

MILLER  
 Interesting. You read the manual  
 yet chose to ignore Rule Number  
 One. Why is this rule important?

Emily hates being treated like a child but he is the boss.

EMILY  
 "They might gamble at another  
 casino which can mean millions lost  
 there and not here."  
 (quickly adding)  
 Isn't the goal to keep 'em happy?

MILLER  
 In the hotel, Ms. Norris. We keep  
 'em happy in the hotel. That's why  
 we do research -- to assure  
 everything they like is here  
 already IN THE HOTEL.  
 (then)  
 Everyone's allowed one mistake on  
 their first day. Go with 'em. Make  
 sure they return as soon as  
 possible.

**INT. IN 'N OUT -- SHORT TIME LATER**

Blaine, Rodger and Emily find an empty table and sit.

EMILY

(making conversation)

Did you know the MGM Grand has a dozen twelve restaurants on the property?

BLAINE

A dozen! Huh.

EMPLOYEE (O.S.)

(over loudspeaker)

Forty-three. Pick up forty-three.

Blaine starts to get up but Emily stands up first.

EMILY

I'll get it. I work for you, remember?

Emily exits to get the food.

RODGER

This could be fun. Our own slave for a whole weekend.

BLAINE

Whole weekend? Lets hope we're out of here by tonight.

Rodger realizes he and Blaine are on totally different pages.

RODGER

You see this situation as bad, don't you?

BLAINE

The whole felony/fraud/go to jail thing is making me side that way.

RODGER

Blaine, for the next 2 days we have an All Access Pass. We finally get to be The Man! Don't you want to be The Man?

BLAINE

Yes. And in jail my changes of being the man isn't very good. We have to lay low.

RODGER

They think you're a millionaire.  
You have to act like one. Spend.  
Indulge. You have to do things the  
average guy only dreams about.  
What's your big fantasy?

BLAINE

I don't want to play this.

RODGER

I do. What is it.

Blaine knows it's easier to just answer than fight it.

BLAINE

(admitting)

I want to be a famous computer guy  
and have my name on the side of a  
building. Like Michael Dell.

RODGER

I wasn't clear. Something we can  
actually DO this weekend.

Blaine thinks again.

BLAINE

Well... I've also dreamed of eating  
a steak the size of my head.

RODGER

Bigger! My dream is to cruise down  
The Strip in a limo filled with 10  
hot babes. You know why 10?

BLAINE

Why?

RODGER

'Cause legally they can over carry  
9 passengers including myself. If  
the cops pull us over I can kick 2  
hot babes to the curb and not even  
notice they're missing.

Blaine can't help but smile at the thought of that. Then,  
just as quick, he regains his senses.

BLAINE

(firm)

We gotta play it safe. We don't do  
anything big. And as soon as we  
break even we get out of here.

RODGER

Oh, come on! Don't abandon me. I  
can't do this without you.

Rodger sees that Blaine is firm. Beat.

RODGER (CONT'D)

There you go. Giving up again.

(off his look)

You're sitting on a million dollar  
computer idea, right? This Barcente  
guy's in town, right here, and  
you're not even willing to stay a  
few days to track him down and  
pitch him.

BLAINE

You don't just call up somebody  
like Barcente--

RODGER

Why? He might say no? When Bill  
Gates invented the computer, did he  
care how many times he got  
rejected?

BLAINE

Bill Gates didn't invent the  
computer.

RODGER

Whatever he did! Fine -- When Al  
Gore came up with the Internet--

BLAINE

Al Gore didn't--

RODGER

Can't stop being negative, can you?

(switching gears)

Look, you and I are in a pile of  
shit here. I admit that. So I'm  
asking - help me out, otherwise I  
can't make a shit sandwich.

Beat.

BLAINE

I don't know what that means.

RODGER

For once we can have it all. Live like rock stars. And you have a change of actually getting your name on that building! Don't walk away from this.

Beat.

BLAINE

You really think I have a chance of meeting Barcente?

RODGER

I don't know. But we have to stay and try. Falling on your face is still moving forward.

(off his look)

It's from a poster. C'mon, show me the guy I'm looking for...

DISSOLVE TO:

**EXT. STRIP CLUB - ENTRANCE -- SHORT TIME LATER**

A long line waits to go in. Music pours from the entrance as Rodger, Blaine and Emily get out of the MGM limo.

BLAINE

If this makes you uncomfortable we can go somewhere else.

She forces a smile - it's fine. Emily whispers something to the DOORMAN. He nods and allows them to enter.

MAN IN LINE

How come they go right in?

DOORMAN

He's a high-roller.

Rodger smiles as they pass.

MAN IN LINE

(to Doorman; fuck you too)

Guess he tips on the way out, huh?

The doorman realizes he didn't get a tip!

**INT. STRIP CLUB ENTRY HALLWAY -- SHORT TIME LATER**

Blaine and Emily are trying not to look awkward in a room filled with STRIPPERS. As uncomfortable as this is, Blaine is doing his best to be a gentleman.



Rodger returns with some drinks. He hands a coke to Blaine.

RODGER  
You sure you don't want a real  
drink?

BLAINE  
I'm too nervous to drink. How much  
were these?

RODGER  
What do you care? MGM's paying.

BLAINE  
Just curious.

RODGER  
Sodas are 9 bucks.

Blaine is a little surprised. He was expecting to hear more.

BLAINE  
That's a bargain.

Rodger looks over at Emily. It's clear she's not completely comfortable and isn't sure where to look.

RODGER  
(to Emily)  
First time in a strip club? Here's  
a tip -- don't look at their faces.  
It insults them. Makes 'em think  
you don't like their body.

Rodger flags over a couple of the girls and whispers something into their ears. They position themselves to give Emily a lap dance but she politely squirms out of the way.

EMILY  
Oh, I don't think so.

RODGER  
Oh, c'mon. I speak for all the MGM  
stockholders when I say, we'd like  
to buy you a lap dance.

BLAINE  
Rodger, she doesn't want one.

RODGER  
(to Emily)  
Everybody dreads the first one.  
We're here to talk you through it.

He signals the girls to start again. Blaine gets up and holds them back.

BLAINE

She said no.  
 (politely to strippers)  
 Maybe there's something besides  
 stripping you girls can do to  
 entertain us?

Blaine has no idea why he said that. He was just trying to be nice--

STRIPPER ONE

(remembering)  
 Brandi does stand-up. She MCs at  
 The Improv. I'll send her over.

Stripper One exits.

Emily, who's been looking for a chance to escape, seizes the moment...

EMILY

I'll get us some more drinks.

Emily quickly exits to the bar.

BLAINE

She's a nice girl, Rodger. Why do  
 you treat her like that?

RODGER

(realizing)  
 Oh my god. You like her.

BLAINE

I do not.

Blaine is still looking at her in the distance.

RODGER

Then why are you still looking at  
 her?

BLAINE

It doesn't mean anything.

Pointing to some strippers in front of them.

RODGER

Look at this. Naked women in front  
of you and you were mentally  
undressing the plain girl across  
the room.

The strippers hear this and look insulted.

BLAINE

I wasn't-- You girls are very  
pretty--

Apology not accepted. They exit.

BLAINE (CONT'D)

Come on, Rodger. I think she's cute  
but I'm not dumb enough to think  
something could happen between us.

RODGER

There you are -- giving up again.

BLAINE

She thinks I'm a guy who flies  
around in a private jet.

RODGER

(challenging)  
And one day you won't be?

This throws Blaine.

BLAINE

(stumbling)  
I..don't know. I'm not now.

RODGER

Lemme save you some time wondering.  
You won't be.

BLAINE

Thanks. Fuck you too.

RODGER

I'm serious. It's pretty clear you  
don't have the balls. Once again  
it's up to me.

Rodger gets up and starts towards the bar and Emily.

BLAINE

What are you going to do?  
(calling after him)  
Don't tell her I like her.

**INT. STRIP CLUB BAR -- MOMENTS LATER**

Emily waits for the drinks as Rodger enters.

RODGER

I hope I didn't embarrass you back there. My boss is a little shy and it's my job to make sure he loosens up, enjoys himself. I guess it seemed like I was doing it at your expense.

EMILY

I want him to enjoy himself too.

RODGER

See? We're on the same side.  
(noticing)  
Watch this -- he's gonna look down.

They look over at:

ANGEL ON BLAINE on the other side of the room -- A LARGE-BUSTED DANCER approaches and, sure enough, Blaine being a gentleman, looks down so as not to stare into her tits.

Emily is impressed both by Blaine's manners and Rodger's knowledge of his boss.

EMILY

Chivalrous to the large-breasted. I don't think that was in the research.

It's clear Rodger doesn't know what that means.

EMILY (CONT'D)

(explaining)

MGM investigates high-rollers, trying to find out what they like. Their favorites wines, stuff like that.

RODGER

And what did you discover?

Emily pulls out a cheap sheet from her pocket.

EMILY

We found out your boss likes Fig Newtons... Golf, vodka, he's a big fan of Hall and Oates...

RODGER  
Can I see that?

Rodger takes the paper and looks at it.

RODGER (CONT'D)  
Mariachi bands? Bunny rabbits bring  
him luck? What a freak.  
(catching himself)  
I mean, it's freaky to see how  
accurate this is. Can I get a copy  
of this?

EMILY  
Keep that one.

**ANGLE ON BLAINE**

BRANDI, 21), a blonde stripper who MCs at The Improv, is  
naked in front of Blaine, performing as if she was in front  
of a comedy crowd.

BRANDI  
Why do they call 'em Grape Nuts? No  
grapes, no nuts. That's a major  
oversight on someone's part. You  
know what their original name was?  
Bacon Bits With No Flavor.

Blaine forces a chuckle as Brandi "performs." He's in Hell.

DISSOLVE TO:

**INT. MGM CASINO -- LATER THAT NIGHT**

Emily is escorting Blaine and Rodger to the gaming tables.

RODGER  
(to Emily)  
Run ahead and order some vodka  
shots.

Emily nods and does. As our guys continue to the table...

RODGER (CONT'D)  
Okay, here's the plan -- we play  
roulette and bet 32,000 on black.  
If we win we're even.

BLAINE  
And if we lose?

RODGER

We double the bet. We keep betting black and we keep doubling. All we have to do is win once and we're even. It's perfect.

BLAINE

(re: casino)

So the only thing keeping all these folks from being winners is they're just not doubling their bets each time?

RODGER

It's just math, my sarcastic friend. You can't argue with math.

They reach the roulette table. The DEALER pushes a huge pile of chips in front of Blaine.

DEALER

Good evening, Mr. Fillmore. Five hundred thousand to start?

Blaine suddenly grows very nervous at the sight of all those chips. A COCKTAIL WAITRESS brings vodka shots. Blaine grabs one and downs it. She then produces a plate of Fig Newtons.

BLAINE

What's with the Fig Newtons? I hate Fig Newtons!

Emily is surprised to hear this. Rodger pulls him aside.

RODGER

They did research. Fillmore likes Fig Newtons. Eat 'em!

They return to the table.

BLAINE

(loudly)

Oh, wait. I forgot. I love Fig Newtons.

(eating one)

Yum! Very...newtony.

Blaine washes it down with a vodka shot. The DEALER spins the wheel and throws the ball

DEALER

Place your bets.

Rodger nudges Blaine to bet. Blaine is hesitant. Rodger nudges him harder - do it!

BLAINE

Okay. I'm gonna bet...some random number, let's say... thirty-two thousand. On black.

Blaine forces himself to put down 32 chips on black. He drinks another shot.

DEALER

No more bets... Fourteen. Red.

The dealer scoops away the \$32,000. Blaine lets out a gasp. Rodger elbows him.

BLAINE

(loudly)

So what, right? It's only money. It's not like I can't afford losing 32,000 dollars on one spin. Me being rich and all.

RODGER

(sotto)

You are the worst actor ever.

The dealers throws the ball...

RODGER (CONT'D)

(sotto)

Double the bet.

BLAINE

You sure about this?

RODGER

Sixty-four thousand. Do it.

Blaine does another shot to calm him.

BLAINE

You know what? I'm gonna double my bet. 64,000. On black.

Blaine struggles with his hand to put 64 chips on black and quickly downs another shot.

RODGER

(re: shots)

Slow down on the shots.

BLAINE  
You slow down.

DEALER  
No more bets.

RODGER/BLAINE  
Come on black! / Do it! Do it!

DEALER  
Seven. Red.

The dealer scoops away \$64,000. Blaine downs another shot and stuffs a handful of Fig Newtons into his mouth.

BLAINE  
(sotto)  
I say we run.

RODGER  
(firm)  
We stick with the plan. A hundred  
twenty-eight thousand. Bet it.

Blaine realizes he's suddenly gotten pretty drunk.

BLAINE  
I don't think I can run now anyway.

Rodger helps Blaine put down the 128 chips. Emily returns with another tray of vodka shots.

BLAINE (CONT'D)  
Excellent!  
(takes another shot)  
You have nice eyes. All of them.

Emily smiles. Rodger pulls Blaine off to the side.

RODGER  
You're getting drunk. You cannot  
get drunk.

BLAINE  
(already tipsy)  
Stop drinking. Check.

DEALER  
No more bets.

Rodger's attention is pulled back to the table.



RODGER

Here we go! Here we go! We're  
looking for black tonight!

A comedy-size BLACK HOOKER overhears this and hands Rodger her card as she passes.

HOOKER

Call me, Honey. I'll be up.

Rodger turns but his attention is brought back to the game...

DEALER

Thirty-six. Red.

The dealer scoops away the 128,000 in chips. This time Rodger is the one who grabs a shot. Rodger sees that Blaine is pretty shell-shocked (and drunk) so he leans in and pretends that Blaine told him something...

RODGER

What was that? Bet two hundred and  
fifty six thousand this time?

Rodger pushes over 256 chips. The dealer throws the ball...

RODGER (CONT'D)

(to himself)

Stick with the plan. We stick with  
the plan. It's a good plan--

BLAINE

(loudly)

I change my mind.

Rodger looks at the dealer - leave the bet as is. He pulls Blaine to the side...

RODGER

(sotto)

You can't change the bet! It's  
based on a strategy. On numbers.

BLAINE

No. The Fig Newtons. I like 'em.

DEALER (O.S.)

No more bets.

They quickly return to the table to see the end of the spin.

RODGER/BLAINE

Not red! Not red! / Come on black!

FADE TO BLACK:

DEALER

Twenty-three. Red.

A few beats of blackness. Then...

OVER BLACK we hear loud bangs

Fade up...

**INT. MGM WHALE SUITE - BLAINE'S BEDROOM -- NOON -- NEXT DAY**

Blaine is in bed. The loud bangs are coming from the bedroom door. The door's lock finally gives way and Rodger comes through riding on a golf cart, honking the horn.

RODGER

Wake up, Mary Sunshine.

BLAINE

What time is it?

RODGER

Good luck finding a clock in this building.

Blaine sits up and realizes he has the worst hangover ever.

BLAINE

How'd we'd do? Everything's a blur.

RODGER

It was scary for a while, I gotta be honest with ya. We were really down at one point, and I mean way down. But we crawled back. We're in striking distance again.

BLAINE

What happened to the plan?

RODGER

Oh we had to abandon that. What are the odds black wouldn't show up eleven times in a row?

(glass half full)

But you were great. Once we lowered our bets and you stopped crying we started winning. If you hadn't fallen asleep on Emily's foot we might've actually gotten even.

BLAINE  
So we're still down?

RODGER  
What do you want for breakfast?

Blaine can tell when Rodger is changing the subject.

BLAINE  
How much are we down?

RODGER  
I ordered a tofu and raspberry  
omelet with a side of corn beef.

BLAINE  
How-- That's disgusting.

RODGER  
I know. I just wanted to see the  
chef's face when I ordered it. By  
the way, I got us a chef.

A BUTLER dressed in full uniform sticks his head in.

BUTLER  
Sir, your guests have arrived.

RODGER  
Thank you, Harold.  
(to Blaine)  
I also asked for a butler named  
Harold.

BLAINE  
Guests?

RODGER  
Oh, I forgot to tell you. I called  
last night and invited the guys  
down.

BLAINE  
You what?!!

RODGER  
I was thinking, millionaires travel  
in entourages. We need a posse.

BLAINE  
I can't believe you-- We'll get  
back to this. How much are we down?

RODGER  
 (gently)  
 About a quarter million.

BLAINE  
 (hyper-ventilating)  
 A quar..ter..mill..ion.. dollars--

RODGER  
 Slow breaths. That's it. We have  
 all weekend to win it back.

**INT. MGM WHALE SUITE-ENTRANCE -- CONTINUOUS**

Standing at the door is MARK (mid 20s), their friend from LA. He's big, tough-looking and only slightly smarter than a bag of hammers.

MARK  
 (to butler)  
 I'm Mark. You got a name?

BUTLER  
 Whatever you'd like it to be.

MARK  
 I can just pick one? Cool. Jeeves--  
 No wait! Hercules. Actually, can I  
 pick both?

The butler nods and exits as REID (mid 20s) enters from the hallway with his luggage. He's a nice guy.

REID  
 Holy shit! Check out this view! You  
 could piss on the entire Strip from  
 here.

RODGER  
 Windows don't open. Already tried.

Rodger has appeared from the other room. They share greetings. Rodger notices a 3 inch square patch tattooed on Mark's bicep.

RODGER (CONT'D)  
 What happened to your tattoo?

MARK  
 It was spelled wrong so I had 'em  
 tattoo over it with flesh color.

RODGER  
 It doesn't blend.

MARK

It will. The rest of the arm's not done yet.

Just then the last of their friends enter - HANK (mid 20s).

HANK

You guys missed some hot chicks in the lobby. God, I love Vegas! I plan to get laid so much this weekend they'll have to name a sexual position after me.

RODGER

They did. It's called jerking off.

The rest of the guys laugh.

REID

(to Hank)

You better not bring girls up here. This whole place'll smell like urine.

HANK

Shut up! I'm warning you...

REID

(to others)

When he thinks he's gonna get laid he gets nervous and has to pee.

HANK

I told you that in confidence!

RODGER

You mean like those dogs that get too excited when you pet 'em?

HANK

It's a medical condition!

(to Reid; annoyed)

Why don't you tell 'em what you want to do this weekend.

(not waiting)

He said he dreams of being the pirate show in front of Treasure Island.

REID

Hank thinks that's gay. It's not, right?

RODGER

Depends. In you dreams, are you  
kissing the other pirates?

Reid doesn't answer. He just ponders how this variable would  
affect the answer. Rodger points to some room service menus.

RODGER (CONT'D)

You guys hungry? We'll get room  
service.

REID

Think I can get a steak this early?

RODGER

You're in High-Roller-Land now.  
(showing welcome note)  
"Whatever you request, the answer  
is yes."

Rodger picks up a nearby phone.

RODGER (CONT'D)

(into phone)  
Send up five porterhouse steaks.  
Medium.  
(cupping mouthpiece)  
Watch this.  
(into phone)  
And brown dress shoes. Size eight.

MARK

(re: room service menu)  
Where do you see dress shoes?

Just then Blaine enters from the bedroom. He's still trying  
to recover from the shock of how much he lost last night.

REID

There he is!

MARK

You okay, Dude? You look like you  
just ate one dollar Chinese food.

RODGER

He had a tough night.

Mark suddenly gets what he considers to be a good idea...

MARK

Okay, whatever we request, the answer is yes? Let's get all the people who called us dumb in high school and lock 'em in a room with pitbulls.

All the guys look at each other - who's gonna tell him?

RODGER

We can't do that.

MARK

Why not?

RODGER

Cause it's mean. C'mon, you guys haven't even seen the patio yet.

They all exit to the patio.

MARK

(exiting)

What if they were nice dogs? Like basset hounds?

They're out, leaving Blaine alone.

BLAINE

(whimpering)

And now we are six. We're gonna get caught.

**EXT. MGM POOLSIDE BAR -- SHORT TIME LATER**

Rodger, in swim trunks, stands at the bar and tries to start up a conversation with two HOT-LOOKING GIRLS in bikinis -- SUZIE and SUZIE TWO, both early 20s.

RODGER

Ladies. My friends and I are throwing a party tonight...

Clearly uninterested, they turn away. The bartender brings Rodger his drink.

RODGER (CONT'D)

Charge this to Fillmore. We're in the high-roller cabana.

The girls turn back.

SUZIE

You guys are high-rollers?

RODGER

Oh, I see. I'm with hot millionaires, suddenly you're interested.

SUZIE

I'm Suzie. And she's Suzie too.

SUZIE TWO

Not the number two. Just Suzie. It's kinda confusing.

(to Suzie)

We should introduce me first so that doesn't happen.

RODGER

Tell you what -- You guys can come tonight but only if you bring another hot girl with you.

SUZIE

That's not fair! We don't know anybody else here.

Rodger shrugs as a HOT CHICK walks past. The girls exit...

SUZIE (CONT'D)

(calling out)

Hey! Wanna be our friend?

Rodger starts towards the cabana when he runs into Miller.

MILLER

Mr...I don't know your last name.

Rodger doesn't offer it. That's the way he wants it.

MILLER (CONT'D)

(moving on)

Yes. Well... I understand you'll be throwing a party this evening.

RODGER

I assume that's okay.

MILLER

Consider the full resources of The MGM Grand at your disposal. By the way, Mr. Fillmore didn't sign the check-in form yesterday. Could you have him put his signature on this?

Miller hands him a check-in form.



RODGER

Sure.

Miller crosses out. Rodger looks at the form, makes sure Miller is really gone and throws it in the trash.

**EXT. MGM POOLSIDE CABANA -- CONTINUOUS**

The cabana is filled with our guys and GOOD-LOOKING GIRLS. A MARIACHI BAND is playing the Hall and Oates song "Maneater". Blaine is on the phone. Rodger crosses in, catching the end of his conversation...

BLAINE

(into phone)

...I know. It is short notice but I didn't know Mr. Barcente would be at the conference until yesterday... Of course you don't know who I am. I haven't called before... Okay. Well... Thanks.

Blaine hangs up, defeated. The butler crosses in with a tray of drinks, wearing a short-pants version of his uniform.

BUTLER

Your sour apple martini, sir.

REID

Thanks, Hercules.

(concerned)

A lot of guys drink these, right?

The butler nods and then gives Blaine a drink.

BUTLER

And for you, sir, I took the liberty of ordering your favorite -- vodka martini with two Fig Newtons.

He puts down a clear drink with two Fig Newtons in it. Blaine makes a face but Rodger catches his eye -- drink it. Mark enters.

MARK

Okay, how 'bout this for a request? Round up our old gym teachers and make 'em do push-ups 'til they vomit?

Rodger shakes his head and then looks over at CLAUDIA, an attractive girl in her 20s.

RODGER

You're new.

CLAUDIA

I heard you guys were millionaires  
so I came to blow a couple of ya.

HANK

(suddenly exiting)

I have to go to the bathroom.

RODGER

(unsure)

You.. blow guys for money?

CLAUDIA

I used to blow 'em for mileage, but  
how many free flights do you need?

MARK

I think I love you.

(hoping)

Have any scars?

Before she can answer Rodger leans in, politely...

RODGER

If any of us wind up employing your  
services, the hotel will pay you  
directly. Speak with Ms. Norris.

CLAUDIA

(offended)

Hold on a sec. You think I really  
am a hooker?

RODGER

Did I misread the flashing neon  
signs?

CLAUDIA

(laughing)

I'm just playing around. Jeez, you  
guys are gullible.

MARK

So what do you really do?

CLAUDIA

I'm a chaplain at the army base.

Beat. She can't keep a straight face and laughs again --  
gotcha! This time they all sincerely laugh along.

CLAUDIA (CONT'D)  
 (re: her joke)  
 Worth another Vodka Grapefruit?

Rodger nods and signals the butler to bring her another. Hank renters.

RODGER  
 (to Hank)  
 So, party themes. What'd you guys  
 come up with?

HANK  
 We're stuck between Hawaiian and a  
 One Piece. Hawaiian would mean a  
 lot of bikinis and grass skirts but  
 on the other hand, all those girls  
 in only one piece of clothing...

RODGER  
 I vote for One Piece.  
 (calling over)  
 Blaine, what kind of party should  
 we throw? Hawaiian or a One Piece?

This is the first Blaine's heard anything about a party!

BLAINE  
 Party?! Oh no--

RODGER  
 Buddy, we gotta throw one. Huge  
 suite, free liquor.. It's the  
 perfect storm--

BLAINE  
 Are you nuts?! Have you ever thrown  
 a party where the cops didn't show  
 up? Then show up again when they  
 got off-duty?

Rodger thinks and smiles with pride. There hasn't been one.

BLAINE (CONT'D)  
 We're gonna end up in the papers,  
 Rodger. Some gossip columnist is  
 gonna write about it, the real  
 Fillmore's gonna find out and next  
 thing we know we're in jail with  
 our anus being used as a coin  
 purse.

RODGER  
 "Anus?"

BLAINE

It means ass.

RODGER

I know what it means. Who says that?

Blaine gives up and starts to walk off.

RODGER (CONT'D)

We won't make the papers. Is that what you wanna hear?

Blaine stops.

BLAINE

No. I wanna hear there's not gonna be a party.

RODGER

Short of that.

(then)

How 'bout this - I won't go overboard.

BLAINE

(not believing)

That would mean not doing things like bobbing for apples in tubs of vodka. You realize that, right?

RODGER

(reminiscing)

That was a great Halloween.

(off his look)

No tubs of vodka. Fine.

BLAINE

Or any other liquor.

RODGER

Good catch. You should be a lawyer.

(sincere)

I promise I'll keep the party under control.

Against his better instincts Blaine decides to take a chance.

BLAINE

Then I vote for One Piece. But I'm not helping.

Blaine starts to walk again.

RODGER

Know what I'd do if I were you? Try  
and sneak into the computer  
conference and talk to that  
Barcente guy. Just putting it out  
there.

**INT. MGM CASINO -- SHORT TIME LATER**

Blaine walks towards the entrance and sees Emily walking in.

BLAINE

Hey. Sorry if I said anything last  
night -- if I tried to hit on you  
or something. I was pretty drunk.

EMILY

You were a perfect gentleman.

BLAINE

I was?

EMILY

You kept apologizing for that too.  
It was quite charming.

Was that an opening? Did she call him charming? Blaine is too  
scared to pursue it.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Where you headed?

BLAINE

Nowhere. Get some air.

Keep him in the hotel, keep him in the hotel...

EMILY

I know a place.

**INT. MGM ROOFTOP -- SHORT TIME LATER**

Blaine and Emily step out of the stairway onto the roof of  
the casino. Nothing but miles of rooftop.

EMILY

It's just a roof but, you know, I  
figured if you want some air...

BLAINE

This is great! It's like a desert  
in the middle of a desert.

What does that mean? Shut up!

Blaine takes a piece of old pipe and throws it as far as he can. It only reaches about 1/10 of the way across the roof. He then walks over to the base of a short wall and gets on a stray box to check out the view. He then jumps down but stumbles on the landing. Emily catches him from falling over. This could have turned into "a moment" but Blaine doesn't seize it quick enough.

BLAINE (CONT'D)  
 (breaking tension)  
 So what's the deal with that  
 roller-coaster?

Blaine points to the coaster on top of the Stratosphere Hotel.

EMILY  
 It's not that good. There's stuff  
 round here -- we have a monorail--  
 Oh, you know what's really fun?  
 Sitting outside our Wedding Chapel,  
 counting trailer trash.

BLAINE  
 Sounds tempting. I think I'm gonna  
 try that coaster though. Wanna  
 come?

Does she have a choice?

EMILY  
 Sure.

**INT. MGM EMPLOYEE LOUNGE -- SHORT TIME LATER**

Emily, getting her purse from her locker, talks to BETH CHANG, 35, her co-worker. Beth is getting dressed in a Keno outfit.

BETH  
 You are so blessed. Your very first  
 weekend you get a shot at a sugar  
 daddy who doesn't smell of ear-wax.

EMILY  
 Right, Beth. Exactly what I'm  
 looking for - another rich guy.

BETH  
 Honey, 'couple of limp men don't  
 mean you leave the orgy.  
 (adjusting uniform)  
 Are my tits straight?

Miller enters looking for Emily. He's not happy.

MILLER

Dispatch says you're taking a limo.

EMILY

Wade wants to--

MILLER

Wade?

EMILY

Mr. Fillmore. He wants to ride the coaster at the Stratosphere.

MILLER

How old is this guy? I assumed you told him we have a monorail?

(sighing)

Get him back soon. They're throwing a party tonight. I want you trailing him during that too.

Miller exits.

EMILY

(do you pity me?)

This is gonna be a sixteen hour day.

BETH

Trade you less hours for a sugar daddy?

**INT. MGM WHALE SUITE -- SHORT TIME LATER**

Party preparations are in full swing. HOTEL WORKERS are moving furniture, setting up serving tables, cocktail bars...

Rodger, clipboard in hand, is presiding over everything. He just heard Mark's latest idea.

RODGER

Even if that was legal, how would we get all that blood off the ceiling?

Mark crosses out disappointed as Rodger exits to the patio.

**EXT. MGM WHALE SUITE - PATIO -- CONTINUOUS**

On the patio are two comedy-size speakers with the model number -- Monster 700 -- painted on the front of each.

Over the side of the building we see the top of the crane that lifted them there. At the base of one of the speakers is a SPEAKER SALESMAN and Hank, who proudly displays his rental purchase to Rodger.

HANK

These are the biggest they make?

SPEAKER SALESMAN

There's only one pair bigger in all of Vegas. Metallica's using them at the coliseum tonight.

Miller enters and gets Rodger's attention. The speaker salesman exits with Hank.

MILLER

Looks like you've planned a few parties before.

RODGER

Start time is minus four hours. No time to chit-chat.

MILLER

Oh. Okay. I'm looking at this list. Some of these things...

RODGER

You telling me you can't deliver?

MILLER

I didn't say can't. It's just, well, can't is a strong word--

RODGER

I'll send Mr. Fillmore to your office when he returns.

MILLER

I'm sorry?

RODGER

I think he should hear this from you personally. It's a shame too. He liked this hotel. By the way, that note -- "Whatever you request, the answer is yes" -- you gonna need that back?

Miller can tell when he's being played but...



MILLER

I'll make some more calls. Did Mr. Fillmore have a chance to sign that form?

RODGER

I sent it downstairs. You didn't get it?

MILLER

We have a new guy in the office. I'll check again.

Miller exits. We see some COLLEGE STUDENTS looking around.

RODGER

Here to pick up flyers?

Rodger points to a table with stacks and stacks of flyers.

RODGER (CONT'D)

Cute girls only. If dogs show up, I'm gonna find you two, okay? I'm warning ya.

**EXT. CONFERENCE CENTER - BACKSTAGE DOOR -- LATER**

Next to the backstage door is a poster for the SEMICONDUCTOR MANUFACTURING CONFERENCE. Blaine talks to a SECURITY GUARD.

BLAINE

I just wanna talk to Barcente for ten minutes. Tell people I threatened you, you had to let me in.

The security guard shakes his head. In defeat, Blaine walks back to the limo. He tries to hide his disappointment.

EMILY

That was quick.

BLAINE

He's..not feeling well. We have to reschedule.

EMILY

You work in computers, huh?-- Sorry.

BLAINE

For what?

EMILY

We're not supposed to ask questions about your business.

BLAINE

That's a rule?

EMILY

Can't talk about money, jobs or politics. Or have strong opinions. Except on sports. And even then, we can't gloat if our team wins.

BLAINE

You've studied well, Grasshopper.  
(then)  
Okay. Roller-coaster.

EMILY

I'll go but I'm not going on.

BLAINE

You're gonna wait at the exit? What are you, my mom?

**EXT. STRATOSPHERE TICKET WINDOW -- SHORT TIME LATER**

Blaine and Emily make it to the front of the ticket window. Emily hands the SELLER in the window the MGM credit card.

BLAINE

Two adults.

EMILY

Oh no! I told ya, I'm not going on.

Blaine stands there. He's not taking no for an answer.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Don't make me. I'm afraid of coasters.

Blaine playfully dangles her ticket in front of her.

BLAINE

I saved your life on the lap dance. Be brave. I'll be right next to you.

EMILY

If I get sick I'll be throwing up on you. You realize that?

BLAINE  
I'll take that chance.

Emily walks in. Blaine smiles as he follows her.

**EXT. ROLLER COASTER -- SHORT TIME LATER**

The coaster climbs to the top of the first drop. Emily is very nervous, holding on for dear life.

EMILY  
(looking at Blaine)  
Boy, I hope I throw up.

The coaster goes over the top. She SCREAMS as Blaine CHEERS...

**EXT. OUTSIDE STRATOSPHERE -- SHORT TIME LATER**

Blaine and Emily exit. Emily obviously had a good time. Suddenly it's like they're on a date.

EMILY  
It was fun. There, I said it.  
Happy?

The MGM limo is on the sidewalk but Blaine doesn't want to get in. He wants the "date" to continue.

BLAINE  
You hungry? I'm hungry.

EMILY  
(holding up cell phone)  
14 restaurants on speed dial.

BLAINE  
Nah. I feel like a coffee shop.

EMILY  
The MGM has one. Plus a gift shop  
filled with over-priced candy.

BLAINE  
I feel like walking to a coffee  
shop but you know what? You just  
did what I wanted. I'll do what you  
want this time. It's only fair.

Emily can tell he doesn't want to go back to the MGM yet.

EMILY  
(to driver)  
We'll get back ourselves.

They start walking down the sidewalk.

BLAINE  
I thought the MGM had only twelve  
restaurants.

EMILY  
(pleased)  
You were listening.

DISSOLVE TO:

**INT. MGM WHALE SUITE -- CONTINUOUS**

Party preparations continue. The two Suzies enter.

SUZIE  
(to Rodger)  
We can't find anyone good-looking  
enough to be our friend. Is there  
something else we can do to get in  
tonight? Help set up, be a  
bartender... We'll do anything.

SUZIE TWO  
Except anal. It tickles weird.  
(off Suzie's look)  
What?

Rodger looks at his clipboard. Hesitant...

RODGER  
Well, there is one thing. I don't  
know if you'd be willing...

**INT. COFFEE SHOP -- SHORT TIME LATER**

Blaine and Emily are in a booth holding menus. A WAITRESS  
approaches the table.

BLAINE  
(searching menu)  
How much are sodas here?

WAITRESS  
What is it with you and the sodas?

Blaine looks up and recognizes that it's the same cocktail  
waitress from the other day.

WAITRESS (CONT'D)  
I work at the MGM also. Thanks for  
stiffing me yesterday.

BLAINE  
 (caught)  
 I...only had thousand dollar bills.

WAITRESS  
 Would've been tough to break those  
 in a casino.

BLAINE  
 Two cheeseburgers. And...  
 (taking out a five)  
 Please don't spit on the food.

WAITRESS  
 It'll cost more than that.

Blaine takes out another five. The waitress nods, takes the ten dollars and exits to the kitchen.

Hall and Oates' "YOU'VE LOST THAT LOVING FEELING" comes on the radio.

EMILY  
 I love this song. What album is it  
 from?  
 (Blaine shrugs)  
 It's Hall and Oates!

BLAINE  
 I know who it is.  
 (changing topics)  
 How'd you get this job?

EMILY  
 Oh, it's not very interesting.

BLAINE  
 I'll decide that.

Where to begin...

EMILY  
 I was living in Wisconsin until a  
 couple of years ago.

BLAINE  
 Where?

EMILY  
 Janesville. You know Wisconsin?

Blaine shakes his head. He was just trying to make conversation.

EMILY (CONT'D)

It's sorta near Madison. Anyway I moved out here to be with my boyfriend.

BLAINE

Boyfriend, huh?

EMILY

We broke up three months ago. I'm bringing it up 'cause he was rich and paid for everything. So I didn't have to work-- You sure you're interested in this?

(Blaine nods)

It screwed me financially. I got used to living with nice things so I kept spending and before I knew it I ran up seven thousand dollars on my credit cards. I know that's not a lot to you but...

BLAINE

No, it's a lot. I understand. Who knows though, some high-roller might give you a seven thousand dollar tip.

EMILY

(quickly)

Don't! I won't take it.

(realizing; now uncomfortable)

Sorry. That sounded like...like I assumed you offered. I'm sorry...

Blaine feels bad. He sees how uncomfortable she feels.

EMILY (CONT'D)

It's just...I know me. The only way I'm gonna learn my lesson and not overextend myself again is to go through the pain of paying it back. Myself. Without anybody's help.

BLAINE

That's pretty noble. And stupid.

(no laugh)

Sorry. Bad joke.

Emily continues, more out of need to figure it out herself.

EMILY

You know what I think it is? I stopped listening to that part of my brain that worried I couldn't afford things. I ended up giving in, rather than doing what I should do. I've got to learn to tough it out and take control.

Blaine wants to talk but nothing of equal worth comes. The waitress returns with the food.

WAITRESS

Two burgers, no spit.

2 NEARBY DINERS stop in mid-bite. One diner to the other...

DINER

(worried)

Did you tell her no spit?

**INT. MGM ELEVATOR -- LATER**

TWO COLLEGE GIRLS, one wearing nothing but a poncho, the other only a dress, ride up in the elevator. One is holding one of the flyers seen earlier.

COLLEGE GIRL #1

You sure we're supposed to dress like this?

COLLEGE GIRL #2

It says on the flyer you can only wear one piece of clothing, otherwise you don't get in.

The elevator door opens revealing...

**INT. MGM HALLWAY - OUTSIDE WHALE SUITE -- MOMENTS LATER**

Music from a wild party pours into the hallway.

Mark is there, wearing a speed skater's unitard with hood. He's making sure each person passes inspection before letting them into the party.

Next to him is the butler dressed in a one-piece leather dominatrix outfit holding a silver tray.

COLLEGE GIRL TWO (in the dress) is stopped...

MARK

Underwear?

She is caught. She thought she could get away with it. She nods in admission.

MARK (CONT'D)  
Gotta take 'em off.

She reaches under her dress, removes her underwear and puts them onto the butler's silver platter. The butler then dumps the underwear into a bin marked "underwear".

A LARGE WOMAN wearing a dress is next in line.

MARK (CONT'D)  
(shooing her past)  
I don't wanna know.

The girls walk through the door, into the party...

**INT. MGM WHALE SUITE -- SUNSET**

A SEXY WOMAN wearing only a teddy talking to a SEXY GUY wearing a Speedo.

COLLEGE GIRL #1  
This is gonna be fun!

VARIOUS SHOTS of the party -- hundreds of guests fill the suite all wearing only one item of clothing -- a swimsuit, a toga, a barber smock, bath-towel, a ghost sheet, a barrel...

ANGLE ON: Reid wearing a big overcoat and Hank, wearing a diaper. They're looking at someone unseen across the room.

REID  
Look at that guy - just a belt buckle!

HANK  
Wait a sec. He's wearing a hat. That's not...

Hank turns away. Reid continues to look, pensively.

ANGLE ON: A line of guys waiting under a banner reading "HOT MODEL OR PIG?"

Behind a table is a HOT-LOOKING MODEL in a one-piece swimsuit and a pot-bellied pig. A BLINDFOLDED GUY puckers up... The MODEL takes the pig and holds it in front of the guy's lips. He starts making out with the pig, realizes and then stops, disappointed.



NEXT GUY IN LINE  
 (hopeful)  
 Can't be the pig every time.

ANGLE ON HANK: He's now by himself. A SEXY GIRL in a breezy, cotton summer dress approaches...

SEXY GIRL  
 I've never done it with a guy in a diaper before. Wanna take a walk?

Hank suddenly gets very nervous.

HANK  
 Hold on a sec.

Hank turns around and just stands there. After a beat or two it's obvious to us he's peeing. The girl doesn't know what's going on so after another beat she walks away annoyed. Hank turns back, now ready to go, but she's gone.

HANK (CONT'D)  
 (suddenly depressed)  
 Maybe jerking off really is named after me.

**INT. MGM HALLWAY - OUTSIDE WHALE SUITE -- CONTINUOUS**

Blaine and Emily get off the elevator. Mark is still there checking people before they go in. They share greetings but he still has a job to do - he stops them from going in...

MARK  
 One piece of clothing only.

Emily suddenly starts to take off her outfit! Blaine stares in shock (and pleasure!) as she strips down to a leotard.

She then starts undressing him!

BLAINE  
 (embarrassed)  
 Hold on! I don't have a leotard.

EMILY  
 Than I hope your underwear's clean.

Emily continues to pull off his clothes as Blaine smiles and pretends to put up a fight.

**INT. MGM WHALE SUITE -- MOMENTS LATER**

ANGLE ON FRONT DOOR: Blaine and Emily enter and make their way through the crowd.

Emily's face is registering awe while Blaine is both impressed and pissed at the party's size.

They run into Reid who hands Blaine a drink to taste. Blaine takes a sip and spits it out.

REID  
Caviar milk shake. It IS nasty,  
right?

**EXT. MGM WHALE SUITE - PATIO -- MOMENTS LATER**

Blaine and Emily enter the patio -- It's even more impressive.

EMILY  
Nice party.

BLAINE  
Bigger than I asked for. I didn't  
want him to fill the entire patio.

We CRANE UP over the wall...

The entire roof is covered with party-goers dancing to music. There must be a THOUSAND PEOPLE, backlit by the setting sun.

We PAN OVER -- half a dozen golf carts are on the casino roof. The riders are yelling and hooting and having the time of their lives -- bumping into each other, getting "air time" going over mounts in the roof as if they were dunes...

We CRANE BACK DOWN to the patio and find Rodger in a silk robe.

RODGER  
(into walkie-talkie)  
We're low on dip in Section Eight.  
And tell Maintenance we'll need  
more gas for the golf carts soon.

Emily and Blaine find him.

RODGER (CONT'D)  
Hey! Where you guys been?  
(re: Blaine's boxers)  
Nice look.

BLAINE  
(to Emily)  
Can you give us a moment?

Emily crosses out. Rodger can see Blaine is pissed.

RODGER

I know. All the people. You tell a few college kids, word gets around--

BLAINE

(thru clenched teeth)  
There's a horse at the bar!

REVEAL a horse is tied up next to the bar.

RODGER

Cool, huh? I always wanted a pony.

A MIDGET walks through wearing a hat with appetizers on top.

BLAINE

And a midget! With dip on his head! You don't think this qualifies as overboard? And a little degrading.

RODGER

Hey, if wearing a serving hat was degrading don't you think the midget union would've specifically forbid that in the contract?

Blaine starts to shake his head in worry.

BLAINE

This is gonna make the news. Fillmore's gonna find out about this. We're doomed.

RODGER

The hotel can't disclose who threw this party if we tell 'em not to. It's some privacy law. I checked.

BLAINE

Reporters find out stuff! It's what they do!

RODGER

Stop worrying about reporters.  
(calling)  
Dennis! Mitch!

DENNIS and MITCH cross over carrying note pads. Dennis is wearing a mumu, Mitch, an apron that says "KISS THE COOK."

RODGER (CONT'D)  
 (introducing)  
 Dennis writes the Society Column  
 for The Vegas Sun. Mitch is from  
 The Journal Review.

Blaine freezes as they take out their notebooks.

DENNIS  
 I understand you throw parties like  
 this all over the world?

Blaine looks at Rodger in disbelief.

DENNIS (CONT'D)  
 By the way, how do you spell your  
 first name?

RODGER  
 (jumping in)  
 Gilliam. It's like William but with  
 a "G."

DENNIS  
 (writing)  
 "Gilliam Duncan."  
 (to Blaine)  
 So Simon here tells us you live in  
 Australia most of the year--

Just then the two Suzies enter, interrupting. One's wearing a  
 very long t-shirt, the other pajama pants that are pulled up  
 over her breasts. They've prepared a cute intro...

SUZIE  
 (sing-song)  
 I'm Suzie P.

SUZIE TWO  
 (sing-song)  
 And I'm Suzie Q. Around us you  
 better watch your Qs and Ps.  
 (beat; disappointed)  
 It didn't work again.  
 (to Mitch and Dennis)  
 We were told you guys could get our  
 names in the paper.

Dennis and Mitch are immediately interested.

RODGER  
 (to Mitch and Dennis)  
 We can finish this later.  
 (to Suzies)  
 Why don't you ladies show these  
 gentleman the back room?

Mitch and Dennis happily cross out with the girls.

SUZIE  
 (apprehensive)  
 This is gonna tickle.

Blaine stands there staring in awe at Rodger.

BLAINE  
 Anything you haven't thought of?

Just then an 8 passenger helicopter lands on the roof. Inside  
 are A PILOT and TWO MGM GUARDS.

RODGER  
 Right on schedule.

Everybody must now yell to be heard over the rotors...

Our guys climb into the copter. It's obvious there's no room  
 for Emily.

BLAINE  
 Wait for me. Promise?

Emily smiles, touched that he's concerned about leaving her.  
 Rodger gets the butler's ear...

RODGER  
 Make sure she gets a few drinks in  
 her before we get back.  
 (re: butler's dominatrix  
 outfit)  
 Reid's idea?

The butler nods. Rodger climbs into the helicopter.

**UPBEAT MUSIC STARTS**

**INT. HELICOPTER -- MOMENTS LATER**

PILOT'S POV: The helicopter takes off and climbs higher and  
 higher. We see Blaine looking at Emily as she starts to  
 vanish into the rest of the crowd.

As we climb higher we see the entire party laid out across the rooftop and then, as we continue to climb, all of MGM and finally the whole Strip lit up in the background.

We cut between the joyous faces of our guys looking out the windows onto The Strip below.

**EXT. TOP OF LUXOR PYRAMID -- A FEW MINUTES LATER**

Our guys climb off the helicopter into a service trap-door on top of the Luxor. This is the Lamp Room housing the 40 Xenon lamps that form the light shooting from the pyramid.

CUT BETWEEN shots of our guys laughing and playing around as they make SHADOW PUPPETS in front of the light which get projected onto the buildings and sidewalks of the Strip including:

The shadow of a ten story-high DOG eating the MGM sign.

The shadow of a HAWK, half a city block wide, menacing people on the street. The TOURISTS run scared, looking into the sky, trying to spot the huge creature casting the shadow.

Rodger takes a marker and writes something backwards on a sheet of glass. He holds it up to catch the light...

CUT TO side shot of The Mandalay Bay Hotel. BLAINE is written across the entire side of the building. We catch Blaine smiling - Rodger actually got his name on the side of a building!

**INT. LIMO -- SHORT TIME LATER**

Our guys are now stuffed into an oversized HUMMER limo with 10 GOOD-LOOKING GIRLS in tight white t-shirts. Everyone hangs out the sunroof and windows as they drive, attracting jealous looks from guys on the street.

**EXT. STREET OUTSIDE TREASURE ISLAND HOTEL -- CONTINUOUS**

The limo pulls up in front of the pirate show which is about to begin. Hundreds of people fill the street. Our guys are escorted into the bucket of a CRANE like the ones used to fix telephone poles (but big enough to hold six people.)

The crane rises and our guys are lifted above the others on the street. They have the best view in town!

Another CRANE with a BARTENDER now comes up and into view offering them drinks while a THIRD CRANE joins them filled with the 8 good-looking girls.

PEOPLE on the street look on in jealousy as the stage lights signal the show is about to begin.

**EXT. PIRATE SHIP -- CONTINUOUS**

The pirate show is in progress. Suddenly Reid stands and rips open his overcoat revealing a pirate outfit underneath.

REID  
Avast me pretty boys! We shall  
catch the tide and feed the sea  
with ghosts!

A spotlight hit him and he dives from the crane into the lagoon to join the pirate fight!

Our guys share a look -- no one knew about this in advance.

RODGER  
(shrugging)  
I guess whatever we request, the  
answer is yes.

CUT TO: one of the MGM GUARDS is handing over money to the BACKSTAGE MANAGER. In the foreground we see Reid frolicking among the pirates, part of the show.

**INT. LIMO -- LATER**

Our guys and the girls are heading back to the MGM.

CLOSE UP ON HANK: Two or three of the girls are on either side, snuggling up and kissing him. He doesn't seem nervous at all anymore. We see that his diaper is huge now!

CLOSE UP ON REID, who is sitting next to FOUR PIRATES.

REID  
Someone told me a lot of you male  
dancers are gay. Thoughts?

**INT. MGM - MAIN ENTRANCE -- SHORT TIME LATER**

The limo pulls into the valet area. PEOPLE in the cab line jealously look on as our guys pour out. Then one by one each girl comes out wearing the t-shirts they got earlier. Each shirt has a number on it -- Out steps ONE, then TWO, then THREE...

REVEAL HUGH HEFNER also in the cab line. He's dressed in silk pajamas and a robe, surrounded by 4 PLAYMATES.

The Playmates look at Hef and then our guys and then back at Hef.

They make a decision... They abandon Hef and run inside to our guys' party.

Hef stands there, now alone. He turns sad and forces back tears.

He then reaches into robe pocket and pulls out a prescription bottle of blue pills (Viagra), kisses the pills goodbye and tosses the bottle into the trash as he crosses into an waiting cab.

HEF

Bus station.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

**EXT. MGM WHALE SUITE - PATIO -- LATER THAT EVENING**

The party is still in full swing. Rodger and Blaine are enjoying a drink together. For the first time in the movie Blaine is relaxed. Behind them we can make out a huge banquet table with ice sculptures of each of our guys.

RODGER

This is the life, huh?

BLAINE

(sincere)

I gotta hand it to ya. I would've never guessed 30-year-old scotch goes so well with Cheetos.

EMILY (O.S.)

(drunk)

You're not real. You can't fool me.

The guys look over and see Emily talking to an ice sculpture.

RODGER

She turned out to be a lightweight.

BLAINE

She's the most beautiful woman in the world.

Rodger takes Blaine's drink away.

RODGER

O-kay. No more for you. You have to go down and gamble soon anyway.

BLAINE

You don't think she's beautiful?



RODGER

The truth? Or my usual sarcasm  
where it's hard to tell if I'm  
serious?

BLAINE

Your choice.

RODGER

She's not beautiful. But she is  
cute in a plain, no-chested, can't-  
hold-her-liquor kinda way.

BLAINE

(satisfied; then)  
You'd have been proud of me today.  
I held my ground and willed her  
into doing what I wanted.

Rodger is proud. He pats him on the back.

RODGER

Welcome to the dark side.  
(re: Emily)  
I'd make my move soon, before her  
alcohol starts coming back up.

Standing nearby we catch the conversation between LARS ULRICH  
from Metallica and another member of the band. They're in  
front of speakers even bigger than before. On each speaker is  
painted: "Monster 800".

LARS

(re: speakers)  
The ones we rented tonight were  
only Seven Hundreds. These guys  
must know somebody.

Blaine passes them and reaches Emily. He gives her the drink  
and some quarters. She's give him a look of what's this?

BLAINE

Quarters. So you can always call  
and hear my voice.

EMILY

(pretty drunk)  
I can't call you. You're rich. I  
can't date a rich guy who's rich.

In the background we see one of the LIMO GIRLS reach the top  
of a Slip 'N Slide and SCREAM as she goes down. Emily is  
almost distracted enough to look but refocuses on Blaine.

EMILY (CONT'D)

(confiding)

See, I'll tell you what I really need. Ready? Okay. Okay. Here it is. A guy who's fun. Like you. And a good listener. Like you. And somebody who's perfect. Like you. But who's not rich. Like you. I mean not like you-- can you stop moving so fast please?

BLAINE

I thought girls WANT a rich guy.

EMILY

(shaking head)

No more rich guy for me again no thank you I am soooo drunk.

BLAINE

What if I told you I wasn't rich?

She tries to process this in her intoxicated state but ANOTHER LIMO GIRL SCREAMS down the slide.

EMILY

I wanna go on that!

Emily heads off. Blaine starts to follow but is interrupted by Mark who holds him there to hear his idea.

MARK

For tomorrow -- we have 'em take us to The 99 Cent Store and buy out the entire place then burn everything in the parking lot.

Blaine thinks about that idea. He nods his approval.

MARK (CONT'D)

(proud)

I'm good at this now.

(noticing)

Hey, there's that Miller guy.

Blaine turns and sees Miller through the patio doorway making his way toward the patio.

BLAINE

Shit! Emily's not supposed to be drinking. Find Reid and run blockage.

Mark heads towards the doorway finding Reid on the way.

Blaine runs to get Emily before she goes down the slide. There's only one person ahead of her in line.

BLAINE (CONT'D)  
(hushed calling)  
Emily! Come here!

Between her drunkenness and the loud music she doesn't understand.

EMILY  
(yelling down)  
I can't hear. Wait'll I get down.

BLAINE  
No! Don't slide down!

**INT. MGM WHALE SUITE -- CONTINUOUS**

Mark and Reid intercept Miller. They block his path.

MARK  
Mr. Hotel Boss! How'z it hangin'?

In the BG we HEAR a SCREAM as the girl in front of Emily slides down. Miller, wondering what all the excitement's about, tries to look beyond Mark but can't see. Reid grabs a drink and offers it to him but he motions, no.

MARK (CONT'D)  
Don't be a puss. In China it's an insult to refuse drinks.

MILLER  
(politely)  
I'm not sure that's correct.

MARK  
It is true. I'm part Chinese.

Reid sees that Emily is about to go down the slide!

REID  
Don't get through unless you drink.

He waves the drink in front of Miller's face, forcing him to turn around, away from the patio. Miller sees he's not getting through unless he patronizes these guys so he acquiesces and takes a sip - he can't place the weird taste.

REID (CONT'D)  
It's called a Hit Or Miss. It's a mixture of whatever old drinks are lying around.

Just then, over Miller's shoulder...

ANGLE ON: Emily sliding down the Slip 'N Slide, yelling louder and wilder than anybody else has up to this point.

EMILY

Ahhhhh!!!

BACK

MILLER

That sounded like Ms. Norris.

Miller turns to look but can't see anything. He forces his way past Mark and Reid...

**EXT. MGM PATIO -- MOMENTS LATER**

From a RISING CRANE SHOT we see Miller walking through the patio crowd looking for Emily.

Continuing our RISING CRANE SHOT we are now above the patio wall and can view the entire rooftop, still filled with hundreds of party-goers.

And what's that? It looks like a HORSE riding through the crowd into the distance...

**EXT. MGM ROOFTOP -- CONTINUOUS**

CLOSE ON HORSE - It's being ridden by two people.

CLOSER: It's Blaine with Emily hanging on for dear life!

BACK TO CRANE SHOT - Blaine and Emily become smaller and smaller as they gallop past the edge of the party, escaping into the horizon beyond.

DISSOLVE TO:

**INT. MGM CASINO -- LATER THAT NIGHT**

Blaine is playing roulette with a big plate of Fig Newtons in front of him. He's much more confident than before. It appears he's been having some good spins. Emily is with him, very drunk, holding a rabbit stuffed animal.

BLAINE

Who wants a Fig Newton?

(he hands some out)

I'm feeling lucky this spin.

Blaine puts down a stack of chips and a stack of Fig Newtons next to that.

DEALER

No more bets... Seventeen. Black.  
30,000 and 4 Newtons to Mr.  
Fillmore.

The table cheers. The table starts placing their next bets as Miller walks in and grabs Emily's arm.

MILLER

May I speak with you a moment?

Miller "escorts" her to the side.

MILLER (CONT'D)

You're drunk!

EMILY

(giggling)  
And you're ugly.

She holds the rabbit up to his face.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Right, Mr. Bunny? Give Mr. Bunny a  
kiss.

BLAINE (O.S.)

Is there a problem?

Miller turns to see that Fillmore has left the table.

MILLER

Mr. Fillmore~! I didn't mean to  
interrupt your play. Ms. Norris has  
obviously worked a very long day. I  
think you'll agree she should call  
it a night.

BLAINE

I made her drink. I don't drink  
alone and she said-- How'd you put  
it?

Emily shrugs, not understanding the question.

BLAINE (CONT'D)

"I'll do whatever I have to do."  
That was it. "My job is to make  
sure you stay happy."

EMILY

In the hotel. Always in the hotel.

Miller takes stock in the situation. He knows Blaine is lying but it's clear taking Emily away will annoy him.

MILLER  
 (kiss-ass mode)  
 Our goal is to make sure your stay  
 is pleasant. Very well then. Carry  
 on, Ms. Norris.

Miller crosses out.

EMILY  
 That was close. Think he knew it  
 was me?

Blaine can't help but laugh. He puts his arm around her and leads her back to the table.

DISSOLVE TO BLACK.

FADE UP

**INT. MGM HALLWAY - OUTSIDE WHALE SUITE -- NEXT MORNING**

Emily exits dressed in her same clothes from last night.

MILLER (O.S.)  
 Good morning, Ms. Norris.

Emily turns and sees Miller on his way to visit Fillmore. She's very embarrassed.

EMILY  
 Sir, I said terrible things last  
 night--

MILLER  
 No need to waste time apologizing.

EMILY  
 No. I shouldn't have said those  
 things. I understand if you still  
 want to fire me but know that--

MILLER  
 Fire you? On the contrary, Ms.  
 Norris. You have what the job takes  
 -- a willingness to...  
 (referring to door)  
 ..go the extra mile. Keep it up. So  
 to speak.

Emily takes offense. She wants to curse him but bites her tongue, turns and starts to exit...

MILLER (CONT'D)  
 By the way, have you noticed  
 anything suspicious about Mr.  
 Fillmore?

She stops. She can't help herself...

EMILY  
 Actually, yes I have. He has  
 manners.

Miller lets the comment roll off and knocks on the door.

**INT. MGM WHALE SUITE -- FEW SECONDS LATER**

The butler opens the door. He's wearing a french maid outfit.

BUTLER  
 (calling to bedrooms)  
 It's Mr. Miller, sir.

MILLER  
 Morning, Sam.

BUTLER  
 Barry.  
 (beat)  
 I know this isn't the time, sir,  
 but I feel I deserve a raise.

Miller looks at the outfit. He nods. He'll certainly give it some thought. The moment is broken by Rodger driving up in the golf cart.

RODGER  
 (to Butler)  
 We're missing two pigs. Also, Hank claims Sony makes plasma screens four inches larger. The guys'll be watching the fight from here, perhaps you could have the bigger ones delivered?

BUTLER  
 Certainly, sir. And your loafers have arrived.

The butler points to a pair of shoes on the entrance table next to an eclectic assortment of other pairs. He exits.

RODGER

High-heeled ostrich loafers with  
taps. Thought I had 'em on that  
one.

(then)

What can I do you for, Barr?

Rodger sees Miller's expression and suddenly senses something  
isn't right.

MILLER

We called the airport to verify Mr.  
Fillmore's return flight. Seems it  
was canceled when he failed to take  
his incoming flight. Interesting.  
Wouldn't you say?

Without missing a beat...

RODGER

We flew in on a private jet. We  
always make backup reservations in  
case of mechanical failure. You  
understand. If there is nothing  
else--

MILLER

What does Mr. Fillmore do?

RODGER

What does he do?

MILLER

Yes. His job.

RODGER

Don't you know?

MILLER

I do. I want to hear it from you.

Miller stares down Rodger. After a beat...

RODGER

(reciting)

He owns seven companies dealing  
mostly in real estate and  
construction. Last year his holding  
company, Fillmore & Partners,  
showed an after tax profit of 828  
million which includes a one-time  
write-off of 120 due to mergers.

(MORE)



RODGER (CONT'D)

His telecommunications holdings are divided between Nassau Limited and a consortium of cable resellers, the largest controlled by a division of Cingular. Shall I continue?

MILLER

(eating crow)

I don't believe that will be necessary. I'm glad I didn't waste Mr. Fillmore's time.

Miller exits. Rodger closes the door. That was close!

BLAINE (O.S.)

How the hell did you know that?

Rodger jumps! REVEAL Blaine, now standing behind him.

RODGER

It was in the research.

BLAINE

You memorized it?

RODGER

I made some of it up. What are the odds he'd memorize more than I did?

(then)

Get dressed. We're playing golf today.

BLAINE

I wanna get back to the tables. Guess how much I won last night? Almost fifty thousand!

RODGER

That's great but time's running out. We're still down two hundred thou. We're gonna bet the fight.

BLAINE

(chuckling)

Look whose glass is half empty now. Rodger, I'm gonna win today. I feel it.

RODGER

You can't be here and play golf at the same time.

BLAINE  
So fuck golf.

RODGER  
We're playing with Barcente. There.  
It was gonna be a surprise and you  
fucked it up. Happy?

BLAINE  
How'd this happen?

RODGER  
If the hotel can track down size  
fourteen buffalo skin tap shoes, I  
figured they can arrange a tee time  
with a billionaire.

BLAINE  
But why would he accept? We're just  
some schmucks--  
(realizing)  
He's think he'll be playing with  
Fillmore, doesn't he?

RODGER  
Look, you wow him with your idea,  
and when he's sold, then you tell  
him the truth.

BLAINE  
I don't know about this...

RODGER  
You're right. Why take a shot at  
becoming a REAL high-roller? Let's  
cancel.

Blaine considers this.

BLAINE  
Damn. You're good.

**EXT. PRIVATE GOLF COURSE -- MID MORNING**

Blaine and Rodger and Emily come out of the clubhouse and  
head to the first tee.

EMILY  
(to Blaine)  
I'm excited to see you play. I play  
occasionally myself but I'm  
certainly nowhere near an eight  
handicap.

Blaine eyes Rodger.

BLAINE  
(sotto to Rodger)  
What's that mean?

RODGER  
It means you're really good.

They reach Barcente and SERGIO waiting at the tee.

BARCENTE  
Mr. Fillmore? Martin Barcente. This  
is my business associate, Sergio.

They all shake hands and introduce themselves.

EMILY  
You seem to be feeling better.  
(off Barcente's look)  
You were sick yesterday. At the  
convention center--

BLAINE  
Why don't we get started?

Blaine gives Barcente a look of "she gets confused."

BARCENTE  
Congratulations on the Viasat deal.  
I read in Forbes they gave back  
half their licensing. How'd you  
manage that, if you don't mind me  
asking?

RODGER  
I thought we came to play golf.

BARCENTE  
My apologizes.  
(to Blaine)  
Why don't you go first?

Blaine nods. He puts his ball on the tee but it falls off. He  
does it again - it falls off. He's so nervous! He finally  
gets it to stay. He's about to swing...

RODGER  
(to Barcente)  
So I understand you're into  
computers.

Blaine is thrown and hooks the shot.

RODGER (CONT'D)  
 My bad. I shouldn't have been  
 talking

**EXT. GOLF COURSE -- 2ND HOLE GREEN**

BARCENTE  
 ..so you see, the real problem lies  
 in bandwidth. That's something  
 database code can't control.

Rodger nudges Blaine -- talk to him!

BLAINE  
 Suppose you had an algorithm that  
 prepared the compression in  
 advance?

BARCENTE  
 Suppose the sun was made of cheese?

Rodger secretly nudges Blaine -- now's your chance -- take it!

BLAINE  
 I wrote one.

Barcente looks at Sergio - is this guy full of it?

DISSOLVE TO:

**EXT. GOLF COURSE - 7TH HOLE FAIRWAY -- SHORT TIME LATER**

Sergio and Rodger have already teed off. Blaine and Barcente are on the bench studying the algorithms Blaine wrote on the back of a scorecard.

BLAINE  
 (realizing)  
 Oh. My turn?

Blaine goes to the tee and hits the ball, Barcente is too busy studying the algorithms to even see Blaine's swing.

But Emily does.

**EXT. GOLF COURSE - NEAR 10TH HOLE -- SHORT TIME LATER**

In the BG we see Barcente sitting on the golf cart, still examining the paper. Blaine eyes him from a distance, looking for clues of approval. Blaine's shot should be fairly easy but he hits it too hard and it overshoots the green.

EMILY  
 (daring to tease)  
 I gotta say, where I come from an  
 eight handicap's a little better.

Blaine's focus is still on Barcente...

BLAINE  
 I don't play that much anymore.

EMILY  
 I thought you play every Thursday.

Blaine doesn't answer. He already started to walk to his ball. Emily seems confused by this.

**EXT. GOLF COURSE - 17TH HOLE GREEN -- SHORT TIME LATER**

Everyone is on the green. Barcente is putting.

BARCENTE  
 (to Blaine)  
 I just played Bentwater in Houston.  
 You're a member there, right?

BLAINE  
 Uh, yeah.

BARCENTE  
 That hole by the lake - what is it,  
 the twelfth? What a view. Just  
 beautiful.

BLAINE  
 It is pretty, isn't it?

Barcente's sinks the putt as his cell phone rings. He looks at the caller ID.

BARCENTE  
 I'm sorry. I have to take this.

Barcente exits to take the call.

EMILY  
 The twelfth hole at Bentwater isn't  
 by the lake.  
 (explaining)  
 My dad's from Houston. I play there  
 every summer.

BLAINE  
 You know, you're right. I was  
 thinking of a different hole.

Emily would normally let it go but something isn't adding up. She dares to take a chance...

EMILY  
You were thinking of the  
fourteenth. By the duck pond.

BLAINE  
That's the one I was thinking of.

EMILY  
There is no duck pond at Bentwater.  
Something definitely isn't right.

EMILY (CONT'D)  
What's the name of that restaurant  
on top of the Houston Hyatt?

Blaine can see he's being tested.

BLAINE  
(coming clean)  
Emily, there's something you need  
to know--

EMILY  
The Spindletop. You don't really  
live there, do you?

Blaine doesn't know what to say.

EMILY (CONT'D)  
You don't play a lot of golf  
either.  
(remembering)  
And you don't know Hall and Oates.  
(revelation)  
And you don't like Fig Newtons!  
(sure of it)  
And you're not really Fillmore!

His silence is all she needed to hear. In BG they see Barcente hang up and start to walk back over.

BLAINE  
Don't blow this for me. Please?  
There's a good reason. I'll explain  
later. Please?

Barcente is upon them again.

BARCENTE

Sorry about that.

(innocent question)

So I was gonna say, when I'm back in Houston, any other courses you recommend?

BLAINE

(deer in headlights)

Jeez, it's hard to pick only a few.

Blaine looks at Emily and pleads with his eyes. She looks back, trying to decide if she wants to help. He's hanging...

EMILY

You mentioned you liked River Oaks. In North Houston.

BLAINE

River Oaks is great!

Barcente's phone rings again. He looks at the caller ID.

BARCENTE

Uh! I'm sorry. I'll catch up with you at the next hole.

Barcente exits again to answer the phone.

BLAINE

Thank you.

EMILY

I don't know why I did that. I really don't.

BLAINE

'Cause you're a good person. Who's smart and doesn't jump to conclusions--

EMILY

Spare me the charm. I'm leaving.

She starts to walk off. Blaine grabs her arm.

BLAINE

You're not gonna tell Miller, are you?

EMILY

I haven't decided yet.

She starts to storm off and remembers something. She reaches into her pocket and throws the coins that Blaine gave her on the ground.

EMILY (CONT'D)  
And keep your damn quarters!

Rodger crosses in, wondering what's going on.

BLAINE  
She knows.

Blaine starts after her but Rodger catches his arm.

RODGER  
Finish the game. I'll get her.

Blaine really wants to go after her.

RODGER (CONT'D)  
She's just a girl, Blaine. You can go after her or you can cement your future. What's it gonna be?

Decision time.

Blaine exits to catch up with Barcente as Rodger heads off to catch Emily.

**EXT. GOLF COURSE - PARKING LOT -- MOMENTS LATER**

Rodger runs to the parking lot but he's too late - Emily is already in the limo and driving away. He'd never catch her.

**EXT. GOLF COURSE - 18TH HOLE GREEN -- SHORT TIME LATER**

Barcente lands his putt and looks at Blaine's algorithms one last time.

BARCENTE  
I gotta say, I think you missed your calling. Give me a few days. If my guys back in Seattle don't throw up red flags, and I don't see why they would, we have a deal.

Barcente extends his hand. Blaine shakes it.

**EXT. MGM BACKSTAGE HALLWAYS -- EARLY EVENING**

Rodger and Blaine are walking through the MGM but we're not sure to where. Blaine is excited about the Barcente thing but there's obviously also something else on his mind.



RODGER

You, my friend, are The Man. Can I just say that a fourth time?

BLAINE

It is pretty cool.

RODGER

Pretty cool? You're gonna be a millionaire! Do you understand the gravity of this? You just became a republican!

BLAINE

Lots of millionaires are democrats.

RODGER

Only multimillionaires. After, like, 10 million you can switch back if you want.

They continue to walk down the hallway.

RODGER (CONT'D)

I thought you'd be more excited.

BLAINE

I'm worried about Emily.

RODGER

Buddy, once you get this Barcente deal, they'll be a lot more Emily's coming along.

BLAINE

No, I mean she could say something.

RODGER

She won't. She needs this job too much.

(then)

Was she fun? You know, in bed.

BLAINE

We didn't sleep together. She was too drunk.

RODGER

But you could have, right?

BLAINE

Well, yeah.

RODGER

And you saw her naked? I mean you did look?

BLAINE

(of course)

I'm a guy.

RODGER

Did you touch her a little?

BLAINE

(changing subject)

Where are you taking me?

RODGER

To check out if this Jimmy guy exists before I send you to make the bet.

**INT. MGM TEMPORARY GYM -- MOMENTS LATER**

A temporary gym has been set up for Mendoza to work out prior to the fight. There's a sparing ring, some exercise mats and a table with refreshments for invited guests.

Mendoza's CREW, TRAINERS and VIPs fill the room. Mendoza is working out as his TRAINER barks out encouragement.

RODGER

Bury your sorrow in those Crispy Kremes while I find Jimmy.

As Blaine checks out the donuts, Rodger asks someone who Jimmy is. He's directed to a guy picking up jump ropes and weights.

RODGER (CONT'D)

Jimmy, right?

JIMMY

Who are you?

Rodger looks around to make sure nobody can hear.

RODGER

Somebody told me to, you know, come around and talk to you, make sure Mendoza's really gonna lose.

JIMMY

(annoyed)

They're checking up on me?

RODGER

Well, you know, there's lots of money on the line here.

JIMMY

He's gonna lose, okay? Tell the guys not to worry.

Rodger eyes Blaine across the room and gives him a thumps up, signaling him to go and make the bet. Before Rodger can leave...

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Do me a favor. Grab me one of them Krispy Kremes.

RODGER

What?

JIMMY

You heard me! Make yourself handy and grab me one.

**INT. MGM SPORTS BOOK -- A FEW MINUTES LATER**

Blaine steps up to a betting window.

BLAINE

Hundred thousand from my account on Anthony to win. I'm--

BET TAKER

Mr. Fillmore. I know. Great party.  
(then)  
Hundred large on Anthony, huh? You know something I don't?

BLAINE

(nervous)  
How would I?

**INT. MGM TEMPORARY GYM -- SHORT TIME LATER**

Jimmy is steadying a full-length punching bag while MENDOZA hits it. His hands are busy so Rodger stands next to him holding the donut up to Jimmy's mouth so he can take bites. The trainer is nearby, still barking out commands to Mendoza on the other side of the bag.

JIMMY

Those Krispy Kremes. They make a damn good donut.

RODGER  
Not really crispy though, are they?

Blaine reenters and nods he made the bet.

RODGER (CONT'D)  
(re: Mendoza)  
This guy looks in pretty good  
shape. You sure he's gonna lose?

Jimmy is again annoyed his judgment is being questioned.

JIMMY  
(sotto)  
You try staying awake with Sodium  
Pentothal rubbed on you between  
rounds. Trust me, by round three  
he'll be tired as a baby.

Blaine and Rodger look at each other in horror.

BLAINE  
(letting it slip)  
The fight is fixed!

Jimmy freezes. He lets go of the punching bag.

JIMMY  
Who the hell are you guys?--

The bag, no longer being held, swings out of the way and  
Mendoza's fist comes flying around it, accidentally landing  
on Jimmy's jaw.

Jimmy drops like a bag of sand. He's knocked out!

People come running over.

CREW MEMBERS  
Jimmy! / You okay? / Wake up!

RODGER  
He's gonna get up, right?

TRAINER  
(shaking head)  
He's out for the night.

Rodger and Blaine look at each other.

RODGER / BLAINE  
Wake up! / You gotta get up!

**INT. MGM SPORTS BOOK -- MOMENTS LATER**

Rodger talks to the BET-TALKER that took Blaine's (Fillmore's) bet.

RODGER

He doesn't want money back. He just wants to change who it's bet on.

The bet taker shrugs and points to a sign: "ALL BETS FINAL."

RODGER (CONT'D)

He's a millionaire! Signs don't apply to him. Does he really have to buy this place and throw away the sign?

The bet-taker shrugs again. He's not intimidated.

**INT. MGM HOTEL ROOM -- LATER**

All the guys have been filled in.

MARK

So that's why Jimmy always won. He only bet on things that were fixed!  
(realizing)  
Holy shit. Maybe he really does know someone on the Florida Supreme Court.

HANK

You guys should sneak out of the country. Find some basement in Costa Rica and hide out for a few years.

MARK

Don't hide there! That's the first place the Feds look.

HANK

In Costa Rica?

MARK

No. In basements.

MILLER (O.S.)

Evening, Gentlemen.

They all fall silent. Miller is now standing there.

RODGER

How'd you get in here?

MILLER

I have a master key.

(then)

We just received an interesting fax. Seems the business meeting you've been at all weekend ended early and you'll be flying in for the fight tonight after all.

RODGER

(thinking fast)

We had somebody pretend to be Mr. Fillmore at the conference--

MILLER

Stop it. Just..stop. We had the bank fax over Mr. Fillmore's signature. Funny how it doesn't match the one on this betting slip.

(looking at Blaine)

It appears you aren't really he.

Miller tosses the evidence onto the table. Boom! Game over.

MILLER (CONT'D)

Cute little scam you had going.

RODGER

(indignant)

This is how you treat high-rollers? You walk in and accuse them--

MILLER

Shut up, Mr. Calfa.

(off their silence)

That's right. I know your last name.

MARK

Your last name is Calfa?

MILLER

I also know you and Blaine here live in Los Angeles. It's amazing what you can find out when you roll back some security cameras in a parking lot and track a license plate on a 87 Honda.

MARK

I thought you had a Toyota. Man, I really don't know you guys.

BLAINE

Listen, I just came into a bunch of money. We'll pay everything back--

MILLER

No, see, I have a bigger problem now. Because of you, Jimmy's no longer around to fix the fight.

(off their looks)

That's right. I know about that too. A lot of people who will remain nameless...

Miller bends his nose suggesting... well, you can guess...

MILLER (CONT'D)

..placed large bets assuming the fight would go a certain way. But now, thanks to you gentlemen, it won't.

BLAINE

And we feel bad about that. Don't we guys?

ALL

We do. / Yes. / Real bad.

BLAINE

But there's nothing we can do about it now.

MILLER

I disagree. There is something. Think.

Miller waits for them to figure it out. After a beat...

MARK

You want us to wash dishes?

RODGER

(realizing)

He wants us to take Jimmy's place and fix the fight.

Miller smiles. That's exactly what he wants.

BLAINE

Oh, no! No. We're not fixing a fight.

Miller makes a point of dialing his cell phone, saying the numbers out loud...

MILLER  
9. 1...

RODGER  
Hold on.

Miller stops.

BLAINE  
Rodger! No!

RODGER  
(to Miller)  
We do this and you let us walk.  
That's the deal.

MILLER  
I'll pay back your losses from my  
personal winnings.

RODGER  
Plus fifty-thousand for each of us.

MILLER  
What? No.

RODGER  
It was worth a shot.

MILLER  
You make sure Anthony wins and I  
won't have you arrested. That's the  
entire deal.

BLAINE  
I can't believe you're  
considering--

RODGER  
Blaine, we have no choice. Guys?

The guys shrug in agreement.

MILLER  
I thought you'd see it my way.  
(exiting)  
By the way, kick ass party.

**INT. MGM WHALE SUITE -- SHORT TIME LATER**

Hank, Reid, Blaine and Rodger are putting on security microphones and earpieces like the ones the Secret Service use. On the coffee table is a map of the MGM Arena. Rodger, for the first time, seems nervous about one of his plans.



RODGER

Were the security guys suspicious  
we wanted to borrow all this stuff?

HANK

People tend to look the other way  
when you hand 'em a case of twenty-  
four-year-old scotch.

REID

I actually liked the Macallan  
Eighteen more.

HANK

Me too! The twenty-four had a  
wonderful nose of sherry but the  
month-feel wasn't as bewitching--

RODGER

Can we concentrate!  
(re: map)  
Hank, you cover Tunnel Entrance A.  
Blaine, you take Tunnel B.

BLAINE

I don't know about this--

RODGER

Buddy, the ship has sailed. We're  
doing this. These are the only  
tunnels leading to the back area so  
between the two of you I should be  
covered. I'll hide in the storage  
area here and put the Sodium  
Pentothal in the buckets between  
rounds.

(to Reid)

Did we find out where to get some?

REID

They use it at animal hospitals.  
I'll take care of it.

RODGER

Make sure you take a security pass  
so you can get back in. Mark will  
take care of the real Fillmore. I  
think we have everything covered.  
Questions?

Mark raises his hand.

RODGER (CONT'D)

If it's stupid I'm gonna punch you.

Mark considers his question and then lowers his hand.

**INT. MGM MAIN ENTRANCE -- SHORT TIME LATER**

Mark gets into a high-roller limo parked downstairs.

MARK  
Liquor store, Dude. I'm with  
Fillmore.

The limo driver nods and drives off.

**INT. MGM EMPLOYEE LOUNGE -- CONTINUOUS**

Beth has just gotten off-duty and is hanging around with some OTHER SLOT HOSTS. Emily enters and finds her.

EMILY  
Can I talk to you?

Beth sees Emily is on the verge of crying. She ushers her to an area of empty chairs where they can talk in private.

EMILY (CONT'D)  
I need to borrow money for a plane  
ticket. I'll pay you back.

BETH  
Is someone sick?

EMILY  
I'm moving home. I'm quitting.

BETH  
(yelling across room)  
Charlie! Gimma your sauce... Don't  
look at me, just bring it!

A female Slots Host, CHARLIE, 40, reaches into her purse, pulls out a flask and brings it over. Beth gives it to Emily.

**EXT. LIQUOR STORE -- CONTINUOUS**

Mark hands the driver a twenty through the dividing window.

MARK  
Dude, do me a favor? Run in and  
grab a fifth of vodka. I'd go but  
I'm not good with change.

The limo driver takes the twenty and heads inside. Mark waits a couple of beats, gets into the driver's seat and drives off.

**INT. ARENA WALKWAY - TUNNEL B -- CONTINUOUS**

Rodger and Blaine stand on the main walkway circling the floor of the arena. Behind them is a tunnel entrance that leads to a backstage area. Above the entrance is a big "B." It's guarded by a SECURITY GUARD who keeps the public from going backstage.

Blaine takes his place "hanging out" close enough to the entrance to see anybody going in yet far enough away so as not to look suspicious to the guard.

Rodger walks to the tunnel and shows the guard his laminated security pass and is allowed to enter the tunnel.

**INT. BACKSTAGE AREA -- MOMENTS LATER**

Rodger comes out of the tunnel on the other end into a large general purpose area. This is where Mendoza's corner crew is keeping their stuff -- buckets, stacks of towels... There's a large utility sink and an area fenced off where they store banquet tables and chairs. Nobody else is around at this moment.

HANK (V.O.)  
 (thru Rodger's earpiece)  
 Sunlight One to Rodger. I'm in position to monitor Tunnel A. You copy? Over.

RODGER  
 (into sleeve)  
 I hear ya.

INTER CUT WITH:

**INT. ARENA WALKWAY - TUNNEL A -- CONTINUOUS**

Hank is standing near the entrance to Tunnel A. Like Blaine, his tunnel is guarded by ANOTHER SECURITY GUARD and Hank "hangs around" so as not to look suspicious.

HANK  
 The correct response is "Affirmative" and then "Over."  
 Over.

RODGER  
 (annoyed)  
 Cut it out, Hank.

HANK  
 Copy that. Over.

**INT. ARENA WALKWAY - TUNNEL B -- MOMENTS LATER**

Reid walks up to the guard near Blaine's tunnel, shows him a fake security pass and is let past.

Blaine casually talks into the microphone in his sleeve.

**INT. BACKSTAGE AREA -- CONTINUOUS**

BLAINE (O.S.)  
 (thru Rodger's earpiece)  
 Reid is on his way back.

Reid emerges into the backstage area and finds Rodger. He fishes a bottle of Sodium Pentothal from his jacket pocket.

REID  
 You won't believe what this stuff costs. By the way, the vet had some poodles looking for homes. I'd take 'em but I already have two maltese--

RODGER  
 (re: bottle)  
 Is that enough?

REID  
 I don't know. I didn't think it wise to ask how much would knock out a professional boxer. Want me to get more?

FIGHT ANNOUNCER (O.S.)  
 (over speaker system)  
 Welcome to the MGM Grand Las Vegas...

RODGER  
 Yeah. And hurry.

REID  
 What should I tell the vet?

RODGER  
 That you want to buy more.

REID  
 I mean about the dogs.  
 (off his annoyed look)  
 I'm going.

**INT. MGM ARENA -- CONTINUOUS**

We are CLOSE IN on the FIGHT ANNOUNCER and COLOR ANNOUNCER.

FIGHT ANNOUNCER  
Tonight Heavyweight Champion  
Nicholas Mendoza defends his title  
against challenger Roy Anthony.

COLOR ANOUNCER  
Let me just say up front -- if your  
TV reception's bad don't bother to  
adjust the antenna. This fight'll  
be over before you can make it back  
to the couch.

**INT. AIRPORT - BAGGAGE CLAIM -- CONTINUOUS**

Mark pulls up to the curb wearing the limo driver's hat. The REAL FILLMORE sees MGM GRAND on the side of the limo.

FILLMORE  
You're a half-hour late.

MARK  
Sorry, Mr. Fillmore. I normally  
drive a stick.

Fillmore gets into the limo while Mark pretends to put the luggage into the trunk. Instead he puts the luggage on the ground, gets back in and drives off, leaving the luggage behind.

**INT. ARENA WALKWAY - TUNNEL A -- CONTINUOUS**

A CORNER-MAN goes into the tunnel being watched by Hank.

HANK  
(into sleeve)  
Someone's coming.

**INT. BACKSTAGE AREA -- CONTINUOUS**

Rodger quickly hides. He peeks out and sees the CORNER-MAN enter and fill up five water buckets...

RING ANNOUNCER (O.S.)  
(over arena speakers)  
In this corner, at five feet nine,  
220 pounds, with a record of three  
wins, twelve losses, The Pulverizer  
- Roy Anthony!

CORNER MAN  
 (calling out)  
 Julius! We're up!

The crowd cheers. Julius grabs a towel from a stack and heads to ringside.

RING ANNOUNCER (O.S.)  
 And in this corner, at five eleven,  
 weighing in at 218 pounds with a  
 record of 17 defeats, no losses,  
 the current heavyweight champion of  
 the world, Nicholas "Jaw-breaker"  
 Mendoza!

Even more cheers.

**INT. LIMO -- MOMENTS LATER**

Fillmore, sitting in the back, looks at his watch.

FILLMORE  
 You're gonna get me there before  
 the fight starts, right?

MARK  
 No problemo. We'll be there before  
 you can name all the members of  
 Metallica. I'll get you started -  
 Kirk Hammett, guitar.

WIDE SHOT: The Vegas Strip is seen in the distance. Mark heads in the opposite direction.

**INT. RING -- SHORT TIME LATER**

The fight is already in progress. Mendoza is looking better than the challenger so far.

FIGHT ANNOUNCER (O.S.)  
 Mendoza in the blue trunks, Anthony  
 wearing the green trunks with the  
 yellow stripe--

COLOR ANNOUNCER (O.S.)  
 The black guy.

FIGHT ANNOUNCER (O.S.)  
 It's okay to say that?  
 (back to fight)  
 Mendoza's the only one throwing  
 punches-- Oh! And he lands another  
 one to the jaw of the black guy!  
 (MORE)

HIGH ROLLER

FA (CONT'D)  
 (gets elbowed)  
 You just said.

**INT. MGM BACKSTAGE -- CONTINUOUS**

Rodger is hiding.

RODGER  
 (into sleeve)  
 How's it look?

HANK / BLAINE (O.S.)  
 Clear.

Rodger comes out of hiding and crosses to where the buckets are. He pours some Sodium Pentothal into the first bucket.

BLAINE (O.S.)  
 (over Rodger's earpiece)  
 Someone's coming!

Rodger quickly hides again. A few seconds later A CORNER MAN comes in and grabs the first bucket which now is laced with Sodium Pentothal. He hears the BELL RING signaling the end of the round and doubletimes it back with the bucket.

RODGER  
 (into sleeve)  
 Water's on its way.

**INT. RING -- MOMENTS LATER**

The CORNER MAN takes the bucket of water and puts it next to Mendoza who is now sitting on a stool. ANOTHER CORNER MAN starts to wipe down Mendoza with the "treated" water.

**INT. ARENA WALKWAY - TUNNEL B -- CONTINUOUS**

Blaine is watching Mendoza being wiped down.

BLAINE  
 (to himself)  
 That's it. Wipe his face real good--

BARCENTE (O.S.)  
 There you are. I thought you weren't gonna show.

BLAINE  
 Mr. Barcente!

BARCENTE

I saw your name on the seats next to me. They were empty the first round.

BLAINE

I...was late.

BARCENTE

Well, c'mon. Let's get seated before the next round starts.

Barcente heads down the aisle to his seats. Blaine has no choice but to follow.

**INT. RINGSIDE - VIP SEATS -- CONTINUOUS**

Barcente and Blaine reach their ringside seats. A few of Barcente's friends are there. Next to Barcente's are a couple of seats marked "RESERVED - FILLMORE"

BARCENTE

Not bad, huh? Only one with a better view is the ref. And he's gotta work!

Barcente laughs. Blaine and the others join in. Blaine turns around and checks - he can't see his tunnel entrance.

**INT. RING - MENDOZA'S CORNER -- CONTINUOUS**

Mendoza, on his stool, is still being wiped down.

MENDOZA

I'm tired all of a sudden.  
 (then)  
 I think your wife is hot.  
 (off his shocked look)  
 It's the truth.

The BELL RINGS - the next round is starting.

**INT. RING -- CONTINUOUS**

Mendoza comes out swinging but misses his first few punches.

FIGHT ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Does Mendoza look a little tired?

Anthony lands a punch.



COLOR ANNOUNCER (O.S.)  
 Oh! There's a scoring jab by  
 Anthony. And another! Looks like  
 Anthony's not the tomato can we  
 thought! We might have a fight here  
 after all.

Just as Mendoza shakes off a punch Anthony lands another...

**INT. EMPLOYEE LOUNGE -- CONTINUOUS**

Beth is still listening as Emily pours her soul out.

EMILY  
 Everybody around here tries to fool  
 you into thinking they're  
 important. I'll never meet a decent  
 guy in Vegas. Say what you want  
 about Wisconsin, but the guys  
 there, at least you know what kind  
 of people they are.

Emily takes another swig.

BETH  
 Honey, if I had the answers to Life  
 I wouldn't be a Keno waitress but  
 it sounds to me like you're not cut  
 out for the Wild West.

EMILY  
 I should quit, huh?  
 (Beth nods)  
 It's funny. I thought you were  
 gonna talk me out of this.

BETH  
 Not this time, Baby. In fact, you  
 made me realize how shitty my  
 prospects are. Can I come with ya?

They both laugh. Beth takes a swig from the flask and looks  
 across the room at Charlie. Charlie gives her a look.

BETH (CONT'D)  
 (to Charlie; defensive)  
 What? Maybe I need some too!

**INT. MGM BACKSTAGE -- SHORT TIME LATER**

From his hiding spot...

RODGER  
 (into sleeve)  
 How's it look?

HANK (O.S.)  
 Clear.

Long beat.

RODGER  
 Blaine? Am I clear?... Blaine!

**INT. ARENA WALKWAY - TUNNEL A -- CONTINUOUS**

Hank moves from his position down the walkway until he can see Blaine's tunnel entrance but he can't find Blaine.

HANK  
 Base Blaine's been compromised,  
 over.

RODGER (O.S.)  
 (over earpiece)  
 English, Hank!

HANK  
 He's left his position. It looks  
 clear though.

Rodger crosses and puts Sodium Pentothal in another bucket.

HANK (O.S.)  
 (over Rodger's earpiece)  
 Negative that! The guard just let a  
 corner man through!

Rodger hides again. Seconds later a Corner Man crosses in as we hear the BELL, signaling the end of the round.

**INT. LIMO -- CONTINUOUS**

FILLMORE  
 (realizing)  
 Where's my briefcase?!

MARK  
 I thought you handed me those bags  
 to throw away. Dude, I'm sorry.  
 We'll go back.

FILLMORE  
 No--

The limo makes a sudden u-turn throwing Fillmore around the backseat as we hear CARS HONK.

**INT. RING - MENDOZA'S CORNER -- MOMENTS LATER**

Mendoza is getting wiped down. He's pretty out of it now.

CORNER MAN  
What are you blabbering about?

MENDOZA  
That's my PIN number. At the bank.  
You got it out of me.

CORNER MAN  
Champ! Focus!

MENDOZA  
At the barber shop? I use to sneak  
in at night and pee in that blue  
liquid they keep the combs in.

**INT. RINGSIDE -- CONTINUOUS**

Miller makes his way with a well-dressed IMPORTANT-LOOKING GENTLEMAN to Barcente's seats.

MILLER  
Mr. Barcente, I'd like you to meet  
Michael Foreman, CEO of the MGM  
Grand.

FOREMAN  
I trust we're seeing to your needs.

BARCENTE  
To be honest, I'm disappointed with  
these seats. Seems the ref has a  
better view. And he's working!

All of Barcente's people laugh as if they never heard that.  
Foreman and Miller join in.

MILLER  
And this is Mr. Fillmore.

FOREMAN  
Wade Fillmore? Pleasure, sir. How  
in Hades did you get Viasat to give  
back those licensing fees?

BLAINE

(one eye on Miller)  
You'd be surprised the ways you can  
get people to do things.

Foreman is pleased with this non-answer. He looks at Barcente and shrugs -- Guess we're not gonna learn his secret today.

**INT. RING - MENDOZA'S CORNER -- CONTINUOUS**

They continue to wipe Mendoza down with the water.

MENDOZA

I slept with your sister.

Before the Corner Man can react the BELL RINGS. Mendoza gets up and the Corner Man angrily pulls away the stool.

Mendoza stumbles to the center where Anthony immediately lands a punch. Then another. The crowd cheers! Anthony has become the crowd favorite.

FIGHT ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Did Mendoza just yawn?!

COLOR ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Gotta give the champ credit. He's really hanging in there.

FIGHT ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Another one by Anthony! Mendoza is just refusing to go down!

BLAINE

(in awe of Mendoza; to himself)

This guy's amazing.

As soon as Mendoza shakes off a punch he's hit by another. Mendoza is stumbling now. The crowd is going wild!

We see a CLOSE UP of Blaine's face. He's impressed with the way Mendoza continues to take punches. We see him pained at each hit Mendoza takes.

COLOR ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

The champ's like a Weeble -- he wobbles but he won't fall down!

FIGHT ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Give up, Champ. Stop torturing yourself!

BLAINE  
 (to himself)  
 No. Stay up. A few more seconds.

The BELL RINGS ending the round. The crowd is on its feet!

FIGHT ANNOUNCER (O.S.)  
 And there's the end of the round.  
 Just in time. I'll bet the champ's  
 happy to hear that sound.

COLOR ANNOUNCER (O.S.)  
 If he heard it at all. There's  
 already a lot of ringing in his  
 head. I have never seen a man take  
 such a beating and remain standing!

FIGHT ANNOUNCER (O.S.)  
 We're watching the defeat of a  
 gladiator.

CLOSE UP on Blaine, staring in awe at Mendoza's fortitude. He feels something in his pocket and pulls it out -- it's some of the quarters he gave Emily (and she gave back.) He stares at them a beat and decides something...

BLAINE  
 No we're not.

Blaine gets up and crosses out.

**INT. MGM OFFICE HALLWAYS -- CONTINUOUS**

Emily is standing in front of Miller's office door. She gets up her courage and turns the handle to enter but it's locked. She looks through the window to see if anybody's inside. ANOTHER EMPLOYEE passes...

ANOTHER EMPLOYEE  
 Looking for Miller? He's at the  
 fight.

**INT. RING - MENDOZA'S CORNER -- CONTINUOUS**

Mendoza is on the stool, totally out of it.

MENDOZA  
 I once stuck licorice up my butt  
 and kept it there during an entire  
 Los Lobos concert.

**INT. MGM BACKSTAGE AREA -- CONTINUOUS**

Blaine enters just as Rodger finishes putting the last of the Sodium Pentothal into another of Mendoza's water buckets.

BLAINE  
Don't do it.

Rodger turns around startled.

RODGER  
You almost gave me a heart attack!  
Where'd you go?

BLAINE  
Mendoza deserves to win. He's the  
better fighter.

RODGER  
Yeah. He's made of fucking iron,  
isn't he?  
(re: Pentothal)  
This is the last of it and Reid's  
not back. If Anthony doesn't finish  
him off this round we're in  
trouble.

HANK (O.S.)  
(over Rodger's earpiece)  
Incoming!

Rodger quickly pulls Blaine to his hiding spot. A CORNER MAN enters to retrieve the next bucket. Blaine suddenly rushes over and knocks it to the floor, spilling its water.

CORNER MAN  
What the... Who the fuck are you?

The corner man realizes there isn't time to beat up Blaine -- He's got to get back with the bucket.

CORNER MAN (CONT'D)  
You better be gone when I get back,  
motherfucker! You hear me?

The corner man takes one of the remaining buckets with regular "non-tainted" water and quickly exits.

**INT. MGM BACKSTAGE HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS**

Emily, on her way to find Miller, is about to turn the corner and enter the area where Blaine and Rodger now are. As she approaches a corner she hears them...

BLAINE (O.S.)  
We can't give the championship to  
Anthony.

RODGER (O.S.)  
Well duh! You just screwed up the  
only chance we had left!

Emily stops and listens, unseen...

**INT. MGM BACKSTAGE AREA -- CONTINUOUS**

BLAINE  
Mendoza didn't go down after all  
that pounding. He's clearly the  
better fighter. It's cruel to take  
away his title.

RODGER  
Cruel? It's cruel? Let me tell you  
what cruel is -- Dragging your best  
friend to jail.

BLAINE  
Maybe we SHOULD go to jail.

This throws Rodger completely.

RODGER  
Did you fall on your head? Where's  
this coming from?

BLAINE  
You really want to know?

RODGER  
No. I'm just making conversation  
'til the cops show up.

BLAINE  
Emily. She taught me about toughing  
it out and taking control.

SHOT OF: Emily, still unseen, taking this all in.

RODGER  
(flabbergast)  
That was me! I taught you that!

BLAINE

I'm talking about really taking control. Learning to listen to yourself and then do the hard stuff. You're never scared, Rodger. That's your problem.

Rodger doesn't even know where to begin!

RODGER

I like to remember places I've been by taking a shit. I like to smell garden hoses... There's lots of things I do that might be categorized as a problem, okay? I admit it. But not being scared isn't one of them.

BLAINE

Being scared is good, Rodger. It makes you question why you're scared and helps you figure out which fights are worth fighting.

RODGER

I happen to think saving your ass fits into that category.

BLAINE

You think fixing this fight was the right thing to do? Answer honestly.

Rodger knows it's a tricky question. He hesitates...

BLAINE (CONT'D)

See? You don't.

RODGER

Can I answer?  
(navigating question)  
It's not "right" but--

BLAINE

Thank you. So we're doing the correct thing. Period.

Rodger doesn't know where to go from here.

RODGER

Okay, so how we gonna get out this?

BLAINE

I don't know.



RODGER  
You don't know.

BLAINE  
No. But you what I DO know? I'm not scared now that it's gonna get worse. I'm at least in control of that now.

RODGER  
What do you want me to say? It's not like you left me a choice.

BLAINE  
You always have a choice. Every minute. I just wish Emily taught me that earlier.

Blaine exits, leaving Rodger alone.

ANGLE ON Emily considering everything she just heard.

**INT. RING -- MOMENTS LATER**

The BELL RINGS.

FIGHT ANNOUNCER (O.S.)  
And there's the bell as we head into what will surely be Mendoza's final round as champ.

Mendoza comes out from his corner not nearly as tired as before. He lands a hard punch on Anthony. Then another.

COLOR ANNOUNCER (O.S.)  
Looks like we spoke too soon again!

FIGHT ANNOUNCER (O.S.)  
These guys are amazing! Mendoza has somehow managed to shake off Anthony's pounding-- Oh!! He lands one on Anthony! And another! And another!

Anthony is finally hit by the big one!

FIGHT ANNOUNCER (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
There it is!! Anthony is down!

The REFEREE is giving the count.

FIGHT ANNOUNCER  
Mendoza has landed a crushing upper punch to Anthony's jaw!!

REFEREE

..nine, ten.

FIGHT ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

It's over!! Mendoza remains the  
heavy-weight champion of the world!

**INT. MGM CASINO -- MOMENTS LATER**

Blaine and Rodger exit, trying not to be seen by Miller.

RODGER

Maybe we should race back to the  
strip club and see if those fives  
are still on the floor. We're gonna  
need cigarette money in jail.

Just then Barcente exits with his entourage from a different  
door and sees them.

BARCENTE

Mr. Fillmore!

Damn! They have to stay and talk. As Barcente makes his way  
over, Rodger spots Emily approaching from another direction.

RODGER

(sotto to Blaine)  
Emily! Two o'clock. I got it.

Rodger quickly runs interference and blocks Emily.

RODGER (CONT'D)

(sotto to Emily)  
Don't ruin this. Let's talk  
outside.

Rodger tries to shuffle Emily away but she gets past him.

BLAINE

Listen, there's something important  
you need to hear from me--

EMILY

Mr. Fillmore!

Fillmore? She's still calling him Fillmore?

EMILY (CONT'D)

Excuse me, Mr. Barcente. I don't  
mean to interrupt but I wanted to  
tell Wade something.

(to Blaine)

We have to talk before you leave.

BLAINE  
 (surprised; unsure)  
 Okay. Sure.

Emily crosses out.

BARCENTE  
 Nice girl. I think she likes you.

Their problems aren't over yet -- Rodger has spotted Miller. He's nearby but hasn't seen them yet.

BLAINE  
 (ducking down)  
 Why don't we talk outside?

MILLER (O.S.)  
 There they are! Arrest 'em!

Miller crosses in accompanied by two SECURITY GUARDS. The guards start putting handcuffs on Rodger and Blaine.

BARCENTE  
 What's going on here?

MILLER  
 These gentlemen are impostors. They falsely checked in as one of our high-rollers.

Barcente looks at Blaine. Blaine lowers his head in shame. It's obviously true.

BARCENTE  
 You're not Wade Fillmore?

BLAINE  
 No sir.

BARCENTE  
 You have some balls.

BLAINE  
 I'm sorry--

BARCENTE  
 For what? You have any idea what people do to try to get to me? I have to hire people just to filter out the people trying to get to my people.  
 (to Miller)  
 Let them go.

MILLER

I don't think you understand, Mr. Barcente. These men have gambled with money stolen from the casino--

BARCENTE

How much?  
(impatient)  
You heard me. How much?

MILLER

A little over two-hundred thousand.

BARCENTE

I'll pay it.  
(off Miller's hesitation)  
I've lost twenty times that over the years. If you want me to gamble here again you'll let them go.

Miller considers his options. Money does talk. He reluctantly motions for the guards to take off the handcuffs.

MILLER

(exiting; mumbling)  
Fucking rich people.

The guards undo the cuffs and exit.

BARCENTE

Taking the risk of impersonating a high-roller just to get a tee time with me? Genius. Balls and genius.

BLAINE

That was a lot of money you paid.

Rodger suddenly realizes why Barcente did that.

RODGER

He can't develop your algorithms if you're sitting in jail.

Barcente smiles -- this Rodger guy is smart.

BARCENTE

It's a loan.

**INT. MGM WHALE SUITE -- SHORT TIME LATER**

Blaine is packing when Emily enters.

BLAINE

There you are! About what happened--

EMILY

I want to come to LA with you.

Blaine is shocked.

EMILY (CONT'D)

What? You don't want me to come?

BLAINE

No. I do! It's just...  
(extending hand)  
I'm Blaine, by the way.

EMILY

I know. You write software and you live with Rodger. He filled me in.

BLAINE

I'm confused. What changed since the golf course?

EMILY

Let's just say I've learned some things about you since then.

BLAINE

Yeah? So what attracts you most, the lying or the being broke?

Emily wants to move on...

EMILY

Here's the deal -- I come to LA. Maybe I stay, maybe I don't. Who knows if we'll still like each other after a few dates? But if I do stay, you can't buy me anything except the occasional dinner and some inexpensive gifts I could've bought myself.

BLAINE

You sound like a user to me.

She leans in and kisses him on the lips. Sold.

EMILY

Now that we're a pre-couple can I say something I've wanted to say since Friday?

(Blaine nods)

Perhaps roulette's not your game.

**INT. MGM CHECK-IN COUNTER -- SHORT TIME LATER**

Fillmore (the real one) approaches the counter, pissed. Miller is stewing, drinking from a bottle.

FILLMORE

I'd like to file a formal complaint with the manager.

MILLER

I'm drinking.

FILLMORE

(indignant)

Sir, I happen to be a high-roller--

MILLER

Ooooo, rich guy! Hey everybody! Another rich guy. We better drop what we're doing! He's sooo important!

Fillmore stands there in disbelief, then storms away. Miller turns. FOREMAN is there with his jaw to the floor.

**EXT. MGM MAIN ENTRANCE -- SHORT TIME LATER**

Blaine and Emily are putting their stuff into Blaine's car. Rodger comes out excited. But before he can say anything, Mark pulls up alongside in his car. In Mark's car are Reid, Hank and TWO HOT WOMEN hanging all over Reid.

Rodger walks up to the passenger window and gives Reid a look of "Who are the girls?"

REID

This is Jenny and Leanne. They're dancers from the pirate show. They have a few days off so they're gonna stay with me in LA.

(off his look; sotto)

I figured guys in those shows are always gay. If you want to meet girls, go where the supply is, right? We all have our strategies.

Rodger smiles and Mark drives off.

BLAINE  
 (to Rodger)  
 Where's your stuff?

RODGER  
 You ready for this? The CEO heard  
 about our party. He just hired me  
 as VP of Banquet Planning!

Blaine and Emily congratulate him.

RODGER (CONT'D)  
 I told him I have twelve weeks of  
 Unemployment left so he's gonna  
 throw in that amount as a signing  
 bonus!  
 (then)  
 I'm gonna stay here a few days. Get  
 my bearings.

BLAINE  
 You only have seven weeks of  
 Unemployment left.

RODGER  
 Shut up, Mr. Morals.

BLAINE  
 Don't call me made-up names!

EMILY  
 Aren't you afraid of being near  
 Miller?

RODGER  
 Get this! He was told to pack up  
 his office. For some reason he's  
 being transferred to Laughlin!  
 (then)  
 Call me tonight when you get home.

Emily and Blaine get into the car and drive out of the MGM  
 entrance as Rodger waves. After a few beats...

EMILY  
 By the way, it's long drive home  
 with lots of miles of open road and  
 no one looking in so, even though I  
 don't work at MGM anymore, it still  
 applies.

BLAINE  
 What does?

EMILY

Whatever you request, the answer is  
yes.

The Hall and Oates' song "Maneater" starts playing as we  
TRACK the car as it goes into the horizon.

FADE OUT