

DEAL

By  
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EXT. NEVADA DESERT - NIGHT

Driving I-15 north through the dark and starry desert to  
Laaaaaaaaas Vegas:

DALE (O.S.)  
So my buddy in Detroit, Phil Roselli,  
Who's the smartest guy I know--

MIKE (O.S.)  
I thought I was the smartest guy you  
know?

DALE (O.S.)  
OK, Phil Roselli, the second smartest--

MIKE (O.S.)  
Whadabout you? Don't you know you?

DALE (O.S.)  
Phil Roselli, the third--

MIKE (O.S.)  
Y'puttin' y'self first or second?

DALE (O.S.)  
Second, a course...

INT. CAR -

We can actually hear big, satisfying gulps from the J.D.  
bottle in Mike's hand.

DALE  
Anyway, Phil Roselli, after bummin'  
'round for years an' years finally  
decides to settle down--

MIKE  
Oh gawd!

DALE  
--an' decides to go to law school.

MIKE  
OH GAWD!!

## DALE

During the summer he has to do a summer internship in the public defender's office. So one day he's sittin' in the courtroom, like a spectator or somethin', an some ol'lllllld, grizzly...y'know...old black guy is facing the judge. An' the judge goes, "Ok Mr. Funches--by the way sir, how do you spell your last name?"

(old black man's voice)

"Uhhhhhhh...F...uuuuuuuu...nnnnnn  
...uh...F-u-n...f-u-n-c-h-e-s..."  
An' the judge goes: "Wait sir, are you telling us your name is Mr. Funfunches, or Mr. Funches?" "Uhhhhh...Mr. Funches sir." "Ok Mr. Funches. You say you went to traffic school. When did you go to traffic school?" "Uhhhhh--I don'ts rightslys recalls sir." "You can't remember when you went to traffic school?" "Well, I'ze believes it was the twelf sir." "The twelfth ... the twelfth ..." "Yes sir." "The twelfth of what month sir?"

Ricardo and Mike burst out with giggles.

## DALE (CONT'D)

"Well I don'ts rightly knows sir, but I knows it was the twelf." An' Roselli lost it! He fuckin' laughed his fuckin' head off! He hadta run outta the courtroom before the judge could admonish him ... Ok. So this old geezer goes to the confessional--

## RICARDO

Black guy?

## DALE

No, white guy. This old, old guy hobbles inta the confessional and says: "Father, last night I had stinky, grimy, sweaty, filthy, raunchy sex with an eighteen year old girl." An' the father says: "Oh my! Ok, do 10 Hail Marys an' you'll be absolved of your sin." An' the ol' guy goes: "Father, I can't do that."

DALE (CONT'D)

"Why not?" "Because I'm Jewish."  
An' the Father goes: "Then why  
y'tellin' me?!" An' the old guy  
goes: "Hell! I'm tellin' everybody!"

INT. CAR - ENTERING VEGAS STRIP - NIGHT

ELVIS BLASTS:

DALE/MIKE/RICARDO  
...so Viva Las Vegas! Viva Las Vegas!  
Vivaaaaaaaa...Vivaaaaaaaa...Las  
Vegaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa!!!!!!

MIKE

YEAH!!

He downs the rest of a liter of J.D. The tape is Dale's,  
and it plays one song over and over again:

ELVIS/DALE/MIKE/RICARDO  
Bright light city gonna set my soul  
gonna set my soul on fire! Gotta  
whole lotta money that's ready to  
burn so set those stakes up higher!

INT. CAESARS PALACE MAIN CASINO - \$5 BLACK JACK TABLE - WEE MORNING HOURS

The guys are at a full table, Mike at third base, as usual,  
though he seems to be snoozing. As the dealer deals the  
rest of the table listens, giggles:

DALE

So this farmer has a brown cow an' a  
white cow. An' he decides to get a  
bull and stud him out. So he says  
to his son: "Son, go out an' keep an  
eye on the bull, an' if he fucks the  
brown cow or the white cow, you run  
back an' tell me." An' the son goes:  
"Ok," an' scampers off.

Dale passes on his 19 against a 5, and it's now Mike's turn,  
but he's asleep, his slobbery chin bobbin' on his chest.

PATRICK THE DEALER

Mike?

DALE

Mike!!

Mike kinda wakes up, mumbles some gibberish.

Dale sees he's got a 20, so he takes Mike's limp, sleepy hand and waves the pass sign over the chips.

DALE  
Mike passes Patrick.

Patrick the dealer busts, pays the table and deals another hand from the shoe.

FIRST BASE  
So the farmer has the bull...

DALE  
Yeah. So the son's out watchin' the cows and in the meantime the priest comes over for a visit. An' right in the middle of the tea, the son comes rushin' in and yells: "Pa! Pa! The bull just  Fucked  the white cow!!" An' the priest looks all shocked an' the farmer takes his son to the side an' says: "Son, son, the priest is here an' we can't use that kinda language 'round 'im. Tell ya what: instead of saying that, let's say ... 'surprise.' If the bull fucks a cow, you tell me the bull 'surprised' the cow." "Like a code right daddy?" "That's right son." So the son goes out an a little while later he comes racing back in. "Pa! Pa! Guess what happened!" An' the priest turns to the boy, an' the farmer turns to the boy, an' the farmer says: "Did the bull surprise the brown cow now?" "He sure did he FUCKED the WHITE one again!!"

Once again the play has reached Mike:

PATRICK THE DEALER  
Mike?

MIKE  
Pppppppppppassssssssssssss ...

Everyone looks at Mike's cards.

PATRICK THE DEALER  
You have 10 sir.

MIKE  
Pppppppppassssssssss ...

PATRICK THE DEALER  
Mike, you have 10.

DALE/TABLE  
You got 10!!

MIKE  
Pppppppppassssssss ...

PATRICK THE DEALER  
I'm giving you a card Mike.

Everyone laughs as he does. Patrick busts, everyone cheers, and Patrick starts paying. Dale jumps up and high fives everyone:

DALE  
THE HAPPY TABLE!!!

TABLE  
THE HAPPY TABLE!!!!

Mike FALLS off his chair then immediately JUMPS up and faces everyone:

MIKE  
Whoa.

PATRICK THE DEALER  
I think Mike it's time for you to go to bed.

Mike turns to Dale and Ricardo:

MIKE  
I'm sorry guy's I just gotta...I  
jus' gotta...

DALE/RICARDO  
Go! Go!

MIKE  
Can y'play without me?

DALE  
It's ok go, go ...

Mike collects his chips and bumps off a few slot machines as he wanders to the room, his precious J.D. firm in his greedy, protective hand.

FIRST BASE  
Funny thing is, he was winning.

DALE  
Hale! He's 500 up!

PIT BOSS  
Five forty...

INT. BINION'S POKER ROOM - DAY

There they are, all the greats: Johnny "The Yellow Scourge" Chan. Brunson. Reese. At the last table of the No Limit Hold Em World Series Championship of Poker. TV cameras zoom in on every card, every bet. A huge crowd watches silently, fearful of disturbing these great mental athletes.

In the crowd the guys watch too. They watch Chan push a mountain of chips in the pot. Brunson studies Chan. The dealer has checked the bet:

DEALER  
Six hundred thousand.

Brunson looks at the pot. Then he pushes in \$600,000, plus all the rest of his chips. The crowd audibly gasps. Unger tosses in his cards. Others fold. It's now to Chan.

DEALER (CONT'D)  
Bumps it five hundred thousand.  
He's all in.

Chan as usual leans aggressively over the pot. His face is grim, determined, all business. He pushes in half a million bucks and calls. The crowd gasps again.

Chan shows. Brunson looks. Doesn't show. He tosses his cards. Stands. Nods to Chan. To the dealer. And walks away. To THUNDEROUS applause from the crowd. Brunson has the style to turn and wave slightly to the crowd.

INT. BINION'S BAR - LATER

The guys lean against the bar, stunned. Mike pushes himself off the rail, faces Dale and Ricardo. He's never been more serious in his life:

MIKE  
Some...fuckin'...day...we're gonna  
play in The World Series of Fuckin'  
Poker!

INT. CAESARS PALACE MAIN CASINO - \$5 TABLE - LATE NIGHT

The pit boss hands Mike a marker for his signature.

PIT BOSS  
That's your limit sir.

MIKE  
Yeah yeah I know I know.

The dealer pushes \$1000 to him. Dale and Ricardo stand behind Mike at third. Huddle:

RICARDO  
We really gotta get going if we're gonna make work.

MIKE  
WhadamI gonna do? I'm down two thou an' can't cover. Y'guys go. I'll call in sick, take the bus or somethin'.

INT. CAESARS \$5 TABLE - AN HOUR LATER

The dealer pays Mike a couple of hundred bucks. Ricardo scoots up, nervous as hell, holds up his hands like, "well?"

DALE  
He's doin' ok. Needs 'bout a thou more to get even.

Insert - Mike's hand: two 3s. He's let the bet ride, has about \$500 out there. The dealer shows a 5.

When the play comes to Mike he pushes another \$500 out for the split. Dale and Ricardo gasp. The \$5 table shuts up.

8 on the first 3. Mike pushes out another \$500 for the double, cool as an olive in a martini. He takes a steady drink. Players hold their glasses in mid-drink. The pit boss hovers over Mike.

4 on the 11 for a fucked 15. 7 on the other 3.

Everyone looks at Mike's chips. Only two black remain. He looks back to Dale who is staring, stunned white.

Dale hesitates just a moment, then in a zombie trance hands over 3 bills. Mike pushes it out for the double. The dealer changes the cash, stacks the 5 blacks next to the other, then gives Mike a 3 for a fucked 13.

The dealer turns over an Ace: 6 or 16. 6...2...

Dale and Ricardo watch in stunned terror--

...2...6 BUST.

DALE (CONT'D)  
YES!!!!!!

The entire table SCREAMS. Dale dances his big, wobbly, blubbery form around the table.

DALE (CONT'D)  
YES!! YES!! YES!! YES!!!!

TABLE  
Well done!! Way to go!!!

Mike quietly and coolly turns to the pit boss:

MIKE  
I'd like to take down my markers  
please.

INT. OFFICE - MONDAY MORNING

Mike is the lowly 27 year old mail boy at the evil cosmodemonic office corporation, standing with his stupid little mail cart at Dale's evil, cosmodemonic cubicle. Dale is a lowly, puny clerk. Ricardo is the pitiful computer tech who's lived in Dilbertowne for 10 million years.

DALE  
An' the amazing thing is we all won!

That NEVER happens!

JANET walks up.

MIKE  
Whooooooooo are fuckin' youuuuuuuuu?

She was going to stop but now looks totally shocked and baffled and wanders past them.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
See the gamoobas on that one!

RICARDO  
That's Janet. Barbie's new secretary.  
I installed her computer today...  
(yuk yuk)  
Under her desk...

INT. MIKE'S '71 VW VAN - NIGHT

They're driving 405 south, Ricardo in back, on the bed. He looks at all the clothes hanging from a make-shift rack. He looks at Mike's little piss jar, half full with piss sloshing around. He looks at Mike's extra shoes near the piss jar. It's Mike's tiny mobile home.

INT. HOLLYWOOD PARK POKER ROOM - NIGHT

The guys play at different tables.

Mike: 3-6, 7 stud. Stacks of chips in front. He hauls in another pot.

Ricardo: 1-2, hold em. Who knows what he's doing?

Dale: 3-6, hold em. Dale gets called, shows his hand. He watches as the dealer pushes all the chips to another player, again.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD PARK POKER PALACE - WEE MORNING HOURS

The guys mope to Mike's van.

DALE

...two...

MIKE

That still leaves your Vegas.

DALE

That's on top of ALL my Vegas.

MIKE

Fuuuuuuuuck... How'd y'do?

RICARDO

I won.

DALE

Y'didn't win.

RICARDO

Well....I....

DALE

He didn't fuckin' win! He does this every fuckin' time.

RICARDO

Well....I was winning...

MIKE

Retardo, y'got more money now than when you came, or y'got less?

DALE

He didn't win I'm tellin' ya he didn't win.

RICARDO

Less.

MIKE  
How much less?

RICARDO  
'Hundred.

MIKE  
Then y'didn't fuckin' win whadaya  
talkin' 'bout?!

DALE  
He does this every fuckin time ...

RICARDO  
I WAS winning but there was this  
One guy--

DALE  
Jus' fugetit Retardo jus' fuckin'  
fugetit.

MIKE  
I won.

DALE/RICARDO  
You always win!!

INT. JANET'S COSMODEMONIC CUBICLE - DAY

MIKE  
So, we're goin' ta Vegas this weekend.

JANET  
You guys always go to Vegas.

MIKE  
Why don't you come along?

JANET  
Maybe.

MIKE  
Really?

JANET  
Any other girls going up?

MIKE  
Maybe...

JANET  
Why don't you have a girlfriend?

MIKE

Believe me, I'm trying...Hey, y'know what? I gotta van here with a bed in back. On lunch hour y'wanna go up, have a little J.D., get messy?

JANET

Now I'm for sure not goin' to Vegas.

INT. DALE'S TORMENTING CUBICLE - DUSK

JANET

Mike asked me to go to Vegas with you guys.

DALE

Great!

JANET

Well...do you want me to go?

DALE

Of course! I'd love it!

JANET

You would?

INT. DALE'S CUBICLE - NIGHT

Dale and Janet talk quietly and intimately after hours. The office is dark but for Dale's little light at his skimpy, vile, sick cubicle.

INT. HOLLYWOOD PARK POKER ROOM - NIGHT

Mike plays 5-10 hold em. There's a king sitting on the flop, nohelp on 4th street.

A player bets \$10. Others fold. Mike raises 10. Bettor calls.

River: king.

Bettor looks to Mike. Checks. Instantly Mike hurls in \$10. The sap calls. Mike turns over cowboys. The table ooohs, aaaahs, whistles at his four of a kind. The bettor doesn't even show.

Mike stacks the chips on an already high city of towers.

INT. HOLLYWOOD PARK POKER ROOM - PAY PHONES - NIGHT

DALE'S MACHINE (O.S.)

...leave a message or just send money.  
BEEEEEEP.

MIKE  
Where the fuck' r'you I'm at the  
Park this is my THIRD message if you  
ficcuses went to Vegas without me  
I'll kill ya!

INT. JANET'S LIVING ROOM -

They sit on her couch. She shows him snapshots.

JANET  
That's when I was 17. And...

DALE  
...mmmmmmmmmmmm...

JANET  
...that's my last boyfriend...

DALE  
The guy who just dumped you?

She nods.

DALE (CONT'D)  
He's got Popeye arms!

JANET  
He's a drummer.

INT. JANET'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Dale tosses and turns on Janet's couch with a pillow and blanket. This has never happened to him before!

INT. DALE'S VINDICTIVE CUBICLE - DAY

Mike with his stupid little mail cart. Ricardo pants like a hyena nearby.

MIKE  
At HER place?!

DALE  
Yeah. But jus' on the couch. We  
didn't do anything. Anyway, she's  
coming to Vegas.

MIKE  
But now she's after you! How can  
she take YOU over ME?!

Just then Janet walks up.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
How can you take HIM over ME?!

JANET  
If you had one redeeming quality  
besides your skin I might be  
interested in you. But you have  
none.

INT. DALE'S CAR - ENTERING VEGAS STRIP - NIGHT

ELVIS(O.S.)/DALE/MIKE/RICARDO/JANET  
...even if there were 40 more I  
wouldn't stay a minute away!!

INT. CAESARS PALACE ROMAN TOWER ROOM - NIGHT

Janet dances naked in front of the big mirror in the room to a pop song. Despite being an office worker she's got a damn hot figure.

INT. MAIN CASINO - \$5 TABLE -

MIKE  
Have y'poked her yet?

DALE  
No.

MIKE  
Well where the fuck is she?!

DALE  
She says to leave her alone. She  
wants to dance in front of the mirror.

MIKE  
Whatever...

He turns to a fairly attractive girl next to him who they've obviously already been flirting with.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
(Texas)  
So Cat, you're from Texas. Y'got  
thar horses an' them thar cattle an'  
ollllll that? Cowpoke?

CAT  
Suuuuuuuuure Pardner. Oil wells  
too!!

Mike whistles "The Yellow Rose of Texas."

CAT (CONT'D)  
So what do you do cowpoke?

MIKE  
Oh, I work at a large music company  
in LA. I'm a Vice President in the  
A & R department. I sign the bands.

INT. CAESARS ROMAN TOWER ROOM - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Dale, Ricardo, Mike and Cat at the door.

CAT  
Cat's comin', meow!

DALE  
My fuckin' key doesn't work.

Mike tries his card key. It doesn't work either. He knocks.  
Cat kisses Mike on the neck. Really sucks his blood. Dale  
knocks.

DALE (CONT'D)  
Janet...

CAT  
Hey! Let's git some FraU Angelico!  
Y'ever have FraU Angelico?!

MIKE  
My mammy's teets flowed with Fra  
Angelico cowgirl!!!!!!

The door cracks. Dale whispers to Janet.

DALE  
Mike's picked up a girl.

JANET  
(sleepy)  
No kidding. I can hear her.

She opens the door and they all pile in.

CAT  
Cat's comin', meow...Oh, we woke  
y'up cowgirl!

MIKE  
Little filly.

CAT  
Leeeetle filly!

INT. CAESARS ROMAN TOWER ROOM - LATER

The lights are off. Ricardo lays on the couch. Janet and Dale share one double bed, acting like they're asleep, arm in arm. Cat sits on the edge of Mike's bed. He lays next to her. She sips some Fra Angelico.

MIKE

(whispers)

Cat believe me y'can go I don't  
wantchya to do anything y'don't wanna  
do...Didn'tchya come here with some  
guy anyway?

CAT

Fuget'im. He's just some ol' guy, a  
friend a my dad.

MIKE

Well, like I say, everything's cool.  
I'd love it if you stayed, but if  
you think y'better go, ok, that's  
cool.

CAT

Will you kiss me?

MIKE

Where? Just kiddin'. A course I'll  
kiss you.

Mike kisses Cat on the ears, then moves to her lips. Cat leans into him, then lays on him, and they start making out, taking off each other's clothes.

CAT

There's another thing.

MIKE

What?

CAT

Well, it might hurt.

MIKE

What?

CAT

I had an abortion the other day.

Angle: Janet and Dale's eyes explode open WIDE.

MIKE

Yeah...?

CAT  
Well, that might bother some guys.

MIKE  
Shiiiiiiit, I don't care...cowgirl.  
Jus' so long it daren't hurts youuuuu.

ANGLE: Janet and Dale giggle.

ANGLE: Ricardo on the couch pokes his ears out of the blanket.

Mike and Cat start fucking, and Cat's a moaner, like those girls in pornos.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
Shish shish shish shish...

CAT  
Mmmmmmmmmmmohhhhhhhhyeahhhhhhhmm  
mmmmmmmm...

ANGLE: Janet moans quietly to Dale, rubs her ass on his dick.

MIKE  
Shishhhhhhhh hon...y'ok?

CAT  
You are totally hot an' don't tell  
me nobody's ever told y'that before  
mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmahhhhhhyeahhhhh...

ANGLE: Janet and Dale fuck silently.

ANGLE: Ricardo pokes his ears out of the blanket, wondering if what he thinks is going on is really going on.

EXT. CAESARS POOL - DAY

Mike leaves Dale, Janet and Ricardo to recover by the pool.

INT. HALLWAY - DOOR -

It cracks open:

MIKE  
Where's your boyfriend?

Cat opens the door.

CAT  
Gambling. An' he ain't my boyfriend.

They immediately kiss. Mike pulls down her top.

CAT (CONT'D)  
We better go to your room.

INT. CAESARS BACHANAL RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Everyone's dressed to the nines at this oasis of antiquity splendor recreating the ancient Roman Emperor feasts. Veiled virgins clink copper castanets by a babbling pool to harps and flutes. In high, long, arcing streams a beautiful pourer fills their goblets with the nectar of Bachus himself. Another rubs Ricardo's head and neck, pressing her luscious breasts in the back of his head. She finishes, moves on to Mike.

RICARDO  
Uh, excuse me, can I have another?

DALE  
This is the closest he's come to a woman in 10 years!

MIKE  
An' he's married!

JANET  
You're married?

DALE  
He's been getting a divorce for the last 10 years.

RICARDO  
I don't wanna talk about it.

Cat plunks down her fork, doesn't try too hard to hide the fact that she grabs Mike's dick under the table:

CAT  
Y'can stick a fork in me 'cause I am done!

INT. CAESARS ROMAN TOWER HALLWAY - THEY'RE ROOM - NIGHT

DALE  
My key still doesn't work!

Mike tries his.

MIKE  
I thought they fuckin' fixed this!

We'll go find a fuckin' phone...

INT. CAESARS ROMAN TOWER HALLWAY - THEY'RE ROOM - LATER  
Ricardo, Janet and Dale wait by the door.

DALE  
Caesar jus' better comp us this is  
ridiculous!

INT. SERVICE ELEVATOR ROOM -

Cat blows Mike as he lays against the wall. They still haven't found the phone.

EXT. CAESARS FRONT DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Mike watches a cab chug away. Then he scampers down the sidewalk.

EXT. MIRAGE -

Mike walks up the moving sidewalk as Seigfried and Roy talk about their boring, drugged up tigers.

INT. MIRAGE POKER ROOM - 5-10 HOLD EM TABLE -

Mike lays down pocket jacks, making it three with the jack on the flop. Players shrug. Agitate. The dealer pushes the pot to Mike. He stands.

PLAYER  
Leavin' already?

MIKE  
(shrugs)  
Gotta see the white tigers "frolic  
an' play."

INT. CAESARS MAIN CASINO - \$5 TABLE - NIGHT

Mike bounds up to Janet, Dale and Ricardo at the table.

MIKE  
Well she's gone to the Alamo.

DALE  
Didjya see the guy?

MIKE  
Jus' the back a 'im. He actually bumped his head on the cab when he got in! ... I went to the Mirage.

DALE  
That's where y'veen!

JANET

We thought you guys were doin' it  
one more time under some slot  
machines.

MIKE

(to whole table)

This is the great thing 'bout Vegas.  
It doesn't hide it in stupid, fake  
social conventions but says it right  
out loud, loud an' clear, it's based  
on two things, money an' sex--

MARY THE DEALER

Neither of which I have!!!

MIKE

(in Dale's ear)

How ya doin'?

DALE

(in Mike's ear)

Hangin'.

MIKE

Looks like you're down like 400.

DALE

More--I went to the ATM. How can I  
lose on my first trip with Janet?!?

INT. CAESARS SLOT MACHINES - LATER

Clandestine: Mike hands Dale a few black chips.

DALE

Jus' don't tell Janet! Don't tell  
anyone!!

INT. CAESARS MEN'S BATHROOM - LATER

Dale, Mike and Ricardo at urinals:

DALE

All...

MIKE

Shit! Shit shit shit shit.

I dunno. Y'want some more?

DALE

(waaaaay over anxious)

Can you spare it?!

MIKE  
I'm up.

INT. THEY'RE ROOM - MORNING

Mike and Ricardo pack up. Dale enters. They look at him. He pauses, then shakes his head.

MIKE (whispers)  
15?

DALE (whispers)  
The ATM cleared at midnight.

MIKE/RICARDO (whispers)  
18...

MIKE  
12 to me.

DALE  
I'm gonna work out a payment schedule.

MIKE  
Don't worry 'bout it. I didn't say it for that. I wish I jus' had something to show for my winnings. Shit.

Janet enters from the bathroom. She looks at Dale--

DALE  
Back up to EVEN thank gawwwwwwd!

JANET LEAPS:

JANET  
Yey!!!

MIKE/RICARDO  
Unbelievable! Way to go dude!

EXT. 10 FREEWAY - NIGHT

Dale's car descends into LA.

EXT. 15 NORTH - APPROACHING VEGAS STRIP - NIGHT

ELVIS/DALE/JANET/MIKE/LISA/RICARDO  
(O.S.)  
...there's black jack and poker and the roulette wheel...

INT. BALLYS MAIN SHOW ROOM - NIGHT

Everyone's dressed to the nines in the center primo booth. The regular gang's joined now by LISA, Mike's new girlfriend, and another couple, MARCIA and MARCUS BLUMBERG.

DALE

(leans to table)

That's his wife and Paul Anka in the next booth! Everyone thinks we're somebody.

MARCIA BLUMBERG

How'd you get these seats, anyway?

MIKE

Susan, at work. She told em I'm a vice president in finance.

LISA

It's so neat to see you outside the office! I didn't even know you were married!

The lights dim. The band hits "Come Fly With Me."

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Ladies and Gentleman, Mis...ter...  
Frank...Sinatra!!!

SINATRA (O.S.)

"Come fly with me come..."

Marcus Blumberg stands and shoves his fist in the air like a Yankee fan:

MARCUS BLUMBERG

Yo we love you Frankeeeee!!!!

All the guys sink under the table...

INT. CAESARS BACHANAL RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Everyone EXCEPT for Marcia and Marcus Blumberg is there:

JANET

I was so embarrassed.

A wine pourer fills Dale's glass. He's clearly sloshed. Another just finishes massaging Ricardo's neck.

LISA

People from New York are just more courageous. Men in LA are cowards.

MIKE

Even me?

RICARDO

(to wine  
pourer/masseuse)

In a little while may I have another?

Dale leans into Janet, slobbers all over her:

DALE

I'm gonna' take you up to the room  
and fuck the shit outta you!

Caesar and Cleopatra come up to the table:

CAESAR

I Caesar welcome you to my  
Bacchanalian Feast!

DALE

Are you two married?

CAESAR/CLEOPATRA

We ARE but not to each other!!

They laugh maniacally and shake their little pinkies.

INT. CAESARS BACHANAL RESTAURANT - LATER

They're all leaving. Dale's drunker than shit and waving wildly to everyone:

DALE

Goodbye Mario the Waiter! Goodbye  
Tanya the Wine Pourer! Goodbye Caesar  
the Emperor! Goodbye Victor the Bus  
Boy! Good--AHHHHHH!!

BING! BOOM! SPHLATTT! Dale in front of the entire restaurant tumbles down a flight of stairs.

INT. THEIR ROOM - BATHROOM - LATER

Dale's blubbery belly hangs over his BVDs. He tries to hug Janet who's still in her evening gown.

JANET

LET...ME...GO!!!

She shoves him down on the floor and storms out of the room.

INT. BATHROOM - LATER

Mike charges in. Dale's still sitting on the floor like a drunk Buddha in his underwear.

MIKE  
There you are!

DALE  
(bawling)  
Janet left me!

MIKE  
Why?!

DALE  
Cause I'm a drunken slobberin' loser fool!

MIKE  
So...

He rushes out. Rushes back in with a pipe.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
I got some pot. It'll make you feel better.

DALE  
I don't want any pot!

MIKE  
You need it! (Fires up) Jus' tell her you're not used to drinkin'. It's the truth even! They keep pourin' the wine and you're jus' not used to it.

DALE  
She spent \$50 on her hair...an' she wore her best dress...

MIKE  
Here--

DALE  
I never even smoked pot...

MIKE  
I know. It probably won't work.  
But it might.

Dale tries the pipe.

INT. CAESARS MAIN CASINO - \$5 TABLE - NIGHT

An uproarious table. A lady by the name of ESTHER YANK plays first. The dealer busts. The whole table high fives each other.

DALE  
THE HAPPY TABLE!!!!

TABLE  
THE HAPPY TABLE!!!!

A middle aged man sits down meekly next to Esther.

ESTHER  
What's YOUR name?!!

FRANK  
Uh, Frank...

ESTHER  
Are you FUN Frank?!!!

AS THE DEALER PAYS AND DEALS:

DALE  
So this happened to my buddy Darryl Thompson when he was a student at USC. There was an early morning class and Darryl was standin' with a friend of his at some roach coach or food stand or somethin', right? They're both accounting students, kinda dull, bespectacled guys, ok? So Darryl's standin' there with his buddy. He's got a cup of coffee in one hand, a donut in the other. An' he's talkin' with his buddy, talkin', talkin'. Suddenly the buddy without warning lashes out and knocks the donut out of Darryl's hand. So without thinking, just as a reaction, Darryl tosses all his coffee in the buddy's face. And the buddy starts crying. And the buddy's sobbin', and he takes off his glasses and wipes them, and through his sobs he says: "There was a bee on your donut."

The dealer busts again.

DALE (CONT'D)  
THE HAPPY TABLE!!!!

TABLE  
THE HAPPY TABLE!!!!

Frank quietly slips away after he collects his money.

ESTHER  
BYYYYYYYYye Frank...

TABLE  
BYYYYYYYYye Frank...

MIKE  
Hey first base what's your name?!

ESTHER  
Esther Yank!!

DALE  
Oh that's gotta be short for  
something!

ESTHER  
Yankovich! I'm Jewish!!

MIKE  
You wear it well!!

ESTHER  
AHHHHHH!!! Y'guys gotta meet my  
daughters!

MIKE  
We're there! Wait! We've got women  
right here!!

DALE  
It's so rare we forgot about 'em!

DALE LEANS OVER TO MIKE:

DALE (CONT'D)  
You're doing terrific!

MIKE  
I...have....not....lost a hand this  
entire shoe.

Esther points across the pit to a dreary table:

ESTHER  
Look!! Frank found a whole table  
full of deadbeats!!!!

INT. MIKE'S BOSS' OFFICE - DAY

MIKE  
I'm quitting.

BOSS  
Why?

MIKE  
Why shouldn't I?

BOSS  
Did you get another job?

MIKE  
Nope. I'm moving to Vegas to be a professional gambler.

BOSS  
Are you sure you want to do this?

MIKE  
I'm encouraged by...

INT. EL COMPADRE MEXICAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Mike, Lisa, Dale, Janet, Ricardo:

MIKE  
...last weekend...

LISA  
(crying)  
One big win doesn't mean anything!

MIKE  
I've been on a roll for months.  
Y'all admit I'm a great player.  
Even dealers tell me. (To Lisa) An'  
it's anti-wimp. A New Yorker would  
do it. It's what I've always aspired  
to. I'm not gonna be an old fart  
crying "what mighta been."

EXT. DALE'S FRONT DOOR - LATE NIGHT

Dale opens the door to find little Ricardo sulking there with a bag.

RICARDO  
Joanie kicked me out.

DALE  
An' y'think y'can move in here?

RICARDO  
I'll pay rent.

INT. DALE'S HOUSE - 3 A.M.

A ringing phone attacks every corner of the house with it's naggy, whiney caw. Finally the answering machine picks up as Dale mopes out of his bedroom, and Ricardo, and their other room mate, and they all converge on the phone in the kitchen.

JOANIE  
(phone, O.S.)  
Listen you fucker! You fucker fuckin' fucker! You're not gettin' any money you losin' fuckin' fucker fuck! I'm gonna sue your fuckin' ass you fuckin' asshole! I've got an attorney you fuckin' fuckin' fucker...!

DALE'S RICH DOCTOR ROOM MATE  
This has gotta stop...

INT. CAESARS MAIN CASINO - \$5 TABLE - DAY

Mike at third loses the hand. The dealer scoops up his chips. He's cleaned out. He slowly stands, nods once to the dealer, then crawls away like the loser he is.

INT. MIKE'S MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Mike works quietly at a small, spotlighted desk, entering figures in his gambling ledger.

INSERT - ledger page: Mike writes -220. In the column there are far more negative entries than positive. The last entry in the running total column is -1840.

INT. FLAMINGO CASINO - \$5 TABLE - DAY

Mike sits at a dull table in a quiet casino on a midweek day, learning the most predominant characteristic about the profession of gambling: boredom.

EXT. LAS VEGAS STRIP - NIGHT

Mike mopes along the empty sidewalk under all the lights on this dull mid-week night.

INT. COLLEGE BAR - NIGHT

Mike hits on a girl at the bar. She quietly--and most definitely--ditches him.

EXT. LAS VEGAS STRIP - IN FRONT OF IMPERIAL PALACE - NIGHT

Mike mopes again along the empty Strip. At the driveway a girl driving is looking the other way for traffic and plows right into Mike. He bounces up on the hood, then rolls over and tumbles to the ground.

The girl stares at him, mute and stunned stiff. He jumps up:

MIKE  
I'M OK!! Don't worry 'bout it!  
Story of my fuckin' night!!

EXT. DALE'S CAR - ENTERING STRIP - NIGHT

ELVIS/DALE/JANET/RICARDO  
(O.S.)  
...a fortune won and lost on every  
deal...

INT. CAESARS MAIN CASINO - \$5 TABLE - NIGHT

The regular gang reunited at a dull table. The only one with chips in front of him is Mike. The dealer busts.

MIKE  
(quietly)  
...the happy table...

Mike and Dale high five their pinkies drearily.

INT. CAESARS ROMAN TOWER ROOM - THEIR ROOM -

Janet dances naked in front of a mirror.

INT. CAESARS CAFE ROMA - 4 A.M.

DALE, RICARDO, MIKE:

DALE  
Stop looking at me like that!

RICARDO  
Well...

DALE  
You haven't paid rent in months!  
Y'think I'm gonna lend you more  
money?! Why can't you try winning  
for a change?! Win the fuckin' rent  
you owe me.

RICARDO  
I've got a new theory--

DALE

Don't tell me! That's an order.

MIKE

How much y'down?

DALE

8.

MIKE

What? Now YOU'RE lookin' at me!

DALE

Well...

MIKE

Aw geeeeeee. I'm down. This is  
the first time I've been up in weeks!

DALE

We bring you luck. Y'should show  
your gratitude.

MIKE

But I'm way down overall! I lost a  
third of my bank the first week.  
Now I'm just treadin' down a  
waterfall.

DALE

Yeah, but you're in Vegas, livin'  
the dream...

MIKE

Vegas SUCKS! Off strip, it just  
sucks! It's dead. Mid-week, it's  
jus' dead. Livin' here sucks. It's  
only fun to stay on weekends in  
hotels. Be a fuckin' tourist. An'  
y'know what? Gambling's actually  
boring. It's boring. It's hours of  
Boredom sparked with a few seconds  
of excitement!

DALE

Geeeeeee, I never thought I'd hear  
YOU say that!

MIKE

Maybe if I was winnin', it'd be  
different. Fuckin' show girls,  
throwing bills all over the clubs...  
But if you don't got dough, it's one  
miserable place.

Mike places 5 blacks on the table near Dale's second helping of fries.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
What's that: 2700 total?

DALE NODS. RE RICARDO:

DALE  
Lookit 'im! Now he's gonna hover over me like a vulture waiting for me t'win!

INT. CAESARS JEWELRY SHOP - NIGHT

DALE  
What about that one?

SALES LADY  
That is \$625.

DALE  
And that?

SALES LADY  
750.

DALE  
Let's cut to the chase. What's your least expensive?

INT. CAESARS SLOTS - NIGHT

Janet pulls the handle. Thud. Dale shoves in 3 more coins.

JANET  
Forget it hon. This is never gonna hit.

She pulls the handle--JACKPOT. Dollar coins clank! Clank! Clank! In the tin well.

JANET (CONT'D)  
IT HIT! IT HIT! YIPPEEEEEE!!

For a brief second Janet looks around to see who's watching and that's when Dale shoves his hand in the coins. Janet gleefully grabs fistfuls of coins and throws them in the cup.

Then she looks in the cup. Her mouth falls.

JANET (CONT'D)  
Look what's in here!!

She fishes out a little diamond ring. Dale falls to his knees.

DALE

Janet, this is a double jackpot. I love you with all of my heart. If you will spend the rest of your life with me, I would be the luckiest guy in the world. Will you marry me?

INT. CAESARS MAIN CASINO - \$5 TABLE - NIGHT

Dale and Janet find Mike and Ricardo at a table.

JANET

LOOK!!!

She shows her ring.

DALE

EVERYBODY!! It's the most unbelievable jackpot in the world but this lady has agreed to marry me!!

The whole table except Mike and Ricardo WAHOOOOOO!!! So do pit bosses, the dealers, calling them by name because they're there so often. Mike whispers to Dale:

MIKE (hissing)

I can't believe you used the money I lent you to buy a ring! It was for gambling!

RICARDO

I really wouldn't advise marriage y'guys...

IN. LA COURTROOM - DAY

JOANIE

He is evil! He's cruel! He's a loser! He's dull an' stupid an' lazy an' boring an' horrible an' cruel an' stupid and what's more he's awful in bed jus' awful the thought of that little hairy body all over me makes me want to puke I can't stand the sight of him he's put me through hell my life's a living torture hell and he smells an' he--

JUDGE

Ma'am...ma'am...he's being kicked out of his house because he can't afford the rent. Is there some way we can work out some living arrangement so that he has a roof over his head until we reach a resolution of the disposition of your house and other assets?

Joanie takes a long look to her side to Ricardo quivering like a mouse at the other table. She emits a long, sorrowful, tearful sigh . . .

JOANIE

Well....maybe we can give it one more try...

INT. BINIONS POKER ROOM - NIGHT

Mike in the middle of a huge crowd again watches the final table of the World Series from the loser sidelines.

INT. POKER TABLE - NIGHT

Mike tosses in the last of his chips. A player quickly calls. They show.

DEALER

Jacks full.

The dealer pushes the chips away from Mike. The guy next to him just shakes his head. Mike mumbles to him:

MIKE

Got it on the river...

Mike crawls away, the loser he is...

INT. CAESARS \$5 TABLE - DAY

Two spoiled frat-type guys yuk it up and bet thousands and win while Mike places his last impotent \$5 out there.

He gets an 11, but can't even double he's so broke. He hits. 6. Of course.

The dealer turns over a 19, takes Mike's last 5 bucks, pays the frat jerks a coupla thou on their 20s. Mike could strangle them with barbed wire.

EXT. LAS VEGAS BLVD. - OUTSKIRTS OF VEGAS NIGHT

Mike's van pulls over. He stumbles out. He's so wasted he can barely stand.

He downs the rest of a jug of J.D., heaves it back at Vegas, falls back in his van and heads back to LA.

INT. EVIL COSMODEMONIC FILE ROOM DAY (INTERCUT)

Mike gets up from the demonic file drawers and answers the Dilbert phone.

DALE

How's the new job?

MIKE

Sucks little diseased test mice up  
your asshole...

DALE

Viva.

MIKE

No jack.

DALE

I got some for ya...

EXT. LAS VEGAS STRIP - NIGHT

ELVIS/DALE/JANET/MIKE/RICARDO

(O.S.)

...even if there were 40 more...

INT. CAESARS CAFE ROMA 5 A.M.

Janet stands.

MIKE

Gonna dance in front of the mirror  
again?

JANET

I'm going to sleep.  
(to Dale)  
What are you doing?

DALE

I gotta try...don'tcha think?

JANET

Jus' win, ok?

She leaves. Mike takes a big forkful of burrito, grimaces.

MIKE

Whatchya gonna play with?!

DALE  
Y'sure y'got nuttin?

MIKE  
Zip. This burrito tastes weird.

DALE  
And you?

RICARDO  
Smoke.

DALE  
Well...I can go to the ATM.

MIKE/RICARDO  
Really?!!

DALE  
There's nothin' in it, but the machine  
doesn't know that. Some checks  
haven't cleared yet.

They all think about that awhile. Mike takes another forkful  
of burrito.

MIKE  
It's what a true gambler would do...

They all think about that too...

MIKE (CONT'D)  
Man this burrito tastes weird!

Dale tries a forkful and instantly his face explodes and he  
gags and hacks, tears pour down his cheeks.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
Fuck what is it?!!

DALE  
(pain)  
Hack hack it's horseradish whewwwww!!

Mike tries the sour cream.

MIKE  
They gave me horseradish instead of  
sour cream! Shit I'm so wasted I  
didn't even notice!

DALE  
My nose is burnin' off my fuckin'  
face!

INT. CAESARS CASINO - ATM MACHINE -

Dale punches a few buttons as Mike and Ricardo breathe down his neck.

MIKE  
Unfuckin' believable!

Dale holds up 3 bills.

INT. CAESARS MAIN CASINO - \$5 TABLE - DAY

Dale stands as the dealer scoops up the last of his chips.

DEALER  
Sorry Dale, no happy table today.

MIKE  
I gotta drink comin'.

DALE  
I don't even gotta dollar for the waitress!

MIKE  
Y'gotta dollar?

RICARDO  
Smoke.

As they leave, drinkless.

MIKE  
Fuuuuck, think this is rock bottom?

INT. CAESARS PUBLIC PHONES -

Dale on the phone. Mike and Ricardo sit away at the slot machines.

DALE  
Yeah I've learned my lesson! Jus' don't tell Dad whatever you do ok..? Yeah...ma, ma, it was stupid, I know it's not gonna...ok, yeah, jus' be sure it's the Bank of America...They're open on Sundays! I'm positive! Jus' don't tell Dad!

INT. PEPE'S SUPER MARKET - SUNDAY - DAY

Believe it or not there's a little stand there that serves as a B of A branch, and it's open on Sundays. The clerk looks at Dale. Dale grins, nervous as hell. The stupid clerk looks at Dale's ID. The clerk looks at Dale.

EXT. PEPE'S PARKING LOT - DALE'S CAR - DAY

Dale plops in the car. Mike and Ricardo peer at him like puppies at a Thanksgiving table.

MIKE  
Y'got it. I can tell.

DALE  
I've never borrowed from my mom before. And certainly not for GAMBLING!

MIKE  
So now...y'got 800 on ya...

Dale pauses...looks back at Mike and Ricardo...thinks...

DALE  
No way! It's coverin' the rent check!  
No way!

INT. CAESARS MAIN CASINO - DAY

The guys parade through all the beautiful gambling action of the main pits.

DALE  
It's my mom's money for fuck's sake!

INT. ELEVATOR -

They all glumly ride the elevator as an imbecilic, YOUNG, nerdy couple gibber maniacally about the great win they just had of 80 lousy bucks.

INT. THEIR ROOM -

The guys enter to find Janet packing.

MIKE  
Janet! You missed it! It was unbelievable! He won it all back!

JANET  
Oh thank gawwwwwwd..!!!

EXT. VEGAS STRIP - NIGHT

ELVIS/DALE/JANET/MIKE/RICARDO  
(O.S.)  
...I wouldn't stay a minute away...

INT. CAESARS CASINO - PUBLIC PHONES - NIGHT

DALE

Oh man Dad you're a lifesaver jus'  
don't tell mom ok I'm too ashamed!

INT. DALE'S CAR - DAY

Driving from Pepe's super market.

DALE

I'm lower than a fuckin' slug.

MIKE

I know, y'vever borra'd from your  
dad before.

DALE

I asked for an extra 3 an' he gave  
it thinkin' it's all goin' for rent.

MIKE

Right on dude! Smart thinking!

INT. CAESARS MAIN CASINO - DAY

Wading through pits:

DALE

Ok, this is what I'm thinkin'. I  
wanta give you some. Y'want it?

MIKE

What's the deal?

DALE

Whatever you win, we split. I figure  
it might be better to spread the  
risk around.

MIKE

What if I lose?

DALE

Um...nothing. It's a risk I'm taking,  
but a benefit too, y'know, like a  
stock fund vs. just puttin' all your  
money in one stock.

RICARDO

What about me?

DALE

I only got enough for two.

MIKE

I can't let y'eat a loss. I'll deduct it from your debt.

DALE

Well, that's not fair either.

MIKE

Ok, deduct HALF from the debt. I'm gonna win anyway don't worry 'bout it I can feel it.

INT. CAESARS MAIN CASINO - \$5 TABLE - DAY

Dale's got an 11 against the dealer's 5. But no more chips. He looks at Mike's pile, but he's got a double too and not enough to cover. Ricardo can only sit on their shoulders like a pigeon.

DALE

(to Ricardo)

You really got nothing?

RICARDO

Smoke.

He looks to Mike.

DALE

I know. Y'gotta double.

MIKE

Shit I gotta double for less!

Dale sighs, slowly extracts his wallet and takes out 3 bills.

MIKE (CONT'D)

It's the right play.

DALE

This is money I can't touch.

But he lays the cash down and the dealer drops it in the box. Dale puts \$250 next to the original, then gets a 9 for a total of 20.

Mike doubles for less...

DEALER

Doubling for less!

...and gets a 10.

The dealer turns over a 6 for an 11. Dale's eyes sink.

...2...they brighten...3...they widen even more...5: 21.  
The dealer whisks away Dale's can't lose dough. Then he has  
to shuffle.

HUDDLE:

MIKE

Well, now y'might as well put it all  
at risk. Y'can't cover the check  
anyway.

DALE

No shit Einstein! Can y'fuckin'  
believe the 5?

RICARDO

Maybe if you spread the risk around  
a little more.

DALE

Even he's losin'!

MIKE

I can't get anything but stiffs.  
Look, the fact of the matter is we're  
playin' with desperate dough. If we  
had a big enough bank, like 5 or 10  
thou, none a this would be a problem.

DALE

If y'haven't noticed we don't got 5  
or 10 thou. (Rhetorically) Why  
can't you be winning?

A line of dealers are walking by and one--Benny--suddenly  
jumps over to them:

BENNY

Dale! Mike! Ricardo! How're ya  
doin'?

GUYS

...oh...okayyyyyy...

BENNY

Too bad. Hey Esther gave me a message  
to give ya!

GUYS

Esther?

BENNY

Esther Yank!

GUYS  
Esther Yank?!

BENNY  
She said she really wants you to  
meet her daughters. They were gonna  
be here first week a November.

DALE/MIKE  
It's December.

BENNY  
Yeah, too bad huh?

MIKE  
Didjya see the daughters?!

BENNY  
Babe city out the wazoo!

MIKE  
Oh GREAT!

DALE  
I can't believe...that was like in  
May we saw her.

BENNY  
Hey see y'guys later come over to my  
table y'gotta tell me the brown cow  
joke again I can't 'member how it  
goes.

GUYS  
Bye. Bye. Bye Benny.

MIKE  
Are y'gonna put the rest at risk?

DALE  
What else can I do? I'm in this  
deep...

SERIES OF VERY FAST SHOTS, AS FAST AS THE MONEY VANISHES -  
\$5 TABLE -

- 1) A stiff hand, 13 against dealer's 10.
- 2) Players' chips being scooped up.
- 3) Mike drinking J.D. heavy, dropping a buck on the waitress' tray for another.
- 4) Dale shaking his head.

5) A double down gets a 5.

INT. BENNY'S TABLE -

DALE

(yawn)

He sure did he fucked the white one  
again...

No one laughs. Well, Benny the Dealer gives a polite chuckle  
'cause it was his damn request in the first place.

BENNY

...yeah...uh...I 'member it as  
funnier...

DALE

The jokes get funnier when the cards  
get better.

Now the table laughs!

INT. CAESARS MAIN CASINO - \$5 TABLE -

Dealer's card: 5. Turns over a 2. 2, 2, Ace, Ace, 3, 5=21.

Mike and Dale's jaws fall to the chipless felt in front of  
their loser, mopey, palooka faces.

INT. THEIR ROOM - LATER

Janet was packing but Dale makes her stop and sit on the  
plush couch.

DALE

Y'still got that jackpot y'hit?

JANET

I'm not giving you any more to gamble.

DALE

Uh, y'know the rent check I sent  
Thursday?

MIKE

It's all my fault Janet! You can  
hate ME but not HIM! I made 'im do  
it! I made 'm I made 'm take money  
outta the machine against the check  
an'--

JANET

You what?!!!

MIKE

It's not his fault! It's my fault  
tell her Ricardo y'were there!!

Ricardo mumbles...something. Obviously a supporting argument for Mike's, but the specific contentions are vague.

MIKE (CONT'D)

See! It's not his fault! I'm tellin'  
ya!

JANET

How much are we short?

DALE

All. Do you still got the jackpot?

JANET

Of course. But I was gonna buy a  
dress. Maybe a new microwave...

MIKE

I'll buy you a dress, when I get  
some dough! It's all my--

JANET

Don't make me laugh you despicable  
drunk!

MIKE

But with good skin...

DALE

He does have good skin. Y'gotta  
give 'im that.

Janet actually cracks a sad grin.

INT. DALE'S EVIL COSMODEMONIC CUBICLE - MONTHS LATER - DAY

Months later from the last scene, but YEARS since the guys first started going to Vegas and losing together, years of precious, irrecoverable youth wasted in satanic office corporation companies. Dale hands Mike cash.

DALE

Big day!

MIKE

I gotta say I'm very amazed at you  
you stuck to it. I'm very proud a  
you.

DALE

Y'gonna take me out ta dinner with  
that?

MIKE

Can't--gotta help my sister move  
tonight an' the whole weekend. I'll  
be stuck with her the whole fuckin'  
weekend if y'can believe it.

Janet walks up.

JANET

It's weird seeing you back here.

How's the new job.

MIKE

Why even ask such stupid questions  
y'know I hate every job ever devised  
my man on the face of the earth!

INT. BANK - LATER

The teller counts out about a grand to Mike.

INT. MIKE'S VAN - NIGHT

Mike drives up the dark highway, happy as a monkey, guzzling his J.D.

INT. MIKE'S VAN - ON LAS VEGAS STRIP - NIGHT

Mike turns left into Caesars Palace.

INT. CAESARS MAIN CASINO - \$5 TABLE - NIGHT

Mike downs his drink just as the waitress brings another.

If only his drinks were chips! The dealer swoops up another pile of blacks. Mike leans over to the pit boss.

MIKE

I'd like another marker please.

PIT BOSS

I'm sorry Mike, you've reached your limit. The computer won't let me.

Mike ponders that glumly for a while. He looks at his flaccid last few reds. He gets up, leaving them at his spot:

MIKE

(to dealer)

I'll be right back.

INT. CAESARS CASINO HOST'S OFFICE -

CASINO HOST

But sir, your limit is your own self imposed limit. It's what you told us not to go above.

MIKE

Well, let's jus' say I want to increase my self-imposed limit, at least just for this one time.

CASINO HOST

That would take another review of your financial records, a couple of days at least--

MIKE

Well it's just temporary, just this one time...

The casino host sighs. She studies her computer screen.

CASINO HOST

We don't make temporary limits...

MIKE

But y'can see I've been a loyal customer for a long time and I believe I have a good record...

CASINO HOST

Yes, a spotless record...Ok sir, we can advance you \$1000 tonight, and I'll put in a request to raise your limit by a thousand.

MIKE

Oh great! Thanks!

CASINO HOST

It will be a few days until the increase goes through permanently.

INT. CAESARS MAIN CASINO - SAME \$5 TABLE - LATER

Clearly, Mike's last bet. Two sad little red chips. He hits his 16 against the 10.

Busts with a 10, but he knew it all along! He stumbles out of his chair, bumps along, passing the cage.

INT. CAESARS GARAGE -

Mike stumbles along to his van.

MIKE  
(muttering)  
Stupid fuck! Stupid idiot! Stupid  
losin' idiot fuck!

EXT. FLAMINGO RD. NIGHT

Mike's dumpy van turns not south but NORTH up the 15.

INT. VAN - 15 NORTH - LATER

Mike guzzles J.D. and curses himself. He's on the verge of tears. He even wants to cry, but can't force it out!

His headlights illuminate the road sign:

"SALT LAKE CITY"

"475 MILES"

EXT. GAS STATION/TRUCK STOP - LATER

Mike's van pulls up and parks between two semis.

EXT. GAS STATION/TRUCK STOP - SUNRISE

A beautiful pale sunrise on a clear, chilly desert morning.

INT. VAN -

Mike lays in the bed in back, thinking. It's obvious he's been thinking for awhile.

INT. TRUCK STOP - PAY PHONE - MORNING

MIKE  
Hey. It's Mike. Hey, I'm sick man.  
I don't think I can come in.

BOSS  
(phone, O.S.)  
If you're in Vegas you're fired!

MIKE  
I'm sick! I'm really sick! I'm all  
sweaty and feel like I wanna throw  
up!

BOSS  
(phone, O.S.)  
You jus' better be.

CUT - SAME PHONE -

DALE

(phone, O.S.)

I can't believe you first lied to me  
about your sister and then actually  
went to Vegas without me!

MIKE

Is that all you can say?! I'm in  
the crisis of my life and that's all  
y'can say?! I went psycho last night!  
I'm actually 'bout 200 miles NORTH a  
Vegas--

DALE

(phone, O.S.)

NORTH?!

MIKE

YEAH! I'm at some truck stop in the  
middle of Nevada somewhere, I don't  
even know where! Y'shoulda seen me  
last night, drivin', I got it in my  
fucked head my life was over an' I  
was jus' gonna chuck it all and  
vanish, abandon my sisters,  
everything, jus' vanish, move to  
Reno or somewhere and be a bus boy  
or something until I got enough to  
buy back in an' jus' be an anonymous  
gambler on the run from Caesars till  
I could pay 'em back or something!

DALE

(phone, O.S.)

Geeeeesus...

MIKE

So that's where I'm at but I'm comin'  
back to LA. So, y'got nothin'?

DALE

(phone, O.S.)

Nothin'. I just paid you everything  
I had...

CUT - SAME PHONE -

MIKE

Yeah, who's this?

HARRY (phone, O.S.)

Harry in the cage.

MIKE

Yeah, Harry, listen. This weekend I took out some markers an'....I'm gonna have a hard time payin' 'em off right now...

HARRY

I see. How much are the markers for, sir?

MIKE

Three thousand...

Harry actually can't stifle a quick CHORTLE SNORT--

HARRY

Well, I thought you were talking real money! When do you think you can pay this (mocking)  
three...thousand...doll...ars..?

INT. RICARDO'S LITTLE CAR - UP 15 - NIGHT

Ricardo drives grimly in the blackened car.

JUDGE (O.S.)

600 dollars...600 dollars...600  
dollars...

FLASHBACK --

A gavel clacks down on the bench.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

I hereby order defendant to pay plaintiff 600 dollars, or 60% of each pay check, whichever is greater. Based on the evidence of the bank and casino records from Las Vegas, I have decided that payment will be made via automatic deposit arranged with defendant's employer and plaintiff's bank...

Shot of the evil bitch Joanie smirking her mousy smirk at Ricardo who's WEEPING at the defendant's table.

INT. CAESARS MAIN CASINO - \$5 TABLE - NIGHT

Something's weird here: there's towers of chips in front of Ricardo. Even HE looks shocked. He hauls in another big win, stacks it on the towers.

INT. SLOTS OF FUN HOT DOG STAND - NIGHT

Ricardo munches one of their world famous--ok, they're only locally famous--foot long, 25 cent hot dogs. He finishes, wipes his little cheery satisfied face.

Meanders over to the black jack table...

INT. SLOTS OF FUN BLACK JACK TABLE - LATER

Ricardo's collected MORE stacks of chips like Monopoly hotels. He hauls in yet another big win.

PIT BOSS  
(offering card)  
Would you mind supplying us with  
your name and address sir?

RICARDO  
(terrified!)  
Why! I mean...uh, what for?

PIT BOSS  
To put you on our VIP list sir.

That way we can send you information on special tournaments we're having, open up a line of credit, give you special rates.

Ricardo's chest SWELLS with the alien feeling of pride. But his hand still trembles as he fills out the card.

INT. CAESARS MAIN CASINO - ROULETTE TABLE - LATER

Bing Boop Blat the ball falls on 17.

DEALER  
17! Number's 17! Pay the winnahhhhs!

To Ricardo's shock a dealer pushes a stack of chips to his 35 to 1 bet on 17.

INT. CAESARS MAIN CASINO - CRAPS TABLE - LATER

Ricardo watches a table full of hollerers and whoopers.

TABLE  
8! 8! 8! 8 the hard way! Double 4s!

Ricardo summons all his courage and throws a black on the table.

DEALER  
What's that fer player?!

Ricardo mumbles something.

DEALER (CONT'D)  
WHAT?!

RICARDO  
8 the hard way!

DEALER  
Hard way down!

TABLE  
8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8..!!!!!!

Shooter hurls the dice right in front of Ricardo. The table ERUPTS!--

DEALER  
EIGHT! EIGHT THE HARD WAY! Eight  
eight pay the come slay the don't  
come. Eight hard...eight hard...

INT. GLITTER GULTCH STRIP JOINT - LATER

Ricardo gets a table dance from a gorgeous babe. He's shy, can barely grin like the sick leech weirdo he is. He nervously slips cash in her G-string.

INT. RICARDO'S CAR - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Ricardo gleefully counts loads of Franklins.

INT. RICARDO'S CAR - SOUTH ON 15 - NEVADA BORDER

Ricardo spots the big Prima Donna casino sign:

"25 CENT HOT DOGS!"

INT. PRIMA DONNA CASINO - HOT DOG COUNTER -

RICARDO  
I'd like one of your 25 cent hot  
dogs please.

HOT DOG COUNTER OPERATOR  
Can y'wait a sec we're jus' cleaning  
the machine.

RICARDO (CONT'D)  
Yeah...ok...

Ricardo wanders around the casino. Sees a \$2 table. Well, what the fuck. He throws out a coupla bucks. The dealer changes it, places the two gray chips on the spot, then deals. Ricardo gets an 11 against a 5.

Double.

He gets a fucked 4. Dealer: 5, 5, 4, 2, 4=20. He whisks away Ricardo's big 4 bucks.

Ricardo bets \$5. The dealer lets the cash play. Ricardo gets a 12 against a 10. He hits. 10. Bust. The dealer slams his 5 bucks down the slot.

Ricardo throws a 20 on the spot.

DEALER  
Money plays sir?

RICARDO  
Yeah, ok.

The dealer deals him a hard 17 against an 8. Of course the dealer has a fuckin' 18 and whisks away Ricardo's 20.

Ricardo sits. (HE SITS!) He buys in for \$100.

JUMP CUTS:

- 1) Ricardo's 14 against a 10. He hits, gets an 8 to bust. The dealer grabs his chips.
- 2) Ricardo places another bet.
- 3) The dealer scoops up his chips.
- 4) Ricardo buys in again.
- 5) Ricardo buys in once again!
- 6) Hours later, Ricardo gazes at the 25 cent hot dog counter. There's now a line of people merrily chomping delicious 25 cent hot dogs.
- 7) The dealer scoops up another bet, slams the chips in his tray.
- 8) Ricardo takes out his wallet. He extracts his last \$100.

His last Franklin. He lays it on the table. Through the glass doors he can see the sun has risen to mock and ridicule him with the life giving light of morning.

INT. PRIMA DONNA \$5 TABLE - SHORTLY LATER

The dealer scoops up the last of Ricardo's money. Ricardo stands. Zombielike, he wanders to the hot dog counter. Pulls out coins from his pocket. Fingers through the pieces of metal--he doesn't even have the 2 bits any more for the fuckin' hot dog!

He stumbles out the doors.

INT. BACHANAL - NIGHT

DALE

Not tonight Shari, sorry. We're celebrating our 6 month wedding anniversary.

SHARI THE MASSEUSE/WINE POURER  
Congratulations.

Dale toasts Janet.

DALE (CONT'D)

To 6 months of bliss I never knew was possible...

INT. CAESARS MAIN CASINO \$5 TABLE - NIGHT

DALE

Didjya hear 'bout the guy who stayed up all night trying to figure out how to get rich, an' he thought and thought all night till it finally dawned on him.

He hits his 12 and busts. Janet hides her eyes.

INT. CAESARS PUBLIC PHONES - NIGHT

DALE

(on phone)

Oh man I owe you Paul you're a lifesaver jus' don't tell ma or pop or sis I really owe you...yeah besides that, an' this, I owe you my life...!

INT. CAESARS SLOT MACHINES - NIGHT

DALE

Here it is!

JANET

Yeah...

DALE

Our machine...

He plunks 3 dollars in their slot machine and pulls the handle. THUD.

DALE (CONT'D)

Well...unlucky at--

JANET  
Dale?

DALE  
Yessssss my love my dear love on our  
6 month wedding anniversary at our  
very own love machine...

JANET  
I'm divorcing you.

He stares at her.

JANET (CONT'D)  
I'm not joking. I've met someone  
else. An'...I'm leaving you...and...  
moving in with him.

DALE  
Him..? Who..? Him?! What do you  
mean HIM!?

JANET  
See! You don't even know! I've  
been seeing him for 3 months.

DALE  
3 months?! What do you mean "seeing  
him"?

JANET  
Yes. We've been sleeping together.

DALE  
Sleeping together?! Like on separate  
couches--

JANET  
Fucking! Fucking Dale! We do it so  
much I'm nervanically sore! We do  
it everywhere. In his jacuzzi. In  
his studio.

DALE  
His studio..?

JANET  
He's a musician. A drummer. Listen,  
I gotta go. I gotta plane to catch.

DALE  
A plane?! To go back to him?!

JANET

Yeah. You'll get the papers delivered.

DALE

Why didjya even come up here?!

JANET

I thought if you won for once--

DALE

Our marriage rests on the turn of a card?!

JANET

Your whole life rests on the turn of a card! You lost. Again. I can't fuck you anymore. I can't even stand the thought of your loser dick inside me, shooting me with your loser sperm. I'm going home to Claudio--

DALE

Claudio?!

JANET

--an' suck his beautiful, fantastic long penis till it's dry as this fuckin' desert. I love sucking his penis. I love it when he pounds my pussy with it. Even when he pounds my ass. I'm gonna have him pound me all night tonight. I'm so happy. Gawd what a relief! Bye. You'll get the papers.

INT. THEIR CALAMITOUS CUBICLES - DAY (INTERCUT)

DALE (on phone)

Well, it's over. The divorce went through. Can you believe the divorce took longer than our fuckin' marriage?

MIKE (on phone)

Does that mean you don't have any money for me?

DALE

Are you kidding?!

INT. RICARDO'S/JOANIE'S HOUSE - DAY

The phone rings. Ricardo instantly goes to answer it.

JOANIE  
Don't you DARE answer that phone you  
loser fucker slimeball!

Ring...ring.

PHONE MACHINE  
(Joanie's voice)  
If this is a call for that fucker  
Ricardo, FUCK YOU. (sweet) However,  
if you're calling for poor, suffering  
Joan, please leave a message.

CLERK'S VOICE  
This is All American collection  
services. Your VISA, Master Charge,  
Bullocks, Union 76, Mobil Gas,  
American Express and Sears charge  
accounts have been turned over to us  
for...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DALE'S HOUSE - MORNING

Dale listens to his machine:

CLERK'S VOICE  
...collection. You are hereby  
instructed to destroy your VISA and  
American Express charge cards and  
make full payment...

Dale wanders out his door, briefcase in hand:

CLERK'S VOICE (machine) (CONT'D)  
...on both accounts today or legal  
action will be commenced...

EXT. DALE'S HOUSE - MORNING

Dale stumbles down the stairs, pulling out his keys. He  
stops at the curb. Looks at the curb. He looks to his left.  
He looks to his right.

INT. DALE'S HOUSE -

Dale rushes in:

DALE'S PHONE MACHINE  
(his roommate's voice) If you're a  
woman (Dale's voice) or you have  
money, (both voices) or both, don't  
be shy, COME RIGHT OVER!  
(MORE)

DALE'S PHONE MACHINE (CONT'D)  
Otherwise, if you really have to,  
leave a message. BEEEEEEP.

CLERK'S VOICE  
This is Tip-Toe Financiers. If you're  
wondering where your car is deadbeat  
we've repossessed it because you're  
3 months delinquent on your account  
and you have not returned numerous  
calls to rectify...

INT. MIKE'S VAN - DRIVING - PREDAWN

MIKE (O.S.)  
I jus' asked you for dough!

DALE (O.S.)  
They've repossessed my fuckin' car!

MIKE (O.S.)  
If only that chink hadn't gotten  
that Jack on the river...

DALE (O.S.)  
Fuckin' river card killed me...

MIKE (O.S.)  
Sorry dude. I've got 50 bucks to my  
name an' only half a tank a gas.

Mike TEARS down the 10 freeway.

Suddenly his little VW motor EXPLODES. Smoke fills the back  
and rushes into the cab in thick, gray, billowy puffs.

Mike quickly opens his window and pulls off to the side. He  
spots a towering UNION 76 GAS STATION sign off the side of  
10. He chugs along the breakdown lane, limps down the exit,  
turns the corner and rolls into the gas station.

An old, spiritless attendant was squeegeeing a windshield at  
the pumps. He spots the flames flickering out of Mike's  
van:

ATTENDANT  
OH MY GAWD!!!!

The poor guy instantly drops the squeegee on the car and  
grabs the bucket of squeegee water.

INT. VAN

Mike scrambles around the smoky back of the van, throwing all his clothes, a book, and half a Big Mac in a clothes hamper basket. He leaps out of the van.

MIKE

My van's on fire!!

ATTENDANT

No shit Shirley!!

The attendant flings open the back and hurls the squeegee water on the motor.

MIKE

Think it will explode??

ATTENDANT

Yew got that new non-flammable gas,  
right??

They hear sirens.

Two fire trucks scream up to the van. Instantly fire men jump off, grab hoses and FLOOD the van. The van rocks back and forth from all the pummeling of the water.

EXT. 76 GAS STATION - DAY

Mike signs a form, hands it to a fireman. The fireman boards his truck and rumbles off.

The whole back end of his van is blackened, the paint's curdled off. Stray smoke drifts from the exposed, charred motor. Water pours from every crack and hole in the body and creates a streamlet down to the street. Mike holds all his belongings in the open clothing hamper basket. He turns to the attendant:

MIKE

Well, I guess you're pretty handy  
with cars. Y'wanta buy it?

ATTENDANT

Y'can't leave it here. If my boss shows up, I'm dead meat.

EXT. MOBIL STATION - LATER

Mike holds his clothing hamper and pitches a mechanic:

MIKE

100 bucks I can let it go for.  
(MORE)

MIKE (CONT'D)  
The motor's a little burned, but  
you're probably real good with cars.

EXT. CHEVRON STATION - PAY WINDOW - LATER

MIKE  
50 bucks I guess would be good.

CASHIER  
(Indian, from India)  
I know nothing about cars.

INT. AM/PM - LATER

Mike stands in the middle holding his clothing hamper basket. Working men, mechanics, that type, mope around getting coffee, donuts, shit like that before work.

MIKE  
(shouts)  
Anybody who's adept at car repair I  
got a great deal a '71 VW van that  
just caught fire! We saved most of  
it! It's right over there at the 76  
station! I'll let it go for 25 bucks!

EXT. 76 STATION - MORNING

Mike mopes back up carrying his clothing hamper basket.

ATTENDANT  
Y'sell it?

Mike shakes his head. The attendant hands him a business card.

EXT. 76 STATION - LATER

Now the van is on a flat bed tow truck. "Sals Salvage." Mike signs a form.

SAL  
I usually charge 18 bucks for a tow.

MIKE  
The transmission's still good! The  
tires alone are worth, what, 25?

SAL  
Maybe. Jus' send the pink slip when  
y'git home. Goooooo luck.

Sal climbs in his truck and lumbers off the lot. Mike watches wistfully as his old van and only home leaves his life forever.

Mike mopes to the attendant's greasy office and grabs his clothing basket. The attendant munches on a donut.

MIKE

Where's the nearest bus station?

ATTENDANT

Riverside. 10 miles.

MIKE

10 fuckin' miles..?

The attendant points to the donut shop next door:

ATTENDANT

I think that's Pedro's car. He delivers donuts to Riverside every morning.

INT. PEDRO'S RICKETY, OLD, DRAFTY CAR - DRIVING 10 FWY - MORNING

MIKE

So, you like snuck over the border?

PEDRO

Si. Over Rio Grande.

MIKE

Well, I'm curious, jus', y'know, for intellectual purposes, but what attracted you to this country?

PEDRO

I make 5 dollar hour here! Look! I have a car! I gonna put rahdio in it! No one have that in Mehico...

INT. PEDRO'S CAR - AT RIVERSIDE BUS STATION - DAY

MIKE

I don't have much money at all, but will a couple bucks--

PEDRO

No no please Mikey.

Mike offers a few bucks.

MIKE

No, please. You went outta your way.

PEDRO

No. Please. I happy to do it.

Mike pockets his cash.

MIKE

Well man, that's awfully big a ya.  
I hope America's good to you. I wish  
you all the best in America.

PEDRO

Thanks Mikey. Eet a great country.  
Have yourself better luck.

INT. RIVERSIDE BUS STATION - TICKET WINDOW -

TICKET AGENT

48 dollars round trip.

Mike takes out his money. He hands over 50. That leaves 3 measly bucks in his hand.

EXT. RICARDO'S/JOANIE'S HOUSE - DAY

Sheriffs scoot in and out, palaver on the dry grass, guard the door. Joanie and Ricardo face a grim man in a smart suit and tie.

BANK REP

Only the structure and land is now the property of the bank. All your belongings inside are by law rightfully yours. But we've given you 3 months, it's already the second week of the 4th month, to vacate. We don't like to do this. Believe me. But you leave us no other choice.

Joanie yanks Ricardo aside:

JOANIE

This is all your fault you fuckin' fucker fuck!

RICARDO

If you would've signed the divorce agreement--

JOANIE

DON'T talk back to me!  
(MORE)

JOANIE (CONT'D)

Grab the sewing machine. That's the most important thing. Take it to my sister's. And you better just not get in an accident you fuckin' fucker fuck if that sewing machine's damaged in any way I'm gonna have Dad personally kill you you fuckin' fuck!

EXT. LAS VEGAS BUS STATION - LATE AFTERNOON

A bus turns into the downtown bus station.

INT. LAS VEGAS BUS STATION LOCKERS --

Mike jams his clothing hamper basket in a locker, slams home the door, drops a quarter in and takes the key.

INT. LAS VEGAS CITY BUS - LATER

Mike boards.

MIKE

How much?

BUS DRIVER

One fifteen.

Mike takes out his puny 3 bucks, feeds one in the slot, feels around his pocket for the coins.

EXT. CAESARS - NIGHT

Mike walks up the long driveway along the fountains.

INT. CAESARS CAGE - NIGHT

MIKE

(writing)

I'd like to cash a check please.

CASHIER

For how much sir?

MIKE

Two thousand. I think that's my limit. Is it higher?

CASHIER

Let me check.

She spins his check book around, gets the name and checks her computer.

CASHIER (CONT'D)

Um, we're not allowed to cash checks  
for you anymore, sir.

MIKE

Whadaya mean? I'm on the VIP line.

CASHIER

Yes. But it says now "cash only  
play." If you want to talk to a  
casino host--

INT. CAESARS CASINO HOST'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The casino host turns from her computer:

CASINO HOST

Apparently you had some trouble  
paying off some markers--

MIKE

But I paid 'em! An' that was like a  
year an a half ago!

She sighs.

CASINO HOST

Let me call your bank.

She takes Mike's checkbook, dials. Mike just dumbly watches  
her, a lug, knowing this ain't going to work.

CASINO HOST (CONT'D)

Good evening this is Cybil Danning  
with the cashier cage at Caesars  
Palace in Las Vegas. I need to verify  
a balance...01346 85270.

The casino host watches Mike. She half smiles. Then her  
smile falls . . . She looks meanly at him.

CASINO HOST (to phone)

Thank you very much.

She hangs up.

CASINO HOST (CONT'D)

Your average account balance for the  
last 12 months is less than 10  
dollars. What are you trying to  
pull?

EXT. CAESARS - NIGHT

Mike scoots the fuck out of there, down the sidewalk.

EXT. SLOTS OF FUN - LATER

Mike mopes up, passing happy, laughing, fun loving, young, gorgeous, having loads of fun people.

INT. SLOTS OF FUN HOT DOG STAND -

Mike forces down one of their 25 cent foot long hot dogs.

EXT. DOWNTOWN LAS VEGAS - LATER

Mike chugs past pawn shops and check cashing offices.

INT. LAS VEGAS BUS STATION - NIGHT

Mike checks the schedule for the next bus to LA. He leaves.

EXT. BINIONS -

Mike enters. Big sign: "50 cent Heineken!"

BIGGER SIGN:

*"Binions Horseshoe Welcomes the  
Greatest Poker Players in the World!  
Binions Horseshoe World Series of  
Poker!"*

INT. BINIONS BAR -

Mike pays 50 cents for a beer. Guzzles it. Next to him an old rumpled loser wavers over a whiskey:

LOSER

(muttering)

Gotta play big now...gotta play big  
now...

INT. DALE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

His room mate wears doctor's white; a stethoscope hangs around his neck.

DALE'S ROOMMATE

Man am I beat. Here. Here's my rent.

He hands over a check.

DALE

Hey...um...things are a little--

DALE'S ROOMMATE

Don't even ask. I'm not lending you any more money. We've talked about this.

DALE

But--

DALE'S ROOMMATE

Dale!

He turns to go to bed. Turns back:

DALE'S ROOMMATE (CONT'D)

You're gonna make your rent, right?

DALE

Oh yeah! I got that covered! All  
the bills are covered. Barely. I  
just need a little to get by till my  
next pay check.

DALE'S ROOMMATE

What 'bout my deal?

DALE

I don't gamble for a year and you'll  
lend me, what \$4000?

DALE'S ROOMMATE

We didn't say a figure.

DALE

I'll think 'bout it.

His roommate wanders away.

DALE'S ROOMMATE

(mumbling)

...gotta crash...been in emergency  
since yesterday...

After his rich doctor roommate is gone Dale sits alone in  
the kitchen, fingering the check. There's a knock at the  
door. Dale opens it to find Ricardo.

DALE

Y'got money for me?

RICARDO

The police kicked us out today.

DALE

Y'got money for me?

RICARDO

Smoke.

DALE

I guess you wanna stay here. It'll cost you four thousand dollars.

RICARDO

Can I owe it to you?

DALE

(whispering, hissing)

I don't got anything for rent!  
They're gonna shut off the water and phone 'cause I haven't paid the fuckin' bills in three fuckin months! An' my millionaire roommate doesn't even know yet! You got that! I owe my mom, my dad, my sister, my brother, my ex-wife and my roommate! And they repossessed my car!

RICARDO

I got 12 dollars and 23 cents. An' I got paid this week.

EXT. LA BUS STATION - DOWNTOWN - NIGHT

For some ungodly reason the LA bus station is situated in one of the worst areas of town, the heart of skid row.

Mike comes out, carrying his clothing hamper basket. He stops a moment among the mutts and scoundrels of skid row to get his bearings. Then he chugs up 7th Ave.

EXT. 7TH AVE - NIGHT

Mike struts all big chested along the deserted street. He shifts the clothing hamper basket to his other arm.

He passes three beat black guys sharing a stogy in a beat doorway. They glance at him, then look away.

He crosses a street. A small fire flickers in the middle of the street. Just a fire, nothing else.

Mike stops, holds out his palm. It's starting to rain.

EXT. SKID ROW STREETS - NIGHT

Mike chugs along in a thunder storm. A raspberry (hooker who'll fuck for crack) stands in a doorway out of the rain.

EXT. BROADWAY - NIGHT

The street's vacant. Finally a bus arrives and Mike climbs in, fishing out his last buck.

INT. DALE'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Dale opens the door to find Mike, holding his clothing hamper basket, soaked like an catfish.

MIKE

My van exploded and burned down.  
I've got nowhere else to go. All my  
clothes burned. I don't even have  
underwear . . .

DALE

Geeeeessssss. . .

MIKE

. . . yeah . . .

DALE/RICARDO

Viva.

MIKE

I got 17 cents.

DALE

We got you covered.

INT. RICARDO'S CAR - DAWN

They cross the Nevada state line while Elvis sings ALONE on the stereo.

INT. CAESARS MAIN PIT - \$5 TABLE - DAY

Mike and Dale play. Ricardo's already cleaned out and can only watch from the side.

DALE

So an American, a Russian and an Israeli are standing in line and a guy comes up and says, "Excuse me, is this the line for the meat?" And the American goes: "What's a line?" And the Russian goes: "What's meat?" And the Israeli goes: "What's excuse me?"

The dealer whisks away their bets.

EXT. VEGAS PAWN SHOP - DAY

They get out of Ricardo's car, head for the trunk:

DALE

What the fuck am I gonna do?!  
(MORE)

DALE (CONT'D)  
I lost his rent check!! I lost his  
fuckin' rent check!!!

As they heft Joanie's sewing machine, which is still in it's box, out of the trunk:

MIKE  
Well....it wasn't all you. We lost  
it too.

DALE  
That's gonna make him feel so much  
better! "Yeah Steve-O I'm not all to  
blame THIS TIME the guys got twos on  
their double downs too see I'm getting  
MUCH better!"

They carry the sewing machine into the pawn shop.

MIKE  
There's still hope!

DALE  
Yeah the big one can hit LA an'  
everyone I owe will die!

INT. PAWN SHOP -

OWNER  
Sorry man, don't even want it.

RICARDO  
But it's brand new. The box hasn't  
even been opened.

OWNER  
Sorry.

RICARDO  
It's an overlocker. The best machine  
made. Look at the receipt--\$800.

The guy looks at the receipt, hands it back to Ricardo.

OWNER  
Sorry. We don't do sewing machines.

EXT. PAWN SHOP -

As they carry the machine back to the car:

MIKE  
What's an overlocker?

RICARDO

I don't know. Some special machine.  
She's gonna open a seamstress business  
with her sister.

DALE

Not any more she ain't!!

EXT. SECOND PAWN SHOP - LATER

The guys heft the sewing machine inside...

INT. SECOND PAWN SHOP -

OWNER

We do jewelry, art, guns. We don't  
do sewing machines.

EXT. SECOND PAWN SHOP -

The guys lug the fucking sewing machine back to the car.

EXT. THIRD PAWN SHOP -

They lug the sewing machine inside.

INT. THIRD PAWN SHOP -

OWNER

What am I gonna do with a sewing  
machine?

MIKE

It's worth 800 bucks! It's brand  
new, never been outta the box!  
AND...it's an overlocker.

The owner sighs:

OWNER

40 bucks.

MIKE

40 BUCKS?! It's worth 800! Look at  
the receipt!

OWNER

Yeah, I seen the receipt. Aw geeeee  
y'guys...45.

MIKE

45?!.50!

OWNER

45's best I can do.

GUYS

...ok...

INT. CAESARS MAIN PIT - \$5 TABLE - LATER

Ricardo buys in for 45 bucks.

MIKE

Y'sure you wouldn't want me to play instead?

RICARDO

It's my sewing machine an' I'm playing.

Ricardo puts out \$5. Deal. He hits. Busts.

Another \$5 bet. Deal. Ricardo stays. The dealer wins with his 20.

Another \$5 bet. Deal. Ricardo hits. Hits. Hits. Busts.

INT. CAESARS CAFE ROMA - LATER

The guys chow down.

MIKE (sarcastic)

At least we got a comped meal!

DALE

Thanks to me.

RICARDO

Nine hands in a row...Joanie's gonna kill me...

MIKE

Fuck Joanie!

DALE

This has gotta stop. We have got to stay away from Vegas for awhile. I'm serious. We have got to stay away.

RICARDO

But I must come back. They have my sewing machine.

DALE

Why in the fuck do we put ourselves through this shit?!

Mike chomps a big chopstick pile of his kung pao chicken:

MIKE

Well, y'know Dale, I've given this some thought. I don't know how're y'gonna take this, but I think it's because we can't accept our lives as being mediocre. They must flourish! They must be special!!

DALE

I love it! Why'd you think I wouldn't love that?!

MIKE

'Cause it's a little too deep. Too much in your face truth.

They think about it awhile, chomping their food with big noisy chomps.

MIKE (CONT'D)

An' you may ask--a la Talking Heads-- "and you may ask yourself"--(back to normal)--OK, if we can't accept shit, Dilbert lives, then why didn't we become doctors? We're certainly smart enough. Fuck, I was a National Merit Scholarship finalist! Top point 5 percent in the fuckin' nation. I finished high school with, if you can believe it, a 4.5 average-- straight A pluses four years running.

DALE

Yeah, fine, y'have to keep sayin' it tell it to the pit boss maybe he'll let you play on your 4.5 average.

MIKE

I never tell people! It makes the fall that much greater! An' y'know what?! I was also all-league football and baseball!

DALE

I got a 4.0...

MIKE

I laugh at your 4.0. Your 4.0 is Pee Wee Herman an' my 4.5 is John Fuckin' Holmes!

DALE

My 4.0 is NOT Pee Wee Herman! At least Ron Jeremy or something.

MIKE

Whatever. OK. Ron Jeremy. Maybe even better, but I don't know any more porno stars. You're the porno addict you weirdo.

They eat quietly. Mike pats Dale's monstrous gut.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Any sports? The marathon? Maybe high diving? Ha ha ha!

DALE

I was thin then. But no sports.  
I was in the drama group.

MIKE

That's my point! Why didn't we go into medicine, or politics, try to help society at large with good legislation, become priests--NO, I guess not priests. You could go on stage, make people laugh, bring a little joy into their miserable Dilbert lives.

DALE

Well...I guess a guy's gotta choose, suburbs or like y'say, flourish. I admire the guy who wears the Super Bowl ring. I despise the guy who goes to an office every day.

MIKE (laughing)

Like us!

EXT. RICARDO'S CAR - 15 SOUTH - DAY

It pulls off at the sign: "Barstow Next 4 Exits."

EXT. B OF A VERSATELLER MACHINE - BARSTOW B OF A - DAY

Ricardo tears his check from his checkbook, gives it to Dale. Dale punches a few numbers, inserts the envelope with Ricardo's check, waits, punches a few more keys.

DALE

Fuck! It'll only give me 200 bucks.  
Some checks must've already gone through.

He grabs the 200 bucks, then his card.

DALE (CONT'D)  
(to Ricardo)  
I'll write you a bad check.

As he scribbles a check, Ricardo inserts his card and punches keys.

RICARDO  
It'll only give me a hundred.

DALE  
We'll take it!

EXT. NEVADA STATE LINE - 15 FWY. - DAY

Ricardo's little car once again crosses into Nevada.

INT. CAESARS MAIN PIT - \$5 TABLE - DAY

As they sit:

MIKE  
Y'guys sure you don't wanna let me  
play with jus' the whole 300?

DALE  
Will you shut up even you're losing!

They buy in. Lay bets. Play the first hand, hitting, passing, whatever. The dealer busts. They all settle in.

WAITRESS  
Anyone care for a drink?

MIKE  
Surrrrrrrre...J.D., two cubes of  
ice.

The play has come to Mike again. He passes. Dealer busts, pays everyone.

The guys all bump their bets to \$25. Deal. Ricardo stays. Dale splits Aces. Gets two 10s. Mike doubles, gets a 10. The dealer turns over a soft 17, pays everyone.

Mike and Dale leave \$50 out, Ricardo, \$25, as Mike's drink arrives. He tips her a silver dollar. Ricardo hits, stays. Dale and Mike stay on 20s. The dealer turns over a 5 on his 10, busts, pays everyone...

INT. SAME TABLE - LATER

The dealer busts. Dale jumps up, high fives the table.

DALE  
THE HAPPY TABLE!!

TABLE  
THE HAPPY TABLE!!!

INT. SAME TABLE - LATER

Dale doubles on an 11, gets a 10. Mike at third also doubles an 11, gets a 10. They're betting blacks.

And the dealer busts. The guys all nod to each other.

INT. SAME TABLE - LATER

Ricardo and dale have made their plays, are still in. Mike doubles, gets a 10 on his 10.

The dealer turns over a 5 on his 6, gets a 10, takes everyone's dough. He has to shuffle.

Mike signals for a conference; they huddle near some slot machines.

MIKE  
We've established our superior  
intelligence and the table's cooled.  
The smart thing to do is walk winners.  
The table's gone way south.

DALE  
What're we gonna do?! We need John  
Holmes dough, not Pee Wee Herman!

RICARDO  
I can get my sewing machine.

MIKE/DALE  
Fuck your sewing machine!!

DALE  
I need 4 thou jus' to break even in  
life!

MIKE  
So...the World Series is goin on.  
I say we enter a satellite.

DALE  
That's DOA! Those are the best players  
in the world!

MIKE  
Don't get cowardly on me.  
(MORE)

MIKE (CONT'D)  
We've dropped a thou back so from a  
high we're sittin' on a thousand.  
We're gonna lose it all back at Black  
Jack, right? We all agree?

DALE/RICARDO  
(nodding)  
Probably...seems likely...

MIKE  
Let's shift the battle front. Hit  
'em quick with some aerial black  
jack. Change up on 'em--bring in  
the ground forces.

DALE  
Why don't we just go over to the  
Mirage?

MIKE  
We're not gonna get John Holmes dough  
in a 5-10 game at the Mirage. Time  
for the heavy artillery.

RICARDO  
But those are the best players in  
the world...

MIKE  
So are we!

DALE  
What in the fuck ever led you to  
believe that?!

MIKE  
Well I am!

DALE  
What makes you think you're the one  
playing? I think I should play.

RICARDO  
I think I should play!

MIKE  
Now y'guys are just talkin' Swahili.  
It's obvious I'm the one who should  
be playin'.

DALE  
Noooooooooo, it's obvious I'm the  
one who should be playing.

RICARDO  
I think I should play.

MIKE  
Uh, y'guys, when I formulated this suggestion I assumed I--

DALE  
You assumed wrong.

INT. CAESARS CAGE -

MIKE  
Pack a cards please.

The cashier hands over the old cards with the holes punched through that they give to tourists.

INT. CASINO - CLOSED BLACK JACK TABLE -

Mike spreads the cards all over the felt. The guys look at each other.

MIKE  
I'm goin' last!

DALE  
Aw fuck I'll go.

He takes a jack of spades.

DALE (CONT'D)  
Beat fuckin' that!

Ricardo takes an Ace of diamonds. Dale groans.

MIKE  
He can't play! That's ridiculous!  
No comment on your talents bud, but, well, this is life or death!

RICARDO  
(smug)  
Pick a card. Jus' pick a card.

MIKE  
Aw fuck.

He grabs an Ace of hearts, slams it on the table.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
TITS!!!

DALE  
Well, that's probably a good omen.

EXT. CAESARS ENTRANCE -

DALE  
We should walk, save the dough.

MIKE  
We're not walking to the World Series!  
I got six extra bucks.

DALE  
4...37.

RICARDO  
2...12.

EXT. BINIONS - CAB - NIGHT

Mike pays the cabby:

MIKE  
Sorry 'bout the tip bud. Getcha  
next time.

INT. BINIONS POKER ROOM - SIGN UP WINDOW -

Mike signs in. Plunks down \$1000. Gets World Series chips.

INT. SATELLITE SECTION -

HOST  
Game?

MIKE  
No limit hold em.

As the host leads him to a table:

MIKE (CONT'D)  
How many entrants so far?

HOST  
Around 250. We're gonna close the  
satellites pretty soon. The tournament  
starts tomorrow morning.

At the table:

HOST (CONT'D)  
Ok ladies and gentlemen--

PLAYER  
Who you calling a gentleman?

WOMAN PLAYER  
Who you callin' a lady?

HOST  
That's a full table. Good luck.

ANOTHER PLAYER  
Luck's got nothin' to do with it.  
I'm the best player in the country.

MIKE  
Too bad this is the city.

INT. SATELLITE TABLE - LATER

A player stands as the dealer pushes the pot to Mike:

KNOCKED OUT PLAYER  
Good luck everyone.

That leaves 7. Deal.

INSERT - Mike's hand: jack, two, off suit.

A couple of checks. A player bets \$300. Players fold. Mike is obviously up close to a thousand. He calls. The rest fold.

FLOP: jack, two, seven, all spades.

Bettor: \$500. Mike raises \$300. Bettor pauses. Calls.

4th street: 2.

Bettor checks. Mike goes all in.

DEALER  
Bets 900. He's all in.

The bettor gazes at him. Players shake their heads, totally confused. Finally the bettor calls, shaking his head.

Both players turn over their cards. The bettor of course has spades in the hole for a flush. Players whistle, agitate in their chairs, grumble:

PLAYERS  
( to themselves)  
Jack two?! How can he play jack  
two?

River: 8 (nohelp).

The dealer pushes the pot to Mike and his full house. Players shake their heads, grumble to each other.

Dale calls Mike over to the rail. The dealer throws the "out" puck at his spot and Mike heads over to Dale:

DALE

(pissed, whispering)

What the FUCK y'playin' a jack, two off suit?!

MIKE

I won didn't I? (apologetic)  
I know, I know. Heyyyyyyy, don't  
worryYYYYYYYYYYY...

DALE

Don't worry?! My LIFE depends on  
your jack, two off suit!

MIKE

Jus' keep easin' the pressure off  
like that!

DALE

It's a jack, two! I saw some other  
boner plays, like that 7, 3. Your  
dumb luck ain't gonna last!

MIKE

OK! OK! Fuck. It's not my main  
game. But thanks for the advice.  
It takes a big man to admit a mistake  
and, well, I guess you've heard women  
talk 'bout me.

DALE

Fuck you! My whole life is ridin'  
on you and you're acting like you're  
at a Pink Floyd concert!

MIKE

(dead serious, finally)  
OK! Fuck. I'm serious. Stealth  
bombings for now on. Ok?

He turns, but turns back:

MIKE (CONT'D)

But y'guys, I gotta tell ya: this is  
a fuckin' blast! You've gotta enter  
sometime. Don't worry--the Bls are  
in the air.

INT. SATELLITE TABLE - LATER

The best player in the country goes all in. Only Mike faces  
him and he calls. Mike shows: 3 queens.

The best player boils and grumbles and agitates and finally  
CRUMBLES his cards in his big, meaty fists and--

PLAYERS/DEALER  
HEY! HEY! WATCH IT!

--HURLS them down the felt where they bounce off Mike's chips and the best player stands kicking his chair to the ground and stalks off.

PLAYER  
Well, in all my years of playin' poker I've NEVER seen that!

MIKE  
He's the best player in the country but he's been in a slump for 20 years.

The table laughs. The best player in the country stalks back and points his fierce, quaking finger at Mike:

BEST PLAYER  
YOU LAUGH AT YOUR MOTHER FUCKER! YOU LAUGH AT YOUR MOTHER!

Pit bosses move in--

PIT BOSSES  
What's your problem sir?!

--but the psycho rumbles off.

Mike leans to the lady next to him:

MIKE  
You'll protect me, won't you?

LADY PLAYER  
Y'got the hot hand handsome. Won't last forever.

INT. SATELLITE TABLE - LATER

Only four players remain. Two bet. Mike tosses his cards.

INT. SATELLITE TABLE - LATER

The dealer pushes the pot to another player. Another stands, grabs his cigarette, nods to Mike and the two remaining players, and leaves.

Mike's chips: about \$6000.

INT. SATELLITE TABLE - LATER

Dale and Ricardo stand at the rail and watch Mike's table.

Mike, the lady and other player show:

MIKE

Ouch!

DEALER

Straight. 7 high.

The lady is out, stands.

MIKE

(to remaining player)

You played the 2, 3...

PLAYER

(chuckles)

You be doin' that all night!

LADY PLAYER

Not lately he hasn't. Good luck  
gentlemen.

Mike tosses in his blind bet. Deal. The player raises 500.  
Mike folds.

The player tosses in his blind. The dealer shuffles, cuts.  
Deal. Mike raises the blind \$100. The player raises \$300.  
Mike folds.

The dealer pushes the pot to the player, shuffles, cuts,  
deals. The player raises Mike's blind \$500. Mike raises  
\$500. The player doesn't hesitate: he goes all in with his  
last two thousand.

DEALER

He's all in. Fifteen hundred to you  
sir.

Mike gazes at the player. He calls, then turns over his cards  
to show two jacks. The player lays down two kings.

Flop: 2, 7, 10. Burn. 4th street: 7. Burn. River: nohelp.  
The player's kings hold and the dealer pushes the pot to  
him. The player lights a cigarette.

Blind, shuffle, cut. Deal. Mike tosses his cards and the  
dealer pushes the blind back to the player.

Deal. The player raises the blind \$1000. Mike raises \$1000.  
The player goes all in. Mike matches and they both turn  
over their hands, Mike's Aces against the player's pocket  
kings.

Dale and Ricardo jump with excitement.

Flop: the player gets a third king.

Dale and Ricardo hang their heads, can barely peak through their hands to watch.

Turn: nohelp. Fifth: Ace.

DALE  
YES! YES! YES!

He high fives Ricardo as the dealer pushes all the chips to Mike.

INT. BINIONS POKER ROOM --

DALE (CONT'D)  
This is what I say we do: walk.  
Cash in an' walk.

RICARDO  
I agree.

DALE  
We talked about it while you were playing.

Mike shakes his head.

DALE (CONT'D)  
Mike! We got 10 thou! All our problems are solved!

MIKE  
Uh, well, guys, I didn't tell ya this, I only learned it when I bought in, but--you can't. These are only World Series chips. Y'can't cash 'em in.

DALE  
You're fuckin' shittin' me!

MIKE  
Ask 'em dude. Fuckin' ask 'em. The ship's sailed, we're on it, an' we're in the middle of the ocean.

DALE  
I don't fuckin' believe this!

MIKE  
Aren't y'guys even gonna congratulate me?

DALE  
Yeah yeah how'd you ever get me in this?

MIKE  
Dale, one word: Dilbertland.

DALE  
Yeah yeah you jus' better get in the fuckin' money!

INT. BINIONS KENO SEATS - WEE MORNING HOURS

A guard passes by the guys. Mike slumbers between Dale and Ricardo. Dale's leaning over Mike to Ricardo. His mouth is babbling away, but no sound's coming out. As soon as the guard leaves, Dale quits the show and flops back in his chair.

He leans to Ricardo again:

DALE  
Don't fall asleep on me! I need you!

RICARDO (whispers)  
I can't do it anymore...

Dale leaps from his chair, shakes Ricardo:

DALE  
Wake up you little Egyptian! Think of me! I haven't eaten in a day!

MIKE  
(eyes closed)  
You could use a few days of fasting.  
A few years maybe.

DALE  
Shut up! Get some sleep!

Mike opens his eyes.

MIKE  
I can't. I'm too excited. Tell me a joke. That'll put me to sleep.

Ricardo laughs.

DALE  
Oh you're pretty cocky Mr. Satellite Winner!

INT. BINIONS POKER ROOM - MORNING

Hundreds of players mill about, smoke, gab, laugh. The head of the poker room, dressed in a tux, grabs a microphone at the scoreboard.

POKER ROOM MANAGER

Ladies and gentlemen may I have your  
attention pleeeeeeee! (he waits)

Will all contestants in the no limit hold em tournament please  
take your seats at your tables.

The huge crowd of spectators whoops and applauds.

POKER ROOM MANAGER (CONT'D)

Now ladies and gentlemen, the  
tournament you've all been waiting  
for! NO LIMIT HOLD EM! Or as the  
great Doyle Brunson called it: Blood,  
Sweat and FEARS! This year we have  
267 of the best players in the world  
competing for the first prize money  
of...one million...five hundred and  
fifty thousand dollars!

(crowd whoops)

And this year 22 players will finish  
in the money, the highest number of  
money finishers we've ever had.

There will be no ante until the final  
championship table. Small blind is  
\$100. Big blind: \$300. And as the  
game is so appropriately named, the  
only limit to the bets is the amount  
of money you have in front of you.  
This year the tournament is being  
televised to 33 countries. So play  
hard, but clean. And always keep  
the proper perspective: it's just a  
game. Did I just say that? If no  
one's gonna stop me from wasting  
everyone's time, I'll stick my own  
sock in my mouth: I hereby declare  
the NO LIMIT HOLD EM TOURNAMENT OPEN!  
Good luck to all a ya! Now deal those  
damn cards!

The crowd whoops and hollers as the players settle in.

ANGLE--THE GUYS:

MIKE

Have y'seen Johnny Chan?

DALE

Fuck Johnny Chan! Focus on your  
job! How y'feel?

MIKE

Heyyyyy, it's jus' another poker  
game.

RICARDO  
That our whole lives depend on.

MIKE  
Stop saying that! Geesus fuck!

Mike finds his seat. Lines up his \$10,000 in chips. Looks around the table at a variety of, to be truthful, rather average looking people. The dealer slides the "Dealer" puck to the player to his immediate left. Small and big blinds throw in their dough.

DEALER  
Good luck players.

He deals. First 3 players fold. So does Mike. A few bet. The dealer rolls the flop. A player bets a grand. Another raises a grand. Everyone else calls. Mike watches it all. The turn. More betting, all fast and forceful. Players fold and the winner tosses in his cards, not showing.

Deal.

INSERT--Mike's hand: two eights.

A player bets \$500. Mike raises \$500. Two others hang. The rest fold. Flop: two spades and another 8. Bet: \$1000. Mike raises \$2000. One player calls. Turn: 4 of spades. Mike bets a grand. The other player raises \$5000. Mike folds, knowing he's got a spade flush, though the winner doesn't show his cards.

After two hands Mike's down five grand. Half of his original ten. He turns to Dale and Ricardo, grins grimly.

Mike tosses in his \$300 big blind bet. Deal. Players bet and raise. Fast and forceful. No one's foolin' around here. Mike tosses in his cards. Watches the hand.

INT. MIKE'S TABLE - LATER

Dale and Ricardo watch with sad sack faces.

There's still ten players at Mike's table. Mike calls on fifth street, shows two jacks to trip up with one on the table. Tough shit--he loses to pocket kings with the third sitting on fourth street.

As he watches the dealer push the pot to the trip kings, we see he only has about three grand left. And he has to throw in another blind of \$300.

Deal.

INSERT - Mike's hand: Ace, king, both spades.

A couple of bets, fortunately small: \$500. Mike calls. Flop: two more spades and a nohelp. Betting reaches \$3000. Mike tosses in his \$1500.

MIKE

All in.

The dealer creates two pots separating out Mike's \$1500 and the players', then pushing the rest in another pile. Turn: Ace diamonds. Mike watches the two other players bet, raise, re-raise and call. Their money goes in the bigger pot.

River: spade. A player goes all in. The other calls. Show cards--player 1: two pair, kings high. Player 2: jack high spade flush. Mike: Ace high spade flush. The dealer pushes the smaller pot to him, the bigger to the jack flush. The guy who went all in stands and mopes away.

Mike glances back to Dale and Ricardo. Dale rolls his eyes, whistles, like: "close one." Mike nods.

INT. MIKE'S TABLE - LATER

INSERT - Mike's hand: two 10s.

There's a 10 on the flop. It's the highest card in the flop. And an Ace sits on 4th street.

Mike stares at the bettor. The bettor grabs chips, drops one, grabs it, then throws in \$3000. Mike stares him down. He throws in \$3000, plus all his chips.

DEALER

Raises 45 hundred. He's all in.

The player hesitates, shakes his head, then tosses his cards.

INT. POKER ROOM - LATER

Mike huddles with Dale and Ricardo:

DALE (whispering)  
He coulda had pocket aces!

MIKE

He didn't. I know he didn't.

DALE

How the hell y'know?!

MIKE

I knew man. He was bluffin', an'  
I knew. How're y'guys doin'?

DALE

I haven't eaten or slept in 40 hours!

MIKE

Well I haven't eaten, slept or had a drink in 40 hours!

RICARDO

He coulda had pocket Aces...You went all in.

MIKE

In life every breath can be your last and in this game every hand can be your last. Guys, this ain't Dilbertland, it's the real thing. We better get used to it. It's fuckin' outta sight!

INT. MIKE'S TABLE - NIGHT

As the dealer pushes the pot to Mike and his king high two pair, a player stands, out, leaving only four. A pit boss walks up:

PIT BOSS

Ok gentlemen. We're gonna move you to another table. Congratulations.

Mike and the three players collect their chips, follow the pit boss to another table of six players.

Mike sits. Stacks his chips. Looks around the table. Johnny Chan himself sits across from him. Mike instantly glances away, but then musters his courage and turns his gaze back at The Great One, The Yellow Scourge, The China Express.

Chan doesn't even acknowledge him. He's mean, totally focused, hard, hating this interruption. All he wants to do is see the next fucking cards and take everybody's money. Chan has about 100 grand in front of him. Mike: about 30.

ANGLE - DALE, RICARDO:

DALE

I fuckin' don't believe it. That's Johnny Chan...

RICARDO

Oh no...

DALE

An' I think the other guy with the hair is Reese.

Deal.

A player raises the blind \$2000. Others fold. Mike folds. Chan tosses in \$5000. No. He doesn't "toss." He bombs. When Chan plays he leans over the table like he's going to kill every greasy enemy and eat them with his won ton soup.

Players fold. Reese calls. Flop: king, jack, nine, off suit. Reese bets 10 thou. Chan raises 10 thou. Reese doesn't hesitate but calls immediately. 4th street: king. Reese bets 20 gs. Chan raises 30.

Mike glances back to Dale and Ricardo, making sure they're catching this.

DEALER  
Raises 30 large.

Reese smiles. Calls. River: 2

REESE  
Check.

Chan goes all in:

DEALER (to Reese)  
30 to you sir. He's all in.

Reese smiles:

REESE  
Oh Johnny-boy I'd love to give you  
the boot right now. (tosses cards)

But y'got it.

The dealer pushes the humongous pot to Chan.

INT. MIKE'S TABLE - LATER

Mike folds. Again.

CHAN  
Y'a spectator kid or y'gonna play  
with us sometime?

Mike simply shrugs, smiles. After the flop he watches Chan throw in five grand.

INT. MIKE'S TABLE - LATER

Mike folds again. Others bet. Chan and Reese call. Everyone's now ignoring Mike.

INT. MIKE'S TABLE - LATER

Before the flop Reese bets five gs. Players fold. Mike calls.

CHAN

I'd forgotten you were there kid.

He calls. Flop: three kings. Reese bets another \$5000. Mike calls. Chan folds. Turn: nohelp. Reese looks at Mike. Can't figure him out. Checks.

MIKE

Check.

Fifth street: nohelp. Reese bets \$5000. Mike calls. Mike turns over a 10, 3, off suit. The entire table looks at him in shock. Chan actually laughs. Reese flips over a pair of sevens. He looks around the table:

REESE

Ooooweeoooooweeoooooweeee I think we've entered the twilight zone.

POKER HOST

Ok players! First sleep break.  
Play resumes in five hours.

INT. BINIONS KENO CHAIRS - LATER

DALE

10, 3?! They were laughing at you!

MIKE

These guys are fuckin' tough.

DALE

Where's Mister Every Breath Can Be Your Last? My grandma who's dead could beat a 10, 3! Why even wait 'till you lose? I might as well kill myself right now!

MIKE

Well that'll clear one debt.

DALE

(to Ricardo)

You're my witness. If I kill myself this 10, 3 player owes me four thousand and it goes to my Dad.

INT. MIKE'S TABLE - MORNING

As Mike sits:

CHAN  
I didn't think you'd even come back  
10, 3.

Mike ignores Chan.

Deal. Bets and folds. Mike folds.

INT. MIKE'S TABLE - LATER

Mike folds again on the first two cards as chips fly from other players.

INT. MIKE'S TABLE - LATER

A player bets 10 grand. Players fold. Mike calls. Players notice. Chan calls. Flop: Ace, 10, 7, off suit.

The bettor bets 10 grand. Mike goes all in with a raise of \$5000.

ANGLE - Dale closes his eyes.

Chan calls. The rest fold. Chan shows: pocket 10s. Mike shows pocket Aces. Turn: jack. Burn. Fifth street: 9.

The dealer pushes the pot to Mike.

CHAN  
Good hand kid.

MIKE  
Thanks pops.

Chan glares at him, then chuckles.

INT. MIKE'S TABLE - LATER

Felt: three spades on the flop, one of which is a king.

Chan looks at Mike's chips. He bets 10 thou. Everyone folds. Mike goes all in with his 10 thousand. He lays down his cards: Ace, 10, both spades. Chan lays down cowboys. Turn: 2 (nohelp). Burn. Fifth: 8. No pair. The dealer pushes the pot to Mike.

Chan watches Mike stack his chips, then looks away.

INT. MIKE'S TABLE - LATER

INSERT - Mike's hand: 10, 3, off suit.

Players fold. Chan bets 10 thou. Reese calls. Mike raises 10 grand. Chan calls. Reese folds.

Flop: Ace, jack, 3, off suit. Chan bets 10 thousand. Mike matches, then goes all in.

DEALER  
Raise...18 thousand. He's all in.

Chan glares at Mike, but tosses his cards. Mike tosses his cards, cool as the icy moon of Io. He just bluffed Chan, but no one will ever know.

INT. MIKE'S TABLE - NIGHT

Mike shows Ace, king to match an Ace, king on the board.

DEALER  
Two pair, Aces.

He pushes the pot to Mike. A player stands, knocked out by Mike.

INT. BINIONS KENO SEATS - NIGHT

Ricardo snores in a chair.

MIKE  
'Member that 18 thou all in?

Nobody's shaved or showered for 2 1/2 days. Nobody's slept. Nobody's eaten.

DALE (dead)  
Yeah...

MIKE  
I had a 10, 3.

DALE (too tired)  
Don't even tell me...

MIKE  
I bluffed Chan!

DALE  
What's food? What's sleep? I'd eat  
a falafel an' I HATE falafels...

INT. BINIONS POKER ROOM - MORNING

Half the tables are now empty, would be champs up in their rooms sleeping like babies: sleep for an hour, wake up and cry for an hour, sleep for an hour, cry for an hour.

Mike, Chan, Reese and another player are led to another table:

GABE KAPLAN  
Johnny! Chippy! You hackers made it  
this far?!

INT. MIKE'S TABLE - LATER

Now, because three of the world's top players are at one table, including "Mr. Kotter," who's also a big poker player, a TV camera covers the play.

Deal. A player bets 10 grand. Reese calls. Others fold. Mike calls. Chan raises 10. The player, Reese and Mike all call. Flop: jack, jack, queen. Bettor bets 10 gs. Reese folds. Mike calls. Chan looks at Mike, stares him down:

CHAN  
How much y'got left kid?

MIKE  
Enough.

Chan counts out his bet:

CHAN  
Looks like 'bout 50.

The bettor actually calls.

MIKE  
Good eye pops...

Mike goes all in with his 50 thou.

Dale and Ricardo hold each other desperately for dear, fractured life.

TV SCREEN - SHOWING THE TABLE:

TV COMMENTATOR  
(British accent, a la  
golf tourney, O.S.)  
The pot has now reached 250,000,  
with one player all in. Mr. Chan  
apparently has decided to try to  
eliminate the player from the  
tournament.

Turn: 10. Bettor checks. Chan bets 50 thou. The bettor calls. Fifth: 10. Bettor bets 50 thou. Chan checks bettor's chips, then raises 25 thousand.

TV COMMENTATOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
And now it appears that Mr. Chan is  
trying to eliminate two players in  
the same hand...

The better goes all in with his 25 thou.

Chan's hand: two queens for a full house, queens up. Bettor shows pocket 10s to make four of a kind. Mike lays down pocket jacks.

Dale and Ricardo JUMP up and down still holding each other.

DEALER (pushing pots)  
Four tens...an' four jacks...

TV SCREEN - shots on Chan, his suddenly shrimp chip towers, Mike, the bettor, the table.

TV COMMENTATOR (O.S.)  
Well Mr. Chan certainly took an injurious pummeling there!

EXPERT COMMENTATOR (O.S.)  
Johnny plays tough. There's no doubt he saw the possibility of a player holding jacks, but took the gamble that since two players were still in the jacks were split between 'em an' they were bothbettin' their trips after the flop. The jacks played it beautifully, softbettin' even though he already had the four of a kind on the flop. Man that was a beautiful sucker bet.

TV COMMENTATOR (O.S.)  
Do you recognize this young upstart who just suckered as you say one of the world's greatest players?

EXPERT COMMENTATOR (O.S.)  
Nevah seen the guy, but what play-- he kept Chan in, and kept the 10s, who, to be honest, shoulda nevah been in at all. He had to figure at least one player had at least a hole jack an' his 10s were beat. He jus' got real lucky on the river when he shouldn't even a been playin' the flop!

Chan's pissed. He's dismissed the 10s because he got it on the river. But he's glaring down at Mike as Mike calmly stacks his \$250,000.

MIKE  
Nice hand, huh pops?

Chan nods. Calms down. Winks. Everyone in the world knows Chan's gonna take his time then bomb the shit out of Mike.

INT. MIKE'S TABLE - AFTERNOON

A player goes all in. Chan and Reese call. All show. The dealer pushes the pot to Chan. The all-in player stands.

TV SCREEN - Chan's chips: he's making a comeback. The camera zooms in on his steady hands stacking the win like they're skinning a lion.

INT. MIKE'S TABLE - LATER (AFTERNOON)

Mike shows a heart flush he caught on the turn. Beating Chan's three queens and another player's two pair aces high. The player stands, bumped, mutters away. He reaches the rail and hugs his wife, who's weeping in a handkerchief. The booted player starts to sob on her shoulder!

HOST  
Fifteen minute break gentlemen.

Most players stand and stretch. Mike and Chan lock eyes as Mike stacks his chips. It's a stare down Mike refuses to lose.

Then a jacket sticks a microphone in Mike's face:

TV REPORTER  
Can we get your name sir, for the viewers?

MIKE  
Mr. Vegas.

EXPERT COMMENTATOR  
(chuckles, O.S.)  
I'd say that's good tax planning...

Chan stands, leaves.

INT. BINIONS POKER ROOM - BREAK - AFTERNOON

MIKE  
If I had the money I'd get a fuckin' razor.

DALE  
You're gettin' pretty cocky, and cavalier.

MIKE  
I'm still in the tournament an' you're questionin' my play?

DALE

First off, there's other players at  
the table besides Chan--

MIKE

Y'know Dale, you're afraid.

DALE

Now wait--

MIKE

No. You wait. You're afraid a  
winnin'.

DALE

Fuck you!

MIKE

No, fuck you! That's why you're still  
in the office. All you fuckin'  
Dilberts like to hang together for  
comfort. A bunch a loser refugees  
who lost the fuckin' war losers  
huddled in their little life boat  
cubicles--

DALE

Fuck you--

MIKE

No. Fuck you.

RICARDO

C'mon y'guys...

DALE

You're still a nine dollar an  
hour office boy--

MIKE

No! I'm not. You fuckin' got it?  
I'm not. That's your hang up.  
An' that's why you're at that Dilbert  
rail watchin' while I'm playin'.  
(suddenly smiles) Awwwww Daly you're  
jus' doin' this to keep me all riled  
for the table.

DALE (dead serious)

Y'get too cocky you're gonna get  
shot down.

MIKE (dead serious)  
Y'guys better know one thing: I'm  
not playin' jus' to get in the money.  
I'm playin' for first place. I'm  
playin' for the million an' a half  
fuckin' bucks. Chan's in my way an'  
I'm gonna move 'im. Reese's in my  
way an' I'm gonna fuckin' move HIM.  
Every one of those guys in there are  
in my way an' they're gettin' moved.

INT. BINIONS POKER ROOM - LATER (AFTERNOON)

By now there's only seven tables still in play. A couple of players at different tables stand, slither away.

TV COMMENTATOR (O.S.)  
And now a player each at table five  
and at table seven have been  
eliminated leaving sixty-seven...

INT. MIKE'S TABLE - NIGHT

On the felt there's a king and a queen. The remaining three cards are nohelps. Chan bets 70 thousand. Chip Reese looks at him. Tossing cards:

CHIP REESE  
Aw Johnny I always know when y'got  
it.

Mike stares down Chan. Then he counts out 70 grand and lays it in the pot.

TV COMMENTATOR (O.S.)  
And Mr. Vegas as he calls himself  
doesn't seem to believe Mr. Chan...

Mike shows pocket queens giving him trips. Chan lays down pocket cowboys.

ANGLE - DALE AND RICARDO:

DALE (hissing)  
That ucker everyone knew he had  
kings.

TV ANNOUNCER (O.S.)  
That must be a devastating loss to  
Mr. Vegas. He still has a bit on  
the felt but the loss may be more on  
the mental ledger.

EXPERT COMMENTATOR (O.S.)

This game is all mental. This young player's been playin' some great cards but he pushed too hard there an' it's gotta hurt. An' I tell ya from goin' up against these guys myself, pros like these guys in this tournament an' at this table can smell weakness like sharks.

INT. MIKE'S TABLE - LATE NIGHT

A player bets 25 thou. Chan raises 50. Mike folds.

INT. MIKE'S TABLE - LATE NIGHT

Mike calls Reese. They show. The dealer pushes the pot to Reese.

INT. MIKE'S TABLE - LATE HOURS

Mike shows against another player. He watches the dealer push the pot away. Everyone stands for the sleep break.

INT. BINIONS KENO CHAIRS - LATE NIGHT

GUARD

Y'guys gotta go I seen ya heh three nights in a row.

Dale and Mike shrug, nod to the guy. Mike wakes up Ricardo.

MIKE

C'mon, we're goin' to rock bottom...

INT. BINIONS SLOT MACHINES -

Walking aimlessly:

MIKE

Y'happy? I lost the edge.

DALE

Noooooo...That doesn't make me happy.  
I want you to win. Not only do our lives depend on this round, I...you're right. I don't wanna go back.

MIKE

An' maybe I was too cocky...

Dale and Ricardo nod.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Cool...There's 39 left...

INT. MIKE'S TABLE - MORNING

As Mike joins the rest at the table:

DALE (O.S.)  
At your table there's three with  
about 25 thou.

SHOTS OF THE PLAYERS:

MIKE (O.S.)  
I figure Reese and Mr. Cigar for  
about 50.

RICARDO (O.S.)  
A coupla guys got about 30.

DALE (O.S.)  
An' Chan's back up there at about  
150.

MIKE (O.S.)  
An' I'm fuckin' low man with 20.

Deal. Folds. Bets.

DALE (O.S.)  
You're gonna be the first one they  
go after.

Mike folds.

MIKE (O.S.)  
I know.

INT. MIKE'S TABLE - MORNING

Flop: Ace spades, king spades, king. Three players bet.

DEALER  
15 to you.

TV SCREEN - Mike goes all in.

TV ANNOUNCER (O.S.)  
And now Mr. Vegas is the second player  
to go all in on this hand.

Dale and Ricardo can only look down at their stinky feet.

Turn: 10 spades. Chan opens with 50 thousand. Players fold.  
One guy goes all in with his 50 thou. The dealer creates  
the second pot while Mike and the other all in player can  
only watch.

Fifth: Ace. Everyone's all in but Chan. One player shows a spade flush, high hole 10. The other shows spades, high hole queen. Chan shows a king for kings up full. Mike turns over pocket Aces for four of a kind. (His Aces full on the flop would have won anyway.)

TV SCREEN - the two all ins crawl away. The big pot to Chan, the small pot to Mike.

EXPERT COMMENTATOR (O.S.)  
Oh that river Ace killed the flushes!

Johnny actually won on the river!

TV COMMENTATOR (O.S.)  
And that leaves now just 28 players  
left in the tournament.

INT. POKER ROOM -

A host escorts four players over to Mike's table, leaving only three tables in action. Because of the celebrity players, all cameras are now on their table and a huge audience hovers over the rail.

INT. MIKE'S TABLE - LATE MORNING

Mike lays down a queen, 10 to match a queen, 10 on the board. There's an Ace on the flop. But the other player simply tosses his cards, stands, and takes the boot in the ass. Mike makes a victory fist under the table to the guys at the rail.

INT. MEN'S ROOM -

All three at the piss pots:

MIKE  
220 to be exact.

DALE  
I see three guys with less than 75.

That guy with all the gold on his neck has less than 25.

RICARDO  
Reese has got 240 exactly. I counted.

DALE  
An' Chan's got 310--

Jus' then The China Express himself walks in and takes the urinal two down from Mike. The guys clam up.

CHAN

That guy coulda had Aces up.

MIKE

That's what he wanted me to think.

Chan smiles, nods.

CHAN

Where you play kid?

MIKE

Hollywood Park. An' a lotta black  
jack up here.

CHAN

Black jack's all luck. Poker's a  
talent game. You should play poker  
exclusively. You've got the talent.  
Name's Johnny.

MIKE

Mike.

CHAN

See ya out there.

He leaves.

RICARDO

What a nice guy!

DALE

That was way cool a 'im.

MIKE

Are y'guys fuckin' crazy he just  
played a sucker bet! I've sat across  
his fuckin' eyes for three days.  
He's the smiley hit man. I'm beatin'  
that fucker's ass!

TV SCREEN - another table: a player stands, leaves to light  
applause.

TV COMMENTATOR (O.S.)

And now we've reached the "down and  
dirty" as the locals say out here in  
the west. 23 players remain. One  
more will leave empty handed...

INT. MIKE'S TABLE - AFTERNOON

Deal. Mike bets 50 thousand. Players fold. Chan raises  
25. Another player calls. Flop: three spades.

Mike hesitates, then checks. Chan checks. The player bets 50 thousand. Mike counts the player's chips, raises 75 thousand. Chan tosses his cards staring real steady at Mike.

DEALER

Bumps 75...

TV SCREEN - the player goes all in with 75.

EXPERT COMMENTATOR (O.S.)

Check raise, man Mr. Vegas ain't taking no prisoners...

Players cards: king, 10, both spades. Mike's: Ace, 7, both spades. The player hangs his head, then stands, not even waiting to see the dealer finish, as the audience starts a low ovation which grows. Burn, fourth, burn, fifth, and it's official.

TV COMMENTATOR (O.S.)

And there you have it ladies and gentlemen! Mr. Vegas has just bumped number 23 and all remaining players will finish in the money!

The spectators applaud.

Dale and Ricardo WEEP and HUG and WEEP some more.

DALE

YES! YES! YES! YES! YES!

Mike stands and faces the guys; he holds his fist up for victory.

INT. MIKE'S TABLE - NIGHT

Reese lays down two jacks to trip up on the board. A player stands and waves to the crowd which applauds him. Mike turns to the guys for the thumbs up and they wave him on.

INT. BINIONS POKER ROOM - NIGHT

A player stands at another table to applause.

ANGLE - Dale and Ricardo whoop it up.

INT. MIKE'S TABLE - NIGHT

Mike lays down Ace, king to match on the flop. A player stands.

INT. MIKE'S TABLE - NIGHT

Deal. Chan bets 50. Reese raises 50. Mike raises 50. Chan calls. Reese calls. Flop: queen, jack, king, off suit. Chan: 100 grand. Reese calls. Mike: raises 50. Chan raises 50. Reese folds. Mike calls.

TV COMMENTATOR (O.S.)

This is certainly the biggest pot of the tournament. It has now reached the starry heights of eight hundred and fifty thousand dollars...

Turn: jack. Chan counts Mike's chips. Smiles. Counts out his bet.

DEALER

150,000 to you...

Mike studies Chan's eyes. Smiles. He goes all in with 150,000.

TV COMMENTATOR (O.S.)

And now Mr. Vegas has gone all in for a pot totaling one million one hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

Mike lays down his cards: two queens for queens over. Chan reluctantly lays down a king, queen for kings up.

Dale and Ricardo JUMP. Their eyes bug out. The crowd gasps, oooooohs and aaaaaaaahs...

EXPERT COMMENTATOR (O.S.)

Ohhhh Vegas's got guts he pegged Chan on the bluff an' put his money out there an' now's got him beat on the board!

Mike fights a smug smile struggling across his face.

Burn.

Fifth: king.

The air in every lung in the entire room gets sucked out. An eerie silence hangs over the casino.

Dale and Ricardo CRUMBLE.

Then the crowd CHEERS.

TV COMMENTATOR (O.S.)

King on the river! The bloody bloke gotta king on the river!

TV SCREEN - Mike stands. He waves to the cheering crowd.

TABLE - Mike nods to Chan in congratulations. Chan nods back.

MIKE (to table)  
Good luck gentlemen.

He leaves the table and faces the crowd who pound him with a THUNDEROUS APPLAUSE.

He LEAPS the rail and JUMPS into Dale's and Ricardo's arms. Fans clap him on the back. A girl kisses him.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
The fucker got it on the river! He  
got it on the RIVER!

INT. BINIONS POKER ROOM - SCOREBOARD -

Mike talking with the poker room manager:

MIKE  
Where'd I finish up?

MANAGER  
Eighteenth. Congratulations Mr.  
Vegas.

DALE/RICARDO  
How much?

MANAGER  
One hundred and ten.

The guys all high five each other, joyous like it's the second coming.

MIKE  
Great! Ok. Well, where's the money?

MANAGER  
The prizes are distributed at the awards ceremony Sunday.

GUYS  
SUNDAY?!

MIKE  
But today is Friday...

MANAGER  
It's quite an event. Televised live.  
Black tie. Great buffet. Open bar.

MIKE

Sounds great but we would really  
like the money now.

MANAGER

It's in the by laws. Can't get around  
it.

Mike puts his arm around the manager's shoulders:

MIKE

Ooooooooooookayyyyyyyyyy, then can you  
put us up in a room until then?

MANAGER

Surrrrrrrre. For a money player the  
hotel's yours! We'll do you up right!

MIKE

An' a girl each for the three of us?

A suit confronts Mike. He's accompanied by a Binions official.

SUIT

Mr. Vegas I'm with the Internal  
Revenue Service and we're going to  
need your real name and you're going  
to have to sign this declaration  
form...

MIKE

Awwwww fuck...

INT. BINIONS SUITE - NIGHT

The guys charge in to the most lavish suite outside of Arabia. Champagne ices in silver buckets. Food steams from buffet trays. Two waiters stand at attention waiting for orders. No chicks though.

GUYS

YEAHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!

INT. BINIONS SUITE - LAVISH SAUNA/SHOWER - LATER

The guys all pig out on plates in their hands in the sauna, soaking up the beautiful steamy shower...

MIKE

I spit in his kung pao chicken!  
River card...I knew he was bluffin'  
an' I called 'im an' y'know what I  
saw guys: fear in his eyes.

CLOSING CREDITS OVER THE FOLLOWING:

## \$100 BLACK JACK TABLE -

Cards are dealt. The clanking of slot machines in the background. Hands placing BLACK and WHITE chip bets, passing, staying.

DALE (O.S.)

So this happened a coupla years ago when we were hacker players an' still had DAY jobs. It was a big weekend, Super Bowl or New Years or something, and we just couldn't get a room anywhere except at this place called the Casablanca wayyyyyy out by Nellis Air Force base. Anyway, in the morning we're drivin' back to Vegas an' we're passing the Air Force base and Mike here goes: "Hey! Let's go check out the Air Force base! I've never seen one before!" So we drive over and at the gate there's a lane next to the booth where the MP sits and there's another lane farther to the side, for tanks or something, I don't know. An' Mike goes: "Hurry! Hurry! Take that one! We don't wanna talk to this guy!" So we're drivin' past the guy in the booth and he's waving at us, waving frantically and Mike here is waving back "Hiiiiiiii" playin' like he's a dumb tourist or something. And we get on the base. So now we're on the base and drivin' around and we're not on the base more'n TWO minutes when I see lights in my mirror an' it's an MP in an MP car tellin' us to pull over. So I pull over. And if you haven't noticed by now just sittin' at the table for the last hour or so, Mike's a big drinker. And it's 'bout 10 am so he's had a few an' he's got one of those big 40 ounce Budweisers in his hand. So I pull over. He screws on the top to the Budweiser, stashes it under the seat and leans into me an' says: "Don't worry, I'll handle this." So he gets outta the car an' starts to walk to the MP and the MP draws his gun. An' the MP's got the gun pointed at Mike and his hand is quaking and his trigger finger's shakin' and the MP shouts: "What I NEED you to do sir is get back in

(MORE)

DALE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
the car!" An' Mike right away shouts  
back: "YOU'RE NEEDS?! WHAT ABOUT MY  
NEEDS?!"

ESTHER (O.S.)  
Dale..? Mike..? Ricardo..? Is that  
you?

DALE (O.S.)  
Oh my gawd Esther! Esther Yank!

ESTHER (O.S.)  
Oh my gawd!!!

DALE (O.S.)  
It's been years!

ESTHER (O.S.)  
These are my daughters! Minny and  
Debbie!

MIKE (O.S.)  
Why hello Minny, helloooo Debbie...

THE END