

**"RUNNER, RUNNER"**

**by**

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**3.0**

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OPEN ON:

THICK JUNGLE, ANTIGUA

A wall of GREEN. The sound of MACHETES HACKING at vines.

GOVERNOR (O.S.)

(Caribbean accent)

You see, this is where the prince  
used to live. Only a few years ago.  
But the jungle takes back with  
greed...

We're on an island. A pair of huge, muscled BUSHWACKERS,  
swinging their machetes, appear from jungle's edge, on a:

BLUFF ABOVE A PRISTINE BEACH.

A local GOVERNOR, bald headed, sweating, steps out.

He holds back some branches for IVAN BLOCK, 30s, Sex Pistols  
T-shirt, twenty-thousand dollar watch, and not sweating so  
much. Smart comes off him like airstrip heat waves.

The Governor indicates prime frontage that the crumbled  
foundation of a prior house occupies.

GOVERNOR

We could put your home here...

GOVERNOR

And finding the right buildings to  
house the business won't be  
difficult at all. Down in town. I  
think you'll find us very  
welcoming, very welcoming indeed.

Block takes in the vista, as unreadable as a Chinese bible.

GOVERNOR

Any questions?

BLOCK

What's your favorite currency?

GOVERNOR

My what?

BLOCK

Some guys go for South African  
Rands. Others need the utility of  
the Euro. And a few still want good  
old American dollars.

(MORE)

BLOCK (CONT'D)

Out of some sort of misguided nostalgia I guess. So tell me, Governor, what's your kink.

GOVERNOR

I like gold.

BLOCK (PRE-LAP)

Well, who the fuck doesn't?

#### ROAD IN THE JUNGLE

Block and the governor have returned to blacked out SUVs.

Block signals his charge d'affairs, a sleek and efficient twenty-seven year old woman, REBECCA SHAFRAN.

BLOCK

...Nice work on this.

From him this is high praise. She nods. For her this is bathing in it.

Shafraan waves to a very competent looking security man, WILSON, who goes into the back of the SUV, comes out with a metal CASE, which he puts heavily at the Governor's feet.

Block gestures "open it." The Governor squats, rubs his hands together, lifts the lid revealing, of course, the gold.

GOVERNOR

Thank you. Oh, thank you.

BLOCK

We don't talk again until I show up. Which may be in a month. Or maybe a year.

GOVERNOR

All will be ready for you.

The Governor lifts the case and disappears into his SUV. Block and Shafraan move toward theirs.

BLOCK

Good dude. We'll be hooked all the way up here.

SHAFRAN

Sometimes I miss home though...The seasons. Don't you?

BLOCK

Pittsburgh? Which part am I supposed to miss? The mills, the smokestacks, or the winters? Down here, I forget what the cold even feels like.

SHAFRAN

Ivan.

A beat.

BLOCK

Alright, I miss it. I'd kill for a Primanti's Kolbassi and cheese. From the original, down in the Strip District. With the 'slaw and fries right on top, and an Iron City brew.

SHAFRAN

We could have some shipped down.

BLOCK

Nah. It's not the same...

Block shakes it off and gets in the car.

CUT TO:

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY

A nasty Nor'easter. The kind the weathermen like to bleat about. Behind the storm somewhere is a college campus.

A FIGURE walks through the storm and enters a dorm.

MCCORMICK HALL

The figure is RICHIE FURST, studied slouch and thrown together attire, with that particular mix of confidence, authority and laid back cool unique to Ivy Leaguers and the lead singer of Vampire Weekend.

He approaches the front desk SECURITY GUARD.

RICHIE

Man, when I took my campus tour it was seventy and sunny...

SECURITY GUARD

Today it's Buffalo.

Richie hands the Guard a paper bag. The Guard opens it and takes out a bagel, and a \$20 bill, then looks the other way as Richie enters.

Richie moves down a hall sliding CARDS under doors. Each passing STUDENT gets one too.

ANGLE ON: Card. "SIGN UP AT ZOMBIEPOKER.COM WITH THIS BONUS CODE, GET FREE \$100 ON YOUR FIRST DEPOSIT."

He 'cards' a TALL STUDENT.

RICHIE

Online poker. Fifty bucks to you for every one of your friends who signs up and makes a deposit.

TALL STUDENT

Sweet...

PARKING LOT

Richie slips cards under the windshield wiper of every car.

GROUP STUDY ROOM, LEWIS LIBRARY

Richie enters on a study group--a DOZEN UNDERGRADS.

RICHIE

What's up ya grinders?

Some "Richies!" go up. RESTON a curly haired guy in a thick sweater looks up from his book.

RESTON

Some of us have to study to pull grades.

Richie leans over, looks at his calculus book.

RICHIE

It's a Leibniz notation, not a Lagrange. There, I saved you half an hour...

LUCY, a bright looking girl, shakes her head.

LUCY

That's what I told 'em.

Richie hands Reston a DIFFERENT CARD.

RICHIE  
Five hundred dollar free tourney.  
Make sure to use the code "Richie-F  
500" when you sign up.

RESTON  
What's the rake-back?

RICHIE  
Code's worth ten percent, credited  
to your account.

LUCY  
What do you get for steering?

RICHIE  
My end.

He offers one to her.

RICHIE  
You a player?

LUCY  
I like blackjack.

Richie goes to his pocket and produces yet another card.

RICHIE  
Casino games--Blackjack. Pai gow.  
Roulette. Slots. Sports if you're  
into it. Don't forget to use my  
code.

LUCY  
It's bitch getting money on the  
sites.

RICHIE  
There are work arounds, Western  
Union, certain e-wallets. I'll  
email you some.

LUCY  
Alright, answer man.

RICHIE  
Hey I'm your high stakes home game,  
your basement casino, and the  
corner store bookie all rolled into  
one delightful package.

UNDERGRAD  
But technically it's not legal...

RICHIE

Like you're 'technically' not a virgin.

Richie exits, leaving 'em laughing.

SMALL WORLD COFFEE, PRINCETON

A bustling coffee shop.

RICHIE

I hate the expression 'I hear you...' 'Cause what it usually means is, 'I'm ignoring you.'

He sits across from a slightly ruffled man thirty-years his senior, PROFESSOR HORNSTEIN

RICHIE

But Professor Hornstein, I hear you. The problem is that I can't do anything about it. Which isn't the same as ignoring you, but is, I know, a long way from a smile.

PROFESSOR HORNSTEIN

Yes, of course. 'Give every man thy ear, but few thy voice.'

Richie has a sip of coffee, maybe he doesn't know what the hell the guy's talking about.

PROFESSOR HORNSTEIN

It's just, I was planning to take my wife skiing in Vermont over break. And now...

RICHIE

Now the sports book has your money. And the poker room has some of it too.

A silent moment. Richie's gaze goes across the room and lands on an expensive looking Bell and Ross WATCH, which is on the wrist of SUCCESSFUL BUSINESSMAN.

The Businessman's hand reaches and CLICKS on his notebook computer as he plays online poker.

PROFESSOR HORNSTEIN

I was hoping, perhaps, you could get it back for me, give me this weekend's plays on credit.

Richie looks down at his own, Timex Ironman, then meets the Professor's eyes again.

PROFESSOR HORNSTEIN

Then, if I lose, which I won't, I pay you back over time, but maybe I win--I mean I'm due--and then--

RICHIE

No.

Richie's hand comes down on the table. Prof. Hornstein jumps. Richie takes a breath.

RICHIE

Worst thing I could do for you, long term, is to carry you...The money owed. The juice. The weight. I watched my dad with that on his back for too many years. Saw what it did. This way is better. Quicker.

PROFESSOR HORNSTEIN

I'm not asking you to return all of it--

RICHIE

You're asking for what I can't give. Look at it this way: if instead of studying for my Shakespeare final, the very final you're giving tomorrow, I went down to Atlantic City, stayed up all night, flamed out on the exam, I couldn't ask you to throw out the score--

PROFESSOR HORNSTEIN

You could ask for a retest...if you're worried about the examination--

RICHIE

Don't, professor.

Richie puts up a hand.

RICHIE

"Neither a borrower nor a lender be; For loan oft loses both itself and friend, And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.

(MORE)

RICHIE (CONT'D)

This above all: to thine own self  
be true, And it must follow, as the  
night the day, Thou canst not then  
be false to any man."

Richie stands.

RICHIE

Not trying to be a schmuck, just  
letting you know I'm ready for the  
exam. And there's no retest on  
Redskins/Giants.

He throws money on the table for the bill, and leaves  
Hornstein muttering to himself.

PROFESSOR HORNSTEIN

Farewell. My blessing season this  
in thee...

LECTURE HALL

Richie, with a couple of CLASSMATES, is about to enter a  
large lecture hall when he feels a hand on his shoulder.

An ADMINISTRATOR in a Tweeds 'R' Us \$200 suit stands there.

\$200 SUIT

Mr. Furst.

On Richie: uh oh.

DEAN MONROE (PRE-LAP O.S.)

...My general concern, Mr. Furst,  
is that you are promoting gambling  
on campus...

CUT TO:

DEAN'S OFFICE

Where academia and the office of development meet.

DEAN ALEX MONROE, serious, smart, patrician, is mid-rant. On  
the receiving end, across the desk, is Richie.

DEAN MONROE

...My more pressing and specific  
concern, the one expressed to me by  
Mr. Arnaud's father, and the reason  
I had you rushed over here...

Dean Monroe gestures to another student, PAUL ARNAUD, nice sweater, fine watch, bred to attend an Ivy.

DEAN MONROE

...Is that you are encouraging Paul to gamble.

RICHIE

(to Paul)

You told your dad that, Paul?

Paul speaks with a British accent.

PAUL

It's his credit card.

RICHIE

You use your dad's credit card in college? I don't know if I should cry for you or wish I was you--

DEAN MONROE

The point is, Mr. Furst--Mr. Arnaud did not send his boy thirty-five hundred miles from home in order to start him on a road to perdition.

RICHIE

I think perdition is a couple exits down the Jersey Turnpike, Dean Monroe. At least.

The Dean bristles, making Richie nervous for the first time.

DEAN MONROE

You are running some kind of virtual casino out of your dorm room! Gambling is forbidden on campus. Bookmaking is forbidden on campus. And if you don't change your tune, you're going to be forbidden on campus as well.

RICHIE

I'm just an affiliate for online gaming companies. It's a marketing position. My job is to introduce players to the websites. I'm just a conduit--

Dean Monroe's patience is wearing thin.

DEAN MONROE

And what do you get for being a  
'conduit?'

RICHIE

What do I get?

DEAN MONROE

What do you get?

RICHIE

A fee for each player I sign up.  
Dean, I'm not living some elaborate  
lifestyle--it's how I'm paying my  
way through this place.

DEAN MONROE

I'm sure you could make a pretty  
penny selling crack too.

RICHIE

I'm not selling anything, I'm in  
marketing--

DEAN MONROE

As am I, Mr. Furst. And what I  
market is this University. I will  
not allow you to degrade it. You  
will close up shop effective  
immediately, or you won't have a  
school to pay for.

ON: Richie.

#### FINANCIAL AID OFFICE

Even at Princeton, desperation is in the air. STUDENTS  
implore harried CLERKS to approve payments, loans, to square  
things away before semester's end.

Richie, the cool insouciance gone, replaced by the nightmare  
he is living, sits with a clerk, DORIS, 50s, West Indian.

DORIS

...It says here on your return you  
declared fifty-two thousand last  
year. That's well above the aid  
threshold--

RICHIE

Yeah, but that income's going away.  
It's gone.

DORIS

It's not gone for our purposes  
until tax day next year.

She leans back and crosses her arms.

DORIS

That's a lotta money, fifty-two  
thousand dollars. I'd like to make  
fifty-two thousand dollars.

She calls out to a COLLEAGUE.

DORIS

Sheila, how'd you like ta make  
fifty-two thousand dollars?

SHEILA

Sign me up.

RICHIE

Well, it doesn't go as far as you  
think.

DORIS

How much do you have left?

RICHIE

Seventeen five, eighteen, maybe.  
Not even a semester at this place.

DORIS

What about your folks?

Richie just shakes his head.

DORIS

Then I guess I gotta give ya the  
best advice we got these days: try  
Lotto.

Richie heads for the door.

RICHIE

Lotto's not my game, Doris.

RICHIE'S DORM ROOM, DOD HALL

Sparse. Single beds. Band posters. Richie's at his desk  
behind his laptop.

ON: Laptop screen. It's a BANK SITE. Richie clicks TRANSFER. BALANCE AVAILABLE: \$17,782.50. He types in \$17,782. RECIPIENT: RICHIE\_F@GAMEWALLET.COM.

JUMP TO A NEW WINDOW:

Now Richie's goes to his gaming site: MIDNIGHTBLACK.COM. He clicks to: MY ACCOUNT.

ON: The computer screen. NOW AVAILABLE: \$17,782.00.

Richie YANKS his power cord out of the wall, puts the laptop under his arm and exits.

LOUNGE, DOD HALL, LATER

Richie is dug in with: massive Slurpee, barbecue chips, Twizzlers, his feet up as he multi-tables NO LIMIT TEXAS HOLD-EM in four separate windows.

He's up, WAY UP. STUDENTS passing by pause, see what's going on, pull up chairs...One of them is CRAIG.

CRAIG

Why'd you raise?

RICHIE

Because it'll outperform the EV of flatting. And he'll spazz in anyway.

CRAIG

I don't know what you just said, so I'm gonna leave the poker to you...Looks like a lot of your bankroll's in play.

RICHIE

All of it, Craigger.

CRAIG

And the next contestant on "Ballsy or Stupid," is Richie Furst.

RICHIE

I'm three tabling and I spot a guy on a fourth who's playing like his life's mission is to give all his money away. Tonight. Check it out.

Richie points to the screen.

DISSOLVE TO LATER

The crowd has grown, as have Richie's fortunes. Guys pass chips and 40 ouncers. A bong makes it's rounds.

RICHIE  
(waving at the smoke)  
Dude, please...

Craig jumps up, flapping his arms.

CRAIG  
No contact high! He's gotta stay sharp!

Richie plays with a GUPPY AVATAR. His STACKS reveal he's over \$50,000.

RICHIE  
Come on, baby...Damn.

Richie takes a loss. Craig leans in and whispers.

CRAIG  
You cracked fifty K. You think maybe you want pull back some of that cake--

RICHIE  
You think you could pull back some? The Cool Ranch Dorito breath is doing an assault and battery on me.

CRAIG  
Sorry...

RICHIE  
Besides, fifty doesn't get me to graduation, and statistically if the guy keeps playing this badly, I have to reel him in. You just don't find fish this big everyday.

But then things start to tip.

ANGLE ON: The screen. Richie has Kings up and his opponent, a LITTLE GIRL WITH PIGTAILS AVATAR, FOLDS.

RICHIE  
Oh, no, you've gotta be kidding me...How do you know to fold...?

Quick CUTS as: Richie goes on an EPIC LOSING STREAK. Some spectators start to drift away at the carnage.

GUY  
 (to his friend)  
 'Oh the humanity...'

FRIEND  
 That's what they said when the  
 Hindenburg crashed, right?

GUY  
 Another Jersey disaster.

They leave.

RICHIE  
 Come on, don't bet at it...  
 Fold...Shit!

The Little Girl With Pigtails CALLS and wins the pot.

RICHIE  
 How'd you know to bet at  
 that?...How'd he know eight high  
 was good...

Screen name MR. SNIFFLES, a CUB SCOUT AVATAR, claims stacks  
 of Richie's chips. Craig is the only one left watching.

And on it goes as Richie gets CLEANED OUT...Craig gives him a  
 buck-up slap on the shoulder.

CRAIG  
 Bro, I've never seen anyone get  
 that lucky...and unlucky.

He leaves Richie to his misery.

#### PRINCETON PLASMA PHYSICS LAB

The lab is shuttered for the night except for some insanely  
 complicated colliders and accelerators that never power down.

PERDEEP, a tired looking physics major, has the night shift,  
 and Richie's brought him a coffee.

RICHIE  
 I'm telling you, it's a statistical  
 anomaly.

PERDEEP  
 That's what every losing gambler  
 thinks. Let me see it...

RICHIE

I'm playing all night and crushing it. I win a couple of Sit & Gos. I move to high stakes No Limit heads up, and I come across these anonymous players who are utter fish, the worst ever...until they start eating me up. Bad plays, unbelievable calls, less than optimal strategies. Way less than optimal. But it all worked.

PERDEEP

Pros?

RICHIE

I don't think so. Pros don't play like that, and are happy to ID themselves. I was so sure this guy was a sucker that I zeroed in on him. Instead I picked the form of my destructor--I picked the Sta-Puft Marshmallow Man. I was cheated.

PERDEEP

Let me see the hand history already.

Richie pulls out a phone-book thick stack of paper.

PERDEEP

Jeez, play much?

Perdeep starts thumbing through the computer printout. To him it's like porn.

PERDEEP

Hmmm. This looks whacked up, man.

RICHIE

Out. Whacked out. Or screwed up.

PERDEEP

Whatever, it's a statistical anomaly.

RICHIE

That's what I said.

Perdeep rolls away in his chair toward a computer. He starts inputting data.

TIME CUT:

Morning light peeks in. Richie is face down on the desk.

ANGLE ON: Perdeep's screen. It looks like a radar scope. Thousands of DOTS clustered in the center. A few RED DOTS around the outside.

PERDEEP

Holy shit, man, this is way outside the norm...

Richie pops up, looks at the screen.

PERDEEP

I pulled down thousands of normal accounts with at least twenty five hundred recorded hands. Look how far outside the normal win rates the guys who beat you are

RICHIE

What's that, over a million to one?

PERDEEP

Dude, it's like winning the lottery...Four days in a row.

RICHIE

Fuck me.

PERDEEP

Dude, I think you were cheated.

RICHIE

I think I was cheated.

Richie starts heading for the door.

CUT TO:

A BUS, TRAVELING

Into New Rochelle, NY.

PERDEEP (V.O.)

Where are you going?

RICHIE

Costa Rica...

CUT TO:

## AN OLIVE GARDEN

Pasta appetizers have been served. There's a bottle of Chianti on the table too. Richie sits with his mother EILEEN, 50s, letting the salt and pepper happen.

EILEEN

You're going where?

RICHIE

You heard me.

EILEEN

That's why you had to see me now.

RICHIE

I hate missing Christmas with you, ma, but I have to get my money back.

EILEEN

Can't you go to the authorities?

RICHIE

They don't have jurisdiction in C.R. That's why the sites are set up there. I have to try and get the money back myself.

EILEEN

You know who you sound like when you talk that way? Who you look like? Your father.

This pushes Richie's buttons, but he keeps it in check.

RICHIE

I'm nothing like dad. First of all: I'm telling you I'm leaving. Second: I'm coming back. And third: I'm not going there to gamble.

EILEEN

Can we talk about how we're going to keep you in school?

RICHIE

You have a 100K lying around?

EILEEN

Funny stuff. You move back home.  
We economize until houses are  
starting to sell again. You go to  
White Plains Community for a year--

RICHIE

They don't even let you invest in a  
hedge fund if you went to community  
college, ma. I need to finish  
Princeton.

EILEEN

Well, I'm sorry I can't help more.  
Maybe if I tap my 401K early--

RICHIE

No. I hate that you even have to  
worry about it at all after  
everything you've done for me.

EILEEN

It's what people do, Richie, they  
worry about their kid. And then, if  
they're lucky, their only son comes  
to take them to Christmas dinner  
nine days early.

RICHIE

And to ask them for money.

EILEEN

How much?

It kills him to ask. But he has to.

RICHIE

Five hundred.

She immediately goes to her purse, checks her wallet.

EILEEN

I'll have to go to an ATM...

RICHIE

Ma, I promise--

EILEEN

Just do me one favor. Leave  
yourself a trail of bread crumbs  
back home.

PRE-LAP the sound of CHOPPER ROTORS.

HARAS FLORIDA STUD FARM, COSTA RICA

A Sikorsky touches down in a green field. Neat stables, and sleek thoroughbreds run around nearby.

Wilson opens the door and Block, in a Steven Alan shirt, Converse All-Stars, and holding a messenger bag, crosses to a Costa Rican man, DELEGATE HERERRA, looking at a horse.

DELEGATE HERERRA

This is going to be a good one to bet on. His name is "Ojo Rojo," remember him.

BLOCK

You bet on him.

Block rests the messenger bag at Delegate Herrera's feet.

BLOCK

Paid in full. In dollars not colons of course.

DELEGATE HERERRA

What was paid in full is now only half. Next time send five hundred.

ON: Block. This has happened before, and he doesn't like it, but all he shows is a smile.

BLOCK

Here it comes...

DELEGATE HERERRA

You may find this hard to believe, because of how welcoming my country can be, but there are some of my colleagues in the legislature who believe your kind is ruining the real Costa Rica.

BLOCK

Ruining it? I'm a one man stimulus package in this shithole. I employ hundreds, at wages better than--

DELEGATE HERERRA

And that's what I tell them of course. But they go on about how the gringos and their online gaming money attracts undesirables, breeds prostitution, even drugs

BLOCK

How much have I given you?

DELEGATE HERERRA

Who keeps track of such things?

Hererra rubs his fingers together as if wiping away dirt.

BLOCK

I dunno, when I give a guy five point seven million over three and a half years, I notice it.

Block turns to him.

BLOCK

That's the kind of number that sticks with me. And in return, I guess I want more than a tip on a horse. I want a little stability.

DELEGATE HERERRA

Well, we are stable, we've been a democracy for over fifty years. Why? Because we haven't given the people a reason to unseat us. But you know where else was a stable democracy? Cuba. Until outside gambling interests tipped the balance.

Now Delegate Hererra turns on Block.

DELEGATE HERERRA

So I need to balance you against a revolution. It's geo-political. And the people of this country would love to have an American hauled in as the face of corruption. That's why it's going to cost you more.

BLOCK

Oooooh. Dramatic. My balls just tucked in a little.

He starts towards his chopper.

BLOCK

Your English has gotten a hell of a lot better over the past three and half years by the way.

CUT TO:

BING

You are now free to use your wireless devices. We are in an...AIRPLANE.

FIND Richie, standing to get down his backpack. Across the aisle, a guy around Richie's age, thin, sleeveless T-shirt revealing Asian tats. This is Billy Petricoff, PET.

PET

Hey, hoss, could you get mine down?

Pet points to a backpack next to Richie's.

RICHIE

Sure, *hoss*.

Richie grabs both packs, puts his in his seat, notices that Pet's is flying the Full Tilt Poker flag.

RICHIE

You're a Tilt affiliate?

PET

Used to be. I have a skin now. Pet Poker. Pet Sports.

RICHIE

Pet! I'm Richie Furst.

PET

Oh, Richie! Dude, I had you totally different. Older.

RICHIE

I had you a little less scummy looking.

PET

Shouldda met me before I had any money. I looked like you.

Pet laughs, opens his laptop.

PET

Coming down for the gaming convention?

RICHIE

Not exactly.

PET

Who's bringing you over?

RICHIE

My own Ben Franklins. I'm hoping to get face to face with Ivan Block.

PET

Good luck with that. I got a shot at a meeting with him too. Supposed to be four o'clock tomorrow.

CRONIN (O.S.)

Bullshit...

From a seat behind, ANDREW CRONIN, Wharton cocky under a computer nerd exterior.

PET

Shut up, Cronin.

CRONIN

If Block wanted to meet you, you'd be on a fucking G5, not Jet Blue.

PET

The meeting's with his number two. That goes well, I sit with Block.

CRONIN

And if it goes bad you're F. Murray Abraham dangling from a chopper.

Cronin sticks out a hand to Richie.

CRONIN

Andrew C.

RICHIE

Richie F.

CRONIN

I used to think I was getting face time with Block too, but the man's the Wizard of fucking Oz--and no one gets behind the curtain.

ON: Richie taking in this bad news.

CRONIN

How are you gonna do it?

RICHIE

I've got a few ideas...

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR OF PLANE WHIPPING PAST CAMERA AND THEN...

EXIT OF JUAN SANTAMARIA INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT

Pet and Cronin are loaded into a sleek Mercedes van by professional looking WOMEN WITH CLIPBOARDS and it races away.

Richie, a bit lost, walks alone toward a line of red taxis.

AERIAL SHOT OF COSTA RICA

Green and hilly. The red taxi rolls along the road from the airport.

HOTEL DEL MAR, SAN JOSE

The door opens and Richie enters a dump of a room. He sets his bag down.

He goes to the window--nothing out there but street and the sides of buildings, and a gleaming hotel tower rising in the distance. He sits down on the bed.

SEASIDE HOUSE, COSTA RICA

Two middle-aged men, one in a ROBE, the other in a TOWEL, sit on a plush couch.

ROBE

What I want you to know, Ivan, is that when I'm President, I'll pardon you within my first hundred days and get you back home.

Block, in a suit for the first time, but no tie, sits across from them.

BLOCK

Thank you, Congressman, but since it's your first term in the House, can we think about something more immediate?

TOWEL

The problem isn't just the IRS and back taxes--which is a very high number--but the flouting of the UIGEA wire act.

BLOCK

Limited travel back to the States.  
An assurance from the F.B.I., from  
the State Department, that I won't  
be picked up at the airport the  
minute I land.

Towel and Robe look at each other grimly.

ROBE

It's not that I consider online  
gambling a crime--

TOWEL

(quick to join)  
Me either.

ROBE

Though the statutes currently say  
that it is.

BLOCK

I'm working on that.

ROBE

And one day it may change.

TOWEL

One day soon.

ROBE

But for now--

BLOCK

Guys, online gaming is a fifty  
billion dollar business. I'm not  
getting all of it, but I'm getting  
my fair share. Talk some sense into  
your colleagues in D.C. and get  
your fair share too.

ROBE

We understand you're homesick--

This tweaks Block.

BLOCK

Homesick? I'm not off at summer  
camp. It's a matter of freedom.

He takes it down a notch.

BLOCK

When Napoleon got exiled to Elba, you know what he said he missed most? Walking down Rue St. Honore in Paris. Me? I can go to Paris anytime I want. I was there last Christmas. But I can't walk down Rush Street. I can't walk down Broadway and I can't walk down Art Rooney Avenue either. You know what that's like for a fucking Steelers fan?

ROBE

I can only imagine.

TOWEL

We can see about raising the issue in committee...

An attractive young MASSEUSE appears in the doorway.

MASSEUSE

The table is set up. Who's first?

Robe stands, as does Block.

BLOCK

Enjoy the house and the rest of your week, boys.

TOWEL

Thanks, Ivan.

OUTSIDE THE HOUSE

Waiting by an Escalade is Wilson.

BLOCK

How many of these yahoos have we rolled through here?

WILSON

Congressmen? Seventeen.

BLOCK

It only takes one to say yes... Those two aren't looking to help me. The cameras set?

WILSON

Oh, yeah.

Block shucks his suit jacket and they both get in the Escalade.

MC (PRE-LAP V.O.)  
 Welcome IGamers, site providers,  
 programmers, vendors, affiliates,  
 players, enthusiasts, and guests...

CUT TO:

HOTEL CONVENTION FLOOR

The world of gambling is here. Row after row of booths, kiosks and displays of all manner of GAMING WARES.

MC (V.O.)  
 To the Online Casino Expo, Costa Rica, where work and play go hand in hand...

Standard slot machines, video poker, video blackjack, tables, roulette wheels--and shit we've never heard of that we'll be hooked on in three years.

The MC continues his spiel as Richie moves through the event, which resembles a combo CES and AVN ADULT ENTERTAINMENT EXPO.

SPOKESMODELS, WHALES, NERDS, and elements of EURO and ASIAN ORGANIZED CRIME and everything in between hock him to check their booths, play at their sites, otherwise dump his money.

Richie collects invites, vouchers and crap and keeps moving until he sees the crowded MIDNIGHT BLACK BOOTH. It's a step above the rest, with flatscreens playing presentations filled with images of Ivan Block on speed boats and Gulfstreams.

At the eye of the storm is Rebecca Shafran. Everybody wants a piece of her. Richie moves into the crowd.

ANGLE SHOOTER #1 is banking on the third comeback for Member's Only jackets.

ANGLE SHOOTER #1  
 Five minutes. I'm just looking for five minutes.

REBECCA  
 And I'm looking to be the fall cover for Italian Vogue. Not gonna happen for us--

ANGLE SHOOTER #1  
 Hey, it could--

REBECCA

Maybe for me. Give me your card,  
I'll put you on the call list.

The Angle Shooter hands over a card. Richie tries to move in, but a EURO-TYPE takes his place.

EURO-TYPE

Rebecca, darling, please, you must get me some time with Ivan to discuss an opportunity in my new venture in Croatia--

REBECCA

Thierry, darling, nothing says disaster like 'opportunity' and 'Croatia.'

Rebecca grabs a JUNIOR EXEC.

REBECCA

Triage this, Paul, best you can.  
I'll be back.

She turns to go.

PAUL

Great dress, by the way. I like, I like.

REBECCA

Thanks. You're gonna have to like it, I'll be in it all night. No time to breathe, much less change.

JUNIOR EXEC.

I know. I'm buried with party requests for tonight--

REBECCA

Like the war on drugs, Paul: Just Say No.

She peels off from the throng, moving at top speed. Richie dumps his promo swag, darts down a lane of booths, catching glimpses of her. He turns the corner, almost mowing her down.

RICHIE

Ms. Shafran--

REBECCA

Please, I haven't been called that since the last time I was deposed. It brings up bad memories. Rebecca.

RICHIE  
Rebecca, I'm Richie Furst, and--

REBECCA  
You smell like an affiliate.

RICHIE  
Not anymore.

REBECCA  
But you want something.

RICHIE  
I need five minutes.

REBECCA  
I don't have five minutes--

RICHIE  
With Block, not you. I mean you can  
be there--

REBECCA  
Oh thanks.

RICHIE  
Well, you're cute.

REBECCA  
That's not a word I hear very  
often.

RICHIE  
Most guys don't know how to talk to  
women. They're good with girls. But  
they get nervous around a real  
broad.

REBECCA  
Your father teach you to talk that  
way?

RICHIE  
It was only me and mom.

REBECCA  
Of course it was.

RICHIE  
So do I get the five minutes?

REBECCA  
No. But it was cute.

She smiles at him, moves on. Richie's left alone in the din and clatter.

#### RICHIE'S ROOM, HOTEL DEL MAR

Richie, in a towel, is soaking BLANK WHITE PAPERS in a series of FILM DEVELOPING TRAYS on his desk.

Another set of PAGES, also blank, hangs drying on a line.

Richie goes and starts to get dressed.

#### CASINO, HOTEL DEL RAY

It's night. Richie, in what passes for his finery, a small garment bag over his arm enters the casino, which is lavish and packed with GAMBLERS.

The CASINO LOUNGE is full of AFFILIATES and PARTY GIRLS. Dom and Cristal pops and spills into glasses.

There is a CLUB in the casino with BOUNCERS manning a roped off door.

Richie makes his way to a video poker machine and sits down.

DISSOLVE: To much later. The lounge party has grown. Richie is still in place, slowly feeding the video poker machine.

There is a STIR in the casino and all eyes go to a GROUP ROLLING through towards the nightclub. It is Ivan Block and his retinue, including Wilson and some STUNNING LADIES.

Richie gets up and heads straight for them, the ropes part and the group disappears inside before he gets there.

A tough looking AMERICAN DOORMAN turns to the throng of party wannabes, Richie now among them.

#### DOORMAN

Listen, people. If you're not on this list or palming me a ten thousand dollar bill, you're not getting in here tonight. There's no line you can throw or name you can drop I haven't heard. So go gamble or drink or otherwise get the hell out of here.

Nobody really moves. If anything the throng seems to grow.

And then Richie SEES: Rebecca Shafran approaching. As the Doorman opens the ropes for her, Richie works his way to her.

RICHIE  
Rebecca. Walk me in with you.

REBECCA  
Now why would I do that?

RICHIE  
Because even though you look killer  
in it, you're tired of that dress.

He lifts the garment bag up, unzips it. She takes a look: a stylish cocktail dress.

REBECCA  
(smiling)  
You've got to be kidding.

ON: The Doorman: "what a douche."

RICHIE  
It's yours. No joke.

REBECCA  
You went out and spent your money  
to get me this?

RICHIE  
All of it.

REBECCA  
Well that's fucking adorable.

She takes the garment bag. Hands it to the Doorman.

REBECCA  
Hold this for me...And let him in.

DOORMAN  
(disbelieving)  
You got it, Ms. Shafran.

She breezes by and goes through the door. The Doorman shrugs and opens the rope to Richie. The Doorman puts a hand on Richie's shoulder, stopping him.

DOORMAN  
Hey, what do you got there?

Richie pulls out the ROLLED UP PAPERS. They are BLANK.

DOORMAN  
Alright, have fun.

RICHIE  
Oh, I will...

Richie gives him a hearty whack on the shoulder and enters.

#### INSIDE THE CLUB

The place is packed, music and lights pumping. Richie moves around for a glimpse of Block, who is tucked away in the VIP area, behind even more security than outside.

Richie walks toward them. A pair of BOOKEND SECURITY men practically flex down on Richie, cutting off his progress.

Retreating, Richie starts SCOPING the room, specifically the ceiling. He spots an EYE IN THE SKY SECURITY CAM near the bathrooms.

Richie grabs a hip leather seating cube and climbs up on it. He takes out the papers.

ON: The papers. In the black light of the nightclub the paper now GLOWS WITH TEXT printed in PHOSPHORESCENT INK.

Club-goers give Richie strange looks as he occasionally turns the page.

SECURITY CAM POV: Richie's message, glowing green, reads "MR. BLOCK, I'VE BEEN CHEATED. HERE'S THE PROOF." The following pages are the HAND HISTORIES.

Within moments, a TEAM OF SECURITY in blazers flood into the club. A PAIR grabs Richie, pulling him down, ripping the pages out of his hand.

Another PAIR heads to Block and whisper in his ear. He sits up, concerned.

Richie is in the process of getting roughly yoked out of the club when Block stands and signals his security to stop.

BLOCK  
You better say something smart  
because you're about to get bounced  
out of here.

RICHIE  
My name's Richie Furst. I was  
cheated by your site.

BLOCK

If I had a dollar for every time  
some chump swore he was cheated, I  
wouldn't even need a business.

RICHIE

And if I had a dollar at all, I  
wouldn't be standing here. Mr.  
Block, I ran a multi-modal sample  
distribution at the Plasma Physics  
lab at Princeton. These numbers are  
-3 sigma. That means they fall  
substantially below the standard  
deviation. I may seem insane, but  
my math isn't.

There is a murmur in the crowd. Pet and Cronin are there and  
look on with worry, while Rebecca Shafran observes it coolly.

BLOCK

All right, show it to me.

One of the Security guys hands over the pages.

RICHIE

I could've gone to the internet  
forums, chat rooms, exposed the  
whole thing, but I came to you.

Block stares at Richie a long beat. Smiles. Then...

BLOCK

Uh huh. Get him out of here.

RICHIE

Make sure you read until the very  
end. Surprise there for you. I'm at  
the Del Mar...

Richie is dragged away. But Block glances down at the papers  
he's holding.

RICHIE'S ROOM, HOTEL DEL MAR

Morning light spills into his hotel room. Richie lays awake  
on his bed, dressed in last night's clothes, which are now  
ripped and dirty from his treatment.

Suddenly there's BANGING on the door.

Richie gets painfully to his feet and opens it to reveal the  
imposing forms of the Bookends from the nightclub.

RICHIE  
Good morning, boys.

CUT TO:

A LAUNCH

Cuts across the ocean away from a marina. Wilson drives it. The Bookends are on either side of an uncomfortable Richie.

He's trying to keep his cool, but doesn't know if it's his last boat ride.

They pull into view of a hundred fifty foot SUPER YACHT with the draft of a guided missile destroyer. It carries wave-runners, a speedboat launch, and has a helipad.

"The House" is painted across the transom.

"THE HOUSE"

It's big. It's tricked out. And Richie's awe manages to compete with his fear.

A CREWMAN points him to the rear deck, which is like an outdoor living room, then departs.

Richie stops when he sees: IVAN BLOCK, shoeless, in shorts, Franco Harris T-shirt, and backwards ball cap.

Cleaning a fish. Knife. Bucket. WHUMP, the head is cleaved cleanly off.

Block turns, smiles easily, knife raised.

BLOCK  
Come on over. Unless it'll make you sick.

RICHIE  
Not me.

Block runs the knife up the belly, flicking offal into the bucket.

BLOCK  
No you don't want to come over here? Or no, it won't make you sick?

Richie moves to him.

RICHIE

My dad and I used to fish...before he left. I mean, I've cleaned fish before.

BLOCK

I don't always do it. But I like to. You know, if you're going to kill something, know it, respect it. The Indians had that right. And then not a whole lot until they figured out the casino scam in the 80s.

Richie laughs, as Block expertly slices long filets free.

RICHIE

But they did nail that one, huh?

BLOCK

I sent a letter in when I was a kid. Tried to convince them I was 1/8th Pequot.

RICHIE

They didn't buy it?

BLOCK

Nothing comes that easy. Not to me.

Block finishes with the fish, which is now tail and spine, puts down the knife, shakes off his gloves.

BLOCK

Let's do this part over. I'm Ivan.

RICHIE

Richie Furst.

BLOCK

Come on. Let's get out of the heat.

As he leads Richie into a passageway a GALLEY WORKER appears, removes the bucket, fish and knife.

SALON, "THE HOUSE"

An opulent sitting room. Mahogany paneling, incredible views through panoramic windows. Basquiats, a Bloomberg terminal. A series of flatscreens silently broadcast sports.

Block sits, takes off his Patek Phillippe and rests it facedown on a table. Message: 'I've got nothing but time.'

BLOCK

Only a handful of people in the world have been on one of these-- mostly billionaires, heads of state, and you know, models. A Russian oligarch built it, but he got too big and too greedy and never took possession. Brother, you get too big or too greedy, they kill you or throw you in a gulag-- either way, you lose your boat.

RICHIE

Noted. Why "The House?"

BLOCK

Because the house always wins...

Block moves over to a desk, Richie's papers are there, treated with something that makes them readable in daylight.

BLOCK

Which is why I don't need to cheat.

RICHIE

You're saying the math is wrong.

BLOCK

No, no the math is right. Someone in the basement put a trap door in our program so they could see players' cards. You caught it. The handjobs in compliance missed it. They're all fired now.

Richie nods.

BLOCK

And you--you came to me, like little Henry Hill, and didn't say anything to anyone, because you know that rumors of cheating and bullshit can infect a site like goddamn bedbugs. I appreciate it. And I am badass at showing my appreciation.

Block crosses over to Richie.

BLOCK

First of all, you've been checked into The Intercontinental, and the money you lost has been credited to your account.

Things are starting to get good for Richie.

RICHIE

Thank you.

BLOCK

Do me a favor: Don't try to win your tuition again.

RICHIE

How the fuck did you find that out?

BLOCK

How do you think I found out?

RICHIE

You studied my player history, you ran it through your algorithm, saw I was playing way above my mean, cross-referenced it against my socioeconomic background--

BLOCK

Relax, egghead. I bribed your roommate.

RICHIE

Oh.

BLOCK

If you call a weekend at Atlantis a bribe. Your way would've worked too. But hey, I understand why you were so desperate.

RICHIE

You do?

BLOCK

Sure. Come on, you went to college thinking Wall Street would be waiting for you like an oyster when you got out. You wanted to get rich and look respectable doing it. But guess what? What used to pay two hundred thousand for starters now pays forty. So you're not getting rich so fast.

(MORE)

BLOCK (CONT'D)

And it sure as shit ain't respectable. So instead of a loft in Soho, you'll be commuting from Trenton for your hundred-hour work weeks. The odds of landing a good spot at a top hedge fund these days are like hitting runner runner in a hand of Texas Hold 'Em.

Richie's future is like a smoking ruin right in front of him.

BLOCK

I put a little extra in there too. For your trouble. See you through Senior year.

ON RICHIE: Holy shit!

BLOCK

Now why'd you hand me your player list at the end of the document?

RICHIE

It was a gesture. To make sure I had your attention.

BLOCK

Bullshit. You gave me your whole business. Granted, it's the size of a fucking gnat's dick compared to mine, but it was everything you had. No one does that to catch someone's eye.

RICHIE

That's true. I came to Costa Rica to get my money back. That's all. But then, when I was sitting in my hotel room, I looked out the window. The view was a brick fucking wall. But above it, there they were: all the towers of the nice hotels and the casinos. And in that moment. I wanted in. I decided it was time to take my shot.

Block wears a half-smile.

BLOCK

You just won me a grand.

RICHIE

How's that?

BLOCK

I bet Rebecca you wouldn't get off this boat without asking me for a job.

RICHIE

Ask for a job? No, you're offering.

BLOCK

Oh, is that what I'm doing?

RICHIE

You could've sent word to my hotel. Emailed my player account. But you put on this show instead...

Richie gestures around.

RICHIE

This whole thing was an interview, and the extra money's a signing bonus.

Now Block is smiling fully.

BLOCK

You just learned the first lesson of Costa Rica. No one gives you shit. You have to reach out and fucking take it.

Camera pulls back from yacht, and...

BLOCK (V.O.)

You're gonna start where everyone does...

HOTEL DEL REY

Richie enters.

CASINO, HOTEL DEL REY

The tables are filled, neon lights, jackpots, and shouts of "Pagando Blackjack!" Richie crosses the gaming floor.

BLOCK (V.O.)

In the basement...Thanks to you there are some recent vacancies.

Moving towards him is a rotund man in a loud shirt and chewing a cigar. He is ARCHIE.

ARCHIE  
You Richie?

RICHIE  
Yeah--

Archie turns and walks away, looks back and waves him along.

BASEMENT, HOTEL DEL REY

As the freight elevator opens, so does the door on Richie's new life. He and Archie get out, move down a corridor.

ARCHIE  
You don't enter through the gaming floor. That's not our property. The government leases us the basement.

Block's voice continues O.S.

BLOCK (V.O.)  
You're gonna focus on Search Engine Optimization. SEO's a major artery for me...

They turn the corner into a large BULLPEN.

BLOCK (V.O.)  
We've been getting our asses kicked by younger, hungrier shops. But whenever someone Googles "poker," "blackjack," or "sports bet" I want us to be top five.

Fluorescent lights, no frills desks, phones and computers manned by dozens of COSTA RICANS.

BLOCK (V.O.)  
Not top ten, top five. If they search for dice, card tables, poker chips I want 'em...

RICHIE (V.O.)  
I'm gonna build it so if someone searches "potato chips" they're gonna end up on your site.

They continue past a makeshift TELEVISION STUDIO set up with bright lights shining on a TOPLESS GIRL dealing blackjack.

RICHIE  
What the hell is that?

ARCHIE

Virtual age. A guy wants to play blackjack against a topless dealer from the comfort of his own living room, it's a two hundred fifty dollar fee. He wants his choice of topless dealer, it's five hundred.

There is a line of waiting ATTRACTIVE DEALERS.

They reach a desk and chair mashed in the corner.

ARCHIE

...You live here.

Archie waves at different pods.

ARCHIE

Those guys are like you, but for casino games. Those guys are working the sportsbook...Them, customer support. Emails, live chat, any problems players have.

RICHIE

And them?

Richie points at another group of Costa Ricans at computers.

ARCHIE

Payments fraud team. They check to see IP addresses and credit card bin numbers match the locations players say they're from. You got a Bank of America credit card with an IP resolving to Estonia--red flag.

RICHIE

And them?

He points at several CIGAR CHOMPERS from Brooklyn, who walk around monitoring activity.

ARCHIE

They get involved if there is fraud. You stay away from them.

RICHIE

(funny guy)

What if I'm looking for someone to go to church with--

Archie turns and stares into Richie's face silencing him.

ARCHIE  
Stay away from 'em.

Archie walks away. Richie sits down at his desk, boots up the computer and gets to work.

DISSOLVE TO:

BASEMENT

It's LATER, days or weeks, but it seems like Richie hasn't moved. He looks up to see Block moving through the office.

Richie goes after him.

RICHIE  
Ivan, I sent you ten emails--

BLOCK  
What do you want?

RICHIE  
I know an affiliate's business is a gnat's dick. But all of 'em together is an elephant's cock and it's fucking you in the ass.

Block is half-pissed, half-amused.

BLOCK  
And you can fix it.

RICHIE  
I can fix it.

CUT TO:

HOTEL SUITE

Three dozen AFFILIATES, all under twenty-five, all guys like Pet and Cronin, and Pet and Cronin, are collapsed on couches playing online poker and blackjack on laptops. Richie enters.

RICHIE  
Fellas. You hear that sound?  
That's the gravy train screeching to halt. I was one of you, so I know how it works. I'm the new sheriff and you are the new fucked. I know all the scams. I invented a few of them.

He points at one SLICK LOOKING AFFILIATE.

RICHIE

Marino, I tracked your players. If you're gonna pay the same thirty guys to sign up and re-sign up, maybe next time get 'em to use different computers. We paid you three-hundred a head, you paid em, what, a hundred of that, and they disappeared after initial deposit.

MARINO

I can't control whether they play--

RICHIE

You're done.

MARINO

Fuck. I knew I should have bought a few laptops, used some Florida State guys.

The others laugh as Marino leaves.

RICHIE

All of you have run something similar. That's all done. So is CPA...

Nervous groans.

RICHIE

We're moving off Cost Per Acquisition and going to Revenue Share. Find some real players. This way, you win when we win.

Grumbles. Pet and Cronin shake their heads.

PET

What kind of a prick did this guy turn into?

RICHIE

But to show you that I'm not a hard hearted man...we're changing something else. Speed of pay. You will get deposits daily instead of every week. Help your cash flow...

Now the grumbles turn to whoops!

## HALLWAY

As the meeting breaks, Richie waits for Pet and Cronin.

RICHIE

Guys--

PET

Look it's the newly crowned King of the World.

CRONIN

King of the Dick-fors.

RICHIE

You want to be little bitches or come help me optimize SEO?

That shuts 'em up.

## BASEMENT

Two more desks are crammed around Richie's and Pet and Cronin, heads on swivels, are installed.

RICHIE

SEO's a major artery for us...

Richie leans in over their shoulders.

RICHIE

We've been getting our asses kicked by younger, hungrier shops. But whenever someone Googles "poker," "blackjack," or "sports bet" we need to be top three. Not top five, top three.

CRONIN

We should create informational sites that are veiled ads for us.

RICHIE

Good.

PET

And I've got a team in India we can use dirt cheap that will imbed links in the chatboards of high traffic sites.

RICHIE

Love it.

Richie sits down and they all get to it.

BLOCK (V.O.)

Party at my place, your driver will  
pick you up. Your pod can come to.

CUT TO:

FRONT OF IVAN BLOCK'S ESTATE, NIGHT

Glowing torches line the long driveway of an unbelievable  
mountaintop estate. High end automobiles discharge a GOOD  
LOOKING CROWD.

Richie is in the back seat of an SUV piloted by a driver, a  
burly, local man named ESTEBAN.

ESTEBAN

This area is called Escazu, it's  
like the St. Tropez of Central  
America.

RICHIE

Buddy, I wouldn't know St. Tropez  
from San Pedro.

ESTEBAN

Me either. I've just heard it said.  
The rich people live here.

RICHIE

Got it.

Richie sees military type GUARDS, armed with machine guns,  
positioned in front of the house.

RICHIE

Is he expecting an attack?

ESTEBAN

This can be a dangerous place. You  
won't even notice 'em before long.

The car stops and the door is opened by a Valet.

RICHIE

Uh, how am I supposed to get back?

ESTEBAN

I'll be here.

RICHIE

You will?

## ESTEBAN

This is your car. I work for you  
now...

Richie takes this in as he gets out. A WAITRESS in body paint offers him a drink.

## BLOCK'S HOUSE, OUTSIDE BY THE POOL

It's like Vegas relocated. But not today's Vegas, instead, it's the Vegas of your dreams. Richie appears, drink in hand.

HEAR: Music thumping.

SEE: WOMEN. Some in Block's employ, GO-GO GIRLS in bikinis dance on platforms. Others on their own hustle.

And for the ladies--shirtless and buffed WAITERS in old school Chippendales bowties and cuffs serve drinks.

SOME FAMOUS FACES ARE GROUPED BY A PHOTO RETURN EMBLAZONED BY EVENT'S VODKA SPONSOR: TOM DWAN, PHIL IVEY, PHIL LAAK, JENNIFER TILLY and VANESSA ROUSSO enjoying themselves with some PRO ATHLETES.

Block, with a mega watt smile and a girl near both arms strolls amongst them. He speaks to flashing cameras and VIDEO.

## BLOCK

...We've had a great year, and  
what better way to share it than  
with some of our good friends...And  
remember, 'the real fun starts at  
Midnight--Midnight Black.'

CASINO TABLE GAMES--Blackjack, Roulette, and Crap--are just starting to warm up.

RICHIE'S POV: He takes it all in. And then, Pop, pop, pop, pop, pop!

AT THE POOLSIDE BAR: A group of young IGAMING EXECS, including Pet and Cronin, with GIRLS in MINIDRESSES blast the corks off a squadron of Cristal.

It sprays everywhere. They drink out of bottles. Pet grabs a bottle out of an ice tub, the way regular people get a beer at a barbecue.

Richie makes his way over.

PET

Word to the wise: always grab the  
Cristal while it's there.

RICHIE

Not much of a bubbly guy.

PET

Me neither, generally--

CRONIN

But the ladies love it.

Pet and Richie just stare at him for a second. Then crack up.

RICHIE

Must've been some moment when you  
figured that one out, Cronin.

PET

What else can you tell us about the  
ladies, playa?

CRONIN

Oh, fuck you guys.

Richie's laughter is interrupted by a text.

ANGLE ON: The Text Message. "COME FIND ME OUT BACK. IB."

Richie starts making his way through the party.

THE BACK PATIO

Slightly private, separated from the main party with a view  
of the pool, with a footbridge suspended across a gorge.

Block is there alone, a far cry from the PR blast he just  
gave, at his feet a half-dozen frozen BUTTERBALL TURKEYS.

Richie walks onto the bridge. Block hoists a turkey

BLOCK

Some people use a two-handed  
technique. I'm more of a shot-  
putter myself.

RICHIE

What?

Block puts the turkey on his shoulder and LAUNCHES it out  
over the gorge. They watch it fall.

ANGLE ON: The gorge, over a river fifty feet below, is illuminated by some floodlights. When the Butterball hits the water it is instantly DEVoured by snapping, thrashing CROCODILES.

RICHIE

Holy shit.

BLOCK

Guy wants me to invest in croc farms. For the skins. Sent me these as samples.

RICHIE

You gonna do it?

BLOCK

Fuck no. Never invest in something you have to feed...

RICHIE

Noted.

They stand in silence for a moment.

BLOCK

So all this...it's fun for you, huh?

RICHIE

Yeah, I've never been to something like this.

BLOCK

Good.

Block shrugs, gets wistful.

BLOCK

It's good when things are fun. That was my twenties. You know, when a pretty girl--one pretty girl--used to keep my attention for hours. Days. Weeks even. Back when a crisp hundy made me feel rich. Then it started taking parties like this. Private planes. Weekend trips to exotic places. Weird shit in the bedroom. All kinds of shit. But these days. I dunno. Ahh. Maybe I just need to get some sleep.

Block kicks a turkey over. Gnashing sounds from the crocs.

BLOCK

I love these slimy fuckers though. They're like a reminder of everyone out there trying to take a chunk out of me. Plus they make me laugh.

Block dusts his hands, turns to Richie.

BLOCK

Got a guy coming in, Brett Sheck from Philly. Call him 'Shecky.' He's a super-affiliate. His players would represent ten percent of our total handle, but he's over at Ultimate Bet. I want him. I want you to sign him.

ON: Richie--taking in the responsibility.

RICHIE

Got it.

BLOCK

Wanna throw one?

Richie picks up a turkey and heaves it over. They watch it get ripped apart.

POOLSIDE

Richie walks up to see that the CRAPS TABLE is surrounded by Partygoer-players, including Pet and Cronin.

CRONIN

You ready to play?

PET

Hell yeah, I've got a system-- I call it the 'Tahoe Tap.' It's an inside regression build.

RICHIE

Uh oh, he's got a system.

PET

Cuts the house edge to 1.14.

RICHIE

Key words: House Edge.

They reach the table, shoulder in, to find a Tico STICKMAN who seems overwhelmed.

STICKMAN

Point is eight.

He moves to collect the dice, knocks over stacks of chips. The table GROANS as the Stickman tries to re-stack the bets.

The well-suited SHOOTER, a dazzling BRUNETTE on his arm, is impatient.

SHOOTER

C'mon, you jammer, run the table.  
You trying to cool my roll?

STICKMAN

No sir...

He pushes the dice to the Shooter, who rolls a 6--the TABLE CHEERS--but the dice HAVEN'T REACHED THE BACK WALL.

STICKMAN

No roll.

SHOOTER

No roll? Fuck you, pay the bet--

The BOX MAN doesn't say a word in his defense.

STICKMAN

Sir--

SHOOTER

Pay the bet, greaseball.

This attracts some attention. Rebecca, looking unbelievable in the DRESS RICHIE GAVE HER, drifts over with SECURITY in tow.

Richie can't help himself.

RICHIE

Buddy, it was a Mugsy Bogues--short all the way. Stickman's obviously new to this, but just doing his job.

SHOOTER

He fucks up again, he's gonna have the stick up his ass.

The Stickman looks desperate.

RICHIE

Hey, pal, why don't you let me take over.

The Stickman glances to Rebecca, who nods. Richie takes the stick and moves into position.

SHOOTER

That's great, Zorro, work the stick. Guess you don't have the stones to play.

Richie can let it go, or...

RICHIE

How's this? I'll fade your action myself.

SHOOTER

Just me, or the whole table?

RICHIE

The whole tub.

Richie looks to Rebecca.

RICHIE

This goes bad, I may need some credit.

REBECCA

Thirty K cover it?

Richie nods.

REBECCA

We'll call it an advance.

Richie holds the stick like he was born with it in his hand and works the table like a pro. He conveys the dice to the Shooter. Bets are placed. Pet puts money down.

RICHIE

Cash plays. Come on, shooter. And try to hit the back wall this time...

Richie points at the Brunette.

RICHIE

Believe me, she'll appreciate it.

The table busts up in LAUGHS.

The Shooter glares, then rolls--4-5. The table ERUPTS.

RICHIE

What shot Jesse James? A forty-five.

More bets are placed. The Shooter drops a WAD of Costa Rican money.

SHOOTER

Press it. Pass line, and the hard ways...Cash plays, right, tough guy?

RICHIE

Cash plays.

The Shooter rolls. 3-3. The table EXPLODES. Rebecca winces--this one cost Richie big.

RICHIE

Colombian breakfast, two lines.

SHOOTER

Nine-to-one pay out, suck it!

Richie waves at the Shooter's winnings.

RICHIE

You wanna pull some of that back, put a pretty ring on her finger?

SHOOTER

You wish. Let it ride.

Rebecca moves up behind him, whispers.

REBECCA

The next roll could cost you a hundred grand.

RICHIE

House can't sweat the money.

Richie pushes the dice to the Shooter.

RICHIE

Hey, Shooter, I'm thinking of a number.

The Shooter smirks, blows on the dice and rolls...and the table GROANS. 5-2. Richie takes an almost indiscernible breath of relief.

RICHIE  
That's the number. Cinco dos,  
adios. Thanks for playing.

Richie drops the stick. The Boxman pushes a HUGE PILE of  
CASH and CHIPS his way.

RICHIE  
All my life I wanted to be the  
house...

Richie looks over at Pet and Cronin.

RICHIE  
I went to sleep in New Jersey and  
woke up in fucking Paradise. This  
is it, boys!

Richie cuts off a stack of chips, slams it down.

CRONIN  
(hopeful)  
You giving us back what we lost?

RICHIE  
(to the Boxman)  
For Ivan Block. His table.

Richie stuffs the remaining cash in his pockets.

RICHIE  
I'm thirsty.

Richie walks to the BAR, takes a moment to collect himself,  
and is about to order a drink when...Behind him, a voice.

REBECCA  
Don't get too tipsy, someone might  
take advantage of you...

He turns to see Rebecca Shafran, finally getting a good look.

RICHIE  
Wow.

REBECCA  
That's the idea isn't it.  
(to bartender)  
Scotch. From my bottle, please.  
One for each of us.

The BARTENDER pours, hands them glasses of single malt.

REBECCA

This is aged seventy-five years in oak casks.

RICHIE

I had the twelve year old once.

REBECCA

You haven't had this.

They touch glasses.

REBECCA

(to the bartender)

Leave that.

He nods and leaves the bottle.

RICHIE

I thought you'd be mad, about me scamming you to get near Block.

REBECCA

And I thought you were just a college boy. Now I see you're a baller.

RICHIE

Takes one to know one.

REBECCA

And a hell of a stick man.

RICHIE

You don't know the half of it.

REBECCA

Yeah, well, here's the thing: I usually hold to an eighteen month rule .

RICHIE

What's that?

REBECCA

After eighteen months in Costa Rica most people leave in a straight jacket, a rehab van, or a body bag. So I usually wait to see how it turns out.

RICHIE

Well I am an over-achiever.

They drink, Richie tastes the Scotch.

RICHIE

Wow.

REBECCA

You keep saying that. What else you got?

RICHIE

That dress sure looks better on you than it did on the hanger

REBECCA

It'll look even better on the floor. Come on, if you're working for me, we better get this over with.

She grabs the bottle and leads him toward a tent-like cabana.

Inside is a large, round chaise. He grabs her and kisses her. She unhooks the dress and lets it fall to the ground as the flap of the cabana closes.

DISSOLVE TO:

BLOCK'S POOL, DAWN

The sun is just peeking over mountaintops. And it looks like a bomb has hit the estate--a fun bomb. YOUNG BODIES, mostly unclothed are strewn about.

Richie wakes, half dressed, alone and roughed up from the night. He crosses out toward the front door.

BLOCK'S DRIVEWAY

Most of the cars are gone, but Richie's is there. Esteban's asleep in the driver's seat. Richie taps him.

RICHIE

Esteban...

Esteban wakes with a smile. Richie drops CASH in his lap.

ESTEBAN

'Ey boss, buenos dias.

RICHIE

For the overtime.

ESTEBAN

You have fun?

He starts the car.

RICHIE

I'm never gonna drink again.

Esteban laughs as he pulls out.

ESTEBAN

That's how we say good night in  
Costa Rica.

#### THE INTERCONTINENTAL

Richie's SUV pulls up in front of the stylish hotel.

#### RICHIE'S NEW HOTEL ROOM

Richie enters a sleek and luxurious suite. A blazing sunrise comes through the glass wall at him.

He staggers like a vampire to the blinds and closes them, when he is startled by the sound of a SLOW HAND CLAP.

Richie stumbles back onto the bed.

Sitting in the corner is a stocky, intimidating man in a domestic suit and G-Man haircut, AGENT ZBYSZKO.

AGENT ZBYSZKO

Well, you got him on the cheating  
and you got yourself a job. That  
deserves some applause. No?

Zbyszko keeps clapping for awhile.

RICHIE

Who the fuck are you?

AGENT ZBYSZKO

Bruce Zbyszko. Don't call me  
Bruce. You call me Agent Zbyszko,  
or in your private moments, that  
'fucking hemorrhoid on my butt.'

He badges Richie. Who gains his composure and looks at the FBI credentials closely.

AGENT ZBYSZKO

It's real.

RICHIE

Okay. Why're you gonna be a pain  
in my ass?

AGENT ZBYSZKO

'Cause you work for me now. And  
I'm not gunning for a World's Best  
Boss coffee mug.

RICHIE

Can we back up, please?

AGENT ZBYSZKO

Well, like I said, you caught him  
on the cheating. Yaaaaaay! But  
what about the bookmaking, money  
laundering, bribing of officials,  
extortion and racketeering.

RICHIE

Was he behind the Black Sox scandal  
too?

AGENT ZBYSZKO

Maybe. He stole the player list  
from the place he worked before to  
start his site.

RICHIE

That rumor floats every time a new  
site gets hot. Sour grapes. What  
does this have to do with me?

AGENT ZBYSZKO

Two years ago he entered the United  
States. Ducked in for the Super  
Bowl, then posted the pictures on  
his website the minute he was gone.  
There are rumblings that something  
big is gonna go down, and the next  
time he sticks his dick in the  
Director's eye, we want him. So we  
need someone on the inside. And  
you're on the inside.

Richie goes pale.

RICHIE

Whoa, whoa, whoa. I'm an  
independent marketing consultant.  
You know how it works, I'm not a  
principal in the company, I can go  
where I want.

AGENT ZBYSZKO

Except New Jersey. Or any states that have reciprocal arrangements with New Jersey. Like New York. Home to dear old mom.

RICHIE

The fuck've I done in New Jersey?

AGENT ZBYSZKO

Not too bright for a Princeton boy, are ya? My associate, Agent Morris, took a statement from a certain Professor Hornstein. I may not 'know how it works' like you, but it sounds a lot like you're a bookmaker. As of now, it's just in Agent Morris's notebook...

Richie's head goes into his hands, this just tripled the hangover.

AGENT ZBYSZKO

Look you're a kid, so you can go home now, and it's likely that'll all be ignored. But if you're still here when the sun comes up tomorrow, he'll file that statement. It'll go into the FBI computer and become official, and then you may as well use your passport for kindling.

Agent Zbyszko is mightily amused at himself over this.

RICHIE

Why're you doing this to me?

AGENT ZBYSZKO

I could say it's my duty, my job. I have an obligation to uphold the blah-di blah-di blah. But the truth is: it's fun.

Agent Zbyszko jumps up.

AGENT ZBYSZKO

I went to Rutgers. Need I say more? And because jamming you is only the warm up for the real fun--which is gonna be getting Block.

Agent Zbyszko leaves. Richie, concerned, doesn't know what to do. He gets up, grabs his passport, throws some stuff in his bag, finds his Jet Blue return ticket and STARES AT IT.

He puts the ticket in the drawer.

#### BASKETBALL ARENA

A large two-story facility where the Costa Rican professional league plays.

The Escazu PRO TEAM runs a full court scrimmage--Ivan Block plays with them.

Richie enters, approaches the court. Wilson intercepts him.

RICHIE

Sorry to interrupt, I need to speak to him.

WILSON

Game's to twenty-one.

RICHIE

It's important.

Block sees him raises a hand.

BLOCK

Hector, sub me.

Another Player runs on court.

BLOCK

They wouldn't let me run with 'em if I didn't own the team, but fuck it--I do.

He wipes his face with a towel.

RICHIE

You're the Mark Cuban of this place.

BLOCK

Nah, he has to worry about David Stern, the SEC, and his fucking wife. I don't have to worry about shit.

RICHIE

You sure about that? I was approached. By the FBI.

If this does worry Block, it doesn't show.

BLOCK

Good.

RICHIE

Good?

BLOCK

Yeah, because I knew they'd hit on you eventually, but I didn't know what you'd do. Now I know. They give you the usual script?--I'm the worst, it's a dirty business, you should go home.

RICHIE

More or less.

BLOCK

They try it on everyone I hire. You know why? They're sick with jealousy. Because I'm living the dream, and they're plugging it for forty five a year in their bad suits and heavy shoes.

Richie almost laughs.

BLOCK

But you're at the crossroads, brother. I remember the first time I got squeezed, over in the Caymans. This big red faced agent sat down behind me at Billy Bones bar. Breathing all over me. I tried to look cool, but my ass was sweating through the chair.

Block goes back to the time in his mind.

BLOCK

They plant these thoughts that just keep coming back on you. 'You can't go home.' 'We're gonna get you.'

Richie re-lives it.

BLOCK

A lot of guys pack it in right then. And I don't blame them.

(MORE)

BLOCK (CONT'D)

But I decided "I have to do this."  
It was either time to knuckle under  
to somebody else's rules, or to  
make my own. The question is: whose  
burger are you eating?

RICHIE

What the hell does that mean?

BLOCK

My whole life growing up the burger  
I ate was: cheese and ketchup. No  
pickles, no onions, no sauce. One  
day, I was probably eating my five  
thousandth, I said to myself "How  
do I know I don't like pickles and  
onions? Whose burger am I eating?"  
And I realized my dad ate 'em that  
way, that's why I was, and I sure  
as hell didn't want to turn out  
like him. So I loaded the next one  
up and I loved it. And I was done  
depriving myself based on someone  
else's rules.

Richie nods.

BLOCK

I look at you, and I see me. You  
got the same 'fuck you' in your  
eyes. It comes from people telling  
you what you can't do 'cause of  
where you came from. Troy Hill,  
PA. New Rochelle. Same thing.

Block sees the effect this has on Richie, he tosses his towel  
aside, moves toward the court.

BLOCK

Zone buster, back in!

He turns back to Richie.

BLOCK

It's your call. Either way, you  
gotta find your own burger.

LOS AMIGOS RESTAURANT, JACO BEACH

SURFERS cut waves and GIRLS in non-existent bikinis stroll  
the sand.

Richie sits on a veranda above the strand. Across the table from him is BRETT SHECK, twenty-five, cool clothes, thousand dollar sunglasses, clean dome.

As Richie talks he notices Shecky noticing the BEACH GIRLS passing by.

RICHIE

...But what sets Block apart is really selling the lifestyle. An image. Jason Bourne. With money. And women. Because that's the true crave-able experience, the hedonic experience. The one that we all, but especially highly paid males between the ages of eighteen and fifty-three, deeply want.

SHECKY

Know what I crave?

Richie refills Shecky's Margarita from a pitcher.

RICHIE

Name it.

SHECKY

Thirty three percent rake-back on my poker players, and CPA on my casino gamers.

RICHIE

We're at thirty and a rev-share model, but--

SHECKY

Well I'm getting my terms at UB. And they're happy to have me. So I'm gonna stick where I am.

Sheck's GAZE drifts over to the Beach Girls once again.

RICHIE

Gimme me a day. I'll talk to him about matching, and we'll lock this thing up.

Shecky nods, eyes still on the ladies.

SHECKY

I'll give you a day. But then I gotta get home, this is no place for a married man with a wife who's about to have a kid.

Shecky gets up and leaves.

A WATCH IS LIFTED OUT OF A CASE

It is a Bell & Ross, the same as the one Richie admired at the coffee shop in Princeton. Only this time he's trying it on in a HIGH END JEWELRY STORE.

SALESGIRL

Very handsome. If you can pay in cash, eighty-five hundred.

Richie looks at his wrist when his cell phone rings.

BLOCK (V.O. PHONE)

How'd that much vaunted charm of yours work on Shecky from Philly?

RICHIE

I've been trying to reach you. Few little things and we're pagando blackjack.

BLOCK (V.O. PHONE)

What little things?

RICHIE

He wants an extra three points rakeback and to stay CPA. We'd still make a huge profit on him--

BLOCK (V.O. PHONE)

And by the next convention every piker who even thinks he's an affiliate is going to be demanding those terms.

RICHIE

Then I don't think we get him.

BLOCK (V.O. PHONE)

Well, then I guess you should've gone running home. Jesus, do I have to do every-fucking-thing myself?

Richie looks back to the watch for a moment.

RICHIE

No, man, no. I got this. How much room do I have to negotiate?

BLOCK (V.O. PHONE)  
 You tried negotiation. Maybe this  
 time, think about leverage.

Block clicks off. Richie takes the watch off his wrist,  
 begins handing it back to the Salesgirl. He hesitates, seems  
 to notice how pretty she is.

RICHIE  
 You know what, I'll take it.

A NONDESCRIPT BEDROOM

CLOSE ON: A wrist wearing the Bell & Ross watch. It's  
 Richie who is turning a SCREWDRIVER as he tightens something  
 near a light fixture over a bed with a STRIPED COVER.

He steps back and assesses his handiwork.

CABIN CRUISER, DOCKED

Richie waits on a super tricked out, state of the art,  
 fishing boat with fighting chairs and top of the line tackle.  
 There is also a full bar and food.

Esteban pulls up along the dock in the SUV and Shecky gets  
 out and boards.

RICHIE  
 Hey man, thanks for hanging in,  
 giving me the day...

SHECKY  
 How could I pass up a chance for  
 marlin?

A van is pulling up. It discharges the hottest half dozen  
 YOUNG LADIES in the hemisphere.

A CAPTAIN up on the flybridge starts the boat. A MATE goes  
 about making it ready.

SHECKY  
 We good to go then?

RICHIE  
 Just gotta wait for the crew to  
 board.

SHECKY  
 Who are those guys?

He points to the Captain and Mate.

RICHIE

Well...they drive the boat, but...

Now Richie points toward the Girls.

RICHIE

Here comes your crew.

The Girls arrive boat-side. The Girls walk up the gangway.

VAN GIRL

(heavy Spanish accent)

Permission to come aboard.

RICHIE

Permission granted.

The SUV Girl extends a hand, Richie takes it. She takes off her high heels and steps onto the boat.

RICHIE

Eat. Drink. Fish. Whatever.  
Compliments of Ivan Block. He won't match the UB terms, but we want you to think of us as friends, Shecky, so that if you ever do decide to switch, we'll be your first call.

The girls start losing their cover-ups, revealing bikinis. Richie moves for the gangway.

SHECKY

You're not coming out?

RICHIE

Nah, I don't have sea legs.

SHECKY

No?

Shecky takes in the women, the whole scene.

SHECKY

I think you do...

Richie and Shecky shake hands, Richie steps off the boat and, without looking back, gets into his car.

RICHIE'S POV OUT THE WINDOW: The cabin cruiser pulls away and a couple of the Girls approach Shecky with bottles of beer. He grabs one and takes a big sip.

ON: Richie, watching it start to unfold.

THE COSTA RICA MARRIOTT, NIGHT

A nice room, but it is filled with the sound of SOBS. Shecky from Philly sits on the edge of the bed.

SHECKY

It's my own fault. You? I can't  
blame you, really, you're  
nothing...

Richie sits across from him.

In the background FREEZE-FRAMED ON THE TELEVISION is a shot of Shecky and A GIRL from the boat in a naked embrace on the BED WITH THE STRIPED COVER. They're in the boat's cabin where Richie installed what we now know was a CAMERA.

SHECKY

What a jerk-off...I've got  
everything--a great wife, a baby on  
the way, a business. And I've  
gotta go to Costa Rica and act like  
a scumbag. Set up like a dumb  
fucking rube...

This lands hard on Richie.

SHECKY

I'm sure Block's gonna press the  
terms now.

RICHIE

No, the terms are the same ones we  
offered you. Block wants you to  
feel...great...about working  
with...us.

Shecky looks at him with distaste. Richie extends some PAPERS. Shecky signs them. He goes to his computer bag, takes out a FLASH DRIVE.

SHECKY

Question is: where am I gonna be  
working?

RICHIE

You can stay in Philly--

SHECKY

Yeah, but are my checks gonna come from a Costa Rican bank or from the Caymans or Malta? Or somewhere else?

RICHIE

What?

SHECKY

I've heard the whispers. Block's not too popular around these parts anymore. One reason I was gonna stay away.

RICHIE

The guy owns this fucking place. Player list.

Shecky hands Richie the Flash Drive. Richie heads for the door, stops.

RICHIE

You still have a great business, and all those other things...

He points at the TV.

RICHIE

That's the only copy.

SHECKY

Sure.

Shecky just stares at the screen as Richie leaves.

BLOCK (PRE-LAP V.O.)

There he is, the Dead-Eye Kid!  
You nailed him fucking cold...

CUT TO:

BLOCK'S POOL

Richie walks up to find Block, wearing a bathing suit, and sitting in a tented cabana by his pool running calls with a SECRETARY. Rebecca is nearby meeting with some MEN.

A few GIRLS are in the pool.

BLOCK

I told you, Rebecca. I told her you'd get this guy.

Rebecca drifts over from her conversation for a moment.

REBECCA

It's done?

RICHIE

It's done.

He takes out the memory stick.

BLOCK

Good, come with me.

Block jumps up, takes the memory stick, slaps a high five on Richie's palm and walks towards the house. Rebecca watches them go.

Block uses a magnetic key card to enter a walk-in basement.

THE BUNKER

Dark like the con of a submarine. Three I.T. GUYS sit behind computer consoles. Richie follows Block in.

BLOCK

This is Wade, Terry, and Sanchez.  
This is Richie, one of my new guys.

The three guys hardly blink from their computer screens.

BLOCK

You used to work in the basement,  
but this is the nerve center.

Block pops the memory stick into Sanchez's computer.

ANGLE ON: The laptop screen, which fills with thousands of names, email addresses and account info.

SANCHEZ

Nice list.

BLOCK

Watch how quick this happens.  
Almost five hundred thousand new  
players.

Wade types.

BLOCK

Wade's sending out the invitation.  
In Shecky's name, offering better  
terms for playing with us.

Terry's screen starts popping with activity.

TERRY

First deposits are hitting...

Block starts pointing at the screen.

BLOCK

Lot of these guys are just parked at their computers. They click right over to us. Look--five hundred, five hundred, nine hundred, two hundred, three thousand.

ON: Richie, 'fuck me.'

RICHIE

It's been about eight seconds.

BLOCK

Lookit this guy. Deposited fifteen hundred, already has five hundred of it in play. And this is just poker. Seven, seven point two million a day during the week. Come the weekend two hundred thousand of these penguins will be betting football with us. Saturday and Sunday we'll run up close to nine million. Now we may only keep half of 'em, but it doesn't matter 'cause there's more where they came from, and Shecky's out there bringing 'em in. Thanks to you.

While Richie stands there his phone RINGS.

RICHIE (INTO PHONE)

Yeah.

AGENT ZBYSZKO (V.O. PHONE)

It sure doesn't sound like you're at the airport right now.

Richie holds up a 'one minute' finger and steps outside.

BACK BY THE POOL

RICHIE (INTO PHONE)

No. No. It went the other way.

AGENT ZBYSZKO (V.O. PHONE)  
Then I'm sad for you, Richie, like  
a hunter before pulling the  
trigger, you dumb mother--

Richie ENDS the call as Block gets outside.

BLOCK  
Who was that?

RICHIE  
Bursar's office from Princeton,  
seeing if I was coming back.

BLOCK  
You should fly your professors  
down, pick up some credits.

Block walks over to Rebecca's meeting, takes over. Rebecca  
comes over to Richie.

REBECCA  
You okay?

RICHIE  
Yeah. Why wouldn't I be?

REBECCA  
Because those were some hard  
knuckles you threw with Shecky.  
I've seen people who weren't used  
to it fall apart when it got rough.

RICHIE  
I'm fine. The guy's a loser who  
lost. He was weak. He went for the  
girl. He put himself in that spot.  
That's the way it is in this  
business, right?

REBECCA  
Sure. But you haven't been in it  
long.

RICHIE  
Been around it my whole life. Long  
enough to know: you're either a  
chaser who's never gonna catch up,  
or you're the house. That's why I'm  
the house. I watched my father walk  
out the door to chase the tit end  
of a roulette wheel, and I swore  
that would never be me. Haven't  
seen him since I was thirteen.

ON: Rebecca, FILING IT AWAY.

REBECCA  
You must miss him.

RICHIE  
Like a patient misses cancer when  
it gets cut out.

REBECCA  
No one you don't love can make you  
feel like that.

Block rejoins them.

BLOCK  
You know who those guys are? Donzi  
speedboat reps looking for a cross-  
promotional tie in. And they  
brought samples.

CUT TO:

OPEN WATER

Richie and Block at the wheel of separate Donzi ZRs cutting  
the waves at 60mph.

Spray hits Richie in the face while he tries to beat Block,  
who looks his age for the first time as they race.

CUT TO:

BACCHUS RESTAURANT, NIGHT

Richie, Pet, Cronin sit at the CHEF'S TABLE in the kitchen of  
a restaurant with a YOUNG CROWD as well as a RUSSIAN MOB  
ELEMENT.

RICHIE  
Boys, we're made, and I want to  
show my appreciation. (To the  
Waitress) bring us some flaming  
dish and the best bottle of wine  
we're ever gonna have.

Suddenly, three gorgeous AMERICAN GIRLS in their early 20s  
appear in the kitchen doorway with the HOST. KIT, a blonde,  
is the talker and has a Southern accent.

KIT  
There it is, our table.

HOST

Miss, you must've booked for a different night, because Mr. Furst has the table--

KIT

No, we got bumped. And it's our last night. (To Richie) You guys must be important. Why are you important?

RICHIE

Just three young lads trying to make a living.

KIT

And stealing our table.

RICHIE

Look--this is Pet. That's Cronin. I--

PET

--If it's that big a deal, why don't you join us?

KIT

A southern gentleman would give us the table.

CRONIN

We're from up north.

KIT'S FRIEND

They seem nice.

RICHIE

I'm buying. That's gotta be the best deal in town tonight.

Kit and her friends look to each other, nod and start moving into the table.

RICHIE

Bring some chairs, Miguel.

They are all seated. It's pretty cozy, lots of smiles. Wine is poured. Kit raises her glass to Richie.

KIT

To new friends.

They all clink glasses. Kit leans in to Richie.

KIT

So, Richie, what's great here?

Understanding enters Richie's eyes.

RICHIE

Oh.

She seems confused. He leans in, speaks quietly.

RICHIE

I get it. You're pretty special,  
where'd he fly you in from?

KIT

Who?

RICHIE

Your--our--employer.

KIT

Employer?

RICHIE

You called me Richie.

Busted. Kit comes clean.

KIT

You weren't supposed to--

RICHIE

I know.

KIT

Houston. My deal is once a month  
max. Gets me through law school.

RICHIE

Hey, I got nothing against it. We  
all do what we have to.

KIT

What now?

RICHIE

We have dinner. And they don't need  
to know. I tell Block you gave me  
the night of my life.

Kit smiles.

CUT TO:

## A HOUSE

Lovely and stylish set in the hills of Escazu.

Esteban lets Richie out and gives a wave to a SECURITY MAN outside the door, who signals Richie around back.

## BACKYARD

Landscaped with a swimming pool and an open air exercise hut, lit by candles. Rebecca is there finishing a yoga lesson with a fit LATIN MAN. She sees Richie and stands, kissing the Man goodbye on the cheek before he leaves.

REBECCA

You just won me three grand.

RICHIE

How's that?

REBECCA

I bet that you wouldn't go for the girls.

RICHIE

How'd you know?

REBECCA

You don't want it put on a plate for you. You want to hunt it down yourself.

RICHIE

Guess I'm easy to read.

REBECCA

Like a nursery rhyme.

RICHIE

So are you and that guy...does he live here or...?

REBECCA

Eduardo? He's just my yoga instructor.

RICHIE

Good.

REBECCA

Why's that?

RICHIE

I don't know, it's just good.

They move over to her pool area, sit down on the edge of a big double chaise lounge.

REBECCA

Look, Richie, this is weird for me. I'm not big on trying to 're-capture the fun of a moment.'

RICHIE

Neither am I.

She reaches for him and they kiss. It grows in passion, and they begin to make love on the lounge.

REBECCA

Crap...

RICHIE

What?

REBECCA

I just lost five grand.

RICHIE

You should stop betting against me.

REBECCA

I see that...

They continue.

REBECCA'S KITCHEN, MORNING

It's open air, with big doors swung wide. She cooks omelettes while he looks around at some framed pictures on her shelves.

ANGLE ON: A 7 year old photo. A younger Rebecca, with a younger Block on a mountaintop. It could be where his house now stands.

RICHIE

So you've been with him since the beginning.

REBECCA

The beginning of this whole industry was about eight years ago.

He looks at another photo of her and Block, this one more intimate.

RICHIE

Oh. You were with him...

She looks up, 'is this a problem?'

REBECCA

It was a moment. He was different back then.

RICHIE

Different how?

REBECCA

Well, he laughed a lot...I guess the way up is more fun than trying to stay there.

Richie moves on, more pictures of her in exotic locales.

RICHIE

I've been hearing some things the last few days.

REBECCA

What kind of things?

RICHIE

Weird things. About Block. The business. Where it's going--

She brings plates to the table.

REBECCA

(not meeting his eyes)  
There's more shit shovelled in this game than where I grew up--which was on a cattle ranch in Nebraska, so that's saying something.

ON: Richie.

EILEEN (PRE-LAP V.O.)

You're sure you can't make it?

CUT TO:

LUXURY HIGH-RISE APARTMENT

Richie's in a towel at his desk on iChat with his mother.

RICHIE

I'm sorry, I just can't come right now. Why don't you come here for your birthday? I'll fly you down--

EILEEN

Forget my birthday. Second semester started. You should be in school.

RICHIE

Before we talk about that, do something for me.

EILEEN

What?

RICHIE

Open that window behind you. The one that looks out at the driveway.

EILEEN

What did you do?

RICHIE

Just open the blinds.

Eileen gets up. Goes to the window and opens the blinds.

EILEEN'S POV: A new Lexus SUV is there with a red bow on the hood.

EILEEN

Oh my god, Richie!

Instead of smiling. She shakes her head.

RICHIE

You can't tell me you don't love it.

EILEEN

It's a beautiful car, Richie. Thank you...

RICHIE

Then what's wrong?

EILEEN

I got a car with a bow on it once before. From your father. Right before your third birthday. The bow was still on it when he lost it back in a game of Five Card Stud.

RICHIE

Mom, I am not a gambler. I have a job.

EILEEN

You may not be sitting at a table, doesn't change anything.

RICHIE

Just enjoy it. Smile. It's your birthday.

EILEEN

What's going on down there? I see something on your face even over the ichtat.

RICHIE

Nothing, I'm killing it.

EILEEN

I really think you should come home.

RICHIE

Go take a drive, I'll talk to you soon.

He clicks off and gets dressed.

KITCHEN

Richie enters and pours a glass of juice.

Pet emerges from his room, luggage slung over his shoulder. Cronin follows.

CRONIN

...Come on, man, three amigos.

RICHIE

What's up?

PET

Fun ride, Richie. I'm out.

RICHIE

Out to where?

PET

Out to home. All the way out.

RICHIE  
Seriously? What happened, night  
went that bad?

PET  
Night went great. I mean with pros  
like that--

CRONIN  
(shocked)  
Wait, they were pros?

Richie and Pet look at him.

PET  
You thought you scored?

CRONIN  
We had vibe--

RICHIE  
What's going on?

CRONIN  
Just tell him.

RICHIE  
Fucking tell me.

Pet still hesitates.

CRONIN  
The FBI braced him.

PET  
I was leaving my girl's hotel this  
morning when some hard ass, Agent  
Zbyszko rolled up on me. Told me I  
was breaking U.S. fiduciary laws--

RICHIE  
Yeah, I got that speech too. I  
told him to kiss my ass. Both  
cheeks and once down the middle.  
He can't touch us down here.

PET  
He said a bunch of weird shit about  
Block.

RICHIE

The guy's a government functionary. Block represents a huge tax win if the IRS can get him. He's trying to bring back a stick for his master--

CRONIN

How come I haven't been braced?  
What am I, invisible?

PET

Shut up, Cronin. He told me I could be barred from re-entering the country if I didn't leave now.

The reality bums out the group.

RICHIE

So what are you gonna do, go try an re-open your skin?

PET

I signed a non-compete.

RICHIE

I can talk to Block about letting you out--

PET

Nah, I don't need that guy hearing my name again. My brother owns a broker-dealer, he offered me a job.

RICHIE

Wall Street?

PET

So I'll be rich, not super-rich. I can deal. Besides, I'd like to meet a girl I don't have to pay.

RICHIE

Last of the romantics.

PET

That's me...

Cronin crosses to a high cabinet and opens it. He pulls down some NATURAL BRAN CEREAL BOXES. He reaches inside and pulls out CASH. Thousands of dollars worth.

PET

What the fuck?

CRONIN

I hide it there from the maids.  
They hate bran.

He hands the money to Pet.

CRONIN

Invest it for me. I don't have time  
to spend it here, I'm in the  
basement all day.

Pet tucks it in his bag.

PET

You should come with.

CRONIN

Nah. I'm finally into the real  
shit, optimizing the platform.  
Soon I'll pitch some security  
measures that they can license from  
me. That's where the real money is.

Pet nods. They shake hands.

RICHIE

Alright, hoss.

PET

See ya, hoss.

Pet heads out.

VERANDA BAR

Ceiling fans, potted palms and a wrap-around bar. But it has  
the feel of a modern day Dodge City Saloon.

LOCALS and TOURISTS alike have afternoon drinks. Rough old  
Gringo hands caress young 'Tica flesh. Plenty of TOUGH GUYS,  
some GUN BUTTS poking out of Guyaberra shirts.

At a prime table are Rebecca and Richie on either side of  
Block. Across from them are two men in Brioni suits, MARK  
NADELSON and PETER ORLY.

BLOCK

First of all, thanks for the offer.  
It's sick to think my little shop  
is of interest to you. I mean, you  
guys know everything there is to  
know about the casino business.

(MORE)

BLOCK (CONT'D)

You invented it out there in the desert. You're like the Alexander Graham Bell of gambling...

The men bask in this, as Block HOLDS UP HIS IPHONE.

BLOCK

But if Alexander Graham Bell were sitting at this table, he wouldn't know what the fuck this was...

Spanked and insulted, the men get up and walk away.

BLOCK

I want 'em telling that story on the Strip. If they come at me, they better be ready to overpay.

Richie eats it up. Block lifts a glass, Rebecca and Richie follow suit and all three drain their drinks. Richie stands and heads to the BAR.

RICHIE

Three more, please.

AGENT ZBYSZKO

Yeah, drink up, pal. None of that we're you're headed.

Richie freezes. Looks to his left, where Agent Zbyszko, wearing a guayabera shirt and straw Panama hat, sits on a bar stool staring straight ahead.

RICHIE

Do I know you?

AGENT ZBYSZKO

Like your own shadow. Come on Princeton, gimme something. I got something for you...that nice car you got mommy, it's in a federal impound.

RICHIE

You prick.

AGENT ZBYSZKO

Hey, I'm not the one broke her heart by giving her a car purchased with illegitimate funds.

Richie tries to keep his fury in check.

AGENT ZBYSZKO

You're running out of free squares.  
And so is your boss.

RICHIE

You just want him because he's  
living the dream, and you're  
plugging it for forty-five a year  
in your bad suits and heavy shoes.  
He's taking good care of me.

AGENT ZBYSZKO

Sure. You know the real reason he  
can't sell, right? He can't afford  
to let anybody look under the hood.

Richie walks away.

RICHIE

(to bartender)

Send 'em to the table, please.

As Richie walks back to the table he hears:

REBECCA

Why does he have to go on this?

BLOCK

Because I want the man happy, and  
your boy will make him happy.  
Makes you happy right?

ON: Rebecca. Ahh, he knows.

BLOCK

You getting attached on me?

REBECCA

(tough)

Oh please, Ivan...

Richie is about to sit, when Block turns and stops him.

BLOCK

Who was that guy at the bar?

He turns and looks, but Zbyszko is gone.

RICHIE

No one. Some dirt bag asking if I  
could steer him toward cheap girls.

BLOCK  
Tell him to throw a rock around  
here, he can't miss.

RICHIE  
'S what I told him.

BLOCK  
Need you to take care of something.

RICHIE  
Whatever you need, Ivan.

Rebecca hides concern beneath her poker face.

BLOCK  
Time for your course in Client  
Relations. Here...

Block pulls out a key, hands it to Richie.

CUT TO:

CASINO, HOTEL DEL RAY

Richie crosses to the cage...

BLOCK (V.O.)  
Meet Wilson at the casino.

He is let in and meets Wilson. They enter the...

COUNT ROOM

Costa Ricans pull HANDFULS of CASH out of garbage bags, load  
it into count machines. The bills flutter by and come out  
banded in bricks. Suited BOSSES oversee the work.

BLOCK (V.O.)  
He'll walk you into the cage.

Richie moves to a wall of safety deposit boxes.

BLOCK (V.O.)  
That key opens box 765.

Richie finds box 765, opens it.

BLOCK (V.O.)  
You'll find a briefcase in it.  
Three hundred grand Americano...

Richie pops the case open.

ON: Richie, seeing the money stacked in neat rows.

OUTSIDE RICHIE'S BUILDING

Richie crosses to his SUV.

BLOCK (V.O.)

Have your driver bring you to Casa  
Rosada at 11:00--he'll know it...

STREETS OF SAN JOSE

The SUV cuts through unsavory streets, building facades  
RIDDLED WITH BULLET HOLES, and arrives at...

CASA ROSADA

A garish pink building, a MONSTER DOORMAN standing in front.  
Richie gets out of the SUV, exchanges a word with the Doorman  
and is allowed in.

INSIDE CASA ROSADA

A High end brothel. Velvet furniture. Mirrors. A bar.  
WORKING GIRLS in lingerie draped all over the place like  
throw pillows.

BLOCK (V.O.)

You'll meet with a guy named  
Delegate Herrera. The briefcase  
stays with him.

Some MONIED CLIENTS make their choice and disappear into the  
rooms in the back.

RICHIE (V.O.)

Really?

Richie is shown to a VIP area, where Herrera and his group  
sit in a banquette. The group includes a POLICE COLONEL, a  
POLICE DETECTIVE, and a PAIR OF MASSIVE BODYGUARDS WITH  
HANDLEBAR MUSTACHES.

BLOCK (V.O.)

You think I send a monthly rent  
check to the Costa Rican  
government?

Richie approaches the table. Sitting on Hererra's lap is a YOUNG GIRL, not even fifteen years old, in a camisole.

RICHIE  
Delegate Hererra.

DELEGATE HERERRA  
Sit, please, young man.

Richie does. Hererra sends the Girl away as Richie begins to pass the case over to Herrera, who raises a hand.

DELEGATE HERERRA  
I always think it crude to put  
business before pleasure.

Hererra signals Handlebar Mustache Bodyguard 1, who pours Richie a cognac. Then gestures to Richie, 'put the case on the floor.'

DELEGATE HERERRA  
Our local women are delightful.  
Would you care to indulge?

RICHIE  
No thanks.

Richie slides the case under the table with his toe. Handlebar Mustache Bodyguard 2 takes it.

DELEGATE HERERRA  
Ah, this...

He points around at the girls on display.

DELEGATE HERERRA  
Is not the entire selection. There  
are others in the back, the special  
room, like my little friend who  
just left us...

ANGLE ON: Handlebar Mustache Bodyguard 2 pops the case and quickly runs a finger over each brick of ten thousand dollars, counting it.

RICHIE  
I'm good.

Handlebar Mustache Bodyguard 2 looks to Hererra and shakes his head.

Hererra's demeanor doesn't change, he merely looks past Richie toward the door.

DELEGATE HERERRA

Is someone else coming with the rest?

Richie tries not to sweat.

RICHIE

No, that is the entire selection.

Now Hererra frowns.

DELEGATE HERERRA

I wish I could believe this was an innocent error. But perhaps your boss is trying to send me a message.

RICHIE

I can tell him you're unhappy. And let me pick up the tab for your evening. It'd be my pleasure.

Hererra and the others smile, seem won over by the gesture.

Richie stands, nods to them. He crosses to a MANAGER and peels \$100 bills off a roll, points to Hererra and exits.

CASA ROSADA

Richie heads toward his SUV, which is parked down the street. He reaches for the door when he is SLAMMED into the car.

The Handlebar Mustache Twins are there and grab him, delivering THUNDEROUS BLOWS to his mid-section and head.

Esteban jumps out and runs around the car reaching for his gun, to see the Colonel's PISTOL POINTED at him. He steps back, hands raised.

Richie's beating continues. Finally, his knees give. They drop him and finish with a few KICKS to the gut.

DELEGATE HERERRA

You think I can be bought by some cheap whores like some Congressman? You tell your puta gringo boss he might not be sending a message, but I am.

Hererra and his party all turn and head back toward the building leaving Richie in a heap. Esteban moves to him, and starts scooping him up.

SUV, LATER

Richie is beaten and slumped. The car moves through Escazu.

ESTEBAN

Please, Mr. Richie, think about what you're doing.

RICHIE

Just drive, Esteban, I am thinking.

ESTEBAN

I'm sorry, there was nothing I could do.

RICHIE

There was nothing you could do.

BLOCK'S HOUSE, POOL AREA

Richie walks outside with Block's Security Guard and Esteban trailing him.

RICHIE

Ivan!...Block, where are you?

There are a few (naked) WOMEN in the jacuzzi who glance over, as does Wilson, who is behind the bar mixing a drink, and wearing a handgun in a shoulder holster rig.

RICHIE

Where is he?

WILSON

You're gonna back it off a few notches, pal. Go inside and have a cooling shower.

RICHIE

I want to talk to him.

Pulling on sweatpants as he exits a cabana tent is Ivan Block. Behind him are a few WOMEN, (also naked) on a large cushion, visible for a moment before the tent flap falls.

Block, full of compassion, walks over to Richie and gives him a kiss on the cheek.

BLOCK

Ah, bro, you looked too young and clean for this racket anyway.

Richie's not laughing.

BLOCK

This is the casino business. It's digital, but don't fool yourself, it's still the Wild West.

RICHIE

You shorted the guy! How'd you know I get out of there at all?

BLOCK

I didn't 'short' him, it's an ongoing negotiation. And I just knew you would. I had you as a survivor, and you survived.

RICHIE

Then my official report to you is: you've got more than an 'ongoing negotiation' here, you've got a problem.

BLOCK

Did he take the three hundred?

RICHIE

Yeah, he took it.

Block lifts his arms as if to say: what's the big deal?

RICHIE

Good night.

He makes to leave.

BLOCK

Hey, you want security go work for the government. You want salvation, start a charity. You want your summers off, become a teacher. But if you want your own goddamned island someday, take the bumps and bruises and show up at work the next morning with a smile on your face and a bounce to your step. 'Cause I'm giving you the passcode to the fucking kingdom.

They stare at each other for a moment, then Richie nods, turns and goes.

When he is out of earshot, Block turns to Wilson.

BLOCK

Dude, did you see this fucking coming?

Wilson shrugs.

BLOCK

Because it's your job to see this shit coming.

WILSON

So they knocked him around a little--

BLOCK

You think I give a fuck? It's not about him. Six months ago, Herrera wouldn't have put a hand on anyone I'd even met. Six weeks from now it could be me. We're moving up the timetable. Five days from now and we're tail lights.

Wilson nods.

BLOCK

But not before you find me Herrera.

Wilson takes a beat then goes.

Once he's gone, Block slumps into a chair, the pressure catching up to him.

REBECCA'S HOUSE, LATER

Richie knocks and after a moment, Rebecca, in sleepwear, answers. She reacts when she sees his condition.

RICHIE

Hope I'm not bothering you--

REBECCA

Get in here.

REBECCA'S KITCHEN

She brings him to the sink, wets a dish towel, and begins wiping blood away from his face. They're eye to eye.

REBECCA

He puts everybody through it once.

RICHIE

Once is enough for me.

She smiles. He pushes the wet rag away and pulls her to him.

RICHIE

Everybody. What was yours?

REBECCA

You don't want to know about that.

He stares at her.

REBECCA

If you're having visions of me with a group of Japanese businessmen and donkeys, you can forget it...But let's just say I had to...entertain an important client. I had to decide what I was willing to do. For me it was worth it.

RICHIE

But now...Now, with what I've learned, and with what you know about the business...we could go, maybe do our own thing.

REBECCA

Sure, Richie, as long as 'our own thing' is telemarketing, or financial services, or hey, maybe we could open a bowling alley, because if we--you--were to walk away from Ivan, we would be done in gaming. Done.

This sinks in on him for a moment.

REBECCA

I'm sorry you got hurt. I really am. I don't want anything like it to ever happen again...But I'm really good at running online casinos, and everything that surrounds them. And you? You could be great at it if you stick around.

A beat.

RICHIE

Did you know this was going to happen to me?

REBECCA

Not for sure...but I knew something bad was a possibility.

RICHIE

But you didn't stop it. Or warn me.

REBECCA

It's Costa Rica.

He nods, knowing what that means now. She moves to kiss him, he lets her, but then pulls back and heads for the door.

REBECCA

Richie...

He doesn't stop. She watches him go.

CUT TO:

JUAN SANTAMARIA AIRPORT, MORNING

Richie, a bag over his shoulder, and sunglasses over his bruised eye waits in line to clear security.

He reaches the LOCAL SECURITY OFFICER who checks his ticket and passport, then looks up at him.

SECURITY OFFICER

Remove your glasses, please.

Richie does.

SECURITY OFFICER

Come with me...

BACK ROOM

The room is spare, with a table and few hard chairs. The table has a metal rail with handcuffs attached to it.

SECURITY OFFICER

Sit.

RICHIE

Look, if this is a matter of a fine, or a 'donation,' I'd be happy to pay it now and be on my way--

SECURITY OFFICER

Sit or I cuff you to the table.

Richie shuts up and sits down. The Security Officer leaves, and after a moment, the door flies open. Standing there is an intimidating Costa Rican, SERGEANT HECTOR BARRANCAS.

SERGEANT BARRANCAS

My name is Sergeant Hector Barrancas of the Fuerza Publica, you've been selected on suspicion of drugs.

RICHIE

I don't have any drugs.

SERGEANT BARRANCAS

Then my examining your bag won't be a problem.

He doesn't wait for an answer, but unzips Richie's bag and begins fishing around in it. After a moment his hand comes out holding a baggie of OFF-WHITE POWDER, of course.

SERGEANT BARRANCAS

That's a distinctive color. I feel the lab will show this is Mexican Brown. Tar heroin.

RICHIE

No, no, come on, you palmed that in there.

Richie begins looking around at the ceiling.

RICHIE

You got cameras in here? I want to see the tape, and I want a lawyer.

SERGEANT BARRANCAS

Where do you think you are, the United States?

The door swings open again.

AGENT ZBYSZKO

(singing)

Hey Richie, you're so fine, you're so fine you blow my mind, hey Richie...

RICHIE

Zbyszko. You were right about him, okay? I was headed home.

AGENT ZBYSZKO

Aw, you're ready to go home now?  
With so much fun left to come?  
Well, congratulations, you've made  
the big time--your passport's on  
the watch list. Osama Bin Laden  
has a better chance of clearing  
customs at Kennedy Airport than you  
do. Not that it matters anymore  
since Sergeant Barrancas has got  
his hands on you.

ON: Richie, stunned, miserable. Barrancas raises the baggie.

SERGEANT BARRANCAS

Ricardo's been a bad boy.

AGENT ZBYSZKO

For you, Richie, I could ask  
Sergeant Barrancas to let this  
slide. For now.

Richie crosses his arms.

Agent Zbyszko extends a hand. Barrancas hands the baggie to  
him. Zbyszko pockets it.

AGENT ZBYSZKO

I keep doing for you, Richie.  
Doing and doing. When is it my  
turn? Huh?

SERGEANT BARRANCAS

When is it our turn?

RICHIE

What're you, the only guy in the  
station house not on Block's  
payroll?

Barrancas CRACKS him in the face. Richie doesn't flinch.  
Barrancas rears back for another, Zbyszko grabs his arm.

AGENT ZBYSZKO

Nah.

SERGEANT BARRANCAS

I spit on Block's money. What he  
and those like him have done to my  
country--they've ruined it. This  
used to be a simple, beautiful  
place, poor but unspoiled. Now the  
gringo gambling money has turned us  
all into whores.

RICHIE

Why don't you arrest him then? You don't have jurisdictional issues like the FBI--

SERGEANT BARRANCAS

I have jurisdiction, it's true. But if I walked him into a station house or courtroom, he'd be treating the judge to dinner and I'd be out of a job. My family would all be out of jobs. Because no one would testify against him here. And I don't blame them. They'd be dead within a day. No. You're going to get this done for us, because you're not leaving and you don't want to end up like one of these guys.

He opens a folder. Black and white CRIME SCENE PHOTOS of DEAD BODIES--shot and stabbed, in remote swampy locations.

AGENT ZBYSZKO

These may look a little old. Back from when he was starting up here. Local competition. People still disappear when they cross him, we just stopped finding the bodies.

This washes over Richie.

AGENT ZBYSZKO

Online gambling may be legalized. But like in Vegas, the guys who ran it dirty won't be licensed. They'll be drummed out. He needs a fresh start and distance between all the shit he's done here and the future. I will not let him wash his hands of all this!

Zbyszko smashes his palms down on the table.

AGENT ZBYSZKO

And believe me, he's working on it. I just don't know how, where and when. That's where you come in.

RICHIE

I know...

AGENT ZBYSZKO

Give me something I can use and you're homeward bound. Otherwise, brush up on your prison Spanish, 'cause they don't take kindly to drug dealers here.

SERGEANT BARRANCAS

If I can't get Block, I'll take you. You gringos all look alike to me.

AGENT ZBYSZKO

It's your call boy genius.

After a long moment Richie nods.

CUT TO:

CASINO, HOTEL DEL RAY

Richie walks in like a condemned man and makes his way toward the service elevators.

THE BASEMENT

Richie passes by the Workers and Cigar Chompers toward his area. As he passes by Archie...

ARCHIE

Nice of you to join us, sweetheart.

RICHIE

Archie.

And arrives where Cronin is hard at work.

CRONIN

Hey, Rico, where you been?

RICHIE

I've been...out.

CRONIN

Dude what happened to your face?

RICHIE

Workplace injury.

CRONIN

You're not gonna believe this shit.

RICHIE

What?

Cronin cuts his eyes toward the Cigar Chompers and Archie, who is now on the phone.

CRONIN

(low)

So they have me running security protocols and I get in there, into the code...

Richie moves closer.

CRONIN

And I find this...

ANGLE ON: Cronin's screen. Online poker hands are being played, but the CARDS ARE ALL FACE UP.

RICHIE

What is that, hand histories?

CRONIN

You wish. That's live.

RICHIE

Live? Why would it even be possible to see hands live?

CRONIN

Why do you think?

RICHIE

Whoever has access to that...

CRONIN

Yeah, can cheat players the way it happened to you--

ARCHIE

Richie!

Richie and Cronin's head whip towards Archie. He's right there. Cronin punches a key, changing his computer screen back to a banal website.

ARCHIE

Block's upstairs. He wants to see you.

Richie nods.

ARCHIE

Now!

Richie heads out leaving Archie looming nearby Cronin.

BLOCK'S OFFICE

It's the penthouse with views of the city, taking up the whole floor, and done in high style. Wilson is in the corner, not speaking. Not smiling either.

BLOCK

People do stupid things when they get desperate. Know what I mean?

RICHIE

No. What do you mean?

BLOCK

Like running. Like thinking they can run. Come look at this.

Block motions Richie over to his screen. Richie hesitates. Looks to the door. Wilson is sitting right by it.

RICHIE

What's on there?

BLOCK

You need to see it. Come here.

Richie moves towards him.

RICHIE

I have Wilson to thank. He's like a dog with a bone when I give him an assignment. Wait till you see the surveillance video he got.

Block spins the screen around. Relief washes over Richie's face. He is not on the screen. Instead it is a run down Costa Rican casino. And the camera is locked on one GAMBLER in particular.

BLOCK

This is at the Casa Eldorado across town. See this? Look close.

Richie does. The relief VANISHES and is replaced by FEAR and UNDERSTANDING.

ANGLE ON: The Gambler, a once handsome man, now late 50s, with thinning hair, a bad shirt, and cheap jewelry.

RICHIE

Uh huh.

ON: Richie's face, a host of emotions playing across it.

BLOCK

This deadbeat owes money all across your great country. If there's a bookmaker, shylock or casino between New York and Vegas, this guy is into them for serious wood.

Block enjoys the next part.

BLOCK

Plus, if you take the years off him, your father looks a hell of a lot like you.

RICHIE

Uh huh.

BLOCK

It's good you said something to Rebecca about him. It allowed me to help him. And you.

ON: Richie, trying to hide his FEAR for his father's safety, and GUILT for putting him on Block's radar.

BLOCK

This is the best part, watch...

ON: The screen. HARRY FURST takes a bill out of his pocket and slides it across a blackjack table. The bill has a bit of a VIOLET GLOW to it.

BLOCK

Not just card counting, but passing a bobo. He's kited 'em cross country from Nevada to Tunica. I got him out of town just before they were going to nail him.

Richie watches the man in the video, fascinated and humiliated.

BLOCK

Now you're my motherfucking man, even took some lumps for me, so here's what I did for you: the man owes a hundred eighty-seven grand to a bunch of guys whose patience has run thin. He keeps moving.

(MORE)

BLOCK (CONT'D)

But one of these days, you know, he's gonna zig when he should've zagged and they're gonna find him. So I bought up all his paper. I'm holding it. So he can roam free. I'm the only one who can touch him. And of course, I'd never do that. 'Cause...well, you know why.

Richie understands all of it.

RICHIE

Thank you, Ivan. For the gesture.

BLOCK

I'll hold the note. He's safe as could be. And we just keep on like none of it even happened. Good?

What can Richie say?

RICHIE

Of course. That's great.

BLOCK

I figured you'd be smiling. Wilson, didn't we figure he'd be smiling?

RICHIE

I am. I'm grateful.

BLOCK

Good. When we're done, gonna need you to hit the cage, got a whole list of pay offs that need to be made. Not like that last one, don't worry, but we've gotta cultivate some new friendships around here.

RICHIE

Okay.

BLOCK

By the way, we're not account payables at the Home Office, no one expects the full amount. Just let 'em know you'll be seeing 'em again soon and they'll get more.

RICHIE

Gotcha.

BLOCK  
(attention back on the  
screen)  
Oh, get this, he finds a weak  
dealer and actually runs through a  
shoe with a partner.

Richie, sickened, leans in to see it.

INTERCONTINENTAL HOTEL, NIGHT

Richie knocks on a door. When it opens, HARRY FURST is  
standing there, looking slightly dishevelled in a hotel robe.

Harry doesn't speak for a moment. Neither does Richie.

HARRY  
Hiya, kid.

RICHIE  
I always figured I'd hit ya...

Harry braces.

RICHIE  
But I'm not gonna.

HARRY  
Well, that's good.

He steps aside and Richie enters, taking in the room.

HARRY  
See this? They moved me in here.  
Comped. This is a real soft spot.

RICHIE  
Nice, dad.

HARRY  
'Ey, I'm doing alright. Last time  
I saw you your voice had just  
changed.

RICHIE  
Down in Atlantic City when I was  
thirteen. You left me in the room  
all weekend while you played. Then  
you brought that skanky dancer  
back.

HARRY  
Thought you were asleep.

RICHIE  
I acted like I was.

HARRY  
So you doing good? You're here,  
what about college?

RICHIE  
I'm working now. Doing okay...

Richie looks around the room--lots of places for cameras and recorders.

RICHIE  
Come here...

Richie crosses out onto the balcony, waves Harry along.

ON THE BALCONY. The wind gusts, voices carry away on it.

HARRY  
I'll tell ya, Richie, it's like the weight of the world got lifted. I might've gotten in a little deep. The hellhounds were really on my trail there, but then suddenly those guys said we were clean. And then I got word this Ivan Block bought me up. That my son was working for him, and I had a pass as long as he was part of the organization. And then they handed me the plane ticket here from you.

RICHIE  
From me...

Richie's torn about telling him who he's now involved with.

HARRY  
Look at you, standing tall. A man. I know you didn't have to help. Your mother raised you right...

ON: Richie.

COUNT ROOM

Richie fills a bag with money.

**RICHIE'S APARTMENT**

Richie thinks about it for a long moment before cutting a separate stack of bills, about ten percent worth.

He takes that to the cereal cabinet and fills a box of Natural Bran Cereal with it.

**A BARN**

A cock fight is underway with a large crowd. Richie hands his payoff bag to a couple of POLICE CAPTAINS. One looks inside.

We see but don't hear Richie give some version of the "Next week," speech. The Captains shrug and turn their attention back to the action.

**MONTAGE**

--Richie in the Count Room, under the watchful eye of Wilson.

--Richie at home skimming ten percent, filling more Natural Bran Cereal boxes. There are several of them now.

--Richie making pay offs to GOVERNMENT GUYS, POLITICAL OFFICIALS, POLICE at Offices, Restaurants, Car Dealerships.

--At one drop, Richie notices a blacked out SUV down the street. Is that Wilson behind the wheel?

--Richie closes the cabinet on a dozen cereal boxes.

**"THE HOUSE," GETTING UNDERWAY, NIGHT**

The yacht has left the marina and is not far off the coast, moonlight shining down on the water.

PARTY GOERS--gorgeous girls, celebrities, athletes, rich looking guys--enjoy a major shindig.

The party is in full gear. A band plays. Girls, some topless, dance up on the furniture.

Rebecca is with a crowd of BUSINESSMEN around the bar.

**REBECCA**

Gents, I think we all know it's  
time for shots. (To the Bartender)  
Gina, a round of Mr. Block's new  
proprietary tequila, Blue Ag-Ivan.

The FEMALE BARTENDER pours. They all touch glasses and drink.

Richie rounds the corner. Rebecca meets his eye, breaks off and joins him, handing him a glass of tequila.

REBECCA

(low)  
You alright.

RICHIE

Yeah.

REBECCA

'Cause I called you a couple times,  
but couldn't reach you. I thought  
maybe--

RICHIE

(distant)  
It was a night. Hey, it's Costa  
Rica, right?

REBECCA

That's not you talking.

RICHIE

It's me now...

He downs his shot.

ON REBECCA: Her usual self-assurance shaken.

Wilson comes up behind Richie, taps him on the shoulder and waves for him to come along.

She watches him go with concern.

Richie follows Wilson toward the starboard side where a SMALL SPEEDBOAT is tied onto the yacht. Block is aboard with the CIGAR CHOMPERS from the basement office.

BLOCK

Ahoy. Come aboard. Side trip.

Getting on the small boat with Block is the last thing Richie wants to do, but Wilson is there, prodding him toward the gangway. Richie has no choice but to board.

CUT TO:

## SPEEDBOAT

The boat slices through the water near shore and turns up the mouth of a COASTAL RIVER.

They slow as they pass mangrove swamps, and the engine goes almost silent. The only light is from the moon.

Then there is a THUMPING NOISE from the cabin below deck.

BLOCK

Sounds like our friends are waking  
up...

The guys on the boat laugh a little. Except for Richie.

Block signals the Cigar Chompers, who go underneath and bring out two men, BEATEN and BOUND from below. Upon closer inspection they are Delegate Hererra and the Military Colonel.

ON: Richie, bugging out at the sight of them.

BOAT DRIVER

We're here.

The Boat Driver cuts the engine.

BLOCK

Alright, over-under, ninety  
seconds. For ten grand. I pay you  
guys enough to get in on this?

The Cigar Chompers and Wilson nod.

WILSON

It's bullshit. I take the over.

The Cigar Chompers nod.

CIGAR CHOMPER

It's so dark, it'll take a good two  
minutes before they get the scent.

CIGAR CHOMPER TWO

What does light or dark have to do  
with scent?

BLOCK

Guess I'll take the under. Richie?

RICHIE

What the fuck, Ivan.

Block turns to Delegate Herrera and the Police Colonel.

BLOCK

We're up the mouth of the Rio  
Tercoles.

Looks of sheer terror come over the beaten men.

DELEGATE HERERRA

Por favor, Ivan. Take my house.  
Take everything, but don't--

BLOCK

If you could've minded your manners  
for another week, this could've  
been avoided...

Block uses a foot to drive Herrera overboard, the Colonel  
goes next.

BLOCK

Start time.

Wilson checks his watch. The men in the water thrash and  
scream.

BLOCK

This place is the most crocodile-  
dense spot in the world. What  
Lehman Brothers was for pricks with  
thin ties two years ago, this place  
is for crocs, giant crocs. Biggest  
in the world.

The men in the water plead to be pulled out. They swim,  
hands tied, back toward the boat, trying to climb on.

BLOCK

Come on, some dignity boys.

Block signals the Cigar Chompers to use an oar and a gaff to  
push them back.

RICHIE

Alright, Ivan, you've scared the  
shit out of 'em. Pull 'em in.

BLOCK

'Ey, I'm doing this for you...

WILSON

Seventy seconds.

BLOCK

Shhh...

Everything goes quiet, even Herrera and the Colonel.

WILSON

Eighty seconds....Time!

Nothing. No crocs.

BLOCK

Fuck. Bullshit local legend I  
guess.

There is a moment's relief for the men in the water, and for Richie too. Then Block nods to Wilson, who pulls his gun and SHOTS Herrera and the Colonel.

There is a cloud of gunsmoke and a moment of total silence, then BUMP, SPLASH. AND THE CROCS ARRIVE, hordes of them, and tear the bodies to shreds.

ON: Richie witnessing it all in horror.

It's an awesome, disgusting sight.

BLOCK

Now they fucking come...

Block pulls out a MASSIVE WAD OF CASH and pays his bets.

ON the shocked and horrified Richie, who can't utter a word.

BLOCK

Like I told you, this is the casino  
business. You think I got here  
with a handshake and a smile?...  
You're welcome.

He turns to the Boat Driver.

BLOCK

Get us out of here...

RICHIE'S APARTMENT, LATER

Richie, wrung out, practically staggers in to the apartment to find the place is a mess.

Furniture has been knocked over, lamps broken, the television on the floor.

RICHIE

Cronin?

Richie goes room to room calling out.

RICHIE

Cronin!

He takes out his cell phone and speed dials "OFFICE."

RICHIE

Yeah, it's Richie, is Cronin down there?...When did he leave?... Alone?...And you haven't seen him since?...Thanks.

Richie hangs up, notices he has a voicemail on his cell. He puts the phone to his ear.

CRONIN (V.O. VOICEMAIL)

(whispering)

Hey, Richie, it's me. Listen, after I found those security screens showing everyone's cards, I went deeper and found a trapdoor-- but built into the original code. It's been there since the beginning...

There are the sounds of the office in the background.

CRONIN (V.O. VOICEMAIL)

(whispering)

I hacked into the casino games platform too. The odds aren't right, players are just losing more than they should be. It'd be hard for them to notice, but it's happening.

Now Cronin's voice becomes more desperate.

CRONIN (V.O. VOICEMAIL)

Pet was right, we should've left. There's something else I have to show you. It's really fucked up, but I...

His voice changes as he speaks to someone else. He suddenly tries to sound bucked up and breezy.

CRONIN (V.O. VOICEMAIL)

Hey, guys, what's up?...Now?...I was hoping to finish up some--

The call is disconnected.

Richie lowers the phone and finds his way to a chair, which he sets upright and slumps into.

He has a dazed expression on his face at all he's lost and the situation he's in. His head falls into his hands.

After a moment there is the sound of the door opening and Richie looks up, nervous. But it's Rebecca.

REBECCA

Your door was open. You didn't show back up for the rest of the party.

RICHIE

Something happened to Cronin.

REBECCA

What?

RICHIE

Did Block send you? That'd be just the kind of line he'd send you in with.

REBECCA

He didn't send me.

RICHIE

I need to know, when I'm talking to you, am I talking to you, or am I talking to him?

A beat as she decides.

REBECCA

You're talking to me.

RICHIE

How do I know?

REBECCA

Look at me.

RICHIE

You look beautiful, same as always. What does it tell me?

They stare at each other.

REBECCA

Richie, when I said that Block used to laugh. What I meant was that I used to. When I saw the look in your eyes, the coldness, tonight-- you can't let that happen to you. I can't let it happen to you.

A beat.

REBECCA

Is it too late? Do you want me to go?

She looks towards the door.

RICHIE

No.

Another beat.

RICHIE

Block--I know what he is now.

Her tone is unguarded. For the first time she's not selling.

REBECCA

He's a million different things... I've seen them all. I've been there since the beginning, remember? Since he left the Caymans, and came here. I've almost left a dozen times.

RICHIE

What does he have on you? Video?

REBECCA

First he had me. I was young and stupid--about everything other than business. Then he had me dependant on a lifestyle. Like I told you, I did things, things I'm not proud of...

Richie understands.

REBECCA

I wanted everything in life, Richie. I just wasn't willing to go back home and be poor again. And then...then I just told myself it was too late. But it's not too late for you.

Richie's thinking now.

RICHIE

For us. Maybe. Block said something about a 'week' to Hererra. What's happening in a week?

REBECCA

You know how I end up if he finds out I told you?

RICHIE

Yes.

REBECCA

He's set to pull out of here. Conditions are...no longer conducive to running his business. And he's looking to hang things on someone--a patsy--and I think you're it.

RICHIE

Me.

REBECCA

All those people you've been paying? He's gonna get on his jet and be gone...

This registers with Richie.

REBECCA

And you'll be here, and they'll still be looking to get paid. Like Hererra.

RICHIE

No, he won't.

REBECCA

Oh, Richie, that's worse. Hererra was powerful and you had a public problem with him. If the police don't come after you, his friends will. And if I know Ivan, that's not the only surprise he's left for you.

ON: Richie, his mind working a thousand miles an hour.

RICHIE

One week, huh?

She nods.

RICHIE  
That's not a lot of time...

MONTAGE

--Richie in the COUNT ROOM, getting money.

--Richie in the BASEMENT with Archie.

RICHIE  
So you haven't seen him?

Archie gives Richie a dead-eyed stare. Shakes his head no.

Richie nods, accepting this.

--Richie pays off Police Officers.

--Richie sits uncomfortably in a meeting with Block and some EUROPEAN BUSINESSMEN. The Businessmen begin to converse in Swedish. Block leans in to Richie.

BLOCK  
You alright there?

RICHIE  
(snapping out of it)  
Yeah, I'm good.

Block looks at him with a piercing gaze.

--Richie, in a rental car, pulls up at a MODEST HOUSE. Esteban comes to the door. Richie hands him an envelope FAT WITH CASH. Esteban looks around and whispers something confidential in Richie's ear.

--Richie enters an office, a private airstrip visible through the window. He shakes hands with a MAN IN A BLUE SUIT AND AVIATOR SHADES...

END MONTAGE IN: RICHIE'S KITCHEN

He stands in his customary spot in front of the high cabinets, but this time the cash COMES OUT OF THE CEREAL BOXES and into a duffle bag, FILLING IT.

He reaches for the last box of Natural Bran Cereal, dumps it, and along with cash, a FLASH DRIVE falls out.

Richie takes the Flash Drive to his computer and plugs it in.

ON: Richie's face as he processes what he's seeing.

BLOCK'S POOL

A POKER TOURNAMENT--The Escazu-Midnight Black Classic--is underway. PRO POKER PLAYERS sit at a FINAL TABLE. There are TV cameras, ANNOUNCERS, AUDIENCE, and stack of PRIZE MONEY.

Rebecca moves away from the set as Richie arrives and crosses to her. They talk quietly, under the din of play.

RICHIE

I found out what that surprise is.  
Something Cronin left behind.  
Block's been cheating players since  
the beginning, taking tens of  
millions in extra profit. And he's  
found his "hacker." Me. All the  
cheating tracks back to IP  
addresses on my computers.

REBECCA

Nice.

ANGLE ON: Above it all, on the balcony, is Block. He sees Richie and Rebecca talking.

Richie gives a respectful wave to Block, which he returns with a nod.

RICHIE

So if I out him for anything, I'm  
not just killing my father, I'm  
hanging myself too. I'm his fresh  
start.

REBECCA

I got my own surprise. Told me to  
have my bags packed. We leave first  
thing tomorrow morning.

RICHIE

Well, then I guess this is goodbye.

REBECCA

Yeah.

Richie kisses her on the cheek before leaving.

ANGLE ON: Block, eyeing Richie's exit. He turns and signals Wilson, who is just inside from the balcony, to follow Richie.

## ESTEBAN'S HOUSE

Richie, in his rental car, pulls up in front again. He doesn't notice that up the street behind him, Wilson has tailed him there.

Wilson slips out of his SUV and moves down the street for a better look.

HE SEES: Richie go to the door, carrying the DUFFLE BAG full of cash and knock.

Esteban answers and leads Richie through the house to the tiny patch of...

BACKYARD where the MAN IN THE BLUE SUIT AND AVIATORS waits.

ANGLE ON: Peering from behind foliage Wilson witnesses Richie handing the bag to the Man in the Blue Suit.

Wilson's face changes. He knows the man.

WILSON'S POV: Richie shakes hands with the Man In The Blue Suit and departs.

## STREET NEAR ESTEBAN'S HOUSE

Richie moves toward his car, when Wilson steps out, making his gun visible under his jacket.

Richie stops.

RICHIE

What are you doing--

WILSON

That's some real Ivy League thinking there, smart boy.

RICHIE

Just meeting my driver--

WILSON

I know who the other guy is and what you're trying to do. Get in the fucking car.

Wilson points to his SUV down the street.

RICHIE

No.

Wilson pushes Richie.

WILSON

You want to live five more minutes,  
you'll get in the car.

Richie stumbles along, half-shoved, half-dragged.

RICHIE

This is a bad idea, man. There's  
gotta be some kind of deal we--

WILSON

Block compensates me in a way that  
insulates me from offers like that.

They near the SUV. Wilson takes out his cell phone.

RICHIE

I'm insulated too.

Doubt creases Wilson's face.

WILSON

The fuck're you talking about?

As they reach the vehicle, before he can dial, the looming  
figures of the HANDLEBAR MUSTACHE BODYGUARDS--Hererra's Men--  
emerge from behind the SUV.

RICHIE

Once in a while being smart ain't  
all bad...

One BEAR HUGS WILSON, lifting him off his feet. The other  
takes his gun and cell phone.

WILSON

Get the hell off me--

They stuff him into his own SUV, where more of their men  
wait. The cell phone drops to the ground and is stepped on.

The SUV drives away.

CUT TO:

RICHIE'S APARTMENT, MORNING

It's morning. The apartment is quiet. Suddenly the DOOR  
BURSTS OPEN. It's blown off its hinges by Costa Rican  
POLICE, led by the Captains Richie had been paying.

They spread through the apartment, but Richie's not there.  
The place is empty.

CUT TO:

BLOCK'S HOUSE

The Police Detective who was with Hererra, and a force of  
POLICE, flood onto the GROUNDS.

THE HOUSE is abandoned. Some furniture remains, covered in  
sheets, the rest has been cleared.

THE BUNKER door is blasted open. Nothing but desks, chairs  
and lint where the computers sat.

PRIVATE AIRSTRIP

Block gets out of a Bentley Supersport convertible next to a  
G-5 that is being loaded with his luggage.

An SUV rolls up, and Rebecca gets out. Her DRIVER takes her  
luggage and puts it aboard the plane. Block checks his watch.

BLOCK

Where's Wilson? He didn't show up  
today.

She shrugs.

BLOCK

All set?

REBECCA

All set.

He takes a look at her.

BLOCK

You'll get over it. Find yourself  
a new beach boy when we land.

REBECCA

Younger and dumber this time.

BLOCK

Dumber won't be easy.

They laugh together. Then Block checks his watch again, looks  
out toward the road.

BLOCK

Fuck it, Wilson'll have to get his  
own ride over...

He heads for the plane. Rebecca follows.

BASEMENT, HOTEL DEL REY

It's a different story in the office today. The Cigar  
Chompers and Archie are gone. Richie is the only non-Costa  
Rican face. The Tico workers there are confused.

Richie is in the process of wiping his computer when Police,  
led by Sergeant Barrancas, enter. The Tico workers RUN.

SERGEANT BARRANCAS

Let's go, Ricardo.

Richie looks up.

CUT TO:

BLOCK'S G-5, FLYING

Rebecca sits, eyes straight ahead.

Block is reclined, drink in his hand, eye shades on his face.  
The picture of relaxed contentment as the plane descends.

Through the window a verdant ISLAND can be seen below.

BLOCK

I love new beginnings...Any  
industry, the first ten years it's  
like Russia after Communism. It's  
all about strength and will...But  
now it's time for finesse...Is the  
new software ready?

REBECCA

Ready to go online.

NEW ISLAND'S PRIVATE AIRSTRIP

The G-5 comes in low, touches down before taxiing to a stop.

The stairs fold out. Block appears, and walks down.

RICHIE (O.S.)

Guess I missed the boarding  
announcement.

Block's head snaps to the left. Standing there on the tarmac waiting for him, somehow, is Richie.

BLOCK

It was a flight for Midnight Black employees only.

RICHIE

You really saw me coming, didn't you? The cars, the boats, the money. Gave me the full "Puppy Dog Close."

BLOCK

You roll into my party and accuse me of cheating? You think I'd let you get away with that?

RICHIE

You're telling me I should've stayed home? Well, you're right about that. I came down asking for what I got. But you should've left my friends out of it.

BLOCK

You're a fool for having friends in this business in the first place... That's the thing about guys your age--not just the privileged ones either--you all got trophies just for showing up, so none of you learned how to win. How to take. How to build your world. Well, now you know.

RICHIE

That may be, but you forgot your own advice: you got too big and too greedy.

BLOCK

What are you gonna do about it? You may have gotten out of Costa Rica, but you don't think I fucking own this place too?

RICHIE

Where, exactly, do you think you are?

Ivan pauses. For the first time doubt creeps in.

Richie points. In the distance, fluttering from a flagpole is the old Stars & Stripes, the AMERICAN FLAG.

RICHIE

I knew deep down you were really  
just homesick.

ANGLE ON: A caravan of blacked out SUVs, FBI decals on the doors, and with SIRENS WAILING.

RICHIE

Welcome to Puerto Rico, Ivan.  
Territory of the United States of  
America.

Block goes pale. He turns to re-board his plane. But the PILOT is there--he is the MAN IN THE BLUE SUIT WITH AVIATOR SHADES that Richie paid.

And he pulls up the stairs, CLOSES THE DOOR.

BLOCK

Motherfucker. Your father's a dead  
man, and so are you!

The plane taxis away.

Block starts to RUN, but only makes it three steps before Agent Zbyszko JUMPS OUT of the lead vehicle and TACKLES him.

AGENT ZBYSZKO

Oh, yeah, classic double leg  
takedown!...Feel that concrete?  
That's gonna be your bed for the  
next twenty years.

He flex-cuffs Block's wrists and pulls him to his feet.

AGENT ZBYSZKO

And just so you know, I've got  
Richie's father in WITSEC, so you  
can forget about that.

Agent Zbyszko leads Block back to the vehicles.

AGENT ZBYSZKO

Ivan Block, you are under arrest  
for income tax evasion, violating  
the International Wire Act,  
oh...and murder, and ton of other  
shit.

Agent Zbyszko turns to another agent, AGENT POOLE.

AGENT ZBYSZKO  
Get Richie Furst, I want to start  
swearing depositions right away.

The Agent begins to look around, but Richie has disappeared.

AGENT POOLE  
Uh, sir...

AGENT ZBYSZKO  
You've got to be kidding me.

As pissed as he is, Block almost smiles, because they all  
see, across the tarmac: Richie BOARDING BLOCK'S G-5.

AGENT ZBYSZKO  
Shut down air traffic!

The stairs go up and the plane starts to TAXI immediately.

AGENT POOLE  
I think it's gonna be too late.

BLOCK  
That's my goddamn plane...

BLOCK'S G-5

Richie gives the pilot, his Man in the Blue Suit with Aviator  
shades, a big THUMBS UP, moves up the aisle toward REBECCA.

RICHIE  
Never been on a private plane  
before today...

He sits next to her and buckles up.

REBECCA  
You're gonna get used to it quick.

RICHIE  
Already have.

The plane gathers speed in its take-off run.

REBECCA  
Pet's got the site ready to go  
live.

RICHIE  
Well, we've got our player list.

Richie holds up the flash drive.

RICHIE

Thanks to Cronin. His family's in for a share.

REBECCA

Definitely. Nine hundred thousand players, not a bad start.

RICHIE

International players only. We've got to run this totally legit. No U.S. money until it's legal. Can't make the same mistakes Block did.

REBECCA

Nah, we'll make our own.

RICHIE

I'm sure we will.

She smiles. So does he.

RICHIE

So how's Antigua, nice?

REBECCA

Yeah, after a while, these places are all the same.

She wraps her hand around his, and they sit back and fly.

FADE OUT.