

"RUNNER, RUNNER"

by

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8.5

**Appian Way/
Double Feature**

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...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 British Sterling.
Others need the utility of the
Euro. And a few still want good old
American dollars. Out of some sort
of misguided nostalgia I guess.

(MORE)

*

BLOCK (CONT'D)

So tell me, Governor, what's your kink?

GOVERNOR

I like gold.

BLOCK

Well, who the fuck doesn't?

ROAD IN THE JUNGLE

Waiting by a pair of SUVs is Block's charge d'affairs, the sleek and efficient REBECCA SHAFRAN.

She waves to a very competent looking security man, WILSON, who goes into the lead SUV, comes out with a metal CASE.

She points, and he places the case by the second SUV just as Block and the Governor emerge from the foliage.

BLOCK

...We don't talk again until I show up.

GOVERNOR

What is the time frame, please?

REBECCA

May be in month, may be a year. Just have everything in place. When we need to move, there's not gonna be time to give you a head's up.

Block and Rebecca move toward their vehicle speaking quietly.

BLOCK

Well, you certainly know your customer. Nice work.

REBECCA

It's what I do.

Block and Rebecca slide into the SUV.

GOVERNOR

(calls out)

All will be ready for you, sir, once our arrangement is complete.

BLOCK

It already is.

Block slams the door shut, and with Wilson behind the wheel,
the SUV peels away in a spray of sand.

Only then does the bewildered Governor notice the case by his
vehicle. He goes to it, squats, rubs his hands together,
lifts the lid REVEALING, of course, THE GOLD.

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY CAMPUS

Evidence of a bleak northeastern winter.

TAP ROOM, PRINCETON

A clubby bar swirls with STUDENTS and FACULTY. In the middle
of a group of GUYS and GIRLS, leaning against the rail, is
RICHIE FURST, a grad student, but his dress and attitude
convey a mix of cool confidence and authority.

RICHIE

...On the street they call it risk
tolerance. Which is just a fancy
word for balls. I saw it first
hand. The whales, the guys who run
fifty-billion, they'll risk
everything they have on a position,
if they think there's enough upside
on the other end. To win at that
game you gotta be like Evil
Knieval--

RESTON, a buzzed undergrad in a woolly sweater pipes up.

RESTON

Who's he?

RICHIE

A guy who jumped Harleys over
trucks.

LUCY, an attractive co-ed bumps his shoulder.

LUCY

Did you crash and burn like he used
to?

RICHIE

I got in at the wrong end of the
cycle. Got spun back out. But I'm
okay. Now I'll finish my Masters,
go back when they forget the name
of the hedge fund I worked for. But
I feel sorry for you guys.

(MORE)

RICHIE (CONT'D)

Graduating in three months, into a world that does everything it can to eliminate risk. I was there for the end of the Wild West. You'll be showing up when all the saloons are closed down.

PAUL ARNAUD, nice sweater, British Accent, bred to attend an Ivy.

PAUL

Hey, there's still a few risk-takers among us.

RICHIE

Yeah? You like to gamble?

PAUL

Not afraid to.

RICHIE

That's great news.

Richie takes out his iPhone.

RICHIE

I'm texting you a site. A five hundred dollar freeze out. Use the code 'Richie F.'

PAUL

Thought your Feds shut all those sites down on Black Friday?

RICHIE

Just the ones that advertised on TV.

Paul nods, he and Reston move off with a pitcher of beer.

LUCY

(whispers)

I have a risk-free proposition for you...

RICHIE

I'm a Grad T.A. You're in my section. Not sure I agree with your definition of "risk."

He gives her a kind smile and moves away.

DEAN'S OFFICE

*

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

*

DEAN MONROE

*

My general concern, Mr. Furst, is that you are promoting gambling on campus. 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 Paul from the bar.

*

DEAN MONROE

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

RICHIE

(to Paul)

You told your dad that, Paul?

*

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--

*

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, causing Richie concern for the first time.

DEAN MONROE

You're supposed to be earning your Masters of Finance, instead you're running some kind of virtual casino! Even using the school server to solicit students!

*

*

The Dean spins his laptop revealing Richie's email flyer.

*

RICHIE
 (wincing)
 That hit your inbox, huh?

*
 *
 *

DEAN MONROE
 Yes. 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 not a bookie or a collection agent. My official title is affiliate for an online gaming companies. I steer traffic to the website, and they pay me a commission. Hands off. Arms length.

DEAN MONROE
 And what do you get for these introductions?

RICHIE
 A small 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 by preying on defenseless undergrads.

Dean Monroe refers to his computer.

DEAN MONROE
 I called up your admission file. I see you worked at Rush Street Capital before it went down, and I can only wonder if your moral flexibility contributed to the rumors and accusations that went along with the bankruptcy.

RICHIE

I was a second year analyst. I got crushed when they went under--

*
*

DEAN MONROE

You will close up shop effective immediately, or you won't have a school to pay for.

FINANCIAL AID OFFICE

STUDENTS implore harried CLERKS to approve loans.

*

Richie sits with a clerk, DORIS, 50s, West Indian.

*

DORIS

You're not eligible for financial aid, your declared income from the past two years is too high.

*

RICHIE

But that money's almost gone. My business was just taken away from me. I'm looking at sixty-grand in tuition before I get my degree. And that's if I don't eat.

*
*
*

DORIS

You owe twenty-one thousand for next semester. Due in a week.

*

RICHIE

I don't have that much.

DORIS

I feel for you, but you're not eligible for aid. Best advice I've got: try Lotto.

*
*
*

Richie heads for the door.

RICHIE

Lotto's not my game, Doris.

RICHIE'S APARTMENT, BUTLER TRACT GRADUATE HOUSING

Sparse IKEA furnishings. A flatscreen, remnant of his solvent working days. 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 goes to his gaming site: MIDNIGHTBLACK.COM. There *
is a PROMO VIDEO of IVAN BLOCK on speedboats and a *
Gulfstream. Richie clicks to: MY ACCOUNT.

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

Richie puts the laptop under his arm and moves to his cramped
LIVING ROOM.

The door to the hall is open and GRAD STUDENTS come and go
outside, waving an occasional greeting.

RICHIE'S LIVING ROOM, LATER

Richie is dug in with: bottled water, Starbucks, food, his
feet up as he multi-tables NO LIMIT TEXAS HOLD-EM in four
separate windows.

He's up, WAY UP. GRAD STUDENTS--,others--pass by, see what's *
going on, pull up chairs. One grad student is Craig. *

Richie makes a play. Craig takes a close look at his screen. *

CRAIG

If you weren't a hedge fund whale, *
I'd say that's a lot of your *
bankroll in play. *

Richie's eyes stay on his screen. *

RICHIE

If I was a whale, I'm beached right *
now. *

He makes a bet. *

RICHIE

I was locked in a closet down on
the Loop for two fucking years.

QUICK FLASH:

RICHIE'S OLD FIRM - TWO YEARS AGO

Richie, cramped, bleak office, a miserable look at his face,
at his Bloomberg terminal.

RICHIE

I wasn't private jetting to Aspen with supermodels. I was staring at the Bloomberg for 18 hours a day.

Behind him, all around him, TRADERS and FUND MANAGERS are heading home or out for the night. Richie isn't.

RICHIE'S LIVING ROOM - PRESENT

RICHIE

Took down two-hundred grand-- exactly once--didn't even buy myself a decent goddamned watch, just dumped it right back into the fund. Because it was a sure thing. And then they levered themselves thirty to one and lost every cent. May as well have burned it.

CRAIG

Well, then, I repeat: that's a lot of your bankroll.

RICHIE

All of it, Craigger. *

CRAIG

Then maybe you ought to consider standing up and shutting it down.

RICHIE

Let me ask you something: you know what it's like to promise your mother you're going to get her a new car and then have to tell her that by "new" you meant six years old and by "car" you meant some junker with ninety-two thousand miles on it? *

CRAIGGER

Hey, man, we all have goals--

RICHIE

No, you have an 'expectation.' From growing up in Greenwich. I have a plan. I was damn close to having it come together. And I'm not letting it get away a second time. This... *

Points to the screen.

RICHIE

Is the right play. Statistically. I'm three tabling and I spotted 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 makes a bet.

CRAIG

Why'd you raise?

RICHIE

Non-weighted game theory. Because it'll outperform the EV of flatting. And he'll spazz in anyway.

CRAIG

In English, please.

*

*

RICHIE

Because raising gives me the best chance to win. See, this is the one you wait for. Watching his betting patterns and starting hands--he's a weak player. The kind of sucker you might only find once a year. He's got over sixty K on the table. I have to make the plays that give me the clearest shot to take it.

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DISSOLVE TO LATER

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

Fifty doesn't get me to graduation, and statistically if the guy keeps playing this badly, I have to reel him in. What'd I tell ya: this is the one you wait for.

*
*

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.

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.

CRAIG

"Stay down, Rock"...C'mon, Richie, stop.

RICHIE

Can't let short luck variance slow me down. That's the sucker play. This guy plays too bad for me to stop.

CRAIG

I know. "This is the one you wait for". Only thing is: seems he was waiting for you.

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*

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

PRINCETON PLASMA PHYSICS LAB, MUCH LATER

*

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

PERDEEP, a tired looking physics PhD candidate, has the night shift, and a beaten Richie has brought him a coffee.

RICHIE

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

PERDEEP

That's what every loser thinks.

RICHIE

No. I was so sure this guy was a sucker that I zeroed in on him. Instead I chose the form of my destructor--I picked the Sta-Puft Marshmallow Man. I was cheated.

*

PERDEEP

Let me see the hand history.

Richie pulls out a phone-book thick stack of paper. Perdeep thumbs through the computer printout. To him it's like porn.

PERDEEP

It's a statistical anomaly.

RICHIE

That's what I said.

Perdeep rolls away in his chair toward a computer.

TIME CUT TO MORNING: 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 compared it against thousands of
players 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
Powerball...Four days in a row.
I think you were cheated.

*

RICHIE

I think I was cheated.

*

*

A METRO NORTH TRAIN, TRAVELING INTO NEW ROCHELLE, NY

*

PERDEEP (V.O.)

Where are you going?

*

*

RICHIE

Costa Rica...

*

*

A DINER

*

Richie is at a back table. His mother EILEEN, 50s, letting
the salt and pepper happen, in a waitress uniform, drops off
some plates and joins him.

*

*

*

EILEEN

You're going where?

*

*

RICHIE

You heard me.

*

*

EILEEN

And you lost your tuition?!

*

*

RICHIE

That's why I have to miss
Christmas, to get my money back.

*

*

*

EILEEN

Can't you go to the authorities?

*

*

RICHIE

They don't have jurisdiction in
Costa Rica. It's why the sites are
set up there.

*

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*

*

EILEEN

You can't leave Princeton a year
away from your Masters!

She gets up, starts re-filling sugar and Splenda packets.

RICHIE

I have to try and get my money
back. This guy who owns the site,
if I can talk to him in person, I
can get it done. I'm not leaving
Princeton. It's winter break. I
jump down, sort this out, jump
back.

EILEEN

You know who you sound like? Who
you look like?

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

RICHIE

I'm nothing like dad--

EILEEN

It was always a quick 'jump' out to
somewhere. Followed by a slow crawl
back.

RICHIE

First of all: I'm telling you I'm
leaving. Second: I'm coming back.
And third: I'm not going there to
gamble. Try not to worry.

EILEEN

It's what people do, Richie, they
worry about their family. And then,
if they're lucky, their only son
comes to say Merry Christmas nine
days early.

RICHIE

And I won't be able to send you any
extra money for a while, you know,
until I settle this.

EILEEN

Richie, I don't care about the
money, I care about you.

This lands hard on Richie. It kills him.

EILEEN

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

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*
*

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

Affiliate?

PET

Used to be. Have my own skins now.
"Pet Poker" and "Pet Sports."

RICHIE

You're Pet! I'm Richie Furst. I've
steered players to your sites.

PET

Oh, Richie! Dude, I had you totally
different. More corporate.

RICHIE

I had you a little less scummy.

PET

Shoulda met me before I had any
money. I looked like you. So you
going for the expo?

RICHIE

Not exactly.

PET

Who's bringing you over?

RICHIE

Me. 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, just out of college, Stanford bright under a computer nerd exterior. *

PET

Shut up, Cronin.

CRONIN

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

PET

The meeting's with his number two. Or three. 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 walks with purpose toward a line of red taxis.

AERIAL SHOT OF COSTA RICA

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

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 GLEAMING HOTEL TOWERS rising in the distance. He sits down on the bed.

STEAM ROOM

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

ROBE

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

Block sits across from them.

BLOCK

Uh huh. Let's talk about what you can do now, Congressman.

TOWEL

We understand you're homesick--

BLOCK

(tweaked)

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 Michigan Avenue. I can't walk down Broadway and I can't walk down Art Rooney Avenue either, eating a Primanti's Kolbassi and cheese. You know what that's like for a lifelong 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 ready. Who's first? *

Robe stands, Block does not.

BLOCK

Give us a sec, honey.

She walks back out. Robe remains standing.

BLOCK

We both know you're about to get the kind of blowjob your wife hasn't given you in years. And that's fantastic. I'm always glad to help our vaunted leaders let off a little steam. But I want you to think about something as you lie down on that massage table. Average guy who's crushing it in the CR is making a couple of grand a year. If someone offered him 500 bucks US to come into your room and cut your head off tonight, believe me, Congressman, you'd wake up in the morning with your head on the fucking nightstand.

He turns to Towel.

BLOCK

You too.

The Congressmen are stunned.

BLOCK

Now that's not gonna happen.
Because down here you guys are
rolling with me. We're friends and
it's in all our interests to keep
it that way. Yeah?

Both meekly nod. Block smiles wide.

BLOCK

Good. Now have a great massage!

He stands and leaves.

MC (PRE-LAP V.O.)

Welcome IGamers, site providers,
programmers, vendors, affiliates,
players, enthusiasts, and guests...

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...

Like a combo CES and AVN ADULT ENTERTAINMENT EXPO. 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.

SPOKESMODELS, WHALES, NERDS, elements of EURO and ASIAN
ORGANIZED CRIME and everything in between hock their wares.

Richie moves through until he sees the crowded MIDNIGHT BLACK
BOOTH. It's a step above the rest, with flatscreens playing
the promo video of Ivan Block.

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 with Mr. Block.

REBECCA

And I'm looking to be the fall cover for Italian Vogue. Not gonna happen for either of 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 my new venture in Croatia. It's a great opportunity for him--

REBECCA

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

Now Richie's right there, but before he can intercept her, Rebecca grabs a JUNIOR EXEC. Richie OVERHEARS their conversation. *
*
*

REBECCA

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

She turns to go.

JUNIOR EXEC.

Great dress, by the way. *

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

The answer is always no. *

She peels off from the throng, moving at top speed. Richie 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.

He takes a beat as things click between them. *

RICHIE *

Couple ways I can respond to that. *
I say yes and you walk away. I say *
no, and you know I'm lying. *

REBECCA *

And I walk away. *

They both smile. *

RICHIE *

But you're still standing here. *

REBECCA *

I'm interested in how you're gonna *
play it. *

RICHIE *

How would you play it? *

REBECCA *

You can't just ask me how I'd con *
myself. You have to work for it a *
little. *

RICHIE *

You're pressed for time. Come on, *
gimme a hint. *

She moves a step closer to him, softens. *

REBECCA *

I'd say don't try and con me. Just
tell me, straight up, what you
need. I'm in the casino business.
We aim to please. *

Is she fucking with him? *

RICHIE *

It's that easy? *

REBECCA *

Take a shot. *

RICHIE *

Okay...I need to come to the party
tonight. *

REBECCA *

There. See how easy that was? *

RICHIE *

So I'm in? *

She gives him a genuinely sweet smile. *

REBECCA *

No. Party's full. Sorry. *

Rebecca turns and walks away. Richie watches her go. *

RICHIE'S ROOM, HOTEL DEL MAR

Richie, in a towel, opens his suitcase, takes out FILM
DEVELOPING TRAYS, arranges them on his desk.

He fills the trays with CLEAR LIQUID from an amber bottle and
then takes a sheaf of WHITE PAPER from his bag and soaks it
in the liquid.

TIME CUT:

PAGES, still seemingly blank, hang drying on a line. Richie
starts to get dressed.

PRE-LAP the sound of CHOPPER ROTORS.

HARAS FLORIDA STUD FARM, COSTA RICA

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

Wilson opens the door and Block, Steven Alan shirt, 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."

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 bring 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 some of my colleagues in the legislature believe your kind is ruining 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

We are stable, we've been a democracy for over fifty years. Because we haven't given the people a reason to unseat us. 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

Ooooooh. 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 a half years by the way.

CASINO, HOTEL DEL REY, NIGHT

Richie, sharply dressed, a small garment bag over his arm, enters the casino, which is lavish and packed with GAMBLERS.

There is a CLUB in the casino with BOUNCERS manning a roped off door. AFFILIATES and PARTY GIRLS are already on line.

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

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. He can't even get close.

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 ten
thousand dollars, you're not
getting in here tonight.

*
*

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.

REBECCA

You again.

RICHIE

Walk me in with you. One drink.

REBECCA

Now why would I do that?

RICHIE

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

He lifts the garment bag up, unzips it. She takes a look: a STYLISH COCKTAIL DRESS.

REBECCA

(smiling)

So you went for the con this
time...

*
*

ON: The Doorman: "what a douche."

RICHIE

It's yours.

*

REBECCA

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

*

RICHIE
Yeah, I did.

*

REBECCA
Well that's fucking adorable.
Problem is: I have a no tourist
rule.

RICHIE
Why's that?

REBECCA
Too much crying when it's over.

*

RICHIE
You don't seem like the type.

*

REBECCA
I was talking about you.

*

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

REBECCA
Hold this for me...

She turns away from Richie and moves toward the entrance.
Then looks back.

REBECCA
And let him in.

DOORMAN
(disbelieving)
You got it.

She breezes by and goes through the door. The Doorman shrugs
and opens the rope to Richie, then 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 follows her in, but as she moves to a bar in the corner, Richie goes the other way.

He gets 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.

ANGLE ON: Rebecca, at the bar, wondering where Richie went.

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

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 flood into the club. They grab Richie, pull him down, rip the pages out of his hands.

Other Security head 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 and I'm
guessing you don't even know it.

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

Hold up, wait...

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.

ON: Richie's concerned face.

"THE HOUSE"

Is a YACHT. It's big. It's tricked out. As Richie steps on from a LAUNCH his awe competes 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

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 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.

There is a large photo from five years ago--BLOCK WITH AN ARM AROUND ANOTHER YOUNG DUDE, both wearing racing jumpsuits as they lean against race cars on a track. Richie checks it out.

BLOCK

Alex Maynard. My old partner. We founded the site together. Man we had a piss.

RICHIE

Is he still involved?

BLOCK

Passed away. I miss him...

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. A few of my programmers got greedy and thought they'd help themselves to some sure wins. They 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. Relief. Vindication.

BLOCK

And you--you came to me, like young 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. That was a hell of a risk.

RICHIE

I knew I couldn't get to you any other way.

BLOCK

Well, 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 one the company's luxury suites, 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 hell 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 Craig.

RICHIE

Right...

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 graduated Fordham top one percent of your class, loaded up with student loans. Came out thinking Wall Street would be waiting for you like an oyster. But you didn't go to an Ivy for undergrad so you ended up at Rush Street Cap in Chitown. You wanted to get rich and look respectable doing it. Just one more year and you would've been at seven figures. But guess what? They took your labor--

RICHIE

And my fucking money.

BLOCK

And your fucking money, and they burned it all up. And suddenly it wasn't so respectable either. So you headed to Princeton for the Masters of Finance, to lick your wounds and re-brand yourself...

ON: Richie, taking in every word--the guy knows everything.

BLOCK

But Wall Street's on the goddamn ropes and it's ready to go down for the count. Between Sarbannes-Oxley, Dodd-Frank, politicians careering on reform, and Occupy My Balls, 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 hands over a copy of Richie's Player Account Statement.

BLOCK

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

ON RICHIE: This is good!

BLOCK

And that's about all...Unless...

RICHIE

Unless what?

BLOCK

Unless you care to stick around and give it a shot in a business that actually has a future.

Richie absorbs the shock of the offer, then figures it out.

RICHIE

Oh, that's why you put on this show.

Block wears a half-smile.

BLOCK

What show?

RICHIE

You could've sent word to my hotel. Emailed my player account. But you did all this instead...

Richie gestures around.

RICHIE

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

Now Block smiles fully.

BLOCK
You just won me a grand.

RICHIE
How's that?

BLOCK
I bet Rebecca you'd see it coming.
The job offer. Look, I checked out
the numbers you've been starting to
do in your Affiliate business. With
your math background and the balls
you've shown here--you could be a
natural. And you already know rule
number one in Costa Rica.

RICHIE
What's that?

BLOCK
No one gives you shit. You have to
reach out and fucking take it...So
the question is: are you in?

ON: Richie's face, full of purpose--and a big smile.

RICHIE
What do you think?

Camera pulls back from yacht, and...

BLOCK (V.O.)
You're gonna start where everyone
does...

CASINO, HOTEL DEL REY

Richie enters and crosses the gaming floor.

BLOCK (V.O.)
In the basement. But if you're as
good, no, great as I think you'll
be, you won't be there for long.
And the dollars you made in finance
will seem like pennies.

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 TOPLESS GIRLS dealing blackjack.

ARCHIE

Guy wants to play blackjack against a topless dealer, it's five hundred dollars.

They continue on until 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
Them?

Richie points at another group of Costa Ricans at computers.

ARCHIE
Payments fraud team. They check that 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 standing there, serious. *

BLOCK
What did you do? *

Richie doesn't know what he fucked up. Block cracks a smile. *

BLOCK
We're number four in gambling site search returns as of this morning. What'd you do? *

RICHIE
Oh...First I created informational sites that are veiled ads for us. *

BLOCK
Uh huh. *

RICHIE
And I got a dirt cheap team in India to imbed links in the chatboards of high traffic sites. *

BLOCK
Nice. *

RICHIE
For now. Search string is constantly evolving. I'll need new ideas starting tomorrow. *

Block looks around. *

BLOCK
Haven't been down in this pit in a year...You know the affiliate business--you want to earn your way out of here? *

ON: Richie, nodding. *

HOTEL SUITE *

Two 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
screwed. I know all the scams.

Richie, a BRAND NEW BELL AND ROSS WATCH on his wrist, points
at one SLICK LOOKING AFFILIATE. *

RICHIE

Marino, you thought our company was
too big to notice small time
grifters. But I caught it. *

MARINO

That's bullshi-- *

RICHIE

Hit the bricks. We spiffed you
three-hundred a head for each NEW
player you signed up. Instead of
actually earning that money, you
paid the same thirty customers to
sign up and re-sign up, getting
yourself a nice bonus each time.
And they never played on the site.
Hits the bricks! *

Marino is already packing his stuff, leaving. *

RICHIE

Oh, and here's a hint: Maybe next
time get 'em to change computers. *

Marino leaves. *

RICHIE

All of you have run something
similar. That's all done... *

Nervous groans. *

RICHIE

You will play it straight with us.
We will play it straight with you.
Or you will be gone--like this hump
Marino--on a cargo plane back to
nowhere. *

Grumbles. Pet and Cronin shake their heads. *

PET

What kind of a prick did this guy
turn into?

HALLWAY

*

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

RICHIE

Guys--

PET

You just took me down a tax
bracket. Why you smiling at me?

RICHIE

Because I changed your life and you
don't even know it. Block told me
if I fixed what was broken with our
affiliate program, I could bring a
couple of grunts inside. Oh, look
who's smiling now.

BASEMENT

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

RICHIE

Search Engine Optimization is a
major artery for us, that's why I
convinced Block to let me bring you
two in...

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. Pet, you keep it moving
in the right direction. Cronin,
unleash the Stanford computer
engineer in you and optimize the
site's reward points program.

*
*
*
*
*

Richie sits and they all get to it....TIME CUT TO MUCH LATER:

*

OUTSIDE THE HOTEL DEL REY, NIGHT

An exhausted Richie staggers outside. At the curb waits an SUV and a driver, a burly, local man named ESTEBAN.

ESTEBAN

Mr. Richie?

Richie nods. Esteban talks into a cell phone, then hands it to Richie.

BLOCK (V.O.)

Esteban says you look like ass.
That tells me you been working
hard. Results do too. Party at my
place. Invite your pod along...

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 the SUV.

ESTEBAN

This is Escazu, they say it's the
St. Tropez of Central America. Not
that I know St. Tropez, 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, likes it. 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.

FAMOUS POKER PLAYERS/ATHLETES ARE GROUPED BY A PHOTO RETURN *
WITH THE NAME OF THE EVENT'S VODKA SPONSOR. *

Block, 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 half a case of Cristal.

It sprays everywhere. They drink out of bottles. Pet grabs *
one 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 you can.

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 hears a LOUD CHEER and turns to notice... *

POOLSIDE

A CRAPS TABLE, surrounded by Partygoer-players. Rebecca *
stands behind the table, with Security, keeping an eye on the *
action. Richie, upon seeing her, moving through the crowd *
towards the the table. Pet and Cronin follow. *

CRONIN

You ready to play? *

PET

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 shoulder in to the crowd a bit, 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 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 causes a murmur in the crowd. Richie and Rebecca meet eyes across the table, and he can't help himself.

RICHIE

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

SHOOTER

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

The Stickman looks desperate.

RICHIE

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.

SHOOTER

Just me, or the whole table?

RICHIE

The whole tub.

Richie moves to Rebecca.

*

REBECCA

So you clawed your way back above
ground...

*
*
*

RICHIE

You're not mad, are you?

*
*

REBECCA

If I were mad, you'd still be in
the basement.

*
*
*

RICHIE

I may need some credit if this goes
bad.

*
*

Richie's not sure how she'll react, but she plays it cool.

*

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

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 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
If he doesn't roll a seven and crap
out, 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.

The Boxman pushes a HUGE PILE of CASH and CHIPS Richie's way. With a fist pump, he rakes it in. The crowd breaks, Rebecca drifts off.

RICHIE
(as Shooter leaves)
You forgot the eternal truth...the
house always wins! And as of right
now, I am the house.

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

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, finally getting a good look. She's wearing the dress he bought her.

RICHIE
 Wow.

REBECCA
 That's the idea isn't it.

RICHIE
 Never figured I'd see you in it.

REBECCA
 You have good taste in clothes.
 (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. I never drink anything
 younger than I am.

RICHIE
 I'm more of a pizza and beer guy,
 but I'll drink with you.

*
 *
 *

They touch glasses.

REBECCA
 (to the bartender)
 Leave that.

He nods and leaves the bottle.

RICHIE
 Sorry I played you to get near
 Block.

REBECCA
 I was impressed--until you
 apologized.

They drink.

RICHIE
 Thanks for backing me.

REBECCA
 Well, you're a hell of a stick man.

RICHIE
 You don't know the half of it. And
 I'm not a tourist anymore.

REBECCA
 Yeah, well, here's the thing: I
 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 wait to see how it turns out.

RICHIE
 You have a lot of rules.

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

REBECCA
 'Cause I like breaking them.

They enter the CABANA. He grabs her and kisses her, slides
 one the dress straps off her shoulder. She slips out of the *
 other one, lets it fall to the ground as the flap of the
 cabana closes.

ANGLE ON: Across the pool, Ivan Block WATCHES it go down. *

DISSOLVE TO: *

CABANA, NEAR MORNING *

Richie wakes to find he's alone. He reaches for his shirt, looks out to see the party's over, then checks his phone. *

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

THE BACK PATIO *

Private, separated from the main house, with a footbridge suspended across a gorge. *

Block is there alone, 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. *

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 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 *

Hell no. Never invest in something you have to feed... *

RICHIE *

Noted. *

They stand in silence for a moment. *

RICHIE *

Thanks for tonight, Ivan, it was a blast. *

Block shrugs, gets wistful. *

BLOCK

I'm glad it's fun for you. It was for me too, in the beginning. You know, when a pretty girl--one pretty girl--used to keep my attention for hours. Days. Weeks even. You know what that feels like, huh?

Is he talking about Rebecca? Richie just nods.

BLOCK

It's like 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...And a hundy? A hundred million maybe. You'll see when you get there.

RICHIE

When I get there?

BLOCK

You will. Well, you can. You got the smart and the hungry. Not easy. But here? Possible.

Block kicks a turkey over.

BLOCK

Ahh...maybe I just need to get some sleep.

Gnashing sounds from the crows.

BLOCK

I love these slimy bastards 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 London. 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. This is the step.

(MORE)

BLOCK (CONT'D)

Do it and you get bonused on what
you bring in. Real money starts.

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.

BLOCK'S DRIVEWAY

Richie sees his waiting SUV and drops a big wad of CASH in
Esteban's lap.

RICHIE

For the overtime.

ESTEBAN

Nobody ever tips me!

RICHIE

Can't believe you waited all night
for me. You take care of me, I take
care of you. Deal?

ESTEBAN

Si. Deal.

RICHIE

I'm never gonna drink again.

ESTEBAN

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

BLOCK'S HOUSE, BALCONY

Rebecca's there, watching Richie go. Block joins her from
inside.

BLOCK

Someone had a good time last night.

REBECCA

Yeah. I did.

A silent beat.

REBECCA

You asking me to stay away?

BLOCK

No. Get your rocks off any way you want. Lord knows I do...

REBECCA

He's sweet. Underneath all that attitude.

Block turns to walk back inside.

BLOCK

Uh-huh. Just make sure it doesn't cloud your judgement later.

LUXURY HIGH-RISE APARTMENT BUILDING

Richie's SUV pulls up in front and he gets out. The SUV drives away and Richie heads for the door.

The doors on a parked sedan open. Costa Rican MEN spill out. Richie is GRABBED. A BURLAP BAG is put over his head.

RICHIE

Hey! Get the hell off--

Kicking and flailing, Richie is dumped in the trunk, which is slammed shut. The sedan drives off.

CUT TO:

BLACK

The burlap bag is pulled off and bright sunlight beams into Richie's face. He's HANDCUFFED in a chair in an empty...

WAREHOUSE

The sound of a SLOW HAND CLAP is heard. Walking out of a dark corner comes a stocky, intimidating man in a domestic suit and G-Man haircut, AGENT ZYBYSZKO.

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

Lemme go. What is this?!

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

AGENT ZBYSZKO

It's real. Now if I un-cuff you, you gonna do anything silly like run?

RICHIE

FBI's in the kidnapping business now? My own government!

AGENT ZBYSZKO

I do what I want...You should thank me--I needed to get in a room with you, and I don't think you want your employer to see us together. Now, you gonna try and run?

Richie shakes his head. Zbyszko takes off the cuffs.

AGENT ZBYSZKO

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

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. And what about stealing 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. You know how that made me look?!

*

Zbyszko gets it together.

*

AGENT ZBYSZKO

There are rumblings that Block has put some kind of big plans in motion. I'm gonna stop 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 man, are ya? My associate, Agent Morris, took a statement from a certain Dean Monroe and a Paul Arnaud. I may not 'know how it works' like you, but it sounds a lot like you're promoting gambling. As of now, it's just in Agent Morris's notebook...

Richie's head goes into his hands.

*

AGENT ZBYSZKO

Look you're new, 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.

AGENT ZBYSZKO

And you can forget ever working on Wall Street or a legitimate casino. Because you need a license to do that, and felons don't get 'em.

RICHIE

Why are you doing this to me?

AGENT ZBYSZKO

I could say it's my job. I have an obligation to uphold the blah-di blah-di blah. Truth is: it's fun. 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 walk out leaving Richie alone.

*

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.

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 grabs a towel.

BLOCK

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

*

RICHIE

You're the Mark Cuban of this
place.

BLOCK

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

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, 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

Was it that freak Zbyszko? That guy
has been nipping at my heels
forever. I cost him a promotion a
couple years back and he decided to
make it personal.

*
*
*
*
*

RICHIE

Seems like he's on a mission.

*
*

BLOCK

You were braced by the Feds--that's scary shit. I wouldn't blame ya for packing it in. Even though they can't even give us so much as a parking ticket down here. The last guy who started in the basement cashed out for two point two million when he split after eighteen months. The guy before him quit same day the Feds approached him, left his millions on the table. You can too. Me? The first time they tried to run me out I sat up all night sweating it. Finally, I decided I was done eating somebody else's burger.

*
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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. Only difference is you don't have the 'fuck you' money. Yet. But that's going to be changing. If you stick around.

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. Let me know,
someone's gotta deal with Schecky.
Either way, you gotta find your own
burger.

*
*

LOS AMIGOS RESTAURANT, JACO BEACH

BEACHGOERS splash in the water and GIRLS in non-existent bikinis stroll the sand.

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

RICHIE
...But what sets Block apart,
Shecky, 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.

*
*

As Richie talks he notices Shecky noticing the BEACH GIRLS.

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 Cost Per
Aquisition on my casino gamers.

RICHIE
We're at thirty and a rev-share,
not CPA 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.

Scheck'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.

PARKING LOT, LOS AMIGOS RESTAURANT

Richie is on his cellphone.

RICHIE

A few little things and we're
pagando blackjack on Shecky.

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. It was sink or
swim time and you are not looking
like Michael Phelps.

(MORE)

BLOCK (V.O. PHONE) (CONT'D)
 Guess you didn't want that bonus
 after all. Leave your keys with
 Esteban.

Richie feels it all getting taken away from him again.

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.

ON RICHIE: He knows what Block's asking. He WRESTLES WITH IT while the silence on the line grows. He has NEVER crossed a line like this before. But he has never had so much to gain either. WE see the shift in his eyes.

BLOCK (V.O. PHONE)
 You with me?

RICHIE
 Yeah. I am.

A NONDESCRIPT BEDROOM

CLOSE ON: A wrist wearing a 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.

CABIN CRUISER, DOCKED

Richie waits on a super tricked out, state of the art, fishing boat, 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.

SUV 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 London 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 TWO GIRLS from the boat in a naked tangle 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 wanker. 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 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 London--

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 damn 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 cold...

*

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. A few GIRLS are in the pool.

BLOCK

I told you, Rebecca. Told her you'd
get him. One sec, I'll be right
off.

Rebecca is nearby meeting with some MEN. She drifts over from
her conversation for a moment.

REBECCA

(almost intimate)

Hi.

RICHIE

Hi.

REBECCA

You been 24/7, huh?

RICHIE

Yeah.

REBECCA

It's done?

He takes out the memory stick.

RICHIE

It's done--

BLOCK (O.S.)

That's my boy!

Block's hand claps on Richie's shoulder.

BLOCK

Come with me.

Block 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,
that's the engine room, 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
international 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.

SANCHEZ

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 euros, already has five
hundred of it in play. And this is
just poker. Seven, seven point two
million a day during the week...

CUT TO A SERIES OF SHOTS OF: ONLINE GAMING.

- U.K. BANKERS playing poker at the trading desk.
- CHINESE CORPORATE TYPES on a plane play pai gow.
- INTERNET CAFE, THAILAND, three dozen Asians, blackjack.
- A COLLEGE DORM in Spain, kids place soccer bets.
- Someone's GRANDMOTHER in Ireland playing Bingo online.

BLOCK

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. And this is my thanks to you.

Block hands Richie a thick, bank-banded packet of \$100s. Block turns back to the screen and Richie's 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

No one who matters.

*

Block points to the businessmen across the pool.

*

BLOCK

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

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.

LUXURY HIGH-RISE APARTMENT

Richie is entering his building when Rebecca drives up in a bad ass convertible.

REBECCA

Hey.

RICHIE

Hey. What's up?

He comes around, leans against the driver's side.

REBECCA

Came to see if you were okay.

RICHIE

Yeah. Why wouldn't I be?

REBECCA

Because that was a rough move you had to make on Shecky.

Richie puts up a front to hide his discomfort.

RICHIE

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

REBECCA

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

RICHIE

It was the same in my old business:
in times of stress the bottom
feeders get washed out. Why are you
really here?

She reaches over to the passenger seat, grabs a MANILA
ENVELOPE.

REBECCA

You need to sign this.

RICHIE

What is it?

Richie takes it, starts thumbing through papers inside.

REBECCA

Your contract. Pretty straight
forward. It outlines your new
position--vice president--your comp
package. All that.

RICHIE

Block said he'd do right by me. I
wasn't sure it'd be this quick.

REBECCA

The money the first year is life
changing for someone like you.
Second year, at Ivan's option, is
life changing for anyone.

RICHIE

Thanks. I'll give it a look and
sign it later.

REBECCA

Good. Then all that's left is to
celebrate. Get in.

Richie hops up and in.

SECLUDED BEACH, LATER

The car is parked on the road. Rebecca leads Richie toward a
fire, a cooler and some PIZZA BOXES from Pepe's of Yonkers.

REBECCA

You said you were a pizza and beer
guy...

RICHIE

Pepe's of Yonkers? How the hell did
you pull this off?

REBECCA

We may not be able to go home, but
at least we can fly home in.

She takes off her top and skirt, revealing a bathing suit.

REBECCA

Of course being here has its perks
too...

She runs for the water. He takes off his shirt and follows.

SHOTS OF: The two of them in the water. Then, later when
it's dark, making love on the beach near the fire.

FIRESIDE, NIGHT

They're into the pizza and beer. The fire is mostly embers.

REBECCA

I'm sorry, this pizza is cold. And
the beer is warm.

RICHIE

I'm not complaining.

REBECCA

...Me neither.

RICHIE

You've built a good life for
yourself here.

REBECCA

We built it from scratch, me and
Ivan. Even the spot his house is on
was an empty hillside when we got
here.

RICHIE

So you've been with Block awhile

REBECCA

Since the beginning. Which was
about eight years ago--the whole
industry's only been around for
ten.

RICHIE

How'd you get into it?

REBECCA

I had a weird skill set. My mom ran these gambling junkets on cruise ships out of Miami, so I got to know some high rollers. I always liked them and the action. And my dad was a "businessman," which really means he was a scammer who was in and out of jail. But one of his businesses was those old telephone pay lines. You know, phone sex, fortune telling, tarot and trivia, for a buck ninety-nine a minute. So I accidentally picked up expertise in electronic payment processing. It was a natural jump to website content management, and online gambling.

She smiles.

REBECCA

Of course when I started Ivan said he hired me because I made every room I was in fun. And man, we had fun.

This lands on Richie.

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

I'd like to know.

REBECCA

You do know. You're taking the ride now. I tried college. Pulled a 4.0 my first few semesters, but I knew it wasn't for me. And I knew in this business there was no ceiling.

*
*
*
*

Richie nods.

REBECCA

But you--even though you were a college boy, you've taken to it like a duck to water.

*
*
*
*

RICHIE

The truth is: I've 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 becoming the house. I watched my father walk out the door to chase the 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

Yeah, like a patient misses cancer when it gets cut out.

*
*
*

REBECCA

Only someone you love can make you feel like that.

*
*
*

Richie shrugs, lays back and looks up at the night sky. She watches him watch the stars.

*
*

LUXURY HIGH-RISE APARTMENT, COSTA RICA

*

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

EILEEN

Second semester started. You should be back here in school.

*
*
*

ANGLE ON: On the desk is Richie's contract, SIGNED.

*

RICHIE
That's not gonna happen right now.
I'm going to be here for a while.

EILEEN
What does that mean?

RICHIE
I just signed a contract. I'm a
vice president--

EILEEN
You signed a contract? I hope you
had a lawyer look at it--

RICHIE
Of course I did. It was proper.
That's not what I called for. Your
birthday's coming up and I'm not
gonna be able to make it home. So I
got you your present. 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 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. 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.

(MORE)

EILEEN (CONT'D)

The bow was still on it when he lost it back in a game of Five Card Stud.

RICHIE

I am not a gambler. I have a job. A damn good one. *

EILEEN

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

RICHIE

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

EILEEN

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

A beat while he considers really talking to her.

RICHIE

Nothing, I'm killing it.

EILEEN

I think you should come home.

RICHIE

Take a drive. I love you, mom.

He clicks off. A moment of doubt, even sadness on his face. He shakes it 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?

*

CRONIN

Tell him.

*

*

RICHIE

Tell me.

*

Pet still hesitates.

CRONIN

The FBI braced him.

PET

I was leaving some girl's hotel
this morning when this 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.

*

PET

He said a bunch of scary 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?

*

PET

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 someday.

*

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. 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. I'm about ready to pitch some security measures that they can license from me. That's where the real money is.

*

*

Pet nods. They shake hands.

PET

Richie--I get why you're staying. I understand the track you're on. But you should pack it in, pal. I saw the look in that FBI dude's eyes. And I think he's telling the truth about Block.

A long beat. Richie really weighs it.

RICHIE
I can't, hoss. My future's here.

RICHIE
Alright, hoss. See ya down the
road.

Pet heads out.

VERANDA BAR

Ceiling fans and potted palms, but it has the feel of a modern day Dodge City Saloon. 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.

REBECCA
...If your interest in our company
is legit, escrow the money this
week, and we'll give you an
exclusive negotiating period.

NADELSON
Well, we still need to kick the
tires a little bit--

Suddenly, ZBYSZKO'S VOICE rings out from behind them.

AGENT ZBYSZKO
Oh, he ain't gonna let you do that.
Ain't gonna let you anywhere near
the actual figures. Are you, Block?

Zbyszko approaches the table.

BLOCK
You got nothing better to do than
scooch around behind me like a
pickpocket?

Zbyszko badges the Men across the table and speaks to them.

AGENT ZBYSZKO
You boys represent some of the
biggest names on the strip in
Vegas. I know it's shell corps and
subsidiaries and all that and how
you're positioning to control the
online game when it comes legal.

(MORE)

AGENT ZBYSZKO (CONT'D)

My advice, head for the door.
Because I'm going to start taking
pictures in ten seconds.

Zbyszko takes out his smartphone. The Men leave in a hurry.
Zbyszko is pleased with himself.

BLOCK

Do you think you actually
accomplished anything here besides
burning up your vacation days? You
know I wasn't selling--

AGENT ZBYSZKO

Oh, I've accomplished a lot today!

He turns to Richie.

AGENT ZBYSZKO

You know that nice car you got
mommy? It's in a federal impound.

RICHIE

You're an asshole, Zbyszko.

AGENT ZBYSZKO

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

BLOCK

He won't make that mistake again.
If he would've asked me, I'd have
shown him how to get her a
goddamned Bentley without leaving
any trail at all. Certainly not one
you could follow. Which reminds me:
who do ya like in this year's Super
Bowl? I want to know who to root
against when I'm sitting on the
sidelines.

Richie, Rebecca and Block laugh. Zbyszko steams.

ZBYSZKO

Do it. Please do it. Just give me
the chance at you on U.S. soil.

BLOCK

Get out of here before I have you
bounced out.

Agent Zbyszko stalks off. Block fixes Richie with a look.

BLOCK

Make sure he's gone, would you,
then we need to talk about your
next assignment.

*
*
*
*

Richie heads to the door, sees Zbyszko heading out.

*

REBECCA

Send someone else.

*

BLOCK

You getting attached on me?

*

REBECCA

(tough)
Oh please, Ivan...

Richie re-joins them.

*

BLOCK

Need you to take care of something.

RICHIE

Whatever you need.

*

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.

CASINO, HOTEL DEL REY

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, sees MONEY stacked in neat rows.

OUTSIDE RICHIE'S BUILDING, NIGHT

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, LATER

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.)
Okay...?

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 an uncomfortably YOUNG GIRL, 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. He and the other Guard retire to another table.

*
*

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 holds up three fingers, then gives a quick head shake. *

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

DELEGATE HERERRA

Is someone 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 smiles, seems won over by the gesture. *

Richie stands, nods to Hererra. 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 a few cheap whores like some Congressman?

(MORE)

DELEGATE HERERRA (CONT'D)

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.

ESTEBAN

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

BLOCK'S HOUSE, POOL AREA

Richie enters 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.

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).

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

Why'd you short him?

BLOCK

I didn't 'short' him, it's an ongoing negotiation.

RICHIE

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

BLOCK

Did he take the three hundred?

RICHIE

Yeah, he took it.

Block lifts his arms: what's the big deal?

BLOCK

Look, man, this is the casino
business, I didn't get here with a
handshake and a smile.

RICHIE

You walked me right into it, man!

BLOCK

Hey, you want security go work for
the government. You want salvation,
start a charity. You want your
summers off, become a teacher. And
of course there's always Wall
Street and more bad bets on over-
leveraged toxic assets. 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
kingdom.

*

*

Richie nods, starts to leave, but then stops.

RICHIE

How'd you know I'd even get out of
there at all?

BLOCK

I had you as a survivor, and you
survived. Seemed like a good bet.

RICHIE

Thought you were the house, not a
gambler.

BLOCK

And a faint heart never filled a
spade flush. Sometimes you gotta
have the stones to take a shot.

They stare at each other for a moment, then Richie turns and
goes. When he is out of earshot, Block turns to Wilson.

BLOCK

Dude, did you see this shit 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 crap? 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.

INTIMATE BAR *

It's a quiet night. Rebecca waits at a corner table with a
drink in front of her when Richie walks in. *

RICHIE *

Sorry I'm late. *

She sees his condition. *

REBECCA *

Oh my god, what happened to you? *

RICHIE *

Our boss. *

REBECCA

He puts everybody through it once.

RICHIE

Everybody. What was yours, did he walk you into a set up where you got a beat down?

REBECCA

Not exactly. But we all face a moment when we have to decide what we're willing to do. When my moment came, I made the choice. And I got my equity, so it was worth it.

RICHIE

Then maybe this is my moment. For a different choice. To go out on my own. With you. Between the two of us, what we know about the business we could 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 were to walk away from Ivan, we would be done in gaming. Done.

This sinks in on him for a moment. She stands, moves close.

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 establishing payment streams and marketing online casinos, and everything that surrounds them. And you could be great at it.

RICHIE

Uh huh.

Richie realizes...

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

(at a loss) *
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.

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 STARES UP AT HIM. *

BACK ROOM

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

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--

The Security Officer pushes Richie down, cuffs him to the
table, leaves. Then 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

We'll see. *

He unzips Richie's bag and begins fishing around in it. His hand comes out holding a baggie of OFF-WHITE POWDER. *

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 planted that. *

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. Not that you're going anywhere 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.

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. No. You're
going to get this done for us. *
Because you don't want jail 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. *
Richie recognizes one--ALEX MAYNARD.

AGENT ZBYSZKO

'S Alex Maynard, Block's first *
partner. And 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 barred.

(MORE)

AGENT ZBYSZKO (CONT'D)

He needs a fresh start and distance between all the shit he's done here and the future. I'm gonna roadblock that. We're gonna.

Zbyszko smashes his palms down on the table.

AGENT ZBYSZKO

Help me 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. Gringos all look alike to me.

AGENT ZBYSZKO

It's your call boy genius.

Agent Zbyszko dangles a handcuff key in front of him.

CASINO, HOTEL DEL REY

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 credit card 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. That's gotta be what happened, man--

*

*

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.

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

BLOCK

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

Richie's relief VANISHES and is replaced by FEAR and UNDERSTANDING.

BLOCK

This is the Eldorado across town. *

RICHIE

Uh huh.

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

BLOCK

If he wasn't your dad, I'd call him a deadbeat. Owes money all across your great country. If there's a bookmaker, shylock or casino between New York and Vegas, papa is into them for serious wood. *

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 concern 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: your dad owes a hundred eighty-seven grand to a bunch of guys whose patience has run thin.

(MORE)

BLOCK (CONT'D)

He keeps moving. 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 in a hotel robe, looking like an ex-draguer.

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

HARRY
 Richie?...Hello, kid.

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

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
 So, 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...

FLASH TO A CHEAP HOTEL ROOM IN ATLANTIC CITY 15 YEARS AGO:

YOUNG RICHIE is in bed when a YOUNGER HARRY enters with a
 CHEAP DANCER in a short skirt.

He shushes her to be quiet, they share slugs from a short dog of Jim Beam and tumble onto the other bed.

Young Richie glances over, buries his head in the pillow.

BACK TO PRESENT:

HARRY

That was a mistake. A big mistake...Thing is, Richie, I don't have a time machine to fly back and fix everything. Wish I did. But we're here now.

RICHIE

And where do you think that is? Paradise?

Richie looks around--lots of places for cameras or bugs.

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 you, Rich, it's like the weight of the world got lifted. The hellhounds were really on my trail there, but then suddenly I found out my slate was clean--

RICHIE

No. It's not. Block owns the debt now.

HARRY

Yeah. Better than those wiseguys on the boardwalk--

RICHIE

It's not better, it's worse. You always make it worse. It's like you've got a special skill for worse.

HARRY

But they said that Ivan Block controlled the paper now, that I shouldn't worry, that my son was working for him and I was set--

RICHIE

They lied.

HARRY

So you can't protect me.

Harry gets it.

HARRY

And I made it harder for you too.

RICHIE

Just keep your head down until I can figure out how to get you out of here. Because if he comes to collect from you, it'll be worse than anything in the States, and there won't be a thing I can do to help you.

The severity of it lands on Harry. He nods.

HARRY

Still looking to help me. After everything...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. *

POOLSIDE BAR *

Rebecca is with a small group of BUSINESSMEN. *

REBECCA *

Gents, it gives me great pleasure
to announce to you--our VIP brand
tastemakers--Mr. Block's new
proprietary tequila: Blue Ag-Ivan.
(To the Bartender) Gina... *

The FEMALE BARTENDER passes drinks, they all toast and sip. *

Richie stands back a few feet. 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. *

RICHIE *

Didn't want to be reached. *

He downs his shot. *

ON REBECCA: Her usual self-assurance shaken. *

Wilson comes up behind Richie. *

WILSON *

Party's over for you. *

Richie turns. *

WILSON *

Let's go. *

She watches them go, concerned. *

SPEEDBOAT *

Richie is aboard, along with Block and the CIGAR CHOMPERS from the basement office. Richie fights hard to keep the fear off his face.

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. They tie up to a small wooden dock jutting from the riverbank. *

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

BLOCK

Remember what I told you about the Indians?

RICHIE

You mean about the casinos?

BLOCK

No, Richie, about knowing what you kill...

The guys on the boat laugh a little. Except for Richie, who tries to keep it together.

WILSON *

We're here.

The Boat Driver cuts the engine. Silence. The thumping sound again.

Block signals the Cigar Chompers, who go underneath. Richie looks around, considers jumping overboard.

The the Cigar Chompers emerge from below with two men, BEATEN and BOUND--Delegate Herrera and the Military Colonel.

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. *

ARCHIE *

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

WILSON *

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...

Archie pulls out a 5-Gallon Bucket, pops the lid. Inside is a gold colored gelatin. *

BLOCK *

You know what this is? *

No answer. *

BLOCK *

This is chicken fat. Innards. *

BLOCK *

This place is the most crocodile-dense spot in the world. What Goldman Sachs is for pricks with thin ties, this place is for crocs, giant crocs. Biggest in the world. *

Archie and the Cigar Chompers grab handfuls of the gloop and
SLATHER IT ONTO Herrera and the Colonel. *

BLOCK *

And I don't know why, but these
bastards love poultry. *

Block uses a foot to drive Hererra OVERBOARD INTO THE WATER,
the Colonel goes next. *

BLOCK *

Start time. *

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

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...

Block shouts out to Hererra. *

BLOCK *

This is for what you did to Richie. *

WILSON

Seventy seconds.

BLOCK

Shhh...

Everything goes quiet, even Hererra 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 extends an oar. *

Delegate Herrera reaches for it when he is HIT, and YANKED under water. He thrashes, screaming, to the surface as CROCS bite chunks out him and the Colonel. *

BLOCK *

Holy shit, would you look at that. *

Wilson pulls his gun and SHOOTS into the water around Hererra and the Colonel. *

BLOCK *

Now they come. *

Block pulls out a MASSIVE WAD OF CASH and pays his bets as Hererra and the Colonel are helped back aboard. *

ON: Hererra's lower leg, torn away. Archie wraps the stump with a towel. *

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

Block notices.

BLOCK

You okay there, Rich? Warm night.
You look a little sweaty. You want
to take a swim, cool off, or can
you handle it?

All the men turn to him. Silent. Heavy.

RICHIE

I'm fine, Ivan.

BLOCK

You sure?

RICHIE

Yeah.

One more heavy beat. Then they all start laughing hard. *

BLOCK

Archie, you and the others take
care of these poor bastards. Get
'em fixed up. Richie, let's head
back. *

Archie and the Cigar Chompers help Hererra and the Colonel onto the dock. Wilson gets behind of the wheel of the boat. *

DELEGATE HERERRA

You son of a bitch.

Block looks back.

BLOCK

What are you complaining about?
You'll look dignified in a white
suit and cane. Maybe they'll elect
you mayor.

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.

(MORE)

CRONIN (V.O. VOICEMAIL) (CONT'D)
 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 there, tense. But it's Rebecca. *

RICHIE
 You here to finish me off? Did
 Block send you? *

REBECCA
 He didn't send me. Why's this place
 trashed? *

RICHIE
 Something happened to Cronin. Why
 don't you tell me? *

REBECCA
 I don't know anything about it. *

RICHIE
 Uh huh. I need to know: when I talk
 to you, am I also talking to Block? *

REBECCA
 Not tonight. *

RICHIE
Wish I could believe that.

REBECCA
You can. You can trust--

RICHIE
No. I can't. Everything I say to you, you use against me. Like my father. He's got a gun to head now, thanks to you. So I think you've done enough. Why don't you get the hell out of here.

Her guilt is heavy, she wipes her eyes.

REBECCA
Is that really what you want?

She looks towards the door.

RICHIE
I want you to tell me what I'm missing.

REBECCA
You know what happens to me if I tell you?

RICHIE
You know what happens to me if you don't. You've got a decision to make: me or him.

A long beat.

REBECCA
Okay. Okay. I'll tell you what I know, which isn't all of it. It never is. Block is 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 mark.

RICHIE
'Things'--like the fact that the site is crooked and has been since the start?

REBECCA
Yes.

RICHIE

And that he's stolen tens and tens
of millions in extra profit.

REBECCA

Yes.

RICHIE

How long have you known?

REBECCA

I started wondering around my
second year. By my third, when we
left the Caymans, I knew for sure.
But I was caught up in the hustle,
the rush. I didn't see the harm.
And, even if I did, it was too late
because I'd...

RICHIE

Because you'd signed your contract.

She nods.

REBECCA

That night out at the beach--I
wanted to tell you. I wanted to rip
up your contract and tell you to
run.

RICHIE

But you didn't.

REBECCA

On the drive home I told myself
that you were a big boy. That you
came here uninvited, and got the
opportunity you wanted.

RICHIE

Right.

REBECCA

I lost track of where I was, of who
I was.

RICHIE

I get it. It's what Block does to
you.

She nods again.

RICHIE

So everyone pulls out leaving behind a crooked website and me as the highest ranking Midnight Black official left. With a signed contract to prove it.

REBECCA

And Richie, when Block gets on his plane, all those people you've been paying off for him. They'll still have their hands out, or they'll be looking for payback. Like Hererra.

RICHIE

What's left of him, you mean. Block used him as croc bait tonight and made it seem like a favor to me.

REBECCA

Oh, Jesus...Hererra's powerful. 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? That's not a lot of time.

REBECCA

What are you thinking?

RICHIE

It's true you can't beat the house, but if everything breaks just right you can burn it to the ground.

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 whispers something confidential to him.

--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: The COMPUTER SCREEN, foreign held BANK ACCOUNTS with RICHIE'S NAME ON THEM--eight figures. *

ON: Richie's shocked face as he processes what he's seeing. *

CASA ROSADA - DAYTIME

The brothel is quiet, just a few bored WORKING GIRLS.

Herrera's men, the HANDLEBAR MUSTACHE BODYGUARDS and some of their FRIENDS sit at a table drinking--it's like a wake without a body--when RICHIE WALKS IN, all confidence.

The Handlebar Mustache Guys stand in disbelief. Their hands go to the guns they have tucked in their waistbands.

RICHIE

You know why I love this country?
Because every day is like Upside
Down Day.

They approach him with menace. Richie stands his ground.

RICHIE

The other day you guys wanted to
kill me. Today we're like brothers.

HANDLEBAR MUSTACHE GUY

We're not fucking brothers.

RICHIE

Oh, I think we are...

BLOCK'S POOL

POKER PROS sit at a poker tournament FINAL TABLE. There are *
TV cameras, ANNOUNCERS, and a 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 for me to
find. Block just discovered the
"hacker" cheating his site. Me. It
all tracks back to IP addresses on
my computers. *

REBECCA

Nice.

RICHIE

That's just the cherry on top. The
actual dessert is: for the last few
months the money has been routed to
accounts with my name on them. I
can't access them, but if it all
became public it would look like I
owned them. *

ANGLE ON: Above it all, on the balcony, is Block. He sees
Richie and Rebecca talking.

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 goes into his pocket, palms her the FLASHDRIVE. *

RICHIE

All the bank account info,
everything, in case-- *

BLOCK (O.S.)

There they are, the young lovers. *

Richie and Rebecca freeze. Block and Wilson approach. *

BLOCK

Hey, pal, where you off to? *

RICHIE

Doing my rounds.

BLOCK

Are ya? I've been hearing some
chatter. People bitching about
getting shorted.

ON: Richie. Block knows. Tension is thick as jungle humidity. *

RICHIE

Like you said. I been telling 'em
I'll see 'em again soon. But they
want to get to you. They think
there's more for 'em that way. I
got it, don't worry.

After a beat, Block nods.

BLOCK

Good. *

He turns to Rebecca. *

BLOCK

And you? *

REBECCA

Time for me to make sure they raise
the blinds. *

As Rebecca and Richie walk away in different directions,
Block glances to Wilson. *

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 for a better look. *

HE SEES: Richie go to the door, carrying the DUFFLE BAG full of cash and knocks. *

Esteban answers, leads him through the house to the tiny... *

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.

RICHIE

No.

Wilson pushes Richie toward his SUV down the street.

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.

Worry slowly 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 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. And We're in... *

RICHIE'S APARTMENT, MORNING

The apartment is quiet. 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.

BLOCK'S HOUSE

The Police Detective who was with Herrera, and a force of POLICE, flood onto the GROUNDS.

THE HOUSE is abandoned. Furniture 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. That's never happened.

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

Something's wrong. We'd better go.

He heads for the plane. Rebecca follows.

BASEMENT, HOTEL DEL REY

The Cigar Chompers and Archie are gone. Richie is the only non-Costa Rican face. The Tico workers there are confused.

ON: Richie's computer. The Midnight Black website has DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE SEALS SUPERIMPOSED OVER THE FROZEN SITE. "This domain name has been seized by the FBI..." etc.

Police, led by Sergeant Barrancas, enter. Tico workers RUN.

SERGEANT BARRANCAS

Let's go, Ricardo.

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. *

REBECCA *

You mind? The sun's brutal. *

Rebecca leans forward closes the shades. *

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, you all got trophies just for showing up, so none of you learned how to win. How to take. How to build your world. 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. Moving along near them, almost unnoticed is a luggage truck. The DRIVER watches with interest.

*
*
*

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--the MAN IN THE BLUE SUIT WITH AVIATOR SHADES that Richie paid. He pulls up the stairs, SHUTS THE DOOR.

BLOCK

Motherfucker. Your father's a dead man, and so are you!

RICHIE

Later, in jail, when you're asking yourself when you lost, know that it was the MOMENT you brought my family into it. You're just another stupid gambler who tried to press it when you should have folded and moved on.

As the plane taxis away, Block starts to move away quickly, but only gets a few steps before Agent Zbyszko JUMPS OUT of the lead vehicle and intercepts him. *

AGENT ZBYSZKO *

Ivan Block, you are under arrest for income tax evasion, violating the International Wire Act, oh...and murder. *

Agent Zbyszko grabs Block. *

AGENT ZBYSZKO *

Richie's father in Witness Protection, so you can forget about that. *

He flex-cuffs Block's wrists. *

Agent Zbyszko and the other Agents are so focused on what they're doing, they don't notice Richie CLIMB INTO THE COVERED BACK OF THE LUGGAGE CART, which DRIVES AWAY. *

AGENT ZBYSZKO *

Take a look under your feet. Good old American concrete. You'll be sleeping on it for the next twenty years. *

Block fixes Zbyszko with a calm gaze. *

BLOCK *

Twenty minutes. For now. Until I make bail--which I already have set aside. Then maybe eighteen months at some farm in Connecticut before I walk for good. My whole life's built on knowing the odds. You don't think I planned for this? *

Agent Zbyszko leads Block back to the vehicles. *

BLOCK

Let's go...

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.

CUT TO:

A HANGAR, ACROSS THE TARMAC

Another smaller jet rolls out and heads for the runway.

CUT TO:

AIRSTRIP

AGENT POOLE

Uh, sir, you don't think...

AGENT ZBYSZKO

You've got to be kidding me.

They all see, across the tarmac: the small jet pulling out.

AGENT ZBYSZKO

Shut down air traffic!

The small jet accelerates and TAKES OFF.

AGENT POOLE

I think it's gonna be too late.

BLOCK

He got himself a goddamned plane...

BLOCK'S G-5

Richie is seated across the aisle from Rebecca.

RICHIE

Never been on a private plane before today...

REBECCA

You're gonna get used to it quick.

RICHIE
Already have.

*

REBECCA
Pet's got our site ready to go live
as soon as we land in Antigua.

Richie nods and holds up the flash drive.

RICHIE
Nine hundred thousands strong.
International players only. Thanks
to Cronin. His family's in for a
share.

REBECCA
Definitely. Nine hundred thousand
players, not a bad start.

RICHIE
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
We won't.

RICHIE
We'll make our own.

She smiles. So does he.

RICHIE
And we got this...

He points to himself, then to her.

REBECCA
Yep. We'll run it totally legit
too.

RICHIE
We will. You sure took a hell of a
chance on me.

REBECCA
We took a chance on each other.

She wraps her hand around his, and they sit back and fly.

*

FADE OUT.