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Beginner's Luck: A Screen Play

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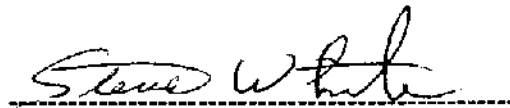
BEGINNER'S LUCK

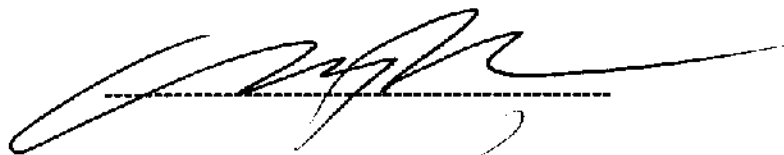
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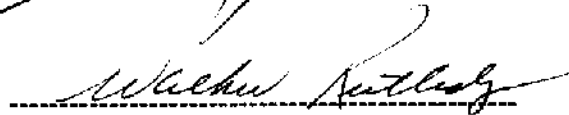
A Screenplay
by
Marissa Lee

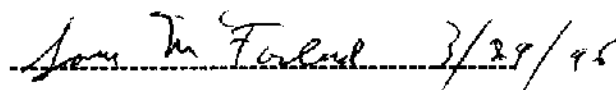
Spring 1996

Approved By









PREFACE

Beginner's Luck started out as a story twist. I wanted to present the characters in such a way that they would be presumed by the audience to be three different people, but at the end some event would reveal that actually it has been one person at three different critical points in his life. I was intrigued by the fact that much of the tension and conflict of the story could come from the mixing of time lines. I also wanted to keep it on a level that I could produce and direct, so, believe it or not, I wrote it with a low-budget, small cast, and limited settings in mind.

The next step was finding a specific story that would work within those perimeters and be enhanced by that structure. I decided a love story, or rather a life-long-struggle-for-love story, would work well given the format. I placed the action in a city unaffected by time - - Las Vegas. Any problems created by the shift over three decades could be masked under the neon lights. I also had to choose a character's name that could have possible nicknames that did not give away the fact too early that the three main male characters were actually the same person. Oswald Morgan was the official name, and the young Oswald took the nickname Wally; the middle Oswald, after a bad streak of luck at the craps table, received the nickname Snake-eyes, and the older Oswald, regaining a little respect from his Snake-eyes' days, is referred to as Ossie.

With all this in mind, I developed the story of Ossie Morgan, a man who has won big and lost big in Las Vegas. He leaves, but, with a level head and insightful understanding of the nature of Las Vegas, he returns to try to reclaim his love for a very smart cocktail waitress named Chloe. To make it a more well-rounded story, I added hints of a gambling addiction and an alcoholic past to Ossie, and Chloe's fear of commitment. I also explored and included all the different dimensions of luck. On the surface, the story may only take place in one weekend, but it actually shows the last thirty years of Ossie's life.

Obviously, being a twenty-two-year-old female, who has been to Vegas only a handful of times and all when too young to gamble, I had to do much research to be able to write a believable story of a fifty-year-old man's life experience and love. Fortunately, the Nevada casinos and hotels left such a great impression on me at such a young age that the only supplement I needed to create and describe the locations in *Beginner's Luck* was a brochure from the Nevada Film Commission.

Learning the games and lingo of the casinos was a much harder task. There were only a few books that explained certain games step-by-step, and they left my description very stiff. Not having the money or time to go to a riverboat and observe, I turned to videos like "Odds Are! A Complete Guide to Casino Gambling" to teach me. I also had to be very careful of using Las Vegas rules, because gambling rules differ in Atlantic City and Monte Carlo.

As far as portraying the male perspective, I basically did the best I could. I gave the rough drafts to a handful of males, and I used their feedback to try to keep the male characters credible. I hope it doesn't come across as being merely the way a woman thinks a man would be. If it does, I apologize to all males.

After a few revisions on a rough draft, I began the first steps of producing *Beginner's Luck*, finding locations, actors, and money. The first obstacle was finding a Las Vegas-like location in Kentucky. I had contacted the Casino Aztec, near Owensboro, and they had agreed to allow me to use that as the location for all my interior casino shots. I also had sent a script to an actor in Nashville. He replied very encouragingly, so I went to the Sundance Film Festival in Park City, Utah, for a week to meet and, hopefully, get a few prospective financiers interested in my project. The response I got at Sundance was very positive, but as of yet none of the producers I talked to has confirmed anything.

When I returned from Sundance, I found that the Casino Aztec had already changed managers, and the new manager did not want to participate in the project. At this point, I made a decision to up the budget and to try to shoot in a Nevada casino. I called the Golddigger in Laughlin, Nevada, and talked to their publicist. She said that it would be no problem and to get back in touch with her when I had things more complete. I looked into all the legal guidelines a filmmaker must follow in order to look for investors, and I talked to many retired businessmen, looking for answers to the grey area in the guidelines, but no one could sort it out.

At this point, I made the decision to get my script out to producers, distribution companies, etc. for possible co-production. I also am using the script to try to get representation from an agent. Right now, I am in a holding position, waiting to see if anyone bites.

As one can see, *Beginner's Luck* has taught me much. I have learned many of the ropes while I was in school. When I encounter them again, I should be more prepared.

I consciously titled the story *Beginner's Luck* for two reasons. The first is obvious and lies in the fact that without Wally's first sampling of beginner's luck, his life would have been incredibly different; the second reason was the gimmick behind

it, I knew I would need some definite luck to get this off the ground, and still maybe with a little beginner's luck, *Beginner's Luck* can launch my career.

BEGINNER'S LUCK

by

Marissa Lee

** WGA Registered #620253

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1 EXT. BUS (MOVING), OUTSKIRTS OF LAS VEGAS - SUNSET 1

A large airport shuttle bus is transporting people from the outskirts of Las Vegas towards the glittering lights of the city.

2 INT. BUS (MOVING), OUTSKIRTS OF LAS VEGAS - SUNSET 2

The bus is filled to capacity.

The passengers, both men and women, are of every nationality and age. They are surrounded by suitcases of different sizes and colors.

They are all silent, but the expressions on their faces vary from excitement to nervousness.

One man in a suit is seated by himself. He is halfway through the book *Beating the Odds in Vegas*. He nervously shifts his glance to his surroundings whenever there is a bump in the road. He gently fondles the rabbit's foot keychain he has in his hand.

A pair of old women in their sixties with short grey hair and a little meat on their bones chat and gossip. They wear hand-made jackets with printed fabric of large playing cards and dice, all outlined in sequins that shimmer when the last long rays of sunlight outline their shoulders, making these two The Strip's only competition for attention.

Behind the pair of old women is a married couple. They are in their thirties, and their clothes could be found in the pages of the Sear's catalog. They sit side by side but are silent.

The woman clutches her purse to her stomach and uncomfortably looks around the bus, and when her eyes accidentally meet someone else's eyes, she gives a polite and nervous grin, then quickly lowers her head and glance.

She turns to her husband. He smiles, trying to act more confident than she is, but his nervousness can't be hidden either.

Sitting in the corner near the back of the bus is a man, OSSIE, who is nearing fifty, but the years have been hard on him.

He sticks out because he doesn't have the same anxious expression on his face as all the others.

WE HEAR his thoughts. WE SEE the faces of the passengers.

CONTINUED

2 CONTINUED:

OSSIE (V.O.)

All these people want the same thing. They want to beat the odds. Defy the laws of probability. Be that person in a million. They're all looking to make that one pull that will change their lives forever. And they're ready to risk everything in order to get it. Right now, they're promising themselves to keep a level head. . . Not to overdo. But inevitably, by the time their merry-go-round ride comes to an end, Las Vegas will have the best of them and their wallets too.

CUT TO:

3 EXT. BUS (MOVING), OUTSKIRTS OF LAS VEGAS - SAME 3

WE SEE Ossie through the window of the bus.

The TITLE sequence begins as WE PULL BACK, allowing the bus to fill frame. As the bus moves out of frame, WE PULL UP, revealing the Las Vegas skyline at sunset, as seen from a highway on the outskirts of the city. It stands and glows like the Emerald City in *The Wizard of Oz*.

The TITLES come to an end

4 INT. CASINO, BAR - EVENING 4

The bar is dimly lit. It overlooks the casino floor and is separated by a large plate-glass window.

Two men are sitting at the bar, concentrating deeply on counting their chips.

The two men are HARRY and TWILL. Both are in their sixties, and they are dressed in loud sportscoats.

A bell BUZZES, announcing someone has just hit a jackpot.

HARRY

Another Schmuck with beginner's luck.

TWILL

I hate beginner's luck.

CONTINUED

4 CONTINUED:

4

Twill sweeps a pile of chips he just counted into his hand and drops them into his sportscoat pocket.

HARRY

It's too bad beginner's luck's wasted on the new guys. Real Pro's like us could really do something with luck like that?

Harry loses count, and starts counting over again.

TWILL

It's just Lady Luck's way of making the Vegas occasioner bite into the apple of gambling to become the Vegas regular.

As Harry says his next line, Twill pulls out a small notebook from the inside pocket of his sportscoat and writes down the date and the dollar amount, then, slips it back into his pocket.

HARRY

Yeah, once she hooks you, she leaves you. You got to fight the guys waiting at her door to get her to visit you again.

CUT TO:

5 EXT. LAS VEGAS, THE STRIP - DUSK

5

The shuttle bus rumbles down the blinking street.

It begins to slow. It pulls up the curved drive of a casino. The doors of the bus open.

A rush of people begin to file out of the bus. The man with the rabbit's foot keychain now has his book tucked under his arm.

Ossie exits the bus.

He takes a step to the side, out of the way of the other passengers. He takes a deep breath and looks around soaking in the electric surroundings.

CONTINUED

5 CONTINUED:

5

OSSIE
(to himself)
It's been a long time.

CUT TO:

6 INT. CASINO, BAR - MINUTES LATER

6

Harry and Twill are still seated at the bar.

OSSIE approaches the bar, carrying a single suitcase. His suit is expensive but slightly outdated.

He walks up to Harry and Twill.

TWILL
(in tone reserved for
an old friend)
Hey, Ossie, you sure are starting to
look like one of the tourists.

HARRY
Trying to fool Luck, huh?

Harry loses count again. He's slightly frustrated, as he starts to recount.

OSSIE
There's no fooling her.

Ossie takes a seat at the bar beside the two.

HARRY
Ossie, all this coming into town for
a few days every couple years doesn't
fit you. You were one of the greats.

Ossie smiles.

TWILL
I use to sweat playing against you.
And only novices sweat.

HARRY
Times are changing. Lady Luck ain't
visiting me as often as she used to.

CONTINUED

6 CONTINUED:

OSSIE
(jokingly)
That doesn't sound like times have
changed at all. In fact, every time
I come to town, you two fat cats are
sitting here, so how has time changed?

Harry gives up counting his chips and starts to return them
to his pocket.

HARRY
You've been away too long. You
haven't seen how Lady Luck has turned
her back on us.

TWILL
She's a whore giving herself away for
free; then, when we can't get enough
of her, she puts a price tag on
herself...

HARRY
One too high for us to afford.

OSSIE
You guys have got her all wrong. You
got to respect her and her ways.

HARRY
You want me to condone a prostitute?

OSSIE
You're a citizen of a city that does.
You must remember it was she who
allowed you to beat the mathematical
laws of probability. And, in fact,
it was you who turned your back on
her.

HARRY
I welcomed her every chance I got.

Ossie raises his finger in a way that communicates, "Wait."

OSSIE
You limited her with your belief in
your skill and well-devised plans--
Wait until a long streak of reds,
then bet black.
(more)

CONTINUED

6 CONTINUED: (2)

6

OSSIE (cont'd)

You had enough of her, and you thought you could do it on your own. You see, she ain't as finicky as you think. The only requirement she prefers her guests to have is genuine humility.

HARRY

Genuine humility? Pro's like us can't look genuinely humble. It's impossible . . . comes with the job.

As Harry finishes his sentence, his hand knocks over his half-empty drink.

Immediately and automatically, Harry, Twill, and another man seated at the bar grab the salt shakers in front of them and throw salt over their left shoulders.

Ossie replies without missing a beat.

As Ossie begins to make his speech, WE DO a slow dolly to the close-up of his face.

OSSIE

Then you must rely on other methods. She helps people who KNOW they don't know anything, instead of cats like you two who think you know but don't. People who know they don't know, don't know what they should fear. They do not understand odds, laws of probability, and the doubling and tripling profits of the casinos. Lady Luck can intervene and show them the WAY. Teach them about the game. She's the free first ten hours on the internet, letting you download all the graphics and explore what's there -- risk-free. But once you've got the knowledge of how things work, you can't believe in luck, it's an illusion, and your free ten hours come to an end.

A bell RINGS, indicating that someone has hit the jackpot again.

The three men turn in the direction of the bell.

CONTINUED

6 CONTINUED: (3)

6

Harry turns back around and starts unloading his chips from his pockets again in an attempt to recount them.

HARRY
 (trying to out-do
 Ossie)
 Look at that lucky chump. So young
 and stupid. He thinks he's just
 looked God in the eye.

Twill and Ossie chuckle under their breath.

TWILL
 Leave the philosophizing to Ossie.
 He's got the corner on the market.

Harry smiles with embarrassment. He must have been too obvious in his intentions.

Ossie stands and grabs his suitcase again.

OSSIE
 I'll see you cats later.

Ossie begins to walk away from the bar.

OSSIE
 (continuing; in a
 light manner)
 You'll still be sitting here, right?

CUT TO:

7 INT. CASINO - SAME

7

Ossie walks past and smiles at a young man, WALLY, probably celebrating his 21st birthday. He's lost in a sea of slot machines. He's the young man alluded to earlier who hit the jackpot.

Wally is standing there dazed. He's holding handfuls of quarters.

Everything that is happening around Wally is in slo-mo, and the noise has become hollow and has pronounced echoes.

Wally's three friends are excitedly jumping around and patting Wally on the back.

CONTINUED

7 CONTINUED:

7

All of Wally's friends are so excited about Wally's stroke of luck.

CUT TO:

8 INT. HOTEL'S FRONT DESK -SAME

8

Ossie is standing in line behind a young couple, perhaps newlyweds.

OSSIE (V.O.)

They think they're getting such a great deal, a room in the thirties, all-you-can-eat lunch buffets under five. What they don't know is the casinos are going to take at least triple that much if they're lucky. Living might be cheap in Vegas, but the playin's going to break 'em.

A CLERK calls to Ossie, shaking him from his thoughts. The clerk is in her 20's. She has long brown hair that has been carefully pulled up on her head. Her gold nametag reads, "Miss Sherlock--Hostess."

MISS SHERLOCK

Excuse me, sir? I can help you over here.

OSSIE

Single room, please.

A manager walks behind the counter and recognizes Ossie. The manager is in his 50's, and his nametag reads "Mr. Stewart-Manager," but his nickname is Shuffles.

SHUFFLES

Mr. Morgan, good to see you again. Glad you decided to come back.

Shuffles looks at the computer screen that Miss Sherlock has been looking at.

SHUFFLES

(continuing;
addressing the clerk)

Miss Sherlock, I think Mr. Morgan would prefer a room a little closer to the ground.

CONTINUED

8 CONTINUED:

8

MISS SHERLOCK

Yes, sir.

(checking her
computer)

How about room 302?

She pauses to wait for Shuffles' approval.

SHUFFLES

Room 309 has a better view. I think
Mr. Morgan would enjoy that more.

Ossie smiles in thanks to Shuffles.

SHUFFLES

(continuing)

Mr. Morgan, can I arrange dinner for
you?

OSSIE

That won't be necessary, Shuffles.

Shuffles smiles.

SHUFFLES

Well, good seeing you again, Mr.
Morgan. Anything you need, let me
know. The things I can arrange for
would amaze you.

OSSIE

That, my friend, is the safest bet in
Vegas.WE begin to HEAR an upset customer that is a few terminals
over.

UPSET CUSTOMER

You think I'm going to let you jinx
me. I spent every cent I got to get
here, and I'm not going to let
anything give me bad luck. You think
I'm stupid. You think I don't know
that the 14th floor is really the
13th floor.Shuffles sees that he is needed. He smiles at Ossie, then
goes in for the rescue.

Miss Sherlock smiles and hands Ossie a key to his room.

CONTINUED

8 CONTINUED: (2)

8

UPSET CUSTOMER
 (continuing)
 No, give that to somebody who's wet
 behind the ears.

Ossie smiles at the situation, as he heads toward the
 elevator.

CUT TO:

9 INT. HOTEL ROOM - LATER

9

It's a typical Las Vegas hotel room -- a little gaudy --
 definitely not the Penthouse.

A small TV is bolted to the dresser, and the remote is bolted
 to the nightstand.

Ossie has just entered his room. He begins to check the
 place out, making sure things are similar to the way he
 remembers them.

OSSIE
 Nice, but not too nice.

He finishes his thoughts privately.

OSSIE (V.O.)
 Just nice enough to please the
 customers, but not nice enough to
 keep 'em bottled up here. Gotta get
 'em downstairs to make any money.

Ossie begins to hunt through the nightstand.

OSSIE
 Now then. . .

Ossie opens up the drawer and pulls out a bible.

He pauses for a moment with the bible in his hand. He wipes
 the dust off the cover. He opens the book up. It creaks as
 he does this. Must be the first time it's been opened.

He shakes his head back and forth, as if making an objection,
 and must have found something slightly comical in the whole
 situation because a slight grin and chuckle creeps across his
 face.

CONTINUED

9 CONTINUED:

9

He tosses the bible on the bed.

Ossie pulls out the phone book--with at least two inches worth of yellow pages.

He heaves it onto his lap, and the book falls open to the well-worn pages under the heading "brothel."

OSSIE

(continuing; speaking
to the phone book)

Poor old girl, don't get used for
much more, huh?

He begins to thumb back through the white pages. He seems to be looking for one name in particular.

He's found the right page, and he pulls his finger down the page, skimming the names. No Luck.

Ossie collapses back down on the bed slightly disappointed.

CUT TO:

10 INT. ELEVATOR -LATER

10

A freshly shaved and showered Ossie stands in the midst of a crowd of anxious casino patrons.

WE HEAR Ossie's thoughts, as WE SLOWLY MOVE from one person's face to another.

OSSIE (V.O.)

They're like people under hypnosis
being commanded by the mechanical
machines that spit nickels from their
mouths. The lights, the sounds, the
complimentary drinks are the mantra
that lure these people in. Very few
can resist the numbing nature of
Vegas.

WE END on Ossie's face again.

The elevator doors slide open.

OSSIE

Here we go.

CONTINUED

10 CONTINUED:

10

And the people rush out of the elevator.

CUT TO:

11 INT. CASINO - SAME

11

Ossie scans the casino floor. A hoard of People. Worn red Carpet. Gaudy Chandeliers. His gaze stops on a cocktail waitress, CHLOE.

Chloe has soft blonde hair that is probably shoulder length, but it's been swept up off her face and neck. Her age is hard to tell, and she is dressed in a classic-cut black and white cocktail waitress uniform.

OSSIE
(to himself in a very
soft, affectionate
voice)

There she is. Hello Chloe.

His two pals from the bar, Harry and Twill, call to Ossie.

HARRY
Hey lover boy, yes, she's still here.

Ossie turns and walks toward Harry and Twill.

TWILL
We were surprised you didn't ask
about her earlier.

OSSIE
I was trying to show some restraint.

Ossie walks past a man who is playing Craps.

Ossie walks out of frame, but WE STAY with the man.

CUT TO:

12 INT. CRAPS TABLE - SAME

12

The man has an impressive stack of chips in front of him. WE will come to know this man as SNAKE-EYES.

SNAKE-EYES is in his early thirties and dresses to be noticed.

CONTINUED

12 CONTINUED:

12

He is showing off to the crowd.

CROUPIER
Natural Seven.

SNAKE-EYES
I've got this game conquered. I
should be called Seven, no, no, the
NATURAL.
(trying it on for
size)
The NATURAL.

Snake-eyes addresses the table's Croupier.

SNAKE-EYES
(continuing)
From now on call me the . . . Natural.

The Croupier does not acknowledge the comment.

Snake-eyes throws the dice.

The dice skid and skip across the table.

Snake-eyes smiles very sure of himself.

The dice stop turning. They both land "one" side up. . .

CROUPIER
Snake-eyes. . . The Natural CRAPS
out.

A surprised crowd begins to WALLA WALLA.

Snake-eyes is obviously stunned. He tries to shake off the
hit, as the croupier sweeps away a large stack of his chips.

The dice move to the next caster.

Snake-eyes pushes a stack of chips onto the "bank" square.

The caster throws the dice. The dice slowly tumble and land
with a five and a two up.

CROUPIER
(continuing)
Natural.

The crowd that has accumulated around the table cheers.

CONTINUED

12 CONTINUED: (2)

12

Snake-eyes does not join in the cheer. Instead, he begins to re-examine his chips.

Snake-eyes' bet is swept away by the croupier's rake.

The dice move to a new caster.

The caster is a woman in her early thirties.

Snake-eyes once again pushes a stack of chips to the "bank" square.

The caster is being coached by her husband. She blows on the dice, mimicking her husband's actions, then tosses the dice.

The dice land with the four and three on top.

CROUPIER
(continuing)
Natural.

The woman looks from the croupier to her husband. Her husband smiles and nods, and the woman jumps up and down.

Snake-eyes pushes one of his few remaining stacks of chips to the "bank" square just as the croupier is sweeping his last stack away.

The woman grabs her winnings and leaves the table. The dice are passed to Snakes-eyes again.

He tosses the dice.

Again, the dice land double ones. . .

CROUPIER
(continuing)
Snake-eyes.

The croupier begins to level Snake-eyes' stacks of chips.

Snake-eyes is devastated, and the few people in the crowd begin to disperse.

CUT TO:

13 INT. NEAR BAR - SAME

13

Harry, Twill, and Ossie are observing the casino floor.

CONTINUED

13 CONTINUED:

13

Harry and Twill are sipping drinks with olives in them.
Ossie's glass is filled with water and a slice of lemon.

HARRY

What makes you think she'll take you
back this time?

OSSIE

Just a feeling.

TWILL

Is she expecting you?

OSSIE

No.

Off Screen we here a large crowd sigh disappointedly.

CROWD (O.S.)
(disappointed)

Ohhhh!

Ossie looks in the direction of the crowd.

OSSIE

(referring to the man
at the craps table)

The tide's changed for our comrade
over there.

CUT TO:

14 INT. CRAP'S TABLE - SAME

14

Two dice come to a stop. . . double ones.

Snake-eyes is crushed.

The croupier is surprised.

CROUPIER

I have never seen someone throw Snake
Eyes seven times in a row. Forget
Natural. . . You're SNAKE-EYES.

Snake-eyes is down to his last few chips. He's desperate.

The next player craps out too, and it's back to Snake-eyes'
turn.

CONTINUED

14 CONTINUED:

14

He slowly pushes his last remaining chips into the playing area.

He fingers the dice in his hand; then, he blows on them.

The dice topple out of his hand, and WE can tell by the expression on SNAKE-EYES' face that he's crapped out again.

CROUPIER (O.S.)

SNAKE-EYES. Try your luck at another game.

Snake-Eyes rests his head between his hands soberly.

Working her way across the floor, Chloe walks up behind Snake-eyes and gives him a drink.

Snake-eyes' disappointment is broken for a moment as he looks Chloe up and down as she walks away; then, he turns back to the table, swallows the drink in one gulp, and returns to his grief.

CUT TO:

15 INT. NEAR BAR - SAME

15

Chloe enters the bar area and isn't too visibly stunned when she sees Ossie with Harry and Twill.

As she approaches, Harry and Twill turn back to the bar, trying to mind their own business.

CHLOE

(emotionless)

Welcome back.

OSSIE

How have you been?

CHLOE

Fine.

Chloe passes her tray to the bartender, who begins to fill her tray with more drinks.

OSSIE

Yeah?

CONTINUED

15 CONTINUED:

15

CHLOE

Yeah.

OSSIE

Got a break coming up?

Chloe just looks at him, trying to size him up for what he wants.

OSSIE

(continuing)

I just wanna talk.

CHLOE

The answer's not going to change.

OSSIE

Regardless, I have.

After a moment of considering Ossie's request, Chloe answers.

CHLOE

I have a break in a half hour.

OSSIE

Can we talk privately. . . Room 309?

Chloe nods softly and walks away.

Ossie tenderly watches Chloe walk away.

Harry and Twill turn back around on their bar stools. The three look out over the casino floor.

TWILL

You two break my heart. You've known her what . . . almost twenty years, and you both are too stubborn and scared to commit.

OSSIE

This time's different.

HARRY

That's what you've been saying every time you come back into town.

Ossie is silent to that remark.

CONTINUED

15 CONTINUED: (2)

15

HARRY
 (continuing)
 Plenty of women would love you. Why
 you keep chasing the one who won't?

Ossie has been looking out on the floor. Ossie tries to
 change the subject by commenting on Wally's streak of luck.

OSSIE
 Everything he touches turns to gold.
 He's caught up in her spell. Look at
 him. Doesn't have a clue what's
 happenin' to him. The coins are
 spitting out faster than he can
 realize what's happening.

Harry and Twill turn in Wally's direction.

CUT TO:

16 INT. IN THE MIDST OF THE SLOT MACHINES - SAME

16

Wally is inserting quarters into a row of five slot machines
 in a quick assembly-line fashion. He inserts the quarter and
 pulls back the handle, then immediately moves to the next
 machine.

As the bar spins on the first machine, Wally has already
 pulled the handle on the second machine.

The first machine shows three cherries. A bell SOUNDS, and
 the machine starts spitting out quarters.

The second machine slows . . . Cherry . . . Cherry . . .
 Cherry. BUZZ. Money starts falling from that machine's
 bowels.

By this time, Ossie has finished inserting a quarter into the
 fifth slot machine. He takes a few steps back and watches
 with disbelief.

The third machine has landed three oranges in a row, BUZZ,
 and the CLINKS of the money falling out of the machine are
 deafening.

The fourth machine has landed three cherries in a row. BUZZ,
 and quarters begin to drop like a downpour.

CONTINUED

16 CONTINUED:

16

The fifth machine is slowing . . . One bar of gold . . . two bars of gold . . . three bars of gold . . . Jackpot! BUZZ!

Wally's friends are so excited, jumping around him and egging him on.

The quarters have filled up the tray they have fallen into and are beginning to fall onto the ground.

Wally's stunned.

His friends rush to the machines overflowing with quarters and start picking up the coins.

Wally's friend DEKE, barely 21, with a face of a 18-year-old, is on all fours, crawling around picking up the quarters.

Another of Wally's friends, SIMON, 21 also, but with an air of mischief about him, is putting one handful of quarters into his pocket to every two handfuls he puts in a styrofoam cup for Wally.

Wally's third friend, ERNIE (probably 21, but could pass for a little older), is more reserved, and he stands back by Wally to observe.

WALLY

What's happening?

DEKE

You're winning.

WALLY

But how?

(beat)

Why?

SIMON

Who cares?

Wally inserts a quarter, pulls back the arm of a sixth machine. He lets go.

A blur of fruit and symbols spin by.

One stops on a cherry.

The second stops on a cherry.

The third does too.

CONTINUED

16 CONTINUED: (2)

16

Bells RING. And quarters start falling out of the machine.

SIMON

(continuing)

You realize how much money you got?

DEKE

(over exaggerating)

You got enough to retire on, or at least pay off tuition.

WALLY

There may be a lot of them, but they're only quarters.

ERNIE

You know it does take FOUR of them to even make a buck.

DEKE

Still. . .

WALLY

I need to sit down. Think things through.

SIMON

But you're on a roll.

WALLY

I'm starting to think this whole trip was a bad idea.

Wally begins to push his way through his crowd of friends, heading toward the bar.

DEKE

Wally, can I have a quarter?

Wally tosses back a quarter, but he shakes his head disapprovingly as he does.

Deke inserts a quarter into the next slot machine. He's hoping Wally's luck will continue.

He pulls back the arm.

He lets go as the symbols fly by.

No bells. No matches. No Jackpot.

CONTINUED

16 CONTINUED: (3)

16

DEKE
(continuing)

Shit.

Deke hits the machine.

CUT TO:

17 INT. NEAR BAR - SAME

17

Wally, Simon, and Ernie are sitting at a table.

The other friend, Deke, walks up to them and begins to take a seat.

ERNIE

Well?

DEKE

(disappointed)

No luck.

(addressing Wally)

Man. You got somethin'. And you need to capitalize on it.

WALLY

What do I got?

(beat)

Why me?

SIMON

Quit askin' stupid questions and make the most of it before it wears off.

WALLY

What we are doing is hypocritical.

SIMON

What we're doing is having a good time.

Wally is upset by his friends' lack of sensitivity, and he gets up from the table and starts walking away.

Simon thinks that he's taking his advice.

CONTINUED

17 CONTINUED:

17

SIMON
(continuing; calling
to Wally)
Hey, the casino's the other direction.

The friends get up to follow.

Chloe crosses in front of them. The young men are taken by her beauty.

DEKE
How come the girls back home don't
look like that?

SIMON
Mmmm-- How old do you think she is?
I wouldn't be surprised if she was 21
or 41.

ERNIE
Probably plastic surgery.

SIMON
(commenting to Chloe
as a sex object)
And people really think I'm going to
give that up.

CUT TO:

18 INT. BOWLING ALLEY - LATER

18

Wally is bowling a game while his friends watch.

Wally holds the ball close to his face as he tries to aim and concentrate despite the barrage of questions his friends are voicing.

Ernie is seated with his feet propped up. He's comfortable and content.

SIMON
Why are you bowling? We're in Vegas
man.

WALLY
I like to bowl.

Wally swings his ball back and then releases it in the lane.

CONTINUED

18 CONTINUED:

18

DEKE

But you're not any good?

The ball veers left and finally becomes a gutter ball.

Wally watches his ball until it's out of sight, then says:

WALLY

But it makes sense. I understand it.

SIMON

Why do you always have to overanalyze everything? Just enjoy it. If not for yourself, for me; I've spent every cent I've got to come out here.

DEKE

He's got a point. I've been devising my own strategy since we decided to come, and it hasn't paid off yet.

ERNIE

(to Deke)

What did you bring along? A for-leaf clover?

WE can TELL by Deke's reaction that Ernie's hit the nail on the head.

DEKE

The point is you should take advantage of your luck before it runs out. . . even try a game with higher stakes.

WALLY

Alright, alright, I'll give it a few more go 'rounds.

CUT TO:

19 INT. NEAR BAR - SAME

19

Ossie, Harry, and Twill are still collecting dust at the bar. They watch the casino floor through the plate-glass window.

Harry witnesses a man and his guide dog walk into the casino.

Just in case Twill or Ossie didn't see it, Harry says:

CONTINUED

19 CONTINUED:

19

HARRY

A man with a dog just walked by.

TWILL

It was a guide dog. The man was blind.

HARRY

Why does a blind guy come to Vegas? Can't see the pretty girls, the neon signs, or even the games.

TWILL

Probably here to win money like the rest of us.

OSSIE

You guys are foolin' yourself, if you really believe you've been hangin' around Vegas for the last twenty-plus years just to win money.

HARRY

Alright, I'll bite. Tell me in one of your straight-from-the-pulpit speeches why we're in Vegas.

OSSIE

Just like the blind man, you're here for the ride.

HARRY

Our ride hasn't moved in a long time. It's got to be more than that.

OSSIE

Maybe you guys need to get away from Vegas for awhile to realize it. But livin' in Vegas ain't like anywhere else.

HARRY

I'll agree. Not too many other places got gambling as good as Vegas.

OSSIE

Careful. You're missing it. . .

WE PAN across the casino and can SEE what Ossie is talking about.

CONTINUED

19 CONTINUED: (2)

19

OSSIE

(continuing)

Everything in Vegas is brought to the extremes . . . either you're winning or losing, manic or depressed, bloated or hungry, drunk or painfully sober.

(beat)

You startin' to understand?

(beat)

People get the impression that they're livin' more and more intensely in Vegas. The scary part is after awhile they can't decipher the winning from the losing, and the spell's been cast.

Ossie takes a slow drink of his water with lemon.

TWILL

I haven't heard you say Amen yet.

OSSIE

That's because I'm not done yet. There's something about the atmosphere in Vegas that seems to answer everyone's fantasies. There's risk, excitement, action, and beautiful women ready to go anytime day or night.

Ossie takes another drink to wet his throat.

OSSIE

(continuing)

And Vegas just doesn't appeal to your sense of sight. Close your eyes. Go on, close your eyes.

Harry and Twill reluctantly close their eyes to humor Ossie. Ossie closes his eyes, too. But Harry peeks.

After a moment of taking in everything and a deep breath, Ossie continues with his eyes shut.

As Ossie begins to speak these next lines, the visuals follow his words.

CONTINUED

19 CONTINUED: (3)

19

OSSIE

(continuing)

Can you smell it? The aroma of ladies' perfume, alcohol-saturated rugs, staleness of new decks of cards, and the stench of coins and bills exchanged by a countless number of people. You can even smell the dust that never has a chance to rest.

(beat)

Now, can you hear it? It's like nothing you've ever heard before. You can hear people, buzzers, cards shuffling, the clinking of glasses, money rolling out of machines. the ticking of the wheel of fortune. It's all there.

Ossie takes another drink.

OSSIE

(continuing)

If you concentrate hard enough, you can even overhear bits of conversations. Over there, there's a lady begging her husband to go upstairs to sleep.

CUT TO:

20 ACROSS THE BAR- NEAR THE SLOT MACHINES

20

A sixty-year-old lady who looks very worn out is pulling on her husband's sleeve desperately. The husband continues to insert coins and pull the handle.

CUT TO:

21 AT THE BAR -

21

Ossie, Harry, and Twill are still sitting at the bar with their eyes closed. Ossie strains to hear a conversation from another direction.

CUT TO:

22 NEAR THE CRAPS TABLE

22

Snake-eyes is sitting at a deserted craps table. Chloe has offered him a drink. WE CAN NOT HEAR Snake-Eyes or Chloe but can tell from their actions that there is flirting going on. Instead, WE HEAR:

OSSIE (V.O.)

I can hear a man who is down on his luck flirting and trying to pick up a kind, beautiful woman. He asks her if they can hook up sometime, and she agrees.

At this point WE SEE Chloe's mouth move for the first time.

CUT TO:

23 AT THE BAR

23

Recognizing Chloe's voice, Ossie's eyes burst open to make sure what he hears is actually what is going on. Harry and Twill haven't noticed anything wrong and still have their eyes closed, waiting for Ossie to continue.

Wally and his friends walk by.

They notice Harry and Twill with their eyes shut and start to laugh at the sight of men standing at a bar trying to catch some ZZZzzzz's.

Embarrassed, Harry and Twill open their eyes when they hear the laughter.

Ossie quickly opens his eyes but does not notice the boys. Ossie stands there hurt, just staring at Snake-eyes and Chloe.

Then Harry and Twill realize that it is the bunch that includes Wally, the guy who's got beginner's luck.

HARRY

That's it. Let's see if his luck holds out at a game that requires a little more skill.

Harry and Twill walk after Wally and his friends.

TWILL

(calling back to
Ossie)

You comin'?

CONTINUED

23 CONTINUED:

23

Twill's question brings Ossie out of his thoughts.

Ossie tries to keep face and act like nothing's wrong.

OSSIE

No. It's about time for me to meet up with Chloe.

HARRY

Alright. But you're missing out on some fun.

OSSIE

Remember, you tried to do the same thing to me when I first started, and I walked the winner.

TWILL

You had an unfair advantage; you had God on your side. We couldn't let a poor seminary student enjoying his last few moments of freedom lose.

HARRY

Besides, this is our chance to redeem ourselves.

Ossie smiles, and Twill continues.

Shuffles takes a seat next to Ossie.

In the background WE SEE Harry bend over and pick up a penny off the ground.

HARRY

(continuing)

Twill, this kid's luck just ran out.

SHUFFLES

Enjoying your stay?

OSSIE

Nothing changes in Vegas.

Shuffles nods.

SHUFFLES

It's almost time for her break.

Ossie nods.

CONTINUED

23 CONTINUED: (2)

23

SHUFFLES
 (continuing)
 Already made plans?

Ossie nods.

SHUFFLES
 (continuing)
 Good. Good luck.

Shuffles leaves.

Ossie returns his gaze to Snake-eyes and Chloe.

Ossie calls over his shoulder to the bar keeper.

OSSIE
 Could you arrange for a nice prime
 rib dinner for two up in room 309?

BAR KEEPER
 Will do.

CUT TO:

24 INT. CRAPS TABLE - SAME

24

Snake-eyes is still sitting in the same spot as before, but now Chloe has taken a seat next to him.

Chloe has placed her tray of drinks on the craps table and is pushing them around on the tray.

She is hanging her head down and is smiling a shy smile, while only glimpsing up at Snake-eyes every once in awhile.

Snake-eyes' mood is softened by Chloe's presence, but the shadow of his depression over his losing streak still remains.

CHLOE
 All you've been rolling is snake-
 eyes, huh?

Snake-eyes picks up a pair of dice and rolls them. Sure enough. . . Snake-eyes.

CONTINUED

24 CONTINUED:

24

CHLOE

(continuing)

I guess craps isn't the right game
for you.

(beat)

I've seen luck run out on a lot of
people. Most the time they're better
off once it does.

SNAKE-EYES

How long have you been working in
Vegas?

CHLOE

Around ten years.

SNAKE-EYES

How old are you?

CHLOE

Don't you know you're not supposed to
ask a lady that?

SNAKE-EYES

You could pass for twenty-one, except
your eyes have seen too much pain.

Chloe smiles politely.

CHLOE

Well, Snake-eyes, I'll be seeing you
around.

SNAKE-EYES

(hoping)

Yeah?

CHLOE

(flirting)

Yeah.

Chloe walks off.

CUT TO:

25 INT. NEAR BAR - SAME

25

Chloe gives her tray to the bartender and walks up to Ossie.

CONTINUED

25 CONTINUED:

25

Chloe is unaware that Ossie has just witnessed everything.

CHLOE
(to Ossie)
Ready?

Ossie takes one more drink and follows her out.

CUT TO:

26 INT. ELEVATOR - MOMENTS LATER

26

Ossie and Chloe are the only people in the elevator.

Neither of them knows exactly what to say or do, and this creates a very long, awkward silence.

Chloe shifts her weight from side to side, and occasionally looks up to Ossie with an awkward smile.

Ossie stands firmly, but he gazes at Chloe out of the corner of his eye until she looks over at him. Their eyes only meet a moment; then, his eyes quickly turn directly in front of him.

The elevator DINGS, indicating they have arrived at the right floor.

CUT TO:

27 INT. HOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

27

Ossie's hotel room is deserted.

WE HEAR Ossie unlocking his door. Ossie swings the door open, and Chloe walks in.

Chloe heads for the bathroom to freshen up.

Ossie tidies his room a little. He puts the bible and phonebook away.

He sits on the bed. Doesn't feel quite right.

He tries leaning against the dresser. No, not that either.

Chloe reenters the room from the bathroom. She smiles a smile that says, "Well, now what?"

CONTINUED

27 CONTINUED:

27

OSSIE
How have you been?

CHLOE
Fine.

Another awkward moment of silence.

OSSIE
You still look the same as when you
first brought me my drink almost
twenty years ago.

Chloe smiles, trying hard to accept the compliment.

CHLOE
Still wearing the same outfit, too.
You'd think as much money as this
place takes in, they'd invest in some
new outfits.

OSSIE
They don't need to when they got
women who look as good as you in them.

That comment has softened Chloe. Chloe turns from the window she has been looking out.

CHLOE
(softly)
Yeah?

OSSIE
(sincerely)
Yeah.

CHLOE
Still scared of heights?

Ossie nods.

CHLOE
(continuing)
That never made sense to me. Guys
like you would risk everything they
own but never take a step out on a
balcony.

CONTINUED

27 CONTINUED: (2)

27

OSSIE

It's also funny how women like you spend their whole lives trying to find security, but when a man who is truly committed asks them to marry, they refuse.

Chloe takes a seat at the edge of the bed.

CHLOE

I guess we have to work on some things, huh?

There's a KNOCK on the door.

ROOM SERVICE (O.S.)

Room Service.

Ossie jumps up and heads for the door.

Chloe takes a seat at the table in the corner of the room.

A YOUNG MAN from room service carries a tray to the table and Ossie slips him a tip.

Ossie takes a seat opposite Chloe.

Chloe smiles at Ossie and licks her lips, becoming conscious of her hunger.

She excitedly takes the cover off a plate and reveals a juicy prime rib.

Her expression changes from excitement to disappointment.

As Ossie is removing the cover off his plate, he notices Chloe's change.

OSSIE

Anything wrong?

Chloe leans back in her seat.

CHLOE

(repeating Ossie's words)

Anything wrong? Why'd you come back, Ossie? Because obviously it wasn't for me.

CONTINUED

27 CONTINUED: (3)

27

OSSIE

Hold on. What did I do?

CHLOE

Ossie, this is PRIME RIB.

OSSIE

(confused)

Yeah, the best they got. Rare. . .
just the same way you used to like it.

CHLOE

USED to like it is right!

OSSIE

What is it?

CHLOE

I'm sorry, Ossie, but this isn't
going to work.

OSSIE

We haven't even talked yet?

CHLOE

Don't you remember?

OSSIE

Remember what?

CHLOE

Exactly.

Chloe stands up to walk out of the room.

OSSIE

Chloe, wait!

CHLOE

I've been waiting, and you don't even
care enough to remember that I don't
eat meat anymore.

OSSIE

(meaning "Really?")

Yeah?

CONTINUED

27 CONTINUED: (4)

27

CHLOE
 (meaning "You better
 believe it!")

Yeah.

Chloe leaves Ossie's room, slamming the door behind her.

Ossie sinks back in his chair. He came so close. How could he be so stupid?

CUT TO:

28 INT. IN THE MIDST OF THE SLOT MACHINES - SAME

28

Wally and his friends are trying to play the slot machines.

Harry and Twill are harassing them.

WALLY

No, I'm not interested.

HARRY

Come on, Kid, what you got to lose?

TWILL

You can play with us. . . the Pro's.

DEKE

Do it, Wally. Show these old fogies what happens when they try to mess with the new generation.

WALLY

No. I don't know a thing about poker.

CUT TO:

29 INT. NEAR BAR - SAME

29

Snake-eyes is sitting in the bar by himself. He is trying to drink his troubles away.

Chloe enters the bar area. She's got tears in her eyes.

BARTENDER

Back awful early.

Chloe sits down at the bar.

CONTINUED

29 CONTINUED:

29

Snake-eyes sits down beside Chloe, who is trying so hard to fight back the tears.

She smiles at Snake-eyes, but her smile must have cracked her shell because tears start flowing down her cheeks.

SNAKE-EYES

Looks like we're both down on our luck.

Chloe laughs a little as she wipes the tears from her face.

CUT TO:

30 INT. POKER TABLE - SAME

30

Harry, Twill, and Wally are seated around a poker table. All of Wally's friends are huddled behind Wally.

HARRY

Well, kid?

WALLY

Well, what?

TWILL

Either ya fold or put some chips in.

Wally begins to slowly push a chip into the middle of the table.

Harry and Twill nod their heads, encouraging him to continue.

Wally slowly pushes another chip into the middle -- calling Harry's and Twill's hands.

Harry and Twill stop nodding. They turn and look at each other, smiling that we're-going-to-show-him grin. Then they turn their cards over, revealing their hands.

Wally, still a little confused, follows Harry and Twill's lead and turns over his hand.

Wally has a Full House, and it beats Harry's and Twill's hands.

HARRY

We'll give you that hand. . .

CONTINUED

30 CONTINUED:

30

WALLY

I won?

TWILL

. . . just to see how the game works.

HARRY

. . . But from now on, no favors.

WALLY

One hand and you think I know how to play this game?

HARRY

That's all it took us at your age?

TWILL

Unless, you don't think . . .

SIMON

One hand's all he needs.

Wally takes a deep breath and blows it out. He realizes he's lost control of the situation, and there's nothing he can do.

CUT TO:

31 INT. NEAR BAR - SAME

31

Chloe and Snake-eyes are engaged in conversation.

Chloe looks a little cheered up.

CHLOE

Are you being nice to me because you care or because you want to take advantage of a vulnerable woman?

SNAKE-EYES

I think I should be the one asking that question.

CHLOE

Oh yeah?

SNAKE-EYES

Yeah. And from your response, I think you already answered the question.

CONTINUED

31 CONTINUED:

31

CHLOE

What question?

SNAKE-EYES

Do you really care about me, or do you think just because I'm a man without a penny to his name, you can just barge in here and take advantage of my depressed state?

CHLOE

You're pretty smooth, changing subjects like that.

SNAKE-EYES

That's not the only thing I'm smooth at.

CHLOE

You don't say?

SNAKE-EYES

Oh, get your mind out of the gutter. I wasn't thinking of "that."

CHLOE

Then what were you thinking of?

SNAKE-EYES

Excuses.

CHLOE

Excuses?

SNAKE-EYES

Yes, excuses. It was the best piece of advice I ever got, and the only thing I learned from my old man. He once told me that the more outlandish the excuse the better chance of someone believing it.

Chloe nods. She can't believe she is involved in this conversation.

SNAKE-EYES

(continuing)

When I was in high school, I once stayed out way past my curfew. . .

CONTINUED

31 CONTINUED: (2)

31

CHLOE

Once.

SNAKE-EYES

Okay, okay, twice, but don't tell my mom.

Snake-eyes takes a drink. Then continues:

SNAKE-EYES

(continuing)

Anyway, I actually used the excuse that ice cut my tires, and she believed me.

CHLOE

And it was June.

SNAKE-EYES

No, it wasn't June. It was a cold January night. But I'm sure the excuse would have worked in June, too, though.

CHLOE

Yeah?

SNAKE-EYES

Yeah. And those are the words I live by.

CHLOE

Best advice I ever got was from my tenth-grade English teacher. She told me that it was always better to ask for forgiveness rather than permission, and that's how I've been living my life since.

There is a moment of silence, but Snake-eyes is expecting more.

SNAKE-EYES

That's it? No personal, embarrassing story?

CHLOE

No stories.

CONTINUED

31 CONTINUED: (3)

31

SNAKE-EYES

We have to share our past experiences so that we can have some sort of foundation for our relationship.

CHLOE

Relationship? You're moving awful fast.

SNAKE-EYES

What? You didn't see us take the exit off friendly highway to relationship interstate?

Chloe laughs at his presumptions.

SNAKE-EYES

(continuing)

Well, if you're not going to share your past with me, then we'll have to build our relationship on common experiences.

Snake-eyes takes one last gulp of his drink.

SNAKE-EYES

(continuing)

How about if I take the last of my money that I was going to leave for your tip, and we go bowling?

CHLOE

Bowling?

SNAKE-EYES

Why not?

CHLOE

Why not? My break's over. I got to get back to work.

SNAKE-EYES

Ahhh, no problem. Allow me to demonstrate my expertise. Just go along with whatever I say.

CHLOE

I don't know.

CONTINUED

31 CONTINUED: (4)

31

SNAKE-EYES

What? You're trying to tell me that
you feel up to work?

Chloe nods, suggesting he might have a point.

SNAKE-EYES

(continuing)

And besides, you can't leave me in
the fragile condition I'm in. You're
the only one who can keep my mind off
the incredible amount of money I just
lost.

CHLOE

Yeah?

SNAKE-EYES

Yeah.

CHLOE

Alright. Alright, what do I do?

SNAKE-EYES

Stay here, and I'll take care of
everything.

Snake-eyes gets up and leaves the bar area.

Chloe is left alone for a few moments. She sits at the table
still a little bewildered at the whole situation.

A phone RINGS from behind the bar. The bartender answers the
phone.

BARTENDER

(into the receiver)

Just a moment.

(to Chloe)

Chloe, you've got a phone call.

Chloe is rather shocked at this. She makes her way behind
the bar, and she takes the phone away from the
bartender.

CHLOE

Hello?

CONTINUED

31 CONTINUED: (5)

31

SNAKE-EYES (V.O.)

You're doing great. Don't blow it now by giving a wrong facial expression. Say "yes" in a concerned tone. . . Trust me. Say it.

CHLOE

(concerned)

Yes?

SNAKE-EYES (V.O.)

Good, now just repeat everything I say, and the manner I say it. Ok.
(puzzled)
"What happened?"

CHLOE

(puzzled)

What happened?

SNAKE-EYES (V.O.)

You're in town?

CHLOE

You're in town?

SNAKE-EYES (V.O.)

(surprised)

What do you mean all your hens have gotten loose?

CHLOE

What?

CUT TO:

32 INT. PHONE BOOTH - SAME

32

Snake-eyes is holding a phone in his hand.

SNAKE-EYES

Come on, trust me, Chloe. "What do you mean all your hens have gotten loose?"

CUT TO:

33 INT. NEAR BAR - SAME

33

The bartender is listening very closely to Chloe's remarks.

CHLOE
(surprised)
What do you mean all your hens have
gotten loose?

CUT TO:

34 INT. PHONE BOOTH - SAME

34

Snake-eyes is talking on the phone.

SNAKE-EYES
Now for the next part just say a few
"uh-has" and "yeahs". OK?

CUT TO:

35 INT. NEAR BAR - SAME

35

Chloe has seen how curious the bartender has gotten and has to turn her back to him to keep from smiling.

CHLOE
Yeah.

SNAKE-EYES (V.O.)
You're going to hang up the phone and
tell the bar keeper that your sister,
who has just dropped into town
unexpectedly, has gotten into a small
car accident and all her hens are
making quite a scene on the Strip.

CHLOE
Uh-ha.

SNAKE-EYES (V.O.)
Tell him you got to go, and he'll
have to cover for you, and, then,
meet me by the elevators. Got it?

CHLOE
Yeah. I'll be right there.

Chloe hangs up the phone. She turns toward the bartender.

CONTINUED

35 CONTINUED:

35

CHLOE

(continuing)

My sister just dropped into town unexpectedly and has gotten into a wreck. All her hens are causing quite a scene on the Strip. I got to go. Can you cover me?

BARTENDER

Yeah, go. But who was the guy on the phone.

CHLOE

That was my sister. . . 's husband.

Close call. Chloe grabs her purse from underneath the bar, and hurries out of the bar.

CUT TO:

36 INT. NEAR THE ELEVATORS - SAME

36

Snake-eyes is waiting for Chloe near the elevators, and Chloe is racing to him.

There's a man climbing a ladder in between the two elevators. He's trying to change a light bulb.

Snake-eyes walks around the ladder and presses the elevator call button.

An elevator DINGS, indicating it is there.

As Chloe reaches Snake-eyes, Snake-eyes puts his arm around Chloe's waist, and they both begin to laugh.

The elevator next to the one Snake-eyes and Chloe are getting into DINGS.

The doors open to reveal Ossie.

Ossie steps out of the elevator and looks through the ladder toward Snake-eyes and Chloe.

Ossie witnesses Snake-eyes' and Chloe's laughter, but, especially, Ossie notices Snake-eyes' arm around Chloe.

Snake-eyes and Chloe, however, are too busy laughing and getting on the other elevator to notice Ossie.

CONTINUED

36 CONTINUED:

36

Snake-eyes and Chloe's elevator doors shut, leaving heart-broken Ossie with his back towards US, framed perfectly under the ladder.

When Ossie turns toward US as he makes his way into the bar, his hurt is written all over his face.

CUT TO:

37 INT. POKER TABLE - SAME

37

Harry, Twill, and Wally are still playing poker.

Wally seems a little bit more comfortable with the game. Wally has quite a stack of chips in front of him.

Obviously, Harry and Twill's plan of breaking Wally of his beginner's luck hasn't worked yet.

HARRY
(to Wally)
Show your cards.

Wally lays down a four-of-a-kind.

Deke holds Wally's arm above Wally's head.

DEKE
The undefeated champion.

As the dealer deals another hand, Harry begins to make conversation with Wally and Wally's friends.

HARRY
You boys come to Vegas to get laid?

WALLY
(offended)
No.

DEKE
But if it happens, we're not going to complain.

Wally's friends laugh.

Harry cracks a smile.

CONTINUED

37 CONTINUED:

37

HARRY

Trying to get rich quick, huh? Want enough money so you can retire at age 22?

WALLY

No.

SIMON

(repeating Deke's comment)

But if it happens, we're not going to complain.

That comment makes makes everybody let out another laugh.

Harry cracks a smile. He's enjoying himself.

Instead of calling the game, Wally, for the first time, actually raises the stakes.

HARRY

The boy's trying to bluff us.

TWILL

We'll teach him a lesson.

Harry raises the stakes even higher.

Twill matches Harry's bid.

And Wally raises the bid again.

HARRY

Alright, hot shot, let's see what you've got.

Harry calls Wally.

Wally turns over his cards. His card show he's got a royal flush.

WALLY

That's good, right?

HARRY

I'm getting a little tired of your naive act.

CONTINUED

37 CONTINUED: (2)

37

WALLY

It's not an act. I told you I didn't
know how to play.

ERNIE

It's not his fault you guys can't
beat a rookie.

Harry and Twill are motivated by that last remark.

HARRY

Ante-up.

Harry, Twill, and Wally all push a chip into the middle of
the table.

CUT TO:

38 INT. BOWLING ALLEY - LATER

38

Snake-eyes and Chloe are the only bowlers using the lanes,
except a 75-year-old guy who is playing on a far lane.

The old man looks as if he has been playing for the last
twenty years straight. He plays like he's a machine.
Without emotion. Without pauses.

Snake-eyes has just thrown his third gutter ball in a row.

He sits down next to Chloe on the bench. She is laughing.

CHLOE

Why did you invite me to go bowling?
You can't even play.

SNAKE-EYES

Cause I know the manager, and he
always let's me play for free, and I
can keep the money I was going to
use for your tip.

Chloe lines her bowling ball up and lets it go.

Her ball manages to knock down most of the pins in its way.

The two are playing at a very relaxed and casual rate. In
fact, they're not too concerned with the game at all.

CONTINUED

38 CONTINUED:

38

SNAKE-EYES
(continuing)
Aren't you glad you came?

CHLOE
Yeah, I guess.

SNAKE-EYES
(meaning really)
Yeah?

CHLOE
(meaning really)
Yeah.
(sarcastically)
It's always nice to take off those
murderous high-heels.

That remark breaks Snake-eyes' concentration, and his ball starts in the gutter and never works its way out.

SNAKE-EYES
So that's the only reason you came,
so you can take off your shoes, huh?

Chloe ignores Snake-eyes' comment and keeps the conversation focused on him.

CHLOE
Lost all your money at Craps. Can't
knock a pin over to save your life.
Well, I do hope you're good at
something.

SNAKE-EYES
(wincing)
That's below the belt.

Snake-eyes takes a seat next to Chloe to finish the conversation. They both choose to forget about bowling for awhile.

CUT TO:

39 INT. NEAR BAR - SAME

39

Ossie has been drinking. He's only a few drinks short of becoming a sloppy drunk.

CONTINUED

39 CONTINUED:

39

He's mumbling outloud to himself.

OSSIE

Everything's a gamble . . . Life's
a gamble . . . Love's a gamble.

The bar keeper replaces Ossie's empty glass with a full glass.

OSSIE

(continuing; to the
bar keeper)

I promised myself, I wouldn't do this
again. This is how I lost her, you
know. I've lost all self-control.
But I guess that's what love is. . .
And I'm ready to fold.

CUT TO:

40 INT. BOWLING ALLEY - SAME

40

Snake-eyes has his arm around Chloe as they sit in the middle of an almost deserted bowling alley.

The seventy-five-year-old unstoppable bowling machine is still there.

SNAKE-EYES

My luck changed tonight. It used to
be that I couldn't do anything wrong.
Everything I touched turned to gold,
except at the Roulette Table.

CHLOE

Pretty profitable?

SNAKE-EYES

So you're interested in me because of
my money?

CHLOE

I've been in Vegas quite awhile, and
if I were looking for money, I
wouldn't have picked a guy who can
only throw Snake-eyes at the Craps
Table.

CONTINUED

40 CONTINUED:

40

SNAKE-EYES

Yeah?

CHLOE

Yeah.

SNAKE-EYES

Why did you come to Vegas?

CHLOE

It was supposed to be temporary, but I got side-tracked. What about you?

Snake-eyes nods.

SNAKE-EYES

I first came here with a bunch of my friends. They twisted my arm to make me come. I didn't know a thing about gambling. And I started winning. Every game I played, I won. Before I knew it, the weekend was over; my friends had left; and I was calling Las Vegas home.

CHLOE

I've seen that happen to many men . . . And eventually their luck changed too.

SNAKE-EYES

I wasn't sure exactly what I had, and I didn't care-- until lately, when I've been noticing a whole bunch of people around me who didn't have it. I started taking note of what was happening to me, and I realized things were happening that I couldn't explain.

CHLOE

(furthering his point)
You doubted her.

SNAKE-EYES

Who?

CONTINUED

40 CONTINUED: (2)

40

CHLOE

Luck. You saw how she couldn't possibly exist. You lost your faith, and because you lost your faith, you had only the physical means--like probability, and house odds-- the means you could understand, believe in and trust in, to work with. The same things that a "whole bunch of other people without luck" have to work with... But those means will never be as fruitful as Luck.

SNAKE-EYES

Yeah?

CHLOE

Yeah.

SNAKE-EYES

Are you saying, all I got to do is say I believe in luck again to get it back?

CHLOE

No, you missed it. You can't con luck. She knows when you have faith, and unfortunately once you realize the odds, you can never fully believe in her again.

SNAKE-EYES

So you're saying there's no hope for me?

CHLOE

There's still chance, probability, and statistics. But they'll never give you the same thrill.

SNAKE-EYES

Personal experience?

CHLOE

No, I've never even pulled the handle of a slot machine. I've just been around awhile.

CONTINUED

40 CONTINUED: (3)

40

SNAKE-EYES

How can you live in Vegas and not get caught up in it?

CHLOE

Oh, I just said I never gambled; I didn't say I didn't get caught up in it. Sometimes, I let myself believe that this time things will be different, and I get carried away with one of the gamblers, like you.

SNAKE-EYES

Are you getting carried away?

CHLOE

(smiling shyly)

Probably against my better judgement, but I'm going to forgive myself later because I know I would never give myself permission.

SNAKE-EYES

Yeah?

CHLOE

Yeah.

Chloe shyly looks up at Snake-eyes, and their eyes meet, probably for the first time.

CUT TO:

41 INT. NEAR BAR - SAME

41

Ossie is still trying to drown his sorrow in alcohol. He's rambling in his drunkenness.

OSSIE

She's the only one I've been able to trust.

BARTENDER

Gamblers aren't supposed to trust anyone.

OSSIE

Maybe that's the reason I'm not a gambler anymore.

CONTINUED

41 CONTINUED:

41

Ossie hiccups.

OSSIE

(continuing)

I fell in love with her from the moment she first spoke to me She was so kind to help me out; she genuinely seemed to care. There's not very many people in this town with feelings anymore.

BARTENDER

I think you've had enough.

Ossie doesn't hear the bartender. He's still lost in thought.

OSSIE

I didn't think anything could grow in a desert.

After a few moments of blank reflection, Ossie says to the bartender:

OSSIE

(continuing)

Flowers. Could you place a flower arrangement order for me?

The bartender nods, quits wiping off the counter, and grabs a pad of paper and a pen.

OSSIE

(continuing)

Tulips. One of every color they've got.

CUT TO:

42 INT. POKER TABLE - SAME

42

Harry and Twill are upset by Wally's Beginner's Luck.

Wally's friends are no longer present. They have gone to get their own fill of Las Vegas.

Wally has almost all of Harry's and Twill's chips in front of him.

CONTINUED

42 CONTINUED:

42

HARRY

That was it. Last hand. I want you to know you might be lucky now, but luck's gonna turn her back on you.

TWILL

And when she does, you're gonna fall harder than the rest of us.

Harry and Twill leave the table.

The dealer also leaves the table too.

Wally is left there alone.

He has a chance to think, to look around at what's happening around him. He smiles. Las Vegas is starting to grow on him.

CUT TO:

43 INT. NEAR BAR - SAME

43

Ossie is still drunk and sitting at the bar.

Harry and Twill enter the bar area and see the condition Ossie's in.

The bartender notices Harry and Twill.

BARTENDER

Good, would you guys make sure your friend here makes it back to his room?

Harry nods, as he and Twill make their way to Ossie.

HARRY

Come on, Ossie. Time to go to bed.

Harry, on one side of Ossie, and Twill, on the other side, try to get him to his feet.

TWILL

What time is it, anyhow?

OSSIE

(toasted)

Do you realize there's no clocks in Vegas?

CONTINUED

43 CONTINUED:

43

TWILL
Save it for tomorrow Ossie.

The three with Ossie being propped up in the middle make their way out of the bar area.

CUT TO:

44 INT. ELEVATOR - MOMENTS LATER

44

Harry, on the left, Ossie, in the middle, and Twill, on the right, are making their way up to the third floor.

OSSIE
I love her, but I think I've waited too long.

TWILL
Is Chloe what this is about?

OSSIE
I forgot she doesn't eat meat.

Harry and Twill look at each other and give that "ouch" expression.

CUT TO:

45 INT. HOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

45

The room is empty, but we hear a key fumbling in the lock. The door swings open wide, revealing Ossie, Harry, and Twill. Harry and Twill manage to get Ossie to the bed. Ossie collapses back on the bed. His feet dangle off the edge. Harry sweeps Ossie's feet up and onto the bed.

HARRY
Ossie, we'll talk tomorrow when you're thinking a little more clearly.

Harry and Twill begin to walk towards the door.

CONTINUED

45 CONTINUED:

45

OSSIE
(drunkenly, calling
after Harry and
Twill)

How about brunch, like old times?

Twill, still walking toward the door, raises his hand and waves it, agreeing without turning around.

Harry reaches the door first and opens it and walks out.

He switches the light off, leaving the soft glow of neon lights streaming through the window . . .

Twill pauses for a moment at the door to make sure the door is locked, then closes the door behind him with an empty echo, then silence.

No clinking of money. No shuffling of cards. And no human voices, especially not the soft whisper of a caring cocktail waitress named Chloe.

Ossie is still lying on the bed in the same position that Harry put him in. He stares at the ceiling.

His expression shows that all the demons that he has been trying to outrun all day have caught up with him in the silence, and there is no escape.

He slowly reaches into the front pocket of his trousers. His arm is the only thing that moves. It's like the rest of his body is paralyzed. His eyes don't deviate from the ceiling.

Ossie removes his hand from his pocket. He reveals a small black velvet ring box. Without looking, he opens the ring box.

The light from the window instantly finds the large, but tasteful diamond. The light dances around it.

Still, without looking, Ossie gently pushes his large fingertip into the small ring. He gently strokes the ring with his thumb, making it turn on his fingertip.

He brings the ring up to his chest, and his eyes gently, but painfully, close.

CUT TO:

46 INT. HOTEL ROOM - EARLY, EARLY MORNING

46

Chloe is asleep in the bed. The covers are neatly pulled up around her. Her hair is undone and is loosely resting on the pillow around her.

Snake-eyes is lying on his side. His head is propped up by his hand.

He looks intently at Chloe.

He runs his fingers softly up Chloe's side, outlining her curved body.

His gaze does not wander but stays fixed on the beauty before him.

CUT TO:

47 INT. HOTEL ROOM - SAME

47

Ossie is lying on his side. In the same position as Snake-eyes. His fingers softly move across the sheets, like Snake-eyes' fingers ran across Chloe's side.

He closes his eyes, almost painfully, wishing Chloe was beside him.

CUT TO:

48 INT. HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

48

Snake-eyes and Chloe are just beginning to wake up. Chloe's still in Snake-eyes' arms, and he's stroking her hair.

SNAKE-EYES

What's your greatest fear?

CHLOE

You're going to laugh.

SNAKE-EYES

I would never laugh.

CONTINUED