

**EXT. DESERT INN- SAME**

p.4

Wes stalks the Vegas Strip, CURSING, pushing people out of the way.

**INT. BOILER ROOM**

p.4

Jack and Sculley are strapped down to chairs, the beating about to begin.

THE BLOWS, delivered with a wooden 2-by-4, impact and explode on hands, jaws, ribs, legs.

Lucky Nick delivers the beating, careful not to dirty his thousand-dollar Armani suit, pink silk Valentino shirt or vaseline-laced hair, striking out without emotion, routinely. The bloodthirsty work seems to bore him.

Jack cries out in agony, spitting pieces of teeth and blood.

Sculley nearly unconscious, a last 2-by-4 blow comes down, the screen flashing WHITE.

**EXT. DESERT OUTSIDE VEGAS- SUNRISE**

p.5

White light of morning has come to Nevada sandscape. The sensation of flying, floating, drifting, mile after mile of desert, silent except for a faint SOUND. Closing on an inch of color in the wasteland. It is the pink '65 Cadillac, the CAR HORN we've been hearing is louder.

Two tires are pulled off the car, jammed over the bloodied and broken bodies of Jack and Scully. The beaten face of Jack Reed, slumped over the wheel, the HORN now a ROAR.

FADE OUT.

**INT. BUS - BLACK HORSE TURNPIKE - NIGHT (19... p.5)**

BUS HORN sounds, the driver curses a passing motorist.

Behind him, a gambling granny charms a young woman with a gambling story.

Behind them, a sculpted hand rolls dice with a worn emblem: Desert Inn.

A sharp young man rolls the dice. This is Christy Reed, now in his twenties.

**EXT. TURNPIKE p.5**

Atlantic City in the distance. Casinos shine, thirteen jewels on a flat horizon. The bus races into the dark expanse.

**EXT. TRUMP PLAZA CASINO - BUS STOP - ATLANT... p.5**

A BUS GREETER mechanically hands out vouchers.

BUS GREETER: Redeem on the second level. Redeem on the second level. Redeem...

Christy steps out, handed a voucher, he drops it into a waste bin. Two gambling grannies rush to the bin, fighting for the coupon.

**INT. TRUMP PLAZA CASINO**

p.5

A slot playing woman SQUEALS, her machine has hit a triple 7.

Christy passes the woman and stops under a crystal chandelier, looking over the Plaza Casino. This is a world without windows or clocks, bad MOTOWN music pours out from the Lounge, beautiful waitresses costumed as slave girls fly by, WILD VOICES from the craps pit, CLAMOROUS BELLS from rows of flashing poker and slot machines.

Christy takes in the whole circus in a glance, smiling, stepping inside.

**INT. SURVEILLANCE ROOM- SAME**

p.6

On six screens are a close-circuit color image of Christy, moving by a blackjack table, out of picture.

The "Eye-In-The-Sky" has come to focus on Blackjack Game 5, on the dealer of that game.

VOICE (O.S.): Come in a little.

The image shrinks, closer on the dealer.

VOICE (O.S.): Stop.

**INT. BLACKJACK GAME 5**

p.6

The bored dealer clears away a player's black hundred-dollar bet, yawning, covering his mouth with a hand.

**INT. SURVEILLANCE ROOM**

p.6

Inside the darkened room is LEE GREER, Head of Casino Security, and GINO, operating camera controls at the high-tech master security board. These are Star Wars cops, Trump Casino's elite, policing tens of millions of dollars on a nightly basis.

GINO: Want to see the move?

Hitting video controls, the same dealer is dealing, bored, yawning.

GINO: This was yesterday. Yawn yawn.

Hitting the fast forward...

GINO: Two minutes before break...yawn again. And...

**INT. BLACKJACK GAME 5- MOMENTS LATER**

p.7

The dealer picks up a stack of \$100 chips to pay a bet, clipping a chip in hand.

**INT. SURVEILLANCE ROOM**

p.7

Gino sees the move. Lee sees it.

GINO: Clean.