

THE WHALE

Written Down

by

THE ROBOTARD 8000

ROLL MAIN TITLES AS WE...

FADE IT IN:

CLOSE HAND-HELD VIDEO OF...

DANNY FANDIHILL, late 30s, a blue-collar god of mediocrity. He's not lame but he's not awesome either. He's lovable, but not the life of the party, yet he's happy to man the grill at every Super Bowl party you invite him to.

Danny speaks directly TO CAMERA:

DANNY

I'm Danny Fandihill and I'm not here to bullshit you. I should be on "Survivor" for three reasons. Number one, I'm not an asshole like Russell. That's not one of the three reasons--but still... anyway, three reasons: I'm a people person, I'm strong...
(dramatic pause)
...and I deserve it.

Danny just stands there clearly waiting for something...

A DOG is pushed into frame. Danny acts surprised:

DANNY

What's this? What're you doing here, lil' fella? And why are you so drawn to me?

Danny grins into the camera, stroking the dog's head--but really, he's holding the dog against its will. The little guy squirms trying to pull out of Danny's loving headlock.

DANNY

(back to camera as if he just noticed it)
Oh, right, reason number one: I'm a people person.

Just as the dog attacks Danny's face WE CUT TO:

ACTUAL NEWS FOOTAGE of Danny attempting to stop a PURSE SNATCHER. As a REPORTER prattles about Danny's heroism, the footage shows Danny clinging to a purse for dear life as a hulking thief beats the ever-loving shit out of him.

BACK TO DANNY'S AUDITION

Danny is now in his buddy's GARAGE standing in front of a cheesy weight set.

DANNY

Like I said, I'm strong--not just physically, but also mentally, but physically too.

He sits on the bench and strains to do three reps of 190 pounds. The bar sways, spit flies. Just before events turn tragic we CUT TO:

A LOCAL PARK

Where Danny sits at a bench playing chess with a BUM. The bum makes a move.

BUM

Checkmate!

DANNY

Toofy, how many times do I have to tell you, you can't move your pawn across the board like that.

BUM

Don't lie to me, Danny!

DANNY

Fine, Toofy. We'll play by your rules.

Danny chuckles. Hands the bum a dollar and as he stands AN AWKWARD CUT TAKES US TO:

POOLSIDE AT A HOLIDAY INN

Danny is in his trunks staring at the camera again, oiled up, grinning way too hard.

DANNY

(motions 'look at this body')

Blue collar built for a blue collar world. I'm Danny Fand-

THE IMAGE FREEZES and we're...

TIGHT ON DANNY, holding up his cellphone, showing his audition to MIKE FONG, a dead-eyed, soul-crushed Asian guy.

DANNY

Tell me the truth, Mike. I'm not crazy, right? That's a solid audition, right? Lil' humor, lil' heart.

MIKE FONG

I don't think you're crazy, but I don't know why you waste your time with these...these...get rich quick schemes.

DANNY

It's not a scheme, Mike, it's my career strategy.

MIKE FONG

Danny, your career is at the gas company. I mean, I'd kill to have your job.

CUSTOMER (O.S.)

Jesus Christ, Chinaman, get it together!

DANNY

(to the CUSTOMER)

HEY! McDonald's is no place for racism.

Fong sighs, puts on a McDonald's hat...

PULL BACK TO REVEAL Danny in his gas-company work clothes and Mike Fong working behind the counter of a McDONALD'S, the line behind Danny growing longer by the second.

DANNY

Continue.

Danny pulls a stack of LOTTO TICKETS from his pocket. He begins scratching them off, one at a time, as Mike talks:

MIKE FONG

Seriously, Danny, why bother with the bullshit? You love your job, the brass loves you--and what happened to the fast track? Weren't you supposed to be taking the manager's test?

DANNY

That takes too long, man. I gotta make things happen today.

Mike is baffled by that. Danny starts another ticket.

MIKE FONG

Look, life is work. I'm the least smart of all my siblings so I've gotta work at this shithole to pay for community college until I can transfer to a real college and get my accounting degree.

MIKE FONG (CONT'D)

Then I'll work that soul killing
job until hopefully I've saved
enough money to retire at fifty
five. You understand what I'm
saying, Danny?

Danny weighs Mike's words carefully. And then...goes
right back to his scratch-offs.

DANNY

Eh, you just don't get it.

Mike's SEVENTEEN YEAR OLD MANAGER storms up.

PIMPLY FACED MANAGER

Fong, goddammit. Clear that line
out or you're fired.

Mike sighs, despondent. Nods for Danny to step to the
side and gets back to helping customers. A SERVER hands
Danny his bag of food. Danny turns to leave. Stops. Digs
in his pocket...

He pulls out his last LOTTERY TICKET. Hands it to Mike.

DANNY

Gotta cover all your bases, bro.

Mike smiles weakly. Danny heads for the door.

EXT. MCDONALD'S - BEHIND THE BUILDING - DAY

Danny stares at the drop-hole that leads to the pit that
leads to the grimy industrial underbelly of the
restaurant. He realizes that getting to this gas meter is
going to be a disgusting task.

DANNY

Fuck this.

He types an arbitrary number into his PDA. Turns to walk
away when...

MIKE FONG (O.S.)

(from inside)

I WON! I WON! OH, MY GOD! OH, MY
GOD! FUCK THIS PLACE! FUCK
EVERYONE HERE!...

The blood drains from Danny's face, *'unbelievable.'*

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON A WOMAN'S FACE:

Pretty. Professional make-up, conservative hairdo. This
is RACHEL MAZIN and we can tell she's exasperated:

RACHEL
 (as if to a child)
 What's the problem, Chuck?

SLOWLY PULL BACK TO REVEAL:

INT. "SEVEN WONDERS" HOTEL / CASINO - LOBBY - DAY

Rachel, a VIP concierge for the hotel, is trying to have a professional discussion while locked in the embrace of MMA fighter CHUCK MUSSON, 6' 6", 257 pounds of fury.

RACHEL
 Chuck, please. I have a million things to attend to. What do you need?

WE PULL BACK A BIT MORE TO FIND:

That Chuck is dry-humping her as they talk. He's not pounding, he's not thrusting, he's lightly pumping his junk against her Stella McCarthy pants-suit.

CHUCK
 I'm disgruntled.

RACHEL
 Can you be more specific?

He shifts to a circular gyration, looks into her eyes:

CHUCK
 About all kinds of shit.

RACHEL
 If you give me the particulars, I will take care of them.

Chuck speeds it up but never gets rough. Never that. Rachel keeps her cool, lets him continue until he figures out how stupid this is. He stops, but holds the embrace.

CHUCK
 All the posters make me look like a loser.

WE NOW SEE: all over the lobby, POSTERS touting Chuck's upcoming fight. Each one shows him being knocked silly.

RACHEL
 (without hesitation)
 I'll call the promoters and have them swap those out with a different image, okay?

He releases her, arms out as if freeing a dove. Rachel marches out as Chuck turns to a scantily clad RING GIRL.

He points to his blossoming erection:

CHUCK

Deal with this.

INT. PALATIAL OFFICE - LATER

Overlooking the city of Las Vegas from way up high, FOUR IMPOSING MEN, Mafioso types in Brooks Brothers suits. They smoke cigars, drink Scotch and act rich. They are...

THE WHALE HUNTERS - MUSTACHE, SKINNY, BALD and PORTLY.

All four turn, surprised when RACHEL storms in.

RACHEL

I've done my time coddling celebrities who don't respect me. I'm done handling goons who think dry humping is an acceptable form of communication. It's time for me to move up to the big leagues.

SKINNY WHALE HUNTER

How so?

RACHEL

I want in on the real action. I want to handle whales.

She's met with laughter.

PORTLY WHALE HUNTER

You can't be serious.

RACHEL

At some point you guys need to accept that I'm not my father. I'm smart, I'm hungry, I've paid my dues, I'm ready.

(steels herself)

And if you won't promote me, I'll have to take my talents somewhere else.

A long stand-off. Rachel doesn't flinch. The Four Men look at each other. Mustache nods. Skinny Whale Hunter stands, moves to a mahogany desk. Pulls an old leather bound BOOK from the drawer.

PORTLY WHALE HUNTER

You understand the responsibilities in handling whales? This isn't "coddling celebrities" -- this is facilitating the every need of our wealthiest clients.

PORTLY WHALE HUNTER (CONT'D)

Whales are the highest of high-rollers, the life-blood of this city. At any given time a single whale can account for a measurable percent of the casino's bottom line...

MUSTACHE WHALE HUNTER

...and they know this. That's what makes handling them so complicated.

RACHEL

I understand and I want in.

Skinny Whale Hunter hands her the book...

MUSTACHE WHALE HUNTER

Bring us any whale in that book and you have the job.

She holds it reverently.

RACHEL

Thank you. You won't regret this, I promise.

She hurries out with a giddy smile on her face. When she's gone...

BALD WHALE HUNTER

What are you doing? She's a Mazin for chrissake. You can't possibly trust her with--

PORTLY WHALE HUNTER

Relax. Those are the dead leads. In the thirty-three years I've been here, no one has ever gotten one of them to come. Ever.

BALD WHALE HUNTER

But what if she does?

MUSTACHE WHALE HUNTER

If she can land one of those ghosts, she deserves a shot.

They laugh.

INT. BAR / "T.G.I.FRIDAYS" - NIGHT

Danny sits at a table, hunched over, commiserating with his boy BOWMAN, kind of good looking, kind of neurotic.

DANNY

The one time I have a winning ticket and I give it away.

BOWMAN

You have to get that money back.

Danny waves him off.

BOWMAN

No, seriously. At least half.

DANNY

Nah, I gave him the ticket. Besides, he needs the money for school. It'd be a class-one dick move to squeeze him over it.

BOWMAN

I guess, man. I just hate the idea of someone giving away half of what's rightfully theirs--and what's worse, is the--the *sickness* of a person who is low enough to think they deserve it. I mean why would he think he deserves it, Danny?

DANNY

Projecting a lil' bit, Bow'dog?

BOWMAN

THAT BITCH!

(calms himself)

I love her so much. But she won't back off, Danny. I tried to get her to complete our last three counselling sessions and all she says is sign the papers.

DANNY

So sign them already and move on.

BOWMAN

How can we work it out if we're divorced, Danny?

The waitress SHELLY steps up.

SHELLY

Another Jack and Coke?

DANNY

Yep.

They both turn to Bowman expectantly. Bowman mulls over the menu.

SHELLY

It's been the same menu for five years, Bowman.

BOWMAN

I just...I don't know what I'm in the mood for...how's the--

SHELLY

Stop. Guys, I'll come back. I can't deal with him when he's like this. Especially on a busy night.

She's about to turn.

DANNY

Hold on. Give him four Heinekens and give me four Jack and Cokes.

BOWMAN

Four? You know what happens when you don't pace yourself.

DANNY

If we don't order now, we're gonna have to wait an hour before Shell can make it back around or fight that mob at the bar.

BOWMAN

I'd rather fight the mob than pound down a row of drinks.

SHELLY

Yeah, what's the rush?

DANNY

No rush, it's just easier this way. We'll drink slowly.

She shrugs.

SHELLY

Suit yourself.

INT. RACHEL'S OFFICE - LAS VEGAS - NEXT MORNING

Rachel is going through the book, cold calling. She's crossed out all but one name now.

RACHEL

(into phone)

...I understand Mr. Jenson is a busy man but we'd make all arrangements including a private jet...

(she listens)

He's dead?...Are you sure--oh, of course you are, I'm so sorry about...

CLICK. Rachel hangs up exasperated. She crosses the off the last name. Rachel holds her forehead, desperate. Flips back through the book. Notices something...

A thick page--two pages stuck together in fact!

She peels them apart. Lights up when she finds one last name: Daniel G. Fandihill.

Rachel snatches up the phone.

INT. DANNY'S APARTMENT - MORNING

A phone RINGS incessantly as we ESTABLISH Danny's place. Sparsely furnished with used crap off of Craig's List.

ONE ENTIRE WALL is stocked with boxes of unsold products, evidence of numerous failed get-rich-quick attempts: AMWAY, GARY'S ENERGY-AIDE, and MUNTER'S ALL-NATURAL WATER FILTERS.

On the couch we find Danny. Passed out in yesterday's clothes. A portable air conditioner blows on his face. Eventually the phone penetrates his hangover. He snaps up. Looks at the time.

DANNY

Oh, shit!

While Danny washes out his hangover mouth with an ENERGY-AIDE, his phone never stops ringing. Finally he picks it up, looks at the caller ID, "JOB":

DANNY

Oh, shit!

He hits ignore and grabs his work clothes. He staggers to the BATHROOM. WE HEAR: Running water. Teeth brushing. Gargling--then gagging--then more brushing and gargling.

Danny rushes out of the bathroom, about to hit the front door when the PHONE starts ringing again. He darts back in, snatches it up. He's about to hit ignore when he notices the caller ID:

DANNY

Vegas?

('fuck it', he answers)

Hello?

RACHEL (OVER PHONE)

Hello, Mr. Fandihill? My name is Rachel Mazin and on behalf of the Seven Wonders Casino, I'd like to offer you an all expenses paid trip to Las Vegas...

INT. MARKET - DAY

A tiny all-natural market.

A BIG SIGN reads: "*All foods grown locally at our family farm*" above a PICTURE of Bowman and his loving wife GLORIA posing in their backyard farm.

We find Bowman standing before the EGG SECTION with a cart full of eggs, stymied over how to arrange them.

So many variations. White eggs, brown eggs, large eggs, egg eggs. He's completely lost.

He feels the heat vision of GLORIA, his soon to be ex-wife, standing behind him, arms folded.

GLORIA

Unbelievable.

BOWMAN

It'd be a lot easier if you weren't standing over me.

GLORIA

It'd be a lot easier if you just signed the goddamn divorce papers and sold me your half of the store.

BOWMAN

Gloria, please. I'm trying to arrange the eggs.

GLORIA

They'll hatch by the time you figure that out.

BOWMAN

And by the way, maybe if you at least made an attempt to save our marriage I'd feel better about writing it off.

Gloria looks deep into Bowman's eyes. Is this tenderness?

GLORIA

(calls out)
Kevin! Can you come here and do the egg display!

BOWMAN

Gloria, please.

KEVIN, early 20s slacker, emerges from the back. Gloria lights up.

KEVIN

Hey, babe.

She kisses Kevin passionately, clearly trying to make Bowman feel bad. Kevin turns to Bowman, tries to take the eggs from him.

KEVIN

I'll finish these, bro, 'kay?

Bowman won't let go.

BOWMAN

Kevin, please.

GLORIA

Bowman, please.

He sighs. Relinquishes the eggs.

GLORIA

Just find some other way to let us down. Maybe you can go stare at the inventory and pray it counts itself.

Ouch. Bowman's cellphone rings...

BOWMAN

Hello?

INTERCUT WITH DANNY:

Who is bouncing around the house, listening to loud music, slamming vitamin water and packing.

DANNY

(into his phone)
We're going to Vegas, dude!

BOWMAN

No.

DANNY

Free trip, all expenses paid, I already called in sick, we are going.

BOWMAN

I can't. I've got work to--

DANNY

Bullshit! Letting your ex-wife ball-stomp you on a daily basis isn't work, it's masochism.

BOWMAN

She's not my ex-wife. Not yet.

DANNY

Whatever, you're going. Me and J-Rock will be there in an hour.

INT. J-ROCK'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Trashed. J-ROCK, a lovable overgrown fratboy, sits on the couch with BIG MIKE (40s, Armenian) smoking pot. A MOVING MAN steps into frame.

MOVING MAN

Can you guys stand for a second?

They oblige, coughing up chronic smoke as the Moving Man lifts one end of the couch. WE NOW SEE an entire team from "*BIG MIKE'S RENT TO OWN*" packing J-Rock's rent-to-own stuff--which is everything--and hauling it out.

J-Rock's phone rings.

J-ROCK

(into phone)

Hello--HAAARRRACK...

...J-Rock goes into the longest stoner cough ever...

J-ROCK

...Hello--HAARRRAAAAAAACKAAAAK...

...in history...

J-ROCK

...Hel--AAAAARRRRRAAAAAACCKK
AAAAAKCCK AARRAACK...

...And it keeps going. A painful sound somewhere between gagging and screaming. It's so bad J-Rock drops the phone shaking his head 'no.' He looks into Mike's soul...

BIG MIKE

No?

J-Rock's eyes water from the pain as he shakes his head again...'no.'

J-ROCK

...AAARCAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACCK
AAAAACCKK...

Big Mike slaps J-Rock's back but it doesn't help. J-Rock stumbles, knocks shit over. Could be a heart attack.

He falls to the floor, squirms to the phone:

J-ROCK
Hell-AAAARRRRRAAAAACCK
AAAAAAAAAAAAACCK!!!

J-Rock stands, trying to keep his lungs from jumping out of his mouth. Big Mike pounds on J-Rock's back but the cough continues. The moving crew watches astonished.

J-ROCK
AAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHAAARRRCKK!!!

Even God can't believe he's coughing this long, but he is. J-Rock turns blue. He slams glasses and plates. This hurts. The Moving Man is really freaked out:

MOVING MAN
Mike! You've gotta do something!

BIG MIKE
Alright...I give him the "Armenian
Kiss Goodnight".

Mike positions himself behind J-Rock, extends his middle finger, and thrusts upward...right between J-Rock's ass-cheeks...

J-ROCK
OHHHH!!!
(he's cured)
Thanks, bro.

They bump knuckles. J-Rock gathers himself. Picks up the phone.

J-ROCK
S'up, Danny?

DANNY
What are you doing?

J-ROCK
Getting repo'd.

DANNY
Are you serious?

J-ROCK
Yeah.

DANNY
Do you think that's funny?

J-ROCK
No. But I don't think it's not
funny.

Danny shakes his head, *'what can you do.'*

DANNY
Get your shit together, we're
going to Vegas!

J-ROCK
WHHEWWWW!

EXT. LONG TERM PARKING / AIRPORT - DAY

The guys pull up in Danny's hooptie, a pimp blue '94 Ford Taurus. They jump out, excited. Chase down the shuttle to the airport.

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - DAY

They enter to find a "Seven Wonders" HOTEL REP standing with a placard, "*Daniel Fandihill*." The guys approach.

DANNY
I'm Daniel.

HOTEL REP
Very good. Now, if you'll just
follow me.

A FANCY GOLF CART with plush seats pulls up.

DANNY
Where're we going?

HOTEL REP
To the Clearport, sir.

The guys climb on and leave in style.

INT. PRIVATE HANGER - DAY

The guys' faces light up when they see...

A G-6 LUXURY JET with "*Seven Wonders*" emblazoned upon it.

DANNY
Ho-ly...

J-ROCK
BALLERIFFIC!

DANNY
This is it, guys. I finally did
it. I finally--I finally got mine.

BOWMAN
This can't be right.
(turns to Danny)
What are you getting us into?

DANNY

(whispers)

I think it's just one of those stupid time-share things. They'll try to make us do some bullshit tour and we'll politely shut them down and enjoy Vegas.

Bowman is still unsure. As they approach the jet, J-Rock spontaneously bursts into song:

J-ROCK

Poppin' bottles in the ice/ like a blizzard/ when we drink we do it right gettin' slizzurd / Sippin sizzurp in my ride, like Three 6 / Now I'm feelin so fly like a G6...

J-Rock continues to sing as the Hotel Rep hands the guys off to TWO ATTRACTIVE STEWARDESS waiting at the plane.

STEWARDESS

Welcome.

One Stewardess hands out hot towels...

J-ROCK

Like a G6 Now now now now now now I'm feelin so fly like a G6...

...while the other Stewardess gives them champagne. J-Rock grabs the bottle--Bowman snatches it away.

BOWMAN

You can't afford that.

STEWARDESS

It's complimentary, sir.

Hearing that, even Bowman takes a glass. As they enter J-Rock sips and sings at the same time:

J-ROCK

(all in Danny's face)

...like like like a G-6..

INT. G-6 - CONTINUOUS

Tricked out to the max. The guys look around, wonderstruck. Danny tries to ignore J-Rock's singing.

DANNY

(to Bowman)

Wow this is the hard sell, huh?

J-ROCK

(inches from Danny's head)

Like a G G--GGG--G-6!

The boys are seated.

STEWARDESS

Cigar?

DANNY

You've gotta be kidding me--this is a Cohiba.

J-ROCK

Like a G6, Like a G6 Now now now now I'm feelin so fly like a G6--

BOWMAN

SHUT THE FUCK UP, J-ROCK!

DANNY

(to the Stewardess)

Sorry, we're usually much more classy than that.

STEWARDESS

Let's make sure your seat belts are fastened and get you guys to Vegas.

(beat)

Just kidding guys. This is a private jet. You can buckle up or not--hell, you can do jumping jacks, as long as it makes you happy.

The guys sit in their lush recliners. The Stewardesses hand out menus.

J-ROCK

Is the food free too?

STEWARDESS

Absolutely.

J-Rock hands back the menu without looking.

J-ROCK

Awesome. Give me one of everything.

INT. G-6 - LATER

The remains of a banquet of fine foods. One of the Stewardess's is squeezed between J-Rock and Danny, playing "Madden Football" on the 62" PLASMA.

DANNY

(to the stewardess)

What you have to understand is that I've been beating J-Rock at Madden for fifteen years. Literally.

DANNY (CONT'D)

In fifteen years he's never won a game. He basically grew up losing at--OH! Touchdown!

Meanwhile the other Stewardess sits holding her forehead, engaged in a punishing conversation with Bowman.

BOWMAN

...and I just know if she stopped being so judgemental, we could work things out.

STEWARDESS

You know, you're not a bad looking guy. And it sounds like she's already checked out. Maybe you should--

BOWMAN (CONT'D)

And it's like, I understand her side of things but at the same--

J-ROCK (O.S.)

Bowman! Knock it off about your ex!

BOWMAN

She's not my ex!
(he sighs; to the stewardess)
He just doesn't get it.

The Stewardess sighs even longer.

CAPTAIN (OVER INTERCOM)

Okay, gentlemen, if you look out to left you'll see we're coming up on Las Vegas, so strap yourselves in and we'll have you on the ground in two-and-two.

EXT. TARMAC / VEGAS AIRPORT - AFTERNOON

The guys exit the plane to find a LIMO waiting for them. Standing in front of it is the LIMO DRIVER and Rachel, looking very hot. Danny nudges Bowman, clearly smitten.

DANNY

Damn. That is one good looking woman.

The limo driver does a double-take upon seeing the boys:

LIMO DRIVER

Those are whales? They look like-- the guys who train Chuck Musson.

RACHEL

Shh! Don't judge books by their covers. Warren Buffet wears jeans to work every day.

(to the guys)

Welcome gentlemen. Now, which one of you handsome men is Daniel Fandihill?

J-Rock steps forward--Danny pushes him back.

DANNY

I'm Danny.

While the limo driver takes their bags, Rachel steps forward and shakes Danny's hand.

RACHEL

Well Mr. Fandihill, I thought you were joking when you said you were "blue collar built for a blue collar world", but now I see you really meant it.

DANNY

And then some.

RACHEL

I'm Rachel. On behalf of the Seven Wonders Hotel and Casino, welcome to Las Vegas.

INT. LIMO - MOMENTS LATER

Another slice of awesomeness. Real oak paneling, television, full bar with a BARTENDER.

The limo pulls off taking the guys into the wonderful world of Sin City...

EXT. VEGAS - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

Danny takes in the obligatory sights of Vegas, but they somehow look more magical through his virgin eyes. Fountains and neon and hookers, oh my.

EXT. LIMO - NIGHT

Danny is standing out the moon-roof taking it all in. After a beat, Rachel stands to join him.

RACHEL

I take it you've never been to Vegas?

DANNY

I've never been much of anywhere.

RACHEL

Really? I'd think someone like you
would spend a lot of time
traveling.

Danny is distracted by the beam of light emanating from
the top of the Luxor pyramid illuminating the clouds.

DANNY

Wow. This place is amazing.
(then)
Sorry, what were you saying?

She smiles, charmed by Danny's exuberance.

RACHEL

Nothing. It's just nice to see
someone who enjoys the city like I
do.

DANNY

Look, about this trip...I don't
want to be rude or anything, but
if this is some kinda property
deal or whatever, I'm not buying.
I've already got everything I
need. Straight up.

J-ROCK (O.S.)

Straight up!

RACHEL

That's fine. I'm not here to sell
you anything. I'm just here to
make sure you have a good
experience.

That makes him smile.

DANNY

I'm gonna hold you to that.

Danny and Rachel's moment is splashed when J-Rock forces
himself through the roof, crushing them against the
edges.

J-ROCK

Sup?

EXT. SEVEN WONDERS HOTEL AND CASINO - NIGHT

In a word, massive. And ornate. This place radiates
wealth.

The limo pulls up and our guys get out, blown away by the
glitz and the glam. Ferraris unload SUPER-MODELS. HIGH-
ROLLERS flash their bling.

As the limo driver unloads their bags, a team of BELL HOPS whisks them away.

J-ROCK
Hey! I got weed in there.

Rachel laughs and leads them inside.

RACHEL
Let me show you to your suite.

Danny is giddy. Nudges Bowman who remains extremely uptight about all this.

INT. ELEVATOR - MOMENTS LATER

The elevator DINGS, marking our guys' arrival at the penthouse floor. As the doors slide open, Danny's jaw drops...

DANNY'S POV OF:

THE GREATEST SUITE OF ALL TIME!

Holy fucking shit!

This "suite" is a world of opulence unto itself. A massive three story expanse with panoramic windows thirty feet high. Totally decked out with every conceivable amenity.

Eight bedrooms, six bathrooms, two full kitchens and ten so-called "entertainment" rooms dedicated to all manner of pleasures.

Danny is beyond dumbstruck.

DANNY
Jesus mudflappin' Christ...

Rachel smiles. She knows she's got them now.

RACHEL
I'll let you guys get settled and check in with you a little later. If you need anything before then...

She hands Danny an iPhone.

RACHEL
...press one on speed dial.

Rachel leaves. Danny and the guys shake off the initial awe and spread out.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Danny enters to find heaven: two regulation bowling lanes complete with automatic ball return and high-def scoreboard. But most importantly, Danny's eye is drawn to a specific BOWLING BALL. He picks it up reverently:

DANNY

My God. This is a Brunswick
Pinkiller 3000.

The guys are blank-faced, 'so?'

DANNY

It's a limited edition handmade
bowling ball that you can only get
in Germany.

The guys are still blank-faced, 'so what?'

DANNY

You guys are completely incapable
of appreciating the finer things.

Now J-Rock's eyes go wide with wonder. Danny follows them to...THE BALL RETURN where J-Rock stands over the air powered hand-drier.

J-ROCK

(imitating Danny)
Do you guys know what this is?

Danny jokingly flips him off.

J-ROCK

This is the finest Brunswick air-
blowing thing. I'm gonna use it to
dry my balls off after they're wet
from something totally awesome.
(perfect beat)
Germany.

The guys laugh. Danny leads them deeper into the manse.

INT. SWIMMING POOL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Danny enters, gazes upon a full-on Olympic-size swimming pool, complete with two diving boards, twelve person jacuzzi, and a water slide that looks hella-fun.

DANNY

Dayam!

J-ROCK (O.S.)

This is it, guys.

Danny looks up to find J-Rock teetering on the edge of the highest diving board.

J-ROCK

This is where my balls get wet.

Danny circles the pool, taking it all in. He notices a control panel on the wall. Presses a button and...

AT ONE END OF THE POOL - a massive 90" L.E.D. SCREEN emerges from the water like a leviathan.

The guys gather at Danny's side to bear witness to this miracle. Water spills off the television and now...

A PEDESTAL rises at the side of the pool. Danny rushes to it. INSIDE, floating in a small bowl, is a rubber-cased remote. Danny grabs it, shows it to the guys.

DANNY

Dude, it's a water-proof remote!
The fucking remote is impervious
to water!

The guys crowd around. This is awesome. Danny dramatically aims the remote like a phaser a la Captain Kirk...

The TELEVISION comes to life...

SURROUND SOUND surrounds the guys with sound. They turn, scanning the room in search of the magic speakers.

DANNY

Goddammit!

BOWMAN

I think this sound system is...
stereophonic or something.

DANNY

GOD-DAMN-IT!

J-ROCK

Wheewww!

J-Rock sprints out of the room. Danny grabs Bowman and pulls him close to make him understand:

DANNY

This place is unbelievable. It finally happened, Bowman. After all these years, just when things were getting tight, I got--*this*.

J-ROCK (O.S.)

AAHHH!!! GUYS! GET IN HERE!

WE FOLLOW Danny and Bowman as they race out of the room, charging deeper and deeper into this surreal palace.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Danny and Bowman rush in. See J-Rock standing there, arm extended, pointing his FINGER right in the face of...

CRAIG THE BUTLER. Despite the monkey suit, Craig has a bit more edge than the average butler. Goatee and eyes that have seen "things", Craig doesn't flinch at J-Rock's chunky finger, inches from his eyeballs.

J-ROCK

Look!

CRAIG

Gentlemen, my name is Craig and it is my pleasure to serve you.

DANNY

Fucking. Awesome.

Danny steps up and forces J-Rock's arm down:

DANNY

Craig, I've never had anything close to a butler before but I am damn glad to meet you.

INT. GREATEST SUITE OF ALL TIME - LATER

The guys are reclined in a trio of vibrating chairs, being tended to by a staff of MANICURISTS and MASSEUSES. Craig arrives with a tray of elaborate SUNDAES:

CRAIG

Each made to order, sirs.

DANNY

You got donuts? I like to smash my sundaes up with donuts.

(then)

Or cookies. Or cake.

(then)

Feel free to make yourself one too.

CRAIG

Don't mind if I do, sir.

Craig already likes these guys. He heads off.

EXT. SEVEN WONDERS HOTEL AND CASINO - LATER

Rachel approaches the front entrance to the hotel, phone pressed to her ear.

RACHEL
 Absolutely, Mr. Fandihill. I'm on
 my way.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Rachel is with Bowman and J-Rock who are dressed for a night on the town...which for them means button down shirt and nice jeans.

A horribly loud slurp announces that:

J-ROCK
 (shakes his drink)
 Time to reload.

J-Rock stands. But before he can take one step--

RACHEL
 No. Uh uh.
 (barks)
 Craig!

Craig looks up from washing dishes. Grits his teeth.

RACHEL
 Make Jared another high-ball.

CRAIG
 Right away. *Ma'am.*

J-Rock looks at Bowman, '*what was that about?*' Danny enters looking spiffy. Rachel looks him up and down. Nods:

RACHEL
 Nice.

DANNY
 You're not looking so bad
 yourself.

Danny and Rachel have a moment. Before J-Rock can ruin it, Bowman clasps a hand over his mouth.

DANNY
 You guys ready to hit the casino?

INT. SEVEN WONDERS HOTEL AND CASINO - ELEVATOR BANK

Rachel leads the guys into the busy lobby. The pinging slots grow louder as they cross. She notices Chuck Musson mobbed by REPORTERS. Motions, 'hold on' to Danny and darts over.

REPORTER

Mr. Musson, every odds maker in town has you as a massive under-dog. You've been beaten unconscious in your last eight bouts--

CHUCK

I think the term is knocked out.

REPORTER

Indeed. My point is, why continue when you so clearly don't stand a chance?

That stings. Rachel intervenes, addressing the reporters as she pulls Chuck away:

RACHEL

Chuck Musson is a legend who has excelled at his sport. He deserves respect and Sunday night, he will give his all. Don't count him out.

She guides Chuck to the elevators. He holds her gaze.

CHUCK

Rachel, was that all bullshit or do you really think I have a chance?

RACHEL

Everyone has a chance in Vegas.

Her smile reassures him. He shows his appreciation by grabbing her head with both hands and attempting to force his tongue down her throat. She pulls away and gives him a finger point. As she walks away, Chuck again holds his hands out as if releasing doves:

CHUCK

Rachel! Wait! I thought we had a connection!

She can't help but laugh. Rachel corrals the guys and leads them through the casino.

RACHEL

Come on. We've got a very nice private room for you.

As they walk, various FANCY CLIENTS and CELEBRITIES engage her. Rachel has a smile and warmth that makes each of her clients feel special.

FANCY LADY

Rachel! Thanks so much for those seats. Celine was sublime.

RACHEL

Of course, Mrs. Jenkins. Also, I made reservations for you at the Mondron.

NERDY BILL GATES GUY

Rachel, what time does my girlfriend arrive?

RACHEL

I sent one of our jets, she should be here by 10 p.m.. Oh, and in case you forgot, I ordered two dozen long stem roses for your room.

She sees...DONNY OSMOND.

RACHEL

Hey, Mr. Osmond, don't be late. I booked the Dietchman studio for you.

DONNY OSMOND

Aw geez! Totally forgot.

RACHEL

I figured, that's why I pushed your session back an hour.

Donny flashes a very toothy smile accompanied by a decidedly Mormon finger point.

DONNY OSMOND

You're the best.

DANNY

Wow, you really got it wired, huh?

RACHEL

It's what I do.

She leads them to a glass elevator that disappears into the CASINO's dark upper crush.

INT. HIGH ROLLERS ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

A casino within the casino. This is where the rich and famous go to gamble. Gorgeous waitresses, crystal chandeliers, luxurious chairs, the finest cigars, all complimentary.

Our guys take it all in, re-impressed. While they gawk...

RACHEL catches the eyes of the FOUR WHALE HUNTERS from ACROSS THE ROOM. She nods conspiratorially.

Rachel taps Danny.

RACHEL
Should we set you up with a line
of credit?

DANNY
Why would you do that?

RACHEL
To gamble, of course.

DANNY
How much credit are we talking
about here?

She sizes the guys up.

RACHEL
Will all of you be gambling?

DANNY
Yeah, probably.

RACHEL
Then how about three to start?

BOWMAN
Can you give us a second?

Bowman pulls them into huddle.

BOWMAN
We can't take that money.

DANNY
Why not? I can cover three hundred
bucks easy.

BOWMAN
She's talking about three grand!

DANNY
Oh.

J-ROCK
We can take that. We can take that
three grand every day of the week.

BOWMAN
It's wrong, Danny. You shouldn't
borrow money you can't pay back.

Danny considers it, long and hard...for half a second.

DANNY

Look, I don't think they'd be offering us this money if they didn't think we'd win.

(he and Bowman share a silent acknowledgement of how insane that is)

All I'm saying is I never get the breaks: Survivor shafted me, Amway shafted me--don't get me started on how bad the lottery disrespected me...

(with resolve)

I've got this coming and I'm not gonna blow it just because you're a pussy.

Danny breaks the huddle and takes a seat at the table. J-Rock is right behind him.

DANNY

(to Rachel)

Let's do this.

Rachel smiles. She glances at the DEALER, he issues out three PLATINUM CHIPS. Like all high-roller rooms, there are no numbers on the chips, only colors. Danny and J-Rock fucking light up but Bowman doesn't sit.

DANNY

Come on, Bowman, for once cut loose.

BOWMAN

Yeah, um, I'm gonna sit this one out. Maybe next round.

Danny shakes his head. Turns back to the game.

DEALER

Let's play blackjack.

MUSIC UP: AMG's *"Bitch Betta Have My Money"*...

Everything plays out like a HYPER-STYLIZED MUSIC VIDEO as DANNY AND THE BOYS have the night of their lives...

IN THE HIGH ROLLER'S ROOM - everyone crowds around our hard drinking, hard partying guys...

At the CRAPS TABLE Rachel blows on Danny's dice for luck. He likes that shit a lot.

IN THE NIGHT CLUB - Laser disco lights. Rachel laughs as Danny and J-Rock have a dance battle.

AT THE FOUNTAINS OF THE BELLAGIO - STREET PERFORMERS call Danny and Rachel into their juggling routine.

IN THE HIGH ROLLER'S ROOM - J-Rock sits at the BLACKJACK table with a group of WHALES. When the dealer busts, J-Rock hops up and hugs the Whale next to him--and immediately the WHALE'S BODYGUARD grabs J-Rock and slams him to the floor...

The Whale pulls off his bodyguard, helps J-Rock up, and gives him a proper hug.

ELSEWHERE IN THE HIGH ROLLER'S ROOM - Danny has a drink balancing contest with a WAITRESS while J-Rock and a group of WHALES (who we will get to know later) bet. Danny wins, and the WHALES hand over a fat stack of cash.

STILL ELSEWHERE IN THE HIGH ROLLER'S ROOM - Bowman almost has a meltdown when J-Rock throws a wad of money into the air, "making it rain." Bowman scrambles to collect the money, pushing people away, including HOT CHICKS.

IN THE NIGHT CLUB - Danny and Rachel enjoy bottle service in a booth, while watching J-Rock who has now taken over the entire dance floor in a solo performance.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GREATEST SUITE OF ALL TIME - NEXT MORNING

The aftermath of an epic after-party. People and things strewn about. An OLD MAN weeps, singing "Feelings" on the karaoke with all his heart...to no one...at least no one who is conscious.

ON THE COUCH

Danny is asleep with a microphone in his hand. Rachel is asleep with her head in his lap. Both are fully dressed.

Danny stirs. Sees Rachel in his lap. Though nothing sexy happened, he kinda smirks. Rachel stirs, gets a little uncomfortable. Though they didn't sleep together, her face *is* in his lap. She sits up. Straightens herself out.

RACHEL

Oh, man, that was a bruiser of an evening. My head is throbbing.

DANNY

(re: the old man)
Shit. Jasper's still going.

Craig the Butler enters, unplugs the karaoke machine and ushers Jasper out. He cuts his eyes at Rachel.

CRAIG

(snarky)

Oh, you're awake. How did everyone sleep?

RACHEL

Don't you have a suite to clean?

Craig picks up the pace. Begins cleaning up.

RACHEL

And brew Mr. Fandihill a pot of coffee.

The prickly butler grumbles.

RACHEL

And smile while you're doing it.

DANNY

Uh...

RACHEL

Sorry, I'm a little cranky. I should probably...you know...

DANNY

Yeah, me too.

Rachel heads for the door. Danny follows her.

DANNY

Rachel?

(she turns)

That was the best night in the history of existence. Thank you.

She smiles.

RACHEL

It's what we're here for.

Rachel heads out.

BOWMAN (O.S.)

Wheeew!

A pretty BLONDE comes running out of one of the rooms, followed by Bowman in his boxers. She blows him a kiss and scampers out.

BOWMAN

Danny! What a night, huh?

DANNY

You're telling me. Did you finally uncork the champagne?

BOWMAN

You mean...

Danny gives one long pelvic thrust.

BOWMAN

Oh, no. No. I'm just not there yet, you know. We just talked.

DANNY

Why are you in your boxers then?

BOWMAN

Cuz, you know, I just...we were lying in bed...

DANNY

Did you give her money?

BOWMAN

Leave me alone, Danny.

Danny laughs. Slaps his buddy's back.

DANNY

Whatever. As long as it was a blast.

(then)

Though I gotta say, they cleaned me out. I'm down the entire three grand but hey, man, it was worth it.

BOWMAN

Guess we need to think about heading home then, huh?

DANNY

Leave early? Really?

The ELEVATOR DOOR opens and J-Rock, holding a GIANT PLASTIC CUP full of liquor, FALLS FORWARD, crashing into a thousand things all while trying to sip from the giant cup...

J-Rock lands at Danny's feet. Drinks while looking up.

DANNY

Please tell me you won last night.

J-Rock staggers to his feet. Hands Danny his giant drink. Reaches into his pocket and pulls out...

A pair of sexy PANTIES.

DANNY

I meant money.

J-Rock motions, 'hold on.' Fishes through his other pockets and comes up with...

A giant--and we mean GIANT--pair of unstained GRANNY PANTIES.

DANNY

HOLY! That ain't right!

J-ROCK

Tell that to the cow I tipped last night.

BOWMAN

Did you manage to hold onto anything?

J-ROCK

Nah, man, they cleaned me out so quick, I had to do something to kill time so I got my cock involved.

J-Rock motions for Danny to return his drink. He reaches his arms out like a little baby as Danny dangles the drink in front of him, leading J-Rock along...

J-Rock trips and goes into another everlasting stumble. He flops across the wall, careening off a shelf. You'd swear he was doing it on purpose...but he's not.

Danny rushes over to help the floundering beast.

DANNY

Sorry about that, dude.

He tries to help J-Rock up, but J-Rock falls back down.

DANNY

Okay, do we scrape J-Rock off the ground and head home or do we empty our accounts and finish the weekend properly?

BOWMAN

We should tuck our tails, guys. Let's be smart about this.

J-Rock plants his hands to stand, pressing a remote that activates the TELEVISION:

BOWMAN

Right, Danny?
(then)
Danny?

Danny doesn't respond. He's staring at something
OFFSCREEN. Bowman follows Danny's gaze. His eyes go wide
as he settles on...

THE TELEVISION

...displaying Danny's worst nightmare; a tally of what
Danny owes to the casino, which is not three thousand
dollars but...

...THREE MILLION DOLLARS!

Danny's knees go weak. He falls to the couch.

Bowman is paralyzed, blood draining from his face.

DANNY

Oh, my--my oh, fuck my...

J-Rock looks at the screen:

J-ROCK

(bemused)

Huh.

DANNY

What the fuck are we going to do?

All three of the guys turn to see Craig standing behind
them with a tray of coffee.

EXT. BALCONY - MOMENTS LATER

Craig and the guys sit around a laptop that has an article
on "*DANIEL H. FANDIHILL: The Meat Baron of Omaha.*"

DANNY (CONT'D)

...so they think I'm this Daniel H
Fandihill guy, not Daniel G
Fandahill--which I am?

CRAIG

Yep. That's why they extended you
three million dollars in credit.

DANNY

And lemme get this straight, if we
run...

CRAIG

They'll find you.

DANNY

And if we come clean?

CRAIG

They'll wreck you.

DANNY

And what's our third option again?

Craig shrugs. None.

DANNY

Maybe Rachel can talk them into--

CRAIG

She can't help you. They have to make examples of people like you. Vegas has a zero tolerance policy for this kind of shit. I know a bunch of people who have done way less than take three million dollars of the casino's money and they were destroyed. They are going to bury you...or worse.

BOWMAN

I knew it! I knew we shouldn't have come here.

J-ROCK

By "bury" do you mean bury like a lawyer buries a client or do you mean bury like cats bury dookie?

CRAIG

Is he joking?

BOWMAN

No. That's how he talks.

CRAIG

I mean bury as in they will literally bury you out in the desert.

DANNY

Okay, let's stay calm. There's gotta be a way out of this.

BOWMAN

We should just come clean.

DANNY

No. You heard Craig, we can't do that. No.

(wracks his brain)

There's gotta be an easier way.

(then)

What if we won it back?

Silence. Nobody wants to encourage that one.

DANNY

Seriously. People win all the time.

BOWMAN

Just to be clear, factually, people don't win all the time.

DANNY

Semantics! You get what I'm saying. We can do this. We can win this money back and just call it even.

(to Craig)

Right?

Craig shrugs. Stays the hell out of it.

J-ROCK

Danny. I got your back. Totally. Totes. But you know we don't have any money, right? How can you win if you got no money?

INT. SERVICE HALLWAY - LATER

Danny walks alongside Rachel. She's too buoyant to notice his unease.

RACHEL

...of course we'll extend your line of credit, Mr. Fandihill. That's what we're here for.

Danny squeezes out a turd of a smile. It's all he can manage. Rachel notices.

RACHEL

Is everything alright? You look a little queasy.

DANNY

Um, yeah, I'm fine. I just--you know, last night...

Before Danny can finish his answer Rachel has her phone out and dialing.

RACHEL

(into phone)

I need a Hangover Platter immediately...Yes, meet me in the Whale Tank...Thanks.

(she hangs up)

Problem solved.

Rachel leads Danny to a door. Holds it open...

INT. HIGH ROLLERS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The room is mostly empty, quiet, except for a pocket of serious Asians gambling at a far off table and...

THE FOUR WHALE HUNTERS in a huddle with a grim looking Sheriff. SHERIFF OSLO BREEN is a big man with a stern face.

Breen's eyes lock on to Danny as he and Rachel approach. The Whale Hunters follow his gaze, wrap up their conversation.

PORTLY WHALE HUNTER

(to Breen)

So we're clear, you will send a message to all of them.

Breen nods, never taking his eyes off of Danny. By the time he arrives, Danny is sweating bullets.

RACHEL

Danny, I'd like you to meet my associates: Mr. Haas, Mr. Berg, Mr. Silver and Mr. Loeb.

The imposing men grant Danny a nod. Danny is so fucking nervous he does what can only be described as a curtsy.

DANNY

Mar.

RACHEL

What?

He's gonna die. His brain is short-circuiting.

DANNY

Mar?

RACHEL

Uh, okay.

Rachel leans into the Whale Hunters, giddy with the situation.

RACHEL

(hushed)

I'll have you know, he's down three and he's coming back for more. You might wanna start preparing my new office. A corner would be nice.

MUSTACHE WHALE HUNTER

He's down three?

Rachel nods like a school girl.

MUSTACHE WHALE HUNTER

Impressive.

Sheriff Breen continues to glare at Danny.

SHERIFF BREEN

(to Rachel)

I don't like him.

RACHEL

You don't like anyone.

SHERIFF BREEN

Well I like him less. He's sweating like a pig. And pigs sicken me.

Rachel shoots him a look as she brings Danny into the circle.

RACHEL

So...Danny...do you have a number in mind?

Danny's veins bulge. His fists clench, his balls tuck deep inside his asshole. It's all he can do to force out:

DANNY

Mar mar.

Everyone looks at him, waiting for human words.

DANNY

M...

(steels himself)

Ma..mill...

RACHEL

Danny?

DANNY

One million...

(swallows hard)

One million dollars. Please.

And he curtsies again.

INT. CASINO - LATER

The guys march through the casino while Danny brings them up to speed. In one hand he has a book, *"How To Gamble and Win!"*, in the other he holds up what looks like an ONYX CREDIT CARD.

DANNY
 ...so they basically put a million
 bucks on this card and said I
 could use it anywhere in town.

J-ROCK
 That is FUCKED!!

J-Rock snatches the card out of Danny's hand. Danny
 snatches it back.

DANNY
 Quit screwing around, dude, this
 is serious.

BOWMAN
 So where are we headed? Besides
 prison?

DANNY
 (hands Bowman the
 book)
 Book says the craps table is the
 best odds. You can tell me how to
 bet by looking at that crazy ass
 chart on page seventy three.

AT THE FIVE HUNDRED DOLLAR CRAPS TABLE

Danny steps up with Bowman and J-Rock at his side. Danny
 tentatively hands his card to the CROUPIER.

DANNY
 Um, one--no, five thousand please.

Danny is handed a stack of chips.

CROUPIER
 New shooter!

Danny takes the dice. Places his bet. Bowman barks out
 instructions from the book while Danny ROLLS...

CROUPIER
 ...six! The point is a six!

The other players immediately place their bets.

BOWMAN
 Okay, six is a good point. Bet the
 line.

DANNY
 Bet more?

BOWMAN

The book says you should bet
another grand on pass--

J-ROCK

The book motherfucker! Listen to
it!

J-Rock grabs a stack of chips and bets the pass-line.
Danny rolls the dice--

CROUPIER

SIX! WINNER!

The Croupier pushes forward a BIG STACK OF CHIPS. Danny
grins from ear to ear. Grabs the dice:

SERIES OF SHOTS:

Danny on a streak. With each roll the CROWD around him
GROWS, riding his luck.

Danny's streak is the streak of all streaks. If it was a
movie it'd be Silver Streak...but it'd be gold. It'd be
Gold Streak.

He hits every point imaginable. This streak is
incredible. If it were a car it'd be Streak Lightning.

Bowman hides his eyes, too stressed out by the process. J-
Rock looks on, mildly amused.

Danny keeps on rolling. The chips pile up.

DANNY

I can't believe this!
(looks at the guys)
I'm doing it. I'm really doing it!

The PIT BOSSES gather. The HOOKERS and RAPPERS gather.
But more importantly...

THE WHALE HUNTERS gather.

It looks like Danny's gonna pull it off. He has so many
chips--he has ALL the chips. Point after point, win after
motherfucking win. He is an unstoppable force until...

END SERIES OF SHOTS ON:

CROUPIER

CRAPS!

The crowd groans, then applauds Danny for his streak. The
croupier sweeps his chip-grabbing-thing, taking away
Danny's pile.

Still, Danny's winnings cache is immense. He's about to bet again but Bowman stops him.

DANNY

What?

BOWMAN

It took you hours and a helluva winning streak to win...

(quickly tallying the chips before them)

...One hundred and eighty-three grand.

DANNY

That's it?

BOWMAN

Even if you got on a non-stop streak, it would take you another day to get you...

(thinks)

...about two and a half million shy of what you need.

Danny is understandably frustrated.

DANNY

You know what the real problem is? We don't know what the hell we're doing. We need someone who knows how to hustle. Someone who knows Vegas...

Danny's face twists in disgust. When his buddies realize what's on his mind, their faces twist turdlike too:

DANNY

Tommy.

CUT TO:

INT. CASINO BATHROOM - DAY

CLOSE ON: A pair of douchey alligator boots. We PAN UP a pair of douchey shark-skin slacks that merge at a douchey crotch that bulges beneath a Louis Vuitton belt with a buckle that says "BALLER."

Meet the singularity known as DOUCHEBAG TOMMY, a wiry slimeball who looks like a cross between Iggy Pop and Alice The Goon, flanked by his ever-present WHORE.

DANNY

Okay, Tommy, here's the sitch--

TOMMY

(one step ahead of them)
 You fish think I haven't peeped
 your game? I fucking know the
 sitch, okay--I FUCKING KNOW!

Tommy snaps his fingers and his whore begins fishing drug paraphernalia out of her bag.

TOMMY

You got those bitches fooled. They
 think you're a whale. But Tommy
 don't. Tommy KNOWS.

J-ROCK

Goddamnit, you are awesome, Tommy.

Tommy bumps fists with J-Rock without breaking his stare at Danny.

TOMMY

The thing is, you ain't acting
 like whales and it's stinking like
 amateur pussy hour at the
 whorehouse.

DANNY

Jesus Christ.

Tommy's whore chops three lines of coke on the bathroom's baby changing table.

TOMMY

You're half a mouse-cock away from
 them busting your hustle wide open!

J-ROCK

Whew!

BOWMAN

(to Danny)

Why are we standing here listening
 to Tommy Greenblatt play gangster?

TOMMY

Don't call me that! I'm Tommy G,
 muthafucka, and I'm the only hope
 you've got.

(to Danny)

Look, those whale hunters out
 there, they're real sharp, okay?
 And they're watching you,
 understand? And what they're
 seeing ain't right.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

They're seeing guys who are supposed to be whales fumbling around the craps tables like small time scrotes from Omaha.

Lets that hang.

DANNY

Look, Tommy, I called you because we need to win a bunch of money, fast. The question is, can you help?

TOMMY

To win big money, you gotta bet with the Whales. But the big dogs only roll with their own kind.

DANNY

So can you school us on how to get in with them?

TOMMY

Maybe. But if you really wanna enter the dragon, you need to dress like whales, talk like whales, eat, shit and walk like whales.

With that, Tommy drops his pants.

INT. CASINO - SECURITY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Whale Hunters talk in front of a WALL OF MONITORS that give them a God's eye view of every inch of the casino.

SKINNY WHALE HUNTER

So what do you think of this guy, Fandihill?

MUSTACHE WHALE HUNTER

I don't know...

PORTLY WHALE HUNTER

He sure bets conservative for a billionaire.

BALD WHALE HUNTER

It's odd, right?

He stops when Rachel arrives.

RACHEL

Hey guys, you wanted to talk to me about Danny?

MUSTACHE WHALE HUNTER

Yes.

RACHEL

What's wrong?

SKINNY WHALE HUNTER

Nothing, yet. It's just, he spent the bulk of the morning at the lower limit tables. Maybe you can ease him back into a more *comfortable* environment.

Rachel catches the drift, heads out with purpose.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

TIGHT ON THE GUYS staring wide-eyed as...

TOMMY

...so here's the thing, Whales are men who command respect. They bet big and tell people to kiss their asses...

...Tommy's Whore pulls out a straw and nimbly inserts it into Tommy's ass...

TOMMY

Whales expect to be comped, they don't say thanks. They get bitchy if their shit ain't perfect. At all times...

...Tommy's Whore rolls some high-grade cocaine into a five-dollar bill and funnels it into the straw, tapping with her finger.

Danny, Bowman, and J-Rock are stultified. This is fucking them up. Tommy catches it.

TOMMY

What, you guys never had coke blown up your ass?

DANNY

Dude.

TOMMY

Shit is awesome. The mucus glands in your asshole absorb the stuff at ten times the rate of your nose. It's like this chick is blowing heaven right into my fuck-stream. My buddy Sheldon showed me-

BOWMAN

Oh, my God--

TOMMY

Shut your mouth! Anyway, my buddy Sheldon showed me this trick after my septum went bad--and you know what? I'm glad. I'm glad my nose is fucked because now I know the truth...

...and with that, she blows.

TOMMY

WHEWWW!!!

J-ROCK

Wheewwww!!!

He reaches between his legs and wipes the residual coke from his asshole onto his gums.

TOMMY

Oh, fuck!

Tommy grabs his whore and they tongue each other viciously. He pushes her off.

TOMMY

You guys want a shot? Huh? You want a little coke blown up your ass or are you too soft?

No answer. What can they say?

TOMMY

Scared, huh?

DANNY

Try to focus, man. You were just breaking down how we maneuver with these whales.

TOMMY

Well you got a problem. To maneuver with whales you gotta know whales, which I assume you don't.

The guys' faces fall.

DANNY

Wait. Last night in the high rollers room...

(to J-Rock)

That Texan was as big-time as it gets. Didn't you hang out with him?

J-ROCK

Yeah. We fucked chicks together.

...Jared pulls out the big panties, kinda bummed by the memory:

J-ROCK (CONT'D)

It was a mess.

TOMMY

That's perfect! The Texan is A.J. Leggit. He hosts this private race out at the speedway every year where they bet big. Real big. You need to get in that race.

Though horrified, the guys understand.

TOMMY

Fulfill your destiny. Pretend this hot babe just blew three grams of cocaine into your stink-chutes, get some real clothes, and strut your asses out there like you own the place!

A moment of quiet. Tommy snaps his fingers and his whore hands him a small baggie of coke. He slips it into J-Rock's coin pocket.

BOWMAN

Fuck.

DANNY

I, uh, I think I need to say thanks.

TOMMY

No problem. Just don't *think* it was free.

Tommy's eyes are locked onto Danny's chip-stuffed pockets. As Danny digs in for a handful we...

CUT TO:

A SERIES OF SHOTS:

INT. VERSACE' SHOP - DAY

Danny and the boys are treated like royalty when he flashes the Casino's black card.

They're all smiles as PRETTY GIRLS fit them for clothes and serve them imported Italian pastries...

INT. DESIGNER WATCH SHOP - DAY

Walls lined with gleaming watches: Rolex, Tag Hauer, Baume & Mercier.

Danny and the guys sit in recliners getting manicures while SALESMEN showcase an array of watches for their approval. J-Rock waves off a tray of watches...

J-ROCK

Would you happen to have any Grey Poupon™?

INT. SPA - DAY

Super high end. The guys get facials while STYLISTS do their hair.

INT. SEVEN WONDERS HOTEL AND CASINO - DAY

STYLIZED SLOW MOTION SHOT OF: the guys, dressed to the nines, walking like they own the place. J-Rock tosses a cool-ass head nod to a FAMOUS RAPPER. A PIMP gives Danny a fist bump as he passes. As the sea of people parts before them, Bowman, fixated on his reflection in a passing mirror, runs smack into a COCKTAIL WAITRESS...

DANNY

Bowman!

Danny peels off a hundred bucks like a big shot. Hands it to the Waitress

DANNY

Get yourself something nice, sweetheart.

(to Bowman)

You gotta get your shit together before we get around these whales.

Just then, Rachel and Chuck Musson step up.

DANNY

Chuck Musson!

CHUCK

Yeah.

RACHEL

I knew you guys were fans so I thought I'd introduce you.

Danny shakes Chuck's hand.

DANNY

It's an honor. A real honor to meet an all time great.

CHUCK

Really appreciate that, man. It's been a while since someone remembered that.

RACHEL

(re: their new gear)
Wow, you guys, uh...you really took it up a notch, huh?

DANNY

Look, Rachel, Chuck, normally I'd be beyond psyched to chat, but I'm in a...

The Whale Hunters arrive.

SKINNY WHALE HUNTER

Ladies. Gentlemen.
(to Danny)
Mr. Fandihill...can we have a word with you. In private.

J-ROCK

(whispers to Danny)
Own them, Danny. Pull it out and blow own-sauce all over their faces.

Danny turns to the whale hunters.

DANNY

I didn't come here to have private meetings, I came here to enjoy myself. Now, you can facilitate that if you'd like, or...I can go to another casino.

Beat. A million years passes in half a second. All eyes meet. Rachel looks at Danny, at her bosses.

SKINNY WHALE HUNTER

Of course Mr. Fandihill. We, uh, we just wanted to make sure you were enjoying yourself.

DANNY

Rachel, thank you for the introduction to Chuck, you are, as always, a kick ass host. I'll check in with you a bit later.

Rachel smiles, appreciating the compliment. Watches Danny lead his boys away.

DANNY

sighs with relief when he gets to the door.

DANNY

Jared, call that A.J. guy and tell him we want to hang out. We need to get invited to that race.

EXT. "THE JOINT" - HARD ROCK HOTEL - LATER

A four-thousand seat state of the art concert venue, adjacent to the Hard Rock hotel. Danny and the guys stand outside the entrance glaring at the SECURITY GUARDS manning the door.

DANNY

(to Security)

Just you wait, I'll have your jobs for this.

Danny paces around, pissed off.

BOWMAN

Wow, you're really starting to sound like one of these big shots.

DANNY

Why shouldn't I? As long as they think I'm a big shot, I am one.

RACHEL (O.S.)

Danny? Is everything okay?

Rachel rushes forward.

DANNY

No, Rachel, everything is not okay.

RACHEL

What's wrong?

J-ROCK

Those ASSHOLES!
(off Danny's look)
Sorry.

DANNY

We're supposed to meet A.J. Leggit inside and those--

J-ROCK

ASSHOLES!

DANNY

Those assholes won't let us in.

Rachel smiles, puts a reassuring hand on his shoulder.

RACHEL
I'll handle this.

Danny watches as Rachel marches over to the door, chews the guys out, then motions Danny over. He approaches nose up high, smug and self-satisfied. Bowman takes note of it. J-Rock imitates it.

AT THE ENTRANCE Danny lets out a haughty "hmpf" as he walks past the chastened guards.

INT. "THE JOINT" - HARD ROCK HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Massive and ornate. Rows and rows of empty seats except for...

A DINING TABLE set up at the foot of the stage. A.J. Leggit and his WHALE FRIENDS eat an elaborate meal while, ON STAGE...

WHATEVER SUPER FAMOUS PERFORMER WE CAN GET sings accompanied by a PIANIST.

DANNY and the guys don't get more than a few feet before a high-end SECURITY DETAIL stops them. These guys wear suits, shades and earpieces. Very serious.

RACHEL
Mr. Fandihill is here to see Mr.
Leggit so if you'll excuse us--

A thick hand blocks her.

SERIOUS SECURITY GUARD
Mr. Leggit is not expecting
anyone. I'm sorry but you'll have
to leave.

DANNY
I'll have your job for this.

But Danny withers under the guard's shaded gaze.

Then...

A.J. LEGGIT (O.S.)
J-Rock? Is that you?

They turn to see A.J. LEGGIT - tall, well-dressed, cowboy hat and a big personality - beckoning them over.

MOMENTS LATER:

The guys have taken seats at the dining table. Everyone laughs and enjoys the finest of fine foods.

The performance continues in the background as Danny takes his first-ever bite of a dry-aged ribeye.

DANNY
Whoa! That is good...
(takes another bite)
Shit.

Bowman and J-Rock have similar reactions.

A.J. LEGGIT
You act like you never had dry-aged before.

DANNY
(catches himself)
Oh, I have, I just always freak out cause I love dry-age. Bowman, what do you think of your dry-age?

BOWMAN
It's really good, man. Dry, yet aged. Has sort of a dry quality that has emerged from the meat over time, you know?

J-ROCK
Mines too!

RACHEL
If I'm not mistaken, Mr. Leggit has this beef flown in straight from his ranch in Montana.

A.J. LEGGIT
You're not mistaken, my dear.
(to Danny)
She's a winner, eh, Danny?

DANNY
Absolutely. I think she's awesome.

Prominent among the billionaires are STEVE HOGAN, a blond, handsome Australian and BING SU, a Chinese billionaire with a grim personality.

BING SU
She clean you out last night.

DANNY
Please. It takes a lot more than three million to clean out 'ol Daniel H. Fandihill.

STEVE HOGAN

That'a boy. My motto is, keep swinging until the accountants call the board of directors.

The whales laugh. Danny doesn't get the joke but laughs anyway.

DANNY

You know, what I'd really love to get into are some non-casino related bets, if you know what I mean.

A.J. LEGGIT

I think I do.

BOWMAN

(under his breath)
Finesse, Danny. Take your time.

DANNY

So what are you guys into later on? Wanna hang?

Bowman holds his forehead.

A.J. LEGGIT

Eh, my friends tend to be a bit private.

Off Danny's crash and burn...

MOMENTS LATER:

The meal is over. Various parties are off chilling in small groups. J-Rock has A.J. laughing, Bowman is talking the ears off of one of the FEMALE SERVERS. Danny sits with Rachel, sharing a dessert.

RACHEL

Come on, Danny. Who cares if those guys don't want to hang with you, there's plenty to do back at the Seven--

DANNY

You don't understand, Rach'. I *need* this.

RACHEL

What do you mean?

DANNY

Nothing. It's, uh...it's a business thing.

RACHEL

Men like you have to turn it off sometimes, Danny. Sometimes it's good to just enjoy the moment, you know?

DANNY

Yeah, I do.

Their conversation is interrupted as Bowman's Female Server storms past.

BOWMAN'S SERVER

AGGGGHHHHHHH!

Bowman takes a seat with Danny and Rachel, killing their moment. After a beat...

BOWMAN

Am I fat?

Before they can answer, J-Rock approaches, eyes watering like crazy.

DANNY

What happened to you?

J-ROCK

What?

Danny points at his eyes.

DANNY

You're leaking like a sieve.

J-ROCK

Oh, that's nothing. A.J. bet me a hundred bucks I couldn't blow smoke outta my eyes and it turns out he was right. I guess it's the ass--

BOWMAN

No, it's your ears, you idiot! I've seen you do it!

Rachel hands J-Rock a napkin and he dabs at his eyes.

J-ROCK

(smiles mischievously)
However, he did invite us to play golf with him.

DANNY
 (lights up)
 Are you serious!

CUT TO:

INT. HELICOPTER - FLYING - DAY

Interior by Hermes...once again, pure opulence. The cabin is huge with every amenity. Danny and the guys stare out the windows. A majestic view of the country west.

DANNY
 Damn, man. This is sweet.

A.J.
 Yeah, looks totally different from up here, right?

Even Bowman has given into the moment. Danny taps Bowman. Points...

TWO MORE LUXURY CHOPPERS

Pull alongside. THE OTHER WHALES wave, then press their bare asses against their chopper windows.

A.J. LEGGIT
 Sonuvabitch, they get me with that every year.

Danny seizes the moment, nudges the guys.

DANNY
 Don't worry, A.J, this time you've got extra asses. Let's go boys!

Danny drops trou, presses his ass against the window.

A.J. LEGGIT
 WHEW!

When Danny sees Bowman's reticence he pulls him close:

DANNY
 (whispers)
 Step it up, man, we need to impress this guy.

BOWMAN
 Oh, come on, one ass is enough.

DANNY
 J-Rock...

J-Rock grabs Bowman in a bear hug. Bowman struggles as Danny unbutton's Bowman's pants, yanks them down, and forcibly smushes his ass against the window.

A.J. LEGGIT

WHEEE-HEWWW!

Bowman can't help but laugh.

DANNY

J-Rock, how is it possible you're the only one whose ass is sheathed?

J-Rock takes a deep breath.

J-ROCK

Cuz I'm going big. I'm gonna give them the Man-Splash.

A.J. LEGGIT

What's a Man-Splash?

J-ROCK

(earnestly)
It's a technique I use.

A.J. LEGGIT

Use to what?

J-ROCK

To moon.
(perfect beat)
With my balls.

He describes the action as he unbuttons his pants:

J-ROCK

What I do is I pull the snoot so that my balls extend forward a little bit which allows me to press them against the glass.

A.J. looks at Danny like, *'what the fuck?'*

DANNY

Just show them your ass, you dingbat.

J-Rock shakes his head, *'they're so silly.'* He drops trou, waddles to the window, grabs the snoot, and...

EXT. OTHER HELICOPTER -

The other whales watch, horrified as...

EXT. A.J.'S HELICOPTER -

...a wrinkled pile of ball-meat drags down the window leaving a greasy smear in its wake.

INT. A.J.'S HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

J-Rock pockets his junk. Looks at A.J., confident.

J-ROCK

...Sploosh.

No one knows what to say. Did J-Rock just go too far?

A.J. LEGGIT

Spleeeew-hooooosh!

EXT. WHEELER PEAK COUNTRY CLUB - DAY

Establishing a luxury golf course that is literally on top of a mountain, inaccessible except by helicopter. The three choppers glide toward the secluded course.

EXT. HELICOPTER PAD - DAY

The guys and the whales disembark from the helicopters. A.J. laughs with his buddies, yelling over the rotor wash:

WHALE

You really got us there, A.J. No one's ever served up both ham and eggs.

A.J. LEGGIT

I told ya. My lil buddy J-Rock here is one of a kind.

A.J. winks at J-Rock. Meanwhile, Bowman is in awe of the course.

BOWMAN

My god, look at this, Danny. This is the most magnificent course I've ever seen.

A GOLF PRO arrives to greet them.

GOLF PRO

Welcome back to Wheeler Peak, Mr. Leggit.

A.J. LEGGIT

Glad to be back, Jeffery.

(re: our guys)

Get these guys set up, would ya?

GOLF PRO

Absolutely.

EXT. GOLF COURSE - DAY

A.J. AND THE WHALES are gathered at the first tee. With them is A.J.'s manservant GUINTADO, a sort of Middle-Eastern Igor who keeps track of all the bets that fly between these men.

STEVE HOGAN

Remember last year A.J. dropped his club and is stood straight up? I knew lady luck was on his side.

BING SU

I bet he do it now. Four thousand!

STEVE HOGAN

You're on. A.J.?

A.J. LEGGIT

You're damn right.

As all the Whales chime in, Guintado pulls out his little black book and takes down the bets. While they bet amongst each other...

Danny and the guys approach from the clubhouse wearing new golf attire. Danny and Bowman look sharp, but J-Rock is an explosion of plaid. Plaid hat, plaid shirt, plaid shorts and socks, even plaid muthafuckin' golf shoes, all of it clashing.

He pimp walks with pride.

DANNY

(irked)

Dude, you never take anything serious.

J-ROCK

This is serious as fuck. Look at me! LOOK AT ME!

He holds his arms out. Danny forces them down, grabs him by the collar.

DANNY

Listen up. We need to take all bets and show these guys that we're game. Understood?

J-ROCK

You don't have to grab me, man, I get it.

Danny turns to Bowman, making sure he's clear on this as well. Bowman nods.

DANNY

Good.

They join the whales at the first tee. Everyone shakes hands.

STEVE HOGAN

Looking nice, mates.

BOWMAN

This course is incredible.

STEVE HOGAN

It oughta be. It was designed by Pete Dye. The sod is imported from Scotland.

A.J. LEGGIT

And just wait till you see eighteen. It's a dogleg 575 yard par five featuring a blind approach shot onto a three-tiered green, framed by the largest man-made waterfall west of the Mississippi.

DANNY

Gentlemen. Shall we?

A.J. LEGGIT

One second. Here come the caddies.

Danny and the boys gawk at THREE GOLF CARTS filled with TOPLESS WOMEN, each more gorgeous than the next. The girls hop out, greet the whales and hand out CIGARS. CINDY, a smoking hot blond notices Danny.

CINDY

So these are the new faces.

She goes to shake Danny's hand. His head nearly explodes.

CINDY

I'm Cindy, I'll be your caddy.
Cigar?

DANNY

Uh. Sweet.

She hands him a cigar and Danny's eyes go wide.

DANNY

1926 Padron Anniversarios, man!

STEVE HOGAN
 Wrapped in the laps of virgins.

A.J. LEGGIT
 Alrighty, before we get started
 let's get the tradition outta the
 way.

A.J. plants his club into the ground, propping it up with
 his finger tip.

A.J. LEGGIT
 Care to endorse a financial
 opinion on which way this club
 will fall?

DANNY
 You mean bet? You're damn right.
 Two grand says left of your foot.

The other whales dive in. Again Guintado's pad comes out.
 He jots down their bets.

A.J. removes his finger. His club wabbles. Left, then
 right. Finally it falls backwards.

STEVE HOGAN
 Who got that one?

BING SU
 I get it. You lose and I win.

The Whales separate into two pairs of four, each group
 flanked by a bevy of girls. A.J. joins our boys. Just
 before Bing can make the first swing--

DANNY
 Hold on!

All eyes on Danny. He swallows hard. Goes for it.

DANNY
 I bet three million dollars that
 Bowman can out-drive all of you.

BOWMAN
 (under his breath)
 What are you doing!? You've gotta
 take it slow, remember?

Bing scrutinizes Danny. Smells a rat.

BING SU
 What wrong wit you friend, Legger?

A.J. LEGGIT
 Easy, Bing. He's new here.

A.J. puts his arm around Danny.

A.J. LEGGIT

We try to keep our bets below ten grand. Big bets are for *special* occasions.

(wags his finger)

Don't make us regret inviting you.

Danny nods sheepish.

BOWMAN

You're better off anyway, Danny.
My stroke's been a disaster since--

J-ROCK

Don't start, Schleprock!

SERIES OF SHOTS: each Whale tees off. Then...

Bowman steps up. Wiggles his hips. Swings...whacks the ever loving byjesus outta the ball. Though everyone is blown away, Bowman drops his head disappointed.

The Whales turn to Danny, squinting. Steve smiles.

STEVE HOGAN

You tried to sucker us.

DANNY

(smiling)

It was worth a shot.

STEVE HOGAN

That's no way to ingratiate yourself around here, son.

BOWMAN

(hisses at Danny)

I warned you.

As the whales head to their golf carts, Danny pulls Bowman and J-Rock off to the side.

DANNY

New strategy, guys. We need to lose. We need to lose everything.

J-ROCK

Lose? That ain't in my character.

(off Danny's face)

Sorry. Damn.

BOWMAN

We wouldn't have to dump more money if you hadn't jumped the gun.

DANNY

Yeah, well I'd rather go down swinging than use your method of doing nothing. The only way we're getting invited to that race is if they think we're suckers.

Bowman notices J-Rock pumping a ball-washer up and down, utterly fascinated.

BOWMAN

That shouldn't be too hard.

EXT. 7TH HOLE - LATER

The Whales are gathered around Danny and Bing, competing in a handstand contest. Danny's arms tremble.

A.J. LEGGIT

We warned you he was a world class gymnast.

BING SU

You weak. For that, you lose.

Danny's girls jump up and down, cheering. All the guys pay more attention to them than the contest. Finally Danny falls. Guintado jots it down.

STEVE HOGAN

You're game, Danny. You're stupid, but game.

DANNY

I'll get you next time.

As the guys walk. Bowman is with one of the girls, pouring his heart out.

BOWMAN

...in a way, I understand her position, I mean, I'd probably dump me too.

She mouths to her friend, '*kill me.*'

EXT. 12TH HOLE - LATER

Everyone is lined up at the top of a steep slope. The sprinklers douse the fairway. J-Rock and a FLABBY WHALE are in GOLF CARTS prepped for a race.

STEVE HOGAN

Okay, mates. Longest powerslide wins. Place your bets.

Of course the lovable J-Rock has all the girls crowded around his cart.

TOPLESS BRUNETTE

Now you be careful, J-Rock. I don't wanna see you get hurt.

Guintado is surrounded by betting whales. Danny blurts out.

DANNY

I bet J-Rock doubles--no triples this guy's slide!

The whales buzz. Bets are shifted. Danny goes to J-Rock, rubs his shoulders.

DANNY

You got this, man. You got this.

J-ROCK

I got this! I got it good!

DANNY

(whispers)

Now remember, you need to lose.

(before J-Rock can protest)

J-Rock. You need to lose.

TWO GOLF CARTS REV - J-Rock mans one cart, the Flabby Whale mans the other. The Flabby Whale hits the gas. Hauls ass down the hill, building up dangerous speed. At the bottom of the hill he slams the brakes and powerslides a good thirty feet.

Cheers from up high.

J-Rock is steely with determination. Danny looks at him, mouths, *'you. better. lose. mother. fucker.'*

J-Rock hits the gas. Builds up so much speed the world begins to blur. His cart rattles. And still he goes faster. He was born to do this. He stomps on the brakes and...

...SLO MO...

The most beautiful powerslide ever. Birds chirp. Classical music plays in his head. Then he realizes...

AT THE TOP OF THE HILL

DANNY

NOOOO!

The whales look at Danny, confused.

IN THE SPEEDING GOLF CART

J-Rock hears Danny's plaintive cry.

J-ROCK

Shit.

He yanks the wheel hard to the left. Sends the cart tumbling end over end. It crunches around him. He screams. Still he tumbles. He's jarred violently. The pain is immense. And yet he tumbles on...

THE GIRLS SCREAM! They come charging down the hill, boobs flapping every which way but loose.

EXT. 18TH HOLE - GREEN - LATER

J-Rock is *fuuucked* up. Bruises, neck brace. A DOCTOR pats J-Rock's back before hopping into the Golf Pro's cart.

DOCTOR

Be careful, lil fella.

The Doctor leaves. Danny slaps J-Rock's back a little too hard, sending a shock of pain through J-Rock.

DANNY

You did good work for me, kid.

J-Rock squints, 'wtf?' A.J. walks up.

A.J. LEGGIT

You know, J-Rock, I thought for sure you had that one.

J-ROCK

(glares at Danny)

I did.

STEVE HOGAN

So this winds it up, eh, mates?

BOWMAN

(whispers to Danny)

What are we gonna do? We've lost a dozen bets and they still haven't invited us.

Danny's mind races. He blurts out the first thing that pops into his head.

DANNY

Um, I bet you all--um...I can--uh, flip heads on a coin five times in a row.

The whales look at each other like '*what the fuck.*' Then they jump in. Guintado takes down the bets.

Bing Su hands Danny a 500 yen coin with a Paulownia Plant on one side and the number 500 on the other.

BING SU

Plant is heads.

Each time Danny flips, the whales call out the results of each toss.

WHALES

Heads...(flips) Heads...(flips)
Heads...

Danny holds his forehead, can't believe this. Flips...

WHALES

...Heads...

J-ROCK

What the fuck, Danny?

Last flip. When Danny's thumb flicks -- SLOW MOTION: The coin goes up...with each airborne turn we go CLOSE ON the faces of Danny and the whales...it lands with earth-shattering bass...bounces...

A.J. LEGGIT

Tails!

J-Rock jumps into Bowman's arms. Danny realizes he's supposed to be bummed. Turns to the whales:

DANNY

Damn.

A.J. LEGGIT

You can't win for losin' today
brother.

DANNY

Yeah, but hey, it's chump change
to a boss.

One of the whales nudges A.J.

A.J. LEGGIT

You know, uh, we have a little
race we put on each year. We call
it The Chinese Downhill and it's a
big boy thing...you know, *real*
bets. Any chance you boys might be
interested?

Off Danny's burgeoning smile we...

CUT TO:

INT. PALATIAL OFFICE - SAME TIME

Rachel enters to find her bosses waiting.

RACHEL
You wanted to see me?

PORTLY WHALE HUNTER
We need to have a word with you.

MUSTACHE WHALE HUNTER
About your whale.

Rachel is immediately defensive.

RACHEL
Is there a problem?

MUSTACHE WHALE HUNTER
No, not really a problem. We're
just concerned.

SKINNY WHALE HUNTER
It's been awhile since he's been
at the tables.

RACHEL
Guys, he's already down four
million. I understand that we have
a job to do but...

PORTLY WHALE HUNTER
But what?

RACHEL
I mean, this is supposed to be
fun, right? We don't need to be
predatory, do we?

No one answers, letting Rachel stew on her own question.
And then...

MUSTACHE WHALE HUNTER
What exactly do you think this job
is, Rachel?

Rachel looks from whale hunter to whale hunter.

PORTLY WHALE HUNTER

You're a good looking girl. You wanna handle whales then you've got to be prepared to use what you've got, do whatever's necessary to keep them at the tables.

MUSTACHE WHALE HUNTER

Listen, if you can't handle it...

She steels herself, knows what she has to do.

RACHEL

I understand. I'm on it.

INT. SEVEN WONDERS HOTEL AND CASINO - CONTINUOUS

As Rachel walks through the casino, she sees the usual excitement. People winning, drinking, having fun. But her focus shifts to the losers. Not the people losing a hand here and there, but the actual degenerates who are taking punishing loses. She shakes it off, pulls out her phone as she exits...

RACHEL

(into phone)

Oh--uh, Danny? Yeah, um, it's Rachel. I uh...

(gathers herself)

Sorry, we need to talk.

INT. LIMO - SAME TIME

Danny hangs up the phone as he and his boys pull up to the casino. Danny is stuck in whale mode:

DANNY

Perfect timing. Rachel wants to meet. I'll have her hook us up with some fast cars and we'll be good to go.

BOWMAN

Danny, no...

DANNY

No. You "no". It's time for you to sack up. We're on a solid trajectory here.

BOWMAN

But the trajectory is pointed straight at insanity.

DANNY

You don't understand successful thinking, Bowman. I do.

J-ROCK

What the fuck are you talking about?

DANNY

Just saying, we're golden. We're gonna win this race and everything's gonna be great. Now move it.

Bowman and J-Rock look at each other.

THE BOYS GET OUT -

Start walking. They're startled by a booming voice.

SHERIFF BREEN (O.S.)

Hey Fandihill!

The boys turn to see Breen standing there. His unsettling gaze is fully focused on Danny.

DANNY

Breen...
(snooty)
What is it this time?

SHERIFF BREEN

You dropped something.

Danny sees he dropped the hotel pass-key.

DANNY

(jokes)
Well, I guess you should pick it up for me.

A cold beat. Breen disintegrates Danny with his eyes. Danny bends to pick up his card, face uncomfortably close to Breen's crotch.

DANNY

You got a keen eye there, Sheriff.

SHERIFF BREEN

I see everything, Fandihill.

Danny and the boys walk away.

J-ROCK

What the fuck was that?

BOWMAN

It was a warning shot. He's onto us.

DANNY

If he was onto us, we'd be in handcuffs right now. Everything is fine. We can do this.

Bowman watches as Danny walks into the casino throwing cash around, glad handing, basically acting like a big shot. Bowman turns to J-Rock.

BOWMAN

I think he's snapped.

J-Rock hands him an airplane bottle of vodka.

EXT. VEGAS STRIP - RESTAURANT - EVENING

Rachel has changed into a sexy, body-fitting dress. As she approaches the restaurant, her reflection causes her to hesitate. She steels herself and enters...

INT. RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

It's completely empty except for one table in the center where Danny waits, dressed to the nines, an entire WAIT STAFF standing at attention behind him. Danny stands, slowly, arms out like the Godfather.

DANNY

Come. Sit.

Rachel walks over, not sure what to make of the situation.

RACHEL

Where is everybody?

DANNY

I thought we'd enjoy some privacy.

RACHEL

You pulled all this off without me?

DANNY

I had help.

He laughs haughtily. He pulls out a chair for her. Catches a nice glimpse of some nice cleavage. It makes Rachel a little uncomfortable.

DANNY

You look stunning.

She smiles awkwardly. Danny snaps his fingers and one of the WAITERS pops a bottle of champagne.

DANNY

So, what'd you wanna talk to me about?

RACHEL

Well, it's just, it's your last night here...

Danny nods like, "awww yeahhh", misinterpreting what she means.

RACHEL

No, I mean...um, wait, you said you needed to talk to me, too?

DANNY

Well, I have a piece of business, but first, I just have to say -- damn, you look better than any chick I've ever liked.

RACHEL

There's the old Danny! For a minute there you were starting to sound like every other high-roller who's ever hit on me.

DANNY

I hope this isn't outta line.

RACHEL

No. I mean...but, it's complicated, right?

DANNY

Not for me.

A moment. A real moment.

RACHEL

Can I just say, sometimes you're so--and please do not take this the wrong way--but you're so *regular*, I just, I really like that about you.

DANNY

(smiling)
Blue collar built for a blue collar world.

RACHEL

No seriously, it's like, my father started out as a regular guy and then this town changed him.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

But I'm telling you, Danny, you at your best really do remind me of him at his best.

DANNY

I'll take that as a compliment.

A beat.

RACHEL

Screw it.

She leans in and kisses him. A really nice, really long one. They part slowly.

RACHEL

You know, the dress and make-up, this was all part of an agenda to keep you gambling, but forget it. You are too damn cute.

DANNY

Rachel, I appreciate you using me for my money almost as much as I appreciate you.

Another beat. One seemingly born from a tender understanding. Then Danny snaps his fingers and...

Craig comes out with chocolate covered strawberries. When he sees Rachel he stops dead in his tracks.

CRAIG

This is the girl you're trying to impress?

Her jaw drops, embarrassed. Danny stands.

DANNY

That's completely out of line, you--you--you fucking butler!

Danny squares up with Craig who is unafraid.

CRAIG

Oh, relax. She's my daughter.
(lets that turd stew)
My daughter who never cuts anyone a break.

RACHEL

Try earning one, Dad.

She stands to leave. Marches towards the door. Danny looks at Craig trying to process what's happening. Finally gets himself together and goes after Rachel.

DANNY

Rachel! Wait!

Rachel stops at the door. He takes her hands in his.
Looks at her with loving eyes.

DANNY

I need you to help me score a few
fast cars.

CUT TO:

INT. "FANTASY" LUXURY CAR RENTALS - EVENING - LATER

The Persian SHOP OWNER unlocks the door and turns on the
lights.

SHOP OWNER

I open shop just for you.

Lamborghinis, Ferraris, Porsches, Mercedes. Danny is in
full bigshot mode as he and the guys walk through the
sparkling showroom inspecting cars.

DANNY

So you say this Porsche is the
fastest car you've got.

SHOP OWNER

Yes my friend. GT 2 is very fast
car. Fast like rocket.

DANNY

Okay, we'll take three of them.

J-ROCK

Two. I need the Lambo.

DANNY

(as to a dog)
No! J-Rock! No!

SHOP OWNER

Wait. My friend, the Lambourghini
is very fast car. Very very fast.
Like rocket.

J-ROCK

And dope.

Danny sighs. Waves his hand dismissively.

DANNY

Fine, we'll take two Porsches and
one--

BOWMAN

Wait a minute.

DANNY

Bowman, I don't have time for you to be...you. He'll take the Porsche.

BOWMAN

I just--I can't sign off on the Porsche yet. I can't make an investment like this without doing a little research.

DANNY

We're renting!

BOWMAN

Yes, but still...I don't think I can handle a car like this.

SHOP OWNER

Why you are difficult? I leave my home to open shop for you. Your friends want car, you get car.

DANNY

The clock is ticking, Bowman, and I won't allow us to miss this race. Now let's go!

BOWMAN

What's the deal with you?

SHOP OWNER

Race? What you say race?

DANNY

Nothing. No race. Racism.

SHOP OWNER

Oh, that's bad, my friend. Trust me, I know. I don't let no blacks into my shop.

The shop owner puts his arm around Danny.

SHOP OWNER

Listen, my friend, I make sure he hurries so fast. You are guest of Rachel of the Many Wonders, I take good care of--

BOWMAN

It's Seven Wonders.

SHOP OWNER
 YOU DON'T TELL ME!
 (to Danny)
 I'm sorry. This guy, I don't like
 him just a little bit...

DANNY
 I know, I know. Just make sure he
 leaves with a car and there'll be
 a nice tip in it for you.

SHOP OWNER
 (motions a gun point)
 Fast like rocket, my friend.

EXT. LAS VEGAS MOTOR SPEEDWAY - EVENING

An AERIAL VIEW establishing Las Vegas's home to NASCAR. A one and a half mile track with stands that seat one hundred and forty thousand people. But today, there is only a SMALL PARTY of about fifty in the center.

IN THE CENTER GREEN

All the WHALES and their friends, including a bevy of STRIPPERS, mill about a towering MAKESHIFT BAR.

A.J. walks Danny and Bowman through the PIT where four teams of WHALES stand around their VEHICLES, none of which are race cars (we're talking Mercedes's, Cadillacs, even a Volvo).

A.J. LEGGIT
 ...so the way it works is we each
 have a team. Three drivers apiece.
 This year we got five teams
 including you guys.

DANNY
 And it's just a simple relay race?

A.J. LEGGIT
 Yeah, three laps apiece. First team
 to complete nine laps takes it all.

J-ROCK
 And how much is "alls"?

A.J. LEGGIT
 Million dollar entry fee per team.
 (to Danny)
 You okay with that?

DANNY
 Chump change.

A.J. smiles. Looks around.

A.J. LEGGIT
Where's your third?

DANNY
He's on his way.

Danny stops and leans against his Porsche like a big shot. He holds out a cigar expecting A.J. to light it. A.J. lights his own.

A.J. LEGGIT
Well, if he doesn't get here soon,
we'll have to start without you
fellas.

He slaps Danny's back and walks away.

DANNY
I knew I shouldn't have let Bowman
stay on his own.

J-ROCK
Let? Bowman doesn't work for you,
bro. Besides there's no need to
worry. We can't lose.

DANNY
J-Rock, stop saying stupid shit
like that. If Bowman doesn't show
up, we're out.

J-ROCK
Okay, now hold on. First of all,
don't talk to me like I'm an idiot.
(then)
Look around...what do you see?

DANNY
Just get to the point.

J-ROCK
(irked)
Those cars are shit. I mean,
they're awesome cars, but they're
slow. We're rockin' a Porsche and
a Lambo. They're fast like rocket.

Just then, A TAXI comes weaving toward them.

PERSIAN TAXI DRIVER (O.S.)
No, my friend! You tell me Google
maps--I TELL YOU GOOGLE YOUR
MOTHER AND HER WHORE!

The Taxi screeches up. The DRIVER jumps out almost before it stops, snatches open the back door and yanks Bowman out.

PERSIAN TAXI DRIVER
I never meet a man I hate so much
as you, my friend! You are not my
friend, my friend!

DANNY
Um, Bowman?

BOWMAN
I know, Danny, it's a long story.

DANNY
Bowman, where's your car, Bowman?

PERSIAN TAXI DRIVER
My uncle throws him out! He throws
him out of his establishment
because all he talk is ex-wife and
never car. HE IS NOT A MAN!

DANNY
WHAT?! Oh, my God! Oh, my God! You
just ruined us!

Danny is reeling. Bowman feels horrible. Has no words.
Even the Taxi Driver somehow understands the gravity of
this moment.

PERSIAN TAXI DRIVER
He's a dog, my friend. My uncle
pay me three hundred dollars just
to make him leave. For that money,
I would kill this man.

Danny looks at the Taxi Driver. Looks at his cab. Has an
idea...

DANNY
So, how much money would it take
for you to give up this cab?

EXT. RACE TRACK - MAKESHIFT BAR - MOMENTS LATER

A.J. gathers everyone's attention.

A.J. LEGGIT
Okay, ladies and gentlemen, let's
get it started!

Danny leads the guys over to their vehicles.

DANNY
I'll take the first leg. No way
can I afford to let you clowns--

A.J. grabs his shoulder.

A.J. LEGGIT

You're going the wrong way. The race starts this way. At the bar.

DANNY

What?

A.J. LEGGIT

Oh, yeah. The Chinese Downhill is a drunk driving race.

DANNY

What?

Danny looks at the bar. Sees five bottles of liquor awaiting the drivers.

A.J. LEGGIT

Each driver's gotta blow a 1.6 into the breathalyzer before they're allowed behind the wheel.

DANNY

That's why you didn't bother with fast cars.

A.J. LEGGIT

Yep. Once we figured out that the hardest part of this race is just finishing, we gave up on speed.

A.J. takes a cigar out of Danny's pocket. Guintado lights it. A.J. heads for the bar with a wicked smirk on his face. An even more wicked grin blossoms on Danny's face.

BOWMAN

Why are you smiling?

DANNY

We can't lose.

BOWMAN

Of course we can. We've been losing all weekend.

DANNY

Not this time. These bastards wanna hustle Danny outta his hard earned money? Well Danny's got a ringer.

They both look at...

J-Rock. Standing alone. Smelling his fingers.

BOWMAN

Holy shit, you're right!

DANNY

That little fat fuck is immune to alcohol. He basically has a baseline intoxication level that can't be penetrated.

(high five)

Finally, I catch a break.

EVERYONE LINES UP AT THE BAR. J-Rock immediately starts drinking.

A.J. LEGGIT

Uh, lil, fella, you might wanna hold up there. You don't wanna go too far past 1.6 if you expect--

J-ROCK

Nah.

(to the bartender)

Gimme a beer chaser.

(to A.J.)

I like to drink a little before I drink.

EXT. RACE TRACK - STARTING LINE - LATER

The first round of DRIVERS are trashed: the RUSSIAN DRIVER, NIGERIAN DRIVER, Danny, Steve Hogan, and one of Bing Su's DRIVERS stumble to their cars. HOT CHICKS administer BREATHALYZER tests.

HOT CHICK

(to Danny)

Blow.

Danny blows. The readout shows a 1.65.

HOT CHICK

You're good to go, sweetie.

DANNY

You're good to go, too.

Steve's shoulders lurch. He's gonna hurl. A.J. calls out from the sidelines:

A.J. LEGGIT

You know if that comes up, it's gonna cost you a million dollars.

BING SU

(to A.J. and the Whales)

I bet fifty thousand he barf up lung!

Guintado's pad comes out and the bets fly. All eyes on...

Steve's face swells...a tiny bit of vomit slips out--Steve slurps it back in. GROANS of disgust from the crowd.

BING SU

HA! That only make him sicker! I raise bet sixty thousand!

More bets fly...

Steve looks horrible. His skin is green. He closes his eyes. Concentrates. The nausea settles. Steve falls into his car, way too drunk to drive.

DANNY stands at his car. Looks over to his boys, hand motions "*I got this*"...then gets into the passenger seat. The FLAG GIRL stripper eases him out and over to the driver's side. He motions "*I got this*" to her.

ON THE STARTING LINE:

Three lean mean machines ready to tear up the track. The stripper FLAG GIRL stands in front of them, about to start the race.

FLAG GIRL

On your marks--

A.J. LEGGIT

Honey. You may wanna get out from in front of those cars.

She moves waaay to the sidelines.

FLAG GIRL

Get set! GO!

THE CARS - tear off. Or they lurch off--except: STEVE HOGAN who...

...arcs directly into the retaining wall. At the moment of impact a stomach-load of vomit splatters against the windshield.

ON THE SIDELINES

A.J. LEGGIT

Yes! Team Hogan is out!

The next round of drivers, including J-Rock, are pounding drinks.

ON THE TRACK

LAP ONE - is pathetic. Cars stop. Scrape against the wall. Danny gets out of his car to pee and doesn't even lose any ground.

ON THE SIDELINES - J-Rock glowers at the other drivers, intimidating them with his drinking prowess. The SECOND NIGERIAN DRIVER can't finish the shot in front of him. J-Rock takes it. Downs it. Stares into his soul. No man can beat him...

Yet the SECOND RUSSIAN DRIVER thinks otherwise:

RUSSIAN 2
I will break you, American.

LAP TWO - the liquor is really settling. The Nigerian driver has pulled over and is sobbing. The Russian holds firm but his vision is blurry. Danny is right on his ass.

ON THE SIDELINES - J-Rock jokes with a STRIPPER in his lap.

LAP THREE - Danny pulls into the lead pushing 23 mph. He has the AC at full blast. Slaps his face to stay awake. He speeds towards the PIT (where the driver switch is made).

AT THE PIT - the next round of DRIVERS stumble towards their cars but J-Rock is fresh, unaffected beyond a simple buzz. The HOT CHICKS approach to give them their breathalyzer tests. The Russian blows a 1.8, shoots J-Rock a smug glare.

J-Rock blows into his breathalyzer. His hot chick looks stunned.

HOT CHICK
This can't be right.

J-Rock peeks at the readout - it says he blew a 2.2.

J-ROCK
Naw, 2.2's about right for this time of day.

He winks and slaps his hot chick on the ass. As he climbs into his Lambo, he pulls out one of those mini-airplane bottles of vodka. Downs it. Tosses it at the Second Russian Driver and yells:

J-ROCK
Rocky IV, bitch!

J-ROCK tears off like a bat out of hell.

J-ROCK
Wheww!

ON THE TRACK - As the next round of drivers swerve onto the raceway, J-Rock has already lapped them.

And he extends the lead while they struggle to make it around once.

ON THE SIDELINES - Bowman stares at his last two shots of vodka, queasy. A.J. and Bing Su aren't doing any better.

A.J. LEGGIT

(slurring)

Never. I never gonna do this again.

BING SU

Dis no good for Bing Su. Make belly swell like African baby.

AT THE PIT - J-Rock cruises up. He's got a full two laps on the other drivers. Bowman staggers over, blows a 1.62 into the breathalyzer. Danny tries to help him into the taxi but collapses.

J-ROCK

You got this, Bowflex. All you gotta do is...

Bowman heaves. J-Rock leaps into action:

J-ROCK

Don't!

(voice low)

Close your eyes.

(soothing, yoga voice)

Imagine a faucet. Serene is the mighty faucet. Steady and calm.

(Bowman calms down)

Now imagine your hand reaching in and slowly turning off the faucet.

(strokes Bowman's hair)

So slowly. So very slowly.

Bowman takes a deep breath. Chokes back the contents of his sour stomach. J-Rock helps him into the TAXI. He leans across Bowman to turn on the radio:

J-ROCK

So you don't fall asleep.

PERSIAN MUSIC blares. Bowman drives off.

One at a time, the other drivers pull into the pit but Bowman's got a multi-lap lead.

ON THE TRACK - Bowman enjoys the Persian music. Drives pretty well.

BOWMAN
 (sings along)
*Himilacha, soomalacha, seemalocha
 hayyy.*

AT THE PIT - J-Rock revives Danny. Pours bottled water in his face.

J-ROCK
 Dude! We're doing it! We're gonna win!

Danny can't believe it. He looks at the scoreboard.

DANNY
 One more lap?

J-ROCK
 One more lap.

The other whales gather round. Steve Hogan, steps to Danny covered in vomit.

STEVE HOGAN
 Biggest pot ever. Five mill.
 (slaps Danny's back)
 Congratulations, mate.

ON THE TRACK - Bowman is on easy street. He winds into the last straight-away with his music blasting.

BOWMAN
*Shoomadooma, hachalooma,
 melchalooma, hayyy!*

Then, the Taxi's engine groans. Smoke spews from beneath the hood. The car dies.

DANNY/BOWMAN/J-ROCK/STEVE HOGAN
 NO!

IN BING SU'S CAR - Bing sees Bowman's wounded vehicle ahead.

BING SU
 YES!

Bing punches it and drifts into the wall. He stays on the gas. The car scrapes along the wall, diagonally, still moving forward.

Bowman sits there, floored. His brain has short-circuited.

DANNY charges the track.

DANNY

Get out of the car and push it!
Push the car!

Bing Su's car scrapes along the wall, passes Bowman, closing the lead. A.J. has fallen asleep behind the wheel and coasts to the center of the track almost splattering the strippers.

DANNY

GET! OUT! Push the car, Bowman!

BOWMAN - doesn't hear anything. He is paralyzed. Eventually he looks up and sees Danny screaming.

BING SU - is coming back around again. Laughing maniacally

This is horrible.

DANNY

Oh, God, Bowman, please snap out of it. For once, do something!

STEVE HOGAN (O.S.)

(from the sidelines)
Danny, you can't help him.

Danny stands there and watches as Bing Su scrapes back around. Danny looks into Bowman's eyes and knows Bowman lost this race before they ever came to Vegas. Danny turns around and walks away.

BOWMAN - stares off in the distance.

BOWMAN

Fuck you, Gloria! Fuck you for leaving me! Fuck you for being *disappointed!* FUCK YOUR DISAPPOINTMENT! I am not disappointing!

Bowman jumps out of the car and pushes as hard as he can. The car inches forward, towards the finish line.

ON THE SIDELINES - everyone who is conscious cheers. Even the Russians and the sobbing Nigerians.

BING SU - wobbles. Splashes water on his face. He's doing 13 mph and that's tough enough.

BOWMAN - strains. Veins bulge. He gives it everything he's got. The FINISH LINE is so close.

BOWMAN

I do NOT disappoint!

CHEERS from the sidelines.

RANDOM STRIPPER

He's doing it! He's gonna do it!

Danny turns around with new hope. Bowman is actually gonna pull this off. But Bing Su is closing fast--or, actually, pretty slowly.

Bowman is pushing so hard he's probably shit himself. He gets to the FINISH LINE just as...

BING SU passes him laughing like a madman.

BING SU

You lose! Bing Su win because you lose!

ALL SOUND DROPS OUT:

Danny is devastated.

He walks off.

A.J. LEGGIT (O.S.)

(calls out)

Hey, don't be sad, Danny. This is what you wanted, right? Play big lose big.

Danny keeps walking.

A.J. LEGGIT (O.S.)

I'm gonna go ahead and have Guintado invoice your account at the hotel.

Danny waves him off, whatever.

When he gets near the exit, he collapses. Bowman and J-Rock jog up. Help him stand. He yanks away.

DANNY

Don't touch me.

His boys are taken aback.

J-ROCK

Look, Danny, it's all good. We can-

DANNY

Oh, my GOD! Why are you still talking? It's not all good, J-Rock. We're dead men...at least I am.

BOWMAN

Danny, I know I let you down, man,
but--

DANNY

Go fuck yourself, Bowman. All you
do is let people down.

J-ROCK

Dude, don't be so harsh. We're
gonna go down with you.

DANNY

Really? Is that supposed to comfort
me--that you're gonna go down with
me? You've been going down your
whole life, Jared. You think
everything's a joke, even getting
all your shit repossessed. When the
FUCK are you gonna get serious?

J-Rock is stunned. Danny turns both barrels on Bowman.

DANNY

What? You gonna tell me how your
ex-wife fucked up the weekend I've
worked for my entire life?

J-ROCK

FUCK YOU, DANNY!

Beat.

BOWMAN

He's right, fuck you. You asked us
to come here. And all we did was
try to help. Just like we did with
the Amway, just like we did with
all those reality show
auditions...just like with every
other shortcut you've tried to
take in life. It's not us holding
you back, Danny, it's you.

J-Rock holds up his fist, Bowman gives him a pound.

J-ROCK

And by the way, you're Danny G
Fandihill, not H. But you seem to
have forgotten that. Bitch.

They walk away leaving Danny to stew in the harsh juices
of truth.

INT. PALATIAL OFFICE - NIGHT

Sheriff Breen enters, marches towards the Whale Hunters.

SHERIFF BREEN
Guys, we need to talk about this
Fandihill character. Seems he's
not who he says he is.

Breen drops a FILE in front of the Whale Hunters. Danny's
photo is pinned to the cover.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LAS VEGAS STRIP - NIGHT

Danny ambles the boulevard. Walks the walk of shame. Sees
groups of BUDDIES hanging out, laughing, bros being bros.

Danny is jarred out of his daze when he bumps into...

DANNY
Chuck Musson?

...who was also ambling.

CHUCK
(melancholy)
Hey, rich guy.

WIDER TO REVEAL: They're standing under a HUGE seventy
foot fight banner of Chuck. The banner depicts the fist
of an unseen assailant, sending Chuck's head back with a
jaw-crunching blow. Sweat, spit, and mouthpiece frozen in
mid-air.

Chuck looks up.

CHUCK
Shit's disrespectful, right?

DANNY
Kinda.

CHUCK
What's wrong, rich guy?

Danny sighs.

CHUCK
Come on, you can tell 'ol Chucko.

DANNY
I'm just...I'm kinda fucked in a
multidimensional way. My guys, my
girl, my life--well, she's not my
girl but she's a girl--or the girl,
whatever, I'm fucked.

CHUCK
What do you mean?

Danny waves him off.

CHUCK

Come on, you can tell the
Chuckler. I mean, shit it can't be
worse than that...

Chuck points up at the banner.

DANNY

It's just, I finally I get the
break I deserve and it turns into
a nightmare. Even when I win I
lose.

CHUCK

Deserve?

DANNY

I meant I deserved it for previous
shit you don't know about.

CHUCK

No one deserves nothing, rich guy.
There are no shortcuts in life.

(then)

For instance, take this ass-
whuppin' everyone expects me to
take tomorrow. I earned that shit.
I earned it by eating knuckles and
Muay Thai kicks. But I'm'a tell
you what, the other guy who thinks
he deserves to win? He ain't
earned it. He's twenty four,
caught some easy breaks, looks
good, don't even got cauliflower
ears. He got here the easy way.

DANNY

Yeah, it's just, the easy way
looks so...easy, you know?

CHUCK

(inappropriately intense)
But it's not, is it? Is it?

DANNY

(unnerved by agro Chuck)
I guess it's not.

(then)

Chuck...I'm not really a whale. I'm
just an average asshole from Omaha.

CHUCK

I know. See, you underestimated
the Chuck-roast.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

Just like all these other
motherfuckers betting 12-1 against
me.

(fumes)

They all deserve to lose.

DANNY

So do I. And boy did I. I've
lost...

(hangs his head in
disbelief)

Four or five million--I don't even
know. But Rachel's gonna know. Cuz
I lied to her and when the shit
comes down...

He can't finish. Chuck steps way too close to Danny.

CHUCK

Well, you deserve what's coming
your way. And you earned it by
bullshitting, but does Rachel?

Danny shakes his head, 'no.'

CHUCK

So seein' as how all you've *earned*
is an ass-whuppin', what's the
only thing you can do?

DANNY

Take it, I guess.

CHUCK

No motherfucker, tell Rachel the
truth before she finds out the
hard way!

Danny knows he's right. On top of that he knows Chuck is
becoming dangerously agitated. He sets off with purpose.

INT. GREATEST SUITE OF ALL TIME - LATER

Danny paces back and forth in the living room. The
doorbell rings. He hesitates before opening it to reveal
Rachel. She's dressed sexily and she's all smiles.

DANNY

Hey, Rach'.

RACHEL

(coquettish)

Hey, Danny.

She kisses him lightly.

RACHEL

Want a drink?

She heads to the kitchen. Danny continues pacing, doesn't answer. She makes him one anyway.

RACHEL

Danny?

She puts the drink in his hand. Clicks their glasses. And takes a sip. Rachel steps in. Gives him another kiss, this one slow. Danny doesn't reciprocate.

RACHEL

What's wrong?

DANNY

Rachel...I'm not Danny Fandihill. I mean, I am, but I'm not the one you think I am.

Rachel listens intently, all business.

DANNY

I'm not rich. I'm not a whale. You made some kinda mistake...

RACHEL

Danny explain. Be specific.

DANNY

I'm not sure what happened, all I know is I don't have a fraction of the money I owe.

Rachel drops her drink. It shatters on the floor. Danny moves in to comfort her. Big mistake...

"OOPH" he gets a knee to the groin. He folds over, Rachel swings an elbow into his throat. He falls to the ground. Rachel--who has clearly learned a thing or two from Chuck Musson--lays Danny out with a knee to the face.

Only then she runs away, crying like a little girl.

Danny writhes. Eventually he looks up to see Craig standing over him with his bag packed, eating a bowl of cereal.

CRAIG

That's why she's still single.

Craig sighs, puts down his bag and goes to help Danny up.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRUCK STOP DINER - SIDE OF THE 70 HIGHWAY - NIGHT

At the counter, Bowman sits over a cup of coffee, weight of the world on his shoulders. J-Rock scarfs down a massive slice of apple pie with cheese on it.

BOWMAN

Should we go back?

J-Rock's head slowly turns. Dramatic.

J-ROCK

Muthafucka say what?

BOWMAN

Our boy's in trouble. Even if he was an asshole, is it right to just leave him there?

J-ROCK

I'm down to go back, but what the hell do we do when we get there?

Bowman reaches in his pocket. Pulls out...

...a PLATINUM CHIP.

J-ROCK

Muthafucka say what?!

BOWMAN

I held onto it thinking we'd probably need it. But we were down so much so fast...

J-ROCK

Let's do this!

BOWMAN

Now wait, we--

J-ROCK

Don't reverse polarity now, Bowman. You almost achieved manhood.

BOWMAN

We can't just rush--

J-ROCK

Karate do!

J-Rock yanks Bowman to his feet. Bowman does breathing exercises.

BOWMAN
We're definitely gonna go to jail,
right?

J-ROCK
Yeah. Let's go!

The breathing exercises turn into hyperventilation.

J-ROCK
(suave like a Jazzman)
Hey. Hey. Calm down, man. Take a
deep breath. Chill. I got you...

J-Rock reaches into his pocket. Slowly pulls out...

J-ROCK
You don't have to be scared when
you got...

...the packet of COCAINE that Douchebag Tommy gave him.

J-ROCK
High grade cocaine! This shit
obliterates reluctance.

Bowman looks at the baggy.

BOWMAN
No. No way am I snorting that.

J-Rock takes a straw from the counter.

J-ROCK
Don't worry, man. You ain't gonna
have to snort.

J-Rock slowly tears off half the straw's wrapper. Puts
the straw to his lips and blows.

INT. TRUCK STOP BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

WE'RE TIGHT ON: A STRAW. And though you think you know
where the straw leads, you really don't. We PAN along the
length of the straw to find it connected to another straw
and another straw and...

WIDE ANGLE REVEALING BOWMAN, bent over the sink with his
pants around his ankles, twenty interconnected straws
coming out of his ass. At the other end, J-Rock taps
white powder into the opening.

J-Rock sucks in a chest full of air and...

BOWMAN
You know what? I don't think I
need the extra motivation--

...blows like the Ricola guy blowing into an Alp-horn...

BOWMAN

...WHEWWWWW!!!

INT. SEVEN WONDERS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Danny talks into his phone as he walks towards the Whale Hunters' office. His face is surprisingly destroyed from Rachel's earlier assault.

DANNY

(leaving a message)

Bowman. J-Rock. Hey, I, uh, I just wanted to say sorry about blowing up on you guys.

(beat)

Look, you may not hear from me for a while. I'm about to turn myself--

A HAND grabs him by the collar and pulls him into...

AN ALCOVE

next to the ice machine. It's Rachel. She shushes him as...

SHERIFF BREEN and HIS MEN walk by with purpose. After they pass:

DANNY

Rach', your dad wanted me to tell you, you really need to lighten up.

RACHEL

Come on.

She grabs his hand and they take off.

INT. RACHEL'S CONDO - LATER

Meticulous. Almost antiseptic. Every single molecule is in place except...

The HALLWAY where Rachel stands on a chair having torn out a ceiling panel so she can snatch the small bundles of money she's stored there over the years.

RACHEL (O.S.)

(head in the ceiling,
rambling)

This is unbelievable. This is going to undo years of therapy. First my goddamn father loses everything we own--

DANNY

And he used to be a Whale Handler
like you, right?

RACHEL

Yeah. Then he started gambling
with them and the next thing I
know, it's all gone. My shrink
keeps telling me I need to stay
away from the casinos yet here I
am working at one. I don't know if
it's hubris or maybe I'm nuts...

Danny picks up the bundles of cash as they fall to the
floor.

DANNY

Rachel, this is your life savings
or money you stole or something.
You don't have to do this.

Rachel drops down. Straightens her hair.

RACHEL

I don't think you understand how
much trouble you're in--we're in.

(dials her phone as
she talks)

I brought you here. I coaxed you
into spending money--which it
turns out you didn't have...

(into phone)

Hey, Theresa, can you get me a
Monday morning with my shrink. I
think I had a breakthrough or--
actually, I'm having a breakdown.

DANNY

Rachel, don't break down.

Rachel grabs the cash rolls from Danny and drops them
into a plastic bag.

RACHEL

I've been avoiding a moment like
this my entire life. Shit, I have
cash in my ceiling...why, Danny?

Danny shrugs.

RACHEL

This is thirty two thousand
dollars. Somehow we have to turn
this into...

(goes over the tally
of what Danny owes)

Oh, my God.

She plops into the chair.

DANNY
Yeah, I know. The amount is
staggering.

Rachel gathers herself. Stands.

RACHEL
Do you have any money left? I
mean, anything?

DANNY
A few grand in chips back at the--

Danny's interrupted by banging at the door.

SHERIFF BREEN (O.S.)
Open up, Rachel! We know Fandihill
is with you!

They look at each other and bolt for the back door.

EXT. STRATOSPHERE - SKY NEEDLE - NIGHT

An outdoor terrace at the top of the tallest structure in Las Vegas. Danny and Rachel huddle in the night chill, drinking coffee.

A door swings open and Bowman explodes onto the scene, wired on coke. J-Rock follows.

BOWMAN
Okay, so the jig is up and it's
time to go hardcore! This is what
we're gonna do. We're gonna go
hard. We're gonna go right at
these motherfuckers--right to the
core!

Rachel and Danny look at J-Rock. J-Rock pinches his nostril like he's doing blow.

BOWMAN
I got this chip, right?

Danny and Rachel light up when Bowman pulls out a platinum chip.

BOWMAN (CONT'D)
And what this chip is, is the
beginning man. It's the beginning
of the end for these
motherfuckers, that's all I know.

J-ROCK
That's all you know!

BOWMAN

WHEW! So what we need to do is take this chip, find a way to triple it--

DANNY

More than that--

BOWMAN

Shut the fuck up, man, you get the point. This is rape before it happens, man--

RACHEL

Can I just suggest--

BOWMAN

No offense, but you can't suggest shit. No one can. No one should ever make a suggestion again--

J-ROCK

Bowman! Stop being such a tweakum, it's beneath you.

BOWMAN

It's tweaker.

J-ROCK

Well it's still beneath you. It's Beneath You Del Toro.

Danny snatches the chip out of Bowman's hand.

DANNY

Everyone stop!

(then)

I think I have a solution.

All eyes on Danny. Can't wait to hear this.

Danny points at one of the giant banners that features Chuck Musson being pulverized.

DANNY

Chuck said some things earlier and...I think he's gonna win.

RACHEL

Why would you think that?

DANNY

No, seriously, I can't put it into words because he doesn't really make sense, but I'm telling you he made sense.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Beyond the reality that we have no options and nothing to lose, I really believe he's gonna win.

Beat.

RACHEL

Even if that's true, how will you lay the bet? By now Breen's men are covering the entire town. You won't make it near the Seven Wonders.

J-ROCK

FUUUUUUUUCK!

Bowman is a jittery mess.

DANNY

We need someone to lay the bet for us. Someone who's not gonna ask questions or crumble under pressure.

Danny, Bowman, and J-Rock's faces sour.

RACHEL

What? Who?

EXT. SOUTH VEGAS - NEXT MORNING

The hood. White trash central. Cars parked on lawns. Bars on windows. We hear Tommy's voice from within a CONVERTED GARAGE.

TOMMY (O.S.)

When the chips are down, all the lil bitches come back to Tommy...

INT. TOMMY'S CONVERTED GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Tommy looks right at someone off screen and says:

TOMMY

Ain't that right, bitch?

Turns out he's talking to...his ever present Whore who holds a small, ratty suitcase. She goes about unpacking as Tommy answers a knock at the door.

It's Rachel and our guys.

TOMMY

Well well well, more bitches getting their minds right.

DANNY

Tommy we need your help--

TOMMY

So you got Breen on your mutual asses, huh? That's *biig* trouble. Breen don't play. That motherfucker does not play.

(to Rachel)

S'up, Rach'.

RACHEL

Ew.

INT. TOMMY'S KITCHEN - LATER

Which is three feet of dedicated space with a pedestal sink. Danny fiddles with the PLATINUM CHIP:

DANNY (CONT'D)

...so we bet on Chuck. He's twelve to one. If he wins, we pay off our debts and everything is a push. If he loses, I turn myself in.

RACHEL

When that chip comes out, phones will start ringing upstairs. We have to wait till the last minute to make that bet so that by the time Breen gets notice, the money's in play.

J-ROCK

Let's do this!

TOMMY

Hold on.

Groans.

BOWMAN

Oh, come on, Greenblatt!

TOMMY

Shut your pig!

(addresses the group)

Way I see it, I'm the one who's face is on the cameras, I'm the one taking all the physical risks.

(he drops the bomb)

If Chuck wins, I keep every dime beyond what you owe...

(before Bowman can get a word out)

I SAID SHUT YOUR PIG!

They exchange looks. Reluctantly agree with a group sigh.

EXT. SEVEN WONDERS HOTEL AND CASINO - EVENING

Usual traffic but there are COPS staked out everywhere.

INT./EXT. TOMMY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

A conspicuous, tricked out 2002 Dodge Intrepid on giant rims. A "HERSHEY'S" LOGO is painted over a dent in the door.

Danny, Rachel, Tommy, J-Rock and Bowman spy from inside. Danny checks his watch, nervous.

DANNY

Okay. Fight's in seven minutes.
Time to get that bet in.

No one talks. Tommy doesn't move. Bowman slaps his back:

BOWMAN

Couple'a mill in this if you pull
it off, Doucher.

Tommy nods. Danny hands him the chip. No words between men of action. No words. Tommy gets out and heads for the casino.

BOWMAN

(to Danny)

If I wasn't sure our lives were
gonna be ruined, I'd pray that
dude went to jail.

J-ROCK

Why do you always gotta be hatin'
on him, Bowman? What'd he ever do
to you?

Beat.

BOWMAN

He wiped his ass on a dog.

J-ROCK

What?

Whoa!

RACHEL

BOWMAN

Yeah. This guy wiped his ass
across the back of a dog.

Rachel turns around like "what the fuck?"

J-ROCK

How?

Off that, we...

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

The aftermath of a devastating party. The place is trashed. A few stragglers are passed out on the floor. Including Bowman.

TOMMY (O.S.)

Yo! There's no toilet paper up in this bitch?

Bowman stirs. SEES: Tommy waddle into the room, pants around his ankles. Tommy looks around, decides to use a PASSED OUT GUY'S shirt to wipe his ass. As he squats over the guy...

GUY

What the fuck, man?!

The guy scrambles, pushes Tommy away. Tommy looks around. And God help us all...

HE SEES THE DOG. A cute GOLDEN LAB named CUTIE. Tommy calls the dog over. He pets the dog. Holds him still as he straddles him. Before making his move, Tommy looks around.

No one is watching...

Except Bowman. And what he sees will haunt him for the rest of his life.

Tommy lowers his bare ass over the dog's neck and walks the dog through his legs, dragging a streak of fresh dookie across the poor puppy's back.

Off Bowman's scream WE RETURN TO:

INT. TOMMY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Rachel's face is twisted with disgust.

RACHEL

Ew.

J-Rock is stunned.

J-ROCK

Dude, that's just wrong. If he makes it outta that place, I'm gonna beat the snot out of him.

RACHEL
 Wait, I'm sorry, did we really
 just hand the guy from that story
 a million dollars?

INT. SPORTS BOOK - SEVEN WONDERS - SAME TIME

Tommy walks towards the betting counter, fidgety. He gets in line. It breezes along. Just as Tommy is about to step forward he sees...BREEN.

INT. TOMMY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

All eyes glued on the Seven Wonders. They see Tommy exit, walking towards them at a hasty clip. Danny notices Tommy flipping the chip through his fingers.

DANNY
 Oh, no! What the fuck is he doing?

RACHEL
 That idiot didn't make the bet.

Tommy gets into the car.

TOMMY
 Breen's in there.

DANNY
 Dude! The fight is a few minutes
 away!

TOMMY
 Sorry, man. I'm not going up
 against Breen.

He hands Danny the chip.

DANNY
 You can't do this. We had a deal.

TOMMY
 Past tense, motherfucker. Unless
 you can *deal* with Breen.

Silence. Until...

BOWMAN
 I got this.

When J-Rock sees Bowman reach for the door...

J-ROCK
 I'm going with you.

RACHEL

What are you doing? You guys can't go in there.

BOWMAN

We've got to. And we will. So we can. Because it's a must.

J-ROCK

'Sides, technically me and Bowman didn't do nothing wrong.

Bowman gets out. Tommy and J-Rock follow.

J-ROCK

Let's go, Douche-essence.

INT. SEVEN WONDERS CASINO - SPORTS BOOK - CONTINUOUS

Bowman boldly enters the sports book. J-Rock flanks him. Tommy hovers in the doorway.

Breen hasn't noticed them. He's talking to a group of his men. Two minutes till fight time. Bowman taps his feet impatient.

INT. TOMMY'S CAR - SAME TIME

Danny checks his watch, sweating bullets.

RACHEL

Don't worry, it's almost over.

DANNY

I don't think I like the way you said that.

She chuckles, trying break the tension. Unfortunately tension is headed right for their faces. Literally...

ANGLE ON:

J-ROCK AND BOWMAN exploding from the Seven Wonders, IN SLOW MOTION, followed by Breen and six of his MEN...

DANNY AND RACHEL watch in SLO MO horror as...

J-ROCK AND BOWMAN lead Breen's posse right toward them...

DANNY shakes his head, frantically waves, 'no!'

But those motherfuckers are still coming...in slow motion.

RACHEL is stunned at the stupidity hurtling towards them...slowly. She stuffs her plastic bag of cash under the seat.

NORMAL MOTION AS...

A CAR screeches up to J-Rock and Bowman. The door flies open. Craig the butler is behind the wheel. The boys dive in. Craig peels off leaving Breen in a cloud of dust.

Breen stands in the street, watches the car disappear on the horizon. He turns to his men.

BREEN

Find out who was driving that car.

Breen looks around...nothing. He shakes his head as he walks. Doesn't notice...

INT. TOMMY'S CAR - SAME TIME

Rachel and Danny laying on top of each other, ducked below the window line. Rachel squints, feels something between Danny's legs.

RACHEL

We're hiding from potential disaster and you're having nasty thoughts?

DANNY

I, uh, sorry.

RACHEL

Assuming we survive this day, I won't hold it against you.

DANNY

You think he's gone?

Then, the SOUND of TAPPING on the glass. Danny and Rachel look up to see Breen and his men surrounding the car.

BREEN

Out.

INT. SEVEN WONDERS HOTEL AND CASINO - MOMENTS LATER

EVERY MONITOR IN THE CASINO: shows the Chuck Musson fight. And within seconds, Chuck is getting the crap kicked out of him.

Breen and his men escort Danny and Rachel through the sports' book. Danny locks eyes with Douchebag Tommy. Tommy gives him a furtive thumbs up, '*I did it!*'

FIGHT COMMENTATOR (O.S.)

Oh, my God! This is going to be a bloodbath!

INT. SEVEN WONDERS CASINO - CONTINUOUS

Rachel has deep sadness pounding her in the heart. She can't even meet Danny's eyes.

FIGHT COMMENTATOR (O.S.)

Ladies and Gentlemen, if you have young children, you might want to get them out of the room. This is not a fight, this is a deep and thorough beating unlike any I've ever seen.

ON THE MONITOR: Chuck's opponent literally kicks Chuck in the face as hard as he can, with no obstruction. Chuck's mouthpiece flies, trailed by blood and...

FIGHT COMMENTATOR (O.S.)

Ooh! I think that's another tooth!

Breen yanks Danny away from the monitor.

INT. CRAIG'S CAR - SAME TIME

Bowman and J-Rock ride with Craig.

BOWMAN

Turn this shit around. We gotta see if they're okay!

CRAIG

Arright.

Craig swings the car making a hard right. The back door pops open and J-Rock falls out, slapping against the pavement. J-Rock stands. Limp back to the car. They drive off.

INT. PALATIAL OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Breen leads Danny and Rachel to their moment of reckoning. The four whale hunters await, faces stern.

MUSTACHE WHALE HUNTER

Mr. Fandihill. It seems like there's a bit of a discrepancy regarding your bill, to the tune of...

Bald Whale Hunter passes him a piece of paper.

MUSTACHE WHALE HUNTER

...four million three hundred seventy-eight dollars and fifty-two cents to be exact. Are you ready to settle up?

Before Danny can speak...

RACHEL

Look, it was my fault, okay? He had no idea--

PORTLY WHALE HUNTER

There's no explaining your way out of this, Rachel. In the end, you are just a Mazin, aren't you?

FIGHT COMMENTATOR (O.S.)

...this is wrong, Fred. They need to stop this fight. Chuck Musson has absorbed terrible punishment. At this point, he's not even fighting back.

Danny's eyes turn to...

THE TELEVISION: where Chuck Musson scrambles, tries to run away but his opponent rushes after him, leaps, and does a flying kick into Chuck's back sending him face first into the pillars that support the cage. Chuck collapses.

FIGHT COMMENTATOR (O.S.)

I think he's done. Thank God for that.

Mustache Whale Hunter rises, crosses to Danny, gets right in his face.

MUSTACHE WHALE HUNTER

Do you have any idea what we do to people who can't make good on their debts, Mr. Fandihill?

Breen grins as he slaps his nightstick into his palm.

DANNY

Mar?

MUSTACHE WHALE HUNTER

I trust you'll believe me when I say it goes far beyond a simple beating or breaking of a limb. When Sheriff Breen gets done with you, you're gonna wish your pappy's rubber never broke.

Fuck.

MUSTACHE WHALE HUNTER

He's all yours, Sheriff.

As Breen moves in...

FIGHT COMMENTATOR (O.S.)

Tom, one interesting thing about this massacre is that Chuck's opponent has dealt out so much punishment, he almost seems tired.

SECOND COMMENTATOR

Well this is the first time he's ever been in deep waters.

EXT. OCTAGON - SAME TIME

Chuck Musson--or what's left of him--peeks through his swollen eye to see his opponent panting. Chuck smiles.

INT. PALATIAL OFFICE - SAME TIME

The entire office hears AN OVERWHELMING CHEER, both on the television AND IN THE CASINO. All eyes turn to the television to see...

CHUCK MUSSON standing over the fallen body of his opponent. HE DID IT! CHUCK MUSSON WON THE MOTHERFUCKING FIGHT!

FIGHT COMMENTATOR (O.S.)

He did it! Sweet pleasing Jesus, he did it! In the most sensational comeback of all time, with a spectacular flying roundhouse kick, Chuck Musson has won the hearts and minds of a jaded nation, a true Cinderella story for the ages.

DANNY AND RACHEL

stand there, totally dumbfounded.

DANNY

Holy shit.

RACHEL

He did it. I can't believe it but he did it.

They embrace as a wave of relief washes over them.

SHERIFF BREEN

This changes nothing.

DANNY

This changes everything.

The door flies open and Craig, J-Rock, Bowman, and Douchebag Tommy storm in waving the winning bet stub.

J-ROCK

We did it, mayne!

BOWMAN

Danny, he won!

Danny turns to the Whale Hunters.

DANNY

We bet a million dollars on that punching bag. At twelve to one odds, that adds up to--

J-ROCK

It adds up to: suck it!

SKINNY WHALE HUNTER

Wait. You bet one million dollars you obtained under false pretenses.

Breen smiles wickedly.

SHERIFF BREEN

Like I said. This changes nothing.
(to his men)
Seize him. In fact, seize all of them.

As Breen's men move in.

CRAIG

Slow your roll there, cowboys.

The Mustache Whale Hunter holds up his hand, freezing Breen's men.

MUSTACHE WHALE HUNTER

After your sad history here, are you sure you want to interject yourself into this situation?

CRAIG

The way I see it, you have two choices. You can lock them up and explain to your investors and the insurance company--not to mention your *other* investors--how you allowed several million dollars of the casino's money to be extended to a complete nobody, or...

(lets it sit for a second)

You can take that ticket, let us go and call it even.

Beat.

TOMMY

Hold the fuck up here. Hold your fucks, way up high, right here right now. And I mean every fuck in the room. Hold them. Cuz every dime past what y'all owe is MY money. Mines! I can't vouch for any of you cancer polyps but I haven't done nothing wrong except win. So, again, hold those fucks right where they are, cuz I'm keeping what's mines.

Tommy looks around at the souring faces of the people who he could now almost call his friends. And for the first time in his life, he feels a twinge of empathy.

TOMMY

(sighing)
Ah, fuck it.

Tommy hands the ticket to Danny.

DANNY

(to the Whale
Hunters)
So how do you wanna play it?

The Whale Hunters look at each other.

MUSTACHE WHALE HUNTER

(to Rachel and Craig)
You two Mazins understand that if we agree to this, you are banned from ever stepping foot in this place again?

That lands hard on Rachel. Danny puts his cuffed hands on her shoulders. The Whale Hunters look at Craig.

CRAIG

It's gonna be hard for me to shed a tear about not getting to suck up to asshole billionaires, but I'll manage.

Mustache nods to Breen and he removes the handcuffs from Rachel and Danny.

ON THE TELEVISION: Chuck does his post fight ring-interview. His face is brutalized but the joy in his voice is infectious.

CHUCK

(now brain-damaged)
I juss knew it. Juss yessday I wass sssayin dat I earn thi'.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
 (leans into the
 camera)
 Ma! I DIM IT! I num, ma! I num!

He throws his hands up and smiles, revealing several missing teeth. Again the crowd cheers so loud that it is heard throughout the casino, even in this room.

Chuck cries. The crowd stands. And we...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SEVEN WONDERS - VALET STAND - DAY

J-Rock and Bowman load up Bowman's taxi as Danny says his good-byes to Rachel, Craig by her side.

DANNY
 Are you sure you don't want to come with us? Omaha's a great place to start over.

J-ROCK
 Omaha's a shithole. We should just stay here.

RACHEL
 (to Danny)
 Thanks but I've already got a few leads, so... I'm gonna be sticking to concierge this time, though. Never knew how much I loved that job until I started handling whales...
 (then)
 No offense.

DANNY
 None taken.

BOWMAN
 What about you, Craig?

CRAIG
 Rachel's gonna let me crash at her place till I figure out what's next. And I guarantee you it won't be anywhere near a casino.

INT. DOUCHEBAG TOMMY'S CAR - BACKSEAT - DAY

Douchebag Tommy is preparing to give sex to his whore when he spots a plastic bag on the floor. He picks up the bag, opens it to find...

ALL OF RACHEL'S CASH.

A huge smile crosses over his face.

TOMMY

Whееew! We gonna have us some
cocaína tonight!

EXT. SEVEN WONDERS - VALET STAND - SUNSET

Danny and Rachel gaze at one another, uncertain of what else to say. A melancholy smile from Danny when they part.

RACHEL

Don't look so blue. Four Seasons headquarters called me this morning. There's a good chance I'll be heading up their national concierge office which means I could pop up anywhere. Even Omaha.

DANNY

Really? Like when?

RACHEL

See you after I close this deal.

She kisses him long and deep.

ANGLE ON BOWMAN'S TAXI.

BOWMAN

Let's go, man.

J-ROCK

Yeah, we wanna beat all the rust hour traffic.

BOWMAN

(correcting him)
It's rush hour, not rust hour.

J-ROCK

How can you look at the color of that sky and say that to me?

Danny moves for the taxi and is intercepted by GUINTADO. They stand motionless, sizing each other up--or down, as the case may be.

DANNY

Guintado.

Guintado says nothing, just removes an envelope from his coat pocket and hands it to Danny.

DANNY

What's this?

Guintado moves to the taxi and hands similar envelopes to Bowman and J-Rock.

GUINTADO

As is our tradition, all side bets are tallied at the end of the trip. It seems some of you were very lucky. Good day, gentlemen.

And with that he walks off. Danny tears into his envelope. His eyes go wide when he sees the contents.

DANNY

Get the fuck outta here.

Bowman's eyes light up when he opens his envelope.

BOWMAN

Ten grand!

And last but not least, we come to J-Rock. He looks at his check but his face betrays nothing.

DANNY

Well?

BOWMAN

Yeah, how much did you get?

J-Rock just folds his envelope and stuffs it in his back pocket.

J-ROCK

All I gotta say is, this...
(motions to Bowman
and Danny and
himself)
...this dynamic is about to
motherfuckin' change!

Danny starts to climb into the back seat when J-Rock exits the front and stops him.

J-ROCK

Hold up. You got shotgun. The richest dude is the dude who rides in the back. And from now on, that dude is me.

As J-Rock and Danny swap places, WE CRANE UP revealing the road out of Las Vegas before them. And with one last...

J-ROCK (O.S.)

WhEEEEEEEEew!!!

...we...

FADE IT OUT.

OVER END CREDITS:

BOWMAN (V.O.)
Honeyyyy, I'm baaaaack!

FADE IT BACK IN:

INT. MARKET - DAY

Bowman stands defiantly in front of the egg display clutching a handful of papers. His ex-wife comes running from the back room. But before she can complain...

BOWMAN
And I brought divorce papers,
bitch!

He smashes the egg display and drops the signed papers in the gooey mess.

EXT. MCDONALD'S - REAR - DAY

Danny crawls from deep beneath the very hell hole he refused to enter in the beginning. He's covered in muck but looks very satisfied as he checks off his meter.

A MAN in a suit walks up.

MAN
Danny Fandihill?

DANNY
Uh, yeah.

MAN
Will you sign for this please?

He hands Danny a clipboard. Danny reluctantly signs. When he's done, the man hands him an envelope marked...

"SURVIVOR"

Danny's eyes go wide...WE DISSOLVE TO:

Danny's eyes wide with a similar expression except his face is bearded, dirty, emaciated.

A NEW ANGLE REVEALS: he's competing on the show "Survivor", running up...

A STEEP SAND DUNE. The other contestants drop off, exhausted, but Danny and one super buff ARYAN looking guy keep going.

BELOW Danny's teammates cheer.

PRETTY, DIRTY GIRL
Danny can do it! He works harder
than anyone on our team!

DANNY gasps. Actually, he's not gasping, he's heaving.
And vomiting. But still he runs, barfing and gagging and
pushing himself to the top of the dune.

The Aryan gives out just as Danny crests the top and
crosses the finish line. His teammates crowd around him.
Give him water which he barfs right back up.

J-ROCK (O.S.)
You see that! He did it!

PULL BACK TO REVEAL:

This has been taking place on a MASSIVE 180 INCH PLASMA
TV in J-Rock's living room. The room is almost empty save
piles of money, scantily-clad girls, and A.J. LEGGIT
smoking a big ass bong beside him on the couch. As he
passes the bong to J-Rock...

PULL BACK FURTHER TO FURTHER REVEAL:

A smiling Rachel sitting in Danny's lap, watching with
pride.

As J-Rock takes a massive bong hit and launches into the
second longest stoner cough of all time, we...

FADE IT OUT.