ROAD TO ATLANTIC CITY BY DANIEL DELGADO

WGAE#: 107979-00

A black screen. A voice talks over the darkness.

MARK (V.O.)

It's what you don't understand about life. It's the thing that all those people out there who throw money away at lotto and spend hours at the track don't get. Life and luck are random, yes. But, not as random as you think. Sure you may win something occasionally, but luck doesn't begin or end there. There is something more. Something greater and the riches are your reward if you know how to spot it.

The black screen fades and we have a close up of MARK, a man in his early thirties. He's wearing jeans, a white button down shirt and a light jacket.

MARK

And that, my friends, is The McGuffin Theory.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

A modern office building, twenty stories high with windows galore in the background.

Mark is talking to two men, CARL and HOWARD. Both are wearing nice suits and in their early thirties.

CARL

What is The McGuffin Theory? What are you talking about?

HOWARD

Yeah I don't get it. But that's some serious cheese you're laying out.

MARK

Well, let me explain. Have you ever had a day where everything went right?

HOWARD

I don't know. What do you mean?

You made every light on the way to work. Your morning cup of Joe was perfect. You accomplished everything you wanted to. Just everything seemed to work.

CARL

Yeah. I know what you mean. I've had that.

HOWARD

Yeah, what's the big deal? Everyone's had that.

MARK

Well the big deal is that most people just think, "oh that was a good day" and have a glass of milk and go to bed. Usually you tend to forget about the details of the day. What people don't realize is that there is something more to it.

HOWARD

Which is?

MARK

Which is The McGuffin Theory. It says that periodically, and these periods will be far and few between, you will have good luck...no great luck, for approximately 24 hours. So if on that day that you catch every light and finish every paper on your desk, if on that day you go to the track, and bet the long shot, I guarantee you that horse will come in.

EXT. A WINDOW WASHER PLATFORM - CONTINIOUS

ROGER, in his late 20s and dressed in a window washer's overalls is working two stories up. He stops and looks down seeing Mark talking to Howard and Carl.

ROGER (annoyed)

Dammit!

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - CONTINIOUS

CARL

And where did you come up with this?

HOWARD

Probably at the track. "Hey look two winners in a row".

CARL

Yeah. "Lady Luck is smiling at me".

MARK

Skeptics I see. But you have to understand. While it may be a just a quote-unquote theory, it has proven to be true a number of times.

CARL

And why is this called "The McGuffin Theory" anyway?

HOWARD

Shouldn't this be called "Gambler's Hope"?

CART

Maybe he should be calling "Gambler's Anonymous".

MARK

Ha. Ha. You see gentlemen The McGuffin Theory is named after Phineas J. McGuffin.

HOWARD

(rolling eyes)

Okay. I think I have to get back to work.

EXT. WINDOW WASHER PLATFORM - CONTINUOUS

Roger stands at the edge of the platform holding a squeegee in one hand and trying to get Mark's attention.

ROGER

Mark! Hey! Mark! Marrrrrk!

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Mark turns around, looks up and sees Roger waving at him. He ignores him and turns back to continue talking to Howard and Carl.

MARK

Back in 1947 Phineas J. McGuffin came up with this after winning a series of horse races, poker games, and a croquet match. All in 24 hours.

CARL

(getting interested again)

Is that right?

MARK

Yeah. In fact he noticed that this would happen every so often. So whenever he noticed things going his way he knew the clock was running. So he would he head to the track. Win a few races and head back home.

HOWARD

And what happened to this guy?

CARL

Oh lemme guess. He retired a millionaire right?

MARK

Actually he died penniless in a mental institution after gambling all his money away. He kept thinking that the smallest thing meant it was his 24 hour period.

HOWARD

Are you serious?

MARK

Yeah, his own theory kind of consumed him. He once spent a day at the track because he found a penny with his birth year on it. But this is not the point fellas! CARL

Hey, I think your partner is calling you over there.

Mark turns and sees Roger on the platform. He turns back to Carl and Howard.

MARK

Nah, he's just emptying out his diaphragm, you know. He's a singer and he likes to belt out some tunes while we work.

EXT. WINDOW WASHER PLATFORM - CONTINUOUS

Roger is still yelling and trying to get Mark's attention.

ROGER

Mark! Mark! I know you can hear me!

Roger leans way over the edge, swinging his squeegee and yelling the whole time.

ROGER

Get up here! We have work to do! Mark!

Roger LEANS over a little too far and the platform tilts. Roger loses his footing and FALLS down. With the platform tilted Roger SLIDES right down it and over the edge. He SWINGS his squeegee and hooks it onto the corner of the platform. However the rest of Roger is now hanging off the side of the platform.

ROGER

Mark! Help! Marrrrk! Heeeeeelp!

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

CARL

Then what is that point?

ROGER (O.S.)

Mark help me! Help me Mark!

The point is...

ROGER (O.S.)

Why won't you answer! Help me!

HOWARD

Uh, Mark, I think your buddy is calling you.

Howard points to Roger HANGING off the platform. Mark turns around, sees Roger, then turns back again.

MARK

Oh him? He's fine. He does that all the time. Part of the routine. So like I was saying...

ROGER (O.S.)

Oh for the love of God, won't someone help meeeeee! I don't want to die!

MARK

Okay gentlemen. I'm gonna have to take care of this I see. Excuse me.

EXT. WINDOW WASHER PLATFORM - CONTINUOUS

Roger is still hanging off the edge, about fifteen feet off the ground. Mark casually walks up beneath him.

MARK

Now what's the problem?

ROGER

What do you think the problem is? Help me!

MARK

You know, I'm in the middle of a conversation over there and here you are screaming like a little girl. A little consideration would be nice.

ROGER

Will you just get me down?

MARK

Okay, okay, let me think here.

ROGER

Hurry up!

MARK

Okay, just drop down. I'll break your fall.

ROGER

What?!?

MARK

Just do it. You aren't that high. I'll catch you. Don't worry.

Roger doesn't want to drop but his hands are tired and starting to slip.

ROGER

(Reluctantly)

Okay. I'm gonna count to three.

MARK

Fine.

ROGER

One!

Mark stands right under Roger with his arms extended.

ROGER

Two!

Mark is still standing ready.

ROGER

Two and a half!

MARK

Oh come on already.

ROGER

Two and three quarters!

Mark relaxes his arms and sees a Thunderbird with the top down being driven by LEILA, a late twenties blonde with green eyes and a killer smile, circle the parking lot. Her hair flows behind her as she drives.

ROGER

Three!

Mark is still watching the car as Roger lets go. He looks up just as Roger lands on his head. They both FALL to the ground.

ROGER

Did we make it?

MARK

(moaning)

Oh, get off of me!

Roger gets up and helps Mark up. Mark looks over and sees Howard and Carl laughing as they walk inside the building.

ROGER

Sorry about that. But you know, had you been helping me like you're supposed to that wouldn't have happened.

MARK

I'm sure you would have found a way to fall off that platform. That's the third time this month.

ROGER

No, no. You're not getting my point.

MR. KAPLAN (V.O.)

The point is that you better get back to work!

Walking up and interrupting Mark is MR. KAPLAN. Mr. Kaplan is in his fifties and is wearing a short sleeve button down shirt with a brown pants and a brown tie. He's obviously annoyed.

MR. KAPLAN

I'm not paying you to stand around.

MARK

I was just about to start...

MR. KAPLAN

Listen you. If you don't get to work you'll be finished!

Hey now, there is no need to be testy here.

MR. KAPLAN

Testy? Listen you lazy-ass; I hired you and the other guy to do a job. You should be finished but no. I see you here talking and wasting time.

MARK

(throws his hands in the air)

The slaves have been freed you know.

Freeze frame on Mark with his hands thrown in the air and a stupid look on his face.

ROGER (V.O.)

This is my older brother Mark. He has an aversion to working, and I know 'don't we all', but most of us don't take it to the levels he does. Oh, I'm Roger by the way. That's me there.

A circle appears around Roger standing behind Mark.

ROGER (V.O.)

Anyway, Mark's aversion to work has caused him to live his life based on that idiotic theory. Yeah, that's right. He actually lives his life around this theory.

A SERIES OF STILL PHOTOS

They show Mark at the track. His face is creased in excitement as he holds a racing form and a number of tickets in his hands. He gets increasingly upset in each one until the last picture where it's just him walking away while the tickets are still flying through the air.

ROGER (V.O.)

This is Mark at the track. He goes every single day. Not there all day mind you. Just there to see if it's his 24 hour time.

A second series of pictures pops up with Mark making the exact same face holding tickets and program.

ROGER (V.O.)

Sometimes Mark feels lucky and drives a few hours to watch jai alai. For those of you who don't know, jai alai is an old sport from Spain where use a weird hook-like basket to whip a ball against a wall. You bet on it like you would a horse or a greyhound. It's like a human racetrack.

The series concludes with Mark throwing his tickets and yelling at a player. The player makes a gesture with his cesta.

ROGER (V.O.)

The results are the same however. Mark gambles a little every single day. Even if it's just the lottery. Scratch-off only though. No lotto because...

INT. A CONVIENCE STORE - DAY

A tight close up of Mark.

MARK

You can't buy lotto because it's not instant. By the time they pull out those balls your time is probably over and done with. No, not me. I'm no fool.

A third series of pictures shows Mark buying lottery tickets at a convenience store. He throws them as well.

ROGER (V.O.)

Yeah he's no fool. But he does a lot of...venting.

The original freeze frame is shown with Mark and his hands in the air.

ROGER (V.O.)

Basically what I'm saying is that this is one serious gambler. You know the kind of person who uses the word 'simulcasting' on a daily basis. Oh we're both window washers by the way. But you probably figured that one out already.

The picture unfreezes and Mark brings his hands down.

MR. KAPLAN

Slaves? What? You think I'm riding you hard? Listen to me you lazy bastard...

ROGER

(interrupting)

Mr. Kaplan, I think what my brother is trying to tell you is that we were just taking a break.

MR. KAPLAN

What?

ROGER

We already did the first few floors and we were, you know, just taking five.

MR. KAPLAN

Oh is that right?

ROGER

Absolutely. Right, Mark?

MARK

Yeah that's right.

MR. KAPLAN

Well fine, but as far as I can see it, five was up a long time ago. So let's move it huh?

ROGER

My thoughts exactly.

MARK

Yeah.

Mr. Kaplan leaves. Roger turns to Mark.

ROGER

You idiot.

MARK

What?

ROGER

Why do you have go around pissing off everyone we work for?

MARK

Hey look your girlfriend's coming by.

Roger turns and sees Leila walking past. Roger just stares at as she passes.

MARK

Say something. Go on. Hurry up.

Mark shoves Roger forward towards Leila.

ROGER

(to Leila)

Um, hi Leila.

Leila stops walking.

LEILA

Oh, hi Rodney. How are you?

ROGER

Great. Great. Uh, that's Roger by the way.

LEILA

What?

ROGER

Roger. Name's Roger.

LEILA

Isn't that what I said?

ROGER

Uh no. You said Rodney.

Τ.F: Τ Τ.Δ

Oh my God. I'm so sorry.

MARK

(to himself)

I can't watch this.

ROGER

That's okay. So how are you?

LEILA

Good. Good.

There is an awkward silence between them.

LEILA

Well I have to get to work.

ROGER

Right. Don't wanna hold you up.

LEILA

See you later.

ROGER

Bye Leila.

LEILA

Bye Rodney. See you Mark.

Leila leaves. Roger turns to Mark.

ROGER

How come she gets your name right?

MARK

Honestly, I have no idea Rodney.

ROGER

Yeah well forget that anyway. Let's get back to work. And no more theory talk please. It makes you look stupid.

MARK

So?

ROGER

So? You are a reflection of me. Even worse, a reflection of the company! The company!

Freeze frame on Roger. His hands are waving frantically.

MARK (V.O.)

Hold it. Yeah right there. Look at this guy. This is supposed to be my brother Roger. I'm convinced there was a mix up at the hospital. You saw him in action with that blonde. I mean come on!

A picture of Roger at home. He is sitting on the couch in flannel shirt watching television.

MARK (V.O.)

This is Roger's favorite pastime. Would you like to know what he's watching? Odds are it's a Walton's marathon. How's that for excitement?

Another picture of Roger, now in the kitchen. He is pouring a glass of milk.

MARK (V.O.)

Look at this. No, that's not a white Russian. Hell it's not even a milkshake. He is actually drinking a big glass of milk. He does this everyday.

A tight close up of Roger.

ROGER

Milk is full of vitamins and calcium. Don't be foolish. Drink a glass a day like me when you get older your bones will thank you for it.

Another picture of Roger now he's reading a book.

MARK (V.O.)

Now look at this. Nothing wrong with doing some reading right? Yeah well not when it's the dictionary! And I mean he's actually reading it. Not just looking up a word. Go and ask him what euphonious means. He'll tell you. He told me.

Another picture of Roger standing proudly in his window washer uniform in front of his work van.

MARK (V.O.)

Look at this. Mr. "Hey I'm proud to wash windows." He started this little business. It's just him and me but he seems to the think that the whole world is aware of us. Look at the name on the van. "Pane in the Glass Window Washing." He thought of that himself and every so often he looks at it and laughs. How stupid. He makes Leave it to Beaver look edgy.

Back to the picture of Roger with hands flailing.

MARK (V.O.)

This guy just doesn't know how to have fun. Look at him. Hands everywhere. Nostrils flaring. What a mess.

The picture turns back to full motion.

ROGER

And you know the company suffers from a bad rep as it is!

MARK

Rep?

ROGER

Yes. Rep. A bad rep hurts us both you know.

MARK

Since when do you say things like 'rep'? Is that your slang word for the day, homeboy?

ROGER

No.

(pauses)

It was Tuesday's.

EXT. A WINDOW WASHER PLATFORM - DAY

Mark and Roger, now dressed in white window washing overall attire are working twenty stories up. Roger is still annoyed from earlier.

MARK

Hey Roger, hand that rag over there.

Roger picks up a rag from one end of the platform and slings it at Mark. The rag hits Mark in the face.

ROGER

Oops.

MARK

(very serious)

Hey. Look. I'm sorry. You have to understand a little. Listen I know we don't ever hang out like we used to. You know?

ROGER

Yeah I know.

MARK

All we do is argue and work.

ROGER

And argue.

MARK

How's this sound. I was planning on driving down to Orlando tonight. You should come.

ROGER

Yeah? You going to Disney?

MARK

No, I'm just checking out the nightlife you know. I mean it's Friday night, have a few drinks. Sound like fun?

ROGER

Yeah, actually it does.

(pauses)

Hey wait a minute. You're not going to a track there are you?

MARK

What? No. Hey look, I'm talking about doing some bonding here. No track. No horses. No dogs. Honest. Okay?

ROGER

(sounding excited)

Okay! Let's do it!

EXT. ORLANDO JAI ALAI - NIGHT

A shot of a big neon sign that reads 'Orlando Jai-Alai'.

INT. ORLANDO JAI ALAI - NIGHT

Mark and Roger are walking down to their seats that are located way in the back. Roger is glaring at Mark.

MARK

What?

ROGER

You said we weren't going to a track.

MARK

This isn't a track. It's jai alai!

ROGER

I can't believe you.

Mark and Roger sit down. Roger is still upset.

ROGER

You duped me into come here.

MARK

Duped?

ROGER

Yes. You were playing the 'bonding brother' card but you were just lying.

MARK

I was not. I said nothing that wasn't true.

ROGER

You said you were coming here for the nightlife.

MARK

What? It's night and this is life. This is very big in Spain you know. Will you relax? Look, I got you something.

ROGER

Really?

MARK

Yeah. Well you know.

Mark reaches into his pocket and pulls out a ticket.

Here you go. Hey. You never know!

ROGER

(reading the ticket)

Two dollars on Pizzateggui to show. To show? You must think I'm a real moron.

MARK

Hey, he's currently at 10-1. You could be holding some...

ROGER

I'm not holding anything. This is a wuss bet. You think I don't know that?

MARK

Well...no.

ROGER

Christ! That's it. I'm going to the bar.

Roger gets up and starts walking away.

MARK

(calling to Roger)

Hey! Can I have that ticket back then?

ROGER

(over his shoulder as he walks)

No!

Mark settles down in his chair. He pulls out about 10 tickets and stars flipping through them and checking his program. A young WOMAN sits down not far away. She is in her late twenties and attractive. Mark looks her over and notices she's alone.

MARK

(leaning over to the Woman)

Hi. How ya doin'?

WOMAN

(smiling)

Fine, thank you.

Mind if I ask you a question?

WOMAN

(unsure)

Umm, no. Go right ahead.

MARK

Have you ever heard of The McGuffin Theory?

WOMAN

Umm, no.

Mark gets up and walks over to her seat.

MARK

(talking as he walks over)

Well let me tell you. Not many have. It's an interesting belief about a man and a woman and games of chance. See...

As Mark is standing over her a huge, muscular MAN sits on the other side of her. He looks at Mark. Mark looks back.

MARK

(to the Woman)

...that the bathroom is over there?

(looks around)

Oh I think I see it! Thanks a bunch.

Mark walks away.

INT. THE JAI ALAI BAR - NIGHT

The jai alai bar is very small. Consisting of one little bar with six seats in front of it. Roger sits at the bar nursing a beer. Looking down he sees tickets on the floor. He picks one up and stares at it for a second. He looks over at the other end of the bar and SEES Leila sitting there alone.

ROGER

(to himself)

Whoa. You've got to be kidding me.

Roger gets up and walks his beer over to where Leila is sitting.

ROGER

Excuse me, is this seat taken?

LEILA

(looking up at Roger)

Oh. Hello. No, it's not taken.

Roger sits next to Leila.

ROGER

So what are you doing here? Don't you have to be at work tomorrow?

LEILA

My father lives in Orlando. So I drive down here and visit once in a while. And no, I don't work tomorrow.

ROGER

You don't?

LEILA

No. What about you? You a big jai-alai person?

ROGER

Ah, that would be a no. My brother Mark is though. So I kind of got suckered into coming here.

LEILA

Suckered huh?

ROGER

Yeah. He has a tendency to do that.

LEILA

Is he your older brother?

ROGER

Yep.

LEILA

Well they do that you know. Older siblings sucker you. It's like a part of the job I think.

ROGER

Oh yeah? You sound like you have an older sibling yourself.

LEILA

I am the older sibling.

ROGER

Ahhh.

LEILA

(smiling)

Ahhh.

INT. ORLANDO JAI ALAI - BETTING PARLOR - NIGHT

Mark looks over his tickets and plans his next bet. As he's looking at the board he sees that Pizzategui, the number four, has finished in third place.

MARK

Great. I'm a bust out and the stiff wins one.

Mark pulls out his wallet and walks up to a teller.

INT. ORLANDO JAI ALAI - THE BAR - NIGHT

Roger and Leila still sit and drink beers.

ROGER

So is your father some kind of jai alai guru or what?

LEILA

Hardly. But I don't think he takes it all that seriously. He just likes watching the game and watching the people.

ROGER

Yeah, when I'm here I kinda do that myself.

LEILA

Not much of a gambler?

ROGER

No, not really.

LEILA

But big brother is.

ROGER

You don't even know the half of it.

LEILA

Yeah but come on. It's not that bad.

ROGER

Well I don't know about that.

LEILA

Aww, really? Well I have to say you two...not that I know you all that well but you don't seem to have much in common.

ROGER

Tell me about it.

LEILA

So how is it you work together?

Roger looks serious as he answers.

ROGER

Well, the guy is my brother right? I don't know, I worry about him a lot. He's never kept a job for very long. I convinced him to work with me because I honestly felt that otherwise he was gonna end up homeless. So I put up with him.

LEILA

Aw, really? That's so sweet. And sad.

ROGER

Ah, not really. You know what would really be sad?

LEILA

No, what?

ROGER

For me to come up to a bar, strike up a conversation with a beautiful woman, and not buy her a drink.

LEILA (smiles)

Well we can't have that.

Roger laughs. Leila smiles. Something is clicking between the two of them. But before Roger can follow up Mark walks up the two of them.

MARK

Hey there you are! You're a winner.

ROGER

Hey Mark. Look who's here.

LEILA

Hi Mark.

MARK

Oh. A big winner I see. Hello Leila. Surprising to see you here.

(to Roger)

I'm a bust out all night but you, you lucky bastard. You hit on that ticket I gave you.

ROGER

Yeah? Well that's great.

LEILA

What did he win?

MARK

Your friend Roger here has taken in 12 hot dollars.

LEILA

(fake enthusiasm)

Ooh! And you said you weren't much of a gambler.

MARK

That's right. Now I hope you don't mind but I need to have a word with Roger here.

LEILA

Oh not at all. I understand. You high rollers need to talk.

ROGER

Why do I have a bad feeling about this?

Roger gets up and walks over with Mark to the other end of the bar.

MARK

Can I have that ticket?

ROGER

(laughs)

Are you serious?

MARK

Yeah, come on. I'm almost out of my spare betting money.

ROGER

You drag me down here and now I don't get to keep the winning ticket.

MARK

I know. Not fair in the least. Now give me the ticket.

ROGER

Okay. I don't really care.

Roger digs in his pocket.

ROGER

Hey look. Me and Leila got a good thing going there.

MARK

I see that. Don't think I'm not shocked.

ROGER

(handing Mark the ticket)

You mind taking a taxi to the hotel?

MARK

Are you serious?

ROGER

Yeah. I'm gonna see if Leila wants to go out.

Well then. Of course. All yours bro. Way to go. Just be careful with that car. It barely made it here, much less throwing in that kind of action.

ROGER

Oh don't get so excited. We're just going to go for a ride. Some drinks.

MARK

I can't believe she's here.

ROGER

Me neither! What luck huh?

MARK

Yeah tell me about it.

ROGER

Do me favor? I found this ticket. Find out if it's a winner. You never know.

MARK

(frowning at this lame idea)

Hmm yeah I guess so.

ROGER

It's got my lucky numbers on it.

Roger leaves walks back to Leila at the other end of the bar. Mark looks at the ticket and heads to betting parlor.

ROGER

Hey you wanna get out of here?

LEILA

Thought you'd never ask.

Leila gets up and she and Roger walk away.

INT. ORLANDO JAI ALAI - BETTING PARLOR - NIGHT

Mark is walking up looking at the ticket Roger gave him. It's a 3-5-4 perfecta winning ticket worth \$45.

Holy cow. Talk about luck. That's two for him. Hey wait a minute. The girl.

Mark starts processing this information in his head.

MARK

Oh my God!

Mark shoves the tickets in his pocket and takes off like a madman. He runs down the aisles darting in between all the tourists and gamblers.

MARK

Roger!

Mark runs to the exit. He busts through the doors and skids to a stop as he hits the parking lot. He looks around and sees the car. The taillights pop on.

INT. A HONDA ACCORD - NIGHT

The car is an old 1988 Accord. Beat to hell but still running. Roger and Leila are seated inside and the engine is running. Roger starts to back out and Leila is about to put on her seatbelt.

ROGER

Okay so where do you wanna go?

LEILA

Have you ever been to downtown Orlando?

ROGER

Nope.

LEILA

Me neither. Let's do it. But I can't be out all night. I have to be up early. I'm taking a flight with my dad.

ROGER

Great. Sounds like fun. Where are you going?

Rogers pulls forward two feet when he slams on the breaks. Mark is in front of the car with his hands extended.

Wait!

ROGER

(sticking his head out of the car)

Are you crazy?!

LEILA

Oh my God.

Mark runs around to Leila's side and sticks his head in the window.

MARK

Excuse me Leila.

LEILA

Um okay.

MARK

Just let me ask you a question. Okay?

ROGER

Okay you lunatic.

MARK

Did you know she was going to be here tonight?

ROGER

No.

MARK

Are you sure?

LEILA

What is he talking about?

ROGER

(to Leila)

Who knows? Now, you see what I mean.

(to Mark)

No. I didn't.

Mark takes his head out of the window and stands up straight.

MARK

(very calmly)

Okay. Okay then.

Mark opens the car door and grabs Leila by the hand and drags her out. She screams in protest but is easily dragged out. Mark then gets in the car and slams the door.

MARK

(to Leila)

Sorry about that. Roger will call you later.

(to Roger)

Roger. Go!

ROGER

What are you doing?

MARK

(yelling)

Go! Go! Go!

Roger takes off and the car flies out of sight leaving Leila standing there in stunned silence.

INT. THE HONDA ACCORD - NIGHT

Roger, looking pissed, is driving on a highway while Mark looks excited.

ROGER

Okay. We've been driving for ten minutes now. Tell me what's going on.

MARK

Okay. Okay. This is very important.

ROGER

This better be good.

MARK

Oh it is. It is.

ROGER

This better not be about gambling.

MARK

It's not.

ROGER

Okay.

(calming down)

What's up.

MARK

(very serious)

Roger, I think we are in your 24 hours.

ROGER

What? You said this wasn't about gambling!

MARK

It's not about gambling. It's about winning! Okay granted there is some gambling involved, but that's just a money delivery method when you think about it.

ROGER

Are you out of your mind? A money delivery method? I can't believe you. Leila is never going to talk to me again. Ever!

MARK

Relax. Calm down. We have a long drive ahead of us.

ROGER

Oh that's right. Where are we going?

MARK

Las Vegas!

ROGER

It'll take us more than 24 hours to get to Las Vegas.

MARK

Atlantic City!

ROGER

Great. Just great.

MARK

You gotta trust me on this.

Roger pulls off to the side of the road.

ROGER

Okay. I'll make you a deal. I'll do this. I'll drive to Atlantic City and make some bets because you think I've got a temporary Midas touch. Fine. Whatever. But once I do this, I don't want to hear about this. About theories. About any of this again. Ever. Okay? Is that a deal?

MARK

Come on...

ROGER

No. That's it. Either you agree or I'm going home.

Mark thinks for a minute.

MARK

Okay fine. You win.

ROGER

Good.

MARK

But come on then you gotta hurry! Pedal to the medal.

ROGER

All right, all right.

Roger pulls back on to the highway.

MARK

Oh man. This is good. This is it man.

ROGER

All right, settle down.

MARK

Why do you have to be a parent all the time? Get excited. This is your time you know. Just think you can pay the van off and the business will start making a profit.

ROGER

Hey look. I'm going. I'll do whatever you want when we get there. But really don't expect me to start believing this fantasy of yours.

Okay, then just do me a favor. Drive and turn the radio up.

Roger reaches and turns up the dial and an upbeat rock song starts playing.

MARK

Oh yeah!

Mark starts singing along. Roger shakes his and smiles as the two drive off into the night.

EXT. THE HONDA ACCORD POV - NIGHT

The car passes trees and a sign that says, "Welcome to Georgia."

EXT. A GAS STATION - NIGHT

Mark is leaning against the car while Roger fills it up.

ROGER

I have a question for you, Mr. Theory.

MARK

Shoot.

ROGER

If you are so convinced of this theory being bestowed on to me, then why are going to waste 14 hours of it on the road? Why don't we just hit an Indian casino in Florida? Or even go to Gulfport? It's much closer.

Mark drinks his soda slowly and takes his time to answer this.

MARK

Well, I'll tell ya. I've been waiting a good portion of my life for this you know.

ROGER

Yes, I know.

So if you are waiting this long for something this special, when it rolls around you don't want to rush things. You don't want to be in some rinky-dink place in Florida where they don't even have roulette. You don't want to be in some tiny town on a riverboat or whatever they have out there. No sir. I'll tell you where you want to be. You want to be where the big boys play.

ROGER

The high school gymnasium?

MARK

No smart-ass, you want to be in a place like Atlantic City. Real casinos. Real action. Where guys like Sinatra and Dean Martin and the mob used to go. I know it's a long way but trust me. In the end it'll be worth it.

ROGER

I get it. But we might have a problem here.

MARK

What's that?

ROGER

Mr. Kaplan isn't paying us until Monday. So right now our funds are really low for this entire weekend.

MARK

How low?

ROGER

Basically we have enough to get there. Maybe to get back.

MARK

Yeah but I've got that winning trifecta ticket.

Mark digs in his pocket for it.

MARK

(holding the ticket up)

See! Forty-five bucks!

ROGER

Great. Where you gonna cash it in?

MARK

Simple I'll just...oh wait.

ROGER

Yeah.

MARK

Damn.

ROGER

You want to go home?

MARK

Are you crazy? It's your time. We're going to fall into money soon I'm sure.

ROGER

Just checking.

As Mark and Roger still talk a man, THE MURPH, walks up. He's in his late forties, unshaven, in jeans, a gray T-shirt, and sporting sandals with socks. The right sock has a bloodstain on the big toe; subsequently he walks with a limp.

THE MURPH

Excuse me gentlemen.

ROGER

Uh yeah?

THE MURPH

Yeah, how ya doin'? I couldn't help but overhear your problem.

ROGER

Is that so?

THE MURPH

Yes, yes it is so. And if you don't mind me saying I think I may hold the solution to your problem.

ROGER

Oh really? Let's go Mark.

Hey now. Let's wait a second here. Let's hear the man out.

THE MURPH

Yes, hear the man out. Here is how this will work. You two provide me with a ride to a reasonable destination of my choice and I in turn provide you with a reasonable sum that you will find most satisfactory. Okay good, now I'll walk away for a minute to give you two some time to discuss this matter.

The Murph walks away to another gas island. Roger and Mark get close to discuss this.

ROGER

No way. No. Not this guy.

MARK

Come on. What's the big deal? Let's give the guy a ride. He seems harmless.

ROGER

The guy looks like he's been riding in a boxcar for about 20 years. And there is nothing harmless about that breath!

MARK

All we need is another \$20 or so. This is it. Don't you see? This is luck smiling on us. This guy is just money delivery system.

ROGER

What?

MARK

Yes! "Twenty Dollar bill for Roger Chapman. Sign here please." Come on Roger.

ROGER

(pauses and thinks for a minute)

Okay call him over. Let's go.

Mark waves The Murph back over and Roger gets back in the car. The Murph gets in the back seat and Mark in the

passenger seat. The Murph slides to the middle of the back seat.

THE MURPH

Thank you, gentlemen.

ROGER

Okay where we going?

THE MURPH

Do not worry. I shall direct you. Make a right out of here.

The car takes off.

ROGER

I'm Roger; this is Mark. What's your name by the way?

THE MURPH

I'm The Murph.

ROGER

The Murph?

MARK

Nice meeting ya.

ROGER

I don't think I've ever met someone with a "the" before.

THE MURPH

Yeah well you're in Georgia now. There are probably lots around here that you aren't familiar with.

ROGER

Uh-huh.

MARK

Hey Murph, what happened to your toe?

THE MURPH

That would be an ingrown toenail.

Mark stares at The Murph's bloody big toe.

MARK

Ingrown? What's it growing into? Your lungs? THE MURPH

Now you know why I require the assistance of a ride. I can no longer "hoof it", as they say.

The three still driving now approach a shopping center with a Wal-Mart.

THE MURPH

Pull in here.

ROGER

Here?

THE MURPH

Yeah, yeah! Hurry up.

Roger circles the lot looking for a parking spot.

THE MURPH

Hey. No need to do that. Don't park.

ROGER

Why not?

THE MURPH

Just pull up to the curb there. I'll only be a minute. I'd hate to delay your trip.

MARK

Come on, Rog. Pull up.

Roger stops in front of the Wal-Mart. Mark opens the door and The Murph comes out. He stands next to the car and pulls a flask out of his back pocket and takes a swig and then puts it back.

THE MURPH

I'll be back.

The Murph limps his way inside.

ROGER

I don't like this.

MARK

What?

ROGER

This guy.

Oh stop being silly.

ROGER

Whatever. He's probably robbing the jewelry department.

MARK

It's Wal-Mart, not Tiffany's. Relax. I'll tell you what; I'll go in and check on him. Okay?

ROGER

Okay good.

Mark enters the store. Roger sits in the car.

INT. WAL-MART - NIGHT

Mark walks around a few aisles of the huge department store looking for The Murph. He's taking his time and looking at things on the shelves.

EXT. WAL-MART PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Roger sits in the car. A SECURITY GUARD in a little red golf cart type vehicle pulls behind him. The security guard steps out, he is about 55, heavy set, and wearing a shirt that seems a bit too tight, sunglasses, and a big hat. He walks over to the driver side window and taps on it. Roger JUMPS and then rolls down the window.

ROGER

Yes?

SECURITY GUARD

Son, you can't park here.

ROGER

I'm just waiting for ...

SECURITY GUARD

(busting with attitude)

Hey look boy. I don't care. You can't park here.

ROGER

Okay but...

SECURITY GUARD (yelling)

Boy! Move!

Roger turns the car on and heads for a parking spot. The security guard, smiling to himself, gets back in his cart. Roger parks towards the end of a row with the car facing the store. He checks his watch and sees it's 1:00am. He closes his eyes and relaxes.

INT. WAL-MART - NIGHT

Mark is still walking the aisles.

THE MURPH (O.S.)

Hey, let's go! Hurry up.

Mark looks up and sees The Murph HURRYING toward him. He looks very serious and is very obviously wearing a new pair of jeans under his own. The tags are sticking out and the new jeans extend about four inches below his own.

THE MURPH

Come on. Let's go.

MARK

(horrified)

Oh my God. I don't know you.

Mark quickly heads for the exit, The Murph right behind him. A security guard sees them and starts to give CHASE.

EXT. WAL-MART - NIGHT

Mark BUSTS through the doors and stops. He looks around for Roger but doesn't see him.

MARK

Shit! Roger!

Mark starts RUNNING through the parking lot.

MARK

Roger!

The Murph comes out and looks around. He sees Mark running and yelling and starts following him.

THE MURPH

Where the hell is he?

MARK

I don't know you!

The security guard comes out of the Wal-Mart and signals to other security guard in the cart. The guard in the cart is at the far end of the lot but SPRINGS into action. Mark is still running and yelling.

INT. HONDA ACCORD - CONTINIOUS

Roger, half asleep sees someone running by the car. Looking again he's sees someone else run by, much slower. Then he sees a security guard. Suddenly, Mark sticks his face in the windshield yelling.

MARK

Start the car!

EXT. HONDA ACCORD - NIGHT

Roger jumps and starts the car. Mark jumps in. The guard in the cart is coming up on them. The Murph RUNS up and jumps in the passenger window, his legs sticking out. The cart stops behind them. The guard stands up in the cart, big flashlight in hand, and yells to them.

SECURITY GUARD

Okay punks! Get out of the car. I've got you covered here.

ROGER

Too late. What are we gonna do?

MARK

Are you serious? He's just got a flashlight.

Mark jams his foot down on the gas and the Accord spins backward. The guard sits back down as the Accord hits his cart knocking it over. The Accord then flies forward and out of the parking lot. Mark, Roger, and The Murph all look behind and see no one following them. All are quiet for a few seconds. All three starting bursting in laughter.

What the hell was that all about? And why is he wearing two pairs of pants?

MARK

Yeah, I'd like to know too. What the hell are you thinking?

THE MURPH

Hey now. Wait minute here fellows. I promised to pay you two for a ride, right?

MARK

Yeah.

ROGER

Right.

THE MURPH

Well I had to get the money somehow.

ROGER

So you stole a pair of \$22 Wal-Mart jeans? Are you crazy?

THE MURPH

Well now I apologize to you fellows for this. This is normally not so messy. However these things do happen. Now we'll have to cross state line before I can return them.

ROGER

State line?

THE MURPH

We're not that far away anyway.

MARK

Where do you need a ride to?

THE MURPH

Well since we'll be in South Carolina, Myrtle Beach is fine.

MARK

Okay great. It's not that far away anyway. Just a couple hours.

And how do you know Smokey back at the Wal-Mart there didn't call the cops? They're probably looking for us at every Wal-Mart.

MARK

Oh man, are you serious. He stole a pair of jeans; he didn't knock off a liquor store. Relax.

ROGER

Will you stop telling me to relax.

THE MURPH

If I may interject here gentlemen, perhaps Mark is right. Relaxing would do you a world of good. You seem rather tense for such a young man, Roger.

ROGER

Oh is that right? Is that right "The Murph"? What other pearls of wisdom do you have for me? Hmm let's see, proper foot hygiene perhaps? Maybe how to not steal pants. Do you know that proverb, preacher?

THE MURPH

Okay, I see that you are cranky so I am going to let it go.

ROGER

Damn right!

The car speeds down the highway.

EXT. THE HONDA ACCORD - NIGHT

The Accord passes a sign that reads "Welcome to South Carolina". The car then gets off at a Myrtle Beach exit. Finally the car reaches a Wal-Mart Supercenter off Kings Highway.

ROGER

We're here.

Mark and The Murph, who were sleeping, wake up.

THE MURPH

Very nice gentlemen. Oooh! Look, it's a Super Wal-Mart.

ROGER

Come on.

INT. SUPER WAL-MART - NIGHT

The Murph is "returning" the pair of jeans while Roger and Mark talk.

MARK

Come on though. This has been a fun trip.

ROGER

Yeah, well maybe. That guard was so pissed.

MARK

Yeah he was.

ROGER

That's okay, he was a dick to me.

MARK

Yeah?

ROGER

That's who made me park the car there.

MARK

Damn.

The Murph walks up.

THE MURPH

(handing money to Roger)

Here you go gentlemen. Twenty-two seventy-six. All square?

ROGER

Yeah, I guess so.

THE MURPH

Great! I'll be right back. I need to use the lavatory. Then we can be on our way again.

The Murph heads to the bathroom. Roger and Mark head outside.

MARK

Well at least we got some money out of this.

ROGER

Tell me about it. We'd better get something for this mess.

MARK

Oh be positive. Don't you see? This was your good luck.

ROGER

Oh come on.

MARK

I'm serious. What are the odds we would do that and it turn out okay?

ROGER

Well...

MARK

We had fun too. And we got the money we needed. And we all got away.

Roger turns to face the store.

ROGER

(pointing at the store)

I don't think all of us did.

Mark turns around and sees two policemen dragging The Murph, again wearing two pairs of pants, towards a squad car.

MARK

Oh man. They got The Murph.

ROGER

Didn't even get to say goodbye.

MARK

We better go.

ROGER

Yeah lets.

Mark and Roger hurry to their car.

INT. THE HONDA ACCORD - NIGHT

Mark is driving. Roger is trying to sleep next to him.

MARK

Before we leave Myrtle we should get some gas.

ROGER

Okay. I have pee anyway.

Mark pulls off to a gas station. He and Roger both get out of the car and enter the gas station.

INT. A LIMOSINE - NIGHT

In the back sits SWEENEY, a very senile, very old white man, and well dressed and carrying a cane.

SWEENEY

Now see here. You get me to the border this instant.

CHAUFFEUR

Mister Sweeney, I'm not taking you to any border. Just relax, we'll be home soon.

SWEENEY

Why are you stopping here? What have you done with my regular driver?

CHAUFFEUR

I am your regular driver. We're just getting some gas. Please try to relax sir.

The limo pulls into the gas station and stops next to Roger's car.

SWEENEY

When they hear what you've done to me you'll be hanged! Hanged!

CHAUFFEUR

Please, just relax. I will be right back. You just forgot your pills at the house today. That's all. It's going to be all right.

SWEENEY

Go to hell! You can tell that to the Kaiser too! You tell him Sweeney isn't 'fraid of the likes of him!

CHAUFFEUR

Okay.

The chauffeur exits the car and heads inside.

CHAUFFEUR

(to himself)

Senile old bastard.

INT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

Mark and Roger get some coffee and get in line.

ROGER

I don't care what you say. That had nothing to do with luck. In fact if anything it was bad luck.

MARK

You just don't get it do you?

The chauffeur is on line behind them.

MARK

We needed some cash. We got some cash. And really who did all the dirty work? Me? No. You? Nope. It was some other guy who did it.

ROGER

Let's go already. You drive.

Mark pays for the gas and he and Roger head outside to the car.

MARK

You don't believe it but you'll see. Once we get to Atlantic City.

ROGER

Well that's if we get to Atlantic City. Still we only have twenty bucks or so. I think we need some more cash. I'd like to sleep you know.

Sleep in the car. We have to hurry. The clock's ticking.

Mark and Roger get in the car. Mark starts it up and they take off.

INT. THE HONDA ACCORD - NIGHT

Mark is driving and Roger is asleep. Mark turns on the radio nothing comes in. After fiddling with the dial for a minute and getting nothing but static he turns it off. A few seconds later he starts singing 'Mack the Knife' to himself.

MARK

(singing and slowly getting into it)

Ya know when that shark bites with his teeth, babe Scarlet billows start to spread

Sweeney pops up from the backseat and watches Mark.

MARK (singing)

Fancy gloves, oh, wears old MacHeath, babe So there's never, never a trace of red. Now on the sidewalk, huh, huh, whoo sunny morning, un huh Lies a body just oozin' life, eek. And someone's sneakin' 'round the corner...

SWEENEY

(singing very loud)

Could that someone be Mack the Knife?

Mark jumps and looks back and see Sweeney.

MARK

Whoa! What the-?

The car starts to swerve and Mark tries to get control. Roger is jolted awake by Mark's yell and the car movement. He opens his eyes and sees the car SPEEDING out of control.

ROGER (yelling)

Ahhh!

SWEENEY

No need to yell.

Roger looks and sees Sweeney.

ROGER

Ahhh!

Mark finally gets the car back on track.

MARK

Okay. Okay. Everyone okay?

ROGER

Yes.

SWEENEY

Good show driver!

ROGER

Well no. Who the hell is this guy?

MARK

I don't know. Better let me handle this.

(to Sweeney)

Hey mister. Who the hell are you?

SWEENEY

Captain George Millard Sweeney at your service gentlemen.

ROGER

Okay great. Capt. Sweeney, why are you in our car?

SWEENEY

I need a ride to the border. I was being taken for a ride, you know. But I wasn't going to let that Jerry take me without a fight! So when his back was turned I made my break and landed in your motor vehicle.

ROGER

Jerry?

MARK

Maybe that chauffeur we saw in the gas station.

Oh yeah. Maybe.

SWEENEY

He thought he had old Sweeney beat. But I've been through this too many times you know.

MARK

Yeah, too many times is right.

ROGER

(sighing)

You know what this means right?

MARK

What?

ROGER

We have to go back.

MARK

What?

SWEENEY

Oh poppycock! You boys just keep driving and get me to the border. I'll send for reinforcements to get you boys later.

ROGER

What do you suggest? We can't keep him you know.

MARK

We don't have time to go back.

ROGER

Well we're going to have to make time. People are probably looking for this guy.

MARK

Look, there is only a 24-hour window here. And I don't even know when it started. We don't have time.

ROGER

Mark...

No, Roger. You listen. We had a deal. We make this trip and do this and I'll leave the McGuffin alone for good, right?

ROGER

Well yeah.

SWEENEY

Did you say McGuffin?

MARK

Yeah.

SWEENEY

As in Phineas J. McGuffin?

MARK

Oh my God. Yes.

SWEENEY

I knew Phineas J. McGuffin.

MARK

You did.

(to Roger)

See! Look at this. First hand accounts!

ROGER

Are you serious?

SWEENEY

Yes. As I recall he was fond of the games of chance.

MARK

That's right. He was.

SWEENEY

Yes, a big fellow as I remember.

MARK

See that! Did he ever tell you his theory?

SWEENEY

Theory? Hmm let me see. Was it the Big Band Theory?

I think you mean the Big Bang Theory.

SWEENEY

No, no the Big Band Theory. It's that some scotch and a Cab Calloway record could get you some whoopie!

Sweeney laughs loudly as though that joke was actually funny. Mark and Roger just look stone faced.

MARK

No, no, what about McGuffin.

SWEENEY

What about him? Oh yes I remember now. He was insane.

MARK

He was?

SWEENEY

Absolutely mad.

ROGER

See. First hand account.

SWEENEY

Gambled everything away I'm afraid. Had nothing at the end. A real pity.

ROGER

(to Mark)

Maybe this is a sign. Telling us to go back to Myrtle and bring this guy home, and for us to go back to Florida and get back to work.

MARK

Are you nuts? You think I'm listening to Commander McBragg back there? No way.

SWEENEY

That's right. You keep going. I'll give you boys fifty dollars once we get to the border. How's them sweet potatoes grab you?

Grabs me just fine sir. You sit back and enjoy the ride. We'll be there soon.

ROGER

What are you talking about? We aren't going to the border.

MARK

Yes we are! Now keep quiet I have an idea.

Mark looks out his window and smiles as he sees a billboard saying "South of the Border 35 miles".

MARK

Captain, you better take a nap. Get some rest while you can. I'll get us there.

SWEENEY

Good thinking! A rest is in order after escaping the Jerries.

Sweeney lays back and instantly falls asleep and snores loudly.

ROGER

What are you doing?

MARK

Roger, don't say a word.

Mark, looking determined, drives on.

EXT. SOUTH OF THE BORDER - NIGHT

Mark and Roger are sitting in the car at "South of the Border", a Mexican themed tourist attraction. There is a cantina, a golf course, several shops, a place to buy fireworks, a couple of Mexican restaurants, and a giant tower with a sombrero on top of it. There are also several large tacky plastic animals about. Sweeney is still asleep.

ROGER

You can't be serious with this place.

This is gonna work.

ROGER

I don't care if it works or not. It's wrong!

MARK

Don't you see? Don't you get it yet? You said we needed more cash. Well looky here. This guy is gonna give us fifty bucks.

ROGER

Yeah but...

MARK

But nothing!

(to Sweeney)

Captain! Wake up sir! We made it.

Sweeney slowly comes to life.

SWEENEY

We made it eh?

MARK

That's right sir. Mexico. South of the border.

SWEENEY

Bravo!

Sweeney looks outside the window and sees the Mexican décor. He looks at the giant Sombrero Tower.

SWEENEY

My word! Those Mexicans have certainly changed things since last time I've been here. Is Santa Ana still in charge?

MARK

Well we figured it would be best for you to be in a public place. This is a bit touristy so it'll be easy for you to blend in.

SWEENEY

Good thinking my boy.

Mark gets out of the car and holds the seat down for Sweeney to get out. Sweeney slowly steps out of the car. Mark is antsy to get back on the road.

SWEENEY

Oh good, a cantina. Time for a drink. Oh damn, I don't have any pesos!

MARK

Don't worry about that sir. This is a border town; they'll convert your money in there.

SWEENEY

Excellent then. I suppose all that is left is the settling of the financial arrangement.

MARK

That's right. If we could hurry this up, me and my colleague here have to get back to the states you know.

SWEENEY

Of course, of course.

(pulling out his wallet)

Now let's see here. Fifty dollars.

One, two, three, four, five...

Roger gets out of the car and starts wandering around.

MARK

Don't you have any bigger bills? Like a fifty?

SWEENEY

No! Don't believe in big bills. Now you've made me lose count. One, two, three, four...

Mark agonizes as Sweeney keeps droning on.

SWEENEY

Twenty-two, twenty-three...

Roger walks back to the car wearing a huge sombrero and gets back in.

Here let me help.

Mark yanks the money out of Sweeney's hands and starts counting quickly and silently.

MARK

Forty-eight, forty-nine, and fifty. There we go. Okay?

Mark hands the extra bills back to Sweeney.

SWEENEY

That was quick my boy.

(putting the bills back in the wallet)

Oh look. I did have a fifty.

Mark looks at Sweeney and rolls his eyes then gets in the car and takes off. Sweeney watches the car leave then heads inside the cantina.

INT. SOUTH OF THE BORDER CANTINA - DAY.

Sweeney opens the door and walks inside. He sees a BARTENDER, a young white blonde surfer type, and approaches him.

SWEENEY

Hola amigo! Cerveza por favor.

BARTENDER

Dude, it's like 6am. I'm gonna guess it's not good for a dude like you to be having a beer this early.

SWEENEY

It is, is it? Well then how about a screwdriver?

INT. THE HONDA ACCORD - DAY

Mark and Roger drive on. It's early morning and the sun is coming up. It's becoming very foggy out and hard to see.

ROGER

You're going to hell you know that.

It's very hard to take you seriously in that hat.

ROGER

You're just jealous.

MARK

And you're avoiding the fact that we now have an additional fifty dollars.

ROGER

Yeah whoopee. Your soul for fifty bucks. I know we needed the money and all, but I'm sure there was a better way than conning an old man.

(looking at the fog)

Can you even see out there? It's like pea soup.

MARK

Never mind that, I see fine. This fog can't impair me now. In fact I'm seeing clearer than ever. This little ride is further proving my theory. You starting to see a pattern here?

ROGER

If you mean regarding your lunacy, then yes.

MARK

You can play dumb all you want. You know the truth.

ROGER

Karma's gonna get you. You know that? For what you did to that old guy. Yep, you got a whole heapin' helpin' of karma on your way.

MARK

Geez Roger! Enough already! You know what I say? Karma shmarma!

The Honda suddenly CRASHES. Mark and Roger are YANKED forward but are held in by their seatbelts. Everything is quiet for a minute. From where the guys sit, they can't really see what they hit.

You okay Rog?

ROGER

Yeah I think so.

MARK

Whew. That was intense.

Mark and Roger get out of the car. They see that Mark has run into a streetlight. The front end of the car is smashed in. Steam is rising out of the engine.

ROGER

Karma shmarma huh?

MARK

Oh shut up.

EXT. SIDE OF THE ROAD - DAY

About 30 minutes has passed and Mark and Roger are now joined by BOB, a typically scruffy tow truck driver.

ROGER

My car. I can't believe this. Talk about luck.

Bob walks up after finishing putting the Honda on his truck.

BOB

You know you two are lucky.

ROGER

What?

MARK

We are?

BOB

Yep.

MARK

How's that?

BOB

(pointing to back of the car)

See over here? You guys musta hit something recently. The muffler's

bashed so bad that your car was filling with carbon monoxide.

ROGER

Really?

BOB

Yep. I don't know how you lasted so long. You guys drove it another couple hours right?

ROGER

Yeah.

BOB

Well if you hadn't crashed you'd might be dead. This may be hard to believe but you're both very lucky.

MARK

Lucky, eh?

ROGER

Oh stop.

MARK

You know it's true.

ROGER

(to Bob)

What do you think? Any chance of saving the car?

BOB

Well...maybe as a planter.

Bob starts to get into his truck.

BOB

Tell you what, I'll give you fifty bucks for it.

MARK

Sold!

ROGER

Wait a minute.

MARK

What wait a minute? The car is toast. The nice man told you that and now he wants to give you fifty for it.

If it's totaled why do you want it?

MARK

Maybe he has a lot of plants.

BOB

Just for some spare parts. Tires. That's all.

ROGER

Well all right.

BOB

Good it's a deal then. You guys need a lift into town?

EXT. A GAS STATION - DAY

Bob's tow truck pulls up. Mark and Roger get out.

BOB

All right. You guys gonna be okay?

ROGER

Probably not.

BOB

All righty then!

Bob drives off leaving Mark and Roger on the side of the road near a gas station.

ROGER

Now what?

MARK

Well, we do have some money.

ROGER

Yeah.

MARK

Let's find a train station.

ROGER

Yes let's. So we can go home.

MARK

Aw come on. Don't start that.

Don't start...? Are you kidding?

MARK

You made a promise.

ROGER

Yeah I did, but this wasn't part of the deal.

MARK

What wasn't?

ROGER

Well, let's review the events of the past few hours. You start out by conning me to going to a jai alai game. Then you throw a woman I've been chasing out of my car. You make me go on this ridiculous trip! You make me take that weirdo with the foot fungus out so he can shoplift. You con and then abandon a senile old man. And now, you've totaled my car and I'm stuck in the middle of nowhere! That's it! I've had it! I'm going back home!

MARK

Roger.

ROGER

No!

MARK

Roger.

ROGER

No! I don't want to hear it!

MARK

(very serious)

Roger, I know you're upset.

ROGER

Figure that out, did you?

MARK

But listen.

ROGER

What?!

Remember when you were in the second grade?

ROGER

What does that have to do with anything?

MARK

Just bare with me. And you hadn't done your math homework and it was 10 minutes before class and you were freaking out about it. Who helped you out?

ROGER

You did.

MARK

That's right! Big brother Mark did your kiddie homework for you.

ROGER

Big deal! You got half of them wrong!

MARK

You're missing the point.

ROGER

What is your point?

MARK

The point is that you told me that you owed me one. Didn't you.

ROGER

Oh my God. Yes I did.

MARK

And I never cashed in on that now did I?

ROGER

No, you didn't.

MARK

So come on Roger. Let's do this. For me. For big brother.

ROGER

Oh man. Fine. We'll do this. Just no more tales from 20 years ago.

Yes! Now let's find a train station. Keep that luck rolling.

ROGER

Better yet, there's a cab.

MARK

See! More good luck.

Mark and Roger head toward a cab that's filling up. The cab driver, MAGGIE, is a middle aged woman who looks like she belongs at the end of a bar. Mark approaches her.

ROGER

Hello there. You look like you're in need of some customers, and we're in need of a ride. So if you don't...

MAGGIE

Quit yammering and move on. I'm off duty.

MARK

(to Roger)

Smooth. Let me handle this.

(to Maggie)

Excuse me Miss.

MAGGIE

Yeah?

MARK

I understand you're off duty but if you could squeeze me and my brother in, there's an extra twenty in it.

MAGGIE

I don't know.

MARK

Come on, twenty bucks, just to take us to the nearest train station. That's on top of the cab fare.

MAGGIE

All right you convinced me.

MARK

(to Roger)

See you just have to know people.

ROGER

Know nothing. You bribed her.

MARK

Know. Bribe. What's the difference?

Mark, Roger and Maggie get in the car. Maggie starts it up.

MAGGIE

Okay boys, no more sweet-talk. Momma's in a hurry. Maury's on in 15 minutes.

Maggie takes off and the cab moves ridiculously fast. Roger and Mark slide around the seat as Maggie turns corners.

MARK

Good thing we haven't eaten.

Maggie flies the car down the road and skids to a stop at the train station. Mark slides into the door and Roger slides into Mark. They both get up and out. Mark starts to pay Maggie.

MAGGIE

(taking the money)

Thanks.

MARK

Don't mention it.

MAGGIE

I won't.

Maggie speeds off like a bat out of hell. Mark and Roger head inside.

INT. TRAIN STATION - DAY

Mark and Roger are at the front of the line. They are talking to a TELLER, a young woman in her twenties.

MARK

We need two tickets to Atlantic City, poste haste!

TELLER

Excuse me?

ROGER

Two tickets to Atlantic City.

TELLER

Sure, just a minute. One way?

ROGER

Yes.

TELLER

Any luggage?

ROGER

Just him.

TELLER

Okay let's see. That will be \$325, the train leaves at 11am, arrives in Philadelphia at 9:30pm. And arrival in Atlantic City is at 7:00am tomorrow morning. Would you like to purchase this ticket?

MARK

That's the best you have?

TELLER

(checking her computer)

Yes.

MARK

Let me see that.

Mark grabs the monitor and tries to turn it.

TELLER

Sir! Please let go of the monitor.

MARK

Those times suck! And how much for that? Three bills so you can take a slightly longer trip than if you drove? That's like over twenty hours. I can walk there faster!

ROGER

Calm down.

It's a rip off!

ROGER

Easy now. Easy!

MARK

Rip off!

TELLER

Sir, please calm down. Or I will call security.

MARK

What? You're gonna call who? Go ahead. Call security. We can tell 'em how you're robbing people!

The Teller picks up the phone and dials.

ROGER

Come on. Relax. Let's just go.

Mark turns and faces the people behind him.

MARK

You hear that? She's calling security. She's the one ripping us off!

(pauses)

Oooh!

A security GUARD, a six foot four 235lbs man walks up to Mark.

GUARD

Excuse me. I think you need to either calm down or leave.

MARK

Oh really? You gonna make me?

GUARD

That is correct.

EXT. THE TRAIN STATION - DAY

The front doors open and the Guard shoves Mark out and onto the ground.

MARK

You big bastard!

GUARD

Now you calm down and think about what you did.

Roger walks out.

ROGER

(to the Guard)

Hey nice talking to you, Dave.

GUARD

Nice meeting you Roger. You should come by sometime. We're always playing some hockey on the weekends. You should drive on up.

ROGER

I just might do that. See you later.

The guard goes back inside. Mark, still on the ground glares at Roger.

MARK

Traitor.

ROGER

Oh please.

Mark gets up.

MARK

Any ideas?

ROGER

We go home.

MARK

Why don't we rent a car?

ROGER

I don't have the cash or the credit for that.

MARK

Okay here's the plan. You follow me.

Mark gets up starts walking around back of the station. Roger follows.

ROGER

What are you doing?

It's just temporary. Until I can think of something better.

Mark starts walking along the tracks. Roger hesitantly follows.

ROGER

This is silly. You know, maybe I can rent a car. We do have some money after that tow truck guy bought the car.

MARK

That's another cab ride and more time killed. We're starting to run out.

ROGER

Yeah but we don't want to do anything rash.

MARK

Yeah, I can't even hear you right now.

A train starts to pull out of the station. Mark watches it slowly gain speed.

MARK

Okay, now we gotta time this right.

ROGER

Have you done this before?

The train gets closer.

MARK

Nope.

ROGER

Maybe we should...

MARK

Shut up.

Mark starts jogging. Roger follows suit.

MARK

Almost there.

Mark starts running faster as the train starts to pass him.

Ah screw it.

Roger speeds up. The train cars start passing Mark and Roger. Mark eyes up the last car. As it passes he breaks into a full sprint grabbing the rail of the stairs and hops on. Mark turns around holds his hand out for Roger. Roger, running as fast as he can grabs hold and is yanked on the small platform. Both are out of breath.

EXT. THE TRAIN - DAY

An hour has passed and Mark and Roger are still just standing on the rear platform of the train.

ROGER

What are we gonna do now?

MARK

We'll just hang out here for now.

ROGER

Where is this train headed anyway?

MARK

Hopefully north.

ROGER

Hopefully?

MARK

Yeah. I have no idea. I'm not worried about it. Your luck will lead us down the path to...

ROGER

Okay we are definitely headed north.

MARK

How do you know?

ROGER

(pointing)

Look at the sign.

Mark looks ahead sees a sign reading "Welcome to Virginia".

MARK

Well, all right.

All right.

LATER

ROGER

You don't think we're gonna get caught out here?

MARK

Are you kidding? No one ever comes out here. This car is full of luggage and stuff.

ROGER

How do you know that?

MARK

Don't you remember the end of *Mission: Impossible*?

ROGER

That's what you're basing it on?

MARK

Yeah, why not?

ROGER

Oh man. We're gonna get caught.

MARK

We are not going to get caught.

The door behind the two opens and a CONDUCTOR steps out.

ROGER

We're getting caught.

CONDUCTOR

What are you two doing back here?

MARK

Oh, just enjoying the air. A bit stuffy inside.

Roger nods in agreement.

ROGER

Yes, stuffy.

CONDUCTOR

I see. May I see your ticket please.

MARK

Tickets yeah...well you see it's a funny thing but...

EXT. THE TRAIN TRACKS - DAY

Mark and Roger standing on the tracks watching the train pull away. The conductor is standing on the platform watching them as the train pulls away.

CONDUCTOR

Bums! Get a job!

ROGER

Great, now the conductor is ripping us.

MARK

Don't sweat it. I see salvation right now.

Mark points and on a road running parallel to the track is a pick up truck, also heading north, stopped at a stoplight. The truck is old and battered looking, has a high fence around the back, which is full of chickens. An OLD MAN in overalls and a T-shirt is driving.

MARK

Let's do this.

Mark starts RUNNING. Roger starts running behind him. The truck is still sitting at the light. No other cars are around. The light turns green and the truck slowly pulls across the intersection. Mark is sprinting as fast as he can and reaches the truck just after it crosses the intersection. He grabs the back of the truck and pulls himself up and into the back. Roger puffs behind him. Mark reaches out his hand.

MARK

Come on! Almost there!

Roger GRABS his hand and Mark pulls him into the back of the truck.

MARK

We made it! What luck!

Roger looks at all the chickens. They all are clucking and flapping their wings.

ROGER

Oh man, what a smell.

MARK

Forget that, this truck is gaining some speed. Look, we're even gonna pass the train and that jerk conductor.

INT. TRAIN - DAY

The conductor is walking through a passenger car. Looking out the window he sees the pickup truck full of chickens. The truck passes with Mark standing up in the back of the truck, waving his middle finger at him and Roger waving hello. The conductor gets pissed and starts to display his own middle finger when other passengers notice.

INT. THE TRUCK - DAY

Mark and Roger laugh. Both carefully find a place to sit down.

MARK

You know you have to admit one thing.

ROGER

I do?

MARK

(smiling)

Yes you pain in the ass. You have to admit this has been one fun trip.

ROGER

Yeah I guess your right. It's kinda like *Midnight Run* without the gangsters.

MARK

So look at it this way. You get to be all crazy with your older brother.

And it's good to know that you really are as crazy I think you are.

MARK

So tell me something. What are you going to do with the money when we break the bank up there?

ROGER

(thinking)

Oh I don't know. Have you ever been to window101.com?

MARK

Are you serious?

ROGER

I know. Look who I'm asking. Well anyway they have a powerwand there that's really nice. Extends 24 feet. How sweet would that be?

MARK

Sounds good.

ROGER

And then, I'd hire someone to use it.

Mark laughs.

MARK

Now you're talking. So you'd keep the business then?

ROGER

Yeah. It's mine you know. I mean, I know it's only been around for what now, six months? But still I want this to work.

MARK

Well that's cool then.

ROGER

What about you? What are you gonna do?

MARK

I'd love to get me a convertible and drive across country. Top down, wind

in my hair, radio blasting. See the West.

ROGER

Hey, that's actually really nice. I thought you'd just head out to Vegas or something.

MARK

Vegas? Well, maybe just to see it, but no. After this my days of gambling are done.

ROGER

(pauses)

But you know Mark, you're right. This has been a lot of fun. We're getting to hang out together somewhere other than a window platform or a track. Maybe this is what the 24 hours of luck is supposed to be.

MARK

What do you mean?

ROGER

I mean that maybe the 24 hours has nothing to do with betting or money but rather to do with us getting along and spending time together.

MARK

Wow, you really think so?

ROGER

Yeah, I do.

MARK

Man.

(thinks)

That's the lamest thing I've ever heard. Are you my brother or my sister? I just want to make sure.

ROGER

Asshole.

MARK

You wanna hug or what?

INT. THE TRUCK - DAY

Mark and Roger are asleep when the truck JOLTS to a stop. Both sit up quickly. They are in the parking lot of a convenience store. The old man gets out and heads inside.

ROGER

What's going on?

MARK

I don't know. But I think this is where we get off. We don't need farmer Brown finding us back here.

ROGER

Fine with me. I've enough of these chickens.

Mark and Roger hop out of the truck. The old man returns outside.

MARK

(to old man)

Hey mac, where are we?

OLD MAN

Just outside of Washington.

ROGER

Well we're getting closer.

Mark and Roger start walking down a street. Mark checks his watch. It's 2pm.

MARK

But we're running out of time.

ROGER

Well we're only about three or four hours away.

EXT. A CITY STREET - DAY

Mark and Roger are still walking. Mark checks his watch. It's now 3:15pm.

This sucks!

ROGER

I know.

MARK

We've been walking for over an hour.

ROGER

I know.

MARK

That's it, we're getting some transportation.

ROGER

I'm all for that.

Mark looks around. He sees an apartment building across the street.

MARK

I'll be right back.

ROGER

Where are you going?

MARK

Just stay right here. And be ready.

Mark runs across the street.

ROGER

Great.

Mark WALKS up to the apartment building and disappears around the corner. The building is run down and is not in the best of neighborhoods. He spots a BMX bike. The bike is a little small and not locked. Mark looks around and doesn't see anyone. He walks up to the bike and sits on it. He POPS up the kickstand.

KID (0.S.)

Hey! What are you doing with my bike?

Mark looks up and sees an eleven-year-old kid walking toward him from about 10 yards away.

MARK

(to himself)

Shit.

(to the kid)

Bike inspector kid. I'm afraid this thing isn't licensed. I'm gonna have to take it in.

KID

Bike inspector?

Mark pulls out his wallet and FLASHES his ID like a badge quickly.

MARK

That's right. Now step back please. I need to transport this vehicle downtown. This is official business.

KID

(now right next to Mark)

Man, that's official bullshit. Get off my bike!

The kid GRABS the bike's handlebars.

MARK

Hey let go.

KID

Get off, asshole!

MARK

Oh, nice. You kiss your mother with that mouth?

KID

No, I kiss yours.

MARK

Ha, ha. Very funny. You wanna see something else funny?

Mark PUSHES the kid down. The kid falls easily.

MARK

See, now that's funny. Potty mouth.

Mark hops on and pedals away. The kid gets back up quickly and gives chase.

KID

(shouting)

Thief! Help!

(peddling away)

Shut the hell up.

Other kids start popping up. Some on bikes, some on foot, all start to give chase.

KID

(to the other kids)

That dude stole my bike!

MARK

(to himself)

Shit.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Roger stands on the far sidewalk from the apartment building. All is quiet and he's just looking around. Mark appears on a bike, coming fast, from the opposite side of the apartment building. Roger watches and sees Mark RIDING as fast as he can. A few seconds later a group of kids appear behind Mark, running, biking, and yelling after Mark.

ROGER

What the hell?

Mark pulls up to Roger.

MARK

Get on!

ROGER

This is your plan? Steal a kid's bike?

MARK

You wanna debate this now?

Roger looks at the mob of kids. The kids are about 100 yards away.

ROGER

No.

Roger gets on the handlebars and Mark takes off.

Damn you're heavy.

ROGER

This is my fault? Next time steal a tandem bike!

Mark PEDALS and the mob behind him grows and slowly gets closer. More and more kids join in.

ROGER

I hate the handlebars!

MARK

Don't be a baby.

ROGER

Yeah? Then switch me.

MARK

Hell no. I hate the handlebars.

Mark TURNS down a side street. Halfway down, the street has a sharp decline that leads to an intersection.

ROGER

Hurry up, they're gaining.

Mark reaches the halfway point and sees the road pretty much drop out in front of him.

MARK

Whoa!

Mark hits the breaks and PULLS back on the bike, anything to avoid going down the hill. He takes his feet and skids them on the road until they slowly come to a stop.

MARK

Whew! Oh thank God.

Mark and Roger both LOOK behind them and see the mob of kids just turning on the to street.

MARK

Damn, these kids. They won't give up.

The bike coasts forward slowly as he watches. It's now starting to go down the hill.

Uh, Mark?

MARK

(still watching)

Yeah?

ROGER

What are you doing?

The bike is picking up speed.

MARK

What do you mean?

Mark looks forward just as the bike starts ZOOMING down the hill.

MARK

Whoa!

ROGER

Breaks! Breaks!

The kids reach the top of the hill and see Mark and Roger ROCKETING down.

MARK

I'm trying!

The kid who owns the bike looks on.

KID

Man, look at that. That bike don't have no breaks.

Mark and Roger yell as they fly down the hill toward and intersection.

MARK AND ROGER

Ahhhhhhhh!

The bike HITS a rock in the road just as it reaches the intersection. Mark and Roger are THROWN from the bike as it wipes out. It skids into the intersection and gets DEMOLISHED by charter bus passing by. Mark and Roger MOAN as they get back up. On top of the hill it looks as though the bus hit Mark and Roger. The kids 'ooh' as they WATCH from the top of the hill.

KID

There goes my bike. Damn!

The kids forget about it and turn back. Mark on the other hand is just starting to get back up. He STUMBLES over to Roger.

MARK

Are you okay?

ROGER

(still on the floor)

No.

MARK

What's wrong?

ROGER

My brother's an idiot.

The two start to walk down the street. The bus has stopped and the DRIVER is getting out. Mark and Roger walk past the bus.

ROGER

(upset)

I've had it! This trip has been a disaster! One nightmare after another. I lost my car, we're almost out of money, and I almost got killed by a bus!

MARK

Roger...

ROGER

Don't Roger me! I don't wanna hear about luck or McGuffin or some stupid theory! I want to go home! You understand that you lunatic?

MARK

Roger...

ROGER

No more of this nonsense. It stops now! You hear me? I have had it!

MARK

Roger!

ROGER

What?

Look.

Mark points back at the bus. At the top of the windshield there is a sign that reads "Atlantic City". The driver walks up to them.

DRIVER

Are you two okay?

ROGER

Yeah, we're fine.

DRIVER

I'm so sorry about that. I didn't see you and you just seemed to come out of no where. And your bike. Oh man. Is there anything I can do?

Mark looks at Roger and smiles.

ROGER

It's coincidence. That's all.

MARK

Maybe. But a damn good one!

INT. THE CHARTER BUS - DAY

Mark and Roger sit next to each other. The bus is mostly crowded.

ROGER

Why didn't we do this in before?

MARK

Eh, we're idiots.

ROGER

Yeah but we're lovable.

MARK

I'm lovable. You're just kind of a dork.

ROGER

How can you be lovable? You're a degenerate gambler who steals from children.

Yeah but I've got character. Like a lovable scamp.

ROGER

Scamp? What are you Charlie Chaplin?

MARK

That's tramp, not scamp. Okay, how bout scoundrel?

ROGER

All I know is we're on our way to AC. We should be there in a few hours.

MARK

That's the spirit.

Mark and Roger are quiet for a minute.

ROGER

Maybe we should take this time to bond.

MARK

Okay, I'm taking a nap.

ROGER

Aw come on!

Mark rolls over and closes his eyes.

ROGER

Now who's no fun!

INT. THE CHARTER BUS - NIGHT

Roger is awake. Mark is a sleep. Roger shoves Mark until he wakes up.

MARK

What is it?

ROGER

Look.

MARK

Is that Atlantic City?

Roger looks out the window and sees a little old man with a thick white handlebar mustache wearing a tuxedo and a top hat driving a vintage style car.

ROGER

Gotta be. I just saw the Monopoly guy.

Mark looks out the window sees the lights of Atlantic City in the distance. He also sees billboards lining the road, advertising acts as diverse as Tom Jones and Sherman Helmsley.

MARK

Holy shit. George Jefferson is here.

EXT. CHARTER STATION - NIGHT

The bus pulls into the station. The passengers get out. Mark and Roger are the last ones off.

MARK

Okay it's 8:30. We have to hurry. You're almost out of time.

ROGER

Let's go.

Mark and Roger run into the street and hail a cab. One stops and they get in.

MARK

(to the CAB DRIVER)

Get me to the Trump casino.

CAB DRIVER

Would that be the Plaza, the Marina, or the Taj Majal?

ROGER

Damn. The Donald's got it going on here.

MARK

(to the cab driver)

Whatever's closest.

CAB DRIVER

Plaza it is.

The cab takes off.

MARK

How we doing on funds?

ROGER

Well if I win quickly, we'll be fine. How we doing on luck?

MARK

Still good.

ROGER

How can you tell?

MARK

Look.

Mark points at the street light. The cab is making everyone.

ROGER

This trip might be getting to me, but I'm might be starting to believe this.

MARK

I know you are. This is big.

Mark and Roger continue to watch the lights on the short trip. The Plaza is in sight.

MARK

Oh man. I'm really excited.

One light away the cab gets a yellow light but still cruises through the final intersection. Mark and Roger look at each other.

MARK

No big deal. We made it through right?

ROGER

Yeah. You're right. But look at that!

Outside the window Mark and Roger see the little man with the white handlebar mustache and top again, this time being dragged, literally, from his collar by a keystone cop.

MARK

Ouch. What do you think that means?

I believe that means go directly to jail. Do not pass go. Do not collect two hundred...

MARK

(interrupting)

No, no! Don't say it. No jinx's okay?

INT. TRUMP PLAZA - NIGHT

Mark and Roger make their way through the lobby of the Plaza.

MARK

This is it. This is it man. You ready?

ROGER

I don't know. I guess. What do we do?

Mark stops Roger.

MARK

Listen up. You were starting to believe in me. Don't give up now.

ROGER

But that yellow light.

MARK

Screw that. Okay are you ready for me to restore your faith?

ROGER

Yeah okay.

MARK

Check out the bar.

Roger looks at the bar and sees Leila standing there, alone in a cocktail dress holding a martini. One BARTENDER is there as well.

ROGER

Oh my goodness.

Roger walks off to the bar.

I'll be right back.

ROGER

Whatever.

Mark walks away. Roger enters the bar.

ROGER

(to Leila)

Hey there!

LEILA

Oh my God! What are you doing here?

ROGER

Long story. I should ask you the same question.

LEILA

Well I told you that I had a flight to catch the next morning, right?

ROGER

Oh yeah that's right. I forgot about that.

LEILA

We didn't get to finish that conversation though.

ROGER

No, I'm sorry about that.

LEILA

Is your jerk brother here too?

ROGER

Yeah he is.

LEILA

Why did he throw me out of the car like that? Is he psycho or something?

ROGER

No, well maybe. He's not a bad guy really. He was having an emergency.

LEILA

If you say so. But anyway, I'm glad we met up again.

Yeah, me too. What are the odds huh? Can I buy you another martini?

LEILA

(smiling)

I'd love one. I know! I'm really shocked to see you.

ROGER

(to the Bartender)

Bar keep! A martini for the lady please.

BARTENDER

Coming up.

The bartender starts making the drink. Mark runs up.

MARK

Hey Leila, nice to see you again. And I mean that. But we really gotta run so you stick around because Roger here will be back in a little while.

LEILA

But...

Mark grabs Roger and yanks him out of the bar.

MARK

Bye!

ROGER

I'll be back!

The bartender returns with the martini. He puts it in front of Leila.

BARTENDER

Seven fifty.

Leila looks annoyed and starts digging in her purse for the money.

INT. TRUMP PLAZA - THE CASINO - NIGHT

Mark and Roger walk in. The casino is huge with slots to one side and game tables in the middle. There are tellers in the back and a sign offering a 2001 red convertible Thunderbird as a prize.

MARK

Okay here are some chips. Now before we start, play the slots here.

Mark hands Roger a dollar. Roger walks up to the slot and plays it. He wins ten dollars.

MARK

Yes! Yes, I knew it!

ROGER

Holy shit.

MARK

Come on! We need to hit the tables ASAP. But play it safe, okay? Be cool.

ROGER

Okay.

Mark and Roger hurry off to the roulette table. There are four other people there including the DEALER.

DEALER

Place your bets.

Roger puts a five-dollar chip on red.

DEALER

No more bets please.

The dealer spins the wheel and lets the little white ball go. The wheel stops on 23, red.

DEALER

Twenty-three red!

ROGER

Oh my God!

MARK

You gotta up that. And play a number. We should be safe, but not that safe.

ROGER

Okay.

The dealer takes everyone else's chips and gives Roger his ten-dollar chip.

DEALER

Place your bets.

People place their chips on the board. Roger places his last and puts it on 22.

DEALER

No more bets please.

The dealer spins the wheel and lets the white ball go. It lands on 22.

DEALER

Twenty-two black!

MARK

Yes! That's 700 dollars. Keep it going. Keep it going!

ROGER

Oh I'm getting hot!

The dealer pays out and again calls for bets. This time Roger takes two fifty-dollar chips and places them on 31.

DEALER

No more bets please.

The dealer spins and the ball lands on 31.

DEALER

Thirty-one red!

MARK

Oh my God. Okay we gotta be cool now.

ROGER

Don't worry I'm in control.

The dealer pays out \$3500 to Roger and calls for bets again. Roger puts \$3000 on 9.

MARK

Whoa, I thought you were in control?

ROGER

Are you going to give me shit? This is your idea. I'm the one who's hot! I know what's going on.

MARK

Settle down. Don't be greedy. This isn't about being greedy.

DEALER

I'm sorry sir but the limit on this table is \$200.

A casino MANAGER, a man in his fifties with a suit on and a bald walks up to Roger.

MANAGER

You're having a good night.

ROGER

I sure am there.

MANAGER

Perhaps a highroller such as yourself would be more suited to one of our higher stakes tables.

ROGER

As a matter of fact I would.

MANAGER (smiling)

Excellent! Come with me. How you would you like a room here? On us of course.

The manager and Roger walk away from the roulette table and head to higher stakes tables. Mark follows behind.

ROGER

(to Mark)

Look! I'm getting compted!

(to the Manager)

I sure would. But not right this second okay? I'm a little busy here. But here, you take this and keep it warm for me.

Roger flips the manager a chip and turns his attention back to the new roulette table. He takes half of his chips, and puts on 5.

ROGER

Let's roll!

MARK

What are you doing? Can't you be cool? You have to take it easy.

Oh lighten up.

DEALER

No more bets please.

Typical highrolling stereotypes sit around the new table. A SOUTHERNER in his 50s wearing a cowboy hat and a suit, a very serious looking ASIAN MAN, a SUAVE GENTLEMAN in a tuxedo, and a James Bond type villain sporting an eye patch. Each man has a well-dressed woman with him. The dealer spins the wheel and the ball lands on 5.

ROGER

Hot damn!

DEALER

Five red!

Mark takes Roger aside for minute. The other players talk amongst themselves.

MARK

Great! Okay. Let's take it down a bit.

ROGER

What are you doing? This is your dream I'm following through on. You said yourself this could end any second. We have to go for it and that's what I'm doing.

MARK

Yeah but you have to hold some back. If this is what I think than it could be over even right now.

ROGER

Look you do what you have to and I'll do what I have to.

DEALER

Place your bets!

ROGER

That's my call.

MARK

Is this what you think I'm about? I'm not some reckless gambler. You have

to play this smart. You can't go blowing it all.

Roger places three quarters of his chips on 9. He ignores Mark, who shakes his head.

MARK

Good luck.

Mark walks away and heads to the slot machines. He finds one and sits down in front of it. He puts a coin in and he loses. He turns around and sees Roger putting his hands up in victory.

ROGER

Yes! Okay, okay. Who thinks I should stop?

ASIAN MAN

Just play.

ROGER

Should I...bet again?

SOUTHERNER

What's wrong with you, boy?

ROGER

Boy you guys are no fun.

Roger takes everything he's got and puts it all down. The massive amount of chips has since been streamlined down into high denominations. We see Roger has well over \$85,000

ROGER

Nineteen red.

No one else bets. They all just watch.

ROGER

Come on, Hey Nineteen. Come on!

DEALER

No more bets please.

The dealer spins the wheel, then DROPS the white ball. The ball goes round and round. Roger watches in anticipation. The ball SLOWLY rolls into 19 as the wheel slows down. The overhead lights flicker again and the ball jumps out of 19 and into 20.

ASIAN MAN

Oh. Too bad. You lost all of your chips. Hopefully this doesn't mean you are now leaving us.

Roger just stares at the table. The manager approaches him again.

MANAGER

Oh tough break.

ROGER

Yeah.

(pause)

Do I still get the room?

MANAGER

(laughs and shakes his head)

No. But thanks for the chip.

ROGER

I can't believe this.

MANAGER

Well I've seen worse. Everyone here has. How much did you start with?

ROGER

I don't know. Forty bucks maybe.

MANAGER

See you're only down forty. Look at it that way.

ROGER

That's supposed to make me feel better?

MANAGER

Well. No I guess not. Well I have to go give your room away to some other lucky patron. Good luck and thank you for choosing the Plaza!

The manager leaves. Roger heads back to the bar. Once he gets there he sits down and orders a beer.

Mark is still playing the slots. He hasn't won anything but he doesn't seem to care. He keeps putting coins in and playing.

INT. THE PLAZA - THE BAR - NIGHT

The bartender brings Roger his beer.

BARTENDER

Your lady left a little while ago. Don't think she was too happy either.

ROGER

Yeah well I'm sure that ship has sailed.

BARTENDER

She didn't like paying for that martini.

ROGER

Martini? Oh damn! I forgot about that. Man, when it rains it pours.

BARTENDER

Rough night?

ROGER

Yeah. And I've only been here an hour.

BARTENDER

Well that's this city for you. It's like that song. "Riding high in May, run over by a tank and your guts spilled out and your body made unrecognizable in June."

ROGER

Isn't that "shot down in June"?

BARTENDER

Well I like to exaggerate for dramatic effect. Most of my customers really like that sorta thing.

ROGER

You're a very good bartender.

BARTENDER

Thank you. I try you know?

The bartender goes back to cleaning glasses and doing some typical bartender things. Then, lovely as ever, Leila walks into the bar behind Roger.

BARTENDER

Don't look now, but here comes your second wind.

Roger turns and sees Leila.

ROGER

Oh boy.

INT. TRUMP PLAZA - THE CASINO - NIGHT

Mark is still sitting in front of the slot machine. He has one coin left. He PLAYS it in and it wins. Five dollars comes out. Mark gathers up the coins and finds a little bucket.

INT. TRUMP PLAZA - THE BAR - NIGHT

Leila is now sitting next to Roger at the bar.

LEILA

So you're telling me this theory is the reason your brother threw me out of a car?

ROGER

Well something like that.

LEILA

And that's why you're here?

ROGER

Definitely.

LEILA

Mind if I ask you a question?

ROGER

No. Shoot.

LEILA

Okay I don't want you to get annoyed or anything.

Nah. Go ahead.

LEILA

Okay. Why didn't you two just go to Alabama? Or even Louisiana? It's much closer and they have gambling there on those riverboats.

Roger is quiet while he thinks about this.

ROGER

Well, Leila I'll tell you. I thought it was stupid to come here too. But Mark had a reason for it. He said that when your time comes you don't want to spend it in the minor leagues. You want to go someplace special. And right now I realize how right he was. Right now as I sit here and look into your eyes, I can't think of a more special place to be.

INT. THE TRUMP PLAZA - THE CASINO - NIGHT

Mark is now in front of a different slot machine. His cup of coins is filled to the top. He is playing four different machines at the same time. All four win.

MARK

(pumping his fist)

Yes!

Mark goes to a couple of different machines and puts his coins in.

INT. THE TRUMP PLAZA - THE BAR - NIGHT

Roger and Leila are walking out of the bar and towards the lobby.

LEILA

You know a lot of girls wouldn't forgive that whole car thing.

ROGER

Fortunately you're not one of those right?

LEILA

Well you had a unique reason.

ROGER

And I'm so lovable.

T.F.TT.A

Let's not get crazy.

ROGER

I'm not lovable?

LEILA

No. Mark sorta is. In a lovable scamp kind of way.

ROGER

He threw you out of a car! How can you say that?

LEILA

Okay you're right. Neither of you is lovable.

ROGER

Well that's better.

LEILA

Good thing you're not spiteful.

ROGER

Good thing you're not in a car.

LEILA

Hey!

Roger playfully SHOVES Leila. She shoves him back as they walk outside the Plaza and head for the Boardwalk.

INT. THE TRUMP PLAZA - THE CASINO - NIGHT

Mark now has five buckets full of coins. He takes them to the TELLER.

MARK

I'm gonna need chips for all of these.

TELLER

Okay sir.

The teller counts out all the coins and exchanges them for \$1,065 in chips.

TELLER

Here you go sir.

MARK

Thanks.

Mark tips the teller with a 20-dollar chip. He then turns and walks to the craps table. A MAN, 35 in a loud suit, is throwing the dice. There is a small crowd watching and wagering. Mark just watches. The man throws an eight. The crowd 'oohs'.

MAN

Eight. Yes!

The man does a little spin and picks up the dice again.

MAN

Come on, four the hard way!

The man throws the dice and gets two sixes. The crowd "oohs".

MAN

Boxcars. Damn!

The man picks up the dice again. Looking very determined he shakes the hell out of the dice and the lets them fly.

MAN

Come on seven!

The dice come up with a three.

MAN

Shit!

Looking frustrated the man decides he's had enough. The DEALER looks around for someone to pick up the dice. Two GUYS go to grab. One stops the other. GUY #1 is in his 20's and looks very much like a tourist. GUY #2 is 40's and looks like he lives in casinos.

GUY#2

What are you doing?

GUY#1

Picking up the dice. I'm gonna roll man.

GUY#2

No, no, no. I've been waiting. It's my turn hayseed.

GUY#1

Excuse me? Hayseed?

GUY#2

Yeah that's right. Now step back and let a real man show you how to work those.

Guy#2 reaches for the dice. Guy#1 grabs his wrist.

GUY#1

I said I'm gonna roll. Now that's what I'm gonna do.

DEALER

(talking into a small microphone)

We have a problem at table six.

Guy#2 has the dice in his hand, Guy#1 still holding his wrist. Mark walks up to the table and places a chip down.

GUY#1

Now drop the dice.

GUY#2

(struggling)

No! Let go!

The two men struggle. Finally Guy#2 gets his hand free and the dice fly out of his hand. They slowly glide through the air.

MARK

(to himself)

Seven.

The dice land on the table on seven..

MARK

(to himself)

I knew it.

Two SECURITY GUARDS in suits walk up and grab both men.

SECURITY GUARD#1

Would you gentlemen please come with me?

The guards and Guy#1 and Guy#2 all leave. Mark walks up to the table and places a bet. Others make bets as well. Mark picks up the dice.

MARK

Anyone mind if I throw?

Mark looks around and sees no objections. He takes a deep breath and looks around. The crowd grows impatient. A WOMAN looks at him.

WOMAN

Well? What are you waiting for?

MARK

I just want to remember this moment.

Mark smiles and looks around, mentally noting everything.

MARK

Okay. Let's do it.

Mark shakes his hand and throws the dice.

EXT. THE BOARDWALK - NIGHT

Roger and Leila are sitting on a bench.

ROGER

Whoa, we've been sitting here for a couple of hours. We should head back to the casino. I have to find Mark. I have to apologize to him.

Roger and Leila turn around.

LEILA

Well you shouldn't feel too bad. Look at what you had to put up with just to get here.

ROGER

I know. But this was his thing and I screwed it up.

LEILA

I'm sure he's not all that mad or anything.

Yeah I know he's okay. But I'll feel better. But I know one thing. I did definitely have some luck tonight.

LEILA

You did?

ROGER

Yeah, look who I get to spend the evening with.

LEILA

Oh, that is so sweet!

Roger and Leila approach the Plaza.

LEILA

Roger, I am so sorry but I have to run. I'm here with my dad and I need to find him.

ROGER

It's okay, I understand.

LEILA

But thanks for a great night.

ROGER

We didn't even do anything.

LEILA

I know.

Leila KISSES Roger and then heads back in the Plaza. Roger stands there for a second smiling. Out walks Mark. He checks out Leila walking past and then shoots a thumbs up to Roger.

ROGER

Hey!

MARK

Hey!

ROGER

Talk about coincidence. I was just about to start looking for you.

MARK

Coincidence huh? I was looking for you.

I just want to say I'm sorry I screwed up. You were right. I lost everything you know.

MARK

Yeah I know. But don't worry. It's all over. No more theories. I'm never gambling again.

ROGER

It was your once in a lifetime and I messed it up. I...I don't know what to say.

MARK

Nah. Don't be silly. Hey come on. Cheer up. Breakfast is on me.

ROGER

Boy you are taking this well.

MARK

Yeah, that's me. Oh, I got us a ride home. Here it comes now. Check it out.

ROGER

Yeah?

Roger looks and sees a VALET drive up in 2001 red Ford Thunderbird convertible. The valet hops out of the car and tosses the keys to Mark.

VALET

Here you go sir.

Mark pulls out a fifty.

MARK

And here you go.

VALET

Hey thanks a lot!

The valet walks off. Roger's eyes are POPPING out. Mark gets in the car.

ROGER

Mark, just what happened in there?

Get in. I'll tell you all about it on the way home.

Roger gets in the car. Mark turns on the radio. The same upbeat song that was playing at the start of the trip is playing.

MARK

Oh! I love this song! You know they never play this.

ROGER

You realize this is the second time this trip we've heard this.

MARK

Is that right?

(pauses and reflects for a moment)

Well, must be my lucky day.

Mark pulls out into traffic and DRIVES off.

FADE OUT