

FOCUS

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First Draft

OVER BLACK

A MALE VOICE utters a single syllable- slowly, monotonously, rhythmically.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)  
Da... Da... Da... Da... Da...

FADE IN:

WHITE WINDOWLESS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The voice belongs to DR. HARRY MCGURK. In CLOSE UP, he stares into the camera, now repeating a DIFFERENT SYLLABLE.

MCGURK  
...Fa... Fa... Fa... Fa... Fa...

Offscreen, a FRIENDLY VOICE addresses the audience.

FRIENDLY VOICE (V.O.)  
Close your eyes.  
(beat)  
Close them.

MCGURK  
...Da... Da... Da... Da... Da...

FRIENDLY VOICE (V.O.)  
You hear "Da". Now open them.

MCGURK  
...Fa... Fa... Fa... Fa... Fa...

FRIENDLY VOICE (V.O.)  
You hear "Fa". Close your eyes,  
it's "Da". Open them, it's "Fa".  
Weird, isn't it?

(NOTE: This is a real neurological illusion. The McGurk Effect. <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=G-lN8vWm3m0>)

FRIENDLY VOICE (V.O.)  
Let's try it a different way.

The SCREEN SPLITS into identical shots of Dr. McGurk. On the LEFT, his mouth forms the word "Da", on the RIGHT, "Fa".

FRIENDLY VOICE (V.O.)  
Pick a side. I won't tell you which  
one. Is he saying Fa or Da?  
(then)  
(MORE)

FRIENDLY VOICE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 Now look at the other side. What's  
 he saying now?

(NOTE: Whoever looks left will hear 'Da' and whoever looks  
 right will hear 'Fa')

FRIENDLY VOICE (V.O.)  
 The truth is that the sound hasn't  
 changed- only the picture. All  
 we're hearing is 'Da Da Da.' But  
 when you look to the right, his  
 mouth forms the word 'Fa.' And your  
 poor brain, having seen lips form  
 this sound for your entire life is  
 powerless. It tells you to hear  
 'fa.' It discounts reality and  
 gives you what it perceives to be  
 true.

(then)

So what's the point of all this you  
 ask? It's this- Reality is not what  
 you see. It's what you think you  
 see.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN NYC STREET / JEWELRY STORE - DAY

AN UPTOWN WOMAN in her late thirties lingers at the window.  
 Liking what she sees, she waves to the MERCHANT inside. He  
 BUZZES her in.

MERCHANT  
 Good afternoon...

WOMAN  
 Hi. I love that necklace...

INT. JEWELRY STORE - LATER

The Woman holds up a DIAMOND AND JADE NECKLACE, smiling.

WOMAN  
 Oh this one's great too.

MERCHANT  
 Pure Jade. Mid-century,  
 untreated...

She puts it on a VELVET TRAY with SEVERAL OTHER ITEMS, turns  
 her attention to the DISPLAY CASE.

WOMAN

What about that one...?

MERCHANT

The sautoir? Wonderful...

He opens the case and retrieves a SAUTOIR NECKLACE.

WOMAN

Ohh...

A light KNOCK at the door and the Merchant BUZZES another CUSTOMER in. The woman holds the sautoir to her neck.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Now this is beautiful. What do you think?

The Merchant can't help but notice how beautifully the necklace drapes upon her cleavage.

MERCHANT

Perfect.

FRIENDLY VOICE (O.S.)

I prefer the one in your coat, Janice.

The familiar voice belongs to NICKY SPURGEON (33), dressed in a cheap suit worn by undercover cops and rental car agents.

He sidles up alongside her as his PARTNER- a larger, similarly dressed man- flanks Janice on her other side.

WOMAN

(busted)

Oh fuck--

NICKY

Sorry sir, this woman's been working the area for about a week.

The partner starts REMOVING JEWELRY FROM THE WOMAN'S POCKETS and putting it on the glass counter. The Merchant is shocked.

NICKY (CONT'D)

Look familiar? Yeah-

(to Partner)

Take her.

The partner whisks her off. Nicky grabs the Jade necklace from the velvet tray.

NICKY (CONT'D)  
You're an expert- is this real?

The Merchant is surprised at what he sees.

MERCHANT  
That's not mine.

NICKY  
No. This one is.

Nicky picks up the real Jade necklace fished from the woman's pocket. He takes command of the room with an authoritative confident tone.

NICKY (CONT'D)  
That's her scam-- while she's holding this here, she's got your focus. More pointedly- her breasts do. Meanwhile, down here, she's taking a fake out of her pocket and leaving it on the velvet. She asks to see another- and she pockets the real one.

The Merchant is aghast.

NICKY (CONT'D)  
Even I can tell this is from the Dollar Bin at Target. But all she needs is a sparkly hint of green in your peripheral vision until she's out the door.

TWO MORE PLAINCLOTHES MEN enter with haste. One begins SNAPPING PHOTOS while Nicky looks to the other.

NICKY (CONT'D)  
Pat- we've got cameras here, here, here and here.  
(to Merchant)  
We're going to need the surveillance drives. Can someone help him with that?

Addled, the merchant looks to a SALESWOMAN across the store.

MERCHANT  
Yes. Anna?

He gestures to her and she escorts Pat into the back. Nicky keeps up the intensity on the merchant.

NICKY

Now look at me.

(he does)

Do I have your attention?

(he does)

Is this everything she touched? I need you to be absolutely sure.

He nods compliantly.

NICKY (CONT'D)

Everything?

MERCHANT

Everything.

Nicky places a pile of EMPTY EVIDENCE BAGS on the counter.

NICKY

I need you to place any items she touched into these bags.

(he complies)

One bag per item. Each bag has a number and each of those numbers are on this claim form. Are you paying attention?

He SLAPS A SET OF FORMS on the counter.

NICKY (CONT'D)

This is your record. Please make sure the numbers are correct. You will receive two copies- one yellow- one blue. The blue copy--

The man is checking the numbers intently.

NICKY (CONT'D)

Are you paying attention?

(nod)

The blue copy is your primary copy. I suggest you put it somewhere other than the yellow copy. But only the blue copy can be used to reclaim evidence. Are you paying attention?

MERCHANT

Yes.

NICKY

Are the numbers correct?

MERCHANT

Uh-

NICKY

I thought you were paying attention.

MERCHANT

They seem fine, um, yes.

He THRUSTS A PEN in the Merchant's face.

NICKY

Good. I need you to sign here.  
Initial here. Here and here.  
Initial once more.

He TEARS OFF a blue copy and SLAPS it on the counter.

NICKY (CONT'D)

Do not lose it.

He tears off the yellow copy as Pat re-emerges from the back with a four hard drives in an evidence bag.

NICKY (CONT'D)

Now my partner is coming back to take a statement. It might be helpful if you jot a few things down while your memory's still fresh. Can you do that?

He nods as Nicky gathers up the evidence bags of jewelry.

NICKY (CONT'D)

If you have any questions, this is my card, okay?

MERCHANT

Okay.

NICKY

We're gonna get this done as soon as possible. Promise.  
(holds out his hand)  
Pen.

MERCHANT

Huh?

NICKY

You stole my pen.

MERCHANT

Oh! Sorry.

The Merchant finds Nicky's pen in his pocket, hands it back.

NICKY

Thank you.

Nicky heads for the door. The Merchant watches, concerned.

MERCHANT

Blue copy, right?

NICKY

(smiles)

You were paying attention. Very good.

And with a wide smile, Nicky's gone.

The Merchant looks to the business card. It's BLANK. He turns it over. BLANK.

Confused, he picks up the blue form. What he sees concerns him: A SMILING CARPET LOGO above a company name- "MISTER STEAMY CARPET CLEANING." He looks up.

The store is EMPTY- every DISPLAY CASE has been cleaned out.

Anna emerges from the back, not yet aware...

ANNA

That policeman gave me a blank card. Isn't that funny?

And as the Merchant bolts for the door--

SMASH CUT TO:

TITLE CARD: "FOCUS"

EXT. HOTEL BALCONY - DUSK

High above the city in the cool blue gloam of twilight, Nicky takes in the view from the BALCONY. He seems as distant as the lights on the horizon, as he nibbles on a small package of gummy bears.

He CRUMPLES the empty bag and returns to his room.



INT. HOTEL ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Nicky waits for the elevator. He notices a MOTHER and her SON approaching from down the hall. He watches them.

DING! The doors open. Nicky enters the elevator, presses the lobby button. The mother rushes for the elevator.

MOTHER

Coming...

Nicky pays no mind and doesn't register the woman's astonished face as the doors SHUT on her just inches away.

MOTHER (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Really?!

No reaction.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

Nicky approaches a comely CONCIERGE. He turns on the charm.

NICKY

Hi, how are you tonight?

CONCIERGE

I'm fine, thanks- how can I help you?

NICKY

Weren't you working this morning? You must be exhausted. I hope they're paying you enough.

CONCIERGE

Well, no, but thank you for noticing.

NICKY

I know Elegio is reservation only, but do they still accept walk-ins at the bar?

CONCIERGE

Yes, but at eight it may not be worth your time...

NICKY

That's why I wanted to talk to you.  
(smile)

(MORE)

NICKY (CONT'D)

Could you call them and tell them  
Chef Julien Bardolejo of Las Losos  
in Barcelona was hoping they'd save  
a spot for him at the bar?

CONCIERGE

(smiles knowingly)  
I suppose I could give it shot.

NICKY

You have a wonderful night.

He finishes with a wide smile that satisfies her. It quickly  
fades as he heads for the door- passing a group of TOURISTS  
posing for a photo. One of them EXTENDS A CAMERA to him.

TOURIST

Would you mind...?

He keeps walking, pretending not to hear.

INT. ELEGIO RISTORANTE - BAR - NIGHT

A high end hotel restaurant with a crowded bar- Nicky seated  
prominently at the head of it, enjoying a glass of wine as a  
WAITER places a PLATE of finely prepared food before him.

NICKY

Gracias, señor.

He cuts into his food, takes a bite.

ON THE KITCHEN DOOR: A CHEF and SOUS CHEF sneak looks at him,  
awaiting a reaction to their food. Nicky reaches for the  
SALT. The chef is crushed.

CHEF

Dammit...

The sous chef tries to console him as he skulks off.

BACK ON NICKY: Looking around the bar, taking in the faces of  
the strangers. Eventually, at the far end of the bar--

A beautiful young woman (JESS BARRETT) shoos off the advances  
of a DRUNKEN STRANGER. We can't hear, but reading her lips--

JESS

I'm waiting for someone. He'll be  
here any minute...

Nicky watches the drunk lean in close to her. She looks around trying to ignore the clingy suitor, making brief eye contact with Nicky. She SMIRKS at him as she gently PUSHES the drunk away with a laugh.

Nicky smiles and returns to his food. He salts it again.

CHEF (O.S.)  
(distant, from kitchen)  
FUCK!

This amuses Nicky, until-

JESS (O.S.)  
Are you a serial killer?

CUT WIDE to reveal JESS is standing next to him.

NICKY  
No. Not anymore, at least.

She smiles.

JESS  
Can you be my boyfriend for a minute?

NICKY  
Sure. Waiting for someone?

JESS  
Not really. No.

NICKY  
Join me for dinner?

JESS  
Love to.

He turns to the bartender to order when she suddenly grabs his plate and starts eating.

NICKY  
I was going to--  
(then)  
Never mind.  
(to Bartender)  
Uno mas por favor.

JESS  
This is really good.

NICKY  
It is.

JESS  
Kinda salty though.

NICKY  
Didn't notice...

JESS  
I'm Jess.

NICKY  
Nicky.

They share a smile.

INT. ELEGIO RISTORANTE - BAR - LATER

Near closing time. The crowd has thinned. Jess and Nicky are still at the bar, surrounded by half-empty wine glasses and a mostly eaten dessert, clearly enjoying themselves.

JESS  
What was this one again?

NICKY  
Montrachet.

JESS  
Montrachet. And this one?

NICKY  
Gevrey Chambertin. Same region,  
different grape.

JESS  
Burgundy.

NICKY  
Very good.

JESS  
Yaaaaay...

A mini high five as Jess beams. Even to a guarded man like Nicky, she's disarming and sexy without trying.

JESS (CONT'D)  
So confusing. How'd you learn all  
this?

NICKY  
Mostly by drinking. The more you  
drink the more you learn...

JESS

Well then that makes me the  
foremost expert on Jaeger Bombs.

They laugh. The bartender gently places the BILL before Nicky. The couple mourns it's arrival.

BARTENDER

For the wine. Food is compliments  
of the Chef.

Nicky nods politely and pulls out a huge roll of hundreds.

JESS

Does this mean it's over? I still  
have so much to learn.

NICKY

I'm afraid so.

JESS

Sad. Well thanks for the rescue...

NICKY

No problem, although I think your  
nemesis has lost his sting.

He motions across the bar where the drunk guy has nodded off with his head in his hand.

NICKY (CONT'D)

Can I walk you somewhere?

JESS

(pointing upstairs)  
Actually I'm staying here.

NICKY

Oh...

JESS

So, yes.

A look. A beat.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Nicky and Jess kiss passionately as they back up to the bed, landing on it with her atop him.

After a deep, deep kiss Jess sits up with a smoldering look. She starts to remove her top when--

SLAM! The door WHIPS OPEN to reveal a HUGE MAN with a GUN.

HUGE MAN  
I knew you were here, bitch!

Jess flies off of Nicky who sits up quickly.

JESS  
It's my husband!

NICKY  
You're married!?

HUGE MAN  
Shut the fuck up!

JESS  
Jared wait!

Jared rushes toward Nicky and SLAM! PINS HIM AGAINST THE HEADBOARD-- holding the gun to his mouth.

JARED  
I'm gonna fucking kill you!

JESS  
NO Jared! Let him go!

JARED  
No fucking way! You're dead.  
(gets in his face)  
Give me one fucking reason I shouldn't do it?!

Nicky, strangely calm, thinks a moment.

NICKY  
I'm drawing a blank...

JARED  
What?

NICKY  
I think you should do it. I mean let's be honest. You've been aggrieved.

Jared and Jess are stymied.

JESS  
Don't mess around with him Nicky- he's done hard time!

NICKY

(to Jared)

And frankly, if you had any idea what I was planning to do to your wife before you came in, you'd be really aggrieved.

JARED

Shut up man!

NICKY

Dirty stuff. Really dirty stuff. Real Apehouse stuff.

JESS

Wait a second- what kind of stuff are we talking about?

NICKY

Tommy Lee kind of stuff. You should definitely shoot.

JARED

Stop fucking around! I'll do it!

NICKY

You'd be doing me a huge favor. Seriously- I've got a brain tumor the size of a softball.

Jared is surprised to hear this.

NICKY (CONT'D)

Please...

JARED

(conflicted)

Ah shit! You got cancer?

He backs away as Jess goes is suddenly defeated.

JESS

He's onto to us. Are you a pro?

JARED

Shit. I told you this wasn't going to work.

JESS

Just give us the money.

NICKY

Or what?

JESS

Or he's gonna shoot you in the neck.

JARED

I don't want to shoot a guy with cancer. Grandma Mikulski had cancer...

JESS

He doesn't have cancer you idiot!  
(to Nicky)  
Just give us the money.

NICKY

You guys really boned this. You're supposed to wait until she gets my pants off so when you come in I leave them behind when you tell me to run. Then you got the cash and I'm never coming back. Second- whatever you heard- about how it's not a felony if there's no bullets in the gun? It's crap. Deadly weapon, loaded or not.

Jared and Jess completely drop their guard.

JESS

When did you make us?

NICKY

When you lifted the drunk guy's wallet.

JESS

What? Bullshit.

Nicky reaches into her jacket on the bed, pulls out a man's wallet and tosses it to her.

NICKY

Couldn't have been more obvious...

She catches it, Nicky heads for the door.

JESS

It was good lift!

NICKY

Sure it was...

Nicky is gone, turns her frustration on Jared.



JESS  
Why didn't you wait!?

JARED  
How was I supposed to know when you had his pants off!?

JESS  
How many times did we go over this? I say, "that's the biggest one I've ever seen" and then you come through the door.

JARED  
I did hear it! But now I'm thinking it came from across the hall. What are the chances!?

JESS  
I should have never asked you to do this!

JARED  
Are you mad at me?

JESS  
Yeah.

JARED  
Can I still be your trainer?

Jess cools slightly.

JESS  
(deep exhale)  
Yeah...

JARED  
Are you still gonna come to my Zumba class?

JESS  
...Yeah.

EXT. NYC STREET - CHELSEA - NIGHT

Nicky makes his way through the chilly night back to his hotel. He's seems pretty unfazed by the goings on.

JESS (O.S.)  
That was not a shitty lift!

He stops, turns- Jess a few yards behind him and approaching.

NICKY

The drummer from Def Leopard could take the poke off a drunk. You think that makes you special?

JESS

No. This does.

She pulls out a DIFFERENT WALLET. Nicky pauses. He pats his breast pocket, it's his. He's impressed.

EXT. THE HIGH LINE - OPEN AIR CAFE - NIGHT

A romantic open air CAFE atop THE HIGH LINE. Nicky and Jess have coffee at a cozy table. Nicky is mid story.

NICKY

...my Grandfather used to pay Union Pacific twenty grand a year to let him run a game on their trains. Not to the conductor- the owner himself. Cash in hand. Never had a problem, until one day the game got held up by a team out of Toledo. But one of the players had a little derringer- thinks its a good time to defend himself- whips it out- misses. Other guys start firing. Grandpa catches a bullet in the eye. Shouldn't have happened.

(then)

Know who knocked over the game?  
My dad.

JESS

No. Did he know?

NICKY

Of course. He raised my dad in it just like my dad raised me in it. You see an angle- you play it. He didn't mean for it to go down that way- thought he'd impress him later by splitting up the money with him. At least that's what I was raised to believe.

(then)

He was only eighteen years old...

JESS

Jesus.

NICKY

You do this long enough, you see everyone as a player or as someone to be played. It's no life.

JESS

What's your thing? Inside? Roper?

NICKY

Everything- been in it so long. Short grift, Big Store. Work the whiz all over too. Cannon...

JESS

That's what I want to do.

NICKY

No you don't.

JESS

I want to learn it all. I want you to show me.

NICKY

Look-

JESS

No- I wasn't born into this like you. I was a dyslexic foster kid- no prospects, no future. It's a minor miracle I'm not a hooker right now. I was lucky enough to have a boyfriend to show me how to lift and I've done okay. I know I have a lot to learn but its not like mentors are falling off trees. You're my shot.

NICKY

You want advice? Here- Stay off the grift and stay away from the whiz mobs. Because once you're in, you're in. Stick to the pockets, work alone. Save your money and one day you get out and start a business or something. Maybe you fall in love or just have a life.

JESS

I can pay you. Just teach me.

NICKY

I don't do that.

A WAITER leans in and places the CHECK between them. Nicky reaches for it, Jess stops him.

JESS  
I got this.

The waiter EXITS, revealing Jess has PULLED THE WALLET FROM THE WAITER'S POCKET WITH HER OTHER HAND.

JESS (CONT'D)  
I'm good. You know I'm good.

She pulls out some cash. Nicky smiles.

NICKY  
Not the point. Besides- I'm leaving town tomorrow.

JESS  
Where are you going?

NICKY  
Detroit.

JESS  
Now you're being a dick. No one goes to Detroit.

NICKY  
None of your business.

JESS  
At least teach me something.

NICKY  
I gotta go.

JESS  
Just one thing? Can you show me just one thing? Something new I could use? Anything? Pleeease?  
(off Nicky's look)  
I bought you coffee...

Nicky SIGHS.

EXT. HIGH LINE - 23RD STREET LAWN - LATER

Nicky demonstrates for Jess. His COAT hangs on a sign and he uses his wallet in the front lapel pocket as an example.

NICKY

I'll teach you how to do a few touches but that's it. I'll assume you can flip a leather on it's feet, throw it over if you need to- and pull...

Quickly and smoothly he positions the wallet without moving the coat and eventually pulls it out. Something to see. He tosses it in another pocket.

NICKY (CONT'D)

Breast pocket is harder but we know you've got that down- at least if the guy's had 6 MacCallans...

JESS

Ha ha...

NICKY

Sneaky is fine, but you can get away with much more when you have their attention.

He turns to her, taking control.

NICKY (CONT'D)

Look him in the eye. Shake his hand maybe-

He gives her a shake. Once he lets go, he raises his other hand to show her a PAIR OF GLASSES.

NICKY (CONT'D)

Did you feel that?

JESS

(smirk)

No.

NICKY

How about this?

He holds up her WATCH. She's shocked.

JESS

You took that right off my wrist!

NICKY

It's about distraction. It's about focus. The brain is slow and it can't multitask. You touch him here- do what you want here-

Nicky holds up a MEMBERSHIP CARD.

NICKY (CONT'D)  
You take Zumba?

JESS  
That's not mine.

He continues with incredible agility and speed.

NICKY  
Tap him here, take from here. Look  
over there, he follows. Take from  
here...

He's showing her things from her pockets without her even realizing his other hand is pulling out OTHER THINGS. It's a slick, flirtatious ballet and she's in the middle of it.

NICKY (CONT'D)  
What's on your head?

Her GLASSES are now on her head. She smirks. How could she not feel that?

NICKY (CONT'D)  
Are you gonna slap me?

JESS  
Why?

NICKY  
If you knew where my hand was you'd  
want to.

She looks down, but it's too late- he's already pulled her iPhone out of her back pocket.

The show continues, becoming ever more seductive, until she can't take it anymore.

JESS  
Okay okay okay... I get it.

Nicky takes a moment. He steps in close, stares in her eyes. He gently raises her hand into frame...

...and PLACES HER OWN RING BACK ON HER FINGER. She's wetter than a submarine with screen doors.

NICKY  
Now you've got something to  
practice...

He walks away, leaving her gobsmacked on the green expanse of the 23rd Street Lawn.

FADE OUT.

INT. EMPTY BUNGALOW - DAY

Nicky and an older man, HORST, wander through a well worn but empty house- peeking in room after room in relative silence.

NICKY

Why do I like this place?

HORST

No neighbors for one. Foreclosures all around it. I tied 'em all up with offers just in case somebody decides to buy a house down here again.

(Nicky nods)

Follow me.

EXT. BUNGALOW BACKYARD - DAY

PALM TREES and SUN tell us we're not in New York anymore. Nicky and Horst emerge from the pastel 1920's bungalow to a large yard with an empty pool and look at a UTILITY POLE.

HORST

Sub-junction. We can tie in to multiple lines so we can diffuse our footprint and keep hopping DNS addresses. FIOS too...

Nicky nods again.

NICKY

How many bathrooms? Fat Ass Farhad is flying in so--

HORST

Two and a half. He still got IBS?

NICKY

Yeah.

HORST

He should do a cleanse.

NICKY

He's a 500 pound Persian, Horst- he's not gonna do a cleanse.

(MORE)

NICKY (CONT'D)  
Give him the half-bath. I don't  
want to hear it from Manny and Bob.

HORST  
We'll be up and running by morning.  
Where you been staying? Hyatt  
again?

NICKY  
I like the brunch. You should come  
by.

HORST  
No brunch. I'm doing a cleanse.

Nicky tunes him out.

EXT. MIAMI - DUSK

Various shots of Nicky driving Miami causeways and streets.

EXT. DOG TRACK - HOLLYWOOD FLORIDA - SUNSET

GREYHOUNDS lit by late afternoon sun run the track as the  
crowd CHEERS.

IN THE STANDS, Nicky takes in the last race with a beer. The  
table before him is littered with CRUMPLED RACE TICKETS. His  
somber face denotes concern.

And as the ANNOUNCER calls the end of the race, Nicky  
CRUMPLES up yet another ticket and sighs.

INT. MIAMI BEACH HYATT HOTEL - DAY

A crowded dining area by the pool, populated by FOOTBALL  
FANS. Alone at a table, Nicky reads a PAPER and sips COFFEE.

WAITRESS (O.S.)  
Will you be ordering from the menu  
this morning or using the buffet?

NICKY  
(not looking up)  
Buffet.

WAITRESS (O.S.)  
I think you'll find the pancakes  
are the best in all of Detroit.

He looks up. It's Jess, proud of herself.



NICKY  
Impressive.

JESS  
May I?

He nods and she sits.

NICKY  
Hyatt rewards card in my wallet?

JESS  
Yep.

NICKY  
But why Miami?

JESS  
It's Super Bowl week. It's sucker  
central. Even I know that.

They take in the surrounding PATRONS, dressed in football  
jerseys and drinking heavily.

JESS (CONT'D)  
Mardi Gras for every lifter and  
grifter in North America.

NICKY  
How many Hyatts did you try?

JESS  
All seven... three times each.

NICKY  
Sounds boring.

JESS  
Not so bad. Gave me time to  
practice.

She turns over her purse- 24 WATCHES pour out onto the table.

JESS (CONT'D)  
Thanks for showing me that.  
(then)  
Now I want in.

NICKY  
Maybe I'm just here to see the  
game.

JESS

Everyone knows who ran the game on the Union Pacific. You're Nicky Spurgeon. Your grandfather was The Limehouse Kid. Your father is Bucky Spurgeon who's like the best insideman that's ever been. I know you're doing something big down here. I just want in.

NICKY

I'm all crewed up.

JESS

Oh come on.

(he shrugs)

Look- Can we skip the part where I speak with thinly veiled allure? Where I lead you to believe there's gonna be some earth shattering hump in the works? Please spare me that because I suck at that kind of stuff. I just want in.

He smiles.

NICKY

No thinly veiled allure?

JESS

Nope.

NICKY

No baby voice? No lingering eye contact? No lippy mouthing of your straw?

JESS

I'm hopeless.

NICKY

A hand grazing my knee?

JESS

Nope.

NICKY

But I love that stuff.

JESS

Sorry.

NICKY  
 You really should learn. It's a  
 useful tool, professionally.

She purses her lips and cocks her shoulders.

JESS  
 (baby voice)  
 Well maybe you can teach me... in  
 your room...

She sips from Nicky's orange juice straw. He is appalled.

NICKY  
 Oh my God... that's terrible.

JESS  
 I know! See?

NICKY  
 We should go.

Nicky gets up. Jess is excited.

JESS  
 Am I in?

NICKY  
 We should go.

She follows him, beaming.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE - SUPER BOWL WEEK IN MIAMI

INT. SPORTS BAR - NIGHT

CAMERA MOVES THROUGH a bar packed with fans of the opposing  
 teams as they drink and revel.

NICKY (V.O.)  
 Every minute there's something  
 going on down here. Every bar,  
 restaurant, hotel, wherever...

SHOT CONTINUES as a BEARDED MAN bumps into a FAN, quickly  
 apologizing. TILT DOWN as HE TAKES THE FAN'S WALLET.

NICKY (V.O.)  
 Guys working alone, working in  
 teams. Not just cash either.  
 Identity theft is a big thing too.

ON THE WALLET as the thief PULLS OUT a CREDIT CARD and HANDS IT ANOTHER THIEF who SWIPES it on a HANDHELD CARD READER.

NICKY (V.O.)  
You can skim the data off a credit card in about a second...

The credit card is returned to the wallet, passed off again and within seconds-- the WALLET IS BACK IN THE FAN'S BACK POCKET and he is none the wiser.

NICKY (V.O.)  
...and by the time the mark gets wise, he's back in Youngstown arguing with his wife over the card statement.

SHOT CONTINUES to REVEAL NICKY AND JESS at the bar-- surrounded by a GANG of ROWDY GUYS. Nicky is mid-bet with a one of them, a BALD GUY.

Nicky refers to two SHOT GLASSES before him. ONE filled to the brim with BOURBON, the other with WATER.

NICKY  
I'll make the bourbon and the water switch glasses without pouring them into anything, including my mouth--

BALD GUY  
No way. But hell-- Fifty bucks? Why the fuck not?

The other men start waving money around, wanting a piece of the action. Jess COLLECTS it as:

Nicky grabs a COASTER, PUTS IT ON THE WATER FILLED SHOT GLASS-- turns it UPSIDE DOWN and puts it ON THE BOURBON GLASS.

He PULLS THE COASTER OUT SLIGHTLY to open up a little space between the glasses and they all watch as PHYSICS TAKES OVER:

THE HEAVIER WATER FLOWS DOWN INTO THE BOURBON GLASS AND THE LIGHTER BOURBON FLOATS UP INTO THE WATER GLASS. The men explode in delighted disbelief.

ROWDY GUYS  
OOOH! No way! Awesome! Etc...

NICKY  
(checks his watch)  
It's been fun guys...

Smiling Nicky GRABS THE MONEY and they EXIT.

EXT. LUXURY HOTEL - NIGHT

MONTAGE CONTINUES as Jess and Nicky emerge from a cab.

NICKY

There's a flight landing every two minutes at Miami International. Average of 200 passengers per flight. Whoevers not here for the game is here for the party- every one of them looking to drink big, bet big, cheat on their spouse-- and it all costs money...

And as they enter the--

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

A busy lobby. PEOPLE mill about, OTHERS are lined up at the registration desk with their luggage.

NICKY

(checking his watch)

There's boost teams at all the major hotels. They hit quick and get out before anyone knows what happened...

Nicky suddenly stops short and YELLS at Jess.

NICKY (CONT'D)

IF YOU THINK I'M GONNA LET YOUR MOTHER TALK TO ME THAT WAY YOU'RE FUCKING CRAZY!

THE ENTIRE LOBBY TURNS. Jess stands there perplexed and ready to hit him. But as Nicky keeps YELLING--

QUICK CUTS all around the LOBBY as THIEVES DISGUISED AS TOURISTS take advantage of the situation with amazing speed:

BY A GIFT SHOP: A passing thief SWAPS OUT a GUCCI SHOPPING BAG at the feet of a rich woman, stealing hers.

ON THE REGISTRATION LINE: A "GUEST" places a FALSE BOTTOM SUITCASE over someone else's SMALLER SUITCASE and calmly walks away with it inside.

All around, SWAPS AND LIFTS play out within seconds to other unsuspecting people.

BACK TO NICKY and JESS. Nicky is suddenly contrite:

NICKY (CONT'D)  
 Sorry sweetie, me and my temper...

He hugs her. She's mystified.

JESS  
 What the hell was that?

NICKY  
 Don't worry about it.

They resume their walk across the lobby.

JESS  
 Did I miss something...?

INT. HOTEL SUITE - EARLIER THAT DAY

CONTINUE MONTAGE as a group of HUSTLERS and CARD SHARPS hang out in a room. It's a cheater's gymnasium-- some practice double deals, others shuffle cards with staggering dexterity.

NICKY (V.O.)  
 There's card games everywhere and they let anyone with enough cash in. Chances are at least one of those guys you don't know is a mechanic who can work a deck like Jascha Heifetz doing Tedesco...

A CARD MECHANIC shaves down the side of a card deck with sandpaper. A HUSTLER passes out STACKS OF CASH to the others.

NICKY (V.O.)  
 Guys will shave down the entire deck except for the aces so they can feel them when they shuffle and pull them out when they need them.

ANOTHER CARD SHARP puts in a CONTACT LENS.

NICKY (V.O.)  
 Some guys use marked cards you can only see with polarized contacts and glasses...

CUT TO:

CARD SHARP POV:

A PLAYER across from him holds a FIVE CARD HAND. The value of his cards are CLEARLY MARKED IN RED on the backs.

PLAYER

Trips...

CUT TO REVEAL WE'RE AT--

INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE - NIGHT

A HIGH STAKES GAME at a raucous high end party in a penthouse. A huge pile of chips and cash is in play.

The Card Sharp is opposite the PLAYER, shaking his head in disbelief as he lays down FOUR OF A KIND.

POKER PLAYERS

Whoa! Shit! Etc...

CARD SHARP

I swear, I've never had a four of a kind before!

The Player as well as TOBEY MAGUIRE and LEBRON JAMES suffer a huge loss as the "surprised" Card Sharp rakes in the chips.

MONTAGE CONTINUES as CAMERA DRIFTS from the table to REVEAL that Nicky and Jess are watching nearby.

NICKY

Come with me...

CAMERA CONTINUES past them, THROUGH THE WALL to reveal--

INT. HOTEL SUITE / HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

A MARK and BUXOM WOMAN are about to fornicate when- SLAM! The door to the room is kicked open by a BIG BRUISER.

BUXOM WOMAN

It's my husband!

As they scramble--

BRUISER

I'm gonna kill you!

MARK

(to woman)  
Give me my pants!

BUXOM WOMAN

No! Just run!

CAMERA FOLLOWS the pants-less mark as he dodges the Bruiser and runs out the door and into the HALL-- PASSING JESS AND NICKY from the opposite direction. Nicky looks to Jess-- clearly inferring that *that* is how it's done.

NICKY  
Married guys are the best- who are  
they gonna tell?

A second woman SCREAMS from ANOTHER ROOM.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
That's my husband!

ANOTHER PANTSLESS MARK bursts out of a different room, running for the elevator as Jess and Nicky round the corner.

END MONTAGE as we CUT TO--

INT. NICKY'S CAR - NIGHT

CLOSE ON NICKY, driving. CLOSE ON JESS next to him. Looking uneasy, she shoots an occasional GLANCE over her shoulder.

CUT WIDE to reveal FAT ASS FARHAD, the 500 pound Persian who is filling up the back seat and scowling at Jess.

FAT ASS FARHAD  
Who's she?

NICKY  
That's Jess, Farhad. She's our  
intern.

FAT ASS FARHAD  
Oh...

A long silence, then--

FAT ASS FARHAD (CONT'D)  
You hittin' that?

JESS  
(furls her brow)  
I'm right here.

NICKY  
No.

FAT ASS FARHAD  
She's feisty.



NICKY

Yeah...

FAT ASS FARHAD

You should hit that.

JESS

Hello? I'm still right here.

FAT ASS FARHAD

(pointing ahead)

Next block. Take a left.

NICKY

Okay.

Beat.

FAT ASS FARHAD

I'd totally hit that.

JESS

Is this a hazing thing? Like making  
a frat boy blow a goat?

(then)

Now that I say that I guess I  
shouldn't complain...

FAT ASS FARHAD

She talks a lot...

EXT. BANK - NIGHT

A BUSINESSMAN gets cash from an ATM machine and exits. A  
moment later, FARHAD ENTERS FRAME.

He quickly REMOVES THE PLASTIC FACE OF THE MACHINE, revealing  
that it is an exact replica of the machine face beneath it.

Nicky and Jess watch as he walks back to the car with it.

NICKY

A skimmer swipes the card and  
records the keystrokes so you can  
get the PIN too.

JESS

Wow. He made that?

NICKY

Few years back he replaced the  
credit card terminals at 78  
Starbucks in the Southwest.

(MORE)

NICKY (CONT'D)

(then)

Took down a quarter million before they caught on.

JESS

What's a guy like that do with that kind of money?

NICKY

Bought his mom a house, got the Lap Band...

INT. BUNGALOW - NIGHT

Nicky, Jess and Farhad (holding the ATM facade) enter the bungalow. There's STOLEN MERCHANDISE everywhere as well as a group of GRIFTERS working a small BANK OF PHONES.

NICKY

We're about 30 strong- everyone makes a percentage. We cover bribes and the fall money for anybody who gets pinched, knock wood-

KNOCK KNOCK. Everyone else knocks wood along with Nicky.

NICKY (CONT'D)

We sell the ATM data to a guy in Singapore and the shopaholics over there...

(referring to phone bank)

...buy merchandise we overnight to ourselves and resell on the gray market. Yesterday we bought 200 Canon Sure Shots...

They pass FAMILIAR FACES from the hotel lobby UNPACKING stolen Louis Vuitton SUITCASES, finding JEWELRY, CASH, PASSPORTS, etc...

JESS

Oh my god...

Jess picks up a beautiful DECO STYLE GARNET NECKLACE.

JESS (CONT'D)

This is so incredible. You think I could--

Nicky grabs it from her.

NICKY

Nope. We sell everything. Take no chances.

She takes it back.

JESS

It could be an advance. Please...

NICKY

Advance? Don't get ahead of yourself.

He takes it from her again.

JESS

What about the big con? I thought you were all big time, what's the big con?

NICKY

We'll get to that.

They enter a nearby ROOM. CASH riffles through a counter next to JENNY (55) who bundles stacks of bills and puts them in a SAFE.

JESS

Whoa...

NICKY

Jenny- front me five K. I got bit at the track.

Jenny has a MOMENT OF PAUSE, then tosses him a banded stack.

NICKY (CONT'D)

Have you seen Horst?

JENNY

Smoking.

Nicky nods, turns to Jess.

NICKY

I gotta take care of something. Be right back.

She nods and watches as he goes outside, joining Horst on the back porch.

She turns back toward the living room. Farhad motions for her to join him. She reluctantly approaches.

INT. BUNGALOW - LATER THAT NIGHT

A few of THE CREW stack MERCHANDISE AND MILL ABOUT. Jess and Farhad sit at his computer, looking at something.

JESS  
Awww- who's that?

FAT ASS FARHAD  
That's my little girl Mina.

JESS  
Cute.

FAT ASS FARHAD  
(click)  
My son, Dani.

JESS  
Sweet.

FAT ASS FARHAD  
(click)  
That's my wife Lida.

JESS  
Pretty.

FAT ASS FARHAD  
(click)  
That's my dick.

JESS  
(ignoring)  
Uh huh...

FAT ASS FARHAD  
Sorry about that.  
(click)  
That's my dog...

JESS  
Awww.

They click through a few more. Then-

JESS (CONT'D)  
So you've known Nicky a long time?

FAT ASS FARHAD  
Yeah. Ten years or so...

JESS  
Are you friends?

FAT ASS FARHAD

Yeah I guess I'm about the closest thing he got to a friend.

JESS

How long have you known him?

FAT ASS FARHAD

Uh- ten years? Why?

JESS

Just wondering.

FAT ASS FARHAD

Okay you got me-- we're sleeping together okay? Like the Ancient Greeks. It's so beautiful.

Jess laughs.

FAT ASS FARHAD (CONT'D)

Actually, I don't know. I like the guy. I do. Trust him. But people just aren't his bag.

JESS

I guess you can't blame him. I mean he told me about that thing with his dad and his grandfather. Crazy.

Farhad is surprised to hear this. A moment, then-

FAT ASS FARHAD

He told you that?

(then)

I mean- I've heard that story, but- never from him.

HORST (O.S.)

Jess?

Horst is at the threshold.

HORST (CONT'D)

Are you Jess?

JESS

Yes. Hi.

HORST

Horst. Nice to meet you. Nicky says you're quite a gifted wire.

JESS  
Never said that to me, but I'll  
take the compliment.

HORST  
He'd like to see you.

EXT. BUNGALOW - BACK PORCH - NIGHT

Jess comes out to the dim porch to find Nicky sitting on some old patio furniture watching a HORSE RACE on a small TV.

JESS  
Who you rooting for?

NICKY  
The wrong horse.

He gets up.

NICKY (CONT'D)  
Horst runs the whiz. He's the  
cannon and the steer. He's also  
your boss if you still want in.

JESS  
Really!? Yes! Yes! Thank you!

She bounces and gives him an impulsive hug.

NICKY  
Don't thank me. You've got a busy  
week coming.

He reaches into an envelope, hands her a CREDIT CARD.

NICKY (CONT'D)  
Here's a clean card. Jenny will  
make you a Florida ID.

JESS  
(regards card)  
Ooh, Platinum. You know a good  
hotel? I don't know Miami really.

NICKY  
I already got you a place.

She's pleasantly surprised.

JESS  
Really? Is it nice?

NICKY  
Not bad. I think you'll like it.

JESS  
Thanks. How do I get there?

NICKY  
Need a car?

JESS  
I don't really drive. New Yorker...

NICKY  
Oh... Need a ride?

JESS  
Really? Sure...

A moment as both of them think about this. A long beat.

JESS (CONT'D)  
(a little nervous)  
I mean... If that's okay with  
you...

He looks at her, thinks.

INT. SETAI HOTEL - LATER THAT NIGHT

A ridiculously lush suite. Jess in the powder room in a lightweight robe, looking in the mirror, primping.

As we watch Jess, we HEAR THE CONVERSATION from the PREVIOUS SCENE CONTINUE:

NICKY (O.C.)  
I'm fine with it. Are you?

She exits the powder room, relishing the luxury of her well appointed suite as she approaches the BEDROOM SUITE...

JESS (O.C.)  
You seem like a pretty good driver.  
I'll take a chance.

NICKY (O.C.)  
You can count on me.

She slowly pushes through the bedroom door--

JESS (O.C.)  
Can I?

NICKY (O.C.)  
Most would say no.

JESS (O.C.)  
I don't know. You seem trustworthy.

NICKY (O.C.)  
That would be your first mistake.

JESS (O.C.)  
(laughs)

The bedroom is empty. Nicky is not in the room with her.

BACK TO:

EXT. BUNGALOW BACKYARD - EARLIER THAT NIGHT

Romantic tension is palpable as they look at one another. Nicky seems to second guess his impulses for a moment. She picks up on it and lets him off easy.

JESS  
Maybe I'll just take a cab.

Nicky gives a gentle nod. She walks away.

EXT. SETAI HOTEL - LATER THAT NIGHT

Jess stands out on the BALCONY-- taking in the skyline of Miami much the way Nicky did in New York.

Finally, a hard earned break.

FADE OUT.

INT. MALL - DAY

OPEN ON 6 inch stiletto heels, shakily walking.

REVEAL JESS- dressed provocatively, squeezed into a tight dress, her bustline boosted by cutlets.

JESS  
Why do I have to do this Horst? I'm gonna sprain an ankle or I'm gonna sprain a boob- I'm not sure which.

CUT WIDER to reveal Jess, Horst, the Bearded Thief from the bar (GARETH) as they walk through a crowded mall.



HORST

Any man pickpocket would kill to have your figure. No one looks at your hands when you've got that working for you.

JESS

I can't breathe.  
(adjusting cutlets)  
It's like being felt up by The Incredible Hulk.

HORST

First things first. We stick to rich folks. And no one with a cane or a wheelchair- it's bad luck.

(then)

Gareth is the stall. All eyes on me until I make the mark. Once I fan him- I'll tug my lapel. Two fingers means the it's a prat poke, three fingers means the leather is an insider. If it's a cordeen or an ox tongue I scratch my nose-- unless I use my thumb which means I'm actually scratching my nose. Anything in the left tail or right tail I'll cock my head but nowadays kiester kicks are 95 percent of it so just do the touch and I ding the poke in the nearest mailbox, okay?

JESS

(out of her depth)  
Oh my God- what did you just say?

HORST

(sigh)  
Okay, plan B--

INT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY

MUSIC as Nicky pulls into a parking garage, eventually snagging a spot on Tangerine level.

INT. MALL - DAY

MUSIC CONTINUES as Nicky walks through the mall along the UPPER LEVEL SHOPS.

He comes to a RAILING, looking down to the LEVEL BELOW.

Nicky sees Jess admiring a dress in a shop window.

Nearby, Horst is eyeing the crowd while perusing his cellphone. He SNAPS a photo.

ON JESS-- she receives a TEXTED PHOTO OF A RICH WOMAN ON HER PHONE. She spots the woman in the oncoming crowd. And as the RICH WOMAN passes behind her, Jess FOLLOWS.

Nicky watches with great interest, starts WALKING, keeping pace with the action below.

NICKY POV: Jess GAINS on the woman, drawing closer until--

Gareth 'accidentally' BUMPS THE WOMAN'S LEFT SHOULDER as he passes from the other direction. At the same time--

-- JESS PASSES HER ON THE RIGHT, effortlessly DIPS HER HAND INTO THE WOMAN'S PRADA BAG and pulls out a leather WALLET.

It's over before the woman even turns to apologize to Gareth.

Nicky is intrigued. She's a natural. He keeps her in his sights as she moves. Whatever she's doing, it's not over.

NICKY POV: Jess "bumps into" a group of young men, suddenly taking on the body language of an apologetic, klutzy girl.

Nicky watches as she uses this as a chance to FAN THE MEN'S CLOTHING as they try to put the 'klutzy' Jess at ease.

They look to be GIVING HER DIRECTIONS, unaware as Jess DIPS into one pocket, then ANOTHER.

ON NICKY: Smirking as she shakes a guy's hand and TAKES HIS WATCH like Nicky showed her. She's graceful and deft.

Nicky tries to keep her in his view as she moves on and passes Horst. Imperceptibly, she DUMPS THE GOODS WITH HIM AND KEEPS GOING.

This ballet continues, as does Nicky's fascination with her. She's making it look easy but it's anything but that. He's never seen anything like her before... he's enamoured.

Maybe more.

CUT TO:

INT. BUNGALOW BACKYARD - DAYS LATER - NIGHT

POP! Champagne corks fly as the team celebrates.

Horst, Farhad, Jess are amidst the crowd of crooks, helping Nicky pour out champagne from a few magnum bottles.

NICKY

A record setting week, everybody.  
As of three this morning- One  
point two million.

Cheers from the crowd.

NICKY (CONT'D)

Don't forget to take your personal  
belongings tonight- because by the  
time the big game is over this  
place will be bleached down and  
repainted and everything not bolted  
down is going in the incinerator.

(then)

Horst has your travel money. Once  
you're home, I'll wire you all your  
cut. Congratulations!

More cheers as they clink plastic glasses--

Farhad takes a swig and raises his glass once again to Jess.

FAT ASS FARHAD

To the Rookie of the Year. Sorry if  
I was a dick...

JESS

Wouldn't have it any other way  
Farhad... you make me smile.

FAT ASS FARHAD

You're a cool chick Jess. I dig  
your shit.

JESS

Thank you.

They clink glasses.

CUT TO:

LATER THAT NIGHT, Jess mills through the party, exchanges  
pleasantries with her new acquaintances.

She spots Nicky at the edge of the yard, talking with Horst.  
She heads over.

CUT TO:

ACROSS THE YARD, Horst hands Nicky a BLACK DUFFLE BAG.

NICKY  
That all of it? One point two?

HORST  
(concerned)  
Yeah. No ponies or dogs right?

NICKY  
How long have you known me?

HORST  
That's my point. See you when I see  
you.

They exchange smiles. Horst EXITS, revealing a nearby Jess who overheard everything.

Nicky is pleased to see her.

NICKY  
There she is- I wanted to ask you  
something...

JESS  
Yeah me too. No big cons? I  
thought you were all big time.

NICKY  
No big cons. It's a volume  
business. Not sexy, I know- but  
it's profitable, it's safe and it  
works. Hell, we may even offer  
health care next year.

JESS  
Kind of a gyp.

Nicky smiles at her forwardness.

NICKY  
Maybe on the next one, George Raft.  
But I just made you fifty K-  
where's the gratitude?

JESS  
I'm an ingrate, I admit it. But I'm  
ambitious - most people find it  
charming.

NICKY  
Very charming. But if I could steer  
the conversation back to my opening  
line. You feel like going to the  
game tomorrow?

JESS  
Super Bowl? Really? Like, just us?

Nicky offers an affirmative shrug.

JESS (CONT'D)  
Yeah. That'd be great.

NICKY  
Good. Meet you there.

JESS  
(sincere)  
But, um, seriously- I want to thank  
you for bringing me in on this.  
Thanks for trusting me.

She extends her hand. He shakes.

NICKY  
No offense, but I never trusted  
you.

JESS  
None taken. I assume you feel that  
way about everybody.

NICKY  
I had a dog once, but yeah.

JESS  
Poor wounded bird lining his nest  
with hundred dollar bills...

NICKY  
It's a sob story, I admit it. I  
feel sorry for myself.

JESS  
Genius must be such a burden.

NICKY  
Crushing.

Jess smiles. Nicky too. A long pause. A kiss moment? Again  
Nicky squelches it coolly.

JESS  
So, I'll see you tomorrow.

She walks off, Nicky reaches into his breast pocket.

NICKY

Wait- I forgot to give you your ticket...

JESS

No you didn't.

She waves a SUPER BOWL TICKET over her shoulder as she exits and he puts two and two together. He smirks, loving it, dwelling on her exit.

PRELAP MUSIC as we CUT TO--

INT. SUN LIFE STADIUM - VARIOUS - DAY

SUPER BOWL. The air is electric, fans pour into the stadium.

At the turnstiles, Jess shows her ticket as she comes through. A TICKET TAKER points her toward her destination.

CUT TO:

Jess rises to the top of an ESCALATOR- checking her ticket and looking for a sign to guide her.

CUT TO:

ON AN UPPER LEVEL, a confused Jess approaches an USHER. He leads her to a set of FROSTED GLASS DOORS which SLIDE OPEN.

INT. STADIUM HALLWAY - DAY

The din of the crowd is muffled within the enclosed hallway. Eventually her ticket leads her to a door marked "SKY BOX 18"

She checks her ticket to be sure, then OPENS THE DOOR to find-

INT. SKYBOX 18 - CONTINUOUS

The ROAR of the crowd fills her ears as she enters a LUXURY BOX overlooking the game.

The crowd is almost exclusively ULTRA RICH CHINESE MEN AND WOMEN, enjoying the buffet, the bar, and the company of a few SUPERMODELS and CELEBRITIES.

Jess wanders in, convinced she's in the wrong place until-- Nicky waves from the BALCONY, motions for her to come over.

INT. SKYBOX 18 - LATER

The game is in full swing as Nicky and Jess enjoy themselves and watch from their prime seats on the balcony.

JESS  
How'd you get these tickets?

He points out seven foot six YAO MING inside the suite. They share a wave.

NICKY  
Yao Ming's a friend.

Jess and Nicky turn their attention back to the field.

JESS  
Is this a bad time to mention I don't really like football? I mean it just seems like a lot of standing around all the time...

NICKY  
Lots of standing, with brief moments of head trauma.

An awkward beat, he looks to the crowd.

NICKY (CONT'D)  
Well, if you don't like football we can still make it fun...  
(sees something)  
Okay, look-

He points to the STANDS BELOW where a VENDOR is preparing to toss a HOT DOG to a FAN eight seats down the row.

NICKY (CONT'D)  
Dollar says that guy misses the catch.

JESS  
(smiling, game)  
Let's make it a sawbuck.

NICKY  
Done.

THEIR POV: The Vendor THROWS. The fan MISSES the hot dog.

JESS  
AH!! How'd you know?

NICKY  
That guy can't throw.

A ROAR as the crowd starts to DO THE WAVE on the other side of the stadium.

JESS  
(searching the crowd)  
Okay- there- shirtless guy with the body paint. Sawbuck says he's too drunk to get up for the wave.

NICKY  
You sure? His team is on a drive.

JESS  
You in or out?

NICKY  
In.

The WAVE COMES AROUND- the man does not get up.

JESS  
Yesssss!! I know my drunks.

NICKY  
Nice.

They're having fun. Nicky spots another opportunity.

NICKY (CONT'D)  
Okay- there- the mamacita in the short shorts...

In the stands below, a shapely CUBANA is making her way from her seat down the row TOWARD THE AISLE.

NICKY (CONT'D)  
How many guys will check her out on the way up the aisle? Closest without going over wins.

JESS  
End seats only? At least ten.

NICKY  
There's a play on. I say three.

VOICE (O.S.)  
Six.

They turn to see a CHINESE INDUSTRIALIST sitting nearby.



INDUSTRIALIST  
Can I get in on this?

JESS  
Sure. Ten bucks- Mister...?

INDUSTRIALIST  
Liyuan. I say six guys look. Sure thing.

They nod in agreement and turn their attention to the Mamacita as she steps onto the aisle. The FIRST GUY she passes checks out her shorts.

JESS (O.S.)  
That's one.

THEIR POV: A SECOND GUY looks. Then a THIRD. Then a FOURTH.

NICKY  
Damn...

A FIFTH, A SIXTH. She climbs to the last step, exiting-

LIYUAN  
It's six!

But at the last second a SEVENTH MAN turns and rubbernecks.

JESS  
SEVEN! Yes!  
(to Liyuan)  
You're over! Whooo! I know my  
latches too!! Money money money!

She holds out her hand and Mr. Liyuan pays with a smile.

LIYUAN  
(playful)  
I want justice! I want my money  
back! Make another bet.

NICKY / JESS  
Sure... okay...

LIYUAN  
Which team draws the next foul?

NICKY  
Offense.

JESS  
Uh- I don't know football... you  
boys play.

LIYUAN  
 (to Nicky)  
 Okay, defense. A thousand dollars?

A moment. Unexpected, but Nicky is game.

NICKY  
 Good.

CUT TO:

ON THE FIELD: The play begins. In moments WHISTLES are blown, a YELLOW FLAG FLIES.

The LEAD OFFICIAL announces the penalty.

LEAD OFFICIAL  
 Holding! Number 25. Offense. Five yards, second down!

Liyuan loses, but takes it in stride. Jess is excited.

JESS  
 Whoa!

NICKY  
 Wooo!

Liyuan peels off 2000 DOLLARS from a big roll.

LIYUAN  
 No way that was a hold. Double or nothing they make the first down.

Nicky thinks a beat. He seems to be fighting an urge. He stretches his neck, then...

NICKY  
 Okay...

ON THE FIELD- The SNAP... the THROW... the CATCH... the TACKLE... FIRST DOWN!

ON LIYUAN, cringing with another loss. Nicky reaches for the cash. Liyuan STOPS HIM, more MONEY in hand.

LIYUAN  
 Five thousand. Do they pass or run?

Jess tries to make eye contact with Nicky but in the grips of his affliction he ignores her.

NICKY  
 Call it.

LIYUAN

They run.

ON THE FIELD: The SNAP, the BLITZ, the QB cocks his arm back-

JESS

(hopeful)

Oh!

BACK ON THE QB: He sees an alley and RUNS. Liyuan WINS.

LIYUAN

Yeah!!!

Nicky smiles, beaten.

JESS

Ouch...

NICKY

Okay, I've learned my lesson.

(to waitress)

Can I get a beer?

Liyuan is charged up.

LIYUAN

I give you double or nothing. Your bet.

Nicky takes a deep breath, thinking. As he exhales...

NICKY

Nah...

LIYUAN

Easy bet, easy bet. They make this kick, you win. Good odds right? They always make the kick. You can't lose.

Nicky considers it. Jess grows uncomfortable.

LIYUAN (CONT'D)

C'mon- I like to play. I like you.

NICKY

Fine. So what's that?

LIYUAN

Ten thousand.

Nicky heaves a breath.

LIYUAN (CONT'D)  
Too much?

NICKY  
I got it. You?

LIYUAN  
I always play big.

He points to his BODYGUARD who holds a BRIEFCASE.

NICKY  
Ten thousand they make it.

CUT TO:

ON THE FIELD: The SNAP, the KICK... DEFLECTED!

BACK TO:

JESS CRINGES at Nicky's loss. Liyuan GROANS in faux sympathy.

LIYUAN  
Oh no... sorry... I'm a lucky guy.

Nicky looks a little shaken. Jess is concerned.

JESS  
Maybe we should g-

NICKY  
(interrupting)  
Fifty thousand.

Heads turn. Nicky has fire in his eyes.

NICKY (CONT'D)  
Fifty thousand they down the punt.  
No return.

LIYUAN  
Ahhh. Now you make things  
interesting.  
(then)  
Okay.

ON THE FIELD-- The PUNT flies down the field...

ON NICKY, JESS and LIYUAN-- Nerves fraying.

ON THE BALL as it descends into the arms of a RECEIVER and...  
HE RUNS.

ON NICKY, deflating, fifty grand lighter. Jess is sick to her stomach. Liyuan is thrilled.

And before Jess can console Nicky--

NICKY  
(defiant)  
A hundred thousand!

JESS  
Whoa!

LIYUAN  
Hundred thousand? You don't have a hundred thousand...

NICKY  
Sure I do.

Nicky reaches under his seat, pulls up THE BLACK DUFFLE BAG HORST GAVE HIM and pulls out TEN BANDED STACKS OF HUNDREDS.

Jess recognizes the bag.

JESS  
You can't do that.

NICKY  
It's fine.  
(to Liyuan)  
How about you?

Liyuan's bodyguard pops open the BRIEFCASE next to Liyuan. It's full of banded stacks of cash. Nicky nods.

NICKY (CONT'D)  
Next pass - incomplete.

LIYUAN  
(satisfied)  
I say he catches it.

CUT TO:

ON THE FIELD: The SNAP... The BLITZ... The THROW...

...the CATCH. Nicky loses again.

BACK TO:

ON NICKY-- Shaken, absorbing the loss. The room goes eerily QUIET except for the Rolling Stones' SYMPATHY FOR THE DEVIL, playing on the suite's sound system.

Liyuan smiles. Nicky might be in shock. Jess grabs him.

JESS  
We're going.

She leads him to the door. Nicky looks like he's asphyxiating. The walls are closing in on him.

Jess reaches for the handle. And as the door opens, NICKY TURNS, marches back and--

SPILLS THE WHOLE BAGFUL OF CASH ON A POKER TABLE in the middle of the suite.

NICKY  
All of it.

JESS  
Nicky!

Liyuan comes forward. Interested. It's a lot of cash.

JESS (CONT'D)  
(sotto, pissed)  
That's my money too.

Nicky ignores her and grabs a nearby DECK of cards.

NICKY  
Million one. High card takes it.

Liyuan is on the spot. He's uncomfortable for a beat. Then he blurts out a LAUGH--

LIYUAN  
You're crazy! I like it!

He motions to his bodyguard to bring more cash.

NICKY  
You first.

Liyuan steps up to the table, takes a breath. He reaches for the deck, holds his hand on it- WAITING FOR HIS MOMENT. Then--

He CUTS the deck to show THE FIVE OF CLUBS.

The guests voice Liyuan's disappointment with a COLLECTIVE 'OOH...' Liyuan's face falls. His first vulnerable moment.

LIYUAN  
(in mandarin)  
Ah fuck...

Jess GASPS, semi relieved.

NICKY'S TURN. He puts his hand on the deck, staring down Liyuan with an intense predatory stare.

Nicky smiles. He looks down. He CUTS and turns over...

THE THREE OF HEARTS. Nicky loses.

The world goes swimmy. Nicky's suddenly a fly in Vaseline. Jess's knees BUCKLE and she thuds into the sofa behind her.

LARGE CHINESE BODYGUARDS close in around Liyuan and the cash.

A walleyed Nicky watches helplessly until suddenly--

-he snaps out of it and hastily heads for the door, full of sober self hatred. As he passes Jess-

NICKY

Let's go. It's over.

He doesn't even wait for her as marches out. She can't speak.

A bodyguard OPENS THE DOOR wide as Nicky approaches. Then, as he crosses the threshold--

LIYUAN

Sorry friend- that's what happens when you play with the big boys.

Nicky stops short. Things slow way down again. He burns.

JESS

(off Nicky's expression)  
Oh fuck me...

Nicky turns.

NICKY

Give me double or nothing.

LIYUAN

Oh man dude- what are you doing?  
Just go home.

NICKY

Double or nothing. I'll make it worth your while.

Liyuan is a bit surprised. He thinks about it and--

LIYUAN  
No, I don't think so. You got a  
problem my friend.

NICKY  
Take those binoculars. I'll stay  
here. Pick any player on or off the  
field- any one at all. And I'll  
guess who it is.

Jess is aghast.

LIYUAN  
Any player? That's 60 to one.

NICKY  
2 mill- I'm good for it.

LIYUAN  
That's fucking crazy.  
(bothered)  
I don't like it...

NICKY  
Fine. Pick any player on the field.

He points to JESS.

NICKY (CONT'D)  
...and she'll point him out.

JESS  
(agog)  
What!? No-

LIYUAN  
(wowed)  
You're fucking crazy!  
(thinks about it, then)  
But I can't turn down free money.

All are abuzz as Liyuan grabs the binoculars and heads for  
the balcony.

JESS  
What are you doing?! Don't drag me  
into this? Its not enough you lost  
everyone's money. My money?!

Nicky puts a hand on her shoulder.

NICKY  
Calm down.



JESS  
Get your hands off me! You're sick!

LIYUAN (O.S.)  
She reminds me of my wife...

Nicky tunes her out, turns his attention to Liyuan.

NICKY  
It's a big bet Liuyan. Take your  
time.

Liyuan scans the field. He settles on something. A smile.

LIYUAN  
Got one. Want me to write it down?

NICKY  
I trust you.  
(re: Jess)  
Now it's her turn.

JESS  
I'm not doing this.

NICKY  
Just pick.

JESS  
No.

LIYUAN  
He's crazy, I know. But it will be  
his fault, not yours.

With a deep breath, she reluctantly agrees. She joins Liyuan by the balcony and takes the binoculars.

CUT TO:

JESS POV: She pans over the field pausing on various players.

ON JESS, the pressure is killing her.

ON NICKY, calm but concerned.

JESS POV: More scanning of the field, the sidelines...

ON JESS, clueless.

JESS  
Uhhhhh...

ON LIYUAN, amused.

JESS (CONT'D)  
 What the hell am I supposed to do?

Liyuan turns to Nicky.

LIYUAN  
 I give you a chance to back out  
 okay? No hard feelings.

Nicky just shakes his head. Tension mounting.

JESS  
 Oh god... I don't know...

JESS POV: She pauses on Player #30 on the sidelines, moves on a few to the right, then back to #30.

ON JESS:

JESS (CONT'D)  
 Well I guess number... wait--

She sees something, she pans back to the right.

CUT TO:

JESS POV: There, on the sidelines, an INCREDIBLY LARGE LINEMAN catches her eye. She readjusts her view...

...IT'S FAT ASS FARHAD, in uniform number 55, talking to a COACH on the sidelines.

JESS takes her eyes away from the binoculars, swallowing her surprise. Nicky sees this from across the room, smiles.

JESS (CONT'D)  
 Number fifty five.

ON LIYUAN. All eyes are on him. He slowly shakes his head. Is it a no? Or---

LIYUAN  
 I don't believe it...  
 (blown away)  
 FUCK! That is unbelievable!!!

GASPS from the guests as they grapple with the upset. Jess instinctively jumps into character.

JESS  
 (innocent)  
 I'm right?! Oh my God! I'm right?!

LIYUAN  
 (wowed disbelief)  
 Yes!! You're fucking right!  
 Fucking shit!! You're fucking  
 right!!! Crazy!!!

Nicky starts collecting the cash and the briefcase.

JESS  
 You're not mad?

LIYUAN  
 (crazed delight)  
 Fuck no! We have to go to Vegas  
 right now!!! I have a jet!!! That  
 was incredible!!

Liyuan turns to anyone who will listen as

LIYUAN (CONT'D)  
 Did you see that!? Did you see what  
 she did!??

Jess slips over to Nicky as he finishes packing up the money--

LIYUAN (CONT'D)  
 And you dude! You have big fucking  
 balls! You are my new fucking hero!

Nicky smiles wide. Then--

NICKY  
 Double or nothing?

LIYUAN  
 (crazed delight)  
 No fucking way!!! Get the fuck out  
 of my suite!!!

And as they all LAUGH and make their exit--

INT. STADIUM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

ON THE SIDELINES, Farhad is talking to a COACH. We see now IT  
 IS THE MAN WHO LOST THE POKER HAND IN THE CROOKED HOTEL GAME.

FAT ASS FARHAD  
 I think I'm good coach. Consider  
 your debt settled.

Farhad grabs a Gatorade and walks off the field.

EXT. STADIUM PARKING LOT - DAY

Nicky and Jess walk with hastened pace to a waiting LIMO.

INT. LIMO - CONTINUOUS

Nicky can finally relax as they drive off and Jess can no longer contain herself.

JESS  
I'm going to kill you!!!

NICKY  
You did great.

She SWATS him repeatedly and excitedly.

JESS  
How did you do that?!!

NICKY  
Liyuan is a legendary gambler.  
Bets on everything. Anything. Huge  
cash bets all the time. Once- the  
Bellagio kicked Bill Gates out of  
the High Roller Suite because they  
heard Liyuan was flying in. He's  
the perfect vic.

JESS  
But how did you know who he was  
gonna pick!?

NICKY  
Because we told him to. We've been  
telling him all day long...

CUT TO:

INT. FIVE STAR HOTEL CORRIDOR - EARLIER THAT DAY

BEGIN FLASHBACK SEQUENCE of earlier that day--

Liyuan exits his suite with bodyguards, enters the ELEVATOR.

NICKY (V.O.)  
From the moment he left his room  
this morning we've been priming him-  
programming his subconscious. He's  
been seeing the number fifty five  
all day long...

IN THE ELEVATOR, an large ADVERTISEMENT for a WINE BAR in the hotel named "55 Degrees". Liyuan pays it little mind.

NICKY (V.O.)  
On the elevator, in the lobby...

IN THE LOBBY, Liyuan is briefly CUT OFF by a group of FANS (actually GARETH and some others we recognize from the con-team). They are all WEARING #55 JERSEYS.

NICKY (V.O.)  
...even the stickpin on the  
Doorman.

AS HE EXITS, Liyuan is greeted by HORST, dressed as a DOORMAN. PUSH IN ON HIS LAPEL to see a #55 STICK PIN.

I/E. LIMO AND MIAMI STREETS - DAY

Liyuan rides in a limo, occasionally glancing out the window.

NICKY (V.O.)  
...Not only that, we loaded his  
route from the hotel to the  
stadium. He looks out the window,  
primers are everywhere.

VARIOUS CUTS- seemingly EVERYDAY EVENTS outside the limo are given a CLOSER LOOK.

Undercover ACCOMPLICES are everywhere: As PEDESTRIANS in JERSEYS, as PROTESTERS wearing matching color TEES with 55 on their SIGNS, BILLBOARDS featuring FARHAD, etc...

NICKY (V.O.)  
...He doesn't see it, but he does.  
Team colors, fifty fives, even  
Farhad...

AT A TRAFFIC LIGHT: HONKING gets Liyuan's attention. He turns to see FARHAD DRIVING A TAXI- honking and yelling.

NICKY (V.O.)  
Suggestions are everywhere- the  
number of flowers in a vase, the  
tramp stamp on the hooker we sent  
to his room last night.

FLASH CUT TO A NAKED WOMAN'S LOWER BACK as Liyuan fucks her from behind. The number 55 is disguised as a TRIBAL TATTOO.

INT. SKYBOX 18 - EARLIER THAT DAY

An ACCOMPLICE replaces the iPod in the suite's iPod DOCK and PRESSES PLAY.

NICKY (V.O.)

It's also what he hears- from the words I choose, to the music in his suite.

FLASHBACK of Nicky challenging Liyuan to the big bet as SYMPATHY FOR THE DEVIL plays on the iPod DOCK.

NICKY (V.O.)

The Mandarin word for five is 'woo'. There are 124 woo-woos in 'Sympathy For the Devil'...

FLASHBACK ON LIYUAN looking through the binoculars, scanning the field and eventually spotting Farhad.

NICKY (V.O.)

He doesn't register it, but its all there. And when he looks through those binoculars and he spots the biggest guy on the field he's ever seen in his life with the number fifty five on his Jersey? Some little voice deep in the back of his head says, "That's it". He thinks it's intuition and picks.

A sly smile on Liyuan's face. Then, as we've already seen--

LIYUAN

I got one. Want me to write it down?

NICKY

I trust you.  
(re: Jess)  
Now it's her turn.

JESS

I'm not doing this!

And as the scene plays on-

NICKY (V.O.)

And you being in the dark and flopping around like a trout in a creel made it even more believable.

INT. LIMO - DAY

BACK IN THE PRESENT, Jess' excitement is unabated.

JESS  
(delighted)  
You are such an asshole!!

He laughs as she continues to swat at him.

JESS (CONT'D)  
There's no way that can really  
work!

NICKY  
Quick- what continent is Kenya on?

JESS  
Africa.

NICKY  
What are the colors of a chess  
board?

JESS  
Black and white?

NICKY  
Name an animal.

JESS  
Zebra.

NICKY  
Zebra.

Jess is amazed.

NICKY (CONT'D)  
85 percent of the time people say  
zebra. The human brain. Hackable.

JESS  
So you had an 85 percent chance?

NICKY  
Farhad had it at about 59%. Better  
odds than Vegas.

JESS  
What if he picked wrong?

NICKY  
Just double down again until it  
happens. It's probabilistic.

JESS

Well you're still an asshole.

NICKY

You wanted to learn- welcome to the  
grift.

She swats him again. He fights back a little as things become more playful.

He gets a hold of her arms, neutralizing her attack until--

She darts forward, KISSING HIM HARD. He quickly reciprocates.

It's a long kiss, but they break for air eventually- staring at one another for an extended beat-- heaving breaths, eyes speaking unheard doubts and desires. Then--

They resume- passionately and intensely. The chemistry is undeniable, it's real. It's intimate. It's building.

They manage the occasional comment between kisses.

NICKY (CONT'D)

I've wanted this a long time.

JESS

What the hell were you waiting for?

They're consumed by one another instantly. Hands greedily fumbling with clothing.

He reaches sensually into her hair and pulls her away from him for a brief moment- admiring her.

NICKY

Didn't know if I could trust you...

He leans in, she holds him back for a beat.

JESS

And now...?

It burns in his eyes. He pulls her into a passionate kiss.

INT. SETAI HOTEL - JESS' SUITE - NIGHT

Their two bodies lie still, facing one another, intertwined in the sheets of Jess' suite.

We move in slowly, closing in on Jess' sleeping face.

CAMERA ARCS AROUND to reveal Nicky, awake and gazing at her.



Jess stirs. Her sleepy eyes opening for a moment to find him there. A small smile, then-

JESS  
Go to sleep...

She reaches to pull him closer--

NICKY  
You go to sleep...

She gives him a little kiss. She sleepily prods him--

JESS  
Such a jerk... made me look like an  
idiot...

NICKY  
Next time you'll be in on it.

JESS  
Promise?

NICKY  
Promise.

JESS  
Next time, you're the idiot...

She smiles. He gives her a kiss and she drifts back to sleep.

Nicky reflects pleasantly. But soon his expression changes. There's concern. Conflict.

FADE OUT.

INT. SETAI HOTEL - JESS' SUITE - MORNING

OPEN WIDE as sunlight floods the room, eventually REVEALING Jess in the bed, alone.

She wakes, notices immediately he's gone.

Rising slightly, she looks around with concern, but the SOUNDS of milling about in the adjoining room of her suite soothe her concerns.

She slips into a robe and heads for the door.

CUT TO:

Jess shuffles into the living room with a smile to find a HOUSEKEEPER, not Nicky. Both are surprised.

JESS

Oh...

Jess turns back as the Housekeeper apologizes in SPANISH, re-entering her bedroom to find--

A FEW STACKS OF CASH on the dresser. Her cut.

A note. "Goodbye"

Pain wells in her eyes.

CUT TO BLACK.

OVER BLACK

"THREE YEARS LATER"

The searing WHINE of a 19000 RPM ENGINE and the gut pounding RUMBLE of exhaust builds on the soundtrack until--

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. AUTODROMO BUENOS AIRES - DAY

A FORMULA ONE CAR screams around the track on a test run at the famous racing complex.

It zooms past the near empty stands, where a daytime COCKTAIL PARTY is in progress. A few of the fabulous crowd take notice and CHEER, perched over the railing.

BACK ON THE CAR, circling the track, passing--

IN THE PIT other cars IDLE or are in various states of maintenance. Members of RACING TEAM GARRÍGA diligently work their various jobs as their driver gets a feel for the track.

IN THE STANDS sits Spanish team owner RAFAEL LAMARCA GARCES GARRÍGA-- 40, wildly wealthy and even more powerful. It oozes out of every pore.

He sits alone, sipping on an espresso and surveying his team from on high.

GARRIGA POV: Through the bustle trackside we find NICKY talking to a rather severe and ominous 60 year old WELSHMAN-- Garríga's head of security, WILLIAM OWENS.

They huddle around a bank of monitoring equipment and Nicky points out the readings on several LCD screens.

Owens offers no emotion as he listens. Eventually, he steps away-- headed for the stands.

Garríga takes another sip of his espresso, never taking his eyes off the track until--

GARRÍGA

I wasn't expecting such a kind  
face...

Owens is next to him now. He speaks in a thick WELSH BROGUE.

OWENS

The tech says his gizmo checks out.  
But in complete candor I don't like  
this-- and I don't like this boy.

GARRIGA

Why?

OWENS

He's a con man, sir.

GARRIGA

That's the point.

OWENS

I've dealt with guys like him when  
I was at 85 Albert. Slippery fish.

GARRIGA

I did not say you had to trust him.  
Just to be sure he does his job.

OWENS

That I will. My eyes are open and I  
keep my 1911 well fed.

Garríga is amused.

GARRÍGA

Invite him to lunch.

Owens nods even though Garríga has never removed his eyes from the track.

EXT. RACETRACK LOUNGE - DAY

Before the huge windows in the empty dining area overlooking the track, Garríga, Owens and Nicky have lunch.

GARRÍGA

You are a man known for great skills of persuasion and deception.

Nicky nods gently.

GARRÍGA (CONT'D)

You were very hard for me to find.

NICKY

I'd been out of it for a while.

GARRÍGA

So why did you take my offer?

NICKY

Ran out of money.

Garríga smiles. He's disarmingly charming.

GARRÍGA

I love everything about what we do. Drivers risk their lives for glory. The competition, the constant innovation, new materials, exotic fabrication- all of it to gain a fraction of a second on your competition. It is a sport of nanoseconds. Millions of dollars to get the slightest edge.

(then)

My car- You saw it?

NICKY

Beautiful...

GARRÍGA

Easily \$400 million dollars in R and D. Ferrari, McEwen, Lotus, they spend half of that.

(then)

But still I have a problem. Ten years ago at LeMans I was young and I was drunk and I declared Team Garriga would dominate the sport within a decade. And over that decade we have come very close. This year McEwen is the only team standing in my way.

(then)

But I have something none of them have.

NICKY

The EXR. The fuel burn algorithm.

GARRIGA

Yes, they all want it. My engineers promise it guarantees me a win. But that's not enough for me. Perhaps I am paranoid. Or perhaps I am too proud. But I will not lose. That is why I wanted you.

OWENS

This needs to be discreet. It needs to be safe. No holes.

NICKY

The plan is as we've discussed. I pose as a disgruntled contractor offering to sell the EXR to the McEwen Team. But that's not what I'll give them. I'll give them a fake designed by a friend of mine. They'll load it into their car's tuning control unit. It will test well- but it doesn't do anything. Basically it just gives a false reading to their instruments. It'll mislead the driver enough to give you an added edge.

GARRIGA

How much of an edge?

NICKY

Not much. Two thirds of a second every few laps? Imperceptible. Undetectable.

GARRIGA

Two thirds of a second is a gracious plenty.

Owens nods. Then-

OWENS

Just because the techs say it checks out, what makes you think you can convince them you're absolutely real? That you're completely authentic? You can't be dicking around boy.

NICKY

You don't need to worry about that.  
I'm well researched. We're good to  
go.

(then)

The Grand Prix Kickoff party at our  
hotel tonight...

GARRÍGA

Yes.

NICKY

I'll be there early. I'll be seen  
drinking, bragging and boisterous.  
At some point in the evening I'll  
approach you in view of the McEwen  
team. An argument ensues. I'll  
throw down my drink, I'll yell,  
I'll shove you- Security will throw  
me out. At that point it'll have  
it's own inertia. McEwen'll  
probably contact me right there. If  
not, I'll go to him.

GARRIGA

Good.

NICKY

Just so we understand. Whatever I  
sell it for- I keep all of it. Plus  
the million from you.

Owens and Garriga agree.

EXT. BUENOS AIRES HOTEL - NIGHT

Nestled into the beautiful city of Buenos Aires, a gorgeous  
hip hotel plays host to a kickoff party of Grand Prix week.

Outside is a lavish affair where the race teams, dignitaries,  
VIP spectators and generally fabulous folks enjoy themselves  
as music thumps over it all.

Nicky arrives, working his way through the crowd. He passes  
a RACE FAN COUPLE getting an autograph from a FAMOUS DRIVER.  
The HUSBAND offers his camera to passing Nicky.

HUSBAND

Take our picture?

NICKY

Sure.

Nicky gladly grabs the camera and quickly pops off a photo of the couple and the driver.

NICKY (CONT'D)

One for safety...

He snaps another and returns the camera. Moving on, he spots GARRIGA AND OWENS in a distant corner, regards them a moment, then turns his gaze to ANOTHER SET OF VIP'S.

NICKY POV: A burly, ebullient AUSTRALIAN TEAM OWNER (MORGAN MCEWEN, 50's) hugs his DRIVER who wears a TEAM MCEWEN JACKET.

Nicky turns his attention to the BAR. He's greeted by an Argentine BARTENDER whose name tag reads, "MARCELLO".

MARCELLO

(in SPANISH)

*What may I get you sir?*

NICKY

(in SPANISH)

*Marcello, is it? I have a favor to ask.*

MARCELLO

*Yes sir?*

NICKY

*I'm here on business with a client who loves to drink. But I'm a recovering alcoholic so when I order a Vodka martini rocks can you just give me water and olives instead?*

MARCELLO

(in English)

*Of course sir. Understood.*

NICKY

Vodka Martini. Rocks.

Marcello nods and prepares a drink.

EXT. BUENOS AIRES HOTEL - LATER THAT NIGHT

MUSIC as Nicky MINGLES at the party, talking to various guests- LAUGHING, CHATTING and most of all, DRINKING.

ON NICKY, talking up a guest, "tipsy" and disparaging.

NICKY

...he's a real son of a bitch as far as I'm concerned. Do you know if Garriga is Spanish for thief?

(then)

Forget it. I don't want to ruin the party... sorry man...

In a BRIEF MONTAGE, we watch him grow increasingly "drunk" as he downs several water Martinis.

He LAUGHS loudly and sloppily FLIRTS with a pretty woman-- briefly catching MCEWEN'S eye-- just enough to make an impression.

NICKY (CONT'D)

(pointing across room)

There he is right there. Commander in Thief. Stole my designs. Could have been millions in it for me. Guess you can do whatever you want if you're a rich prick...

PRETTY WOMAN

Maybe you should slow down a little. Drink some water...

NICKY

No. I'm gonna talk to him. Its a free country.

PRETTY WOMAN

Just calm down.

NICKY

I'm going...

He staggers off.

ON NICKY, heading across the room to Owens and Garriga. Owens gives a subtle nod. Nicky acknowledges him.

But as he makes his way across to Garriga, he STOPS suddenly-- falling out of character. His face falls.

IT'S JESS, looking stunning in a gorgeous dress and making an INCREDIBLE ENTRANCE from across the crowded space.

Confident on her heels, confident in all ways, she saunters toward him with smoldering intensity. She seems a completely different woman, but it's definitely her.

Nicky is thrown for a loop as she comes closer. She doesn't see him but continues on, smiling at the sight of someone.



Nicky turns to see who, only to find GARRIGA spreading his arms at the sight of her.

She walks right into Garriga's arms and gives him a more-than-a-friend kiss.

Nicky tries to absorb this shocking development. Shaken, he veers off course and heads for an EXIT.

CUT TO:

ON JESS, with Garriga, taking a sip from his drink.

JESS

Is this a Pisco Sour? I'll have one of these sweetie.

GARRIGA

Of course bonita...

And as Garriga orders a drink from a nearby WAITER, Jess catches sight of Nicky leaving the party. She calmly observes him and after a few moments leans close to Garriga.

JESS

I'm just gonna run to the ladies...

GARRIGA

Of course...

EXT. HOTEL TERRACE - NIGHT

Away from the party on a large terrace, Nicky looks out at the beautiful grounds as he tries to process things.

After a few beats, the sound of women's HEELS. He turns to see Jess approaching. They silently size each other up.

JESS

Well hello.

NICKY

Hi.

JESS

What are you doing here?

NICKY

Just here for the race.

JESS  
Should be a good one.  
(then, changing subject)  
Long time.

NICKY  
Yeah.  
(then, changing subject)  
So you're with um...?

JESS  
Rafael Garriga. Yes. He owns one of  
the teams.

Nicky pauses. Acknowledgment or a pang of jealousy?

NICKY  
Oh. Great. Is he a mark?

JESS  
No. We're together. Have been for a  
long time. I'm out of the game.

NICKY  
Oh. Good. Good for you.

JESS  
What about you?

NICKY  
I--

JESS  
I looked for you, you know.

Guilt plays behind his eyes.

NICKY  
You shouldn't have...

JESS  
What was I supposed to do?

NICKY  
Hate me. Forget me.

JESS  
Is that what you did? Just forget?

NICKY  
I made a mistake.

JESS

What? Sleeping with me? Bringing me in? Talking to me in that bar?

Before he can answer--

JESS (CONT'D)

You left me back at square one you know? Wandering. So I did what you said- worked alone. Got on the party circuit, boosting watches and traveling for a year before I met Rafael in Valencia. We've been together ever since. He's a good guy. Generous. Kind.

NICKY

Glad to hear it... I'm sorry if I--

JESS

No, you did me a favor. Rafael has changed my entire life. I'm in love. I'm happy. I should be thanking you.

Nicky absorbs this. He smiles half-heartedly.

JESS (CONT'D)

Guess I'll see you around.

She gives a kiss on the cheek. A friend's kiss.

JESS (CONT'D)

But look- he doesn't know about my past so-- you don't know me. Okay?

He gets it, but it seems like it hurts to hear it.

NICKY

Yeah. Okay.

He's left watching her walk away, regretful.

He reaches into his lapel pocket, searching for his wallet. It's still there.

EXT. HOTEL BAR AREA - LATER

Nicky bellies up to another bar at the party- raising a hand to the BARTENDER.

NICKY

Vodka.

The bartender places a drink before Nicky. Nicky takes a gulp, but is quickly disappointed.

NICKY (CONT'D)  
This is water.

BARTENDER  
Yes sir. I have spoken with Marcello.

Nicky looks across the party. Marcello looks back at him with a big thumbs up. Nicky tries again.

NICKY  
Give me a real one.

BARTENDER  
Sir, I couldn't.

NICKY  
It's okay. I need a drink. Several actually.

BARTENDER  
He told me to be strong for you.

NICKY  
I'll talk to Marcello.

EXT. HOTEL - MARCELLO'S BAR - MOMENTS LATER

Nicky bellies up to Marcello's bar.

NICKY  
Okay Marcello, you did a great job. We're good now. But I really need a drink so I want you to make me real one. Alright?

MARCELLO  
Understood sir.

NICKY  
Actually make it a double.

MARCELLO  
Coming right up.

CUT TO:

Marcello pours a huge one into a glass in front of Nicky. He takes a swig.

NICKY  
This is water.

MARCELLO  
(to be heard)  
No sir, it is a real drink.  
Absolutely one hundred percent  
genuine.

NICKY  
Who are you talking to? Just give  
me a drink.

MARCELLO  
I misunderstood sir. I'm sorry...

He turns to make another.

NICKY  
No- do it here. Do it right in  
front of me.

Marcello complies and begins to make the drink right before  
him with the proper ingredients.

MARCELLO  
What do I care? It is not my life.  
What does it matter if you come  
home at three a.m? If you yell and  
scream at your wife while your  
children cower under the bed afraid  
for their mother's life? Until one  
day, one of those children comes  
out from beneath the bed and pushes  
YOU against the wall and yells NO  
MORE PAPI! NO MORE! I am the man of  
this family now and you can go to  
hell!

Marcello places the drink in front of Nicky. He picks it up,  
ignoring what he just heard and holds it in front of his lips  
for a long beat. Then, guiltily-

NICKY  
Fuck you Marcello.

He slams down the drink and storms off. Marcello is proud of  
his tough love.

EXT. HOTEL - MOMENTS LATER

ON A WAITER with a trayful of drinks. Nicky CUTS HIM OFF,  
stopping him in his tracks.

Nicky grabs the tray- and stares down the waiter until he lets go of it.

EXT. HOTEL POOL AREA - CONTINUOUS

On Nicky, sitting on the diving board, drinking while watching Jess and Garriga from afar. The tray is next to him, half of the glasses are empty.

He remains indifferent as Owens joins him.

OWENS

Are you drunk?

NICKY

No.

OWENS

What part of the plan calls for a tray full of Lemon Drops, Apple-tinis, and Goldschlager shots? Are you pledging a sorority house?

NICKY

I think I may need to rethink the plan.

OWENS

Why? What's going on? Something wrong?

NICKY

No. I'm just not feeling it.

OWENS

You're not feeling it? This isn't Jazzfest, Thelonious. What's your reason?

NICKY

Nothing. Forget it. I'm fine. Just waiting for the right time.

OWENS

You sure? Mr. Garriga is not a guy you want to cross... me neither. So if there's something you need to say, say it.

NICKY

I said it. I'm waiting for the right time.

OWENS

God damned primadonna delicate  
science bullshit. You're not  
smashing atoms here. This isn't  
CERN. Just do what you're being  
paid to do.

(mutters)

Shitheel...

Owens exits. Nicky shoots back another drink.

EXT. HOTEL VIP AREA - NIGHT

Garriga and Jess LAUGH at an unheard joke. She swats him.

JESS

Rafael!!

GARRIGA

Funny, right?

NICKY (O.S.)

Hey you!!!

They turn to see a very drunk Nicky standing nearby. Owens  
is tense. Jess is freaked out.

JESS

Oh God...

GARRIGA

Don't worry. He's a disgruntled  
engineer.

SMASH! Nicky throws down his glass. Many guests, including  
McEwen turn.

GARRIGA (CONT'D)

I expect you have to something to  
say to m--

WHACK! Nicky knocks Garriga off his feet with a very  
unexpected punch to the face.

OWENS

(surprised by punch)

Oh shit--

JESS

What are you doing!?

Garriga hits the ground as the whole room turns to watch.  
McEwen is one of them. Owens rushes in as--

WHAM!! Nicky dives atop Garriga, punching and wrestling with him as Owens tries to pull him off.

GARRIGA

(to Nicky)

Why are you punching me? (WHACK) I thought we were shoving. (WHACK)

NICKY

You take my ideas, you claim them as you're own. You stole from me!!

ON JESS: Not sure how to react.

ON NICKY, wildly attacking Garriga.

NICKY (CONT'D)

I'M SO DISGRUNTLED!!!

Owens and party SECURITY finally peel him off Garriga as Jess tries to figure out what's going on.

GARRIGA

Get him out of here!

MCEWEN watches as they drag Nicky away while Garriga tries to urge the guests to resume enjoying the party. McEwen turns and whispers something to his BODYGUARD standing next to him.

ON OWENS, yanking Nicky and whispering in his ear.

OWENS

Oversold it a bit didn't you?

NICKY

I was caught in the moment...

Owens shoves him off, letting security take him out the rest of the way.

ON JESS, icing Garriga's face as he sits recovering.

JESS

What was that?

GARRIGA

The racing business bonita. That's all...

INT. HOTEL - LOBBY - NIGHT

Security escorts Nicky out of the party and across the lobby toward the front door.



NICKY

You can't throw me out-- I'm staying here.

MASSIVE SECURITY GUARD

Let's see your key.

Nicky digs in his pocket and produces his KEYCARD. Satisfied, they THROW HIM to the floor and walk away.

Nicky lays on the refreshingly cool marble of the lobby floor when TWO FEET settle to a stop next to his head.

He looks up to find McEwen's hulking bodyguard, GORDON, looking down at him.

GORDON

Mr. McEwen would like to have lunch in his suite tomorrow. Information is on the card.

Gordon drops a card on his chest and walks off. Nicky smiles and slowly rises to his feet to make his way to his room so that he can spend the night vomiting.

FADE OUT.

I/E. MCEWEN'S SUITE - DAY

Gordon lets Nicky into the palatial suite and escorts him into the living room area. The drapes dance on the breeze blowing in from the balcony doors.

Corpulent McEwen is outside, enjoying the view. MUSIC from the pool area below can be heard as Nicky joins him by the railing. They stare outward, side by side.

A long pause, then-

MCEWEN

Ever heard of Udo Pappenphus?

NICKY

No sir.

MCEWEN

An engineer for Ferrari for many years. Brilliant. Moved on a few times. McLaren, Toyota, different teams. A fun fellow. Curious fellow. With a name like Udo Pappenphus you'd damn well better be fun and curious...

He has Nicky's attention.

MCEWEN (CONT'D)

Well one day, Udo Pappenphus was found behind a berm with his throat cut ear to ear. Like a giant grin.

(then)

Udo Pappenphus, a corporate spy? No. Udo Pappenphus was a good father, a brilliant engineer and a stupid cunt. Udo Pappenphus brought home a one inch square of experimental honeycomb carbon composite to show his 10 year old son...

(by rote)

...and they cut his throat from ear to ear like a giant grin or so the story goes.

It hangs there.

MCEWEN (CONT'D)

Why tell you this tale? Other than the fact I like the sound of Udo Pappenphus as it strolls across my tongue? It's a warning... of what you're getting yourself into. He was Garriga's man.

NICKY

I want three million dollars.

MCEWEN

That's a lot of money.

NICKY

It's the EXR.

MCEWEN

(surprised)

Great God almighty...

Nicky stares down at the pool party below.

NICKY

Mmm hmm...

NICKY POV: Jess is walking through the crowded pool area in a sexy outfit.

MCEWEN

I thought maybe you'd have some  
shit like a dropped cockpit- blown  
diffuser nonsense...

Nicky doesn't answer, distracted.

MCEWEN (CONT'D)

But the EXR? You're Father Bloody  
Christmas come to me.

NICKY

(distracted)  
Uh huh...

MCEWEN

It's mine anyway- God knows he  
stole all my engineers from me.

As McEwen talks, Nicky walks along the railing to get a  
better look at her.

MCEWEN (CONT'D)

I'm going to need to see proof.

Nicky watches as Jess embraces Garriga, leaving McEwen  
waiting for an answer.

MCEWEN (CONT'D)

Do you understand?

Still no answer from staring Nicky.

MCEWEN (CONT'D)

What the hell are you looking at?

Nicky snaps out of it as McEwen glances down to see.

NICKY

What?

MCEWEN

Did the pool go Euro?  
(to inside)  
Gordon! Get my field glasses.

McEwen squints, spotting Jess.

MCEWEN (CONT'D)

Ahhh. I see the one. She's a  
beauty. Bet she's one of those  
Formula One skanks who follows the  
circuit.

NICKY  
 (offended)  
 She's not a race skank.

MCEWEN  
 Oh- do you know her?

NICKY  
 No, I'm just not getting a skanky  
 vibe.

MCEWEN  
 Oh sure she is. The hotel's lousy  
 with them.

NICKY  
 She looks like a very nice girl.

MCEWEN  
 Sure. For the right price.

McEwen laughs. Nicky scowls as McEwen keeps leering.

MCEWEN (CONT'D)  
 Gah. Look at her buttocks.  
 (inside)  
 Gordon! Field glasses! Now!!  
 (then)  
 Chiseled marble lobes...

NICKY  
 (bothered)  
 Okay, can we get back to business?

MCEWEN  
 A little small on top, but who  
 cares?

NICKY  
 (wanting to punch him)  
 That's a very subjective topic.  
 One man's small is another man's  
 perfection.

MCEWEN  
 Maybe if you're booking a fashion  
 show, but I'm talking about  
 slapping balls!!

NICKY  
 (annoyed, short)  
 Listen- Do you want the stuff or  
 not?

MCEWEN

Of course I do. GORDON GET ME MY  
FIELD GLASSES YOU MOUTH BREATHING  
YABBY!

(then, to Nicky)

But I'm gonna need proof first.

NICKY

You'll have it. I'll contact you.  
Then it's three million. Cash.

Nicky exits, running into bodyguard GORDON as he's delivering  
SMALL BINOCULARS to McEwen.

Nicky grabs them from him and quickly breaks them in half.

NICKY (CONT'D)

Sorry.

He gives them back and exits.

EXT. POOL AREA BAR - DAY

A cloistered pool bar partially separated from the pool area  
by tall landscaping. Jess arrives with an empty glass. A  
BLONDE BARTENDER helps her.

BLONDE BARTENDER

Sangria?

Jess nods as the bartender tops off her glass. Nicky appears  
behind her.

NICKY

Let me get this one...

Jess is not pleased.

JESS

What are you doing?

NICKY

Just having a drink.

JESS

You don't know me, remember?

NICKY

Just having a drink. Stranger.

JESS

What was that last night? Was that  
about me?

NICKY

No.

(then)

Well, a little bit about you.

JESS

Are you working an angle on Rafael?

NICKY

No. I'm working for him. It's nothing. Trust me.

JESS

Trust you. Of course.

NICKY

I know. I deserve that-- but... when you grow up in this- with a father like mine, you don't just trust people. It's not done. It's--

JESS

Is that it? It's all your dad's fault? I get it. I forgive you okay? But if Rafael sees us, I don't know what's gonna happen. He's the jealous type. Goodbye.

NICKY

You're missing the point.

JESS

Oh really? Then tell me- what's the point?

NICKY

The point is... I don't know what the point is. A chance to explain? Talk? I don't know- make it up to you?

She thinks. She's wrestling with something. A deep breath, a big sigh, then-

JESS

To be perfectly honest. I was kind of happy to see you. It's just-- I mean, three years is a long time. I guess I should just get over it...

Nicky leaves a silence, hoping she'll say more.

JESS (CONT'D)

Things with Rafael are... complicated. I was just painting a pretty picture. I mean, things are fine but... it's a strange world and sometimes...

She drifts off in thought for a moment, a vulnerability behind her eyes.

JESS (CONT'D)

I could actually use a... a distraction. You know? I get lonely here. He's so busy...

Her eyes start to well. She gathers herself.

JESS (CONT'D)

God- I must sound like such a train wreck...

NICKY

No. No, no... not at all.

JESS

(big sigh)

It was fun in Miami wasn't it?

Nicky smiles and nods. She moves closer.

JESS (CONT'D)

I kind of miss the game. I miss you.

(she thinks)

If I were to slip away. I mean, if I could... do you think...?

(then)

It's a mistake, forget it.

He leans in, seeing his chance.

NICKY

We can do whatever you want to do. I can keep you safe...

She leans in even closer, whispering-

JESS

You taught me so much. But I've learned a lot since then. I'd really love to show you all the things I've learned...

Nicky would like that. She moves toward his lips.

A KISS, gentle but simmering. Once it ends-

JESS (CONT'D)  
Like how I learned how to play men  
like I just played you.

Nicky instantly backs off, chiding himself. Jess smiles and skewers him.

JESS (CONT'D)  
You're pathetic. I think you're  
losing it.

NICKY  
When did you learn that?

JESS  
"I'll keep you safe?" BLECH! What  
the hell was that? Does that get  
you laid?

NICKY  
That was not a line!

JESS  
I'm not falling for your shit again  
Nicky. And I'm very happy. Stay  
away from me.

She walks away. Nicky admonishes himself. Then--

JESS (CONT'D)  
And you're still an easy lift...

She tosses back his wallet as she disappears from view,  
leaving Nicky wanting her more than ever.

FADE OUT:

EXT. ALEXANDER MCQUEEN BOUTIQUE - DAY

Jess emerges from Garriga's Escalade and an Argentine  
SALESWOMAN opens the door to greet her.

SALESWOMAN  
We've been expecting you...

INT. ALEXANDER MCQUEEN FITTING AREA - DAY

Splendid dresses all around.



SALESWOMAN (O.S.)  
 Señor Garriga's assistant called.  
 We pulled a few things they said  
 you might like...

Jess is at the mirror decked out in an amazing dress as the saleswoman stands beside her.

JESS  
 I think this one would just about  
 kill him.

SALESWOMAN  
 It's breathtaking, is it not?

It is.

EXT. BUENOS AIRES STREET - LATER

Jess is laden with bags, continuing her shopping expedition.

Passing a BUS STOP where several ELDERLY PEOPLE get on a bus, she notices a PURSE on the ground nearby. She tries to get the attention of the boarding passengers...

JESS  
 Whoa whoa-- wait! Hello? Hello!  
 (realizing)  
 I mean hola! Wait...

Too late-- the bus door CLOSES and it pulls away. Frustrated for a moment, Jess is overcome by a touch of her pickpocket past as she picks up the purse.

She looks around quickly then digs into the purse. Not much-- an ADDRESS BOOK, some KEYS and a WALLET with a few PESOS and PICTURES of a SWEET OLD COUPLE - The wife beaming and the husband in a WHEELCHAIR.

She is overcome with guilt. She flips to the first page of the address book and quickly finds the woman's information.

She dials the number. An OLD MAN answers.

OLD MAN (O.S.)  
 Hola?

JESS  
 Hola-- um, hi, your wife, um--  
 espousa? She--

OLD MAN (O.S.)  
 Que?

JESS  
Habla ingles?

OLD MAN (O.S.)  
Que? No habla--

CLICK. He hangs up. Jess is stymied for a moment, then--

EXT. BUENOS AIRES SIDE STREET/COURTYARD - LATER

Jess scans building numbers, referring to the address book periodically. The Escalade follows her slowly. She comes upon a residential COURTYARD, entering to find--

NICKY  
So you do still have a heart.

Grinning Nicky is seated at a garden table in the courtyard with an open bottle of Malbec and two glasses. Jess is pissed

JESS  
Oh God! Seriously?

NICKY  
(as old man)  
Si, estoy muy en serio.

She tosses the address book at him.

JESS  
You are a dick! Stop wasting my  
time!

She stomps off. He follows.

NICKY  
C'mon just sit with me. Have a  
little wine. Isn't this romantic?

JESS  
Yes! Stalking really turns my crank

She gets inside the Escalade and it drives off.

INT. ESCALADE - CONTINUOUS

Jess huffs at her situation when, DING! Her phone receives a TEXT. She looks down to read--

*"Sorry"*

DING! Another text:

*"Didn't know how else to get your number"*

JESS

Dammit...

She's mad at herself, but also a little amused...

INT. BUENOS AIRES HOTEL - NICKY'S ROOM - NIGHT

It's late. Nicky lounges on his bed, watching A La Cama Con Porcel on TV, eating gummy bears and drinking a beer.

DING. His phone lights up with a TEXT. It's Jess.

*"What's the matter? Can't sleep?"*

He quickly sits up, spilling his beer. He thinks a moment.

DING. Another text: *"Your light is still on."*

He looks to the window. Is she watching?

DING. Another text. *"Be at the terrace garden in 5."*

A smile. He springs into action-- putting on a shirt and quickly freshening up in the bathroom mirror.

He EXITS.

Beat.

He re-enters, smelling his armpits. Quickly applies deodorant, leaves again.

EXT. BUENOS AIRES HOTEL GARDEN - NIGHT

Nicky arrives at the garden on the hotel grounds. He looks for Jess. No sign of her.

DING. A text: *"Turn around"*

He slowly turns. He's facing the hotel.

DING. *"Look up"*

He does. Scanning upward a few floors until he sees--

Jess, in heavy shadow, silhouetted by the light spilling from her suite.

He watches as she slowly undoes the sash of her robe, not yet opening it.

She turns and moves inside, diffused by the sheer curtains and warm light inside.

Nicky walks with her as she enters the bedroom. He's rapt, not noticing as he walks through a manicured flower bed.

She stops, her back to him, still diffused by the curtains.

He stops and watches as she DROPS HER ROBE. Although obscured slightly by the curtains, he can see her turn her head and he can discern a sly smile. Then--

Garriga enters the bedroom, shirtless, hairy and libidinous.

She turns to him and embraces him.

Nicky shoulders his disappointment and frustration as they vanish from view.

FADE OUT.

EXT. TEST TRACK - DAY

A McEwen F-1 car on a test run speeds past the pit where the McEwen team is gathered.

Nicky, McEwen and a McEwen TECH are huddled around a laptop.

MCEWEN

Well?

TECH

It's real.

McEwen looks to Nicky.

MCEWEN

Three million huh?

NICKY

I can have the entire package within 48 hours. Code, documentation, analysis.

McEwen agrees.

NICKY (CONT'D)

Wait for my call.

Nicky closes the laptop and exits.

EXT. BUENOS AIRES AIRPORT - DAY

Nicky pulls up outside the baggage claim area in his SUV, glancing inside.

I/E. BUENOS AIRES AIRPORT - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON rolling LUGGAGE and FEET, purposefully walking to the exit, PASSING THROUGH THE SLIDING DOORS and approaching Nicky's car.

INT. CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Fat Farhad sits in the back of the car as Nicky drives.

FAT ASS FARHAD

Is the chimichurri good? Love that shit.

NICKY

I'll take you for asado. I owe you one.

FAT ASS FARHAD

What's with the coach seat?

NICKY

Sorry, last minute.

FAT ASS FARHAD

Godamned connection in Sao Paolo? Airport's like JFK if it was in Mogadishu. Orange fucking tile gives me a headache.

NICKY

I'll make it up to you.

FAT ASS FARHAD

Damn right. They had me squeezed between two fat guys. I swear we flew at a 45 degree angle the whole way down.

NICKY

Are you done complaining? There's a time issue.

FAT ASS FARHAD

Don't question my professionalism. If I have a pulmonary embolism, let it hang on your head.

NICKY

I told you to get up and walk every hour. Did you get up and walk every hour?

FAT ASS FARHAD

Why? So I can stand in front of a bathroom door I can't fit through? Me and the fat guys were pissing in Aquafina bottles like long haul truckers.

NICKY

Sorry. Are you done?

FAT ASS FARHAD

You better have booked me a nice hotel too.

NICKY

Motel.

FAT ASS FARHAD

Motel?!

NICKY

It's actually nice. I checked it out. Now are you done?

FAT ASS FARHAD

Yeah, just had to vent.

(then)

Where's this going down?

Nicky points to a GPS like device, tracking something.

NICKY

Not sure yet. Mark is on the move. Public though.

FAT ASS FARHAD

You sure about this? This isn't my speciality-

NICKY

Why are you still complaining? I'm giving you a cut-

FAT ASS FARHAD

I haven't heard from you in a year. And you haven't gigged in three from what I hear, so forgive me my impertinence.

Nicky isn't going to argue anymore.

EXT. PUBLIC SQUARE - DAY

A busy public square lined with shops, cafes, merchants, etc. Nicky pulls in and parks.

INT. NICKY'S CAR - DAY

Nicky and Farhad scan the sea of crowded tables outside.

NICKY

Back there- next to the guy in the yellow.

(then)

You got the piece?

FAT ASS FARHAD

In my bag.

EXT. SQUARE - DAY

Farhad carries a small bag as he works his way through the crowded area. He negotiates his way past tables, eyeing passersby wearily.

He turns his gaze ahead, locking in then palms the side pocket of his bag, checking for the mysterious contents.

FARHAD POV: The crowd parts, revealing his mark at a table--

FAT ASS FARHAD

Hey there.

It's JESS. She looks up to see him, pleasantly surprised.

JESS

Farhad!

FAT ASS FARHAD

Jess.

She leaps to her feet and they hug.

JESS

Oh my god! You've lost so much weight!

He looks exactly the same.

FAT ASS FARHAD  
I did a cleanse.

JESS  
You here with Nicky?

FAT ASS FARHAD  
Sort of. Can I bend your ear?

JESS  
Sure, sit down...

They do.

FAT ASS FARHAD  
You've got Nicky all nuts.

JESS  
I do? Good.

FAT ASS FARHAD  
I've never seen him like this. You know he hasn't worked since Miami?

JESS  
Seriously?

FAT ASS FARHAD  
I know he's an asshole. I mean, a really big asshole. But he's my friend and I'm going to bat for him. Can't you give the asshole a break?

JESS  
Okay, he flew you down here just to talk to me?

FAT ASS FARHAD  
He knew you and me hit it off in Miami with me showing you pictures of my family and my dick and all.

JESS  
Well yeah, that was special.

FAT ASS FARHAD  
I don't know- I think he thought that maybe you would listen to me being that we was so close.

JESS  
I don't know what to say Farhad, it's been a long time.



FAT ASS FARHAD

He told me you got a thing going with this Spanish dude, what's his face...

JESS

Yeah well that's where things get complex...

CUT TO:

ON NICKY, watching from the car, squinting at Farhad and Jess through the crowd.

They gab and eventually LAUGH uproariously.

BACK TO:

Farhad and Jess continue their conversation.

FAT ASS FARHAD

Nothing in life is easy you know?

JESS

Listen- I know what he is. He may be obsessed with me now, but he'll forget about me just like he did before.

FAT ASS FARHAD

I don't think you've got that right. He seems different... and I've known him a long time.

JESS

Yeah?

Farhad pulls a small box from his bag and hands it to her.

JESS (CONT'D)

(opening it)

What is it...?

She lifts the lid to find the DECO STYLE GARNET NECKLACE she coveted way back in Miami.

FAT ASS FARHAD

He kept it for you. All this time.

Her eyes say it all.

EXT. CAMINITO LA BOCA DISTRICT - DAY

Jess and Nicky walk along the blocks of brightly painted homes in the historical neighborhood.

The mood is a bit awkward, but it's a start.

JESS

So I'm here. What'd you want to say to me?

NICKY

This feels like a job interview.

JESS

I don't have all day.

NICKY

So cold. You've changed.

JESS

No. This isn't how I treat people, it's how I treat you.

NICKY

So you're saying I have a special place in your heart?

JESS

I don't know about my heart. Something south of that. It might be pollups.

NICKY

You're making this so easy.

JESS

No problem. I can't wait for the sucking sound of your empty platitudes.

NICKY

You are so mean. I hope you're not a pet owner because you are definitely a kick the dog type.

JESS

I have a lizard. You'd get along.

NICKY

Again with the mean. Have pity.

She stops him and makes eye contact.

JESS  
You. Are. A dick.

She turns and walks away.

NICKY  
I totally lost it, okay?

She stops. Turns around.

NICKY (CONT'D)  
Never happened to me before. Never.  
(stream of conscious)  
I was laying there that night and I  
couldn't sleep and I was just  
looking at you and I was totally  
prepared to tell you anything.  
Whatever you wanted to hear.  
Everything. All my secrets...

JESS  
Oh Jesus...

NICKY  
That's never happened to me. I- I -  
I had images of us, like... like...

JESS  
What?

NICKY  
Like... together.

JESS  
Like sexy stuff?

NICKY  
No! Like normal stuff! Like camping  
at Yosemite. Driving to Big Sur.  
Eating crab at Fisherman's Wharf.  
It was all in California for some  
reason-- which is weird because  
I've only been there once when I  
was eight and I'm allergic to  
shellfish.

JESS  
I'm allergic to shellfish.

NICKY  
Really? See how well we're hitting  
it off?

JESS

Okay- we need to find someplace to sit 'cause I think you're having a meltdown.

EXT. PLAZOLETA DE LOS SUSPIROS - A SHORT TIME LATER

Jess and Nicky sit at the edge of a QUIANT WHARF overlooking a harbor at the edge of the neighborhood. Colorful tugs and fishing boats are moored nearby as Jess PUTS THE NECKLACE ON.

NICKY

Looks nice.

Jess accepts the compliment but changes the subject.

JESS

Farhad said you didn't work for a long time...

NICKY

Couple years, yeah. Didn't feel right. Actually started feeling bad about doing it... which is not something you want in a professional con artist. Empathy, a heart... what a disaster.

JESS

Yeah. God forbid.

NICKY

Seriously. Not so much about the rich guys. But I think about some of the ones when I was little. My dad and I would run this scheme at these churches. I'd speak in tongues and he'd translate for a donation. What happened to those people? Or when I was 15, I ran a credit card scam on this video store in Pennsylvania- back when they had the carbon paper slips? I drove back there last year and it's not there. Video store was gone.

JESS

Don't you think that was online streaming? Or Netflix or the big red thing at the grocery stores?

NICKY

What is that thing?

JESS

Don't tell me you blame yourself  
for Borders Books too.

NICKY

No. That was the Kindle.

JESS

Wow you really have become a wuss.

NICKY

It was a crisis of faith.

JESS

All brought on by sleeping with me?

NICKY

RedBox! That's the thing at the  
grocery store.

JESS

Did you just say that? Was that a  
naughty inference?

NICKY

I think so.

JESS

Maybe you're not such a wuss.

Smiles. Then--

NICKY

I even reached out to my dad.  
Hadn't seen him in years. We  
buried a lot of our crap. Asked him  
if he'd ever gone straight. He was  
like, "I go straight every time I'm  
on parole." He told me that you  
can't live this life and then not  
live it. 'Be a man and move on...'

JESS

And?

NICKY

I'm working on it.

Jess thinks a moment, reflecting.

JESS

You said this was no way to live.  
That I'd never be able to trust  
anyone. I didn't believe you then,  
but I do now. I cut myself off.

NICKY

All brought on by sleeping with me?

JESS

I was headed that way anyway. It  
wasn't that big of a deal.

NICKY

Was that a dig?

JESS

Just a little one.

NICKY

Clever.

JESS

Why'd you go to all this trouble  
Nicky. Absolution? Forgiveness?  
Piece of mind? What?

NICKY

I can convince anyone of anything.  
One time I convinced a man that an  
empty warehouse with a single chair  
in it was the federal reserve. So  
I'm good. A good liar.

JESS

Yeah. You're the best.

NICKY

But what I wanted to do was tell  
you the truth. To tell you the  
truth and to look into your eyes  
and...

(inhales)

I just need for you to believe me.

They stare at one another. Nicky awaits her answer.

JESS

I want to believe you Nicky. I  
really do.

He's disappointed.

JESS (CONT'D)

I have to go.

MUSIC. He watches as she walks away, late afternoon sun warmly reflecting off of her.

She approaches a TAXI and gets in. Nicky turns his gaze to the sun setting on the harbor.

It's not long before Farhad ambles up behind him and rests a sympathetic hand on his shoulder.

FAT ASS FARHAD

Let's get something to eat.

INT. BUENOS AIRES HOTEL - ELEVATOR - NIGHT

A sullen Nicky rides the elevator. It stops. A COUPLE boards. Down the hall an ELDERLY WOMAN makes her way toward the door. She looks up just as the door closes.

ELDERLY WOMAN

Por favor.

Nicky put his arm out and holds the door. The woman enters.

ELDERLY WOMAN (CONT'D)

Gracias.

NICKY

De nada.

INT. BUENOS AIRES HOTEL - THIRD FLOOR CORRIDOR - NIGHT

The elevator doors open. Nicky exits and makes his way back to his room when he STOPS--

Jess sits at his door. She rises, she looks shaken, possibly roughed up. He goes to her, quick to console.

NICKY

What happened? What's wrong?

JESS

I don't want to talk about it.

NICKY

Did he--

JESS

Just kiss me.

He does. A loving kiss that's been a long time in the making. They quickly lose themselves as he backs her to the door.

Never breaking their embrace, Jess reaches into Nicky's pocket and pulls out his room key. Blindly fumbling for the lock, Jess continues to kiss him as the door opens to reveal a short HALLWAY leading to the bedroom.

CAMERA FOLLOWS SLOWLY as Jess and Nicky stumble down the hallway, locked into each other, heading toward the BEDROOM.

CAMERA MOVES IN SLOWLY as they land on the bed and continue.

MATCH DISSOLVE:

CAMERA CONTINUES to move in as DAYLIGHT fills the bedroom and arrives at the bed to settle on the couple intertwined with one another the NEXT MORNING.

MUSICAL INTERLUDE as they look at one another, communicating only with long looks and smiles- each enjoying the other's company without a word.

It's a simple and pure moment, not cloying or forced. Totally candid and unadorned, they are at once playful and loving.

Eventually Nicky's face grows a touch more serious. There's something he has to say. Then-

NICKY  
I'm leaving soon.

Conflict, concern play across Jess' face but she says nothing

NICKY (CONT'D)  
Come with me.

She clearly wants to but doesn't say. He grasps for a reason.

NICKY (CONT'D)  
I know you think you love him but I want you to come with me. Tonight.

JESS  
Nicky... I don't love him. But the thing is -

NICKY  
You can't trust me.  
(then)  
I know and it probably serves me right. But I've changed and I know I can't prove that but I've changed.



JESS

Nicky there's something -

NICKY

He's going to be at the track. Go  
get your stuff and come back here.  
I just have to finish my business  
and we'll be gone.

She sighs. Unsure where to begin. But before she can say-  
Nicky's phone RINGS.

NICKY (CONT'D)

Shit...

(looks at phone)

It's Owens. I gotta take it.

She grows concerned. He answers.

NICKY (CONT'D)

Hey.

OWENS (O.S.)

Where are you?

NICKY

Just in my room.

OWENS (O.S.)

Good. I'm at the door.

Nicky hangs up, wincing.

NICKY

He's here.

Nicky gets up, grabs his pants as Jess puts on a nearby ROBE.

ON NICKY, heading down the hall for the front door, passing a  
DIVIDER WALL that separates the bed and bath section of the  
suite from the living area.

He opens the door to reveal a suspicious Owens holding a  
SMALL PACKAGE. Nicky plays it cool.

NICKY (CONT'D)

Hey...

Owens comes in uninvited. Nicky leads him to the living area.

OWENS

Still sleeping? I thought you were  
meeting with McEwen...

NICKY  
I'm on it. I have time.

OWENS  
Yeah?

NICKY  
Yeah.

OWENS  
There's a lazy Sunday softness to  
your generation-- makes me  
uncomfortable.

Owens wanders along the living area. It's obvious he's  
looking for something or someone.

OWENS (CONT'D)  
I like to be on my feet. I'll lay  
down when I get cancer. Or if I  
fuck. Both of which will be done on  
my back in case you were wondering.

He heads for the OPEN FRENCH DOORS that lead to the BEDROOM.

NICKY  
I'm glad you decided to share your  
life philosophy with me. I'm  
already seeing the world in a  
different light.

Owens arrives at the FRENCH DOORS just as Jess is DUCKING OUT  
the other BEDROOM DOOR, CLOSING IT as she goes.

OWENS  
Sarcasm. Another pillar of your  
generation. You want to tell  
somebody to fuck off, tell 'em to  
fuck off. Don't say, 'gee, what a  
great jacket.' It's weakness.

Nicky rolls his eyes as Owens glances through to the bed.

OWENS (CONT'D)  
That's a messy bed.

NICKY  
I don't sleep well.

ON JESS, heading for the front door.

BACK ON OWENS, entering the bedroom.

OWENS  
Someone here?

NICKY  
No.

Owens GRABS THE KNOB of the main bedroom door.

ON JESS, trying to quietly open the front door when--

OWENS OPENS the bedroom door, forcing her to duck into the living room.

OWENS  
You know why you don't sleep well?  
Added complexity to the point of  
distraction.

He closes the door behind him and wanders down the hallway that leads to the front door. JESS is on the other side of the dividing wall in the living area, matching his pace.

OWENS (CONT'D)  
All of you with your phones and  
computers that bring nothing but a  
barrage of useless information.

Nicky gets in front of him, hoping to lead him to the door and facilitate his exit-- not noticing Owens grabbing a SMALL TRASH CAN and setting a trap for Jess by putting it in front of the bedroom door.

OWENS (CONT'D)  
Fucking Twitter? Like anyone really  
cares that you're eating a turkey  
sandwich for lunch.  
(realizing)  
Sorry... 'Panini.'

NICKY  
Sarcasm?

OWENS  
Satire.

NICKY  
Are you here for a reason?

OWENS  
Who'd you pick up at the airport?

ON JESS, on the other side of the dividing wall. She catches sight of the trap Owens laid- she can't go through the bedroom again.

Nicky arrives at the door first, glancing back at the living area and CATCHES A GLIMPSE of Jess SLIPPING ONTO THE BALCONY.

NICKY  
Garriga has you following me?

OWENS  
I got people there.

NICKY  
He's my computer guy.

Owens blows past him and re-enters the living area.

OWENS  
Why? Is there a problem?

NICKY  
There won't be. Because he came.

OWENS  
I got a little red hair on my taint that tickles when something's afoot. Lately I've been scratching my nethers like a fucking Macaque.

He wanders toward the balcony. Nicky follows.

NICKY  
Look. Nothing's going on. Everything's on schedule. We're wrapping up. No one should get spooked just because we're near the end.

This stops Owens for a moment- just short of the balcony. He turns. He sizes Nicky up. Nicky gestures to the front door.

NICKY (CONT'D)  
Now come on. Let me do my job.

Owens stares him down. And just when it seems he's satisfied-

He turns and walks onto the balcony. Nicky cringes, following him out to find--

EXT. BALCONY - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

NOTHING. Jess isn't there, only Owens. He stares out at the grounds resolutely.

OWENS  
Nice day.

He goes back inside, leaving Nicky looking around for Jess.

He looks to the NEXT BALCONY. The gap is impossibly wide, but-

JESS POKES HER HEAD UP. Somehow she made the jump and, from the look of her it was terrifying. She's rattled to the bone.

He mouths, 'You okay?' She manages a nod. He pulls his ROOM KEY from his pocket and tosses it to her. She catches it.

He pantomimes, "Meet here. 7 O'clock..." then heads inside.

INT. BUENOS AIRES HOTEL - NICKY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Nicky enters to find Owens placing the small package on the table and LOOKING AT HIS WATCH--

OWENS

Call us when you finish with  
McEwen.

NICKY

Will you stop worrying? I'm on my  
way.

EXT. MCEWEN TEST TRACK - DAY

In the pit, Nicky, McEwen and the Tech sit before monitors that display the Garriga information. McEwen smiles broadly and slaps him on the back.

TECH

Incredible...

MCEWEN

You're my favorite person. I swear  
you're six inches taller and twice  
as handsome as when you walked in  
here.

Gordon the bodyguard approaches on McEwen's signal and places a bag of cash in front of Nicky. He shakes with McEwen.

NICKY

It's been a pleasure, Mr. McEwen. I  
wish you the best of luck.

MCEWEN

With friends like you, who needs  
luck?

McEwen and his men laugh at his joke. Nicky joins in.

EXT. BUENOS AIRES OUTSKIRTS - DAY

MUSIC as Nicky drives his rental car with 3 million dollars in a bag at his side. He dials his cell, awaits an answer.

NICKY  
(into phone)  
Mr. Garriga? It's done. I wish you  
the best of luck.

GARRIGA (O.S.)  
With friends like you? Who needs  
luck?

Nicky smiles as Garriga LAUGHS. He hangs up and speeds down the road.

EXT. BUENOS AIRES INDUSTRIAL PARK - DAY

MUSIC CONTINUES as Nicky pulls into a high end industrial park arriving at the open garages of the LOTUS RACING TEAM.

He's greeted by the LOTUS HEAD ENGINEER.

INT. LOTUS WORKSHOP - DAY

Nicky, the Head Lotus Engineer and a Lotus Tech sit before monitors that display the Garriga information. The Engineer smiles broadly and slaps him on the back.

LOTUS ENGINEER  
Worth every penny.

A bag of cash is placed in front of Nicky. He shakes hands with the Engineer.

NICKY  
It's been a pleasure, Mr.  
Gallagher. I wish you the best of  
luck.

LOTUS ENGINEER  
With friends like you, who needs  
luck?

The Lotus guys laugh at his joke. Nicky joins in.

EXT. BUENOS AIRES HIGHWAY - DAY

MUSIC CONTINUES as Nicky drives his rental car with 6 million dollars in the TWO BAGS at his side. He speeds down the road with a satisfied grin.

EXT. TEAM RED BULL-RENAULT PIT - DAY

Nicky, the Head RENAULT ENGINEER and a RENAULT TECH sit before monitors that display the Garriga information.

RENAULT ENGINEER  
C'est magnifique!

A bag of cash is placed in front of Nicky. He shakes hands with the Engineer.

NICKY  
It's been a pleasure, Monsieur. I wish you the best of luck.

RENAULT ENGINEER  
With friends like you, who needs luck?

The Renault guys laugh at his joke. Nicky joins in.

INT. DIVE BAR - DAY

A man in a FERRARI JACKET slides a bag of money to Nicky.

FERRARI ENGINEER  
With friends like you, who needs luck?

They both LAUGH at his joke.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. HRT RACING TEAM WORKSHOP - DAY

Nicky LAUGHS with the HRT TEAM OWNER.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. TEAM INDIA PIT - DAY

Nicky LAUGHS with the HEAD OF TEAM INDIA.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. MARUSSIA TEAM OFFICES - DAY

Nicky LAUGHS with the HEAD OF TEAM MARUSSIA.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Nicky stuffs money into a duffel bag in his trunk, zips it closed and SLAMS THE TRUNK SHUT.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. THIRD FLOOR CORRIDOR - NIGHT

DING. The elevator doors open and Nicky emerges with TWO FULL DUFFEL BAGS, headed for his suite.

INT. BUENOS AIRES HOTEL - NICKY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Nicky enters his suite and as the door shuts behind him--

NICKY

Hello?

No response. He walks into the living area.

NICKY (CONT'D)

Jess?

He looks at his WATCH: 7:05. He continues on to the bedroom. No sign of her. He's concerned. Anxious.

INT. NICKY'S SUITE - LATER THAT NIGHT

Nicky is seated on the bed, waiting. Still anxious.

He glances at his watch: 7:30. This time it's him who's been left alone.

Nicky chokes back his emotions and refocuses. He marches to the front foyer, grabs the bags and opens the door to reveal:

JESS, luggage in hand, ready to go.

JESS

Sorry I'm late.

He's relieved, but doesn't speak.



JESS (CONT'D)

What...?

A smile.

INT. FARMACIA - NIGHT

CLOSE ON hulking GORDON, McEwen's bodyguard, squinting, looking for something, getting frustrated.

REVEAL he's staring at a shelf of medical supplies. Finally he finds what he's looking for. A NIGHT GUARD mouthpiece.

CUT TO:

AT THE REGISTER, the CHECKOUT GIRL tallies up his items: NIGHT GUARD, NECK BRACE, DUCT TAPE, A MARS BAR, RUBBING ALCOHOL, GAUZE...

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Gordon enjoys a small meal at the bar, watching futbol on the TV and drinking a cerveza.

ANNOUNCER (ON TV)

Gooooooooooooooooooooooooalllllllll!

The bar patrons explode with joy, but not Gordon.

GORDON

Fucking twats...

BEEP. His cellphone gets a text. He reads it, then matter of factly motions for his check.

GORDON (CONT'D)

Cuenta...

And as he shovels down a few more bites--

EXT. BAR - NIGHT

Gordon exits the bar and heads for his SUV. He notices a dent in his bumper.

GORDON

Ah bloody hell...

He's pissed, looking for a culprit. Then, a beat later, he LAUGHS to himself- as if hearing a joke in his head.

He disregards the dent, gets in the vehicle and drives away.

INT. GORDON'S CAR - NIGHT

Gordon drives on a HIGHWAY, tuning in the game on the radio.

BEEP. Another TEXT. He reads it out of the corner of his eye.

He continues to drive a bit, then puts on his blinker and EXITS AN OFF RAMP.

INT. GORDON'S CAR - LATER THAT NIGHT

Gordon drives down a city street, looking for street signs. Eventually he makes a turn and digs through the shopping bag next to him until he pulls out the NIGHT GUARD he purchased.

He tries to open the packaging with great difficulty, finally tearing it apart with his teeth. He PUTS THE MOUTHPIECE IN.

Still driving, LOUDLY BREATHING through the hole in the mouthpiece. He reaches back into the bag for the NECK BRACE.

HE PUTS IT ON, turns up the game on the radio and SLAMS HIS FOOT ON THE PEDAL.

VROOM! Within moments he's moving at INCREDIBLE SPEED down the city street.

CAMERA HOLDS ON GORDON as the car gets faster and faster, the noise of the engine and the game BUILDING IN VOLUME until--

CRASH! The windows SHATTER, the AIRBAG EXPLODES-- absorbing Gordon's mass as best it can.

He stunned for a moment but soon shakes it off. He opens the door and, removing his neckbrace--

EXT. BUENOS AIRES HOTEL - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Gordon exits the car, shedding the neckbrace.

He pulls a PISTOL from inside his jacket and spits out the night guard just as he arrives at the CAR he just hit to find--

JESS AND NICKY, bloodied and disoriented in Nicky's car. They're alive enough to see a gun is pointed right at them.

CUT TO BLACK.

A few ominous beats of darkness.

SLOW, REVERBERANT FOOTSTEPS are heard.

FADE IN:

INT. AUTO WORKSHOP - NIGHT

CLOSE ON expensive OXFORDS walking across the cold concrete of a dimly lit INDUSTRIAL SPACE-- passing tools and equipment and eventually revealing a disturbing TABLEAU--

Jess and Nicky, BOUND and GAGGED with tape, seated on CHAIRS.

Gordon sits watch nearby, tending to his own small wounds with the rubbing alcohol and gauze he bought while holding them at GUNPOINT.

The TWO DUFFELS OF CASH are opened in front of them.

They all look to the newly arrived man who stops before them.

GARRIGA (O.S.)

Remove the tape from his mouth.

REVEAL Garriga looking on them with disdain. Owens is a few steps behind him, settling in as Gordon removes the tape, from Nicky. Jess is left gagged. She's scared.

GARRIGA (CONT'D)

Do you really think I'm such an amateur that I would not have someone on the inside with McEwen? Someone to keep eyes on you?

(then)

Twenty years in this business teach you never to be too careful. He's my secret weapon...

(then)

Now imagine my surprise when Gordon showed me what you sold to McEwen. Not some fake software as we discussed. But my plans, my designs,

(explodes)

THE REAL EXR! STOLEN FROM MY SERVERS! STOLEN FROM ME!!!

(then)

What's more- You sold it to McEwen for three million dollars. But in these bags there is 27 million dollars which means YOU SOLD IT TO EVERYONE!

His anger ECHOES through the facility.

GARRIGA (CONT'D)  
THIS IS MY REPUTATION. THIS IS MY  
STANDING. YOU'VE MADE ME LOOK LIKE  
AN AMATEUR!

NICKY  
You hired a con man.

THWACK! Owens punches Nicky's insolent mouth.

OWENS  
Theiving piece of shite.

Garriga gets a tenuous hold on his rage.

GARRIGA  
So- before the inevitable bloody  
end, I want to know how. How did  
you get the information?

He DARTS TOWARD JESS in a rage.

GARRIGA (CONT'D)  
AND WHAT DID SHE HAVE TO DO WITH  
IT!?

He GRABS HER by the throat with one hand, PINCHING HER NOSE  
with the other.

NICKY  
No no--

Nicky is powerless as Jess struggles for air.

GARRIGA  
TELL ME!

NICKY  
Stop! I'll tell you! She had  
nothing to do with it! I'll tell  
you!

He lets go, turns his glare on Nicky.

NICKY (CONT'D)  
She's totally innocent. I have a  
guy- he cracked your encryption,  
found a backdoor into your servers,  
it was easy. You should really fire  
your I.T. guy by the way...

This angers Garriga.

GARRIGA

No. You used my login, my password.  
How did you get it?

NICKY

It's easy. Just brute force.  
Computer tries all possible  
combinations. Infinite monkeys,  
infinite typewriters-

GARRIGA

Bullshit! Liar!

Garriga whips out a key fob SECURITY KEY (A real device for high end cybersecurity that randomly generates passwords on its small display).

GARRIGA (CONT'D)

This generates a new password every  
15 minutes and it never leaves my  
sight. How did you get it?!

NICKY

What's it matter? It's done.

GARRIGA

Tell me!

He pinches Jess' nose again. Gordon cocks his pistol.

NICKY

Leave her alone!

GARRIGA

HOW?!

NICKY

Let go!

GARRIGA

HOW!?

NICKY

ALL RIGHT FINE IT WAS HER!!!

Garriga backs off. Jess is shocked, she looks to Nicky.

NICKY (CONT'D)

But she didn't know it. She didn't  
know anything.

Jess tries to speak, shocked. Garriga is intrigued.

NICKY (CONT'D)  
Your security is tight- tighter  
than I expected.

QUICK FLASH: Nicky in his room, trying to hack into Garriga's servers with great difficulty.

NICKY (CONT'D)  
I thought I could break the key,  
but I couldn't. I was ready to give  
up- but when I saw Jess at the  
party-

QUICK FLASH: Nicky and Jess talking at the party.

NICKY (CONT'D)  
--once I knew you were together, I  
had something to work with.

Jess, still bound, looks on with disbelief. She shakes her head, trying to speak as Nicky's eyes go cold.

NICKY (CONT'D)  
(cold)  
I used her. I've been using her.

He looks at Jess' pained face, he has no sympathy for her.

NICKY (CONT'D)  
There's a science to winning  
someone over. For a woman it's all  
about emotion. Connection.

QUICK FLASH: Nicky and Jess at the pool bar.

NICKY (CONT'D)  
You have to make them believe you  
feel emotion as strongly as they  
do... It's what they've been  
waiting for all their lives...

QUICK FLASH: At the pool bar, Nicky talks about Miami.

NICKY (V.O.)  
Shared history was my in. After  
that you open her up.

QUICK FLASH: Farhad greeting Jess.

NICKY  
A friendly face sets her off  
balance, defuses aggression. You  
talk about emotional matters.

QUICK FLASH: Nicky pouring his heart out to Jess.

NICKY (CONT'D)

Body language- arms down, you're exposed. They pick up on it. And once you get them talking, you move into their personal space- not from the front, that's aggression-- but from the side.

QUICK FLASH of Nicky and Jess talking in the Boca neighborhood while he slides in next to her.

NICKY (CONT'D)

Sociologists call it the Gauchais Reaction. They're disarmed.

(then)

Now they're open. You know you're there once they start to mimic you unconsciously. A head bob, a hand movement. It means you're in sync. Then you seal the deal. Tell her she's changed you. Changed how you see the world. And then you close...

FLASHBACK TO THE WATERFRONT as Jess puts the NECKLACE on.

NICKY (CONT'D)

Give her a talisman, a symbol, or in this case, a gift that says 'you were always in my thoughts...'

CUT TO:

ON JESS, tied up, crying as Nicky keeps explaining.

NICKY (CONT'D)

There was a wireless keylogger in the necklace.

QUICK FLASH: Jess returns to the suite with the necklace box. and hides it in her drawer.

NICKY (CONT'D)

All she had to do was bring it back to the room...

QUICK FLASH: Garriga works on his iPad in his room, he glances at the display on his security key and starts typing in a password with his WIRELESS KEYBOARD.

NICKY (V.O.)  
 ...It picked up the keystrokes and  
 I got it all.

QUICK FLASH: Nicky sits at his laptop in his room, RECEIVING  
 THE DATA on his laptop as JESS SLEEPS IN THE BACKGROUND.

NICKY (V.O.)  
 Then I logged into your server as  
 you and downloaded everything I  
 could find about the EXR...

And as he LOGS INTO GARRIGA'S SERVER--

BACK TO SCENE:

Garriga stares at Nicky, absorbing this. Jess closes her  
 teary eyes, devastated.

NICKY  
 It's not her fault. She had no  
 idea. She got fooled, but she's  
 not to blame. Just let her go.

He looks to teary Jess.

NICKY (CONT'D)  
 I'm sorry.

She shakes her head.

Garriga thinks. He looks to Owens. A beat, then--

He starts LAUGHING. Nicky is confused. Owens LAUGHS too.

NICKY (CONT'D)  
 What? What's so funny?

GARRIGA  
 I think he's lost his mind!

Laughing continues. Gordon seems perplexed. He laughs anyway.

NICKY  
 What?

Unable to talk, Garriga motions for Owens to pull off the  
 tape from Jess' mouth.

NICKY (CONT'D)  
 What?!

Owens removes the tape. Jess looks to Nicky.



JESS

Oh my God you really do love me.

Nicky is flummoxed.

JESS (CONT'D)

We're so screwed.

NICKY

What are you talking about?!

JESS

Garriga's not my boyfriend. I hardly even know him.

ON NICKY, absolutely blindsided.

NICKY

What!?

GARRIGA

What the hell were you saying about me and her? She's just a race skank!

JESS

Race skank!? What is that?!

Nicky can't believe his ears.

GARRIGA

She's been driving me crazy, hanging around, flirting, teasing-- and the minute I try to get her up to my room? A headache, a period. The world's longest period. She's never even been in my room.

NICKY

Jess? What the fuck?

JESS

I was just trying to make you jealous.

NICKY

You did! I saw you in his room.

JESS

It was a hooker. I sent her up to his room.

NICKY

That's not true.

GARRIGA

It's true, I use prostitutas.

NICKY

(to Jess)

I saw your face!

JESS

You saw what I wanted you to see.  
You taught me that, remember.

NICKY

You are a race skank.

JESS

I am not a race skank!

GARRIGA

Not a very good one at least.

NICKY

Then what the hell were you doing  
with him?!

JESS

I was trying to steal his watch. I  
was on him for a week, waiting for  
my chance and then you showed up.

Garriga holds up his wrist, displaying a gorgeous timepiece.

GARRIGA

This watch?

NICKY

(to Jess)

You're still doing watches?

JESS

It's a Richard Mille! It's worth  
500,000 dollars!

NICKY

You're so much better than watches!

JESS

I'm good at it- It's what I like!

NICKY

But he roughed you up!

JESS

He didn't, he did.

Jess motions to Owens. Nicky glares at him.

OWENS

She was stealing from him.

JESS

He caught me racking up charges on Garriga's credit line. He scared the shit out of me.

GARRIGA

(to Owens)

This is unbelievable...

NICKY

(to Jess)

Just to make me jealous? Were you ever gonna tell me?

JESS

I tried to!

GARRIGA

Enough.

NICKY

Like a killer whale playing with a baby seal...

JESS

Oh that's rich! Like you're the great communicator!

GARRIGA

Quiet!

NICKY

What was I supposed to say? "I'm ripping off your boyfriend please don't tell him?"

JESS

Oh that's a convenient excuse!

NICKY

It makes perfect sense! If it was a lie, it was a white lie!

GARRIGA

QUIET!

NICKY

I care about you! I was worried about you!

JESS

You were worried about a duffle bag full of cash is what you were worried about!

NICKY

How can you say that? I just tried to save your life!

JESS

By lying! Like you always do! Black lies!

NICKY

We're both liars! That's why we're together! And if it wasn't a white lie then it was a grey one! A light grey one--

BANG! Owens SHOTS NICKY IN THE CHEST, flipping him backward in his chair.

Jess SCREAMS as he lands on the floor, gasping. We're instantly back to a harsh reality.

JESS

Nicky!!

Garriga is as shocked as anyone.

GARRIGA

What the fuck are you doing?!

Jess continues to SCREAM.

OWENS

I couldn't take another fucking word.

STAY ON JESS as she watches Nicky struggle to stay alive, Garriga and Owens argue in the background.

GARRIGA

Control yourself with that cannon!  
It will bring the police!!

Nicky is fading quickly. Jess throws herself off the chair, landing on her knees, fighting her bonds to get to Nicky.

JESS

Nicky Nicky Nicky- look at me...

He's writhing and gasping and delirious.

NICKY  
Toledo...? Is it Toledo...?

JESS  
What? Nicky it's me.

Nicky is quickly lost in a haze of pain and lack of air.

Owens holds the gun to Jess' head. She's too preoccupied with dying Nicky to care.

OWENS  
What about her?

Garriga thinks. He steps up to her.

GARRIGA  
Look at me.

She ignores him, staring at dying Nicky.

Garriga grabs her chin, turning her head to him. She glares at him--

Then SWINGS AT HIM WILDLY with her bound hands. He bats off her attack easily, quickly gaining control.

She burns with hatred and despair.

GARRIGA (CONT'D)  
Lo siento querida...

He lets go. Headed for the door- motioning for Gordon to follow him out.

GARRIGA (CONT'D)  
(to Owens)  
Kill her. Just do it quietly.

Garriga and Gordon EXIT as Jess returns her attention to Nicky, who is slipping away fast.

JESS  
Look at me look at me-- look at me.

Glassy eyed, Nicky barely manages to focus on her voice.

JESS (CONT'D)  
I love you. I love you. Look at my eyes. I believe you. I believe you. I love you. I trust you.

A long moment and-- he's gone.

She collapses on him, devastated. And as she cries, the sound of OWENS rummaging through METAL DRAWERS AND CABINETS is heard.

She glances over to see OWENS-- collecting a strange assortment of FRIGHTENING IMPLEMENTS AND DUCT TAPE from the workshop shelves into a tool tray.

Jess could not care less, the quicker the better. And as he heads over to her, she steals one more longing look at Nicky.

Something catches her eye beside his head. A metal PEN from Nicky's pocket.

An idea as Owens approaches ominously behind her. She reaches for it with her bound hands. And as he comes to a stop behind her--

SHE SWINGS AROUND and STABS him in the leg.

OWENS

AHHH!!

He drops the tray, showering Jess with the sharp metal objects as he falls to his knees in pain.

OWENS (CONT'D)

What the fuck!

He backhands her in a rage-- swatting her away. He pulls out the pen and grumbles through gritted teeth.

OWENS (CONT'D)

Do you want him to fucking die?!

Jess is flummoxed by his words-- WHICH ARE SUDDENLY SPOKEN IN AN AMERICAN ACCENT. His Welsh accent is GONE.

OWENS (CONT'D)

Don't you know anything?

Owens rummages through the tools on the ground-- finding an OIL INJECTOR (basically a large SYRINGE) and turning his attention to Nicky's wound--

OWENS (CONT'D)

What kind of piker are you? You never heard of a Toledo Panic Button? Didn't he tell you I was inside?

Jess is absolutely speechless. She can only shake her head.

OWENS (CONT'D)

Oh Jesus- you must be terrified.  
Must've shaved a decade off your  
life with panic...

He flips Nicky on his side, rips open his shirt around the exit wound. He tears off some DUCT TAPE and covers the hole.

OWENS (CONT'D)

You shoot between the third and fourth rib. About eleven O'clock of the left nipple. It misses the heart, all the major arteries. Just punctures the lung. Works most of the time. Well, fifty five percent of the time. Probabilistic.

He flips Nicky on his back and tapes shut the entry wound.

OWENS (CONT'D)

Untreated, you've got ten minutes tops before he drowns in his own blood.

He STICKS the blunt injector needle through the tape and DRAWS BACK the PLUNGER. It fills with BLOOD.

OWENS (CONT'D)

But patch it up and account for the cavity pressure...

He PULLS THE PLUNGER OUT completely and--

SPLRT-WHOOOOSH. The blood clears as air rushes out of Nicky's chest cavity.

OWENS (CONT'D)

...you got about two hours to get to a hospital.

GASP. With a thunderous rush, Nicky DRAWS A MAMMOTH BREATH-filling his lungs with blessed air.

Jess fills with hope.

JESS

Nicky!

Owens beams.

OWENS

There's my boy.... there we go.

Owens replaces the plunger in the syringe, equalizing the pressure. As Nicky takes a few more breaths, Owens quickly cuts Jess loose.

OWENS (CONT'D)

Keep an eye on that. Pull the plunger if he can't breathe.

She scrambles to Nicky, scooping him into her arms. He's by no means in good shape, but he's alive.

JESS

You're alive... you're alive...

Nicky manages his first pained words.

NICKY

Fuck you Dad!

Jess can't believe her ears.

JESS

What?

OWENS

(to Nicky)

Language boy- I just saved your life!

NICKY

You couldn't have shot them instead?

OWENS

And have the whole world rain down on my head? This was your mess! You pay for it. Three years I was on the inside! For what? So you could blow it to make cow eyes with some race skank?

NICKY

She is NOT a race skank!!

JESS

I am NOT a race skank!!

OWENS (CONT'D)

I brought you in. You said you could handle it. I should have known with all your talk of regret and ennui that you were gimped. Live and learn I say.

He extends a hand to Jess with a big smile.



OWENS (CONT'D)  
I'm Bucky by the way.

She shakes.

JESS  
Pleasure.

OWENS  
I like you. You can take a punch.

JESS  
Thanks.

A moment of calm. Owens looks at the nearby duffels.

OWENS  
Well there it is, the ill gotten  
gain...  
(then)  
We gotta get him to the hospital  
before that other lung fills up  
with blood.

CUT TO:

INT. MERCEDES SEDAN - DAWN

Owens drives as Jess tends to Nicky in the back seat.

OWENS  
I've been working for this prick  
Spaniard for three years. He's got  
a guy at McEwen and he doesn't tell  
me? What the hell happened to  
trust?  
(self-scolding)  
Should have seen it. Sloppy. You  
can be many things in this game but  
sloppy ain't one of them. Time to  
get out.

JESS  
It was a hell of con though. Sorry  
we messed it up.

OWENS  
Beaut wasn't it?  
(then)  
You know what the hard part was?  
The hard part wasn't getting him to  
hire a con man.  
(MORE)

OWENS (CONT'D)

No, no- the hard part was getting him to think it was his idea to hire a con man. Ah, fuck it-- the hard part was not laughing. Too rich.

(then)

You can't con an honest man. Ever heard that? They gotta have larceny in their heart. Isn't that right Nicholas?

Nicky, bleary, nods.

OWENS (CONT'D)

Larceny in their heart. This guy's heart was black with the stuff. Low hanging fruit.

He pulls over, parking across the street from a HOSPITAL. He glances in the mirror at Jess and Nicky, happy together.

OWENS (CONT'D)

This life is no place for lovebirds. There's no happiness here with that. Just think about this honey-- you tricked my boy. That's no small feat. But the con you pulled wasn't for money. It was for love. Now you got me choked up. But this game is about the money and if you're not into that you need to move to the land of the regular people. Where trust isn't a tool to get you rich or get you laid... it's where trust is everything.

(beat)

It's all you got and all you'll ever have. And like it or not, that's who you are now. Both of you.

Another glance in rear view. They seem okay with his assessment. It softens him a touch.

OWENS (CONT'D)

But look at you two. In love. It's a beautiful thing.

(he turns to them)

But I'm taking the money. All of it.

Nicky doesn't seem surprised as Owens gets out of the car and pops the trunk.

NICKY  
That's Dad...

JESS  
Well that explains you...

Nicky smiles.

KNOCK KNOCK. Owens raps on the window. Jess rolls it down to reveal his curmudgeonly face.

OWENS  
I'll see you at Christmas.

He walks off with the two duffle bags of cash and disappears into the gloam.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAWN

MUSIC as Jess shoulders Nicky's weight as they walk across the street.

As they shuffle along, they seem strangely happy. Well suited, content.

They head to the hospital. They head for the future. In love.

A GLINT catches Nicky's eye. He looks to Jess' wrist:

It's Garriga's watch.

FADE OUT.

THE END