

NEXT IN LINE

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. LAS VEGAS STRIP - MORNING

One of the most iconic stretches of real estate in the world. Seen in the morning light, it appears surreal, subdued, a pale version of its night-time glamour.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - MORNING

A few miles removed from the strip is a mundane, five-story office building. Downtown. The sign out front reads: "Clark County Regional Justice Center."

A taxi pulls up to the building.

A man and woman exit the cab and head for the entrance, hand in hand.

INT. MARRIAGE LICENSE BUREAU - SAME

People in line forever at the "Wedding Capital of the World." The hopeful, the shy, the terrified, all waiting for the holy grail -- a marriage license issued by the city of sin.

Out of a dozen service windows, only three are open for business.

A typical day.

The couple from the taxi enter. ROB and LAURA are early 30s, everyday good looks, slightly lacking in street smarts.

LAURA

Last chance...

They look at each other. Neither is backing down.

Rob and Laura take their place in line.

Mingled in the crowd are several couples who can't help but stand out.

-- A man with extensive tattoos and an ultra-thin woman sporting jet black pigtails.

-- Two throwbacks to the sixties in their tie dye finest.

-- A handsome man with a large red boutonniere and his plain-Jane companion.

-- A pair of attractive women holding hands, one dressed in a striking white wedding gown.

And directly in front of Rob and Laura...

-- An odd, older couple. The old man is tall, white hair, no teeth. The woman, pudgy, barely four feet in height.

ROB

Talk about your cast of characters.

LAURA

I'll say. I feel ridiculously normal.

ROB

Everyone looks terrified, don't you think?

LAURA

Uh, Rob? Takes one to know one.

Suddenly, another service window opens. The crowd cheers... only to witness a previously open window close. Back to three.

ROB

It's like we're all in line for the Titanic.

She glances at the two attractive women holding hands.

LAURA

Oh, look at those two beautiful women. They're like Silver and Lace.

SILVER and LACE beam at one another.

Rob and Laura both attempt to appear calm and collected as they wait their turn.

One WINDOW AGENT shouts over the noise.

WINDOW AGENT

Next in line!

The entire room goes quiet for an instant as the moment of truth draws closer for each pair.

Rob and Laura look at each other and smile convincingly.

INT. MARRIAGE LICENSE BUREAU - LATER

The line has moved a bit closer. Everyone is sweating from either the sweltering heat or fear. Laura is on the phone.

LAURA

I know, it's crazy!... No, I haven't told mom yet and stop getting ahead of me... I'll let you know... Promise...

She drones on.

Rob nervously straightens his collar. As he does, he notices the odd, older couple just in front of him. They can't keep their hands off each other.

The SHORT WOMAN turns and smiles at Rob.

SHORT WOMAN

You two getting married?

ROB

Evidently. How 'bout you?

SHORT WOMAN

We're already married.

ROB

So, what're you doing here?

The two smile knowingly at each other.

SHORT WOMAN

Getting our certificate. We didn't wanna wait on the mail. Gotta have a certificate, y'know.

ROB

Oh, yeah, yeah. Gotta have it.

The old man licks his finger and pokes it gently in the short woman's ear. She giggles like a schoolgirl.

SHORT WOMAN

Stop it!

(to Rob)

How long have you two been together?

ROB

Ummm, couple of years. You?

SHORT WOMAN

We just met three weeks ago.
Online. Got lucky.

ROB

Well, congrats...

Rob looks to Laura and clears his throat.

LAURA

Oh, hey, gotta go. Tell you about
it later. Ciao!

(to Rob)

Line's moving.

The odd, older couple go back to not so subtle PDA.

WINDOW AGENT

Next in line!

ROB

Yeah, the end looms large.

Rob notices a row of well-worn chairs by the door. In one sits a young, FORLORN WOMAN, 20s, lanky, and pretty. She is holding some flowers and has obviously been crying.

ROB (CONT'D)

(whispers)

Laura.

LAURA

What?

ROB

Look at that girl over there. I
wonder if she got stood up?

LAURA

Oh, don't even say that. How
horrible. And right here in front
of everyone.

ROB

Maybe he's just late.

LAURA

Bad day for that.

ROB

Yeah...

Rob mulls this over for a bit then brightens.

ROB (CONT'D)
Well, at least I'm here.

She lovingly pinches both of Rob's cheeks.

LAURA
You are, aren't you? Panicking yet?

ROB
Still...

INT. TAXI - DAY

Rob and Laura sit quietly in a taxi as they head back to the hotel.

The Pakistani cab driver (RIZWAN) is new on the job and anxious to please.

RIZWAN
So, when is the wedding?

LAURA
Day after tomorrow.

RIZWAN
Friends and family?

LAURA
Nope, spur of the moment.

RIZWAN
Oh, you two eloped.

This hadn't occurred to Laura. It makes her smile.

LAURA
Yeah... I guess we did.

RIZWAN
You can't go wrong with simple,
sweet, and short.

ROB
Been doing this long?

RIZWAN
Second day today. And it is a
pleasure to be of service to you.

He turns and looks back at them.

RIZWAN (CONT'D)
My name is Rizwan.

ROB
Rizwan, eyes on the road, please.

RIZWAN
Oh, oh, of course.

The driver smiles and turns his attention back to the wheel. Laura whips out her phone and pulls Rob close for a selfie.

LAURA
Oh, come here.

Rob manages a smile. Click. She releases him.

ROB
I can't stop thinking about that poor woman back at the, uh... marriage-y license place thing.

LAURA
Yeah. Don't you know there's a story there.

ROB
Sad.

LAURA
But, on the other hand, we're ecstatic. Right?

Rob spots an adorable couple walking along the sidewalk holding hands and pushing a baby stroller. He studies them closely.

ROB
Oh, yes. Definitely.

LAURA
Let's hit the casino when we get back and do some gambling.

Rob snickers at this.

ROB
Isn't that what we were just doing?

He turns and looks for the couple on the sidewalk. They are nowhere to be seen.

EXT. HOTEL ENTRANCE - LATER

The taxi containing Rob and Laura swings into the passenger loading area.

Rob hands the driver some bills. Rizwan is obviously pleased.

RIZWAN

Best of luck to you! It has been so much my pleasure. If you need further transportation, I would be honored if you would call and ask for me.

ROB

Rizwan, we wouldn't call anyone else.

RIZWAN

Hot dog-ity!

They exit the cab and head inside.

INT. HOTEL/CASINO - DAY

Rob sits anxiously at a video poker machine. He chews a fingernail as he plays.

ROB

All right. This time, this time, this time...

He groans.

ROB (CONT'D)

Dammit!

Laura skips by. She is all smiles.

LAURA

I won fifty dollars at roulette! Any luck?

ROB

Luck? I have no idea of what you speak.

LAURA

Mind if I join?

She plops down in a seat at the next machine.

LAURA (CONT'D)
I'm gonna play all fifty.

ROB
Are you nuts?

LAURA
I'm on a roll.

Rob looks on as Laura gets cranking.

ROB
Remember to --

LAURA
Don't watch me!

ROB
OK, but if you just --

Laura shushes him loudly.

ROB (CONT'D)
OK, OK. Do it your way.

Rob checks out the casino trying not to look. He finally can't help himself and eyes the machine discreetly.

ROB (CONT'D)
Be sure you keep that deuce
because...

Laura is on her feet jumping up and down and screaming.

LAURA
I won eight hundred dollars! I won,
I won, I won!

Rob can only look on in astonishment.

ROB
Lunch is on you.

INT. RESTAURANT/BATHROOM - LATER

Rob closes the bathroom door and stands in front of the mirror. Deer in the headlights. He looks back and forth taking inventory of his hair.

After dousing his face with tap water, Rob gazes at his reflection pleadingly.

ROB
 You've gotta pull through on this,
 buddy. It'll get easier. It will.
 Marriage never killed anybody.

He bends forward and looks into his own eyes.

ROB (CONT'D)
 Nothing to be afraid of.

Immediately, someone knocks on the door and scares the
 daylights out of Rob. He jumps and gasps.

INT. RESTAURANT - LATER

Rob and Laura have just finished lunch. Rob scrutinizes the
 check.

LAURA
 I have to remind myself, half the
 people that were there are dead
 now, the rest don't even remember
 it... And to this day it still
 embarrasses me to the bone.
 Sometimes I wonder if, uh...

Rob is half listening.

LAURA (CONT'D)
 Sorry, am I rambling?

ROB
 Rambling? Music to my ears.

He signs the check.

ROB (CONT'D)
 You off to the spa after this?

LAURA
 Sure am. What are you up to the
 rest of the day?

Rob looks at her proudly.

ROB
 I'm going on an adventure.

LAURA
 Really? What kind?

ROB
 Not telling.

LAURA

Well, you behave yourself.

Rob smiles a devilish smile.

INT. HOTEL/CASINO - DAY

Rob walks alone through a vast sea of roulette tables. The noise and excitement make him smile.

He spots a slot machine featuring a colorful cartoon cat. Why not? He makes a beeline for it.

He fumbles with the machine for a bit. Nothing...

EXT. MONORAIL STATION - LATER

...Rob fumbles with yet another machine. He finally hits the jackpot. This one willingly dispenses a ticket for the monorail.

ROB

Winner!

He studies the ticket and walks off with a look of raw determination.

INT. MONORAIL CAR - LATER

The trip is smooth sailing as Rob rides along with a few other passengers.

Beside him is a group of friends all wearing gaudy, matching T-shirts. One of them seems to be the ALPHA MALE.

ALPHA MALE

Usual story. The casino lures you in, you lose your shirt, and the next thing you know, you're laying on a couch crying to some guy with a neatly-trimmed beard about your childhood.

The other friends laugh.

ALPHA MALE (CONT'D)

And I should know...

Rob relaxes and gazes out the window of the car.

INT. HOTEL/SPA - DAY

Laura sinks into a massage chair as she peruses an elaborate wine list.

LAURA

I'll try the number three Sauvignon blanc, please.

She hands over the menu and settles back into a blissful state of suspended animation.

EXT. MONORAIL STATION - LATER

The sleek train pulls into the station. The doors slide open and Rob creeps out onto the platform.

He looks both ways attempting to get a bearing.

In front of him, the landmark Eiffel Tower on the Las Vegas strip dominates the view.

INT. TICKET WINDOW - LATER

A line of people wait to buy a ticket to one of the attractions. Rob takes his place in the queue and glances ahead at a sign: "Observation Deck -- Open."

A TICKET AGENT shouts...

TICKET AGENT

Next in line!

The line advances. Rob swallows nervously.

INT. EIFFEL TOWER/ELEVATOR - LATER

The elevator shoots upward toward the deck. Higher and higher it soars. Rob peeks out the glass, openmouthed.

INT. EIFFEL TOWER/DECK - LATER

The doors fly open on the elevator. An excited family with what seems like a dozen kids exit.

Rob hesitates.

ROB

Oh, shit...

A BALD MAN wearing a plaid shirt far too small for him pokes his head in.

BALD MAN
Going down?

ROB
God, I hope so.

EXT. HOTEL ENTRANCE - LATER

Rob strolls along outside the entrance of his hotel. The endless cycle of people, bags, and cars coming and going is mesmerizing.

He opens the door for a woman in faux fur and follows her in.

INT. HOTEL/CASINO - MOMENTS LATER

Rob once again wanders up to the slot machine with the cartoon cat. He tinkers with it.

ROB
Come on. Come on.

Still nothing.

Suddenly, something catches his eye...

It's the forlorn woman from the marriage license bureau. She is carrying a leather messenger bag and seems in a hurry.

Rob can't believe his eyes. He abandons the slot machine and follows in fascination.

She plows on. Rob hurries to keep up.

A bellhop pushing a cart crammed with bags blocks the way for a moment. When Rob looks again, he has lost her. He frantically scans the crowd.

INT. HOTEL/CASINO - SAME

Nearby strolls a TALL MAN in a leather jacket. He eyes an older woman a few feet away.

Out of the blue, he grabs the woman's purse and takes off. She screams and points to the man. This takes Rob by surprise.

ROB

Hey!

The thief runs by Rob toward the lobby bar when...

The mugger smacks right into the forlorn woman (MARYDOT), knocking them both down.

Rob rushes her way as the thief gathers himself together and tries to get away.

INT. HOTEL/CASINO - MOMENTS LATER

Rob runs up to Marydot as he calls out to the thief.

ROB

Hey! Hey, you!

The thief looks back as he briskly walks away.

ROB (CONT'D)

Hey, thief! Thief! Stop that man!

Rob takes out after the man. The thief drops the bag and dashes for the exit.

A few people gather to help the woman whose purse was stolen.

Rob rushes back to Marydot and offers a hand. She is visibly shaken by the ordeal.

ROB (CONT'D)

Are you OK?

MARYDOT

Yeah...

ROB

Should we call the police?

MARYDOT

No, no, no. It's no big deal.

ROB

No big deal? That idiot could've hurt someone.

Rob offers a hand and helps her up from the floor.

MARYDOT

I'm fine, really. But, thank you so much.

He picks up her messenger bag, but she quickly grabs it from him.

MARYDOT (CONT'D)
Oh, oh, I'll get that.

ROB
Of course, Miss...

MARYDOT
Marydot.

ROB
Miss Marydot. I'm Rob.

She glances toward the bar and sighs heavily.

MARYDOT
Uh... y'know, Rob, I think I'm gonna sit down over there for a minute.

ROB
Oh, sure, sure. Lemme help you.

Rob helps her over to the bar.

ROB (CONT'D)
Uh, should I call someone for you or anything?

MARYDOT
No, I just wanna sit here for a bit.

ROB
OK.

MARYDOT
At least I'm in the right place, I could use a drink. In fact, join me? I think I owe you one.

ROB
How could I say no to that?

They each take a seat. Marydot positions the bag within eyesight by her feet.

INT. HOTEL/LOBBY BAR - LATER

Rob and Marydot chat at the bar.

ROB
Marydot... Great name, mean
anything?

MARYDOT
Nothing other than I'm a Mary
Dorothy.

ROB
Good enough. So, what brings you to
Vegas?

MARYDOT
Actually, nothing. I live here.

ROB
Oh, how fun.

MARYDOT
Nah, it's like anywhere else. You
never do the local touristy type
stuff.

ROB
Excuse me, but I happen to notice
you're presently occupying a bar
stool in a casino. Sounds a tad
touristy to me.

MARYDOT
Touché.

She checks to make certain the bag is safe and sound.

MARYDOT (CONT'D)
Being a local, I am, of course,
required by law to ask you
something.

ROB
What?

MARYDOT
Here for business or pleasure?

Rob frowns and rolls his eyes.

ROB
Neither...

MARYDOT
You're getting married, aren't
you?!

ROB
Does it show?

MARYDOT
Are you kidding? I can smell the
fear. When's the wedding?

ROB
Day after tomorrow. Evening.

The BARTENDER (affable, portly, been around the block)
strolls by.

BARTENDER
'Nuther?

Rob looks to Marydot who nods.

ROB
Two more please.

MARYDOT
You normally the fearful type or is
it that, "til death do us part"
thing?

Rob responds almost too quickly.

ROB
Normally.

MARYDOT
Scared of spiders?

ROB
Big time.

MARYDOT
Snakes?

ROB
Yep.

MARYDOT
Clowns?

ROB
Affirmative.

MARYDOT
Attractive women in bars?

ROB
Who isn't?

The bartender drops off two drinks. Marydot grabs one and takes a sip.

MARYDOT
What's your fiancé's name?

ROB
Laura.

MARYDOT
(amused)
Rob and Laura? Really?

ROB
A never-ending source of amusement
for all.

MARYDOT
I'll bet.

Rob pauses and sighs loudly.

ROB
Listen, I've got a sorta confession
to make.

MARYDOT
Uh, oh...

INT. HOTEL/SPA - DAY

Laura occupies her seat like a princess as several women tend to her fingernails and toenails. She speaks to someone on her phone with her free hand.

LAURA
Me? Delirious, joyful, pleased, and
thrilled. What did you expect?...
He's better. Still a little nervous
-- OK, frazzled -- but, he'll come
around. I hope.

INT. HOTEL/LOBBY BAR - LATER

Marydot slams her glass down on the bar.

MARYDOT
You saw me there? Oh, my God, how
embarrassing.

ROB
I felt just awful for you.

MARYDOT
Well, don't.

ROB
Was it because? --

MARYDOT
-- Don't wanna talk about it.

ROB
Fair enough.

She sighs loudly and shakes her head.

MARYDOT
His name is Spencer. We met about two months ago, decided to get married, and... Well, it obviously didn't happen.

ROB
I'm sorry.

Marydot glances at her watch.

MARYDOT
I need to get going.

ROB
Please don't go yet.

MARYDOT
Yeah, I gotta be somewhere.

She lays down some bills. Rob grabs them, takes Marydot's hand, and places the bills in her palm.

ROB
I got it.

MARYDOT
Thanks again for your help. Maybe I'll see you around.

She turns to leave but whips back around.

MARYDOT (CONT'D)
By the way, you sure didn't look like the fearful type when you chased down that mugger today. Just sayin'...

Rob thinks about this.

INT. HOTEL/THEATER ENTRANCE - NIGHT

A line snakes around the entrance to an upscale showroom.

In line, Silver and Lace are again holding hands. Lace still inhabits her bridal gown. She is busy on her phone and chats away as Silver beams at her.

Rob and Laura stroll past the line on their way to dinner.

ROB

I was kicking some poker ass tonight. Did you see that?

LAURA

Yes, Mister center of attention. I saw that.

ROB

Time is money.

LAURA

No, money is money. Time is relative, don't you know that?

She glances at her watch.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Speaking of time, we better get moving. Pronto.

ROB

You mean, at present, immediately, straightaway, without further ado?

LAURA

Life can be abrupt.

She grabs Rob's arm and playfully pulls him along.

INT. RESTAURANT - LATER

Rob and Laura occupy a table in a chic, upscale restaurant which is bustling this night. Each of them has a glass of wine.

LAURA

Do we want an appetizer?

ROB

Nah, I don't. Or... get whatever you want.

LAURA
Decisive much?

ROB
I don't wanna have to think
tonight.

Laura puts down her menu and gazes at Rob.

LAURA
You OK?

ROB
I'm fine.

LAURA
Y'know, we don't have to do this.

ROB
Eat dinner?

Laura shoots him a look of annoyance.

ROB (CONT'D)
No, no, I want to.

LAURA
Do you? It's been five years and
you've been afraid to even talk
about it til now.

ROB
No, I -- has it been that long?

LAURA
Time flies, if you're having fun.

Rob pretends to look at the menu.

LAURA (CONT'D)
Just no more panic attacks, OK?

ROB
That's not funny.

LAURA
(quickly)
Sorry! I didn't mean it. Didn't
mean it.

She tenderly takes Rob's hand.

LAURA (CONT'D)
I wanna help.

ROB
Then order an appetizer.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

Rob is sound asleep next to Laura. He abruptly jerks and opens his eyes. He looks over to Laura, she is still dreaming away.

Rob slips quietly out of bed.

He ambles over to the window and looks out at the new day far below. Cars, people, busses, all in a rush to get somewhere.

He looks back to Laura. A sad smile comes to him.

INT. HOTEL ROOM/BATHROOM - LATER

Rob takes great care to adjust himself for the day ahead. He puts the final touches on his hair and admires the outcome.

Perfect.

Laura knocks on the door.

LAURA (O.S.)
Did you fall in?

ROB
Who is it?

LAURA (O.S.)
It's your bride.

ROB
Actually, only at the wedding...

LAURA (O.S.)
What?

ROB
The wedding. Think about it. Being a bride is very tenuous. Before that, you're a fiancé, before that a girlfriend, or whatever, but "bride" only lasts about fifteen minutes. After that, you're just married.

LAURA (O.S.)
Works for me.

Rob leaps over and opens the door. Laura pokes her head in.

LAURA (CONT'D)
Hey, handsome. Got a date?

ROB
Oh, please. Don't be silly.

LAURA
Whoa... touchy.

ROB
Stop it.

LAURA
Now remember, you've got chores today while I'm getting pampered like a new bride should.

ROB
No worries. Under control.

LAURA
Did I mention I'm going to be a new bride?

This Makes Rob smile.

ROB
Stop being so adorable.

LAURA
Yeah, as if I could. All right, husband to be, love you.

She exits the bathroom.

ROB
Love you too, sweetie.

LAURA (O.S.)
It's your last full day of... singularity. Maybe you should try to get into some trouble or something. Y'know, bachelor stuff.

ROB
Wouldn't know how...

The door closes behind her and Rob checks himself out in the mirror one more time.

INT. HOTEL/LOBBY BAR - DAY

Rob slumps into a seat at the bar. He scans the casino then checks his fancy gold watch.

The same bartender glides up and throws down a napkin.

BARTENDER

Hello again, sir. What sounds good?

ROB

Albuquerque.

BARTENDER

That a drink or an escape plan?

ROB

Whatever works. In the meantime...
Gimme something with gin.

BARTENDER

Coming up.

Rob takes another look around, somewhat anxiously. Momentarily, the bartender delivers the goods.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)

Your girlfriend gonna be joining
you?

ROB

Oh, no, no, she's not my
girlfriend.

The bartender polishes a glass as they talk.

BARTENDER

Hey, what happens in Vegas...

ROB

No, no, I'm getting married
tomorrow. Allegedly.

BARTENDER

Well, congrats. Good for you.

ROB

Yeah... I guess.

BARTENDER

Second thoughts?

Rob swirls the ice in his drink.

ROB
Nah... I mean, I know I'm doing the
right thing.

BARTENDER
Then you probably are.

ROB
Glad you think so.

BARTENDER
Anyway, I'm sure it'll all work
out.

Rob again glances at his watch.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)
Nice watch, sir. Win it here?

ROB
(laughs)
Oh, I wish that were true.

Rob sighs and takes a long drink.

ROB (CONT'D)
I dunno, maybe I just need to drink
more, you think?

BARTENDER
That's what I'm here for.

Rob throws back the rest of the drink.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)
'Nuther one?

ROB
That's what I'm here for...

INT. HOTEL/CASINO - LATER

Rob strolls through the crowd. He cuts through an aisle of
slot machines.

Under an empty chair, Rob spots a quarter. He retrieves it in
one swift move, barely breaking stride.

ROB
Winner!

He studies it as he walks along. On a whim, he stops and
flips the coin high in the air.

ROB (CONT'D)

Heads...

Rob snags the coin and slaps it onto his wrist. He slowly removes his hand.

ROB (CONT'D)

OK, best two outta three.

He once again flips the coin, but it gets away from him and falls to the floor.

As he bends down to pick up the wayward quarter, a pair of designer shoes stop in front of him.

When he looks up, Marydot stands there smiling. She once again has the messenger bag with her.

MARYDOT

How'd you like to invest that money
in a sure thing?

EXT. HOTEL/FOUNTAIN - MOMENTS LATER

Rob and Marydot stand in front of one of the massive hotel fountains. Rob stands with his back to the water, eyes firmly closed.

MARYDOT

Got one?

ROB

Yep. Good one.

MARYDOT

OK, wish hard and let her fly!

He pitches the found quarter over his head into the fountain. It lands with a plop.

ROB

You sure this is guaranteed?

MARYDOT

Sources tell me.

ROB

You're not gonna participate in the
profits?

MARYDOT

Don't have a quarter.

ROB
No coins in your big ol' bag?

MARYDOT
Wouldn't know. It's not my bag.

ROB
Not your... I don't get it, whose bag is it?

MARYDOT
Technically, it's Jack's bag.

ROB
And who, pray tell, is Jack?

MARYDOT
Jack owns a courier service. That's what I do. I take bags like this hither and yon, wherever Jack tells me.

ROB
Any idea what's in there?

MARYDOT
Nope.

ROB
But, what if it's...

MARYDOT
Illegal? Could be, but Jack pays well.

ROB
Then why worry about it.

MARYDOT
Why indeed.

Marydot grabs Robs arm.

MARYDOT (CONT'D)
Hey, I'm headed to the pool. C'mon, go with me.

ROB
Lead the way...

EXT. HOTEL/POOL - DAY

Rob and Marydot roam through the rows of pool chairs. They select a spot and take a seat.

ROB
I gotta admit, I was hoping I might see you today.

MARYDOT
Is that a fact? And what would your wife say about that?

ROB
She's not a wife yet.

MARYDOT
Close enough.

Marydot purposefully sets her messenger bag down and leads Rob away to some chairs a few rows behind.

ROB
What're you doing?

MARYDOT
My job.

Rob looks at her suspiciously.

MARYDOT (CONT'D)
Now, where were we?

ROB
I think we were discussing the merits of...

A thin man in a ball cap and dark glasses strolls by and sits in the chair beside Marydot's bag.

ROB (CONT'D)
Oh, I get it.

The man takes a moment and looks around.

ROB (CONT'D)
Just like in the movies.

The man nonchalantly stands, picks up Marydot's bag, and quietly disappears into the crowd.

MARYDOT
Easy come, easy go... Much like your funds in this town.

Marydot takes notice of Rob's gold watch. She grabs his wrist and pulls the watch close to take a look.

MARYDOT (CONT'D)
Pretty. Gift from the "not a wife yet"?

ROB
My mother gave it to me.

MARYDOT
That's sweet.

ROB
Not really.

MARYDOT
Ah, mother issues?

Rob shrugs and takes a quick peek at the gold watch.

ROB
It's not really my style, but... I mean, I've thought about getting a new one. Someday. I dunno.

MARYDOT
Afraid mom will disapprove?

ROB
Unlikely. She's deceased.

MARYDOT
Oh, I'm sorry...

A little girl struts by clutching a huge inflatable shark.

MARYDOT (CONT'D)
Don't tell me. You're afraid of blow-up sharks too.

ROB
No, little girls.

MARYDOT
Understandable, eventually they do grow into big girls. It's a scary world. But...

She takes Rob's face in her hands.

MARYDOT (CONT'D)
Sometimes you gotta be the shark.

Marydot jumps up and offers a hand to Rob.

MARYDOT (CONT'D)
C'mon, I'll buy you a glass of fine
wine.

INT. HOTEL/SPA - DAY

Laura lounges on a recliner encased in a fluffy robe. Her face is obscured under a green puree of avocado something.

Even under the facial goop she can't stop smiling.

The server comes by and swaps the empty wine glass in her freshly manicured hand with a new pour.

LAURA
I should get married more often.

INT. HOTEL/LOBBY BAR - DAY

Rob and Marydot again sit at the bar together. Rob plays video poker while they talk.

Marydot points to the screen.

MARYDOT
Aces...

ROB
Oh, right.

MARYDOT
Anyway, I used to go to this restaurant in Denver. There was a server there who must have worked at the place forever. Barely spoke English. He only had one greeting -- "How ya doin' pretty good." Y'know, all run together like that.

ROB
You mean like -- How you doing?
Pretty good?

MARYDOT
Yeah, or I guess.

She looks to the video poker machine.

MARYDOT (CONT'D)
Keep that seven.

ROB

Got it.

MARYDOT

I'm sure he practiced it, for a while anyway, then it must have just dissolved into one meaningless run-on sentence.

ROB

Entropy, right? Disorder tends to increase over time.

Marydot appears a little sad for the first time.

MARYDOT

Yeah... No matter how carefully you plan, you just... well, you never know. Anything.

She again indicates the video poker machine.

MARYDOT (CONT'D)

Got a pair...

Someone at the bar shrieks in excitement as the ding, ding, ding of the video poker machine echoes.

ROB

Winner. Happy for them.

MARYDOT

You're a sweet guy.

Rob cocks his head and gazes at Marydot.

ROB

Am. And you -- are easy to talk to.

MARYDOT

You think?

ROB

I do. You don't scare me.

MARYDOT

Maybe I should.

Rob shouts in excitement.

ROB

Hey, I got a flush!

MARYDOT

Look at you... congratulations.

Marydot leans over close to take a look. Rob sits back to let her see.

ROB

You must be good luck for me.

As she smiles at him, they gaze into each other's eyes. Rob awkwardly touches her face.

They lean in and kiss sweetly. Marydot quickly jerks away.

MARYDOT

I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

ROB

No, no, it was me.

Rob steals a discreet look around. He attempts to lighten the mood.

ROB (CONT'D)

Hey, wanna help me with something?

MARYDOT

What?

ROB

I've got one chore to take care of today.

INT. MALL - LATER

Rob and Marydot stroll along taking in the show of mass consumer excess. The crowd is bustling.

They stop in front of a window display.

MARYDOT

Ask you something?

ROB

Sure.

MARYDOT

Why did you agree to get married? I mean, now?

ROB

I wish I knew. But, the stupid thing is -- it was my idea.

MARYDOT

You must not have thought it was stupid at the time.

ROB

One word -- alcohol.

MARYDOT

Ah, Cupid in a bottle.

Rob scans the stores up ahead.

ROB

Where would you be if you were sensible menswear?

MARYDOT

Somewhere else.

Up ahead stands a white, stone statue of a woman in a flowing robe. Several people are gathered around observing.

Marydot grabs Rob's hand and drags him over to take a look.

Rob is startled to see it is actually a performer standing perfectly still, a tip jar at her feet.

Rob checks out the faux statue warily.

ROB

Creepy...

Cheered on by her parents, a small girl approaches the tip jar hesitantly, a dollar bill in her hand.

Rob's curiosity gets to him.

ROB (CONT'D)

So, can I ask you about, "the guy"?

MARYDOT

Spencer.

ROB

Yeah, Spencer. You two met a couple of months ago, decided to get married, and he backed out on you?

MARYDOT

Well...

Three giggling children run in tight circles around the statue.

MARYDOT (CONT'D)

Long story.

ROB

Best ones are.

Suddenly, Rob thinks he sees the statue wink at him. He grabs Marydot's hand and quickly leads her away.

They stop at a window display. Rob glances back at the statue anxiously.

Marydot points at the window contents.

MARYDOT

Really? Those shoes with that bag?

Rob spins her around to face him.

ROB

C'mon. What happened?

MARYDOT

I backed out. Me.

ROB

Then why were you at the --

MARYDOT

Not important.

ROB

But you said --

MARYDOT

Rob. It's not important.

She again points to a window display.

MARYDOT (CONT'D)

Oooh, I like that suit. It'd look great on you...

She pauses to consider if she should continue.

MARYDOT (CONT'D)

Like maybe for a wedding.

ROB

Hey, no fair.

Marydot's phone rings. She grabs it.

MARYDOT
Hello, Jack... OK, got it... On my
way.

ROB
Work intrudes?

MARYDOT
'Fraid so.

ROB
Will I see you again?

MARYDOT
Rob, there's really no point. I
have...

ROB
Lemme go with you.

MARYDOT
Now?

ROB
Sure, why not? Got far to go?

MARYDOT
Well, no... but...

ROB
Then let me go with you. I've got
the afternoon to kill. Come on.
It'll be fun.

She shrugs.

MARYDOT
OK. But, be forewarned.

ROB
About?

MARYDOT
Questionable people in dubious
places.

ROB
Let me worry about that.

INT. MARYDOT'S CAR - DAY

Marydot weaves through the Sin City traffic like a NASCAR
driver.

Rob holds on for dear life.

ROB
You in a rush?

MARYDOT
Time is money.

ROB
No, money is money. Time is
relative.

Marydot slams on the brakes at a light and shouts at another driver.

MARYDOT
It's not getting any greener!

She toots the horn a few times.

MARYDOT (CONT'D)
So, I was watching one of those TV
ads for the latest miracle drug
last night.

ROB
Yeah?...

MARYDOT
Side effects.

ROB
Side effects?

MARYDOT
Yeah. Get this -- Suicidal thoughts
or actions. That's a helluva side
effect. What sorta benefit
overrides suicidal actions? I mean,
"actions" pretty much infers you
made an attempt. Because of a pill.
Yikes.

She swerves around a slower car.

MARYDOT (CONT'D)
And here they are admitting this.
Out loud. Take our pill and you --
well, assuming you don't kill
yourself -- you're gonna feel
great. What could be crazier than
that?

ROB
Crazy...

Rob thinks long and hard before speaking.

ROB (CONT'D)
I attempted suicide once. When I
was a teenager.

MARYDOT
Oh, my God! Why?

ROB
Fear. I guess.

MARYDOT
Why so much fear in your life?

ROB
I don't know, seems like it's
always been there. I'd love to
blame my mother, but...

MARYDOT
Mother issues again.

Marydot honks at another driver.

MARYDOT (CONT'D)
Stay in your lane, jerk!

ROB
Don't get me wrong, my mother was a
good mother. Technically. She just
lacked the warmth part. I don't
wanna say stiff and cold, but...
yeah, pretty much stiff. And cold.

MARYDOT
What else scares you?

ROB
Your driving.

MARYDOT
Seriously.

ROB
The usual. Commitment, loss,
intimacy, risk, my shadow.

MARYDOT

Well, we all have our fears. You just seem to have a little extra serving.

Marydot swerves in front of a bus and slams on her brakes to make a turn.

ROB

Holy shit!

She then swings into a parking spot outside a somewhat seedy building.

INT. MARYDOT'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

The car comes to a stop. Rob releases his death grip on the door handle with a loud exhale.

MARYDOT

Why don't you stay here?

ROB

Why?

MARYDOT

Jack can be a little... well, difficult.

ROB

I'm going with you.

MARYDOT

Not afraid?

ROB

You inspire me.

She takes a deep breath and unhooks her seatbelt.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

A large warehouse space dominated by shelves of boxes, bags, suitcases. A corner of the room has been fashioned into an office with several desks scattered about.

A door to one side hints at a private office. Two more doors in the back are open and people wander in and out.

ALLEN (50s, gray hair, the anxious type) sits at one of the desks talking indistinctly on the phone.

He glances at the new arrivals, holds up a "wait a minute" finger, and continues his conversation.

Marydot leads Rob toward a small waiting area to the side of the room.

INT. WAITING AREA - MOMENTS LATER

Marydot takes a seat behind two WELL-DRESSED MEN who sit talking. Rob wipes the chair seat with his hand and makes a face.

ROB

Nice.

MARYDOT

I know, it's not the Ritz.

ROB sits down gingerly and takes in the surroundings.

ROB

How long you been doing this?

MARYDOT

Few months. Pays the bills. Gets me outta the house.

ROB

And you've never had any... trouble?

MARYDOT

I wouldn't go that far. But, usually pretty boring stuff.

ROB

If you say so.

Marydot rummages through her purse, retrieves her phone, and focuses on it. Rob squirms in his chair and tries to look nonchalant.

Allen approaches holding a clipboard and speaks to the two men.

ALLEN

Mr. White, Mr. Green. Go on back.

The two men stand and march out of the waiting area. Rob can't hold back his curiosity.

ROB
(to Allen)
You're using code names?

Allen looks completely befuddled.

ALLEN
Uh, no... those are their real
names.

The side door abruptly swings open and JACK steps out. He is mid-40s, short, balding, business casual, no nonsense.

He looks to Allen.

JACK
You talk to her?

Allen nods.

JACK (CONT'D)
What'd she say?

ALLEN
She said, "Don't look a gift house
in the mouth."

JACK
Gift horse...

He looks over to Marydot.

JACK (CONT'D)
MD, good. Got a special job for
you.

He pulls out a wad of keys and approaches some lockers.

JACK (CONT'D)
Who's your friend?

MARYDOT
This is Rob. Rob, Jack.

Jack couldn't care less. He has his back to the two of them as he unlocks one of the locker doors.

MARYDOT (CONT'D)
Rob's getting married tomorrow.

JACK
Oooh. Well, good luck with that.
Certainly not for the faint of
heart.

Rob considers this.

Jack pulls a messenger bag out of the locker and slams the door.

As he heads back past Allen...

JACK (CONT'D)
What else?

ALLEN
Turns out, all the while he was getting these French benefits.

Jack shakes his head and corrects him.

JACK
Fringe benefits!

ALLEN
And so, she -- outta nowhere -- asks him to be a ball bearing at the old man's funeral.

Silence echoes as this sinks in. Jack and Marydot both pounce.

JACK
Pallbearer!

MARYDOT
(overlapping)
Pallbearer!

Jack hands the bag to Marydot.

JACK
You know the drill. She'll be there at twelve, sharp. Do not be late. Got it, MD?

MARYDOT
You can count on me.

JACK
You taking, uh...

He indicates Rob.

MARYDOT
Rob.

JACK
... With you?

MARYDOT
He's my bodyguard.

Rob starts to correct her but thinks better of it.

JACK
Whatever. Now, get goin'.

MARYDOT
Yes, sir.

EXT. PARKING LOT - LATER

Marydot and Rob exit the building. She puts a hand gently over his mouth before he can speak.

MARYDOT
Rob, it's very sweet of you to offer to go with me, but...

Rob gently removes her hand from his mouth but continues to hold it.

ROB
What?

MARYDOT
Well... Just understand, this isn't UPS, y'know?

ROB
I'm fine.

MARYDOT
Gimme your phone.

Rob hands her his cell phone and she keys in a number. Immediately her own phone rings.

MARYDOT (CONT'D)
You've got my number now. Just in case.

She tosses Rob his phone back.

ROB
Just in case...

INT. HOTEL/SPA - DAY

Laura fidgets while getting her hair done.

LAURA

My husband -- to be, that is --
he's well, let's say a little
unsure. Y'know? I guess that's
normal. Isn't it?

The hairdresser is listening to some music with earbuds and
doesn't hear her.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Yeah, probably is... I don't know
why I worry so much. He's a big
boy.

She nuzzles the wine glass.

LAURA (CONT'D)

In a funny way...

INT. MARYDOT'S CAR - DAY

As Marydot guns the car into a parking lot, the look on Rob's
face suggests it has been another harrowing ride.

His expression is about to get even worse.

Up ahead, the Las Vegas Eiffel Tower stands tall. Very tall.

ROB

Oh, boy...

INT. CASINO - LATER

Marydot and Rob hurry toward the elevator to the observation
deck.

She carries the messenger bag Jack gave her.

ROB

Why does it have to be way up
there?

MARYDOT

Them's the orders.

Rob looks as though he may be sick.

MARYDOT (CONT'D)

Look, I'm not asking you to go.

ROB

No. I've come this far, I'm going.

MARYDOT
You're gonna be fine...

INT. EIFFEL TOWER/ELEVATOR - LATER

Rob stands behind Marydot and tries not to look down.

ROB
...I'm gonna be sick.

Marydot is enjoying the view and not listening.

MARYDOT
Hey, hey, rule -- while we're here,
we must use French parlance
whenever possible.

ROB
Excusez-moi?

MARYDOT
Perfect.

She elbows Rob.

MARYDOT (CONT'D)
You should see this view!

ROB
No, I shouldn't.

MARYDOT
Geez, now a fear of heights. What
next?

ROB
It's not a fear of heights! Just a
concern the ground might be too far
away.

MARYDOT
Hang in there, my little French
baguette.

INT. OBSERVATION DECK - MOMENTS LATER

They arrive at the deck. The elevator doors open. Rob and Marydot both wear dark glasses.

A group of tourists filter out. A cute little boy drags along a pull toy dog which is adorned with orange wheels.

MARYDOT
C'mon. You might even enjoy this.

ROB
Au contraire, mademoiselle.

Marydot grabs his hand and yanks him out onto the deck.

MARYDOT
See, you sound like a native
already.

They walk along the narrow deck. Marydot is fascinated with the view.

Rob keeps his eyes strictly toward the wall.

MARYDOT (CONT'D)
OK, we're looking for a woman
wearing a blue beret.

ROB
Of course we would be. What happens
when we see her?

MARYDOT
We discreetly swap the bag she's
carrying with this.

Marydot holds up the bag Jack gave her and shakes it. She smiles a devilish smile.

She opens the bag. It contains various souvenir items from a gift shop, including a snow globe, a small replica of the Eiffel Tower, and a colorful water pistol.

Marydot takes out the pistol and laughs as she shoots water at Rob.

ROB
I don't get it.

MARYDOT
We're not here to deliver. We are
here to pick up.

ROB
That's it?

MARYDOT
That's all we do here.

Rob takes a quick glance outside the deck and gasps.

ROB

Merde!

INT. OBSERVATION DECK - MOMENTS LATER

They round a corner and see a ravishing, tall woman wearing the blue beret (BERET WOMAN.) She holds her messenger bag with both hands.

MARYDOT

Voilà.

ROB

What do we do now?

MARYDOT

We initiate contact.

ROB

Oooh, initiate contact. I like the sound of it.

MARYDOT

This'll only take a minute. You wait here.

ROB

OK... I mean, oui!

Marydot heads off to the north side of the deck toward the woman in the beret.

Rob tries to act nonchalant. He hums to himself, checks his watch, picks some imaginary lint off his shirt.

INT. OBSERVATION DECK/NORTH SIDE - MOMENTS LATER

Marydot slowly approaches the woman in the beret.

The woman glances over and turns her back to Marydot while pretending to look at the sights.

INT. OBSERVATION DECK - SAME

Rob scratches his chin. Slowly, he straightens up and puts on his best tough guy look. To hell with it, he is going to look over the edge of that deck.

Rob looks both ways and steps determinedly to the chain-link enclosure.

INT. OBSERVATION DECK/NORTH SIDE - MOMENTS LATER

Marydot comes up behind the beret woman and waits for her to make a move.

The woman sets her bag down by her feet.

INT. OBSERVATION DECK - SAME

Rob is at the edge. So far, so good. He eases up and takes a quick peek from the corner of one eye.

A young couple comes up beside Rob. He shuffles down a little further.

Off by himself and feeling a rush of courage, he takes in the entire view. Head on.

ROB

Oh, God...

It's too much. Rob quickly backs off.

Unfortunately, the boy with the pull toy dog is right behind him. Rob trips over the dog, screams, and lands on his back with a thud.

The ruckus causes everyone on the deck to turn in sync and look.

INT. OBSERVATION DECK/NORTH SIDE - SAME

Marydot immediately sees Rob is in trouble and bolts to help him.

The beret woman picks up her bag and pretends to ignore the situation.

INT. OBSERVATION DECK - MOMENTS LATER

Rob is sprawled on the floor face up. He is obviously in pain.

As he lies there groaning, a group of foreign tourists gather around him and snap a few pictures.

Marydot comes running over and breaks through the crowd to get to Rob.

MARYDOT

Rob, Rob! Are you OK?

Rob opens his eyes slowly. He groans and tries to sit up.

ROB
What happened?!

MARYDOT
Stay still. Are you hurt?

ROB
Just my dignity... Ouch, and elbow.

MARYDOT
We can bandage that.

ROB
My dignity?

MARYDOT
No, that's pretty much shot.

ROB
Thank you.

MARYDOT
All right, lemme help you up. One,
two, three!

Rob comes to his feet unsteadily.

ROB
Wow, I need a stiff drink.

Marydot looks to where the beret woman stood. She is nowhere to be seen.

MARYDOT
Uh, oh...

INT. CASINO - LATER

The elevator door opens. Marydot and Rob shuffle off among several other passengers from the observation deck.

She still has the messenger bag Jack gave her.

ROB
What now?

MARYDOT
Let's split up. You go that way,
I'll go this way. If you see her,
text me.

Rob gives her a salute.

ROB
Vive La France!

They head off in opposite directions.

INT. CASINO - MOMENTS LATER

The national rodeo is in town for the week and it shows. Rob wanders through a sea of cowboy hats looking for the beret woman.

No luck. He stops and strains to see.

An elderly man using a cane hobbles by. Rob moves aside for him to pass.

INT. CASINO - SAME

Marydot searches frantically. She thinks she sees the woman up ahead.

She plows ahead to catch her.

However, as Marydot gets closer, she sees it is only a teenage girl wearing a blue hat.

MARYDOT
Dammit!

Marydot turns quickly and runs smack into a MAN (late 40s, African American) with a gray goatee. He occupies a stylish dark suit.

MARYDOT (CONT'D)
Oh, so sorry.

MAN
No damage done. You all right?

MARYDOT
Fine, fine.

MAN
You're in a hurry?

MARYDOT
Yes, yes. Gotta get going.

MAN

Shame. I've got time to kill today.
Are you sure you...

MARYDOT

Nice to meet -- I mean, sorry for
the -- anyway, have a great day.

Marydot hurries away.

The man watches a little too intently as she dashes off.

INT. CASINO - DAY

Rob and Marydot search for the beret woman.

Jumble of images and sounds: Rob moves clumsily along through the crowds, Marydot races through the bar area, a group of tourists block the way causing Rob to sidestep through them, Marydot stops and scans on tiptoes. More crowds, tourists, cowboy hats, sightseers. The constant ding, ding, ding of slot machines.

No good.

INT. CASINO - LATER

Rob's phone rings and he grabs it.

ROB

Hey.

He talks while still walking.

ROB (CONT'D)

No, nothing... Checked there...
There too...

MARYDOT (O.S.)

OK, let's meet back at the elevator
and do one more pass through.

ROB

Roger that.

Rob takes off.

Unnoticed, a CREEPY MAN with an outsized moustache and touristy hat pulled low begins to follow Rob.

INT. EIFFEL TOWER/ELEVATOR ENTRANCE - LATER

Rob is waiting as Marydot approaches still carrying the messenger bag.

ROB
She sure disappeared fast.

MARYDOT
Yeah, too fast, if you ask me.

ROB
Life can be abrupt.

MARYDOT
Let's head for the car. I'll just have to tell Jack it was a no go.

ROB
I'm sure he's gonna enjoy that.

MARYDOT
I'll take care of him.

They head off unaware they are being followed by the creepy man.

EXT. CASINO ENTRANCE - LATER

Rob and Marydot head into the parking garage. The man hangs back a bit, but follows.

INT. GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Rob looks through the bag they failed to swap out.

ROB
This is just a bunch of junk.

MARYDOT
Yep. Gotta keep up appearances.

Rob takes out a gaudy makeup mirror. He admires himself in it.

ROB
Looking good.

Suddenly, he sees the creepy man behind them in the mirror. He speaks to Marydot in a quiet and calm manner.

ROB (CONT'D)
 Don't look back, but I think
 someone may be following us.

They quicken their pace a bit and make a turn at one of the square support beams in the garage.

INT. GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

The creepy man stops and scans the area ahead. He hurries to catch up.

He may have lost them. He breaks into a run.

INT. GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

As the man runs past them, Rob and Marydot stand with backs pressed to a support beam. The man stops and scans the garage ahead.

Out of the blue, Rob steps out and presses the water pistol into his back.

ROB
 Hold it right there. Don't move.

The creepy man puts up his arms in surrender.

Marydot runs over to see what is going on. She stops dead in her tracks with a look of shock.

She walks around, reaches up, and yanks the fake moustache off the man.

MARYDOT
 Spencer! What the hell are you
 doing?

Rob is aghast. SPENCER looks like he was caught with a hand in the cookie jar.

ROB
 Spencer? You mean, "the guy"?

She looks angrily at Spencer.

MARYDOT
 What are you doing here? Speak!

SPENCER
 I followed you from Jack's place.

MARYDOT

Why?

SPENCER

I wanted to see if I could... help.

MARYDOT

Bullshit!

SPENCER

All right. Just wanted to see what was going on. Y'know, with you.

MARYDOT

Think you could've managed that without scaring us to death?

SPENCER

Sorry.

(points to Rob)

So, who is...

MARYDOT

This is Rob.

Rob gives him a weak wave.

SPENCER

Is he...

MARYDOT

None of your business.

ROB

Should I leave you two...

MARYDOT

Stay here!

She turns angrily to Spencer.

MARYDOT (CONT'D)

I can't believe that you -- I should be -- Oh, forget it. But, since you're here....

SPENCER

What?

MARYDOT

You still owe me forty-three dollars.

SPENCER
I'm good for it.

MARYDOT
Look, Spencer, we've got important things to tend to. Why don't you run along?

SPENCER
But, I...

MARYDOT
Hit the road.

Spencer takes a few reluctant steps but turns back to Marydot.

SPENCER
Did you ever get the --

MARYDOT
-- Go!

SPENCER
Yes, ma'am.

Spencer sulks away.

ROB
Nice guy. I can see why you wanted to marry him.

MARYDOT
Shut up and help me find the car.

ROB
Yes, ma'am.

INT. GARAGE - DAY

Rob and Marydot wander through the garage. Marydot is absorbed on her phone.

MARYDOT
Yeah, I know... Jack, I know... I'm just gonna -- I'm just gonna -- Jack! Look, I'll see you back there in a couple of hours... Yes, got it!

Marydot hangs up with a flourish.

MARYDOT (CONT'D)

One of these days...

ROB

How 'bout some lunch?

MARYDOT

Sure, why not? In fact, I know a great little place near here. We can walk.

ROB

As long as they sell alcohol.

MARYDOT

Rob, it's Las Vegas...

They turn around and head back toward the hotel.

EXT. CAFE PATIO - DAY

Rob and Marydot sit across from each other at a table on the patio of a charming cafe.

Marydot takes a sip of wine while perusing the menu. She has the bag sitting at her feet.

ROB

Whaddya think happened to the woman we were supposed to meet?

MARYDOT

That's Jack's problem.

ROB

What if he gets the idea we tried to pull something?

MARYDOT

Pull something?

ROB

We've got no proof the switch didn't happen.

MARYDOT

The beret woman can back us up.

ROB

What if she's in on it? What if she stole the bag?

MARYDOT
Now you're scaring me.

ROB
Just thinking out loud here.

MARYDOT
Yeah. Well, why don't you try to...

Something catches her eye in the distance. The man with the gray goatee she ran into in the casino. He is talking with the maître d'.

ROB
What is it?

MARYDOT
Oh, probably nothing.

The maître d' turns and points in the direction of Rob and Marydot.

MARYDOT (CONT'D)
On second thought, let's get the hell outta here.

ROB
What? But, we haven't --

MARYDOT
Get your ass up. Let's go!

Marydot grabs the bag as Rob jumps up to follow. They tear out for the street.

Marydot vaults over the short fence around the patio in one smooth move. Rob tries the same and falls roughly to the other side.

Marydot runs back and grabs Rob's hand, yanking him along behind her.

EXT. SIDEWALK - MOMENTS LATER

The two of them run down the sidewalk. Marydot spots a crowd watching some street jugglers and they attempt to blend in.

ROB
What the hell's going on?

MARYDOT
You said it. No one knows we didn't make the switch.

ROB
So?

MARYDOT
They must think we have the "real"
bag.

ROB
Oh, shit... So, we get rid of the
bag.

MARYDOT
Jack will kill me. These bags are
expensive.

ROB
Screw that.

He takes the bag and quietly sets it down next to a PALE
WOMAN in neon orange shorts.

They both back away.

MARYDOT
OK, let's head for that casino
entrance. We gotta get back to the
car.

They mix into a group of women headed that way. All of them
carry violin cases.

EXT. SIDEWALK - MOMENTS LATER

The man with the goatee runs up with several other men. He
desperately looks everywhere.

He's lost them.

INT. CASINO ENTRANCE - SAME

Rob and Marydot stand just inside the entrance over to one
side.

ROB
Holy crap! What now?

MARYDOT
I dunno. This has never happened
before.

ROB

You're the expert here! You're supposed to know these things.

At that moment, the pale woman in the orange shorts walks up to them.

PALE WOMAN

You left your bag outside. That's a safety violation, y'know.

She sets it down and stalks off.

Rob grabs the bag and looks to Marydot. She looks frantically around and points to some slot machines close by.

MARYDOT

Over there!

INT. SLOT MACHINES - MOMENTS LATER

They both run over behind the machines. Rob bends down to stick the bag under one of them.

He positions it just so.

When Rob stands, the man with the goatee is there next to Marydot. The pale woman points to Rob.

AGENT PARKER pulls out a badge.

PARKER

Agent Parker, FBI. I'll take that bag.

ROB

That's not what you think, we didn't make the switch.

PARKER

I know.

INT. PARKER'S OFFICE - LATER

Rob and Marydot sit in a dull, beige office with Parker and one other man. AGENT SIMMS is 50s, rugged, humorless.

PARKER

We picked up your contact right after she left.

AGENT SIMMS
The woman in the beret.

PARKER
We knew if anyone else was there
waiting for you, they'd naturally
assume you had this...

He holds up the bag from the beret women.

PARKER (CONT'D)
The bag you were supposed to pick
up in the first place.

MARYDOT
You followed us the whole way?

PARKER
Including you two running into a
Spencer Belknap in the parking lot.

AGENT SIMMS
He's a piece of work.

ROB
So, whaddya want with us?

PARKER
Not us...

Parker turns and points in the direction of Marydot.

PARKER (CONT'D)
You. We have reason to believe your
next stop in today's little outing
was to deliver this bag to a
certain J.W. Yarnaby. Correct?

Marydot nods in agreement.

PARKER (CONT'D)
We want you to make that delivery.

MARYDOT
I don't get it.

PARKER
You don't need to. The important
thing is, you've dropped off to
Yarnaby before. He sees you, it
won't raise any flags.

MARYDOT
What if I refuse?

PARKER

We can get a cell ready right next to Jack if you'd prefer. Accessory.

MARYDOT

Jack is...

PARKER

Possession of stolen property, fraud, conspiracy to obstruct justice. More?

Marydot shakes her head warily.

ROB

What about me?

PARKER

Don't need you. You can go.

ROB

But, I can --

PARKER

Don't need you.

(points)

Door.

Rob slouches toward the door. He stops and looks back to Marydot.

ROB

I'll call you.

PARKER

I wouldn't recommend that -- Rob. Consider yourself lucky to be walking outta here. Free as a bird.

AGENT SIMMS

Damned lucky...

PARKER

I'd listen to Agent Simms here if I were you.

ROB

(to Marydot)

Bye. Had fun.

Rob exits through the office door.

PARKER

OK, let's get down to business.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Rob plods down the hallway to the elevator. He pushes the button and hesitantly looks back over his shoulder.

He pulls out his phone and dials.

INT. PARKER'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Marydot squirms in her chair. Parker stands at a whiteboard mapping out the plan.

PARKER

We'll be close by, but it'll be up to you to get this bag to Yarnaby. And only him, that's absolutely imperative.

MARYDOT

What if I can't get it to him?

PARKER

Lady, for your sake, you better figure a way. Your well-being depends on two things, getting this bag to Yarnaby, and keeping your mouth shut. Under no circumstances is he to know about us. Got it?

MARYDOT

Got it.

PARKER

Now, like I said, we'll have eyes on you, so you should be OK.

MARYDOT

Should be. That's reassuring.

PARKER

And try not to wander too far from the van.

MARYDOT

Too far? Define too far. What happens if I do? I can't...

PARKER

Just stand still and let him find you, for Christ's sake.

Marydot nods. Parker stands and eyes her seriously.

PARKER (CONT'D)
Who do you give the bag to?

MARYDOT
Yarnaby.

PARKER
Only.

MARYDOT
Only.

PARKER
Good.

Parker picks up the bag and barks at Simms.

PARKER (CONT'D)
Let's move out.

EXT. PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON

An unmarked white van pulls out of the FBI parking lot and heads down the street.

A taxi sits parked at the curb. The backseat window rolls down. Rob watches the van leave.

The window rolls up and the taxi takes off following the van.

EXT. HOTEL/POOL - AFTERNOON

Laura relaxes poolside while chatting with an OLDER WOMAN in a floppy hat.

OLDER WOMAN
Oh, congratulations! Been planning for long?

Laura laughs out loud.

LAURA
Lord, no. I had to do this quickly and quietly.

OLDER WOMAN
I'm sorry?

LAURA
My future husband is -- well, he's a little skittish about marriage. If you know what I mean.

OLDER WOMAN

Honey, all men are afraid of marriage. They just love the chase.

INT. TAXI - MOMENTS LATER

Rob occupies the back seat of the speeding taxi. His gaze is glued to the white van ahead.

The driver turns around with a smile. It is Rizwan, the Pakistani driver Rob and Laura met their first day in town.

RIZWAN

This is too exciting! I have always wanted to be part of an American caper.

ROB

Rizwan, eyes on the road, please.

RIZWAN

Oh, oh, of course.

The driver is all smiles. He turns his attention back to the wheel.

RIZWAN (CONT'D)

Hot dog-ity.

INT. WHITE VAN - LATER

Simms drives the van as Marydot and Parker sit next to each other in the backseat. The passenger seat is occupied by MALONE, a female agent.

The back of the van is (of course) fitted with sophisticated surveillance equipment.

PARKER

OK, after you make the handoff to Yarnaby, immediately turn, walk to the curb, and cross your arms.

Marydot nods in agreement.

PARKER (CONT'D)

We'll be across the street monitoring.

MARYDOT

Be sure to get my good side.

PARKER
Just stay calm and if anything goes
wrong...

Marydot is looking out the window trying to get a bearing.

Parker loudly clears his throat.

PARKER (CONT'D)
If anything goes wrong, I want you
to reach up and yank your right ear
lobe. Understand?

MARYDOT
You're kidding. You mean, Carol
Burnett style?

PARKER
You're very quick.

Marydot swallows hard.

EXT. STREET - AFTERNOON

The van pulls up to the curb on the strip in front of the
famous Bellagio fountains.

INT. WHITE VAN - CONTINUOUS

Parker checks out the window.

PARKER
This the spot?

MARYDOT
Yep, Mr. Yarnaby likes to keep it
public.

Parker holds out a hand.

PARKER
Oh, one more thing. Gimme your
phone.

MARYDOT
Why?

PARKER
You don't need any distractions.
And, you can consider it a hostage.

She frowns and hands Parker her phone.

PARKER (CONT'D)
Now, hit the pavement and good
luck.

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

The van door slides open and Marydot exits. She glances
around to get a bearing.

The white van speeds off to park across the street as Marydot
ventures out into the crowd.

INT. WHITE VAN - MOMENTS LATER

The van occupants get busy.

Agent Simms watches Marydot through the telescopic lens of a
camera. He wears a typical headset with a wraparound
microphone attached.

Malone is in back keeping an eye on a flat screen display. On
it, a map of the area with a flashing marker.

PARKER
Got a good track on the bag,
Malone?

MALONE
Roger that, sir.

Parker puts on his headset and sits back comfortably.

PARKER
OK, let the good times roll.

EXT. STREET - SAME

The taxi with Rob aboard parks at the curb down a bit from
where Marydot got out of the van. Rob jumps out and hands
Rizwan some bills.

ROB
Rizwan, you've been a lifesaver.
Thank you so much.

RIZWAN
What will you do now?

ROB
I have no idea...

Rob tries to look inconspicuous as he melds his way into the crowd.

EXT. SIDEWALK - AFTERNOON

Marydot walks slowly back and forth on the sidewalk waiting to be approached. She looks around for the van.

She can't make it out.

INT. WHITE VAN - LATER

Simms gazes intently through the telescopic lens.

PARKER
Anything?

AGENT SIMMS
Nah, she's still just...

Simms scans the area.

AGENT SIMMS (CONT'D)
Wait, wait, wait. What have we here?

EXT. SIDEWALK - SAME

Rob keeps his distance from Marydot and attempts to remain unseen. He awkwardly covers his face and walks a few feet further away.

INT. WHITE VAN - MOMENTS LATER

Simms focuses the lens for a better view.

AGENT SIMMS
It's him all right.

Parker pushes him aside angrily.

PARKER
Lemme see that... Dammit! Keep position, I'll be right back.

He bolts out the side door.

EXT. SIDEWALK - MOMENTS LATER

Rob leans up against the railing and observes Marydot in the distance.

Out of nowhere, a hand grabs his shoulder and spins him around. He is shocked to see Agent Parker.

PARKER

What the hell are you doing here?

ROB

I don't trust you guys. That's what.

PARKER

Pity for you. Come with me, junior.

EXT. SIDEWALK - MOMENTS LATER

Marydot cruises past the fountains looking for Yarnaby. She pauses and takes in the show.

It makes her smile.

EXT. STREET - SAME

Rob barely keeps up as Parker escorts him back to the van. The mood is tense.

EXT. SIDEWALK - MOMENTS LATER

A LARGE MAN in a Hawaiian shirt eases up next to Marydot. They both admire the fountain display.

LARGE MAN

Pretty, isn't it?

MARYDOT

I never get tired of it.

He gives her a sideways glance.

INT. WHITE VAN - MOMENTS LATER

Simms sees the man next to Marydot.

He puts a hand to the headset microphone and pulls it close to his mouth.

AGENT SIMMS
Ummm, hey... Looks like we might
have some action here.

EXT. STREET - SAME

They are almost back to the van when Parker stops and growls into his headset.

PARKER
I'll be right there!

Parker looks around desperately. He sees an older model sedan parked a few cars down.

He drags Rob that way.

EXT. SIDEWALK - LATER

Marydot casually talks to the large man.

LARGE MAN
Like your case. Real leather?

She now knows he is the contact.

MARYDOT
Where's Yarnaby?

LARGE MAN
Elsewhere...

EXT. CURBSIDE - MOMENTS LATER

Rob stands watching as Parker kicks the center of the car's back end.

PARKER
They don't make 'em like this
anymore.

The trunk lid immediately swings open.

INT. WHITE VAN - SAME

Agent Simms watches closely as Marydot talks to the large man.

EXT. CURBSIDE - MOMENTS LATER

Agent Parker has Rob in the trunk of the car.

PARKER

Sorry pal, but I can't have you in the way right now. Shouldn't be sticking your nose where it doesn't belong anyway. Enjoy.

ROB

Wait, wait! What if the --

Parker slams the trunk and bolts back to the van.

EXT. SIDEWALK - AFTERNOON

Marydot continues to talk to the large man.

MARYDOT

I'm not giving this to you. It's Yarnaby, or nobody.

LARGE MAN

You sure about that?

MARYDOT

Yep.

The man sighs loudly, takes out his phone, and calls someone.

LARGE MAN

She says no...

INT. CAR TRUNK - SAME

Rob lies in the dark of the car trunk. He knocks on the lid a few times.

ROB

Hello? Hello?!

EXT. SIDEWALK - MOMENTS LATER

While Marydot and the man argue, a large fire truck pulls up to the curb directly behind them.

INT. WHITE VAN - SAME

Simms looks to Parker with alarm.

AGENT SIMMS

Ah, shit. A fire truck just pulled up. It's blocking our view.

PARKER

What next?...

Parker sighs loudly.

PARKER (CONT'D)

Call downtown. Tell 'em to move that damned vehicle. Now!

EXT. SIDEWALK - MOMENTS LATER

Marydot and the large man continue to argue over the leather prize.

LARGE MAN

Look, lady --

MARYDOT

Don't lady me! I'm not in the mood.

LARGE MAN

Wanna talk mood? How about the one Mr. Yarnaby is gonna be in when he gets no delivery.

MARYDOT

Look, I've got strict orders from... my boss. Yarnaby, or no deal.

LARGE MAN

If the bag's not coming with me, you are.

He grabs for the bag.

MARYDOT

Really?

Marydot yanks it back.

LARGE MAN

Give it!

It goes back and forth with the two of them becoming louder and more aggressive.

Immediately several large COWBOYS come to Marydot's aid.

FIRST COWBOY
Need some help, ma'am?

MARYDOT
This man tried to accost me!

Several of the cowboys step menacingly toward the large man.

FIRST COWBOY
We'll handle this, ma'am.

Marydot takes off in the opposite direction.

INT. WHITE VAN - SAME

Parker is frazzled. He paces frantically in the back of the van. The fire truck still blocks their view.

PARKER
What's happening?

AGENT SIMMS
Can't tell.

EXT. SIDEWALK - MOMENTS LATER

Marydot runs over behind the fire truck. She looks around desperately for any sign of the FBI.

She takes several deep breaths and absentmindedly sets the bag down on a running board in a recessed section of the fire truck.

Marydot turns around to get her bearings.

EXT. HOTEL/POOL - AFTERNOON

Laura shifts around on her pool recliner to get comfortable.

Perfect.

As she does so, the little girl clutching the inflatable shark walks by.

EXT. SIDEWALK - MOMENTS LATER

Marydot bends over to catch her breath. While she is distracted, the fire truck pulls away from the curb taking the bag with it.

MARYDOT

Oh, shit!

She races after the fire truck for all she is worth. The fire truck blocks the FBI's view of the chase.

MARYDOT (CONT'D)

Wait, wait, wait!

One of her shoes loses a heel. She yanks it off and runs awkwardly with only one shoe on.

MARYDOT (CONT'D)

Dammit, wait a minute!

INT. WHITE VAN - SAME

Simms desperately scans the crowd for Marydot.

PARKER

You got eyes on her?

AGENT SIMMS

No, lost her in the crowd.

PARKER

Shit!

MALONE

Want more bad news? Bag's on the move.

PARKER

What the hell now?

EXT. SIDEWALK - SAME

Marydot stops and exaggeratedly yanks on her ear.

She gazes around desperately, then continues on after the fire truck.

INT. WHITE VAN - MOMENTS LATER

Parker furiously scans the crowd out the window of the van. He bolts to the monitor showing the bag GPS location.

PARKER

Get after that bag!

INT. CAR TRUNK - SAME

Rob is still trapped in the car trunk. He kicks the lid a few times to no avail.

ROB
Hello? I'm. In. The. Trunk!

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

The white van pulls into heavy traffic and makes a U-turn as horns blare from everywhere.

EXT. SIDEWALK - MOMENTS LATER

Marydot stumbles along desperately trying to keep up with the fire truck.

Finally, the truck comes to a stoplight. Marydot runs over to grab the bag.

Just as she reaches for it, the light turns green and the truck speeds off again.

MARYDOT
Shit, shit, shit!

She looks around and yanks at her ear again.

MARYDOT (CONT'D)
Oh, screw that.

She plows on ahead.

INT. WHITE VAN - SAME

The FBI van speeds along trying to get a lock on the bag position.

MALONE
Gaining on it!

EXT. SIDEWALK - SAME

Marydot spots the fire truck up ahead stopped in some traffic. She takes a breath and runs for it.

MARYDOT
Hey! Hey, wait a minute!

She sprints out into the street just in time to grab the bag.

MARYDOT (CONT'D)

Yes!

Marydot limps back toward the sidewalk. Standing on the curb, she triumphantly holds the bag up in hopes the FBI can see it.

In an instant, a shiny red SUV whizzes by and someone inside snatches the bag from her hand. The thieves disappear into traffic.

Marydot is too beaten up and numb to even protest.

INT. CAR TRUNK - AFTERNOON

Rob has his keys out and uses them to try to pry the lid open. Just as it looks promising, he drops the keys into the darkness.

ROB

Dammit!

EXT. STREET - SAME

The FBI van zooms past Marydot. Both she and the van are oblivious to one other.

EXT. SIDEWALK - SAME

Utterly defeated, Marydot ambles over to a bench and plops down on it. She rubs her forehead and sighs loudly.

INT. CAR TRUNK - SAME

Rob tries to peek out of a crack in the trunk lid. He can barely see cars passing by.

ROB

Help! Somebody, help! I'm in the trunk!

He gets on his back and again strains to push the trunk lid open with his legs. No good.

ROB (CONT'D)

Shit!

He lays back in frustration.

EXT. SIDEWALK - LATER

As Marydot rests on the bench, someone approaches and sits down next to her.

It's all she can do to hold back a gasp.

MARYDOT
Mr. Yarnaby?...

INT. CAR TRUNK - SAME

Rob has all but given up when...

Someone knocks on the trunk lid. Rob jumps up and bumps his head.

ROB
Oww! Yeah, I'm in here! I'm in here! Help me! Help!

He hears a VOICE from outside.

VOICE
(muffled)
Move back!

Rob moves back and waits. One kick, two kicks, third time is the charm and the trunk lid springs open into the daylight.

Rob is shocked to see...

ROB
Spencer? What are you -- how did you -- OK, what's going on here?

Spencer offers a hand to Rob.

EXT. SIDEWALK - LATER

J.W. YARNABY is well-dressed, mid-50s, serious, boyish good looks. He turns to Marydot.

YARNABY
You wanna tell me what's going on here?

MARYDOT
I'm so sorry, but you gotta believe me...

YARNABY
Lost the bag, didn't you?

MARYDOT
No, no, not me. It was, I mean, I
just...

Yarnaby sighs and straightens his tie.

YARNABY
I assume it was bugged anyway, am I
right?

MARYDOT
No. I mean, I don't know. I mean...
I don't know what I mean.

YARNABY
Look, calm down. You ever hear the
phrase, don't kill the messenger?

MARYDOT
One of my favorites.

YARNABY
I figured this was coming sooner or
later. Parker's doing, right?

Marydot reluctantly nods.

EXT. CAR TRUNK - MOMENTS LATER

Spencer stands by as Rob brushes himself off from being in
the trunk.

ROB
How'd you know I was...

SPENCER
I saw that FBI goon lock you in
there.

ROB
How'd you even know the FBI was
involved?

SPENCER
I didn't. This is where MD always
makes her drop for Yarnaby. I just
happened to be here when she got
out of the van.

ROB
Where is she now?

SPENCER
Dunno for sure. But, I'm betting
back in the van.

ROB
So, what the hell are you doing
here? Following MD again?

SPENCER
You sure ask a lot of questions.

ROB
And you sure seem to know an awful
lot about all this.

SPENCER
C'mon, my car's close, you coming
or not?

Spencer leads the way as they jog down the block.

INT. WHITE VAN - SAME

Parker and co. race through traffic trying to locate the
elusive bag.

MALONE
Bag's going a shit-load faster now.

PARKER
Well, step on it. God, how
complicated can a damned drop off
be?

EXT. SIDEWALK - AFTERNOON

Yarnaby and Marydot sit on the bench talking. The mood is now
relaxed.

MARYDOT
I didn't wanna be involved with
this.

YARNABY
Me neither.

MARYDOT
I just can't believe my luck
lately.

YARNABY

Ah... you believe in luck?

MARYDOT

Sure, I guess.

Yarnaby absentmindedly brushes off his pant leg.

YARNABY

Me, I figure you either believe in luck or destiny. Can't have 'em both.

MARYDOT

Why only one?

YARNABY

Well, if you think about it, they're mutually exclusive. Destiny assumes there's a plan, luck is just... chance.

MARYDOT

Hmmm... Think I'm gonna have to go with luck.

YARNABY

In this town, excellent choice.

Yarnaby looks thoughtful.

YARNABY (CONT'D)

Jean Cocteau once said, "We must believe in luck. For how else can we explain the success of those we don't like?" All in how you look at it.

MARYDOT

What about the bag?

YARNABY

Parker's problem now. He can't prove anything since the exchange didn't happen. Yep, the burden of proof is called a burden for good reason.

Marydot is obviously relieved to hear this.

YARNABY (CONT'D)
See? This situation, today, must
have been some of your luck playing
out. For both of us. Looks like you
made the right choice.

Yarnaby gets up and stretches his back.

YARNABY (CONT'D)
So, in the meantime, I guess you
have to ask yourself one thing...

MARYDOT
What's that?

YARNABY
Do you feel lucky?

Yarnaby smiles for the first time.

YARNABY (CONT'D)
You be careful. Tell Parker I said
hello.

He walks a short distance, then dramatically whips around to
Marydot.

YARNABY (CONT'D)
But, I'm warning you... You're
gonna get a bad review on Yelp for
this.

Yarnaby disappears into the crowd.

INT. SIDEWALK - MOMENTS LATER

Spencer and Rob hurry toward Spencer's car.

ROB
I didn't realize the courier
business was so complicated. And
dangerous. Jack's a smart business
owner.

SPENCER
He's not.

ROB
Smart?

SPENCER
The owner.

ROB
What?

SPENCER
Jack's not the owner. I am. Silent
owner, so to speak.

ROB
You?

SPENCER
Surprised? Good. I like to stay as
far in the background as I can get.

They arrive at Spencer's car. They both lean against it to
catch their breath.

ROB
But, Jack's in jail.

Spencer laughs out loud at this.

SPENCER
Is that what they told you? Jack's
in Santa Fe for a few days.
Vacation.

ROB
You mean he's not?...

SPENCER
No. Get in.

EXT. SIDEWALK - LATER

Marydot still occupies the same bench. She slowly gets up and
strolls down the street.

On a whim, Marydot once again yanks on her earlobe. She looks
around and walks on, shaking her head.

INT. SPENCER'S CAR - AFTERNOON

Rob and Spencer cruise through the streets. Spencer hands Rob
a small electronic device.

SPENCER
OK, if we can trace the FBI's Wi-Fi
signal we should be able to locate
them. And MD.

ROB
How are we gonna know which Wi-Fi
is theirs?

SPENCER
Because they're idiots. I picked up
their signal as soon as I got here.
See anything suspicious?

Rob checks the list and is astounded.

ROB
"Unmarked FBI van number four?"
Really?

SPENCER
Might as well put out a sign.

ROB
Speaking of signs... MD know it's
really you that owns the company?

Spencer gives Rob a sideways look.

SPENCER
Speaking of MD... where did you two
meet, anyway?

ROB
You wouldn't believe it.

SPENCER
Try me.

ROB
Watch the road...

INT. WHITE VAN - SAME

Parker and team race through traffic.

MALONE
Sir, the bag's dead ahead, 'bout
half a mile.

PARKER
Keep on it.

EXT. SIDEWALK - LATER

Marydot limps down the street.

She spots a couple walking along the sidewalk holding hands and pushing a baby stroller. It is the same family Rob saw on the way back from the marriage license bureau.

She stops and studies them closely.

INT. SPENCER'S CAR - AFTERNOON

Rob scans for the FBI Wi-Fi signal. Spencer concentrates on the road.

ROB
There's a little something... Nope,
gone now.

He holds up the device and moves it around.

SPENCER
Sure you're reading it right?

ROB
You wanna do this?

Spencer rolls his eyes.

SPENCER
So, what's the deal with you and
MD?

ROB
None of your... Wait, wait, wait.
Got it!

INT. CASINO ENTRANCE - LATER

Marydot drags herself into a nearby casino. She looks around not finding what she wants.

She shuffles off toward the lobby.

INT. SPENCER'S CAR - AFTERNOON

Spencer and Rob feel a little overconfident as they are hot on the trail of the FBI.

ROB
Yeah, yeah. Signal's getting
stronger.

SPENCER
MD is gonna be so happy to see me.

ROB
You? Au contraire.

SPENCER
Hey, she almost married me.

ROB
Yeah, operative word there would be
"almost."

Rob studies the tracking device.

ROB (CONT'D)
Anyway, we are the cavalry today,
so try to focus.

SPENCER
Like a laser beam.

ROB
Oh, please.

SPENCER
You focus your way, I'll focus
mine.

ROB
Fine.

SPENCER
Fine...

INT. CASINO - AFTERNOON

Marydot stands at the hotel concierge desk. The young
CONCIERGE is totally baffled.

CONCIERGE
A what?

MARYDOT
Pay phone...

He looks at her suspiciously.

EXT. STRIP MALL - LATER

The shiny red SUV sits in a strip mall parking lot. Three MEN
inside try to pry open the much sought-after bag.

Suddenly, they become acutely aware of a certain armed FBI
presence.

PARKER
Evening, gentlemen. Mind if I
borrow your bag?

INT. SPENCER'S CAR - LATER

Spencer and Rob fly down the road getting closer all the
while.

ROB
Can't be too much further. Gotta be
here somewhere.

SPENCER
Keep an eye out.

ROB
What exactly do you think it is I'm
doing?

SPENCER
Good question.

ROB
Really? Well, at least I --

SPENCER
At least you what? What?!

ROB
At least I didn't leave my fiancé
sitting at the, uh... marriage-y
license place thing. Alone.

SPENCER
What? She broke up with me. That
morning. By text.

ROB
That morning?

SPENCER
Yeah.

ROB
That's why she was there. She got
cold feet and texted you from the,
uh... oh, whatever you call that
damned place!

SPENCER
Marriage license bureau.

ROB
Thank you.

SPENCER
In the future, Rob, you might wanna
get your facts straight before
throwing around wild accusations.
Just sayin'.

Rob nods and looks truly ashamed of himself.

ROB
All right, let's get back on it.

SPENCER
Let's do it!

EXT. STRIP MALL - LATER

The three men are up against the SUV being handcuffed by Parker and team. Suddenly, one of the men bolts and runs.

PARKER
Simms, get after that idiot.

Agent Simms holsters his weapon and takes off after him.

INT. SPENCER'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Rob scans the area around them. Suddenly, he spots something.

ROB
What's that?

SPENCER
What?

ROB
Over there.

SPENCER
It's a cement truck.

ROB
Behind it!

They both strain to see.

ROB (CONT'D)
There it is, there it is!

EXT. STRIP MALL - LATER

The fugitive from the SUV desperately runs by with Agent Simms close behind.

Simms is tiring out and the running man begins to pull ahead.

INT. SPENCER'S CAR - SAME

Spencer pulls into the parking area. As Spencer and Rob get a little closer, they see the two men up against the SUV being handcuffed.

SPENCER

Oh, boy...

Rob looks horrified.

ROB

Uh, they look kinda busy. Maybe we shouldn't...

SPENCER

Oh, gonna wimp out now? What happened to the cavalry?

Rob braces himself.

ROB

Yeah... Yeah, you're right. We've come this far, screw it. Let's go get MD!

EXT. SPENCER'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Both car doors swing open dramatically.

ROB (O.S.)

Wait a minute...

Both car doors slam shut in sync.

INT. SPENCER'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Rob has a look of confusion.

ROB

What're we gonna do once we get over there?

SPENCER
I dunno. We'll think of something.

ROB
Yeah, yeah. Got it. OK, let's do this!

They high-five each other.

EXT. SPENCER'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

The car doors again swing open dramatically. At that moment, the man Simms is chasing happens to run by.

He hits the door full speed and knocks himself out.

INT. SPENCER'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Rob and Spencer are shocked. They both slam themselves back in the car.

ROB
Shit!

SPENCER
(overlapping)
Shit!

ROB
What the hell?

Agent Simms runs up and is less than thrilled to see who is in the car. He motions for Spencer to roll down the window.

AGENT SIMMS
I don't believe it.

INT. SPENCER'S CAR - AFTERNOON

Parker and Simms stand beside Spencer's car. Rob and Spencer are still inside.

PARKER
I oughta kick your asses. Both of you! But, since you did inadvertently help us out, I'm gonna let it slide.

Rob and Spencer both nod enthusiastically.

PARKER (CONT'D)
Now get outta here! Oh, and when
you next see the little woman, tell
her to call me. ASAP! Got it?

ROB
Yes, sir.

SPENCER
(overlapping)
Yes, sir.

Parker storms off in a huff.

Abruptly, Spencer's phone rings. They both jump. Spencer
grabs the phone.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
Holy shit, MD! Where are you?
You're kidding... But, how did
you?...
(suddenly compliant)
Yes, ma'am... Yes, ma'am. Be right
there.

Spencer looks to Rob and shrugs.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
Don't even ask.

INT. PUB - AFTERNOON

Rob, Marydot, and Spencer are sprawled at a table in a dark,
noisy pub.

MARYDOT
I suppose you two want me to thank
you for your so-called, help.

SPENCER
No, we just...

MARYDOT
I don't know how either of you
showed up there. And I don't wanna
know.

ROB
Well, actually...

MARYDOT

But, I've got a lot of cleanup to do after all this crap and I don't...

Spencer opens his mouth to say something but Marydot points to him and cuts him off.

MARYDOT (CONT'D)

...want any more of your help. Got me?

ROB

Yes, ma'am.

SPENCER

(overlapping)

Yes, ma'am.

MARYDOT

Good.

SPENCER

But, can I just say...

MARYDOT

Spencer! Go wait outside, will you?

Spencer sighs loudly. He stands and gives Rob a thumbs up.

SPENCER

We did good.

Rob returns the gesture and Spencer leaves the table.

MARYDOT

Rob, what are you doing?

ROB

Whaddya mean?

MARYDOT

Out running all over town. Getting yourself in trouble. Hanging out with... questionable people in dubious places.

A smile comes to Rob so big it barely fits on his face.

ROB

Yeah... it's pretty great, isn't it?

MARYDOT
You are exasperating.

ROB
I'm learning.

Marydot puts her hands on either side of Rob's face and gives him the world's softest kiss. She pulls back and gazes at Rob.

MARYDOT
You get the check.

ROB
Yes, ma'am.

EXT. HOTEL ENTRANCE - LATER

The ATTENDANT blows his whistle. A cab immediately pulls up and he jerks open the door.

ATTENDANT
Next in line!

Marydot tentatively steps up to the taxi, then turns to look back at Rob.

MARYDOT
Thanks again. For everything.

ROB
Call me tomorrow. Please?

MARYDOT
No promises.

ROB
C'mon. You owe me for the cab ride.
Besides, you gotta say goodbye to me.

MARYDOT
I could do that now.

ROB
Wouldn't count. It's not my last day.

MARYDOT
Sure you don't want a ride?

Rob smiles knowingly.

ROB
Got one...

INT. TAXI - LATER

Rob is sprawled in the back in the cab. It's been quite a day.

Rizwan looks back with a grin.

ROB
Rizwan, eyes on the road, please.

RIZWAN
Oh, oh, of course.

The driver is again all smiles. He turns his attention back to the wheel.

RIZWAN (CONT'D)
Hot dog-ity.

Rob grabs his phone and dials.

ROB
Honey, remember when you told me to try to get in some trouble today?

EXT. LAS VEGAS STRIP - MORNING

The sun peeks out above the strip. A lone jogger is the only life-form visible in the early light.

The sun crawls higher in the desert sky.

INT. MALL - DAY

Rob and Laura stroll through the mall. Laura is wide-eyed at the shopping to be done.

LAURA
Then we'll head over to the gift shop and pick up something for Dan and Janie. But for now...

She pulls Rob over to a window display.

LAURA (CONT'D)
I'm gonna run in and check out that sweater. Wait here. Oh, unless you wanna go with.

ROB

Enjoy...

Laura skips off and Rob pulls out his phone. He checks a few things then notices a crowd gathered across the way. Rob ambles over to see what's up.

He steps up and immediately spots the female, white stone "statue."

Once again, he swears she makes eye contact with him. Rob is mesmerized.

Abruptly, a hand grabs Rob's arm from behind, startling him.

LAURA

Didn't have my size. Whatcha looking at?

ROB

Nothing important...

INT. HOTEL ROOM - LATER

Laura lounges on the couch. Rob nervously tries on tie after tie.

ROB

How about this one?

LAURA

It's great.

ROB

I could do the other...

Laura walks over and leads Rob back to the couch. She sits next to him and strokes his hair.

LAURA

Look, everything's gonna be fine. We'll get home, move in together, and you're gonna love it.

ROB

Yeah. I know you're right.

LAURA

I'll be a great wife. Promise.

This makes Rob relax into the moment. He smiles and puts his forehead to Laura's.

ROB
Of course you will.

LAURA
We are gonna be the cutest,
happiest twosome ever.

ROB
Yes, we are.

LAURA
Ready to be a couple?

ROB
Yes, I am!

Rob's mood has improved dramatically. He jumps up and fidgets with yet another tie.

LAURA
OK, I'm about to go get my makeup
done. Better take one last look at
a single woman.

Rob beams at her.

As he adjusts his tie, Rob spots a spider on the dresser. He reaches over and smacks it.

Laura is dumbfounded.

LAURA (CONT'D)
Did you just kill a spider?
Barehanded?

Rob smiles proudly.

ROB
Yes, ma'am...

INT. HOTEL/ELEVATORS - LATER

Rob heads for the elevator. He is in chipper spirits and whistles a happy tune.

As he pushes the button, a stylishly dressed couple walk up. The HUSBAND and WIFE are none too happy with one another.

WIFE
You just won't let it rest, will
you?

HUSBAND

Me? You're the one who's always so damned controlling.

WIFE

Yeah, I forgot, you're perfect in every way.

A long, ugly pause creeps into the conversation.

HUSBAND

What happened to you?

WIFE

Marriage.

HUSBAND

Join the club, baby.

The elevator door opens, and they stomp on. Rob holds back and points the opposite way.

ROB

Uh, forgot my socks.

The door closes. Rob leans his back against the wall, thinking. The cheerful mood is spoiled.

INT. HOTEL/LOBBY BAR - LATER

The familiar bartender once again glides up and throws down a napkin.

BARTENDER

Great to see you again, sir. What sounds good?

ROB

Still Albuquerque.

The bartender chuckles and studies Rob.

BARTENDER

I dunno. For some reason, you look lucky to me today.

ROB

Geez, I could use some. But for now, I'll settle for a Martini.

The bartender moseys off. Rob sighs and checks his gold watch.

At that moment, Rob's phone rings. He excitedly grabs it like an early Christmas present.

ROB (CONT'D)
Hey, MD! God, I was hoping you'd call. Doing OK? Talk to Parker?

MARYDOT (O.S.)
Yes, and yes.

ROB
Is he mad?

MARYDOT (O.S.)
Mad, no. Beside himself with rage and anger, yes.

ROB
Spencer?

MARYDOT (O.S.)
Still a major pain in the ass.

ROB
Listen, Marydot, can I see you? Just for a bit. Please? One last time? We could...

Rob has lost the call.

ROB (CONT'D)
Hello?... Hello?... Dammit.

Rob is so occupied with the phone he doesn't notice someone slide up in the next seat with their back to him.

Rob is frazzled and quickly redials the number.

When Marydot's phone rings, she casually picks it up.

MARYDOT
Oui?

Rob slowly turns around when he realizes.

MARYDOT (CONT'D)
How ya doin' pretty good.

ROB
Look at you... I didn't think you'd come.

MARYDOT

I still owe you for cab fare.
Remember?

INT. HOTEL/CASINO - AFTERNOON

Rob and Marydot stroll through the casino pausing here and there to people watch.

MARYDOT

Don't you have a wedding or something to attend?

ROB

Depends.

Rob goes to take her hand, but she pulls away.

MARYDOT

You sir, are almost a married man.

ROB

All right, all right. Picture this, what if you and I were to...

MARYDOT

Rob, there is no "you and I." We just --

ROB

What if I stayed here?

MARYDOT

Are you out of your freaking mind? Where did this even come from?

ROB

Life can be abrupt.

MARYDOT

Look, is it possible, just possible that your paranoid fear of, of...

ROB

Everything.

MARYDOT

Everything... Has simply caused you to latch onto the first thing you see that looks safe?

ROB
What would you say if I did decide
to stay?

MARYDOT
I'd say that's just crazy talk.
You've got a bride waiting for you.
Now, man up and do the right thing.

Marydot takes a deep breath.

MARYDOT (CONT'D)
Rob, it's been fun.

ROB
But, I just...

MARYDOT
Look, let's make this short and
sweet. I got things to do.

She offers a hand to Rob.

MARYDOT (CONT'D)
Best to you, Rob.

He reluctantly shakes her hand.

MARYDOT (CONT'D)
Somebody famous once said, "The
only thing we have to fear is fear
itself." That's pretty good advice.

She gives him a peck on the cheek.

MARYDOT (CONT'D)
Bon voyage.

Marydot turns and walks away without looking back. Rob can
only watch helplessly as she leaves.

EXT. HOTEL/POOL - LATER

Rob sits forlornly by the pool deep in thought. He rubs his
forehead gently as he imagines...

Jumble of images with indistinct wedding music: Rob and Laura
in front of the minister. A serious Rob slips the ring onto
Laura's hand. They kiss. Marydot and Rob at the bar as they
lean in and kiss sweetly. Laura throws her bouquet, it falls
into an empty pew. The couple by the elevator quarreling.
Marydot from the back, walking away for the last time.

Rob studies his gold watch.

He picks up his glass and takes a long drink.

Suddenly, he spots the same little girl with the inflatable shark.

Rob leaps to his feet. He now knows.

ROB
Sometimes you gotta be the damned
shark.

He dashes away.

EXT. HOTEL ENTRANCE - MOMENTS LATER

Rob races out the front entrance to the hotel. He is on a mission.

EXT. SIDEWALK - MOMENTS LATER

Rob sprints down the sidewalk. People move out of the way for him.

He almost loses his balance at one point but recovers and presses on.

INT. MALL - LATER

Rob hurries through the crowded mall dodging people as he goes.

He desperately forges ahead, missing nothing.

An elderly couple crosses his path and Rob skids to a stop. He scurries back on his way.

Finally, he spots her...

Rob approaches the familiar white "statue." She seems to eye him, knowingly.

He smiles to himself. Quickly and decisively, Rob yanks the watch from his wrist.

ROB
Fuck the fear.

He drops the gold watch in the tip jar and scampers away without looking back.

EXT. LAS VEGAS STRIP - NIGHT

The iconic strip at night in all its glory. The promise of all it has to offer...

If you are lucky.

EXT. HOTEL ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Two dozen plus in line for a taxi. Toward one end, Silver and Lace lovingly hold hands. Lace is still gorgeous in her bridal gown.

The CAPTAIN blows his whistle. A cab immediately pulls up and he jerks open the door.

CAPTAIN

Next in line!

Rob steps up to the taxi, smiling, happy, confident. He motions for someone to join him.

He grabs Laura's hand and kisses her sweetly. The happy couple joyfully hop into the back seat.

The door closes.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END