

STAYS IN VEGAS

PILOT
"WHAT HAPPENS IN VEGAS"

Written by

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TEASER

INT. QUICKIE WEDDING CHAPEL - SANCTUARY (N1)

A drunk set of feet belonging to a sloppy BRIDE and GROOM to-be slip amongst each other at the top of a narrow aisle, only vaguely attached to the excited giggles of their owners.

Another pair enters at the bottom of the aisle, more polished, purposeful and draped in cheap vestments. It's THE PRIEST.

PRIEST

Sorry I'm late.

The Bride and Groom continue to flirt and fall over each other. The Bride slips and the Groom catches her. They barely notice their officiant.

GROOM

She's a handful.

The Priest reaches his pulpit. He's a fit 40-ish, ruggedly handsome, looks and carries himself just left of expected. Like his decorated-by-fluorescent-light lectern. Nice touch.

PRIEST

Mmhm. God be with you.

He clears his throat, opens his Bible. A mosquito flies out.

PRIEST (CONT'D)

Meh. Dear uh, beloved we are gathered here today...

The Priest looks to an empty chapel. Save the three of them.

PRIEST (CONT'D)

Wait, are we?

GROOM

What's that?

PRIEST

There's no we. You need we. Like a witness.

As if on cue a FEMME FATALE in the classic mold - red hair, black everything else - slips into the last pew.

FEMME FATALE

Happy to help.

She catches the wayward mosquito between her fingers as it flies by and crushes it, then considers it impassively.

FEMME FATALE (CONT'D)

Blood sucking posers.

BRIDE

It's a miracle!

The Priest takes a put-upon breath, as if asked to shuffle paper by middle management in a cubicle.

PRIEST

Just the opposite actually. Hello Lilly. Is now the best time? Interrupting these nice people?

LILLY/FEMME FATALE

Sorry I didn't notice. That they were "soooo niiiiiice" I mean.

Sarcasm. Great.

GROOM

Hey man, can we speed this up?

PRIEST

The guarantee's 20 minutes from entry.

GROOM

So?

PRIEST

So we've got time.

The Priest quickly reaches into the pulpit. Lilly HISSES. The Priest comes up with a shotgun.

GROOM

Whoa! What's going on?!

BRIDE

It's our day!

PRIEST

Speak now, Lilly--

Lilly stands, growls, bares fangs and claws. The Priest nods to his shotgun.

PRIEST (CONT'D)

--or forever hold your peace.

He takes aim but accidentally knocks his Bible to the floor.

PRIEST (CONT'D)

Hell!

The Priest bends down to the good book as a nasty projectile GOO *just* misses him. Lilly, who, turns out, is a FULL ON VAMPIRE rushes the aisle. The inconvenienced couple scream, it's a terror almost enough to sober them up. Lilly leaps! The Priest comes up just in time to pull his trigger. Lilly explodes into a black mist, leaving a red wig behind. The Priest looks disappointed.

PRIEST (CONT'D)

She told me she was a natural.

Smoke rises from the pulpit as the Bride and Groom stand mouths agape, eyes agape-r, gooped up with unhappy entrails. The Priest clears his throat and opens the Bible once more.

PRIEST (CONT'D)

Now, any other objections?

The Bride faints.

END TEASER

ACT ONEEXT. OFF THE STRIP SIDEWALK - DAY (D2)

An OLDER MAN, who's almost cowhide himself, moves deliberately down the hot Vegas street in a rugged duster, boots and yep, a cowboy hat. It's high noon. A crumbled magazine filled with pay-for-the-night dames rolls by. Not tumbleweed, but it'll have to do.

A chubby BOY works on a bright ice cream cone and clocks him.

BOY
What are you?

The Man barely pays notice. But he is THE HUNTER.

BOY (CONT'D)
The Hulk on the run? Blade?
Hellboy?

The Hunter stops.

BOY (CONT'D)
It's your costume. I don't get who
you're supposed to be.

Hunter leans down to the innocent kid's level, casting a jaded shade.

HUNTER
You either.

The Boy takes a deep gulp as up the block a strung out CLUB-GOER, all sweat and shakes, bends over a trash can and lets loose. He violently spills his breakfast, or last night's E, or something else altogether.

BOY
Ew!

The corner of Hunter's lip works up into a smile. And then Hunter leans up himself, letting the sun back in for the Boy. From down the block Clubber looks over to see he's been seen.

CLUB-GOER
Oh shit.

He takes quick, fumbled steps, the closest he can muster to running. The Hunter walks, still as deliberately, behind.

He pulls an almost unearthly revolver from his waist, begins to load. The Clubber continues to waddle and panic. The Hunter passes the trash can just as it begins to shake and TENTACLES reveal themselves FLYING OUT. From away--

BOY

Whoa.

Hunter doesn't even look over. He fires into the can and it EXPLODES in a SHRIEK. Just ahead the Clubber has tripped, fallen. The Hunter approaches.

CLUB-GOER

C'mon man, that's not right.

HUNTER

Passing a possessed entity isn't birth, it's contraband.

CLUB-GOER

It's mating season.

HUNTER

It's you season.

Hunter lifts the revolver just as his hunt's eyes go red and his veins black. Smoke and sinister gibberish spout from his mouth. The Hunter fires, reducing the Clubber to a puddle of steaming goop. Neither afraid nor surprised, The Hunter wipes his shoe clean from the splatter with a handkerchief.

Down the block the Boy still stands, now in awe. As the Hunter passes back by he leans back down to the Boy's level.

HUNTER (CONT'D)

I'm the Hunter.

The Boy's FATHER catches up, comes alongside him. All adulation he slips Hunter a twenty.

FATHER

Wow, great show!

Hunter ruffles the twenty into his jacket with some reluctance as he begins to walk away.

HUNTER

Thanks. Hope you enjoy the rest.

As he leaves...

FATHER

Wait! You didn't say which hotel you perform at!

INT. DANTE'S DINER - LATER (D2)

The place could pass for *American Graffiti* or *Nighthawks* in a frame and with only the desert at its back it's decidedly lost in time. Inside Hunter and Priest sit in a booth. They both have coffee. The Priest's has cream and sugar. Lots.

PRIEST

So you really said that? "It's you season?"

HUNTER

Yes. You told me to take more joy in my work.

PRIEST

The joy of the Lord *is* our strength...

Hunter harumphs.

PRIEST (CONT'D)

But that would get you pulled off the stage in Harlem, or Heaven.

HUNTER

What about you?

PRIEST

Holy and unholy matrimony.

HUNTER

Tuesdays.

PRIEST

Tuesdays.

A waitress approaches and lays a heavy stack of pancakes in front of Priest and a plate of lots of bacon and sausage in front of Hunter.

HUNTER

Thank you madam, much so.

PRIEST

These late breakfasts are bad for us.

Hunter wastes no time in picking up and biting into some bacon.

PRIEST (CONT'D)

You didn't say grace!

HUNTER

Didn't see much reason to.

PRIEST

Speaking of seeing--

HUNTER

Like I said, they thought it was a show. And you?

PRIEST

Some "forget" juice. Who remembers their wedding night anyway?

HUNTER

Right.

PRIEST

I'm just saying...

HUNTER

They're getting less careful before we do. That's why this is getting more dangerous.

PRIEST

I know. Maybe that's why the good Lord said "Blessed are they that believe without seeing."

Hunter gives Priest a look.

PRIEST (CONT'D)

But don't you see? People don't have a problem of needing to see to believe, they have a problem of not needing to believe at all. Of seeing, and still not believing. What's God or a monster matter if even a simple truth doesn't?

Hunter continues his vendetta on breakfast meats.

HUNTER

Do you want me to change my name to "Choir?"

PRIEST

I'll stop preaching.

Hunter slides a piece of paper across the table. Priest considers it.

PRIEST (CONT'D)

You know, you talk a big game about getting out.

HUNTER

No. I talk a big game about getting tired. And I am. But this is a big one.

PRIEST

I see the number.

HUNTER

And the face?

PRIEST

No bells rung.

Another look from Hunter.

PRIEST (CONT'D)

No, not even through a confessional door. Not that that business is booming either.

Hunter takes the paper back.

HUNTER

The price is right but something's--

PRIEST

Fishy.

HUNTER

Fish would be a relief at this point.

Priest liberally applies whipped cream to his pancakes. Hunter winces at the sound and the sight.

PRIEST

Well old man, we're fishers of men. And at least, for once, that's what this appears to be.

Hunter raises his coffee cup.

HUNTER

Blessed are those that believe without seeing.

PRIEST

You know, honey, one of these days
we're going to have breakfast and
not talk about work.

INT. JACK'S APARTMENT - EARLY AFTERNOON (D2)

It's after 2 PM but only the rays of light sneaking through
the blinds and drapes are trying to let the rest of the place
(Vegas bender chic) know. Flies are the only sound.

With a GASP a man shoots up into frame, unseen from the bed
below. He is JACK CARNEGIE. Early 30s, ripped, and if he
wasn't hungover, all charisma.

A beautiful brunette with skin to match the desert calmly
rises to meet him there, wrapped in sheets. MARCY.

MARCY

The dream again?

Jack hacks. And then he hacks up some of last night's \$9.99
buffet.

JACK

Indigestion. And I should have
never told you about that.

Marcy smiles. Whatever they have, it's not new.

MARCY

You're letting me in.

JACK

Nonsense. A magician never gives up
his secrets.

Jack rises from the bed and accidentally kicks a coffee table
spilling cards, carnations, a top hat. Marcy laughs.

MARCY

I've got to go. Unless...?

JACK

Sorry. No new tricks. Used those
last night. And besides, surf and
turf.

Jack gestures to his esophagus.

MARCY

Shame. We'd barely gotten into
mine.

Jack takes a pained breath, for multiple reasons.

JACK

What pool and whose bank account do
I get to be jealous of today?

MARCY

Oh Jackie, keep those washboards
and you'll never be free of my
laundry.

Marcy nods to Jack's midriff as she slips her undergarments
back on.

JACK

You can't just keep using me like
this. I have ambitions you know.

And then her dress. Marcy walks over to Jack, kisses his
cheek, bites his ear. Whispers.

MARCY

Beg for Marcy.

JACK

That's just not fair.

Marcy walks out of the apartment. Jack shouts after.

JACK (CONT'D)

I told you to use that line!

Jack collapses at the coffee table, letting his tension and
whatever belly he has out. He reaches for a business card.
Marcy is pictured on it.

*"JUSTICE KNOWS NO (BETTER) MARCY. MARCY MAPLES, PRIVATE
INVESTIGATOR."*

And a phone number. Jack sets it back amongst his magician's
clutter. But amongst the cheap and expected debris there's a
GOLD BRACELET, almost like armor, older, worn, luminous...

INT. DAVE'S DEEP DIVE BAR - DAY (D2)

Priest and Hunter walk into a dingy dive bar steeped in moldy
green light, or maybe just the right light to reveal the
mold. It's somewhat nautical. And they are regular sailors
here. Everyone in here is. Okay, all five other people. And
that cat.

They approach the bartender. He's stout, 50s, thick with muscle, barely seeing out of his furrowed brow - he's Popeye in a tin can. And he's wearing a dress, with a wig to match. It's old. He's MS. DAVE.

PRIEST

Ms. Dave.

Hunter tips his hat.

HUNTER

Always a pleasure ma'am.

MS. DAVE

Ugh. Don't ma'am me. Nobody has in a long time.

PRIEST

You know he's old fashioned.

MS. DAVE

It's early in the day. Even for you two. I know that because my happy hour doesn't start for another two.

PRIEST

So?

MS. DAVE

So we kissing or doing business?

Hunter throws the paper he had in the previous scene down on the bar. Jack Carnegie is pictured on it. Along with ancient text.

MS. DAVE (CONT'D)

Fine, no foreplay then.

HUNTER

What? He said I'm old fashioned.

MS. DAVE

Don't recognize him. And you know I try and stay out of the Sanskrit circles.

Priest throws a wig down on the bar. It's from the vampire in the Teaser. Ms. Dave whistles, picks it up and ponders it.

MS. DAVE (CONT'D)

Well it is a beaut. And you even cleaned it for me.

He smells it.

MS. DAVE (CONT'D)

Can still smell the iron though.
This one was thirsty.

PRIEST

But not the garlic. So what, deal
or...?

MS. DAVE

His name's Jack. Don't know if he's
new to Vegas but he's new to the
scene.

HUNTER

What is he?

MS. DAVE

Handsome.

Hunter is not entertained.

PRIEST

What else?

MS. DAVE

Probably in over his head if you
two are asking about him and this
number's on his papers.

PRIEST

Then why's the number on his
papers?

MS. DAVE

Look, I looked into him.
Thoroughly.

Hunter clears his throat.

MS. DAVE (CONT'D)

Not like that. And not like you
wouldn't. Anybody would. But
regardless, he's a nothin' nobody.
He's doing a one-bit magic act in a
half-bit club four bits off the
Strip. He's one of those kids that
should have got off the bus in LA
to fall flat on his face but didn't
even have the grit to make it that
far from Iowa. Shame too. He may
have been pretty enough to cut it
there.

HUNTER

But not here huh?

MS. DAVE

I think we all know this ain't the city of angels.

PRIEST

Sorry, but that still leaves a lot to be explained. I could have gone to Google. They don't even ask for scalps.

Priest reaches for the wig on the bar. Ms. Dave grabs his wrist firmly.

MS. DAVE

Maybe you're askin' the wrong person. Who hired you for this job?

Priest and Hunter share a look.

MS. DAVE (CONT'D)

Yeah, that's what I thought. You know for a priest and a cowboy you do run in some strange crowds.

The cat jumps onto the bar and hisses. It has one eye. It's Ms. Dave's. He releases Priest's hand and starts petting his pet. Priest massages his wrist.

HUNTER

You mean the wrong crowds?

MS. DAVE

I'd never say that, I'd lose business!

Ms. Dave laughs uproariously. Hunter and Priest begin to leave empty-handed.

MS. DAVE (CONT'D)

What, you're not gonna stay and play with my cat?

PRIEST

Dave, the tireddest act in this whole town is your pussy.

Ms. Dave bursts into laughter again as Hunter and Priest exit. The case remains dry.

INT. WALDO'S EMPORIUM - LATER (D2)

Jack walks into what would be a typical Vegas pawn shop if it didn't only deal in wares for magicians and other performers. As such it's like a Hogwarts garage sale. A beautiful older woman is behind the glass and seemingly out of place. She is VANITY. At least according to her name tag.

JACK

Heya Vanna.

VANITY

How they treating you sugar?

JACK

Never as good as you, Van.

VANITY

Shame, you're a sweet kid.

JACK

I know, I know. You tell me all the time.

VANITY

You deserve better than those women you tear through Jack. And better than this city that's gonna tear through you.

They share a look.

JACK

Two wands. Four rings. One straight jacket. Three doves. Oh, and a rose... And it's just one girl now.

Vanity nods, letting things turn to business. She turns and that's when the brace supporting half her side, a mangled arm, a prosthetic leg, and the cane she hobbles on are revealed. Jack diverts his gaze, not surprised, but still not comfortable. Vanity rifles through some drawers and turns back to Jack. Slides his goods over through the glass.

VANITY

And you're not selling anything today?

JACK

No, why?

VANITY

Nothing. Just grapevines and all that. And I s'pose the rose is for this mystery lady?

JACK

Look Vanna, you know there's one person in this world I don't keep secrets from, and that's you.

Vanity gives him a playfully skeptic look. Jack slides the rose back under the glass.

JACK (CONT'D)

That was for you to keep.

VANITY

See, too sweet.

Jack smiles, all that charm surfacing, and leaves. Vanity thumbs through a trade magazine as the bell at the front door rings for Jack's exit, and a few moments later rings again for another entrance. Feet clog forward but Vanity pays no mind. A knock at the glass. Vanity looks over her magazine to see Priest and Hunter, Cheshire-smiled.

HUNTER

Heya Van.

The sweet Van disappears as her good side swipes up an old rifle from under the counter. Squares it directly in the Hunter's face.

VANITY

You damn well know the rule about visiting off hours.

PRIEST

I told you we wouldn't be getting the good side today.

VANITY

Oh shush.

HUNTER

He's not in.

VANITY

He's working.

HUNTER

Fine Van, lower the gun.

She does, but she's not too happy about it. Hunter holds up the paper with Jack's face on it.

VANITY

Pretty, but I don't know him.

Priest and Hunter share a look.

PRIEST

We have it on good authority he's a happy customer here.

VANITY

Well if he was a happy customer, you know we'd aim to keep it that way. Like we do with all our customers.

HUNTER

Including us?

VANITY

Come back during office hours like decent folk.

Hunter tries to peek around behind the counter. Vanity raises the gun again.

VANITY (CONT'D)

Have you no decorum? No dessert before supper. I don't know what you're looking for, but there's nothing stranger here than usual.

Hunter pulls back.

VANITY (CONT'D)

I know y'all are lazy bastards looking to cut corners, but why don't you do some real police work and go to his damn show?

Hunter and Priest share another loaded look.

VANITY (CONT'D)

What? Can't afford tickets?

Vanity points the barrel of the gun down the counter. There's a stack of yellow fliers for free admission to Jack's show. Priest grabs a few.

PRIEST

Don't know him huh?

VANITY

Don't know him. Know of him. It's different.

Priest nods and takes the tickets as he and Hunter leave, showing regards. After they're gone Vanity picks up the phone. A phone with one light on it which goes red when she picks it up.

VANITY (CONT'D)

Yeah. There might be trouble.
They're after him.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWOINT. OFFICE - EVENING (D2)

A well-manicured hand aggressively slides a familiar yellow sheet across a cluttered desk. It's a ticket to Jack's show. And the hand belongs to Marcy.

All the commotion has startled the MAN sitting at the desk who had fallen into a nap.

MARCY

Morning Captain, late start?

CAPTAIN

Early nap. Rudely interrupted. And you're empty handed. Minus whatever doesn't wash off.

MARCY

Don't get cute with me. You'd never wear it as well as I do.

So this is her Captain. Stout. Balding, tired. He considers the ticket. He's not surprised, but a little disappointed.

CAPTAIN

Did you tell him where you do your laundry?

MARCY

I alluded to having second thoughts on the matter.

PULL BACK to reveal that this office sits at the back of a busy LAUNDROMAT. Odd. Seemed like this guy was a cop.

CAPTAIN

I wouldn't say that's smart. You're not clean yet.

MARCY

I'm telling you he is.

CAPTAIN

I'm telling you he's not. And it's better you catch him before someone more dangerous does. If there is such a thing.

He slides the ticket back across the desk.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

I hired you for a job. Now get back to work.

Marcy huffs but takes back the ticket, begins to leave--

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

You never told me, what'd you tell him you were?

MARCY

A Private Investigator.

CAPTAIN

Hm. No lie like the truth I guess.

INT. DINGY CLUB - NIGHT (N2)

A dimly lit, small circular room with booths at the edges and round tables throughout, all looking to the half circular stage, all deep purple as if stained. It's basically an installation of the Rat Pack era, and just as dusty.

Predictably it's where "Jack the Magnificent" is about to perform, if he can get it up. "It" being some flowers he can't get to rise and bloom at the click of his fingers. He stands just offstage behind a curtain.

JACK

C'mon, c'mon...

Clicks and still nothing. The flowers look sad. Jack looks panicked. The EMCEE can be heard from center stage.

EMCEE (O.S.)

Ladies and gentlemen please welcome to the stage, a man with power but without past, an ageless riddle wrapped in a magic mystery, a man that has to be seen to be believed - Jack the Magnificent!

Still not ready, Jack still stumbles out onto the stage. He takes a bow.

JACK

Greetings, greetings everyone. Wow! A full house!

Jack looks out to a mostly empty room. He clocks Marcy slip into a booth in the back. She lights a cigarette, puts her chin in her hand, her elbow on the table, ready to be bemused.

JACK (CONT'D)

And why not some flowers for the ladies?

Jack throws his arms out to pronounce what should have happened, a full bloom, but what does happen is nothing.

JACK (CONT'D)

I said, flowers!

Jack flays his arms again. This time, out of only the right sleeve, the sad stalk he was practicing with slides out to the floor, dead.

In the crowd a BIG LUG slides in next to Marcy. He is THE RUSSIAN. Striped sailor shirt, workman's pants, all muscle, barely a sign of pupils under his bushy eyebrows. He's at least four men put together. He references the stage.

RUSSIAN

This is what we're so excited about?

MARCY

What are you doing here?

RUSSIAN

Insurance. And judgement. Honestly Marcy, you could do better.

To match her he lights a cigar. She blows smoke.

MARCY

You'd love to know what I do or don't, wouldn't you?

The Russian chuckles, immune.

MARCY (CONT'D)

I have this. So if you're not into the act, just go.

The sound of a shattering vase pierces their conversation. On stage a flummoxed and flop sweat-full Jack stands amongst another trick he botched.

JACK

Uh, well, much like my hopes and dreams why don't we wait and see if I can get this back together again?

Disappointed murmurs from the crowd.

JACK (CONT'D)
Let's take five!

House lights and disappointment rise. Jack shares an exasperated look with Marcy. Russian side-eyes her.

MARCY
I'm going to go check in with him.

The Russian cracks his knuckles in his fists.

MARCY (CONT'D)
Yeah... loud and clear. I have a tab open. Buy some borscht.

The Russian grumbles as Marcy slips out.

INT. JACK'S DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT (N2)

Jack sits still staring at an object across the room. It's the GOLD BRACELET from his apartment. In the clear light it's seen to be larger now, almost like a piece of armor. There's inscriptions on it... KNOCK-KNOCK--

Jack jumps up and throws a napkin over the bracelet, the napkin collapses. It disappeared! That trick worked... He answers the door to find--

JACK
Marcy! Thank God.

MARCY
Like he'd show up here.

Jack closes the door behind her as she eyes the room.

MARCY (CONT'D)
What's the deal out there tonight?
We've never had--

JACK
Performance issues?

Marcy rolls her eyes.

JACK (CONT'D)
The stage and the bedroom are different.

Marcy paws at trinkets on the table near the napkin, Jack goes in for an abrupt kiss. Marcy pushes him off gently.

MARCY

Yeah, they are.

Jack sighs.

JACK

Great, now you only want me for
what I can pull out of a hat too?

MARCY

No, silly rabbit. Sorry, come here.

Marcy leaps on top of the table, tossing its artifacts aside and pulls Jack in-between her legs to her waist for a passionate kiss. Jack is alarmed, mostly by the tossing, his eyes follow the napkin to the floor...

INT. DINGY CLUB - CONTINUOUS (N2)

The Russian slurps the last of a large bowl, almost a vat, of borscht and drops it on the table, wiping his mouth on his arm. That was fast. From across the clamor of the room he clocks two new patrons: Priest and Hunter. He growls.

INT. JACK'S DRESSING ROOM - CONTINUOUS (N2)

Jack and Marcy are in the throes. As they make out and slam about the room Marcy can't see Jack's eyes urgently register the crashing paraphernalia, and Jack can't see Marcy's eyes searching as she slams them from one corner to the next.

Card decks of all one card spill, flowers pop out of a jacket (finally!), somehow the shards of that vase collect themselves back together (ironic!), and finally, yep, a rabbit out of a hat. Jack needs to slow this down.

JACK

Marcy! Wait...

INT. DINGY CLUB - CONTINUOUS (N2)

Priest and Hunter cross the room as it begins to fill. Hunter points to an open booth in the corner. He stops Priest.

HUNTER

Hey, wait.

PRIEST

That's a pretty bad view of the
stage.

HUNTER

Who cares? I want to see what's
going to happen behind.

From the other side of the room Russian loses his view of the
two of them as they sit. He bends his spoon in his hands.

INT. JACK'S DRESSING ROOM - CONTINUOUS (N2)

Picking back up with Jack and Marcy in the middle of an
argument...

JACK

They want to see me out there,
front and center!

Marcy rolls her eyes.

MARCY

C'mon Jack, you're not--

JACK

Don't say it!

MARCY

What?

JACK

Copperfield!

MARCY

I was going to say Criss Angel.

JACK

Ugh! That's so much worse.

MARCY

Jack, look...

JACK

Nah Marcy. I want to impress you, I
do. And myself. That's why the
spotlight's on me. And I've got to
get back out there.

Jack grabs the napkin off the floor to wipe off his brow.

INT. DINGY CLUB - CONTINUOUS (N2)

Russian puts two fingers to his temple, begins to grumble.

RUSSIAN

You'd better get back out here. A priest and a cowboy just walked into the bar.

The Russian pauses for a moment and considers what he said.

RUSSIAN (CONT'D)

That's not a joke.

INT. JACK'S DRESSING ROOM - CONTINUOUS (N2)

Jack has left and Marcy shuffles through his things. Then as if just hit with a migraine Marcy winces and stumbles back.

MARCY

Dammit! I told you not to use this line. Fine, I'll be right out it's--

INT. DINGY CLUB - CONTINUOUS (N2)

Priest, sipping a frilly daiquiri, taps Hunter and gestures to the stage.

PRIEST

Showtime.

Jack comes out onto the stage and looks nervously into the crowd, rubbing his wrist, where a fresh and familiar piece of old gold bling, the BRACELET, resides. He finds Marcy near the back, sliding back into her seat alongside a stranger to him, the Russian.

JACK

Well, I'm sure you all must be familiar with the old magician's tricks of diversion, distraction and deception to amaze. I thank you for letting me take a break because now I'm officially--

From the back of the room the doors throw open to reveal a DUAL JACK. Identical in every way, except a little late.

DUAL JACK

Back!!

Gasps and applause from the crowd. Priest and Hunter share a wary look. Marcy starts to get up from her seat but Russian grabs her wrist and shakes his head... No. Dual Jack crosses through the room.

JACK

About time you showed up!

DUAL JACK

Well, you know punctuality isn't exactly our greatest quality.

JACK

Speak for yourself.

DUAL JACK

I am!

The crowd laughs while Priest and Hunter share a moment.

PRIEST

More than we bargained for.

HUNTER

But closer to the number on the sheet.

Hunter reaches for his waist and checks that his revolver's loaded. From the stage Jack manages to clock this as well as Marcy's struggling with Russian. Dual Jack reaches the stage.

JACK

You got us there. Say Jack--

DUAL JACK

Yes Jack?

JACK

You've had the night off. Why don't you take it from here?

DUAL JACK

I don't know that that's fair to me. Why don't you just go--

JACK

Screw myself? Okay!

Jack claps and gestures his hands wildly then disappears in a puff of smoke. More applause and laughter in the crowd.

DUAL JACK

Hm. Spoke too soon.

At the puff Priest and Hunter scramble from their seat.

HUNTER

Shit!

PRIEST

Coming!

Priest gets a last sip of daiquiri as he slides out. Across the room Russian sees their hustle as he starts his. He almost tosses the table as he lurches up and pushes Marcy back.

RUSSIAN

Ostavat'sya.

MARCY

What?

Russian takes the spoon he bent and thrusts it into the backing of the booth and around Marcy's wrist, acting as a shackle. With that he leans in and points sternly.

RUSSIAN

STAY. My turn.

Russian looks up to see Priest and Hunter take a door backstage. He moves to follow, and Marcy can't. Dual Jack does some crowd work to cover for those sudden exits.

DUAL JACK

What? Don't think I'm as good
looking as the other guy?

INT. JACK'S DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT (N2)

Jack throws scattered items from his room into a pillowcase. He's making a run for it. The ajar door creeps open behind him. He freezes. It's Priest and Hunter, and Hunter's gun.

HUNTER

You're not a very good magician.
Having a twin isn't magic.

PRIEST

Yeah, and you can't even disappear.

Jack turns slowly, raises his hands. Takes stock.

JACK

Little early for Halloween you
guys?

HUNTER

How 'bout you wait to do the
critiquing until you have the gun?

JACK
It's not a twin...

HUNTER
What?

JACK
Hey! Look out!

Jack abruptly points behind Priest and Hunter.

PRIEST
Kid, you just gave that speech on
stage about deception and
diversion.

Just then Hunter is lifted from his feet in a bear hug, care
of the Russian. He gasps and struggles.

PRIEST (CONT'D)
Holy shit!

With a quick swipe Russian knocks Priest aside. Jack makes
for the window.

JACK
Thanks! You've been a great
audience!

He jumps! It's at least six stories. Russian runs to the
window and looks down. No sign. He curses to himself in
Russian. Just as Priest and Hunter are getting back to their
feet he bowls them back over running out of the room.

They make an effort to regather themselves.

HUNTER
C'mon. We have to chase them.

PRIEST
Patience... (*gasping*) ...patience
is a virtue.

HUNTER
Not today. Get up.

Hunter is guns drawn and ready. The rabbit from the hat jumps
away across Priest's view from the floor. Slow and steady
will not win this race. Priest sighs and gets to his feet.

INT. DINGY CLUB - NIGHT (N2)

Marcy tries to pull the spoon from the booth. It's like some other power has it affixed in there. On stage Dual Jack carries on the act left behind. Marcy notices as he gestures that his wrists are free of any jewelry...

INT. DINGY CLUB STAIRWELL - NIGHT (N2)

The Russian rumbles down the stairs in pursuit of the just-disappeared and defenestrated Jack. The sound of a door slammed open from above grabs his attention. Priest and Hunter stumble through. The Russian offers them a grunt.

Hunter takes aim and Russian bends down grabbing at a stair in front of him, he RIPS IT UP and lobbs the concrete slab. Priest and Hunter duck, but not before Hunter gets a shot off, it dings Russian in the shoulder. He's not too happy about that.

HUNTER

Wait, I know this guy...

Just then Russian SPLITS. He's now him, and an identical, slightly SMALLER RUSSIAN.

HUNTER (CONT'D)

Oh shit, it's The Russian.

The Russians run and leap to get away, one up, one down.

PRIEST

You didn't tell me he could do that. I go high you go low?

HUNTER

What else is new?

Hunter leaps over the railing, falling a story to catch up. Priest goes up, turning the corner to see the Smaller Russian duck through a door and into a hallway.

Hunter lands directly in front of the larger, original Russian.

HUNTER (CONT'D)

I know it hurts you to do that. I promise I'm gonna hurt worse.

Russian slams Hunter into the wall with his forearm. THWACK!

INT. DINGY CLUB HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS (N2)

Priest catches the Smaller Russian preparing to get into an elevator as he turns into the hallway.

PRIEST

Wait!

Smaller Russian waits for the ding. Priest runs to catch up. The doors slide open and Smaller Russian gets inside, Priest catches up and dives in just as the doors collapse.

INT. DINGY CLUB STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS (N2)

Hunter winces, cracks his neck and then to Russian's surprise begins to push his arm away. Russian uses his other arm to throw a punch but Hunter ducks, swoops, kicks Russian's legs out from under him. He awkwardly collapses onto Hunter and they tumble down the stairs.

INT. DINGY CLUB ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS (N2)

Smaller Russian kicks Priest in the balls and reaches for the "Up" button. Even so, Priest, in pain, manages to beat him to pressing "Down." Priest then lands a punch. But that causes Smaller Russian to split AGAIN, into Smaller Russian and an EVEN SMALLER RUSSIAN.

Fists up Priest pauses for a moment bewildered. The two Russians wait, their own fists up. He takes another swing at Smaller Russian and he splits AGAIN into TINIER RUSSIAN. Smaller spits, growls.

SMALLER RUSSIAN

Divide and conquer.

Priest takes an apprehensive look around the confined space. Then they all leap on him.

INT. DINGY CLUB STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS (N2)

A few stories down Hunter and Russian roll to a stop. Hunter lands on Russian's back. Russian rises and Hunter takes hold. Russian bucks and swings as Hunter struggles to keep hold with one arm while using the other and his teeth to load a green bullet into his revolver. He head-butts Russian to regain some control. Blood trickles down his forehead as the Russian groans.

HUNTER

Not my first rodeo.

INT. DINGY CLUB - NIGHT (N2)

Marcy continues to pull at the spoon around her wrist. On stage Dual Jack loses his footing, trips back then steadies himself. He's sweaty, pale, weak.

DUAL JACK
Whoa... sorry folks.

EXT. OFF THE STRIP VEGAS STREET - NIGHT (N2)

Jack, a pillowcase slung over his shoulder, lands outside the club. He starts to make a run for a bus pulling to a stop about a block away. As his foot crosses from sidewalk to street--

INT. DINGY CLUB - CONTINUOUS (N2)

Dual Jack vomits on stage. The crowd gasps. Marcy finally gets the spoon loose. She looks at the stage concerned as she crosses quickly to exit the room.

DUAL JACK
Sorry... I guess... *(coughing)* I
guess I'm not myself tonight.

Marcy pauses at the door just long enough to see Dual Jack suddenly vanish. More shock from the crowd. But not Marcy. She leaves.

INT. DINGY CLUB ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS (N2)

Priest wrestles with a pile of Russians. He manages to emerge with a deep breath and kicks Tinier Russian off of him which causes, you guessed it, TINIEST RUSSIAN. This one's Oompa sized and almost cute.

PRIEST
You know, this is actually getting
less intimidating.

Tiniest Russian jumps and lands square on Priest's face just as the others take hold again. They scuffle but Priest can't quite get the upper hand.

INT. DINGY CLUB STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS (N2)

The Russian (Original Flavor, TM) is irked now. He reaches behind him with both massive arms to pull Hunter off, but not before Hunter manages to get his own shot off.

The bullet lands in Russian's neck like a dart. He gasps and begins to turn green. Hunter gently slides off his back as the Russian collapses.

HUNTER
Spokoynoy nochi.

EXT/INT. BUS - NIGHT (N2)

Running out of breath Jack manages to get on the bus. He's huffier and clumsier than everyone else on board. They shoot him odd looks as he bumps his way to the back, sliding in by a HOMELESS MAN surrounded by bags. Jack nods. Not even the Homeless Man can give him anything but a judgmental look.

INT. DINGY CLUB LOBBY - NIGHT (N2)

Hunter waits outside the elevator. A ding signals its arrival and the doors slide open to reveal Priest still grappling with his pile of Russians. Hunter lifts his revolver and fires. Patrons flinch, but just another green mist dissipates in the elevator. The Russians fall off Priest like flies. He catches his breath, gathers himself and exits. The doors close behind him and the elevator starts back up.

PRIEST
I had it.

HUNTER
Sure. I know you did. I was just helping.

PRIEST
Not my first tussle with the Russian Orthodox.

Hunter gives Priest a disapproving look. Priest shrugs.

PRIEST (CONT'D)
Okay, fine, let's just go find the kid.

EXT. WALDO'S EMPORIUM - LATER (N2)

The bus pulls away as Jack, exhausted, walks up to the front door of the shop. It's closed. He pounds on the door.

JACK
Vanna! Open up! It's me and I need help!

He sighs, defeated, there's no sign anyone's there. Then some noise as the door begins to unlock.

JACK (CONT'D)

Oh thank God.

But when the door opens Priest and Hunter are standing on the other side.

PRIEST

You said it kid.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREEINT. WALDO'S EMPORIUM - NIGHT (N2)

Jack is not happy with who he sees has answered his cry for help. Priest and Hunter pull him inside. Vanity stands away, her good side leaning on a counter. Jack shoots her a pleading look.

VANITY

Sorry honey, shop's closed.

JACK

I don't understand--

Hunter pulls Jack close. Jack's attention is diverted to what Hunter looks up at: a staircase in the back, with a closed door at the top and a bulb glowing red above it on the adjacent wall. It turns green.

VANITY

Office is open.

Hunter and Priest drag Jack that way while Van looks on.

EXT. OFF THE STRIP VEGAS STREET - NIGHT (N2)

Marcy stands outside the club, searching. But there's no sign of Jack or Priest or Hunter in sight. The Russian plods up behind her, moaning, rubbing his neck.

MARCY

I see you gathered yourself.

He grunts.

MARCY (CONT'D)

Never do that to me again. And don't follow me wherever I go next.

RUSSIAN

The boss--

MARCY

If he cares so much about order, he wouldn't have sent you.

RUSSIAN

He cares about results.

MARCY

I'm not finished yet.

Marcy leaves. Russian takes the other direction.

INT. WALDO'S EMPORIUM - OFFICE - NIGHT (N2)

Priest and Hunter practically throw Jack into the room, his pillowcase still in tow. He looks around. It's somehow ornate but disorganized, lost in time, but recently used. The wallpaper is deep green and gold. Jack takes his seat in a tall leather chair in front of a large wooden desk. The leather chair behind it swivels around to reveal-- nothing. An uncomfortable silence hangs. Priest and Hunter stand on either side of Jack.

PRIEST

Well?

JACK

I literally have no idea what's going on.

Priest sighs. Gestures to the empty chair.

PRIEST

Tell the man what you've done.

Jack stares blankly at the empty chair. Hunter kicks at the side of Jack's.

HUNTER

Don't be rude.

Jack looks on again. Then to his sides. Priest nods forward.

JACK

I, I uh...

He clears his throat. Leans forward. Takes a beat. Screams!

JACK (CONT'D)

Eastwood and the Pope here crashed my show and then tried to kidnap me and now I'm escaping!

Jack jumps up but it only takes a second for Priest and Hunter to force him back down. Behind the desk the chair leans back and a pipe rises, along with a match that lights the pipe. Jack's eyes widen. Then there's a VOICE.

VOICE

I do not know why you play dumb
Jack. You had the Wrist of Maya.
You used it. I also don't know why
you two are here.

Priest and Hunter share a confused look.

HUNTER

You hired us.

PRIEST

Hold on, that was the Wrist of
Maya?!

But Jack's confused too.

JACK

Don't forget I'm the magician here
alright? You're not going to scare
me with the invisible man act. I've
been to Disneyland and I much
prefer Pirates of the Caribbean to
the Haunted Mansion so--

But across from Jack something takes a pull on the pipe and
as it does smoke fills the nothingness to reveal what wasn't
there before, a MAN that the voice emanated from.
Professorial and almost regal in his jacket and fancy
mustache he looks almost like, well, a magician. He is WALDO.

WALDO

I agree my boy. The depiction of
the phantasm in their estimation is
sorely lacking.

Jack is flush. He looks to Priest and Hunter who see nothing
out of the usual.

HUNTER

You didn't hire us?

WALDO

To catch a man who wanders into my
shop almost daily? No.

HUNTER

One of your errand boys came to me.

WALDO

I've been losing a lot of help to
the competition. Better pay or
looser morals, I'm not sure which.

(MORE)

WALDO (CONT'D)

And if the Russian was there, then
I'm guessing someone was looking
for a three for one deal. Jack and--

PRIEST

Us.

WALDO

Yes.

EXT. ANOTHER VEGAS STREET - NIGHT (N2)

One of those dudes painted all silver that does a robot dance
for cash performs in front of a handful of amused people.
Marcy hastily approaches. She tries to shout over the music.

MARCY

Robert!

ROBOT ROBERT continues to perform.

MARCY (CONT'D)

C'mon Robert it's important!

He continues unfazed. Marcy huffs, pushes through the crowd
and kicks him in the shin. He breaks character.

ROBOT ROBERT

Dammit Marcy that hurt! And that
was a good crowd!

They disperse, disappointed.

MARCY

I'll make it up to you. Tell me
what's on the blotter tonight.

Robot Robert looks at her blankly.

ROBOT ROBERT

Nothin'.

MARCY

Fine. I'll make it up to you now.

Marcy reaches into her pocket and pulls out a wad of cash.

ROBOT ROBERT

Still quiet.

MARCY

I'm never going to kiss you.

Robot Robert gives up, rolls his eyes and takes the money.

ROBOT ROBERT
Some pit bosses a block or so off
strip are losing their minds in one
of the lever alleys.

MARCY
Why?

ROBOT ROBERT
Everyone's winning, all at once.

MARCY
So why aren't you there?

ROBOT ROBERT
You know I know trouble when I hear
it.

Marcy starts waving for a taxi.

ROBOT ROBERT (CONT'D)
And where you goin'?

MARCY
So do I.

INT. WALDO'S EMPORIUM - OFFICE - NIGHT (N2)

Jack is still struggling to wrap his head around a new world.

JACK
You're a ghost.

WALDO
And you're not a very good actor.

JACK
I. Don't. Know. What's. HAPPENING.

PRIEST
That read as sincere to me.

Vanity enters with a tray of tea and cookies.

VANITY
Oh Jackie, I'm sorry you're mixed
up in this.

She sets the tray down on the coffee table.

WALDO

Thank you honey.

VANITY

Always love.

Jack is still very confused. As Vanity turns to leave Jack sees her bad side.

WALDO

If one thing is true, it always proves another false. All is duality, sides either contradicting or coming together to what is ultimately correct. And what is correct is, apparently, you are a dunce, in too deep.

JACK

Uh, yeah.

HUNTER

Dammit.

PRIEST

You don't even have the Wrist do you?

JACK

Alright, if giving you that piece of jewelry will get me out of this nightmare, you can have it.

Jack reaches beside the chair and pulls up his pillowcase and pours it out on the coffee table. But all that emerges is all manor of junk: trashed half eaten food, porno mags, a boot...

JACK (CONT'D)

Shit... I sat next to a homeless guy on the bus.

PRIEST

Oh great.

WALDO

And tell me, how did you get the Wrist?

JACK

I found it. In a shop just like this one. And I realized it... helped. Now--

Jack reaches out and grabs the teapot. He pours it out on his lap and instantly cries out in pain.

HUNTER

What the hell are you doing?!

JACK

I thought I'd wake up!

INT. CASINO FLOOR - NIGHT (N2)

A cross-section of middle class America sits at the slots of a smoky casino floor. They barely notice as a seemingly sedated Homeless Man trudges across the floor, a gold gauntlet on his wrist. As he passes he moans, but they cheer because row by row as he goes their machines jackpot, spewing coins. Cause and effect are irrelevant, they're winning.

INT. WALDO'S EMPORIUM OFFICE - NIGHT (N2)

Vanity looks on with sympathy, hands Jack a towel to clean up. Now that Jack's admitted his reality, Waldo continues.

WALDO

You know, everyone's journey to truth, to discovery is different. And even then not everyone gets to belief. Maybe not even if they see it in front of them. How long did I have to haunt you before--?

VANITY

Before I knew it didn't work?
Months.

JACK

Before what didn't work?

WALDO

My beautiful wife shot me.

Jack leans back, struggling and surprised again.

VANITY

Idiot sawed me in half on stage during a show. On accident of course, but I admit I was angry.

JACK

Oh my God, I used to study your work. You were Waldo The Wonder!

WALDO

Am.

VANITY

Don't worry kid, our marriage has gotten better every day since the day I killed my husband.

Vanity crosses to Waldo, sits in his invisible lap, they kiss. Priest smiles.

PRIEST

Still warms my heart.

JACK

Ghosts are real. Magic is real.

WALDO

And so much else. See? Two sides, one truth. The duality of the Wrist is that much like you, it's just a vessel, a conduit. It holds magic for amplification and use. On its own it should be worthless.

HUNTER

But someone's loaded it.

WALDO

And if they want to do more than pull flowers out of jackets or--

PRIEST

Project their reflection.

WALDO

Then--

HUNTER

Shit.

WALDO

Yes. Precisely shit.

INT. CASINO FLOOR - LATER (N2)

Marcy walks into chaos. People falling over money everywhere. Casino security falling over them. No one takes notice of the one calm person in the mess, the Homeless Man standing near the center of the room, eyes glazed over. Marcy begins to approach, slowly at first, then faster. She pushes through the wrestling masses until she's practically jogging. Just as she's about to get close the Homeless Man raises one hand.

It THROWS her back, halfway across the room. She skids to a stop across the floor near a pair of familiar boots.

HUNTER

Marcy Maples, PI. We'll talk later.

MARCY

You should leave.

HUNTER

But we're already late. Took us some work to find the place.

MARCY

You weren't *invited*.

PRIEST

Check the list with the guy upstairs. (*sotto*) Abba, give me strength. *Clostra togeph...*

A kind of zapping sound is heard as a dome of light falls around the Homeless Man. Just as it does Marcy sees Jack come in, running to catch up with Priest and Hunter.

HUNTER

Easy! We don't know how much power's loaded on that thing.

Hunter pulls his revolver, begins to load blue bullets. He and Priest approach the Homeless Man. Marcy gets to her feet.

MARCY

Jack you shouldn't be here! It's not safe!

JACK

And why are you here? (beat) Wait-- what do you know about... *this*?

The Homeless Man begins to levitate as luminous bolts shoot around the dome off of him. Jack's eyes goes wide as Marcy gets more concerned. Priest extends his hands, seeming to keep the dome up. Hunter fires a shot and blue ribbons of energy explode from his gun and spread, reaching inside the dome to wrap around the Homeless Man. Marcy stays with Jack, cradles his face in her hand.

MARCY

I called and told them to come, told them you were innocent but they didn't believe me.

JACK

What? Who?

Light shoots from Homeless Man's mouth and eyes as Priest and Hunter get close. Hunter takes more shots. Some of the casino guests have definitely taken notice by now, but then everyone including Priest and Hunter suddenly FREEZE. Money hangs in the air with the frozen expressions of those reaching for it.

MARCY

The law. They're here.

A HOOFED FOOT steps across the floor over patrons and debris. Priest and Hunter turn to the clopping sound, hopeless, stuck. A mostly human MINOTAUR approaches in a jacket and tie, but no pants, and a human face with horns. He buttons his jacket. The Russian comes alongside him. They are joined by the Captain Marcy spoke to earlier. He holds some machine running loud and strong like a weedwacker at his side.

PRIEST

Leonard. You stopped coming to church.

The Minotaur, LEONARD, approaches Priest and knocks him out. The Captain touches his fingers to his temple.

CAPTAIN

Ten-four that's a wipe at East thirty. Hurry this thing won't run much longer.

The machine coughs and Captain slaps it. Hunter watches uncomfortably as Captain then reaches inside the dome to the frozen Homeless Man, sliding the bracelet off his wrist. The Man collapses, confused. Hunter obviously hates the Captain.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

Don't worry, it'll go into evidence.

HUNTER

I'm sure.

The Russian takes more than a little pleasure in knocking Hunter out cold. Captain offers the Homeless Man a few loose bills, explaining nothing. Jack looks on from the back of the room distraught as his new acquaintances are apprehended.

MARCY

You're lucky Jack, we saved you.
They're the bad guys.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUREXT/INT. DARK SPACE - NEAR DAWN (D3)

Priest and Hunter come to, groggy and groaning, heaped on top of each other in a dark space that-- wtf, are they in a bag?

HUNTER

We're in a sack. That didn't go as planned.

PRIEST

Yeah, today's been a real mixed--

HUNTER

Please don't say it.

PRIEST

--Bag.

HUNTER

I swear to God.

PRIEST

Please don't.

As they untangle and banter they both test the sides of the satchel. And then, quite uncomfortably, mechanical groans can be heard from outside.

HUNTER

No surprise given our jailers, but I don't think we're in prison.

There's a sudden jerk, and then they start moving as the noise picks up. Priest works a cross necklace from his neck and tries to pierce the side. No dice. Hunter pulls his gun.

PRIEST

Where are we?

HUNTER

Ask questions later and--

PRIEST

Please don't say it.

HUNTER

Shoot first.

Hunter fires but it doesn't pierce the side. Instead there's now a sooty smoke in their midst.

The exterior mechanical groaning grows worse. They keep lurching forward. Priest gives Hunter a disapproving look. Yep. They're stuck.

PRIEST

I'm going to take that from you.

HUNTER

Please don't.

INT. JUNKYARD OFFICE - DAWN (D3)

A distressed Jack stands in front of a desk with a nervous Marcy. Across from them Captain sits, with Leonard and Russian at his sides.

JACK

This isn't a police station.

CAPTAIN

And how many things have been as you expected? I mean, should you even be surprised that they're not? You're a magician! Or maybe you're just not a very good one.

Jack rolls his eyes. Is that even relevant?

MARCY

C'mon, he's in over his head. And I shouldn't be in cuffs, you hired me.

CAPTAIN

Then consider yourself fired. We decide who the bad guys are. And when it comes to Jack here, well, you don't wear soft spots very well Marcy. No one likes to look at a bruised woman.

Russian chuckles.

MARCY

One more crack like that and I'll break your doll--

She nods to the Russian.

MARCY (CONT'D)

And show you what real bruising looks like. Law be dammed.

CAPTAIN

There. Now that was *much* better.
You're with me Marce, until we're
told what to do with him.

The Captain alludes to Jack. And before Jack can say anything
the phone on the desk rings. Captain answers.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

Yes sir. Mhm. What do you *mean*
it's not working? Oh yeah. He's
still here.

Captain gives Jack a steep look. Hangs up the phone.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

Congrats Jack the Magnificent.
You're not trash yet, as long as
it's not too early for a show.

Off Jack's look--

INT/EXT. DARK SPACE/JUNKYARD CONVEYOR BELT - MORNING (D3)

Priest and Hunter continue their struggle in the bag,
continuing to test its sides.

HUNTER

The stuff's hard to find but they
must have gotten their hands on--

PRIEST

Mystic-retardant material.

HUNTER

Congratulations, you pass. But it
doesn't mean anything if we can't
get out of here.

The sounds outside grow more violent and the bag takes a
sudden roll forward, dislodging them again. Priest leans up.

PRIEST

How do you feel about a bet?

HUNTER

Doesn't involve our lives, does it?

PRIEST

Push on your side as hard as you
can, I'll do the same over here.

After a doubtful look Hunter obliges, and the bag expands.

HUNTER

What are we accomplishing exactly?

PRIEST

I thought you were a bachelor,
haven't you ever overfilled a trash
bag?

Light suddenly breaks through the top.

PRIEST (CONT'D)

The knot comes loose.

The bag falls around them as they stand, revealing they're on
a conveyor of trash high in the middle of a desert junkyard,
heading for compounding and incineration.

HUNTER

And the bet?

PRIEST

That our enemies are dumber than
us.

HUNTER

Risky.

PRIEST

They locked us up considering our
abilities, not our humanity.

Hunter takes a deep breath and considers what's been revealed
about their surroundings. They're a long way up.

HUNTER

And yet, we're still trash.

Hunter loads his revolver with a bullet that looks almost--
fluffy? He fires up, creating pink smoke. Priest coughs.

PRIEST

Well if that's your big plan maybe
we're not as smart as I thought.

EXT. JUNKYARD - MORNING (D3)

Jack and Marcy are being hauled against their will in cuffs
across the arid mechanical graveyard by their captors.

JACK

What the hell kind of prison is
this?

CAPTAIN

It's actually more like a museum. See, we're clearing this world of all that's an affront to nature, restoring the balance of natural law. This is where we send it all to the fiery pit. All your tricks are silly entertainments for children's parties, this is all the real thing. But you'd better hope you get the Wrist to work one more time.

JACK

Not to ask the obvious...

The group is stopped in their tracks as a burst of flame launches beside them from an incinerator.

CAPTAIN

Or that. Sometimes we have to destroy people too. Isn't that right Marcy?

Marcy spits in Captain's direction. Jack futilely tries to spin out of Leonard's clutches. The Captain laughs as bad guys are wont to do. He spits back in Marcy's direction.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

Manners darlin', the show's about to start.

INT. DAVE'S DEEP DIVE BAR - MORNING (D3)

Ms. Dave groggily starts his morning, wiping down the bar, straightening his new sideways red wig. His cat jumps up, ceaselessly meowing. He tries to shoo it off, but that last meow gets his attention.

MS. DAVE

You don't say. Welp, let's go.

Ms. Dave drops his bar towel and trades it for keys.

EXT. JUNKYARD CONVEYOR BELT - MORNING (D3)

Priest and Hunter continue their slow ascent to doom, looking around for a solution.

HUNTER

C'mon! Where's that faith to move mountains?

PRIEST

Move! Not fall from!

Agitated Hunter fires real, powerful rounds all around them.

PRIEST (CONT'D)

Whoa!

But Hunter's plan reveals itself - a chute near them, running up and adjacent detaches at the top and starts to swing the other direction, creating a slide down.

HUNTER

A leap then.

Hunter smirks, jumps. Priest rolls his eyes, takes a breath and follows.

EXT. JUNKYARD - MORNING (D3)

Captain and crew pause in a clearing amongst hills of trash.

CAPTAIN

He should be here any minute.

JACK

Who?

CAPTAIN

The law. The Sheriff. But I'm flattered you think *I'm* the boss.

MARCY

Where are the other two?

CAPTAIN

The preacher and the cowboy? I wouldn't expect them again, ever.

As if on cue the pair fall hard from above into frame at Captain's feet. There's a confused, shocked look by all.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

Guess that counts as answered prayer. Rustle 'em up! No time!

Priest and Hunter are apprehended as a white Cadillac with gold trim pulls into the clearing. Everyone stares it down.

MARCY

Too late.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVEEXT. JUNKYARD - MORNING (D3)

Priest, Hunter, Jack and Marcy stand captured at the mercy of whoever's just pulled in. A door on the Caddy opens.

PRIEST

So, out of the frying pan then--

JACK

The past few days have been pretty rough. Anyone want to tell me about what I'm about to see come out of there before things get any worse?

A diminutive man in a white suit, white vest, white boots, white ten-gallon hat with a white handlebar mustache, eyebrows and goatee steps into view. On his gold belt is a gold badge. He is THE SHERIFF, and Yosemite Sam in the flesh.

JACK (CONT'D)

Wait, what? He's just like, a dude?

Jack shoots looks to his fellow, but stoic, prisoners.

JACK (CONT'D)

Magic him or something!

Hunter looks to Jack gravely.

HUNTER

Few things are more dangerous than an ignorant man with conviction.

The Sheriff positions himself away and in front of the group.

SHERIFF

Y'all know what they call a lawman without a badge? A criminal.

PRIEST

Easy to say for a guy that makes his own badges.

SHERIFF

Cute. But you know what I really make, order.

He tosses the gold Wrist of Maya in front of their feet.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

You know, until today nobody else, especially of your ilk, really knew about this place. We're pretty good about that. But this trash heap is where we take the abhorrent off the Earth. Problem is most of the abhorrent is pretty stubborn when it comes to its own destruction. There's a lot of diamond in this rough, but that, that thing can cut diamond.

Sheriff points to Jack.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

Use it.

JACK

I left my wand in my other jacket.

SHERIFF

Don't play dumb with me son. These other folks are down for your shtick, but I know what you are. Turn it on, or you tell him Preacher, this valley's gonna get real religious.

Jack lowers his voice to speak to the others.

JACK

What does he mean?

PRIEST

The ancient Hebrews burned their trash in the valley of Gehenna. It was their conception of hell.

HUNTER

You saying he's being thoughtful?

PRIEST

Just saying.

Priest calls out to the Sheriff.

PRIEST (CONT'D)

You're not supposed to hunt and destroy what you don't understand, what's different than you. You're supposed to share with and learn from it. Hasn't anyone ever tried to tell you that?

SHERIFF

Heh. Not since the last election.
Besides, you two ought to have
learned by now you don't set the
rules-- I do.

The Sheriff waves "come here" with his hand. It looks like he's talking about Marcy to motivate Jack, but it's actually Jack that's brought forward by Leonard. He kicks Jack's feet out from under him. He lands on his knees in front of the Sheriff with a gun to his head. He sweats bullets.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

Alright sweetie, maybe if he can't
do it, you can.

Marcy looks enraged. She speaks to Priest and Hunter.

MARCY

Jack! Don't move!
(sotto, to Priest/Hunter)
Can I trust you assholes in a
fight?

PRIEST

Well, I, uh - given the numbers--

MARCY

Forget it.

Marcy springs into action, wheeling and kicking Russian, who instantly bursts into his smaller parts. But she's free.

Priest focuses, falls to his knees as the fight begins, mumbles a prayer, and his and Hunter's shackles come loose. Hunter punches the Captain hard, then pulls Priest up.

HUNTER

You good?

PRIEST

Surely.

Across the way Jack gets to his feet and starts to make a run for it. But where's he going?

Hunter and the Sheriff exchange fire. Marcy ninjutsu-s with the pile of Russians. Priest dives behind a junked car and assesses the situation.

Leonard is moving for the Wrist at the center of the action. Priest makes a run for him, pulling a stake out from his belt. He jumps and lands it in Leonard's shoulder!

PRIEST (CONT'D)

The power of Christ compels you!

LEONARD

Not lately.

Leonard, unfazed, throws Priest far aside into a heap of garbage.

EXT. DEEPER JUNKYARD - MORNING (D3)

Jack runs through corridors of trash. It's almost like he's looking for *something* instead of *someway* out. He runs past a right turn, doubles back looking down it, then takes it. It's a dead end. But there's a big pile of odd, mystical things there and Jack starts rifling through them.

EXT. JUNKYARD - MORNING (D3)

The Russians begin to overtake Marcy. Captain takes fire on Priest who pushes an invisible force like wind back, but misses, ducks again. Leonard picks up the Wrist and begins to pace back to the Sheriff, who has just managed to shoot off Hunter's holster as he ran across the yard. He leaps behind the same trash as Priest for cover. Marcy loses her bout, is restrained again. It's not looking good. Sheriff calls out.

SHERIFF

You know, if it was just our methods and not our goals that were different I wouldn't have been brought to this impasse. You'll never accept that all this junk isn't dreams and treasure. But it's not. It's the stuff nightmares are made of.

Sheriff lodges the magic bracelet of interest on his wrist. It glows this time. So do his eyes.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

But now the rooster crows. Wakey-wakey.

There's a sudden dramatic interruption as a 1966 purple Corvette convertible tears into the clearing. Ms. Dave is the driver! Captain dives away. Ms. Dave spins until he's facing Leonard and Sheriff and takes a shot from his shotgun, it sends the Minotaur flying back and Sheriff to taking cover. Priest and Hunter run to his side as he gets out of the car, Marcy manages to free herself from the distracted Russian and do the same.

HUNTER

What, did you stop for breakfast?

MS. DAVE

Please don't complain about the service, got here as quick as I could after the cat got your signal. I wish you wouldn't have. She'll be high off that stuff for days. Just crazy.

MARCY

And this isn't?

MS. DAVE

Long time no see Marce.

Ms. Dave tosses Marcy his shotgun. Reaches into his backseat for an automatic. Coughing, the Sheriff gets back up. He brushes himself off. Leonard, Captain and Russian snarl, aligned alongside him. Lines have been drawn.

SHERIFF

Just like the rest of this town,
all show, no substance.

He reaches out violently as the wrist turns red-- but his arm is frozen.

From across the way Jack, reappeared, looking urgent and maybe even surprised, holds his own hands out. He's holding Sheriff still. He looks to the others-- he can't keep this up long. He doesn't even know how he's doing it now.

HUNTER

Ya know, there's no one here to see
us.

Priest smiles.

PRIEST

I don't believe it.

Ms. Dave locks and loads.

MS. DAVE

Let's give em' what they came for.

In a triumphant burst: Hunter begins two-gun firing at trash above the opposing crew, dislodging it.

Ms. Dave lays fire at their feet to corral them in their space, Marcy takes precise fire causing them to drop weapons and most awesome of all Priest steadies himself, reaches out and using some higher power causes the trash falling above the others to form into elaborate geometric shapes, almost like glowing snowflakes, deserving of the aforementioned awe.

HUNTER

Now!

Priest gestures quickly downward, and the pieces from together into a spiked cage that falls over bad guys, sealing them inside. Everyone takes a deep breath. Ms. Dave lets out another burst of munitions. A large piece of metal falls over a crack in the front of the dome like a cell door. Frustrated cursing can be heard inside. Hunter approaches the dome as Captain tests it and is thrown backwards.

HUNTER (CONT'D)

How bout we just stick to the prior arrangement, and you stay off our turf.

PRIEST

And--

HUNTER

And oh yeah, don't try to kill us. In return, I s'pose we'll try not to kill you.

PRIEST

And--?

HUNTER

Oh, and don't take our stuff.

Jack walks up. He's exasperated, but he's holding the Wrist in a shaking hand. Priest takes it.

PRIEST

Nice kid, you came back. Like most of us until a moment of trial you just didn't know you had it in ya. And I don't know why this thing liked you so much, but I'll figure it out.

Jack doesn't know what to say. Priest pats him on the shoulder.

PRIEST (CONT'D)

"Be not wise in your own eyes, but humble yourself before the Lord."

MS. DAVE

Let's go.

Everyone begins to pile into his car. The Sheriff shouts after them.

SHERIFF

It's not a game. Y'all are fools,
celebrating skirmishes and ignoring
the war.

Hunter blows him off with a lowering of his hat. Marcy has something to add.

MARCY

I never promised not to kill you.
Don't double-cross me again.

Ms. Dave's car peels off to a cry of defeat from the Sheriff.

INT. DANTE'S DINER - MORNING (D3)

Hunter sits in front of a what could have been a farm's worth of cooked animals. Priest, his stack of fruit and whipped cream topped pancakes. They share their side of the booth with Ms. Dave and his fruit bowl. Jack sits alongside Marcy and her toast. He has barely taken a bite of his muffin.

JACK

So you guys are what, the shadow of
justice at high noon?

HUNTER

More like the sliver of light at
midnight. Evil is as real as good,
kid. Always has been and maybe
longer. You can never really
destroy it, at least not now, just--
beat it back. Take away its balls.

Ms. Dave clears his throat.

HUNTER (CONT'D)

I wasn't--

Ms. Dave laughs heartily again.

MS. DAVE

I know! You're just so uptight is
all! Gets you every time. Loosen
up.

Ms. Dave puts his arm around Hunter and leans for a kiss.
Hunter pushes off.

PRIEST

As you can see there's just too much light. The darkness has to cower from it, but it'll never stop hissing... clawing. At some point this special kind of evil, not the kind that steals bubble gum from the grocery store, but the kind that keeps you up at night, that tugs at your soul, got cordoned. Vegas has a legacy before all this neon. In the dark, when there was only fear. It *is* the city of sin.

HUNTER

And we'll keep fighting to make sure it never gets out.

JACK

Marcy, you...?

MARCY

It's kind of been my business. Like these guys. I protect people from it... I wanted to protect you too.

PRIEST

Ms. Dave's known forever, yet he knows joy too. As a way of life, and as a defense. We all have our own way, and our own awakening. To the deep. ...And the above.

Ms. Dave smiles and Hunter grunts, acknowledging. Everyone looks to Jack.

PRIEST (CONT'D)

My question is, Jack the Magnificent, now that you've seen-- do you want to believe?

JACK

I don't know.

PRIEST

A juice cleanse then.

Priest swaps out Jack's OJ for a vile of fizzy, grey liquid. Nods to him to drink. Jack does.

END OF ACT FIVE

TAGINT. CAB - EVENING (N3)

Marcy sits in the back of a cab with Jack as they pull up to the outside of his apartment. He's like a drunk.

MARCY

You sure you're okay? You're just going to go up and go to sleep, right?

JACK

But you didn't tell me why the panda had seven toes.

MARCY

Forget about the panda, what do you remember about the last few days?

JACK

I remember you have very pretty eyes. And that the nice man told me not to have another drink but I had a bad show so--

MARCY

And what was that about the eyes again?

JACK

Nice. So nice.

Marcy smiles, kisses the goof splayed out beside her.

MARCY

Alright magnificent, off to bed.

JACK

But the panda! The toes! How?!

MARCY

Nobody knows!

Jack ponders this, too seriously. But endearingly.

MARCY (CONT'D)

Promise to stay true Jack. No tricks. Just magic.

Jack smiles.

JACK
Just magic.

He tumbles from the cab.

INT. JACK'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER (N3)

There's barely any light in the room. Jack walks in, but perfectly fine, as if all the silly has shaken out of him. He walks deliberately, upright. He sits at his table and from his pockets empties four or five NEW ARTIFACTS. He catches himself in the mirror. Slyly smiles.

He snaps his fingers and a flame is lit above them illuminating the room.

JACK
I still got it.

Elvis's "VIVA LAS VEGAS" cues up. Jack looks on confidently behind the flame. And just as Elvis croons "Viiiiiva, viiiiiva, Las Vegas!" Jack snaps again and the flame extinguishes to **BLACK OUT!**

END OF PILOT