

TELL ME ABOUT IT

Ep. 101

"The Door"

One-Hour Pilot

Written by

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12 Script Wins – 2026

Registered WGAw 2346588

FADE IN:

INT. CASINO FLOOR - MACAU - NIGHT

Tourists on tilt, hypnotized by hope.

EXT. COTAI STRIP - MACAU - NIGHT

Casinos crowd the Strip.

One rises —

QUEEN'S PALACE

Blazing purple against the night.

EXT. ROOF - QUEEN'S PALACE CASINO - NIGHT

TITLE: 500 FT. ABOVE MACAU

CRACK!

A BIG MAN'S fist finds the face of a blackjack dealer.

He crumples.

HO CHAN (60s), a small man. Chinese.

Immaculate pocket square.

CEO of Queen's Palace.

HO CHAN
(Cantonese, subtitled)
Tell me. Who is the thief?

Chan bends, studies the man's face.

Dealer spits blood...

Doesn't break.

A THIN WOMAN (30s), Japanese, approaches with a tea set.

It clinks.

Chan gropes.

Finds her elbow.

His wedding ring glistens.

Ten long fingers wrap around the cup.
A long sip.
A spray of blood on his pocket square.
Next to panting BIG MAN.
To himself –

HO CHAN
(Cantonese, subtitled)
How?

Chan's MISMATCHED MILKY EYES –
One blue. One brown.
Into the eyes of...

INT. HALLWAY - POLICE STATION - DAY

MAC ALLEN (late 40s), handsome and haggard. Crumpled khakis.
An officer leads him in.
TITLE: LOS ANGELES
Puke-green hallway.
On a crossing gurney –
MARIA GARCIA (late 30s), FBI agent. Mac's ex-girlfriend.
Wincing.
He grabs her hand.

MAC
Maria!

MARIA
Some negotiator, huh?

MAC
What happened?

MARIA
Lousy shot. Grazed my hip.
You shouldn't be here.

MAC
A cop knocked on my door.

Her SAPPHIRE RING snags his cuff.

Holds.

A shared look.

He works it loose.

Gurney moves.

Mac walks.

INT. CAFETERIA ENTRANCE - POLICE STATION - DAY

A SWAT sniper aims into the wire-mesh window.

CHIEF ADAMO (65), dress blues. Four stars.

Jaw tight.

Mac arrives.

CHIEF ADAMO

Frank Adamo. My daughter's in there
with a gun to her head. She's a
patient of yours. Talks about you
all the time.

MAC

Why the gun?

CHIEF ADAMO

Filed for separation. Her husband
has her. He's one of ours.

(beat)

You're the only one who's ever
reached her.

Chief Adamo takes Mac aside.

CHIEF ADAMO

(low)

She told me they screwed you on
your custody.
I'd be... grateful.

Mac peeks into the cafeteria window -

BUCKLEY (late 20s), unshaven, red-eyed.

A ball of nerves.

Laser dot dancing on his chest.

ELLEN BUCKLEY (late 20s), next to him.

Gun to her temple.

MAC

Ellen.

CHIEF ADAMO

Please.

Chief Adamo grips Mac's shoulders.

An officer holds out a Kevlar vest.

Mac ignores it, walks away.

CHIEF ADAMO

She's my baby girl, for Chrissakes!

Mac stops short.

INT. MAC'S OFFICE - DAY - FLASHBACK

TITLE: TWO YEARS AGO

JIMMY FLYNN (50s), a porcupine in a wheelchair.

Rosary wrapped around his right hand.

Crisp shirt — monogrammed **JF**.

SCARFACE (30s), Jimmy Flynn's enforcer.

A box of muscles with a bat.

A half-moon SCAR from his eyebrow to his mouth.

His size-13 boot grinds Mac's face into the carpet.

JIMMY FLYNN

What'd my daughter tell you?

No answer.

The bat comes down...

CRACK!

On Mac's back.

MAC

AHHHHH!

WALL: *Mac Allen – Licensed Professional Counselor*

END FLASHBACK

Police station.

Mac still.

He turns, brushes past Chief Adamo.

Stops at the cafeteria door.

Inhales.

MAC
(in his head)
One. Two—

CHIEF ADAMO
Thank you.

MAC
(in his head)
Three. Four.

Exhales.

MAC
I just deal the cards. How they
play 'em— That's on them.

Mac pushes through.

— END OF TEASER —

INT. CAFETERIA - POLICE STATION - DAY

The door clicks shut behind Mac.

He nods.

MAC
Officer.

Mac reaches to his back.

BUCKLEY
Freeze!

Mac shows his hands, lifts his shirt -

A metal-lined, sweat-stained BACK BRACE.

Mac clocks -

An overturned table.

Shattered mug.

Hip-level bullet hole in the wall.

He slips off his shoes.

Eases into a chair like a hot bath.

Hot coffee from the shattered mug creeps toward his foot.

Eyes locked on Buckley.

Buckley's phone blares a CASINO JACKPOT ringtone.

Mac's left leg twitches.

MAC
(in his head)
Gambler.
Great.

Coffee seeps into his sock.

He's locked on Buckley.

Buckley shuts the phone off - left hand.

Gun - right.

Watch - right.

MAC
(in his head)
Southpaw. Off hand.

BUCKLEY
What'd she tell you, shrink?

Mac relaxes his shoulders.

MAC
Kauai. Soft mist. Double rainbow.
You proposed.

Buckley thrusts the gun toward Mac.

BUCKLEY
I'll kill you both!

MAC
The ring was in the lei.

BUCKLEY
Stop it!

MAC
Wailika Falls, was it?

Face twisted —

BUCKLEY
Wailua!

MAC
Right. Best day of her life.

Mac moves to their table.

Buckley's gun follows.

THROUGH THE WINDOW: *Chief Adamo whispers to the sniper.*

The laser dot slides off Buckley.

BUCKLEY
She was leaving me.

MAC
I've been there.

BUCKLEY
Can't do this without her.

MAC
Tell her.

Ellen's hand moves to Buckley's – avoiding his wedding ring.

BUCKLEY
I took cash out of the evidence
room. To buy your ring.

ELLEN
Just wanted you.

ELLEN'S RING FINGER: *Tan line.*

Buckley sees it.

Looks Ellen in the eyes.

BUCKLEY
ALL IN!

Jams the weapon into Mac's face.

Too close.

Spent gunpowder.

MAC
Hey.

Buckley turns to Mac.

MAC
What if I could get you one more
hand?
Clean game.
(beat)
No vig.

Mac reaches across the table.

Both palms up.

Ten seconds.

Buckley looks at the gun.

At Ellen.

Places the gun into Mac's hands.

Mac feels its weight.

Buckley lets go – deflates.

Mac stands.

Helps Ellen up.

Buckley makes it to his feet.

Broken.

Mac in the middle. One hand on each shoulder.

INT. CAFETERIA ENTRANCE - POLICE STATION - DAY

Mac, Ellen, Buckley emerge.

Stunned silence.

ELLEN

Daddy!

Adamo and Ellen embrace.

Buckley is dragged away.

Ellen is escorted out.

Mac bends over, hand on his back.

Socked feet.

INT. MAC'S OFFICE - DAY

Dust floats in morning light.

License gone - worn outline.

CARL JENKINS (40s) talks.

Sounds like he's underwater.

Mac is elsewhere.

CARL

I can't keep doing this.

Mac ushers Carl toward the door, a hand on his back.

Carl looks to Mac.

Lingers.

MAC

You'll be fine.

Carl hands Mac \$100, slumps out.

Scarface strides in.

A POSTER: *The Seven Deadly Sins*

Pride. Greed. Wrath. Envy. Lust. Gluttony. Sloth.

SCARFACE

Which one's you?

MAC

Throw a dart.

Scarface traces Wrath with his finger.

SCARFACE

Last job. Guy's skull.

MAC

Who was that?

SCARFACE

The father of Tina Flynn's best friend. Started asking Jimmy too many questions.

MAC

Would you like to talk about it?

No answer.

Mac turns, opens a cabinet.

FRAMED PHOTO: Mac and six-year-old daughter at a carnival.

He counts out cash.

Turns back.

WHACK!

Scarface backhands Mac, money flutters.

MAC

Ahhh!

Scarface's eyes drop.

SCARFACE

Sorry. Had to.

Mac scoops up the hundred-dollar bills, hands them over.

Jimmy Flynn rolls in. Rosary around his fist.

Mac's red cheek.

Flynn smiles.

JIMMY FLYNN
Ho Chan's baccarat tables are
torturing me.

Flynn looks at his HALF RING FINGER –

JIMMY FLYNN
Now he's calling in his markers.
(beat)
Someone inside's bleeding his
casino. Find out who, get him off
my back.

Silence.

JIMMY FLYNN
He needs a guy who can hear what's
not said.
Pays fifty grand. Your end.

Flynn rolls out.

Scarface follows.

Mac rips open a piece of mail –

RUBY ALLEN COLLEGE FUND: \$68.14

Lets it drop.

Opens a dog-eared BOOK: *A Day at a Time – Gamblers Anonymous*

Pulls the BOOKMARK: *A \$1.25 slot machine ticket.*

He looks at the empty patient chair.

INT. CUBICLE - FBI FIELD OFFICE - DAY

PLAQUE: *Special Agent Maria Garcia – Extreme Courage*

PHONE SCREEN: *Facebook Memories – Mac & Me.*

Maria's finger hovers over the delete button.

Blood seeps from her hip onto her tan slacks.

SPECIAL AGENT IN CHARGE COX (50s) approaches.
Pulls out a PILL BOTTLE hidden in her tissue box.
Tosses her the bottle, moves.
Maria alone with it.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - FBI FIELD OFFICE - DAY

Maria alone.

PHOTO TRIANGLE:

Jimmy Flynn.

Tina Flynn.

Mac Allen.

Maria's eyes on Mac's photo.

To Tina's.

Back to Mac.

INT. BREAK ROOM - QUEEN'S PALACE CASINO - MACAU - DAY

A lineup of pit bosses, dealers, cocktail waitresses and cashiers.

Arms out. Palms up.

Ho Chan wears gauze on his now shorter ring finger.

He is guided by EDWIN LEE (30s), big man bodyguard from the roof.

Chan puts two fingers to each wrist -

Feeling pulses.

His thumb brushes palms -

Checking for sweat.

Chan grabs a young cashier's ring finger.

Edwin flinches.

Chan tugs at her diamond ring.

She winces.

Chan holds.

Lets go.

INT. COUNTING ROOM - QUEEN'S PALACE CASINO - DAY

An employee's eyes flick up to the security camera.

Phone clenched in a damp hand.

Taps a link.

The camera's red light goes dark.

She stuffs cash into an envelope marked JF.

Throws it in a DRAWER: *Other envelopes, different initials.*

Taps the link - red light flicks back on.

INT. HO CHAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Chan on a call - gauze-wrapped ring finger prominent.

His wedding ring sits in the middle of a clean ashtray.

Beside it - a heavy guillotine cigar cutter.

Dried blood in its jaws.

Edwin stands.

HO CHAN

I shall have my driver meet him.

Edwin's thumb taps the wedding ring on his own HALF RING FINGER.

He looks to the ashtray - taps faster.

INT. BEDROOM - MAC'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Mac on one pillow, back brace on the other.

Straps reaching out.

Scars on his back like a Keith Haring.

INT. MAC'S OFFICE - DAY - DREAM

In session.

TINA FLYNN (14), fragile.

Jimmy Flynn's daughter.

Mac sits.

MAC

See? Better than talking over the phone.

TINA

I'm not so sure about that.

She fiddles with her dress hem.

Looks to the door.

TINA

If my father knew I-

MAC

Tina, I told him so he-

The door kicks open.

Tina screams.

END DREAM SEQUENCE

Mac wakes with a jolt.

- END OF ACT ONE -

INT. MAC'S OFFICE - DAY

Anxious PATIENT (40s).

PATIENT

I snap at my wife. I don't know.

Mac studies the man playing with his ring.

The man catches Mac turning to the door.

Mac's cell lights up.

Checks the phone.

Mac tightens his back brace.

MAC

My kid's teacher. One sec.

(phone)

Hi. Everything all right?

JIMMY FLYNN (V.O.)

(filter)

Tighten your straps, you're going
to Macau.

CLICK.

MAC

I'm in session. I'll have to call
you back.

His cell buzzes.

SCREEN: *Mac's daughter RUBY (6) on a swing set.*

The floor drops.

Mac pales.

PATIENT

Are you okay?

MAC

I'll be fine.

INT. MAC'S CAR - MOVING - SUNSET

Mac speeds down the freeway.

CASINO BILLBOARD

Mac's phone buzzes.

SCREEN:

*I'm sorry to tell you, my husband
Carl Jenkins killed himself after
that first session. I know you
tried.*

Mac's hand to his back brace.

His breath catches.

He calls the number back – right to voicemail.

MAC
You'll be fi-

HORN BLASTS!

An 18-wheeler barrels by.

INT. MAC'S CAR - CASINO PARKING LOT - SUNSET

Mac rolls to a stop.

CASINO SIGN

Lights flicker.

Memory triggers.

EXT. CARNIVAL - DUSK - FLASHBACK

Carnival lights at dusk.

Bustling and noisy.

YOUNG MAC (8) in a white First Holy Communion suit.

On a bench.

Legs swinging.

He is fixed on the Men's Room across the midway.

People go in and out.

A chubby kid sits, goes to work on a foot-long hot dog.

The smell hits Young Mac.

Door opens —

YOUNG MAC
(in his head)
Next.

Chubby kid slurps his soda.

A bee lands on Young Mac's hand.

Chubby kid finishes. Walks away.

Door opens —

YOUNG MAC
(in his head)
Next.

A man stumbles out.

Young Mac springs up — bee still on his hand.

He splashes through a puddle of lemonade.

His FATHER:

Hollow.

Gaunt.

A fresh needle mark on his arm.

Blood beading.

YOUNG MAC
(in his head)
But I won.

END FLASHBACK

Mac sits parked.

Hand on the door, knuckles tight.

INT. MARIA'S APARTMENT - EVENING

PHOTO — HELICOPTER RIDE:

Maria laughs; Mac stares out the window, terrified.

Maria sets her service weapon down next to a potted cactus.

Above — an AZ postcard.

A text from Mac.

She texts back.

Maria puts her phone down.

MARIA
Like walking on black ice.

INT. MAC'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Mac puts his phone down.

A Buddha sits on the coffee table.

Mardi Gras beads around its neck.

A corner for Ruby –

Toys and art supplies.

Some still unopened.

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

Mac's high beams on Maria.

He kills the engine.

Exhales.

Steps out.

Maria stands thirty feet away.

Dust blows between them.

Ten feet apart now.

MAC
How's the hip?

MARIA
Jimmy Flynn, Mac?!

MARIA
You think this ends in Macau?
(beat)
You risk too much.

MAC
You don't.

Maria twists her ring.

MARIA
What did Tina Flynn tell you?

MAC
You here to work me?

MARIA
If I don't—

MAC
He's threatening my daughter.

Maria looks away.

She shivers.

Mac pulls off his sweatshirt — a 33 on a shamrock.

Tosses it.

She catches it.

Slips it on.

Hangs loose.

Sleeves long.

She pulls the collar to her nose.

Eyes closed.

MARIA
How's Ruby?

MAC
I don't know.
How's your father?

MARIA
Doesn't remember me. Or his time at
the Bureau. Only speaks Spanish
now.

Her sapphire ring glints.

MAC
Same one I gave you?

She nods.

Mac hops onto the hood.

Pats the space next to him.

Maria hesitates, joins him.

They sit.

She touches his shoulder.

A shooting star streaks by.

MAC

Remember our wish thing?

MARIA

You planned our whole day around
11:11. "Four aces," as you called
it.

(beat)

You, uh, ever fix that leak?

MAC

Still drips.
A little.

MARIA

Why, Mac?

He reaches out, palms up.

She looks at them.

MARIA

Rain check.

She slides off the hood.

Gets in her car.

Grips the wheel.

Engine on.

MARIA

I brought you juice every morning.

She peels out.

Dust cloud red in the taillights.

Mac blinks.

He clocks an SUV in the distance.

Engine idling.

Headlights off.

SUV DASHBOARD: *A stuffed envelope* – JF.

Headphones land on the passenger seat.

– END OF ACT TWO –

INT. MAC'S OFFICE - DAY

CLOCK: Ten till.

MAC

That's our time. Why do you come if
you don't talk?

Jimmy Flynn glances at Mac's back.

JIMMY FLYNN

I'm waiting.

Flynn tosses an envelope.

Mac opens it - a plane ticket to Macau.

JIMMY FLYNN

Violence didn't get Chan the truth.
You will.

MAC

What makes you think so?

JIMMY FLYNN

You cracked my daughter like a
safe. Now she's gone.

Beat.

MAC

Did you kill her, Jimmy?

Mac tosses the ticket back.

Flynn lets it drop.

JIMMY FLYNN

I don't kill girls.

(beat)

Your daughter really loves those
swings, huh?

Mac picks up the ticket, resigned.

JIMMY FLYNN

You open a man, he tells you what
he feels.

Throws the tartan blanket off his legs -

Limp and useless.

JIMMY FLYNN
I can feel everything.

Flynn spins.

Blanket bunched in the wheel.

The joystick grinds.

Flynn rocks the chair.

A look to Mac.

Mac doesn't move.

INT. CUBICLE - FBI FIELD OFFICE - DAY

POST-IT: *Tina Flynn*

MARIA'S LAPTOP: *Case file. Jimmy Flynn. Restricted.*

She slams it shut.

A beat.

Opens it.

Inserts a flash drive.

Types.

Looks around.

Pulls it out, pockets it.

Knocks on her desk.

EXT. FRONT DOOR - MAC'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Knock.

Mac opens the door -

Maria with two coffees.

Hands one to Mac.

She peeks in -

Luggage.

MARIA
You going somewhere?

MAC
Macau. Flight's at ten.

MARIA
Window seat?

MAC
Funny.
He killed her, you know?

MARIA
Officially, she's missing.

MAC
Unofficially, we both know.

MARIA
Game's rigged.

MAC
I'll make a wish.

MARIA
At 11:11?

Silence.

Maria walks away — sunrise brushes her profile.

MARIA
"You'll be fine."

INT. MAC'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Mac walks back in, grabs his phone.

MAC
You'll be—
(swallows)
...fine.

A horn outside beeps twice.

Mac takes a long sip of coffee.

Grabs his luggage.

Shoves mail into his shoulder bag.

INT. SCARFACE'S CAR - MOVING - MORNING

Silence.

SCARFACE
I do therapy, you won't talk?

MAC
Oh.
(beat)
Tell me something true.

SCARFACE
Jimmy already knows who's milking
Chan.

MAC
Then why me?

SCARFACE
Think about it on the plane.

Scarface scribbles a phone number on Mac's palm.

SCARFACE
Jimmy's private line. He'd bury me
for this.

Mac silent.

SCARFACE
I need to heal, Mr. Allen.

MAC
Mac.
You got a name?

SCARFACE
Thomas Alan O'Donnell.
Tommy.

His hand goes to his scar.

INT. EDWIN LEE'S HOUSE - MACAU - DAY

Speakerphone.

HO CHAN (V.O.)
(Cantonese, subtitled)
Pick up this American therapist.
Read him.

Edwin hangs up.

Rubs his temples.

FRAMED PHOTO: Edwin Lee, his wife, his daughter. Smiling.

INT. HO CHAN'S OFFICE - DAY

FRAMED PHOTO: Chan, his wife, his child. No smiles.

Chan pulls it to his chest. Taps lightly.

Inhales.

His fingers tremble.

He squeezes.

Too hard.

Blood seeps through the gauze.

Drips onto his family photo.

Chan is still.

Drip.

Drip.

INT. MARIA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Maria lost in the mirror.

INT. CUBICLE - FBI FIELD OFFICE - DAY - FLASHBACK

COX approaches.

Pulls out a pill bottle hidden in her tissue box.

COX

Bloodwork catches everything.

Maria silent.

COX

He's obsessed with the Flynn girl.

MARIA

She was his patient.

COX

Turn him.
I'll give you a week.

Tosses her the bottle, moves.

END FLASHBACK

Maria takes a long look around her place.

Eyes a calendar.

Pushes her gold badge deep into the dirt of the potted
cactus.

MARIA

Unofficially.

Pours a thimble of water into the soil.

A silhouette lingers on the shades.

Maria feels it - turns.

Nothing.

A truck door slams.

Engine starts.

- END OF ACT THREE -

INT. GATE - LAX - MORNING

People crossing, never touching.

GATE AGENT (O.S.)
Final boarding call for Flight 888
to Macau.

Mac sits.

His cellphone rings.

FACETIME: *Ruby in pajamas.*

MAC
Hi love!

RUBY
(FaceTime)
See my picture I made?

Drawing: A blue stick-figure.

RUBY
(FaceTime)
It's you, daddy. Not my new daddy.
(whispers)
Okay, bye.

Gone.

MAC
(small voice)
"Okay, bye."

Shattered.

In his head —

TINA FLYNN (V.O.)
(filter)
Can't we just talk on the phone?

Mac blinks.

Calls the number on his palm.

JIMMY FLYNN (V.O.)
(filter)
Hello?

Silence.

Heavy metal security door –
 Gate Agent kicks the wedge out.
 Mac runs.
 Hangs up, hiding a smirk.
 Slips through the closing door.
 CLANG!

INT. FLYNN'S DEN - MORNING

BANG!

JIMMY FLYNN
 How the fuck did you get this
 number?!

Jimmy Flynn bangs the phone on his wheelchair.
 Nerves fire – violent, involuntary.
 He tips.
 CRASH!
 On his back, flailing.
 Rosary breaks – beads scatter.

INT. AIRPLANE - MORNING

Mac in First Class.
 A FLIGHT ATTENDANT sets down a glass of juice.
 FLIGHT ATTENDANT
 From a passenger.
 Mac's left leg – a micro twitch.

MAC
 Huh?

Mac looks around.
 The engines roar.
 Hands on the armrests – death grip.

BACK OF THE CABIN

Maria in a blonde wig and sunglasses.

The back of Mac's head.

He turns, searching.

She watches.

Opens her bottle.

Exhales.

Last pill. Back of her throat.

Dry.

Wheels up.

The pill goes down.

EXT. MACAU - NIGHT

TITLE: MACAU - 22 HOURS LATER

Loose roosters run through a dirt-road slum.

A street vendor hawks egg tarts under crumbling colonial facades.

Queen's Palace Casino glows purple in the distance.

INT. MACAU INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - NIGHT

On a people mover, Mac passes a glowing Queen's Palace ad.

CAROUSEL

Edwin Lee holds a WHITEBOARD: *Mac Allen*

Mac approaches.

MAC

That's me.
You Chan's guy?

No answer.

A text.

CHIEF ADAMO:

Custody hearing. Week from today.

Mac pockets the phone.

Sizes up Edwin –

Black suit. Yellow socks.

Scarred knuckles. Hangdog face.

Edwin stares back.

Luggage slides down the chute.

Mac clocks Edwin's half finger.

MAC

I got it.

Mac steps to the carousel.

INT. EDWIN'S LIMO - MACAU - MOVING - NIGHT

CLICK!

Doors lock.

Mac reacts.

At a red light –

Four CPSP officers jump out of a black truck.

Locals shoot dice in the alley.

Batons crack skulls.

A die skids through blood.

Light turns green.

EDWIN LEE

Gambling only in casinos now.

MAC

How's the food in this goddamn
place?

EDWIN LEE

Goddamn good!

MAC
Prove it.

EDWIN LEE
I was told not to stop.

MAC
This Chan must be a big, scary guy.

Edwin laughs.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - MACAU - NIGHT

Laughter echoes as Maria enters.

A text.

COX:

Where are you, Agent Garcia?

Maria tosses the phone and the blonde wig.

Puts on a red one.

Smooths the hair behind her ear.

MARIA
¿Dónde estoy?

She opens her suitcase.

Lifts out Mac's 33 shamrock sweatshirt.

A framed PHOTO:

Maria graduating from the FBI Academy, her father beaming.

She sets it on the dresser.

MARIA
Estoy aquí, papá.

Opens her laptop.

Inserts the flash drive.

Taps the keys.

Live video jumps to her PHONE: *Queen's Palace security feeds.*

She exits making a call –

MARIA
Is Ramon Garcia awake?
(beat)
Oh. Can you tell him his daughter
called?
(beat)
No, he doesn't have a son. Just me.

INT. BLUE DRAGON RESTAURANT - MACAU - NIGHT

Chinese-Portuguese fusion.
Sea monsters on blue tile.
Koi drift through lit ponds.
A server refills water glasses.

EDWIN LEE
Obrigado.
Food arrives.
Peri-peri chicken glistening with chillies.
Minchi over rice.
Golden cod cakes.
Steam rises between them –
A truce.
They eat in silence.

MAC
Can I ask?
What's with the socks?
You don't seem the type.
A beat.
Edwin hikes a pant leg.

EDWIN LEE
Yellow. Every day.
It was my little girl's favorite
color.
Edwin's thumb taps the wedding ring on his half finger.

EDWIN LEE
Two days after her seventh
birthday.
Typhoon Hato.
Her mother, too.

Thumb taps faster.

EDWIN LEE
Saudade.

A server approaches, Mac waves him off.

EDWIN LEE
Do you have a family?

MAC
A daughter.

Mac shows a PHOTO: *Ruby. Big smile. Two front teeth missing.*

MAC
I lost her. The way my father
lost...

Left leg twitches.

EDWIN LEE
(gentle)
Saudade.

Silence.

They blink back tears.

EXT. MOBILE HOME - ARIZONA - DAY

TITLE: ONE WEEK EARLIER

TINA FLYNN (16), older, guarded.

Walks to her sun-baked mobile home.

An ALL-BLACK SUV idles three trailers down.

Tina watches from the door.

She slips inside – the deadbolt clicks.

A lizard does push-ups on the splintered porch.

INT. MOBILE HOME - ARIZONA - DAY

Tina writes in looping cursive -

*Dear Mr. Allen,
I have proof my father has
committed the following crim-*

A dog barks outside.

Tina freezes.

Pen suspended.

The dog stops.

She resumes.

Slower.

EXT. BLUE DRAGON RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Mac and Edwin walk from the restaurant to the limo.

Edwin opens the front passenger door.

Mac looks at him.

A nod.

INT. EDWIN'S LIMO - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

SkyCab Cable Car glides past.

A crystal bottle of Cedar Musk in the cupholder.

MAC

Hot date?

EDWIN LEE

No. No dates.

I take it from the employees. Chan
forbids the scent. His wife's...

Edwin looks away.

MAC

Lover.

EDWIN LEE

Traição!

Edwin slaps his own mouth.

Lights from the Cotai Strip ripple on the windshield.

EXT. ROOF - QUEEN'S PALACE CASINO - NIGHT

Lights ripple across Chan's hazy eyes.

He looks out over the Cotai Strip.

Pocket square crisp and white.

A gust blows the roof door open.

EXT. QUEEN'S PALACE CASINO - NIGHT

A taxi door flies open.

Same gust.

Maria jumps out - red wig and glasses.

EXT. MOBILE HOME - ARIZONA - DAY

A girl's hand slips a thick letter into a mailbox.

INT. EDWIN'S LIMO - NIGHT

Mac pulls mail from his shoulder bag.

Between the phone bill and a pizza coupon -

The same thick letter.

Arizona postmark.

He opens it -

Close on: "...committed the following crimes."

- END OF ACT FOUR -

INT. EDWIN'S LIMO - NIGHT

Cupholder empty. Bottle of Cedar Musk gone.

INT. QUEEN'S PALACE CASINO - NIGHT

Mac and Edwin wind through tables and slot machines.

A jackpot explodes.

Mac's heart kicks him in the throat.

His left leg twitches.

He stops.

Thin Woman approaches, her smile clicking into place.

THIN WOMAN
Greetings, Mr. Allen.
Welcome to Queen's Palace.
This way, please.

She escorts Mac away.

EDWIN LEE
Até breve, amigo.

BACCARAT TABLE

A chilled bottle of Dom.

Dealer pops the cork - pours.

\$5,000 in black chips.

THIN WOMAN
With our compliments. While you
wait.

Mac sits.

Spots a restroom door.

His legs swing.

MAC
(in his head)
Next.

He lifts the chips.

Breath quickens.

He feels the weight and the cool clay texture.

Eyes on the restroom door.

Thin Woman walks away smiling.

Her gold dress resolves into –

INT. HO CHAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Gold lamé curtains.

Crystal chandeliers.

The beaten blackjack dealer slumps in a corner.

Red surgical markings circle his ring finger.

A THUG lights a cigarette.

Offers it to him.

INT. QUEEN'S PALACE CASINO - NIGHT

Maria spins through the revolving doors.

Players yell.

Dealers bark.

Slot machines ring.

Maria swipes through LIVE CASINO CAMS:

Blackjack.

Roulette.

Mac at the baccarat table.

She writes a text.

Hesitates.

Hits SEND.

She angles her phone at a guard she passes.

Lets him catch a glimpse of the live feeds.

He hustles after her.

MARIA

Here we go.

A hand clamps Maria's arm.

Her phone clicks to 11:11 p.m.

She taps *record* – red dot blinks.

Guard drags her away.

Her sapphire ring glows under the lights.

Shoes slip on the marble.

No traction.

MARIA

Hey, watch the hip!

Maria looks straight into a security camera – flat.

The feed glitches.

BACCARAT TABLE

Mac squeezes the chips.

Veins popping.

Quivering.

His hands move forward. Palms up.

His phone face-up on the table.

He sees a text.

MARIA:

Rigged.

A quick twitch.

Ten seconds.

He turns his palms over.

Chips splash.

MAC
Rain check.

Thin Woman's grimace creeps back into a smile.

THIN WOMAN
This way, Mr. Allen.

Mac and Thin Woman leave.

ELEVATOR BANK

Waiting.

Mac gets a text.

CHIEF ADAMO:

I need a favor.

Mac blinks.

Doors open.

Thin Woman inserts a key, pushes ROOF.

Bows out.

Cantonese leaks from her earpiece.

ELEVATOR

The car rockets through the glass shaft.

Mac spreads his arms and legs.

Braces himself against the walls.

The lights of Macau swirl.

He shuts his eyes.

Cinches his back brace tight.

The elevator stops.

Mac pulls out the bottle of Cedar Musk.

Sprays his neck.

His wrist.

Sets the bottle in the corner.

Label out.

Doors open.

EXT. ROOF - QUEEN'S PALACE CASINO - NIGHT

Mac emerges.

Heat hits him like a blow dryer.

The roof door slams shut behind him.

Chan looks out.

HO CHAN
Mr. Allen. Join me.

Gravel crunches under Mac's feet.

Over the edge -

Cotai Strip: *Tiny cars. Blinding lights.*

Mac sways.

Closes his eyes.

HO CHAN
There is a traitor.
You will give him to me.

Chan gropes, finds Mac's left hand with his right.

Two fingers find his pulse.

MAC
I don't know if I-

Chan SNATCHES Mac's ring finger, twists.

MAC
Ruby!

Chan pulls Mac close.

Mac feels the blood-dampened cotton against his wrist.

Cedar Musk hits Chan.

He releases Mac.

His hand flies to his bandaged ring finger.

He rips the gauze away.

Tugs at the half-finger, at a phantom ring.

A tear slips from his blue eye.

Chan pulls the pocket square.

Presses it to the wound.

Red blooms through the silk.

Mac flinches.

Chan's watch buzzes.

SCREEN:

The blackjack dealer leans over a silver ice bucket.

Half a bloody ring finger sits at the bottom.

Thug.

Maria.

Chan holds his watch to his ear.

His silk-wrapped hand trembles against his cheek.

The THUG'S voice crackles –

Cantonese, unsubtitled.

Chan's breath flattens.

He looks toward Mac.

HO CHAN
Lady spy. FBI.

Mac's left leg shakes.

Chan goes ice cold.

HO CHAN
Now we will see.

Mac inhales.

Holds it.

Exhales longer.

MAC
Tell me about it.

Mac reaches for the Velcro on his brace.

A long RASP.

He refastens it.

Looser.

BLACK.

- END OF ACT FIVE -

TAG**EXT. MOBILE HOME - ARIZONA - DAY**

A dog barks.

A shadowy figure dressed in black peers into the window.

A black SUV. Black windows and wheels.

Engine idling – back door wide open.

SUV DASHBOARD: *An envelope – JF.*

Maria's soil-encrusted gold badge.

INT. MOBILE HOME - ARIZONA - CONTINUOUS

Tina under the table.

Knees pulled to her chin.

Holding her breath.

A swamp cooler sputters and coughs – too loud.

A bottle of grape soda on the table – tipped over.

Purple fizz runs along the edge.

Onto Tina's head.

She shuts her eyes.

Drip.

Drip.

Silence.

Drip.

BLACK.

– END OF PILOT –