

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Rushthorne slaps pieces of "evidence" onto the table in front of Nichols.

RUSHTHORNE

Dr. Nichols, we have reason to believe that you are in violation of the Nevada State Ethics Code.

NICHOLS

Nevada has an ethics code?

RUSHTHORNE

You've been stalking one of your patients. Morton Waterhouse.

She hands Nichols a picture of Morton working the Caesars slidewalk. Nichols hands it back.

NICHOLS

Morton's not my patient. His father is. And I'm not stalking him. I'm a PIMP.

Granville chokes on his muffin.

RUSHTHORNE

See, now, that's probably a violation.

GRANVILLE

Start spilling it, doc, so we can revoke the shit out of your licence and call it a day.

NICHOLS

"PIMP" is an acronym. I'm a Privately
Investigating Manipulating
Psychologist.

RUSHTHORNE
(taking notes)

"Privately Investigating
Manipulating...?"

NICHOLS

Surveillance and diagnosis of
patients. Or for patients in the case
of Bill Waterhouse. An experimental
method I developed based on Murray's
theories of--

GRANVILLE

You spy on people... for other people.

NICHOLS

Sometimes.

RUSHTHORNE

I don't think that's a state-
sanctioned therapeutic technique, Dr.
Nichols.

NICHOLS

That's what makes it experimental.

RUSHTHORNE

Okay, fine, I see the surveillance.
What's the diagnosis?

NICHOLS

Of Morton? Well, he has CHAOS. That's
"Classical Historical Accuracy
Obsession Syndrome." Another acronym.

INT. WATERHOUSE HOUSE - MORTON'S ROOM - DAY

Morton sits on his bed, sewing trim onto a toga, surrounded by reference books and laurel branches.

NICHOLS (V.O.)

Also acute Antiquititis.

THROUGH THE WINDOW: Nichols, in desert camouflage, crouch-runs through the yard.

EXT. WATERHOUSE HOUSE - FRONT YARD - DAY

Nichols sneaks up to the mailbox and rifles through its contents: *Classical Antiquity Digest*, "Learn Latin" CDs, and the "Sestertii 'R' Us" catalog.

NICHOLS (V.O.)

At least, that's what I was able to
come up with to tell Bill.

A convertible sports car screeches into the driveway, nearly hitting Nichols at the mailbox.

Morton's dad, BILL WATERHOUSE, 60s, gets out and strides toward Nichols.

He walks around the car, flashing a "thumbs-up" at Nichols, and opens the door for his girlfriend, SVETTA, a Russian beauty half his age.

They flirt and giggle their way to the house.

INT. LUXOR HOTEL SUITE - DAY

The model of Las Vegas. Hands glue a little Roman statue outside one of the miniature casinos.

INT. CAESARS PALACE HOTEL AND CASINO - DAY

Morton, wearing an authentic laurel crown and a toga with fancy trim, comes through the employee entrance into the bustling casino.

NICHOLS (V.O.)

Morton kept clocking in at Caesars.
Even after he got fired. Apparently,
no one noticed.

INT. CAESARS PALACE HOTEL AND CASINO - DAY

Morton stations himself at a moving walkway. Nichols sits on a bench holding a tourist map with eyeholes cut into it.

NICHOLS (V.O.)

Except his dad. Bill was convinced
something was wrong with his son.

Morton stoops to remove a spinning soda can from the walkway's intake. He struggles to gather his draping toga as it gets sucked in.

NICHOLS (V.O.)

Had me checking everything from
Asperger's to Xenophobia.

HELEN VENTURA, 20s, fresh and pretty, hurries past him.

She stands out from the loud, touristy crowd, moving faster than the walkway by striding alongside it.

Morton is captivated. He follows her, hiding behind a statue... a slot machine... a tourist. Nichols follows Morton following Helen.

NICHOLS

I played along for Bill's sake. But
Morton wasn't crazy. At least, not
before Casinolabs.