

THE IMMIGRANT'S SON

—

Written by

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Based on, The Kirk Krikorian Story

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OPENING MONTAGE - THE LEGEND

EXT. LAS VEGAS STRIP - NIGHT

Darkness. A heavy silence lingers. Then—

A jet engine ROARS to life, shattering the stillness. The screen remains black for a moment longer, the sound intensifying, like the ignition of a dream about to take flight.

Suddenly—

A private jet bursts into frame, slicing through the night sky, its sleek body reflecting the neon glow of Las Vegas below.

The camera pulls back, revealing the Strip—a vast ocean of shimmering gold, a symphony of flashing marquees, blinking signs, and the endless pulse of a city built on fortune and risk.

Quick cuts—sharp, rhythmic, electric:

— A hand shuffling a deck of cards, the snap of the pasteboard crisp and deliberate.

— A roulette wheel spinning, the polished ivory ball tumbling, a blur of red and black.

— A movie projector flickering to life, its beam cutting through the dark, illuminating the roaring MGM lion.

— A young KIRK KERKORIAN (30s), standing on a dusty airstrip, a worn flight jacket on his back, eyes locked on the endless horizon.

 VOICEOVER (KIRK)
 They called me a gambler. A
 dreamer. A fool. But I wasn't
 playing for chips or cash. I was
 playing for something bigger.
 Something no one could take away.

The camera zooms in on Kirk's face—

CUT TO:

EXT. LAS VEGAS NIGHT

The heart of the Las Vegas Strip.

Kirk, now in his 70s, stands in the middle of his empire—towering hotels, golden casinos, streets pulsing with life. The world around him is his creation, his vision made real.

(V.O.)

(KIRK)

This is my story. And it all started with nothing.

FADE TO BLACK.

HUMBLE BEGINNINGS - FRESNO, CALIFORNIA (1930S)

EXT. DUSTY FARM - DAY

A young KIRK KERKORIAN (10 years old) works alongside his father, AHARON, in the scorching sun. They're picking grapes in a vineyard. The air is thick with heat and the smell of earth.

AHARON

(in Armenian, subtitled)

Kirk, my son, remember this: In America, you can be anything. But you must work harder than anyone else.

Kirk wipes sweat from his brow, looking at the endless rows of vines.

YOUNG KIRK

I don't want to spend my life picking grapes, Papa.

Aharon stops, looks at his son, and smiles sadly.

AHARON

Then don't. But whatever you do, do it with everything you have.

The camera lingers on Kirks face as he stares at the horizon, dreaming of something more.

CUT TO:

FAMILY DINNER - 1927 FRESNO

INT. KERKORIAN FAMILY HOME - EVENING

The Kerkorian home is modest but warm, with a small kitchen and a dining table crowded with dishes. The aroma of Armenian food fills the air—grape leaves, lamb stew, and fresh bread.

LILY, a strong and nurturing woman, places a steaming plate of grape leaves on the table. AHARON, her husband, sits at the head of the table, his face weathered but kind. Their children—ROSE (18), NISHAN (16), and KIRK (10)—sit around the table, eagerly waiting to eat.

LILY
(in Armenian, subtitled)
Come, eat. You've all worked hard
today.

The family begins to serve themselves, passing dishes and sharing smiles. Kirk, the youngest, watches his parents with wide eyes, soaking in every word.

AHARON
(in Armenian, subtitled)
Before we eat, let us remember
those who are not with us.

The family bows their heads in a moment of silence. When they look up, Aron's eyes are heavy with emotion.

AHARON (CONT'D)
(in Armenian, subtitled)
Our families—the Bagdasarians and
the Kerkorians—were strong. But the
genocide took so much from us. My
father, your grandfather, was
killed. Your mother's family lost
everything. We were lucky to
escape.

Kirk looks at his father, confused but curious.

KIRK
(in Armenian, subtitled)
Why did they do that, Papa? Why did
they hurt our people?

Aharon sighs, choosing his words carefully.

AHARON
(in Armenian, subtitled)
Because they feared us, Kirk.
(MORE)

AHARON (CONT'D)
They feared our strength, our
unity. But we survived. And now we
are here, in America, where we can
build a new life.

Lily reaches over, placing a hand on Aron's arm.

LILY
(in Armenian, subtitled)
We are lucky to be here. In
Armenia, we would have nothing. But
in America, there is opportunity.
You children can be anything you
want.

Rose, the oldest, speaks up.

ROSE
(in Armenian, subtitled)
I want to be a teacher, Mama. To
help others learn, like you've
taught us.

Lily smiles, pride shining in her eyes.

LILY
(in Armenian, subtitled)
And you will, my dear. You will.

Nishan, the middle child, leans forward.

NISHAN
(in Armenian, subtitled)
I want to work with my hands. To
build things, like Papa.

Aharon nods, his expression softening.

AHARON
(in Armenian, subtitled)
You will, Nishan. And you will
build them well.

Kirk, the youngest, looks around the table, his face
thoughtful.

KIRK
(in Armenian, subtitled)
I want to be rich. So rich that no
one can ever take anything from us
again.

The family laughs, but Kirk's expression is serious.

AHARON
(in Armenian, subtitled)
Money is not everything, Kirk. But
if you're going to dream, dream
big.

Lily reaches over, ruffling Kirk's hair.

LILY
(in Armenian, subtitled)
Just remember, my son, to use your
success to help others. That is the
true measure of a man.

The family continues eating, their bond palpable. The camera lingers on Kirk's face as he looks around the table, his young mind already racing with possibilities.

KIRK, (V.O.)

That night, I realized something: My parents had given up everything so that we could have a chance. And I wasn't going to waste it.

CUT TO:

EXT. KERKORIAN HOME - NIGHT

The camera pulls back, showing the small house lit by a single light. The sound of laughter and conversation drifts through the open window, a testament to the family's resilience and love.

FADE OUT.

EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL PLAYGROUND - LATE AFTERNOON

ESTABLISHING SHOT:

The camera pans over vast farmland, golden under the setting sun. We see a small, rural elementary school in the distance, its playground bustling with children. Parents arrive to pick up their kids—some in cars, others in horse-drawn buggies.

CUT TO:

PLAYGROUND - CLOSE-UP

Young KIRK (around 10 years old) and his Armenian friend, ARAM, are playing kickball with a worn-out ball.

They laugh and shout to each other in Armenian, their voices full of joy.

Suddenly, three older white boys approach. The leader, TOMMY, a stocky bully with a sneer, steps forward.

TOMMY
Hey, camel jockeys! What are you
doing on our playground?

Kirk and Aram stop playing, confused. They exchange a few words in Armenian, trying to understand what's being said.

ARAM
(in Armenian, subtitled)
What's he saying?

KIRK
(in Armenian, subtitled)
I don't know. But he doesn't look
friendly.

Tommy shoves Kirk, knocking him back a step. The other boys laugh.

TOMMY
You don't belong here. Go back to
wherever you came from.

Kirk's face hardens, but before he can react, an old, beat-up Ford pickup truck pulls up. NISHAN, Kirk's older brother, steps out. He's tall and strong, with a no-nonsense demeanor.

NISHAN
(in Armenian, subtitled)
Kirk, what's going on?

Kirk points to the bullies.

KIRK
(in Armenian, subtitled)
They're pushing us around.

Nishan's eyes narrow. He crouches down to Kirk's level, speaking firmly.

NISHAN
(in Armenian, subtitled)
You remember what I taught you? How
to stand up for yourself?

Kirk nods, his small fists clenching.

NISHAN (CONT'D)
(in Armenian, subtitled)
Then show them. Beat them up.

Kirk steps forward, his face set with determination. He raises his fists, adopting the boxing stance Nishan taught him.

TOMMY
What's this? You think you can
fight?

Tommy swings at Kirk, but Kirk ducks and counters with a quick jab to Tommy's stomach. Tommy doubles over, gasping. The other boys hesitate, but Kirk doesn't stop. He lands a clean punch to another boy's shoulder, sending him stumbling back.

The third boy tries to grab Kirk from behind, but Nishan steps in, pulling him off.

NISHAN
(in Armenian, subtitled)
Let him fight his own battles.

Kirk spins around and delivers a final punch, knocking the third boy to the ground. The bullies scramble to their feet and run off, shouting insults but clearly defeated.

CUT TO:

CLOSE-UP - KIRK AND NISHAN

Kirk stands tall, breathing heavily but triumphant. Nishan places a hand on his shoulder, pride shining in his eyes.

NISHAN
(in Armenian, subtitled)
You learned your lessons well,
little brother. I think you could
be a champion.

Kirk looks up at Nishan, a spark of ambition igniting in his eyes.

KIRK
(in Armenian, subtitled)
I'm going to be the best.

Nishan ruffles Kirk's hair, smiling.

NISHAN
(in Armenian, subtitled)
I don't doubt it.

CUT TO:

WIDE SHOT

Nishan and Kirk climb into the old Ford pickup, driving off into the sunset. The camera lingers on the empty playground, the sound of the truck's engine fading into the distance.

KIRK (V.O.)
That day, I learned something
important: No matter how small you
are, you can stand tall if you're
willing to fight for what's yours.

FADE OUT.

THE FORECLOSURE - 1930s

EXT. KERKORIAN FAMILY RANCH - DAY

The Kerkorian family ranch is a modest but well-kept property with a small farmhouse, a barn, and a few acres of land. The mood is tense as a black car pulls up, carrying two BANKERS and two STRONG-ARM MEN.

Young KIRK (around 13 years old) watches from the porch as his father, AHARON, steps forward to meet them. Kirk's mother, LILY, stands in the doorway, hugging his older sister, ROSE.

BANKER 1
Aharon Kerkorian, we're here to
enforce the foreclosure on this
property. You've got until the end
of the day to gather your things
and leave.

Aharon, a proud but weary man, clenches his fists but keeps his composure.

AHARON
(In broken English)
You can't do this. This land is all
we have.

BANKER 2
You should've thought of that
before you fell behind on payments.
Times are tough for everyone.

One of the STRONG-ARM MEN steps forward, cracking his knuckles.

STRONG-ARM MAN
Don't make this harder than it has
to be.

Kirk, watching from the porch, feels a surge of anger and helplessness. He runs to his father's side.

KIRK
(in Armenian, subtitled)
Leave him alone! This is our home!

Aharon places a hand on Kirk's shoulder, pulling him back.

AHARON
(in Armenian, subtitled)
Kirk, stay out of this.

The BANKERS exchange a look, unmoved.

BANKER 1
You've got until sundown. After
that, we'll be back with the
sheriff.

The men get back into their car and drive off, leaving the family in stunned silence.

THE GOODBYE - KERKORIAN FAMILY RANCH (1930S)

EXT. RANCH - LATE AFTERNOON

The Kerkorian family packs their belongings into a beat-up truck. Kirk helps his father load a few crates of personal items, his face a mix of anger and sadness.

KIRK
(in Armenian, subtitled)
Papa, why are they doing this? We
worked so hard.

Aharon stops and kneels to look his son in the eye.

AHARON
(in Armenian, subtitled)
Sometimes, Kirk, life isn't fair.
But we don't give up. We keep
fighting, no matter what.

Kirk looks at the land, his fists clenched.

KIRK
(in Armenian, subtitled)
I'm going to make sure this never
happens to us again. I'm going to
be rich, Papa. So rich that no one
can ever take anything from us.

Aharon smiles sadly, ruffling his son's hair.

AHARON
(in Armenian, subtitled)
Money isn't everything, Kirk. But
if you're going to dream, dream
big.

Lily calls out from the truck.

LILY
(in Armenian, subtitled)
Aharon, Kirk, we need to go.

Aharon stands, taking one last look at the ranch.

AHARON
(in Armenian, subtitled)
This isn't the end, Kirk. It's just
the beginning.

They climb into the truck and drive away, the ranch growing
smaller in the rearview mirror. Kirk stares out the window,
his jaw set with determination.

VOICEOVER (KIRK)
We found out later on the land had
oil in it. We were sitting on
Millions and didn't even know it!
That day, I made a promise to
myself. No matter what it took, I
would never let anyone take what
was ours again.

THE BOXING CHAMPIONSHIP - 1930s

INT. SMALL BOXING ARENA - NIGHT

The arena is packed with cheering spectators, the air thick
with sweat and excitement. Young KIRK (now in his late
teens) delivers a one two punch knocking his opponent to the
ground. The REF counts down.

REF
Eight ,nine, ten!

He steps over and raises Kirks hand into the air.

REF (CONT'D)
The winner Shotgun Kirk Kerkorian!

Kirk stands in the ring, his fists raised in victory. His face is bruised but triumphant. His older brother, NISHAN, climbs into the ring, beaming with pride.

NISHAN
(in Armenian, subtitled)
You did it, Kirk! You're a
champion!

Kirk grins, breathing heavily but exhilarated.

KIRK
(in Armenian, subtitled)
I couldn't have done it without
you, Nishan.

The referee raises Kirk's hand, declaring him the winner. The crowd erupts in applause.

CUT TO:

EXT. ARENA - NIGHT

Kirk and Nishan walk out of the arena, Kirk carrying a small trophy. The night air is cool, a stark contrast to the heat of the ring.

NISHAN
(in Armenian, subtitled)
You've got talent, Kirk. Real
talent. But boxing isn't just about
winning fights. It's about
discipline, focus, and knowing when
to take a hit.

Kirk nods, his mind already racing.

KIRK
(in Armenian, subtitled)
What's next, Nishan? More fights?

Nishan smiles, clapping a hand on Kirk's shoulder.

NISHAN

(in Armenian, subtitled)
We'll set up some exhibition
matches. You'll earn some money,
gain more experience. But remember,
Kirk, boxing isn't forever. You've
got to think about the future.

VOICEOVER (KIRK)

I learned what it meant to be a
winner. But more than that, I
learned how to turn opportunity
into success. I took the money and
bought a couple of old cars.

EXT. KERKORIAN FAMILY HOME WEST LOS ANNGELES- DAY

Teenage KIRK (18) is in the yard, covered in grease, working
on an old, beat-up car. His mother, LILY, steps out of the
house, holding a plate of food.

LILY

(in Armenian, subtitled))
Kirk, you've been out here all day.
Come inside and eat something.

KIRK

Not now, Mama. I'm almost done.

Lily sighs, setting the plate down on a nearby table.

LILY

You're going to waste away if you
don't eat. What's so important
about this old car anyway?

Kirk stands up, wiping his hands on a rag, and grins.

KIRK

This old car is going to pay for
flight school.

Lily looks at him, puzzled.

LILY

Flight school? What are you talking
about?

KIRK

I'm going to be a pilot, Mama. And
this is how I'm going to do it.

He gestures to the car, now shining and looking almost new.

KIRK (CONT'D)
I buy them cheap, fix them up, and
sell them for a profit. It's just
the beginning.

Lily shakes her head, half-amused, half-concerned.

LILY
You're just like your father.
Always dreaming big.

She walks back inside, muttering in Armenian.

LILY (CONT'D)
At least eat the food before it
gets cold.

Kirk smiles and takes a bite of the food before getting back
to work.

CUT TO:

THE HAPPY BOTTOM RIDING CLUB - 1940s

EXT. MOJAVE DESERT - DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT:

The camera pans over the vast, sunbaked Mojave Desert, the
horizon shimmering in the heat. In the distance, we see the
Happy Bottom Riding Club—a sprawling ranch with a runway, a
cluster of rustic buildings, and a few small planes parked
nearby. The sound of laughter, clinking glasses, and the
occasional roar of an engine fills the air.

The camera zooms in on a sign at the entrance:

HAPPY BOTTOM RIDING CLUB - EST. 1935 - FLY, EAT, DRINK, AND
BE MERRY!

CUT TO:

EXT. RUNWAY - DAY

A small biplane taxis to a stop, its propeller slowing to a
halt. Out steps FLORENCE PANCHO BARNES, a larger-than-life
figure in a leather flight jacket, jodhpurs, and aviator
goggles pushed up on her forehead. She's smoking a cigar and
exudes confidence and charisma.

PANCHO
Alright, who's next? Who wants to
learn how to fly this bird?

KIRK (mid-20s), wearing a simple shirt and trousers, steps forward, his eyes wide with excitement.

KIRK
I do, ma'am.

Pancho sizes him up, a smirk playing on her lips.

PANCHO
You? You look like you've never
even seen a plane up close.

Kirk grins, undeterred.

KIRK
I've flown before. Just not
anything like this.

Pancho raises an eyebrow, intrigued.

PANCHO
Oh, you've flown, have you? Well,
let's see what you've got, hotshot.

She tosses him a pair of goggles and gestures to the plane.

PANCHO (CONT'D)
Hop in. And don't touch anything
until I tell you.

THE FLIGHT LESSON - IN THE AIR (1940S)

INT. BIPLANE COCKPIT - DAY

Kirk sits in the pilot's seat, his hands gripping the controls. Pancho climbs into the seat behind him, leaning forward to shout instructions over the roar of the engine.

PANCHO
Alright, kid, listen up. Flying
isn't just about pushing buttons
and pulling levers. It's about
feeling the plane. Understanding
it. You got that?

Kirk nods, his eyes focused.

KIRK

Got it.

Pancho grins, slapping him on the shoulder.

PANCHO

Good. Now, let's get this bird in the air.

The plane accelerates down the runway, the wind whipping through the open cockpit. Kirk's heart races as the wheels leave the ground.

PANCHO (CONT'D)

Feel that? That's freedom, kid.
Nothing else like it in the world.

Kirk smiles, his face lit with pure joy.

KIRK

It's incredible.

Pancho leans back, letting Kirk take the controls.

PANCHO

Alright, hotshot. Show me what you've got.

Kirk steers the plane with surprising skill, banking gently to the left. Pancho watches him, impressed.

PANCHO (CONT'D)

Not bad. Not bad at all. You've got a natural feel for it.

Kirk's grin widens.

KIRK

I told you I've flown before.

Pancho laughs, a hearty, booming sound.

PANCHO

Alright, kid, you've got potential. But don't let it go to your head. Flying's not just about skill. It's about guts. And you've got plenty of that.

BACK ON THE GROUND - HAPPY BOTTOM RIDING CLUB (1940S)

EXT. RUNWAY - DAY

The plane lands smoothly, taxiing to a stop. Kirk and Pancho climb out, both grinning from ear to ear.

PANCHO

Not bad for your first time in one of my planes. You've got the makings of a real pilot, kid.

Kirk looks at her, his expression serious.

KIRK

I want to learn everything I can. About flying, about planes, about this life.

Pancho studies him for a moment, then nods.

PANCHO

Alright, kid. Stick around. I'll teach you what I know. But it's not going to be easy.

Kirk grins, his determination unwavering.

KIRK

I wouldn't want it any other way.

CUT TO:

EXT. HAPPY BOTTOM RIDING CLUB - SUNSET

Kirk stands on the runway, watching as another plane takes off into the setting sun. Pancho joins him, handing him a bottle of beer.

PANCHO

You've got big dreams, kid. I can see it in your eyes.

Kirk takes a sip of beer, his gaze fixed on the horizon.

KIRK

Bigger than you can imagine.

Pancho laughs, clinking her bottle against his.

PANCHO
Then you're in the right place.
Welcome to the Happy Bottom Riding
Club, Kirk.

FADE OUT.

THE REJECTION - AIR FORCE RECRUITMENT OFFICE (1940S)

INT. AIR FORCE RECRUITMENT OFFICE - DAY

Kirk (early 20s), now taller and more confident, stands in line at an Air Force recruitment office. He's filled with excitement, clutching his paperwork.

A RECRUITMENT OFFICER sits behind a desk, measuring the height of a recruit ahead of Kirk.

RECRUITMENT OFFICER
Next!

Kirk steps forward, handing over his papers. The officer measures his height, then frowns.

RECRUITMENT OFFICER (CONT'D)
Sorry, son. You're a half-inch too
short. We can't take you.

Kirk's face falls.

KIRK
A half-inch? That's it? I can fly
better than anyone in this room!

The officer shakes his head, unmoved.

RECRUITMENT OFFICER
Rules are rules. Next!

Kirk steps aside, frustrated but determined. He looks at a poster on the wall: Join the RAF - Defend Freedom!

A spark of hope lights up his eyes.

CUT TO:

THE RAF - TRAINING CAMP (1940S)

EXT. RAF TRAINING CAMP - ENGLAND - DAY

Kirk, now in a British RAF uniform, stands at attention with other recruits. A DRILL INSTRUCTOR barks orders.

DRILL INSTRUCTOR
You're not here to be heroes.
You're here to follow orders, stay
alive, and get the job done.
Understood?

RECRUITS (IN UNISON)
Yes, sir!

Kirk's determination is evident as he trains rigorously, learning to fly cargo planes under challenging conditions.

CUT TO:

THE MISSION - DANGEROUS SKIES (1940S)

INT. CARGO PLANE COCKPIT - NIGHT

Kirk pilots a cargo plane through a stormy sky. Lightning flashes, illuminating his focused face. His COPILOT, a young British man named JAMES, looks nervous.

JAMES
Bloody hell, Kerkorian. This
weather's worse than the Germans.

KIRK
Relax, James. We've got a job to
do.

Suddenly, anti-aircraft fire lights up the sky. Explosions rock the plane.

JAMES
We're taking fire! They've got us
in their sights!

Kirk grips the controls, his jaw clenched.

KIRK

Hold on!

He maneuvers the plane sharply, dodging the artillery fire. The cargo shifts, and the plane groans under the strain.

JAMES

We're not going to make it!

KIRK

We're making it. I didn't come this far to go down now.

With skill and precision, Kirk navigates the plane through the danger zone. The anti-aircraft fire fades into the distance.

JAMES

You're a madman, Kerkorian. But I'll be damned if you're not the best pilot I've ever seen.

Kirk smirks, keeping his eyes on the horizon.

KIRK

Just getting started.

CUT TO:

REFLECTION - RAF BASE (1940S)

EXT. RAF BASE - NIGHT

Kirk sits alone on the tarmac, looking up at the stars. His commanding officer, CAPTAIN HARRIS, approaches.

CAPTAIN HARRIS

You've got a knack for this, Kerkorian. Most men would've cracked under that kind of pressure.

KIRK

I don't crack, sir. I adapt.

Harris sits down beside him.

CAPTAIN HARRIS

What's your plan after the war? You've got the skills to fly for anyone you want.

Kirk looks at the horizon, a determined glint in his eye.

KIRK
I'm going to build something of my
own. Something big.

Harris nods, impressed.

CAPTAIN HARRIS
Well, if anyone can do it, it's
you.

CUT TO:

THE RAF GAMBLE - ENGLAND (1940S)

INT. RAF MESS HALL - NIGHT

Kirk sits at a table with a group of RAF officers, playing poker. The room is filled with smoke, laughter, and the clinking of glasses. Kirk is calm, focused, and clearly winning.

OFFICER 1
Bloody hell, Kerkorian. You've got
the devil's own luck.

KIRK (SMIRKING)
It's not luck. It's math.

He lays down his hand, revealing a full house. The officers groan as Kirk rakes in the pile of cash.

OFFICER 2
You're cleaning us out, Yank. What
are you going to do with all that
money?

Kirk leans back, lighting a cigarette.

KIRK
Buy my future.

The officers exchange curious glances.

OFFICER 1
And what exactly does that future
look like?

Kirk exhales a plume of smoke, his eyes distant.

KIRK
Bigger than this war. Bigger than
anything you can imagine.

CUT TO:

THE AUCTION - UNITED STATES (1940S)

EXT. MILITARY AUCTION - DAY

Kirk, now back in the States, stands in a crowd of bidders at a military surplus auction. The auctioneer gestures to a row of C-47 cargo planes.

AUCTIONEER
Next up, we've got a fleet of C-47s. War-tested, reliable, and ready for a new life. Do I hear \$10,000?

Kirk raises his hand.

KIRK
\$10,000.

The auctioneer looks surprised he waits. No one else bids.

AUCTIONEER
Sold to the young man in the back!

Kirk smiles, knowing he's just scored a major deal.

CUT TO:

THE AIRFIELD - MONTEBELLO, CALIFORNIA (1940S)

EXT. AIRFIELD - DAY

Kirk stands in front of a row of C-47s, now parked at a small airfield in Montebello. A MECHANIC approaches, wiping grease off his hands.

MECHANIC
These birds are in rough shape, Kirk. It's going to take some work to get them flying reliably.

KIRK
Then let's get to work.

MONTAGE:

Kirk and the mechanic repair the planes, replacing engines, patching wings, and repainting them.

Kirk meets with CATTLE RANCHERS and DELIVERY SERVICE OWNERS, pitching the planes as the perfect solution for transporting goods and livestock to remote areas.

The first plane takes off, loaded with cattle, as Kirk watches with pride.

CUT TO:

KIRKS VO.

I had one more plane to sell it was
a delivery to England. The trip I
will never forget.

THE ATLANTIC CROSSING - MID-FLIGHT

INT. C-47 COCKPIT - NIGHT

Kirk pilots a C-47 across the Atlantic. The plane is equipped with an additional fuel tank to make the long journey. The gauges show the fuel levels dropping dangerously low.

COPILOT

Kirk, we're running on fumes. We're
not going to make it.

Kirk checks the gauges, his face tense.

KIRK

We've got to be close. Just a
little farther.

The engine sputters, then dies. The cockpit falls silent except for the sound of wind rushing past.

COPILOT

We're out of fuel!

Kirk grips the controls, his knuckles white.

KIRK

Hold on. We're gliding in.

He scans the horizon, makes the sign of the cross praying for land. Suddenly, the faint outline of a runway appears in the distance.

KIRK (CONT'D)

There! We're going to make it.

The plane glides silently toward the runway, losing altitude rapidly. Kirk's hands are steady, his focus unwavering.

The wheels touch down, and the plane rolls to a stop just as it runs out of momentum. Kirk exhales, his heart pounding.

COPILOT

That was too close, Kirk. Too close.

Kirk nods, still catching his breath.

KIRK

But we made it.

CUT TO:

THE REVELATION - AIRFIELD HANGAR

INT. HANGAR - DAY

Kirk and the mechanic inspect the additional fuel tank. The mechanic shakes his head, laughing.

MECHANIC

Kirk, you installed the tank backward. The filler cap's at the rear. No wonder you were 15 gallons short.

Kirk stares at the tank, then bursts out laughing.

KIRK

Well, I guess I've got a lot to learn about fuel tanks.

The mechanic claps him on the back.

MECHANIC

You're lucky to be alive, my friend.

Kirk sobers up, looking at the plane.

KIRK

Luck had nothing to do with it. God saved me! It felt like Angels were holding the wings up!

CUT TO:

THE AIRLINE - LOS ANGELES

EXT. LAX AIRPORT - DAY

Kirk, now in his late 20s, stands on the tarmac of LAX, overseeing a small fleet of passenger planes. His sister, ROSE, approaches, holding a clipboard.

ROSE

Kirk, we've got another booking. Frank Sinatra wants to fly to Vegas next week.

Kirk grins, clearly pleased.

KIRK

Sinatra, huh? That's big. We're becoming the go-to airline for the stars.

Rose smiles but looks concerned.

ROSE

We're getting a lot of attention, Kirk. But we're stretched thin. We need more planes, more pilots, more everything.

Kirk claps a hand on her shoulder.

KIRK

We'll make it work, Rose. We always do. This is just the beginning.

CUT TO:

THE CELEBRITY FLIGHT - IN FLIGHT

INT. PASSENGER PLANE - DAY

Kirk pilots a plane filled with celebrities, including FRANK SINATRA, DEAN MARTIN, and a few other Hollywood stars.

The atmosphere is lively, with laughter and music filling the cabin.

FRANK SINATRA

Kirk, you've got a hell of a setup here. Best way to get to Vegas, hands down.

DEAN MARTIN

Yeah, and the service is top-notch. You sure you're not Italian?

The group laughs. Kirk, wearing a pilot's uniform, smiles from the cockpit.

KIRK

Just trying to make sure you all get to Vegas in style.

Sinatra leans forward, lowering his voice.

FRANK SINATRA

You know, Kirk, you've got a real knack for this. Ever think about getting into the casino business?

Kirk's eyes light up, but he plays it cool.

KIRK

I'm always thinking, Frank. Always thinking.

CUT TO:

THE VISION - LAS VEGAS

EXT. LAS VEGAS STRIP - NIGHT

Kirk stands outside the newly built Flamingo Hotel, watching as celebrities and high-rollers pour into the casino. Rose joins him, looking around in awe.

ROSE

This place is incredible, Kirk. It's like a whole new world.

Kirk nods, his eyes scanning the bustling scene.

KIRK

This is just the beginning, Rose. Vegas is going to be bigger than anyone can imagine. And we're going to be a part of it.

Rose looks at him, impressed but cautious.

ROSE
You've got big dreams, Kirk. Just
don't forget where we came from.

Kirk smiles, putting an arm around her.

KIRK
I haven't forgotten, Rose. But I'm
not done yet. Not even close.

CUT TO:

THE CHALLENGE - LAX OFFICE

INT. AIRLINE OFFICE - DAY

Kirk sits at his desk, reviewing financial reports. Rose enters, looking worried.

ROSE
Kirk, we've got a problem. One of
our planes had to make an emergency
landing. The repairs are going to
cost a fortune.

Kirk leans back in his chair, thinking.

KIRK
We'll figure it out, Rose. We
always do.

Rose sits down, frustrated.

ROSE
Kirk, we're stretched too thin. We
can't keep this up forever.

Kirk looks at her, his determination unwavering.

KIRK
We don't have to keep it up
forever. Just long enough to get to
the next level.

Rose sighs, knowing there's no talking him out of it.

ROSE
You're impossible, you know that?

Kirk grins.

KIRK
That's why you love me.

CUT TO:

THE CRISIS - AIRLINE OFFICE

INT. AIRLINE OFFICE - DAY

Kirk sits at his desk, surrounded by stacks of paperwork. His sister, ROSE, enters, holding a ledger. She looks stressed.

ROSE
Kirk, we've got a problem. The
lease on the hangar is due, and we
don't have the money. Payroll's
coming up, and we're short there
too.

Kirk leans back in his chair, rubbing his temples.

KIRK
How bad is it?

Rose slams the ledger down on his desk.

ROSE
Bad. We're growing too fast, Kirk.
We can't keep up with the expenses.

Kirk stares at the ledger, his mind racing.

KIRK
We need more capital. A lot more.

Rose looks at him, skeptical.

ROSE
And where are we going to get that?
The banks won't touch us.

Kirk stands up, a determined look on his face.

KIRK
We're not going to the banks. We're
going to the Armenian community.

Rose raises an eyebrow.

ROSE

What are you talking about?

KIRK
We're going to sell stocks. Shares
in the company. If we can get
enough people to invest, we can
raise the money we need.

Rose looks worried.

ROSE
Kirk, that's a huge risk. What if
it doesn't work?

Kirk smiles, his confidence unwavering.

KIRK
It'll work. Trust me.

CUT TO:

THE PLAN - STOCK BROKER'S OFFICE

INT. STOCK BROKER'S OFFICE - DAY

Kirk sits across from his friend, MIKE, a seasoned stock
broker. Mike is explaining the intricacies of selling stocks.

MIKE

(MORE)

MIKE (CONT'D)
Selling stocks is all
about trust, Kirk. You've
got to convince people
that your company is
worth investing in. That
means showing them a
solid business plan, a
clear path to
profitability, and a
vision they can believe
in.

Kirk nods, taking it all in.

KIRK
I've got the vision. And I've got
the track record. People know me.
They know what I've built.

Mike leans forward, looking serious.

MIKE
It's not just about you, Kirk. It's
about the numbers. You've got to
show them that this is a smart
investment. That they're going to
get a return on their money.

Kirk thinks for a moment, then smiles.

KIRK
What if I told you I've got a plan
to expand the airline? To buy the
latest jets and open new routes. To
make this the biggest airline on
the West Coast.

Mike raises an eyebrow, intrigued.

MIKE
That's a bold plan. But bold plans
attract bold investors. If you can
pull it off, you might just have a
shot.

Kirk stands up, extending his hand.

KIRK
Then let's get to work.

They shake hands, sealing the deal.

CUT TO:

THE PITCH - ARMENIAN COMMUNITY HALL

INT. COMMUNITY HALL - NIGHT

Kirk stands at the front of a packed room, addressing a crowd of Armenian businessmen and community leaders. Mike stands by his side, holding a stack of prospectuses.

KIRK

Ladies and gentlemen, thank you for coming tonight. I'm here to talk to you about an opportunity. An opportunity to be part of something big. Something that will not only benefit us but also make our community proud.

He pauses, looking around the room.

KIRK (CONT'D)

I've built an airline from nothing. From one plane to a fleet. From a dream to a reality. But now, I need your help to take it to the next level.

He gestures to Mike, who hands out the prospectuses.

KIRK (CONT'D)

We're offering shares in the company. A chance to invest in the future of aviation. A chance to be part of something that will change the way people travel.

The crowd murmurs, intrigued. One man raises his hand.

MAN

Kirk, we know you've got vision. But what's the plan? How are you going to make this work?

Kirk smiles, ready for the question.

KIRK

We're going to buy the latest jets. Open new routes. Expand our operations. And we're going to do it with the support of this community. With your support.

The crowd nods, impressed. Another man stands up.

MAN 2

I'm in. If anyone can pull this
off, it's you, Kirk.

The room erupts in applause as people line up to invest.

CUT TO:

THE NEW ERA - TRANS INTERNATIONAL AIRLINES

EXT. LAX AIRPORT - SUNRISE

ESTABLISHING SHOT:

The camera pans across a pristine fleet of Lockheed Constellation jets lined up on the tarmac, their sleek silver bodies gleaming in the golden morning light. The tail fins proudly display the bold red-and-gold TIA logo. Ground crews in crisp uniforms move with purpose, fueling the planes and loading luggage. The hum of engines and the occasional roar of a jet taking off fills the air.

CUT TO:

INT. TIA TERMINAL - DAY

The newly built terminal is a marvel of modern design—chrome accents, polished floors, and large windows that flood the space with natural light. A massive mural of a globe with TIA's routes mapped in gold dominates one wall. Travelers in 1940s-era suits and hats bustle about, their faces filled with excitement.

KIRK (mid-30s), wearing a sharp navy suit, and ROSE (his sister), in a tailored dress and pearls, stand at the entrance, greeting a group of ARMENIAN INVESTORS—older men in fedoras and overcoats, their faces alight with pride.

KIRK

(in Armenian, subtitled)
Welcome, my friends. This is your
victory as much as mine.

An elderly investor, MR. NAZARIAN, steps forward, gripping Kirk's hand with both of his.

MR. NAZARIAN
(in Armenian)
Kirk, you've done it. You've made
us all proud.

ROSE
(smiling warmly)
Let us show you what your faith in
us has built.

She gestures to a large window overlooking the tarmac. The investors press closer, their eyes widening as a TIA jet taxis down the runway and soars into the sky.

CUT TO

CLOSE-UP

Kirk and Rose watch the plane disappear into the clouds.
Rose's eyes glisten with tears.

ROSE (CONT'D)
(softly)
Remember when we were
packing crates in
Montebello? Now look at
us.

Kirk turns to her, his tough exterior softening.

KIRK
None of this happens without you,
Rose. You kept me grounded when I
wanted to fly too close to the sun.

He pulls her into a warm, heartfelt hug. The investors clap and cheer in the background.

ROSE
(muffled, laughing)
Just don't let it go to your head,
brother.

KIRK
(grinning)
No promises.

CUT TO WIDE SHOT

The terminal hums with life—passengers checking in, pilots in uniform striding purposefully, and the TIA jets standing like sentinels of progress.

VOICEOVER KIRK
Success isn't just about building
empires. It's about lifting up the
people who believed in you when you
had nothing but a dream.

FADE OUT.

THE THUNDERBIRD RESORT - 1954

EXT. THUNDERBIRD RESORT - NIGHT

ESTABLISHING SHOT:

The camera pans over the neon-lit Las Vegas Strip, the Thunderbird Resort glowing like a jewel in the desert night. The sound of jazz music and laughter spills out into the warm evening air.

CUT TO:

INT. THUNDERBIRD RESORT - NIGHT

The resort's lounge is alive with energy. A live band plays on stage, and couples dance under the shimmering lights. Kirk, now in his late 30s, sits at the bar, nursing a drink. He's dressed in a sharp suit, but his expression is thoughtful, almost distant.

VOICEOVER (KIRK)

I was twenty five when I married my first wife Hilda, met her at a night club in the neighborhood. Needless to say that didn't last to long. Then there was Jean Maree!

The camera shifts to the stage, where JEAN MAREE HARDY, a stunning dancer in her mid-20s, takes the spotlight. She's graceful, confident, and radiant, her movements captivating the audience.

Kirk watches her, his drink forgotten.

VOICEOVER KIRK
Jean Maree Hardy. She was like a
spark in the night, lighting up
everything around her.

Jean finishes her performance to thunderous applause. She steps off the stage, and Kirk, almost without thinking, stands and approaches her.

KIRK
That was incredible. You're
incredible.

Jean smiles, slightly out of breath but glowing.

JEAN
Thank you. I don't think we've met.

KIRK
Kirk Kerkorian. I own a few planes.
And maybe, one day, a few casinos.

Jean laughs, charmed by his confidence.

JEAN
Ambitious, aren't you?

KIRK
You have no idea.

They share a smile, the connection between them immediate and electric.

CUT TO:

EXT. THUNDERBIRD RESORT - NIGHT

Kirk and Jean walk outside, the cool night air a welcome contrast to the heat of the lounge. They stop by the pool, the water reflecting the neon lights of the Strip.

JEAN
So, Kirk Kerkorian, what brings you
to Las Vegas?

KIRK
Business, mostly. But tonight, I
think it might be fate.

Jean raises an eyebrow, amused.

JEAN
Fate, huh? That's a bold statement.

Kirk shrugs, his smile genuine.

KIRK
I'm a bold man.

Jean laughs, the sound light and musical.

JEAN

I can see that. So, what do you do when you're not charming dancers at resorts?

KIRK

I fly. I build. I dream. And tonight, I'm hoping to take you to dinner.

Jean studies him for a moment, then nods.

JEAN

Alright, Mr. Kerkorian. Let's see if you can live up to the hype.

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Kirk and Jean sit at a cozy table, sharing a meal and conversation. The chemistry between them is palpable.

VOICEOVER (KIRK,
OLDER)

I didn't know it then, but Jean was exactly what I needed. She was strong, independent, and full of life. She saw the world in a way I never could, and she made me want to see it too.

Jean leans forward, her eyes sparkling.

JEAN

So, Kirk, what's your dream? What do you want more than anything?

Kirk pauses, his expression serious.

KIRK

I want to build something that lasts. Something that matters. But I think I've been missing the most important part.

JEAN

And what's that?

KIRK

Someone to share it with.

Jean smiles, her hand reaching across the table to take his.

JEAN

Well, maybe you've found her.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAS VEGAS STRIP - NIGHT

Kirk and Jean walk hand in hand down the Strip, the neon lights casting a colorful glow over them.

VOICEOVER (KIRK)

That night, I realized something
Success isn't just about money or
power. It's about finding someone
who makes you want to be better.
And Jean did that for me.

FADE OUT

THE STRIP - LAS VEGAS (1960S)

EXT. HOWARD HUGHES' OFFICE - DAY

Kirk, now in his 40s, steps out of a sleek office building, his face a mix of frustration and determination. His friend and confidant, JAMES ALJIAN, waits by Kirk's pickup truck, leaning against the hood.

JAMES

No luck, huh?

Kirk shakes his head, climbing into the driver's seat.

KIRK

Hughes won't sell. He's got the
whole Strip locked up.

James gets in the passenger side, and Kirk starts the engine.

JAMES

So what now? You've been talking
about this for months.

Kirk grips the steering wheel, his eyes scanning the bustling Las Vegas Strip as they drive.

KIRK
There's always another way. We just
have to find it.

EXT. LAS VEGAS STRIP - DAY

Kirk drives slowly down the Strip, his eyes darting to the neon signs, the construction sites, and the throngs of tourists. James watches him, curious.

JAMES
What are you looking for, Kirk?

Kirk doesn't answer right away. His gaze shifts to the empty lots and undeveloped land behind the Strip.

KIRK
Who owns that land back there,
James?

James follows Kirk's gaze, squinting at the barren plots behind the casinos.

JAMES
I think it's for sale. Why? What
are you going to do with it? It's
just dirt.

Kirk smirks, a spark of excitement in his eyes.

KIRK
This place is growing like crazy.
The only place in the U.S. where you
can legally gamble. And you know
what all these casinos are going to
need?

James raises an eyebrow.

JAMES
What?

KIRK
Parking. Lots of it.

James laughs, shaking his head.

JAMES
Parking? You're kidding, right?

Kirk pulls the truck into an empty lot near a casino under construction. He steps out, gesturing to the vast expanse of undeveloped land behind the Strip.

KIRK

We buy all this land back here.
Every square inch of it. Then, when
these casinos realize they need
space for parking, we sell it to
them—or trade it for access to the
Strip.

James steps out of the truck, looking around skeptically.

JAMES

You really think this is going to
work?

Kirk grins, his confidence unwavering.

KIRK

This place is going to grow big and
juicy, James. Like my dad's
watermelons.

James chuckles, shaking his head.

JAMES

You're crazy, Kirk. But if anyone
can pull this off, it's you.

Kirk claps James on the back, his eyes already scanning the horizon, imagining the future.

KIRK

Let's get to work.

EXT. EMPTY LOT - SUNSET

Kirk stands alone in the middle of the empty lot, the sun setting behind him, casting a golden glow over the desert. The sounds of construction and the distant hum of the Strip fill the air.

VOICEOVER (KIRK)

Some people see dirt. I see
opportunity. Some people see risk.
I see reward. And some people see
the end of the road. I see the
beginning.

The camera pulls back, showing Kirk dwarfed by the vast, empty landscape.

But in his eyes, we see the future—a skyline of towering casinos, bustling crowds, and endless possibility.

FADE OUT.

EXT. FLAMINGO HOTEL - NIGHT

ESTABLISHING SHOT

The camera pans over the neon-lit Las Vegas Strip, the Flamingo Hotel glowing like a jewel in the desert night. The iconic pink flamingo sign flickers slightly, a reminder of the hotel's storied past under mobster Bugsy Siegel.

CUT TO:

INT. FLAMINGO HOTEL - PRIVATE LOUNGE - NIGHT

The lounge is dimly lit, with plush red velvet chairs and a haze of cigar smoke. Kirk sits across from VINNY THE FIXER MARCONI, a slick, well-dressed mobster with a gold pinky ring and a dangerous smile. Two of Vinny's enforcers stand in the shadows, their presence looming.

VINNY

Kirk Kerkorian. The man with the planes. What brings you to the Flamingo?

Kirk leans back, his expression calm but calculating.

KIRK

I'm here to make a deal, Vinny. I want to buy the Flamingo.

Vinny laughs, a low, menacing sound.

VINNY

The Flamingo? That's a big ask, Kirk. This place has history. Bugsy Siegel built it with blood and sweat. You think you can just walk in and take it?

Kirk doesn't flinch.

KIRK

I'm not here to take it. I'm here
to buy it. Fair and square.

Vinny's smile fades, his eyes narrowing.

VINNY

(Fair and square? In this
town? You've got guts,
Kirk. I'll give you that.
But guts don't always pay
the bills.)

Kirk leans forward, his voice steady.

KIRK

I'm not here to play games, Vinny.
I'm here to do business. And I'm
willing to pay top dollar. All the
stock holders are ready to sell but
you wise guys.

Vinny studies him for a moment, then nods to one of his
enforcers, who steps forward and places a briefcase on the
table. Vinny opens it, revealing stacks of cash.

VINNY

This is what we're talking about,
Kirk. Real money. Real power. You
want the Flamingo? You're going to
have to play by our rules.

Kirk looks at the money, then back at Vinny.

KIRK

Look Vincent lets get down to
reality. Gambino sent you here to
make money and you've done a great
job! But how long before the feds
step in and stop the skimming?

Vinny's expression darkens, his voice dropping to a growl.

VINNY

You're treading on thin ice, Kirk.
This town doesn't take kindly to
outsiders who think they can waltz
in and take over.

Kirk stands, his demeanor calm but firm.

KIRK

I'm not an outsider, Vinny. I'm the future. And if you're smart, you'll get out of my way.

The room falls silent, the tension thick enough to cut with a knife. Vinny's enforcers step forward, but Kirk doesn't flinch.

VINNY

You've got some big balls, Kirk.

Kirk smiles, his confidence unwavering.

KIRK

No I have a big check book.

He turns and walks out of the lounge, the sound of Vinny's laughter echoing behind him.

CUT TO:

INT. KIRK'S OFFICE - DAY

Kirk sits at his desk, surrounded by legal documents and financial reports. His lawyer, SAM, and his CFO, CAROL, are with him, looking stressed but determined.

SAM

Kirk, the deal is solid. We've got the financing, and the sellers are ready to sign. But there's one problem.

Kirk looks up, his expression calm.

KIRK

What's the problem?

CAROL

The mob. They're not happy about this. They've been leaning on the sellers, trying to scare them off.

Kirk leans back in his chair, his mind racing.

KIRK

Then we'll make them an offer they can't refuse.

Sam and Carol exchange worried glances.

SAM
Kirk, this is dangerous. These guys
don't play by the rules.

Kirk stands, his expression resolute.

KIRK
Neither do I.

CUT TO

EXT. DESERT ROAD - NIGHT

Kirk stands by his car, the desert stretching out around him.
A black sedan pulls up, and Vinny steps out, flanked by his
enforcers.

VINNY
You've got a lot of nerve, Kirk.
Meeting me out here.

Kirk shrugs, his expression calm.

KIRK
I figured we could talk without
prying eyes.

Vinny steps closer, his voice low and dangerous.

VINNY
You're playing a dangerous game,
Kirk. You think you can just waltz
in and take the Flamingo? This town
belongs to us.

Kirk doesn't flinch.

KIRK
This town belongs to whoever's
willing to take it. And I'm
willing.

Vinny's eyes narrow, his hand twitching toward his pocket.

VINNY
You're making a big mistake, Kirk.

Kirk steps forward, his voice steady.

KIRK

No, Vinny. You are. Because if you try to stop me, you'll regret it.

The two men stare each other down, the tension palpable. Finally, Vinny steps back, a grudging respect in his eyes.

VINNY

You've got guts, Kirk. I'll give you that. But guts don't always keep you alive.

Kirk smiles, his confidence unwavering.

KIRK

Come on Vincent you know who I am and you know who my friends are!

Kirk gets back in his car and drives away.

VOICE OVER KIRK

I had enough of Vinny Marconi! I had the Law on my side and he knew it.

CUT TO:

INT. MARCONI'S OFFICE - NIGHT

ESTABLISHING SHOT

The camera pans over a dimly lit, smoke-filled office. The walls are adorned with old photos of Las Vegas and framed newspaper clippings about Bugsy Siegel. A group of mob bosses sits around a large table, their faces grim and their voices low.

CUT TO:

CLOSE-UP - VINNY THE FIXER MARCONI

Vinny leans back in his chair, a cigar clenched between his teeth. His gold pinky ring glints in the low light as he gestures angrily.

VINNY

This Kerkorian guy... he's got big balls, I'll give him that.

(MORE)

VINNY (CONT'D)

But he's stepping on our turf. The Flamingo? That's our history. Bugsy built that place with blood and sweat. And now this crazy little Armenian thinks he can just waltz in and take it?

The other mob bosses exchange uneasy glances. One of them, TONY THE OLD MAN RICCI, a grizzled veteran with a cane and a scar across his cheek, speaks up.

TONY

Maybe he's got a point, Vinny. Times are changing. The feds are breathing down our necks. They're gonna push us out sooner or later.

Vinny slams his fist on the table, his face red with anger.

VINNY

Push us out? This is our town! We built this place from nothing! Vegas is ours!

Another boss, SAL THE SILENT LOMBARDI, a quiet but imposing figure, leans forward.

SAL

Vinny, the old man's right. The feds are closing in. We can't fight them and Kerkorian. Maybe it's time to cut our losses.

Vinny glares at Sal, his voice dripping with venom.

VINNY

Cut our losses? You sound like a damn accountant, Sal. This isn't about money. This is about respect. Power. And Kerkorian's taking it from us.

TONY

Respect don't mean much when you're behind bars, Vinny. Kerkorian's playing a different game. He's got the banks, the lawyers, the politicians. We're dinosaurs, and he's the meteor.

Vinny stands, his chair scraping loudly against the floor.

VINNY

So what? We just roll over and let him take everything? Is that what you're saying?

The room falls silent, the tension thick enough to cut with a knife. Finally, CARLO THE BRAIN MARTINO, a sharp-dressed, calculating figure, speaks up.

CARLO

We're not saying that, Vinny. But we need to be smart. Kerkorian's not some two-bit hustler. He's got connections, resources. If we go after him, it's gonna be messy.

Vinny paces the room, his frustration boiling over.

VINNY

Messy? You think I care about messy? This guy's a threat. And if we don't deal with him now, he's gonna take everything we've built.

TONY

And what if dealing with him brings the feds down on us? You think they're not watching him? You think they're not watching us?

Vinny stops pacing, his eyes blazing.

VINNY

I don't care about the feds! This is our town! And I'm not gonna let some Armenian camel jockey take it from us!

The room erupts into arguments, the mob bosses shouting over each other. Carlo slams his hand on the table, silencing the room.

CARLO

Enough! We're not getting anywhere like this. We need to think this through. Carefully.

Vinny glares at Carlo, his voice low and dangerous.

VINNY

Think it through? While Kerkorian's out there building his empire? No. We act. Now.

TONY
(First of all Vincent
there are no camels in
Armenia! And if your
thing backfires? What
then, Vinny? You gonna
take the fall for all of
us?)

Vinny stares at Tony, his jaw clenched.

VINNY
If it comes to that, yeah. I'll
take the fall. But I'm not gonna
sit back and let this guy take
what's ours.

The room falls silent again, the mob bosses exchanging uneasy
glances. Finally, Carlo speaks up.

CARLO
We'll put it to a vote. All in
favor of dealing with Kerkorian,
raise your hand.

Vinny raises his hand immediately, his expression defiant. A
few others hesitate, then raise their hands as well. But
Tony, Sal, and a few others keep their hands down.

CARLO (CONT'D)
It's settled. For now, we do
nothing. But we keep an eye on
Kerkorian. If he steps out of line,
we act.

Vinny slams his fist on the table, his face red with anger.

VINNY
This is a mistake. A big mistake.

One of the soldiers is smiling about the camel remark

VINNY (CONT'D)
What are you smiling about?

The soldier gets serious very quickly.

SOLDIER
Nothing Boss its just camels are in
Arabia.

Vinny moves to slap him.

CUT TO:

EXT. MARCONI'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Vinny storms out of the office, his enforcers trailing behind him. He stops, looking out over the neon-lit Las Vegas Strip, his face a mix of anger and determination.

VINNY
Kerkorian thinks he's untouchable.
But he's about to learn the hard
way... this town belongs to us.

FADE OUT.

INT. FLAMINGO HOTEL - BOARDROOM - DAY

Kirk sits at a large table, surrounded by lawyers, sellers, and executives. The atmosphere is tense but professional. Kirk signs the final document, sealing the deal.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAS VEGAS STRIP - NIGHT

Kirk stands outside the Flamingo Hotel, the neon lights reflecting in his eyes. The camera pulls back, showing the bustling Strip and the endless possibilities ahead.

VOICEOVER KIRK
I didn't come this far to
let someone else control
my destiny. I built my
empire on my own terms,
and I wasn't about to let
anyone take that away
from me. My father
trusted the banks and
look what they did to
him!

CUT TO:

INT. KIRK'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Kirk sits at his desk, staring at a blueprint for the Caesar's Palace. His friend and confidant, JAMES ALJIAN, enters, looking concerned.

JAMES
How did it go with MARCONI,?

Kirk looks up, his expression resolute.

KIRK
He made his offer. I turned it
down.

James raises an eyebrow.

JAMES
You know what that means, right?
They're not going to take no for an
answer.

Kirk leans back in his chair, his eyes steely.

KIRK
Let them try. I've faced worse than
MARCONI, . I didn't come this far
to let the mob dictate my future.

James nods, impressed but still worried.

JAMES
Just be careful, Kirk. These guys
don't play by the rules.

Kirk smirks, his confidence unwavering.

KIRK
Neither do I. The deals done James
we own the Flamingo!

JAMES
Really! Your kidding?

Kirk puts on the biggest smile ever.

JAMES (CONT'D)
You got it ! Unbelievable!

CUT TO:

EXT. LAS VEGAS DESERT - NIGHT

Kirk stands in the middle of the desert, the lights of the Strip glowing in the distance.

VOICEOVER KIRK

I didn't know it then, but that decision defined me. It wasn't just about building an empire. It was about doing it the right way. And in the end, that's what mattered most.

FADE OUT.

EXT. LAS VEGAS STRIP - DAY (1962)

The desert sun blazes overhead, casting long shadows over a barren 80-acre plot across from the bustling Flamingo Hotel. A weathered FOR SALE sign creaks in the wind.

KIRK KERKORIAN, mid-40s, stands in the sand, adjusting his sunglasses. Beside him, his sister ROSE holds a clipboard while JAMES ALJIAN wipes sweat from his brow.

JAMES

Kirk, I gotta say it again... this is crazy. Eighty acres of dirt? For almost a million bucks?

KIRK

Not dirt, James. Future goldmine.

He gestures to the Flamingo across the street, where tourists stream in and out.

KIRK (CONT'D)

Look at that. Sinatra, Dean Martin, the Rat Pack... They draw the crowds. But where do the crowds stay? Where do they gamble?

ROSE

There are plenty of casinos already.

Kirk kneels, picking up a handful of sand and letting it trickle through his fingers.

KIRK

Not like what's coming. Vegas is evolving. The middle class is discovering it. Families.

(MORE)

KIRK (CONT'D)
Not just high rollers. This isn't
just a playground for mobsters
anymore.

James squints at the Flamingo.

JAMES
So what are you thinking?

KIRK
I'm thinking...a Roman palace.
Something grand, extravagant. Make
every person who walks through the
door feel like Caesar himself.

Rose and James exchange skeptical glances.

ROSE
Who's gonna build it?

KIRK
Jay Sarno and Stanley Mallin. They
don't know it yet, but they're
going to lease this land and build
the best damn resort this strip has
ever seen.

James chuckles.

JAMES
And how are you gonna convince 'em?

Kirk stands, brushing sand from his hands.

KIRK
Simple. I sell them the dream.

CUT TO:

INT. LAS VEGAS STEAKHOUSE - NIGHT

Dark wood, red leather booths. JAY SARNO, 40s, loud and
gregarious, talks with STANLEY MALLIN, reserved but sharp-
eyed. Kirk sits across from them, a napkin with scribbles
laid flat.

KIRK
You want to build something
legendary? This is it. Eighty acres
across from the Flamingo. A blank
canvas.

SARNO
The Strip's got enough casinos,
Kerkorian.

Kirk points to his sketches: columns, fountains, statues.

KIRK
Not like this. A Roman-themed
resort. Caesars Palace. Opulence.
Grandeur. People pay for an
experience. This will be an empire.

Sarno leans in, intrigued.

SARNO
Yeah? And how do we fund this
empire?

KIRK
The Teamsters Pension Fund. They've
financed bigger risks. I'll handle
the land. You handle the build. We
split the profits you pay me
monthly rent and a cut of the
casino revenue.

Sarno and Mallin exchange glances.

MALLIN
And if it flops?

Kirk smiles.

KIRK
Vegas isn't built on caution. If
you're going to gamble, bet big.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE:

Kirk signing paperwork at a real estate office.

Bulldozers clearing the desert lot.

Sarno and Mallin studying blueprints.

A massive sign goes up: COMING SOON: CAESARS PALACE.

VOICEOVER (KIRK, OLDER)
In Vegas, you don't wait for
opportunities. You create them. I
bought that land for \$960,000.
(MORE)

VOICEOVER (KIRK, OLDER) (CONT'D)
By the time Caesars Palace opened,
it was worth millions.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAESARS PALACE GRAND OPENING - NIGHT (1966)

Fountains erupt. Fireworks explode. Crowds line up beneath marble columns. Reporters snap photos as Kirk, Rose, Jay Sarno, and Stanley Mallin pose together.

REPORTER
(Mr. Kerkorian! You took a
gamble on this land. How
does it feel tonight?)

Kirk adjusts his tie, glancing up at the towering resort.

KIRK
I never gamble. I invest.

FADE OUT.

TEXT ON SCREEN

In 1968, Kirk Kerkorian sold the land beneath Caesars Palace for \$5 million, turning a \$960,000 investment into \$9 million in just six years.

FADE OUT.

EXT. VACANT LOT - DAY (1967)

Kirk stands on another empty lot, this one even larger. Rose and James are with him, their expressions a mix of excitement and apprehension.

ROSE
Kirk... this is bigger than
Caesars. Way bigger. Where's the
money going to come from?

KIRK
I'm selling the airline and the
money from the Cezar's deal.

JAMES
The banks won't like it.

KIRK

Then we don't go to the banks. We
go to Wall Street. We sell stocks.

CUT TO:

FINANCING THE INTERNATIONAL HOTEL - 1967

INT. KIRK'S OFFICE - DAY

A large map of Las Vegas is pinned to the wall. Financial reports, property deeds, and architectural sketches are scattered across the desk. KIRK KERKORIAN sits behind it, deep in thought. JAMES ALJIAN and ROSE stand nearby, analyzing the numbers.

JAMES

Kirk, this is big. The biggest
thing you've ever done. Eighty-two
acres, right next to the Convention
Center—it's prime real estate, but
sixty million dollars to build?
Where are we going to find that
kind of money?

ROSE

And let's not forget, you just
bought the Flamingo. You're already
leveraged.

Kirk leans back, his sharp eyes scanning the figures in front of him. He's composed, but the weight of the decision is evident.

KIRK

We're not looking at what we have.
We're looking at what we can
create.

He picks up a document labeled International Leisure Corporation.

KIRK (CONT'D)

I'm rolling everything under this.
The Flamingo, the new land, the
casino operations—it all becomes
one entity. That gives us leverage.

JAMES

A corporation? That makes sense,
but it still doesn't give us sixty
million dollars.

KIRK

We take it public.

Rose and James exchange glances. Rose folds her arms,
skeptical.

ROSE

A public offering? That's a risk,
Kirk. Investors want guarantees.
They want stability.

KIRK

What they want is a piece of
something they know will be
successful. Vegas is growing. The
Strip is expanding. And I'm giving
them something no one else has—the
biggest, grandest hotel in the
world.

James runs a hand through his hair, nodding slowly as he
considers it.

JAMES

Okay, let's say we raise a chunk of
the money through an IPO. That
still won't cover everything.

KIRK

We sell assets. The plane, the
yacht—luxuries can wait. The
International can't.

ROSE

That's not going to be enough.

Kirk smirks, flipping through a folder labeled Hilton Hotels.

KIRK

Then we bring in Hilton.

James freezes. Rose raises an eyebrow.

JAMES

You're talking about selling a
stake?

KIRK

A piece. Enough to bring in the capital, but not enough to lose control.

ROSE

You're going to sell them part of your vision?

Kirk leans forward, eyes razor-sharp.

KIRK

I'm going to make them believe in it.

CUT TO:

SCENE 56 MEETING WITH HILTON HOTELS - BOARDROOM - NIGHT

A dimly lit boardroom. Kirk sits across from a panel of HILTON EXECUTIVES, including CONRAD HILTON himself. A model of the International Hotel sits at the center of the table. James and Rose flank Kirk, silent but attentive.

CONRAD HILTON

Kirk, you're ambitious. But this? This is enormous. The financing alone—

KIRK

Its handled. The IPO launches in a month. I'll raise at least twenty-six million. I've sold off personal assets to cover operational costs. What I need is a partner who sees the future.

Hilton leans back, studying the model.

CONRAD HILTON

You're asking for nearly twenty million from us.

Kirk nods, unwavering.

KIRK

And in return, you get a stake in the largest hotel in the world.

Silence. James watches Hilton, gauging his reaction. Rose breaks in, her voice calm but persuasive.

ROSE

Mr. Hilton, this isn't just another casino. It's a landmark. A place that will redefine Vegas.

Hilton considers this. He glances at his executives, then back at Kirk.

CONRAD HILTON

You really believe this will work?

Kirk smirks.

KIRK

I don't believe. I know.

CUT TO:

SIGNING THE DEAL - KIRK'S OFFICE - DAY

A contract is signed. Hands are shaken. James and Rose exchange looks of triumph as Kirk nods in satisfaction.

VOICE OVER KIRK

Financing wasn't about finding money. It was about making people believe.

FADE OUT.

EXT. INTERNATIONAL HOTEL - GRAND OPENING NIGHT (1969)

Fireworks explode over the gleaming facade of the International Hotel. Crowds gather, and cameras flash as ELVIS PRESLEY steps onto the stage.

REPORTER

Mr. Kerkorian! You built the biggest hotel in the world. What's next?

Kirk looks up at the towering structure and smiles.

KIRK

Bigger dreams.

FADE OUT.

TEXT ON SCREEN

The International Hotel opened in 1969 with 1,512 rooms—the largest hotel in the world. Elvis Presley performed a record-breaking 58-show engagement.

FADE OUT

THE FAMILY STRUGGLE - 1970s

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS MANSION - DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT

The camera pans over a sprawling Beverly Hills mansion, its pristine lawns and towering palm trees exuding wealth and success. The sound of birds chirping and a fountain trickling fills the air.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

The kitchen is bright and modern, but the atmosphere is tense. JEAN MAREE HARDY, Kirk's wife, stands at the counter, her arms crossed as she listens to their two daughters, TRACY (teenager) and LINDA (pre-teen), vent their frustrations.

TRACY

He missed my recital again. Do you know how embarrassing it is to tell my friends my dad couldn't make it because he was 'too busy'?

LINDA

He didn't even call on my birthday. Not even a card. It's like he doesn't even care.

Jean sighs, her frustration evident.

JEAN

I know, girls. I know. Your father... he's just wrapped up in his work. He doesn't mean to hurt you.

TRACY

Then why does he keep doing it? Why does he always choose work over us?

Jean doesn't have an answer. She looks out the window, her face a mix of anger and sadness.

JEAN
I don't know, Tracy. I really don't know.

CUT TO:

EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAY

Kirk pulls up in a Black Cadillac coupe de ville, his face lit with excitement. He steps out, carrying a bouquet of flowers and a gift bag, clearly in a good mood.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Kirk enters the kitchen, his smile fading as he senses the tension in the room.

KIRK
Hey, everyone! Look what I brought—

He stops mid-sentence as Tracy and Linda glare at him. Jean turns, her expression cold.

JEAN
Oh, look. The man of the hour finally decides to grace us with his presence.

Kirk sets the flowers and gift bag on the counter, his smile faltering.

KIRK
What's going on?

TRACY
What's going on? You missed my recital, that's what's going on!

LINDA
And you forgot my birthday. Again.

Kirk looks at Jean, confused.

KIRK
I... I didn't forget. I just got caught up with work. I'm sorry, girls. I'll make it up to you, I promise.

JEAN

That's what you always say, Kirk.
But you never do. You're never
here. You're always 'caught up with
work.'

Kirk's face hardens, his defensiveness kicking in.

KIRK

I'm building something, Jean.
Something that will last. Something
that will provide for this family.

Jean steps forward, her voice rising.

JEAN

We don't need more money, Kirk. We
need you. Your daughters need you.
I need you.

Kirk looks at Tracy and Linda, their faces filled with hurt
and disappointment.

KIRK

I'm doing this for you. For all of
us.

TRACY

No, Dad. You're doing this for you.
You don't care about us. You just
care about your stupid business.

Kirk flinches, the words hitting him like a punch.

KIRK

That's not true, Tracy. I love you.
All of you.

JEAN

Then prove it, Kirk. Be here. Be
present. Because right now, it
feels like we're just an
afterthought.

The room falls silent, the weight of her words hanging in the
air. Kirk looks around at his family, his expression a mix of
guilt and frustration.

KIRK

I... I don't know how to do both. How
to be the man I need to be and the
man you need me to be.

Jean's voice softens, but her eyes are still filled with pain.

JEAN

Then figure it out, Kirk. Because
if you don't, you're going to lose
us.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS MANSION - NIGHT

Kirk stands alone on the balcony, staring out at the city lights. The sound of his family's voices echoes in his mind.

VOICEOVER (KIRK, OLDER)

I thought I was doing the right
thing. Building a legacy, providing
for my family. But in the end, I
realized I was losing the very
thing I was trying to protect.

FADE OUT.

THE DEAL - KIRK'S OFFICE (1970S)

INT. KIRK'S OFFICE - DAY

The office is a hive of activity. Kirk sits at his desk, surrounded by stacks of financial reports, blueprints, and legal documents. His CFO, CAROL, and his confidant, JAMES ALJIAN, are with him, looking stressed but determined.

CAROL

Kirk, we've got the numbers for the
International sale. The buyers are
ready, but they're lowballing us.
If we don't get the price we need,
the MGM Grand financing falls
apart.

Kirk leans back in his chair, his expression calm but focused.

KIRK

Then we'll make them see the value.
The International is a gold mine.
They just need to understand what
they're buying.

James shakes his head, skeptical.

JAMES

Kirk, these guys aren't amateurs.
They know what the International is
worth. They're just trying to
squeeze us.

Kirk stands, pacing the room.

KIRK

Then we'll squeeze back. Carol, get
the lawyers on the phone. Tell them
to renegotiate the terms. James,
set up a meeting with the buyers.
I'll make them an offer they can't
refuse.

Carol and James exchange worried glances.

CAROL

Kirk, this is risky. If the sale
falls through, we're back to square
one.

Kirk stops pacing, his eyes blazing with determination.

KIRK

It's not going to fall through.
We've come too far to turn back
now.

CUT TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Kirk sits across from the buyers, a group of sharp-dressed
executives. The atmosphere is tense, with both sides trying
to outmaneuver the other.

BUYER 1

Mr. Kerkorian, we've reviewed your
proposal. But the price is still
too high. We're not willing to go
above \$50 million.

Kirk leans forward, his voice calm but firm.

KIRK

The International is worth twice
that. And you know it. But I'm
willing to make a deal.

(MORE)

KIRK (CONT'D)
\$60 million, and I'll throw in the
land next door.

The buyers exchange glances, clearly intrigued but hesitant.

BUYER 2
And what about the MGM brand? Are
you retaining that?

Kirk nods, his expression unreadable.

KIRK
The MGM name stays with me. But
you'll have the hotel, the casino,
and the land. It's a fair deal.

The buyers huddle together, whispering. Finally, Buyer 1
speaks up.

BUYER 1
Alright, Mr. Kerkorian. \$60
million, and the land. But we want
the deal signed by the end of the
week.

Kirk smiles, his confidence unwavering.

KIRK
You've got a deal.

CUT TO:

INT. KIRK'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Kirk sits at his desk, surrounded by Carol, James, and a team
of lawyers and financiers. The atmosphere is tense, with
everyone working frantically to finalize the financing for
the MGM Grand.

CAROL
Kirk, we've got the 60 million from
the International sale, but we
still need another 40 million to
break ground on the MGM Grand. The
banks are hesitant, and the
investors are getting cold feet.

Kirk leans back in his chair, his mind racing.

KIRK

Then we'll go to the Teamsters.
They've got the money, and they're
always looking for a good
investment.

James shakes his head, skeptical.

JAMES

The Teamsters? Kirk, you know their
money comes with strings attached.
Are you sure you want to get
involved with them again?

Kirk stands, his expression resolute.

KIRK

We don't have a choice. The MGM
Grand is happening, no matter what.

CUT TO:

THE TEAMSTERS MEETING - PRIVATE ROOM (1970S)

INT. PRIVATE ROOM - DAY

Kirk sits across from JIMMY HOFFA JR. and a group of
Teamsters officials. The atmosphere is tense, with both sides
trying to outmaneuver the other.

HOFFA JR.

Mr. Kerkorian, you're asking for a
lot of money. What makes you think
we should invest in your project?

Kirk leans forward, his eyes locked on Hoffa Jr.

KIRK

Because this isn't just a hotel.
It's a destination. A place where
people from all over the world will
come to experience the best that
Las Vegas has to offer. And when
they do, we'll all make a lot of
money.

The officials exchange glances, intrigued but cautious.

HOFFA JR.

And what's in it for us?

Kirk smiles, his confidence unwavering.

KIRK

A share of the profits. A stake in the future of Las Vegas. And the satisfaction of knowing you helped build something truly extraordinary.

The officials nod, impressed by Kirk's vision and determination.

HOFFA JR.

Alright, Mr. Kerkorian. You've got a deal.

CUT TO

INT. KIRK'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Kirk sits alone at his desk, staring at the blueprints for the MGM Grand. The sound of the door opening breaks his concentration. He looks up to see JEAN MAREE HARDY, his wife, standing in the doorway.

JEAN

Kirk, it's midnight. When are you coming home?

Kirk sighs, running a hand through his hair.

KIRK

Soon. I just need to finish this.

Jean steps into the room, her expression a mix of concern and frustration.

JEAN

You've been saying that for weeks. The girls barely see you anymore. Do you even remember the last time we had dinner as a family?

Kirk looks at her, his face a mix of guilt and determination.

KIRK

I'm doing this for us, Jean. For the girls. For our future.

Jean shakes her head, her voice softening.

JEAN

Our future is now, Kirk. And if you're not careful, you're going to miss it.

Kirk stands, walking over to her.

KIRK

I know it's hard, Jean. But this is important. The MGM Grand is going to change everything.

Jean looks at him, her eyes filled with pain.

JEAN

Your Hotels are getting bigger and better but you are flushing your marriage and family down the toilet. I just hope it's worth it.

She turns and walks out of the room, leaving Kirk alone with his thoughts.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAS VEGAS STRIP - NIGHT

Kirk stands on the balcony of the International Hotel, looking out over the neon-lit Strip. The camera pulls back, showing the bustling city and the endless possibilities ahead.

VOICEOVER KIRK

Jean was right my projects were getting bigger and better, spectacular would be a better description, but at what cost?

INT. KIRK'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The office is a chaotic mess. Blueprints for the MGM Grand cover the walls, and the desk is buried under financial reports, engineering schematics, and legal documents. Kirk, visibly exhausted, paces the room, his tie loosened and his sleeves rolled up. His CFO, CAROL, and his project manager, MIKE, are with him, both looking equally stressed.

CAROL

Kirk, we've got a problem. The structural engineers say the foundation design won't support the weight of the theater. We either need to reinforce it, which will cost millions, or scrap the theater altogether.

Kirk stops pacing, his face a mix of frustration and determination.

KIRK

We're not scrapping the theater. That's the centerpiece of the whole damn project. Find a way to make it work.

Mike steps forward, holding a set of blueprints.

MIKE

Kirk, even if we reinforce the foundation, we're looking at delays. And delays mean more money. The investors are already nervous. If we go over budget—

Kirk cuts him off, his voice sharp.

KIRK

I don't care about the investors. I care about building something extraordinary. Now, figure it out.

Carol and Mike exchange worried glances but nod reluctantly.

CUT TO

THE MGM STUDIO MEETING - CONFERENCE ROOM (1970S)

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Kirk sits at the head of a table, surrounded by executives from MGM Studios. The atmosphere is tense, with heated arguments over the hotel's theme and branding.

MGM EXEC 1

Mr. Kerkorian, we need the MGM brand to be front and center. This hotel is a reflection of the studio, and we can't afford to dilute that.

Kirk leans forward, his voice calm but firm.

KIRK

This isn't just about MGM. This is about creating something iconic. Something that stands on its own.

MGM EXEC 2

But the theme, Kirk. Are we going classic Hollywood? Modern luxury? Something else entirely?

Kirk stands, his frustration evident.

KIRK

The theme is Las Vegas. The biggest, boldest, most unforgettable experience in the world. That's what we're selling.

MGM EXEC 2

We understand Mr Kerkorian But we need to know some kind of theme?

KIRK

I understand we will do it front and center like you want.

We will create the most spectacular entrance lobby ever built. We will create a giant version of the MGM lion. And add life size pictures of MGM stars through out the Resort

The executives all nod in agreement.

MGM EXECUTIVE 1

A golden Lion!

KIRK

Exactly!

Every one smiles in agreement.

CUT TO:

INT. KIRK'S HOME - NIGHT

Kirk sits alone in the living room, a glass of whiskey in his hand. The house is quiet, but the tension is palpable. His sister, ROSE, enters, carrying a tray of tea.

ROSE
You look terrible, Kirk. When was
the last time you slept?

Kirk sighs, running a hand through his hair.

KIRK
I don't have time to sleep, Rose.
The MGM Grand is falling apart, the
studio's breathing down my neck,
and Jean... she's barely speaking to
me.

Rose sits down across from him, her expression sympathetic.

ROSE
Kirk, you can't keep going like
this. You're going to burn yourself
out. And for what? A hotel?

Kirk looks at her, his eyes filled with frustration.

KIRK
It's not just a hotel, Rose. It's
everything I've worked for.
Everything I've built.

Rose leans forward, her voice softening.

ROSE
And what about your family, Kirk?
What about Jean and the girls? They
need you too.

Kirk looks away, his voice hollow.

KIRK
I'm doing this for them, Rose. For
their future.

Rose shakes her head, her expression sad.

ROSE
What did Dad tell us Family is the
most important thing in Life.
Family comes first!

Kirk looks at her, his face a mix of guilt and determination.

KIRK
I don't know how to do both, Rose.
How to be the man I need to be and
the man they need me to be.

Rose places a hand on his arm, her voice gentle.

ROSE

Then figure it out, Kirk. Because
if you don't, you're going to lose
them.

CUT TO

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

Kirk stands on a platform, overlooking the massive construction site. The skeleton of the MGM Grand towers over the Strip, a testament to his vision and determination. But the stress is starting to show.

VOICEOVER (KIRK, OLDER)

Building the MGM Grand was the
hardest thing I've ever done. Every
day was a battle—against budgets,
against egos, against the limits of
what people thought was possible.

CUT TO:

INT. CONSTRUCTION TRAILER - DAY

Kirk meets with Mike and the lead engineer, TOM, who looks exhausted but determined.

TOM

We've hit another snag. The
plumbing systems are more complex
than we anticipated. It's going to
cost more and take longer than we
planned.

Kirk nods, his expression calm but resolute.

KIRK

Then we'll find a way. We always
do.

Mike looks at Kirk, his frustration boiling over.

MIKE

Kirk, we're running out of time and
money. At some point, we have to
face the fact that this might not
work.

Kirk steps forward, his voice low but intense.

KIRK

It will work. Because failure is not an option. Not for me. Not for this hotel.

CUT TO:

EXT. MGM GRAND - NIGHT

The MGM Grand is lit up like a beacon, its iconic lion logo towering over the Strip. A red carpet is rolled out, and celebrities, politicians, and high-rollers pour into the hotel. Kirk stands at the entrance, greeting guests with a smile.

VOICEOVER KIRK

When the MGM Grand opened, it was more than just a hotel. It was a statement. A symbol of what Las Vegas could be.

CUT TO:

INT. MGM GRAND CASINO - NIGHT

Kirk walks through the bustling casino, the sound of slot machines and laughter filling the air. He stops at a roulette table, watching as a guest places a bet.

VOICEOVER KIRK

It was the biggest hotel in the world, and it put me on the map. But it also taught me something important: Success isn't just about building something big. It's about building something that lasts.

FADE OUT.

EXT. LAS VEGAS STRIP - DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT:

The camera pans over the glittering Las Vegas Strip, the neon lights and bustling crowds a stark contrast to the quiet, humble life Nishan leads. Kirk's limousine pulls up to the curb, and Nishan steps out, looking around in awe.

CUT TO:

INT. LIMOUSINE - DAY

Kirk and Nishan sit in the back of the limo, Kirk grinning with pride as he gestures to the towering MGM Grand.

KIRK

What do you think, Nishan? Not bad for a couple of kids from Fresno, huh?

Nishan smiles, his expression humble but proud.

NISHAN

It's incredible, Kirk. You've built something truly extraordinary.

Kirk claps his brother on the shoulder, his affection evident.

KIRK

I couldn't have done it without you, big brother. You taught me how to fight, how to work, how to dream.

Nishan chuckles, shaking his head.

NISHAN

I just gave you a push. You did the rest.

CUT TO:

INT. MGM GRAND - DAY

Kirk leads Nishan through the bustling casino, the sound of slot machines and laughter filling the air. Nishan looks around, taking in the opulence with quiet awe.

KIRK

This is just the beginning, Nishan. I've got plans for something even bigger. Something that will put Las Vegas on the map like never before.

Nishan nods, his expression thoughtful.

NISHAN

It's amazing, Kirk. But don't forget where you came from. Don't forget the people who helped you along the way.

Kirk looks at his brother, his expression softening.

KIRK
I won't, Nishan. I promise.

CUT TO:

INT. PRIVATE SUITE - NIGHT

Kirk and Nishan sit in a luxurious suite overlooking the Strip. Kirk pours them both a glass of whiskey, and they toast to their success.

KIRK
To family. The only thing that
really matters.

Nishan nods, taking a sip of his drink.

NISHAN
Speaking of family, how's Jean? And
the girls?

Kirk's smile fades slightly, his expression thoughtful.

KIRK
They're good. Busy. Jean's been
traveling a lot with her dance
troupe, and the girls are growing
up fast. But... it's hard, Nishan.
Balancing everything.

Nishan looks at his brother, his voice gentle.

NISHAN
You've always been a fighter, Kirk.
But don't forget to fight for your
family too. They need you as much
as your businesses do.

Kirk nods, his expression somber.

KIRK
I know. I'm trying, Nishan. I
really am.

Nishan places a hand on Kirk's shoulder, his voice filled with warmth.

NISHAN
You'll figure it out. You always
do.

KIRK

How's Rose? I haven't seen her in a while.

Nishan smiles, his expression softening.

NISHAN

She's good. Still helping out at the church, still taking care of everyone. She's got a big heart, just like Mama.

Kirk nods, his eyes distant.

KIRK

I miss her. I miss all of us together, like when we were kids.

Nishan looks at his brother, his voice filled with pride.

NISHAN

We've come a long way, Kirk. But we're still family. That's what matters.

Kirk smiles, his affection for his brother evident.

KIRK

You're right, Nishan. Family is everything.

NISHAN

You know, Kirk, I've been working with some of the new Armenian families coming to America. They remind me so much of our parents—scared, confused, like deer in headlights in this strange new land.

Kirk looks at his brother, his expression filled with admiration.

KIRK

That's amazing, Nishan. You're doing important work. Helping people like Mama and Papa when they first arrived.

Nishan nods, his voice humble.

NISHAN

It's not much, but it's something.
I just want to give them a chance,
like we had.

Kirk reaches into his pocket and pulls out a check, handing it to Nishan.

KIRK

Take this. Use it to help them.
It's the least I can do.

Nishan looks at the check, his eyes widening.

NISHAN

Kirk, this is too much. I can't—

Kirk interrupts, his voice firm but kind.~

KIRK

You can, and you will. You've
always been there for me, Nishan.
Let me be there for you.

Nishan looks at his brother, his eyes filled with gratitude.

NISHAN

Thank you, Kirk. This will mean so
much to them.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAS VEGAS STRIP - NIGHT

Kirk and Nishan stand on the balcony of the MGM Grand, looking out over the glittering Strip. The city lights reflect in their eyes, a testament to how far they've come.

VOICEOVER (KIRK, OLDER)

Nishan was more than my brother. He
was my mentor, my protector, my
friend. And no matter how big my
dreams became, he always reminded
me of where I came from.

FADE OUT.

THE SISTERS' PLAN - 1970s

INT. BEVERLY HILLS MANSION - LIVING ROOM - DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT:

The camera pans over the luxurious living room of the Kerkorian mansion. TRACY (16) and LINDA (14) sit on the couch, whispering conspiratorially. Tracy holds a magazine open to a page featuring a sleek red sports car, while Linda flips through a travel brochure for Europe.

TRACY

Okay, here's the plan. We hit him with the car first, then the Europe trip. He'll be so guilty about missing my recital and your science fair that he won't say no.

Linda grins, her eyes sparkling with mischief.

LINDA

And if he tries to say no, we cry. Dad can't handle it when we cry.

Tracy nods, her expression determined.

TRACY

Exactly. Operation Guilt Trip is a go.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Kirk walks into the living room, looking exhausted but smiling when he sees his daughters.

KIRK

Hey, girls. What are you up to?

Tracy and Linda exchange a glance, then launch into their plan. Tracy holds up the magazine with the sports car.

TRACY

Dad, look at this. Isn't it amazing?

(MORE)

TRACY (CONT'D)

All the girls at school are getting cars for their birthdays, and I'm the only one who doesn't have one.

Kirk raises an eyebrow, his expression skeptical.

KIRK

A car? Tracy, you're only 16.

Linda jumps in, her voice sweet but persuasive.

LINDA

But Dad, it's not fair. Everyone at Beverly Hills High has a car. Even Jessica, and she's only 15!

Kirk looks at his daughters, his expression softening.

KIRK

I don't know, girls. A car is a big responsibility.

Tracy pouts, her eyes filling with tears.

TRACY

It's not just about the car, Dad. It's about feeling like you care. You've been so busy with work, and you missed my recital and Linda's science fair. It's like we don't even matter to you.

Kirk's face falls, his guilt evident.

KIRK

That's not true, Tracy. You and Linda are the most important things in my life.

Linda seizes the moment, holding up the travel brochure.

LINDA

Then prove it, Dad. All the girls at school are going to Europe this summer. If we don't go, we'll be the only ones left out.

Kirk looks at the brochure, then at his daughters, who are now both giving him their best puppy-dog eyes.

KIRK

Europe? That's a big trip, girls.

Tracy sniffles, her voice trembling.

TRACY

It's not just a trip, Dad. It's a once-in-a-lifetime experience. And it would mean so much to us.

Kirk sighs, running a hand through his hair.

KIRK

Alright, alright. Let me think about it.

Tracy and Linda exchange a triumphant glance, knowing they've won.

CUT TO:

EXT. GARAGE - DAY

Kirk stands in the garage, holding the keys to a brand-new red sports car. Tracy and Linda stand next to him, their faces lit with excitement.

KIRK

Alright, Tracy. Here's your car. But remember, this is a big responsibility. No speeding, no reckless driving, and always wear your seatbelt.

Tracy grins, taking the keys.

TRACY

Thanks, Dad! You're the best!

Linda looks at Kirk, her eyes wide with anticipation.

LINDA

And Europe?

Kirk smiles, pulling out an envelope.

KIRK

Here is an itinerary for my jet you can tell all your friends they are welcome aboard.

Linda squeals, hugging her father.

LINDA

Your kidding right!

KIRK
I never kid.

Kirk laughs, pulling both of his daughters into a hug.

KIRK (CONT'D)
I love you girls. More than
anything.

CUT TO:

EXT. MANSION - NIGHT

Kirk stands on the balcony, looking out over the city lights. Tracy and Linda are inside, packing for their trip to Europe. Kirk's face is a mix of pride and reflection.

VOICEOVER (KIRK, OLDER)
Tracy and Linda taught me something
important that day. Success isn't
just about building empires. It's
about being there for the people
you love. And no matter how big my
dreams became, they were always my
greatest achievement.

FADE OUT.

STRATEGY AT THE MGM GRAND TAHOE - 1979

EXT. SKY OVER LAKE TAHOE - DAY

A sweeping aerial shot of the pristine Lake Tahoe, its deep blue waters shimmering under the morning sun. The camera zooms in toward the magnificent MGM Grand Tahoe, perched along the shoreline, its grand architecture reflecting in the calm lake waters.

INT. MGM GRAND TAHOE PENTHOUSE - BALCONY - DAY

The balcony doors slide open, revealing KIRK KORKORIAN and JAMES ALJIAN standing side by side, taking in the breathtaking view. Kirk, as always, is composed, his sharp eyes focused on a stock market report spread out on the balcony table. James, holding a thick folder of financial statements, flips through pages.

JAMES

The numbers are in. The sale of the MGM Grand Vegas to Ballys should close at \$594 million. After clearing out the operational expenses and outstanding debts, we are walking away with a net profit of over \$500 million.

Kirk leans against the railing, eyes still locked on the market report, deep in thought.

KIRK

I hope that happens but we really need to stay ahead of the game. Vegas is changing. The Strip is growing, but so are the risks. We need to spread our bets.

James chuckles, flipping another page.

JAMES

I figured you'd say that. We've got strong returns from the MGM movie division, but you and I both know that the film business is unpredictable. If we don't diversify now, we'll be too exposed.

Kirk finally looks up, setting down his report. He exhales slowly, as if playing out the next ten moves in his mind.

KIRK

We're moving into new territory. If we keep everything in gaming and entertainment, we'll be too dependent on an industry built on discretionary income. We need industrial investments.

James pulls out another folder, labeled CHRYSLER CORPORATION in bold letters.

JAMES

So, autos?

Kirk nods, eyes flicking to the headline of his Wall Street Journal Iacocca Takes Over at Chrysler, Calls for Turnaround.

KIRK

Chrysler is in trouble. But that's exactly why it's an opportunity.

(MORE)

KIRK (CONT'D)
Lee Iacocca knows how to fix a
sinking ship, and I want in before
the recovery begins.

James smirks, seeing the play unfold.

JAMES
And while that's happening?

Kirk picks up another document labeled MGM STUDIOS, tapping
it twice.

KIRK
We keep the studio strong, but the
goal is to restructure, strip down
excess, and make it lean. Hollywood
needs a shake-up, and we're going
to give it one.

James frowns, flipping through the Chrysler report.

JAMES
Kirk, Chrysler's a long game. If
the government doesn't approve
Iacocca's bailout, the company
collapses. That's a lot of risk.

KIRK
That's why we strike now. Their
stock is dirt cheap. If the bailout
goes through, Chrysler survives,
and we ride the wave up. If it
doesn't, we pivot. Either way, we
get ahead.

James shakes his head, but he can't help but grin.

JAMES
Jesus, Kirk. You don't just play
the market—you play time itself.

Kirk leans back, looking out at the vast expanse of Lake
Tahoe, his mind a chessboard of financial moves.

KIRK
James, Vegas was my first act.
Hollywood was my second. Now? Now,
we play for the whole board.

FADE OUT

THE MGM GRAND FIRE - NOVEMBER 21, 1980

EXT. MGM GRAND HOTEL - NIGHT

A sweeping aerial shot of the MGM Grand Hotel, its neon lights illuminating the Vegas Strip. The streets are alive, gamblers and tourists moving in and out of the grand entrance, unaware of the disaster about to unfold.

CUT TO:

INT. MGM GRAND HOTEL - FIRST FLOOR - NIGHT

The camera moves through the casino floor, gliding past flashing slot machines, green felt tables, and cocktail waitresses serving guests. The place is alive with energy.

The shot moves toward The Deli, a small pastry shop tucked away near the casino. The place is closed, the lights dim, chairs stacked neatly atop tables.

A low hum fills the quiet air—the sound of the refrigerated pastry display case vibrating slightly against the wall.

CLOSE-UP - The electrical wiring behind the case shakes slightly, unseen, as loose wires rub against an aluminum conduit.

A faint spark. Then another.

The soft pop of a short circuit. An ember ignites inside the wall, the flame small at first, creeping up the insulation like a snake.

SLOW MOTION - The fire begins to grow, spreading toward PVC pipes above.

With a sudden WHOOSH, the heat melts the pipes, releasing a rush of oxygen. The fire bursts outward, climbing the ceiling tiles, leaping to the curtains, racing along the walls.

CUT TO:

INT. MGM GRAND HOTEL - CASINO FLOOR - NIGHT

The camera tracks the fire as it spreads like a tidal wave, consuming everything in its path.

A wall of flame explodes out of the kitchen, igniting carpets, drapes, and gaming tables. The oxygen-fed inferno moves with terrifying speed, engulfing the casino in seconds.

People scream, running in all directions as the fire devours the first floor.

CUT TO:

EXT. MGM GRAND HOTEL - NIGHT

The fire erupts through windows, spewing thick black smoke into the night sky.

Alarms blare.

The first FIRE ENGINES arrive, sirens howling, red and white lights cutting through the smoke. Firefighters leap into action, pulling hoses, shouting commands.

Onlookers gather, staring in horror. Guests lean out of windows, waving frantically for help.

CUT TO:

INT. KIRK KERKORIAN'S HOME - NIGHT

A quiet room. KIRK KERKORIAN sits at his desk, deep in paperwork, a glass of water beside him. His world, for now, is still.

Then—the phone rings.

Kirk picks it up, frowning. JAMES ALJIAN is on the line, his voice tight with panic.

JAMES (V.O.)
Kirk. Turn on the TV. Now.

Kirk hesitates, then reaches for the remote, switching on the television.

ON SCREEN: LIVE NEWS BROADCAST

The MGM Grand is engulfed in flames, smoke billowing into the night, guests trapped on upper floors, waving for rescue.

Kirk's grip tightens on the phone. His face remains impassive, but his knuckles turn white.

FADE TO BLACK.

AFTERMATH OF THE MGM GRAND FIRE - 1980

EXT. MGM GRAND HOTEL - MORNING AFTER THE FIRE

A thick haze of black smoke still lingers over the charred remains of the MGM Grand. Fire trucks surround the scene, their hoses still dripping. The air is heavy with the smell of burnt carpet, plastic, and tragedy.

Reporters swarm outside, cameras flashing, as KIRK KERKORIAN steps out of a black sedan. He's dressed sharply, but his expression is unreadable. JAMES ALJIAN walks beside him, holding a thick folder of documents.

JAMES

The reports are grim. Eighty-five dead, over six hundred injured. Lawsuits are already coming in.

Kirk takes in the devastation, his face unreadable.

KIRK

This should have never happened.

JAMES

The press is calling it the worst hotel fire in U.S. History. If we don't act fast, MGM's reputation won't recover.

Kirk exhales slowly, then starts walking toward the building.

CUT TO:

INT. MGM GRAND BOARDROOM - DAYS LATER

A long table, packed with lawyers, insurance representatives, and executives. Tension fills the air.

LAWYER

We're facing hundreds of millions in claims. The insurance company is looking for ways to minimize payouts. This could sink us.

Kirk sits at the head of the table, hands folded. He scans the room, his piercing gaze stopping the chatter.

KIRK

We're not dodging this. We're paying the victims' families, and we're covering medical expenses. No court fights. No delays.

Silence. The lawyers shift in their seats.

INSURANCE REP

That's... that's going to be extremely costly, Mr. Kerkorian.

KIRK

It's the right thing to do. And it's the only way we rebuild trust.

CUT TO:

INT. STATE LEGISLATIVE HEARING - MONTHS LATER

Kirk sits before a committee of state officials, cameras rolling. The fire has triggered a national debate about safety regulations in hotels.

SENATOR

Mr. Kerkorian, do you take responsibility for what happened?

Kirk leans forward, his voice steady, firm.

KIRK

I take responsibility for making sure it never happens again.

He places a thick report on the table.

KIRK (CONT'D)

We built that hotel according to state codes Senator Cannon. We passed all the inspections. The problem is the state codes aren't up to par! So I'm pushing for mandatory sprinkler systems in all hotel areas, smoke detectors in every room, automatic elevator recalls, and improved evacuation procedures. Not just for MGM, but for every major hotel in the country.

The senators murmur. The press takes notes. This isn't just damage control—it's a revolution.

CUT TO:

INT. MGM GRAND REBUILDING SITE - ONE YEAR LATER

Construction crews work tirelessly as the new MGM Grand takes shape.

Kirk walks the site with James, watching as new fireproof materials are installed, automatic sprinklers added.

JAMES

You didn't just rebuild. You changed the whole industry.

Kirk stops, looking up at the rising structure, then nods.

KIRK

No one will ever die in one of my hotels again.

FADE OUT.

THE DIVORCE - 1984

INT. KERKORIAN FAMILY HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The living room is warm and inviting, but the atmosphere is heavy with tension. Kirk sits on the couch, his face drawn and tired. His daughters, TRACY (early 20s) and LINDA (late teens), sit across from him, their expressions a mix of confusion and hurt. Kirk's brother, NISHAN, and sister, ROSE, are also present, offering silent support.

KIRK

Girls, I know this is hard. And I know I haven't been the best father lately. But I want you to understand... your mother and I, we've grown apart. It's not anyone's fault. Sometimes, people just change.

Tracy looks at him, her eyes filled with tears.

TRACY

But why, Dad? Why can't you just fix it? You've fixed everything else in your life.

Kirk sighs, his voice heavy with emotion.

KIRK

Some things can't be fixed, Tracy. No matter how much you want them to be.

Linda crosses her arms, her voice trembling.

LINDA

So what happens now? Are we just supposed to pick sides?

Kirk shakes his head, his expression pained.

KIRK

No, Linda. There are no sides. Your mother and I both love you. That will never change.

Nishan leans forward, his voice calm but firm.

NISHAN

(In Armenian with subtitles)

Kirk, you know what Papa always said. 'Marry an Armenian girl. They understand family. They understand loyalty.' Maybe he was right.

Kirk looks at his brother, a flicker of regret in his eyes.

KIRK

Maybe he was, Nishan. But it's too late for that now.

Rose, who has been quietly listening, suddenly stands, her voice sharp with frustration.

ROSE

It's not about marrying an Armenian girl, Nishan. It's about being there. Jean gave you everything, Kirk. She raised your daughters, supported your dreams, and what did she get in return? A husband who was never home.

Kirk looks at Rose, his guilt evident.

KIRK

I know, Rose. I know I haven't been there like I should. But I'm trying to make it right.

Rose steps closer, her voice softening but still firm.

ROSE

Then start by being nice to her, Kirk. She's the mother of your children. She deserves your respect, even if you're not together anymore.

Kirk nods, his expression resolute.

KIRK

You're right, Rose. I'll stay on good terms with Jean. For the girls. For all of us.

Tracy and Linda look at their father, their expressions a mix of hope and uncertainty.

TRACY

Promise, Dad? Promise you'll be nice to Mom?

Kirk looks at his daughters, his heart breaking at the pain in their eyes.

KIRK

I promise, Tracy. I'll always be there for you and Linda. And I'll always respect your mother.

Linda sniffles, her voice small but hopeful.

LINDA

And you'll still come to my graduation, right?

Kirk smiles, his voice filled with love.

KIRK

Of course, Linda. I wouldn't miss it for the world.

Tracy starts to cry she runs out into the kitchen every one follows her.

Kirk sits alone in the living room, the sound of his family's voices fading as they leave the room. He looks out the window, his face a mix of regret and determination

FADE OUT.

A CALL FROM ENGLAND - 1984

INT. KIRK KERKORIAN'S HOME - LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

The dim glow of a desk lamp casts long shadows. KIRK KERKORIAN sits alone in his study, a tumbler of whiskey untouched beside him. His fingers drum anxiously against the table as the phone rings.

KIRK

Jean.

INT. JEAN'S PARENTS' HOME - ENGLAND - NIGHT

JEAN MAREE HARDY sits in her childhood bedroom, a suitcase half-packed behind her. Her voice is composed, but there's a tremor beneath it.

JEAN

Kirk... I think you should sell the house.

Kirk straightens, taken aback.

KIRK

What?

JEAN

It's too big for me, for the girls.
I don't want it anymore.

Kirk exhales, rubbing his forehead.

KIRK

No. You keep it. It's your home,
Jean.

JEAN

Our home? You were never there.

The words cut deep. Kirk leans forward, gripping the phone tighter. His voice softens.

KIRK
I know. And I'll regret that for
the rest of my life.

A silence hangs between them. Then, Jean starts to
cry—quietly at first, then uncontrollably.

JEAN
I waited for you, Kirk. For years.
I stood by you while you built your
empire. And now, I'm here, back
where I started, and I don't know
who I am without you.

Kirk's throat tightens. He blinks, his vision blurring. He
never allows himself to show weakness, but this is different.

KIRK
Come home, Jean.

JEAN
Kirk...

KIRK
Please. Come home. We need to talk,
face to face. I owe you that. I owe
you everything.

Jean wipes her tears, her breath shaky.

JEAN
And if I come back?

Kirk closes his eyes for a moment, swallowing the weight of
everything left unsaid.

KIRK
I will take care of you. I
promise.

Jean hesitates, then nods, even though he can't see her.

JEAN
I'll think about it.

KIRK
I'll be waiting.

She hangs up. Kirk stays still, the dial tone humming in his
ear. A lone tear slips down his cheek.

FADE TO BLACK.

A FAMILY CONVERSATION - ENGLAND - 1984

INT. JEAN'S PARENTS' HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A warm, well-kept English countryside home. A crackling fire burns in the hearth, casting flickering shadows on the walls. JEAN MAREE HARDY sits on the couch, a cup of tea in hand. Her MOTHER and FATHER, both in their seventies, sit across from her, the picture of British contentment.

JEAN'S MOTHER

Oh, darling, you look exhausted.
All this business with Kirk must be
dreadful.

JEAN

(smirks)
Mum, I think I've aged ten years in
the past month.

JEAN'S FATHER

Well, at least you're still better
lookin' than that sod Kirk. Too
much money, that man. It's
unnatural.

Jean laughs, shaking her head. Her father winks at her,
always knowing how to lighten the mood.

JEAN

I'll tell him you said that.

JEAN'S MOTHER

And the girls, dear? How are Tracy
and Linda holding up?

Jean sighs, her smile fading as she places her tea on the
table.

JEAN

They're struggling. They love their
father, but they don't understand
why it had to come to this. And I
don't know how to explain it to
them.

Her voice catches. She wipes her eyes before tears can fall.
Her mother reaches over, squeezing her hand gently.

JEAN'S MOTHER

Oh, love. You did your best. And
your girls adore you.

JEAN
(softly)
I miss them so much.

JEAN'S FATHER
Well, there's only one solution,
then.

Jean looks up, puzzled. Her father grins, sitting up straight.

JEAN'S FATHER (CONT'D)
Your mother and I will pack our
bags and come to Los Angeles with
you! Keep an eye on things, make
sure Kirk's behaving himself, and
remind him who the real boss is.

Jean laughs through her tears, shaking her head.

JEAN
You'd drive him mad within a week.

JEAN'S MOTHER
Nonsense. I've always liked Kirk.
And I'd love to see my
granddaughters more.

JEAN
(smirks, slipping into a
slight British accent)
Well, you best not be makin' a fuss
when we get there, then.

Her parents chuckle. Her father raises his cup.

JEAN'S FATHER
To family, then.

Jean clinks her cup against theirs, a small spark of hope
returning to her eyes.

FADE TO BLACK.

SHIFTING THE GAME - 1985

INT. KIRK KERKORIAN'S OFFICE - LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

A dimly lit office, lined with shelves of business awards,
financial reports, and old blueprints. KIRK KERKORIAN stands
by the window, overlooking the city skyline.

JAMES ALJIAN sits at the desk, flipping through a thick folder labeled 'MGM/UA - Sale Proposal.'

JAMES
You're really thinking of selling
the studio?

Kirk turns, arms crossed, deep in thought.

KIRK
I built MGM into a powerhouse,
James, but it's a different game
now. The movie business is too
unpredictable. We make a hit one
year, we're in the gutter the next.
I want stability. I want something
lasting.

James exhales, nodding.

JAMES
And Turner?

KIRK
He's hungry for content. He needs a
library for his cable empire. We
give him the studio, we keep the
name, and I take that cash and
reinvest where it really matters.

James leans back, flipping a few pages.

JAMES
And where's that?

Kirk smirks, walking over to a separate set of blueprints on the table. He unrolls a massive design—an architectural sketch of a hotel towering over the Strip.

KIRK
The next MGM Grand. Bigger than
anything Vegas has ever seen. Five
thousand rooms. Theme park. The
works.

James raises an eyebrow, impressed but cautious.

JAMES
Kirk, that's insane. The biggest
hotel in the world? That's more
than a gamble.

Kirk places a hand on the blueprints, eyes sharp.

KIRK
It's not a gamble if you know
you're going to win.

James smirks, shaking his head.

JAMES
You never think small, do you?

KIRK
Never. It takes the same amount
energy to do it small, might as
well go big! Turner can have the
studio. I'll take Vegas.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. LOS ANGELES - KIRK'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The glow of a television screen reflects off the polished wood of KIRK KORKORIAN's desk. On the screen, news footage of the massive 1988 Armenian earthquake plays—entire cities reduced to rubble, people crying in the streets, rescue workers digging through debris.

Kirk watches in silence, his face unreadable. JAMES ALJIAN stands beside him, equally stunned by the devastation.

JAMES
Kirk, it's bad. Spitak and
Gyumri—leveled. Over twenty-five
thousand dead. Thousands more
homeless.

Kirk exhales, eyes still locked on the screen. His voice is firm, unwavering.

KIRK
If I can't help them, who will?
This is my family's homeland.

He turns to James, determination flashing in his eyes.

KIRK (CONT'D)
Get my Gulfstream ready. I'm going
to Armenia.

CUT TO:

INT. KIRK'S GULFSTREAM JET - IN FLIGHT - NIGHT

The sleek private jet soars above the clouds. Inside, Kirk sits in the pilot's seat, hands steady on the controls. His co-pilot, a young Armenian-American pilot, watches him in admiration.

CO-PILOT

Sir, are you sure you want to fly
the approach yourself?

Kirk smirks, his eyes flicking to the cockpit controls.

KIRK

I didn't build an airline by
letting other people fly my planes.

The jet descends through the cloud cover, revealing Yerevan below—Mount Ararat standing like a silent guardian over the ancient land. Kirk nods toward it.

KIRK (CONT'D)

Mount Ararat. That's where Noah's
Ark landed. My father used to tell
me stories about it.

The co-pilot listens, sensing the deep personal connection Kirk has to this place.

CUT TO:

EXT. YEREVAN AIRPORT - NIGHT

The Gulfstream touches down smoothly, rolling to a stop on the cracked and worn tarmac. A group of Armenian officials and aid workers wait nearby, their expressions a mix of exhaustion and relief.

As Kirk steps off the plane, the Armenian Prime Minister steps forward, shaking his hand.

PRIME MINISTER

Mr. Kerkorian, thank you for
coming.

CUT TO:

YEREVAN MILITARY AIRFIELD - DAWN

A Soviet-era military helicopter sits on the tarmac, rotors already spinning. The wind kicks up dust as KIRK KERKORIAN, JAMES ALJIAN, and the ARMENIAN PRIME MINISTER approach, their coats flapping in the early morning chill. Exhausted aid workers load supplies onto nearby trucks, their faces etched with grief.

PRIME MINISTER

(Yelling)

The roads to Spitak are impassable.
This is the only way in.

Kirk nods and climbs into the helicopter, strapping himself in. The doors close, and within moments, the aircraft lifts off, banking toward the shattered countryside.

CUT TO:

INT. MILITARY HELICOPTER - IN FLIGHT - DAWN

The helicopter shakes in the turbulent air. Kirk grips the frame of the open doorway, staring down at the landscape below.

The first signs of destruction appear—cracked roads, collapsed bridges, homes reduced to skeletal frames. Smoke rises from distant fires.

JAMES

My God...

As they approach the epicenter, the full scale of the devastation unfolds.

Spitak—once a thriving town—is now a wasteland.

— Entire neighborhoods flattened, their ruins barely distinguishable from the mountains of rubble.

— A train derailed, its cars crumpled like paper, resting in the twisted remains of a collapsed railway station.

— Bodies lined up in makeshift morgues, covered in sheets, families kneeling beside them in silent grief.

— Children huddle together in open fields, their eyes vacant, clinging to one another for warmth.

— A church bell, half-buried in debris, rings faintly in the wind, as if mourning the dead.

Kirk's knuckles turn white as he grips the edge of his seat. His jaw tightens, but he says nothing.

JAMES (CONT'D)
Kirk... there's nothing left.

KIRK
(quietly, but firm)
Then we rebuild.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPITAK - MAKESHIFT LANDING ZONE - DAWN

The helicopter touches down in an open field, sending a cloud of dust into the air. Rescue workers rush forward, leading Kirk and James toward the heart of the destruction.

Kirk steps onto the broken ground, surveying the wreckage. The air is thick with dust and grief. A woman sobs beside a collapsed home, clutching a child's shoe. A man digs desperately with his bare hands, searching for his family beneath the rubble.

PRIME MINISTER
We don't have time, Mr. Kerkorian.
Winter is coming. We need homes
before the snows arrive.

Kirk looks around, absorbing everything. Then, decisively:

KIRK
We need shelter-fast. Get me every
available mobile home manufacturer
in Europe and the U.S. I'll buy
them outright.

James exhales, knowing there's no arguing.

JAMES
You're talking about hundreds of
millions of dollars, Kirk.

KIRK
Don't care! I'll spend a billion.

He turns to the Prime Minister, unwavering.

KIRK (CONT'D)
No one here sleeps in the cold.

FADE TO BLACK.

CUT TO:

EXT. ARMENIAN RELIEF CAMPS - DAY

Rows upon rows of brand-new trailer homes stretch across an open field. Families move in, warmth returning to their faces. Nearby, food shipments arrive, medical teams set up clinics, and volunteers distribute supplies. The rebuilding has begun—but the scars of devastation remain.

KIRK KERKORIAN walks through the camp, his eyes scanning the faces of the survivors. Every handshake, every nod of gratitude, weighs on him.

From the distance, ROSE and NISHAN KERKORIAN approach. Rose, fiery and determined, wears a scarf against the cold, while Nishan looks weary but resolute.

ROSE

Kirk, we're doing everything we can, but it's not enough. We have thousands still sleeping in tents. Food and medical supplies are stretched thin.

NISHAN

The hospitals are overwhelmed. We're setting up field clinics, but the winter's coming fast. If we don't move quicker, people will start dying of exposure.

Kirk exhales sharply, turning to look at the horizon, where bulldozers clear debris from a collapsed village.

KIRK

How long before we get permanent housing?

ROSE

Months. Maybe longer. We need more builders, more supplies. The roads are still impassable in some areas.

NISHAN

And the psychological toll... Kirk, these people have lost everything. Families torn apart, entire generations wiped out.

Kirk clenches his jaw. His hands tighten into fists. He looks at the camp—at the children, the elderly, the wounded.

KIRK

Then we move faster. We double the aid, triple if we have to. Get more trailers. More doctors. More food.

Rose shakes her head, exasperated.

ROSE

Kirk, this isn't just about money. It's about logistics. Infrastructure. We need help from governments, organizations—

Kirk turns sharply to her, his eyes fierce.

KIRK

You got it Rose! I'll do Whatever it takes. No more waiting, no more delays.

Nishan places a hand on Kirk's shoulder, a rare show of brotherly affection.

NISHAN

You've already done more than anyone thought possible.

Kirk softens for a moment, then notices an elderly woman approaching. Her wrinkled hands tremble as she takes his hand in hers.

ELDERLY WOMAN

You are a son of Armenia.

Kirk meets her gaze, the weight of generations in her eyes. For the first time, his expression falters—his emotions surfacing.

KIRK

I am an Immigrant's Son.

KIRK VO.

I ended up spending a Billion dollars on Armenia. It was money well spent. These were my People with out them their would be no Kirk Kerkorian.

(MORE)

KIRK VO. (CONT'D)
I decided it was time get back to
work and built the biggest and most
beautiful hotel resort in the
world.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. MGM GRAND CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

The sun beats down on the desert, casting long shadows over the growing steel frame of the MGM Grand. Cranes swing overhead, sparks fly from welders, and construction crews move like ants across the vast site.

A sudden CRACK!

A massive steel beam groans as a support cable snaps, sending it swinging wildly. Workers shout, diving out of the way. The beam slams into scaffolding, which collapses like dominoes.

FOREMAN
(yelling)
Get back! Everyone, move!

Dust fills the air. A worker is pinned beneath the debris.

KIRK KERKORIAN arrives in his Chevy Pickup, stepping out just as medics rush to the scene.

JAMES ALJIAN
(approaching)
We've got our first major accident.

Kirk's jaw tightens as he watches the injured worker being carried away on a stretcher. The weight of responsibility settles on his shoulders.

KIRK
I want the site inspected. Every
inch. If something isn't right, we
fix it. No cutting corners.

JAMES
Safety measures are slowing us
down, Kirk. The schedule's
slipping.

Kirk glares at him.

KIRK

Then we work twice as hard. But no one dies building this hotel. Understand? and make sure everyone involved is taken care of!

James nods, knowing there's no arguing.

CUT TO:

INT. MGM GRAND ENGINEERING OFFICE - NIGHT

A large table is cluttered with blueprints, cost projections, and emergency reports. Engineers and executives argue back and forth.

ENGINEER

We underestimated the water supply demands. A structure this size is pulling too much from the system. If we don't find a solution, we'll have shortages the moment we open.

James rubs his temples, exhausted.

JAMES

Kirk, we need to upgrade the entire water infrastructure, and that's going to add millions to the budget.

Kirk studies the blueprint, silent. Then—

KIRK

We dig deeper wells. Find a way to recycle more water. Reach out to the city and negotiate supply expansion. Whatever it takes, we fix it.

ENGINEER

That could push back the opening.

Kirk slams a hand on the table.

KIRK

It's not an option. When those doors open, everything runs. No failures. No excuses.

CUT TO:

EXT. MGM GRAND CONSTRUCTION SITE - NIGHT

A fierce wind howls across the desert. Workers struggle to secure tarps and materials as a storm rolls in. Lightning flashes, illuminating the skeletal frame of the MGM Grand.

A construction manager approaches James, shouting over the wind.

CONSTRUCTION MANAGER

If this storm gets worse, we'll
have to shut down for days. We
can't risk the cranes in this wind!

James nods grimly and turns to Kirk, who stands watching, arms crossed.

JAMES

We're looking at major delays.

Kirk remains still, eyes fixed on the towering structure in front of him, a giant in the making.

KIRK

This hotel is bigger than any
storm. We wait it out. Then we get
back to work.

Lightning illuminates Kirk's determined face. He turns and walks away as the storm rages on.

FADE TO BLACK

EXT. MGM GRAND ENTRANCE - DAY

The nearly completed MGM Grand stands towering over the Las Vegas Strip, its emerald-green glass reflecting the midday sun. At the front, a massive bronze lion—the largest statue in the Western Hemisphere—is being prepared for installation.

A fleet of cranes, flatbed trucks, and engineers are gathered, their faces tense. The lion, standing over 45 feet tall and weighing more than 100,000 pounds, looms over them, still resting on its temporary platform.

CONSTRUCTION MANAGER

We've got a problem. My structural
engineer been running the numbers
he says the mounting supports can't
handle the weight. If we try to set
it now, it could collapse.

JAMES ALJIAN stands nearby, scanning the blueprints, while KIRK KERKORIAN watches the process unfold, his arms crossed.

JAMES

Kirk, if we delay this, it could push back the grand opening. The press is already breathing down our necks.

KIRK

We're not rushing this, James. If that lion falls, it'll be the first thing people remember about this place.

ENGINEER

The original estimates didn't account for shifting wind pressures this high up. We either need a stronger internal support system or we risk instability.

Kirk steps closer, staring up at the colossal lion, its gleaming bronze surface a symbol of the empire he's built.

KIRK

What do we need?

ENGINEER

A reinforced foundation, extra steel framing. But it means cutting into the entrance layout—

Kirk waves him off.

KIRK

Then do it. I don't care if we have to pour another million tons of concrete. That lion stands, and it stands strong.

CUT TO:

EXT. MGM GRAND - MIDNIGHT

Floodlights illuminate the lion, now suspended high above the entrance, slowly being lowered into place by a team of cranes. Workers watch, holding their breath.

One of the cables CREAKS loudly—a brief moment of tension—then holds firm.

Slowly, the lion settles onto its massive foundation, the steel reinforcements locking into place.

A cheer erupts from the workers, the site buzzing with excitement.

James lets out a relieved sigh, turning to Kirk, who simply nods, his eyes never leaving the statue.

JAMES

Well, there it is. The biggest damn lion in the Western Hemisphere.

Kirk smirks, taking one last look at the lion standing proudly before his hotel.

KIRK

And soon, the biggest damn casino in the world.

FADE TO BLACK

EXT. LAS VEGAS COUNTRY CLUB - TENNIS COURT - DAY

The sun beats down on the Las Vegas Country Club's pristine tennis courts. The rhythmic thwack of a tennis ball echoes through the air.

KIRK KERKORIAN, sweat glistening on his forehead, lunges for a backhand return. Across from him, a young blonde tennis instructor, LISA, dressed in a crisp white tennis outfit, watches with an amused smirk.

LISA

Kirk, that was decent, but you're muscling the shot. Less power, more precision!

Kirk pauses, exhaling sharply, gripping his racket with frustration.

KIRK

I don't play to be decent, Lisa. I play to win.

LISA

(laughing)

Then you better listen.

She walks over, gently adjusting his grip on the racket, pressing her hand over his.

LISA (CONT'D)
Relax the wrist, follow through
smoothly. Less brute force, more
finesse.

Kirk nods, absorbing every word, his focus unwavering. He
steps back, readjusts, and takes another shot—

Perfect form. The ball zips over the net, landing just inside
the line.

LISA (CONT'D)
See? You can be taught.

Kirk smirks, his competitive fire rekindled.

They continue the match, rallying back and forth with
increasing intensity—when JAMES ALJIAN and CAROL walk onto
the court's edge, both dressed sharply, carrying business
folders.

James watches the scene, raising an eyebrow as Lisa gives
Kirk an encouraging pat on the back.

JAMES
(muttering to Carol)
Well, she's certainly... attentive.

Carol, eyes narrowing, smirks.

CAROL
A little too attentive.

Kirk catches the comment mid-swing, sending the ball flying
past Lisa. He turns to James, smirking.

KIRK
Jealous?

James chuckles, shaking his head.

JAMES
Just wondering when you're going to
start charging for these private
lessons.

Lisa, overhearing, laughs, flipping her ponytail over her
shoulder.

LISA
Oh, Kirk's paying... just not with
money.

Kirk grins, tossing his racket onto the bench.

KIRK
 Alright, James, Carol--what have you
 got for me?

FADE TO BLACK.

THE NIGHT BEFORE GREATNESS - 1993

INT. KIRK KERKORIAN'S OFFICE - MGM GRAND - NIGHT

A dimly lit office high above the Las Vegas Strip. KIRK KERKORIAN, JAMES ALJIAN, and CAROL sit in front of a large television screen, watching the final commercial promoting the grand opening of the MGM Grand. The glow of the screen flickers across their faces, a mix of anticipation and exhaustion in their eyes.

ON SCREEN: A giant, majestic lion emerges from the darkness, stepping onto the crowded Las Vegas Strip. The people gathered in front of the MGM Grand gasp, some stepping back, others frozen in awe.

The lion walks through the massive crowd, weaving effortlessly between the onlookers, its golden mane illuminated by the flashing lights. The powerful beast strides through the front fountains of the MGM Grand, water splashing in its wake, drenching nearby guests.

A startled tourist stumbles backward, narrowly avoiding one of the lion's massive paws. The crowd watches in stunned silence as the creature climbs onto its custom-built perch, a massive stone pedestal that overlooks the entire entrance.

The lion turns, surveys the masses, then slowly lowers itself into a seated position. A moment of silence. Then--

A deafening ROAR echoes through the Strip--the classic MGM roar, shaking the ground beneath the crowd's feet.

The camera zooms in on the massive bronze lion statue at the entrance. The real lion's eyes lock onto the statue's, merging past and future.

A deep, cinematic voiceover booms:

VOICEOVER
 The legend has arrived. Welcome to
 the MGM Grand--the biggest resort,
 the boldest experience, the future
 of entertainment. Only in Las
 Vegas.

The screen fades to black, leaving only the golden MGM lion logo. The commercial ends.

BACK TO SCENE

James exhales, rubbing his hands together.

JAMES

Well, that was dramatic.

Carol smirks, leaning back.

CAROL

Subtlety was never your thing,
Kirk.

Kirk remains silent, eyes still on the screen. Then, he stands, adjusting his cuffs, a rare hint of a smile forming.

KIRK

Tomorrow, we make history.

CUT TO:

EXT. MGM GRAND - GRAND OPENING NIGHT - 1993

A sweeping, cinematic establishing shot—the MGM Grand, fully illuminated, a beacon of luxury on the Las Vegas Strip. The camera glides through the entrance, capturing the electric energy of the night.

Crowds gather outside, snapping photos, talking excitedly. The giant bronze lion statue stands tall, watching over the entrance.

A parade of limousines arrives, doors swinging open. Out step the celebrities:

— PIERCE BRONSON, looking impossibly suave in a midnight blue tuxedo.

— SYLVESTER STALLONE, sunglasses on at night, giving his signature half-smirk.

— BARBRA STREISAND, glamorous in a black gown, waving to the cameras as fans erupt in cheers.

— Casino moguls, Hollywood executives, and Vegas legends, all in attendance.

At the center of it all—Kirk Kerkorian. Standing at the grand entrance, dressed in a classic black tuxedo, he surveys the scene, his creation finally realized.

CAMERA MOVES TO:

A figure lingering in the background—LISA, Kirk's tennis instructor.

She's dressed in a stunning, form-fitting evening gown, her hair cascading over her shoulders. But her eyes aren't on the flashing cameras or the movie stars.

She's watching Kirk.

James, noticing, leans toward Carol.

JAMES
Still hanging around.

Carol smirks, sipping her champagne.

CAROL
Can you blame her?

Kirk, oblivious to Lisa's lingering gaze, takes a slow, deep breath. Then, he steps forward, officially welcoming the world to his greatest creation

FADE TO BLACK

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FADE TO BLACK.

FAMILY INTERVENTION - BEVERLY HILLS - 1998

INT. KIRK KERKORIAN'S FORMER HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

The spacious Beverly Hills kitchen is bathed in warm afternoon light.

JEAN, now older but still exuding grace and beauty, is busy unpacking groceries, her movements swift and efficient. MARIA, her Latina maid, helps, placing produce into the fridge while humming softly to herself.

KIRK KORKORIAN sits at the breakfast nook, flipping through a financial report, sipping coffee. Across from him, his daughters, TRACY and LINDA, exchange knowing glances before Tracy finally speaks up.

TRACY

Dad, we need to talk about Lisa.

Kirk barely looks up, turning a page in his report.

KIRK

Lisa? What about her?

Linda scoffs, crossing her arms.

LINDA

Oh, don't play dumb. You know exactly what about her.

Jean pauses mid-movement, her back still to them as she listens. Maria, sensing the tension, slows down her work, eyes flicking between them.

TRACY

Dad, she's using you. Everyone sees it but you.

Kirk finally sets his coffee down, sighing.

KIRK

She's my tennis coach. That's all.

TRACY

Dad, she's younger than some of your casinos.

KIRK (DEADPAN)

That's not true. The MGM Grand is younger.

LINDA

So if I start dating one of your tennis instructors, you'd be okay with that?

KIRK
(pauses, sips his drink)
Not answering that.

JEAN
She's not the first young woman to
be drawn to a billionaire, Kirk.
But honestly, I thought you were
smarter than this.

Kirk shrugs, brushing it off with a smirk.

KIRK
She's the best at what she does.

A long silence. The women—including Maria—stare at him,
deadpan.

Maria, shaking her head, mutters under her breath in Spanish.

MARIA
I Dios mio! Oh my God.

Jean closes the refrigerator, turns, and folds her arms,
finally meeting Kirk's gaze.

JEAN
Kirk, she's a gold digger plain and
simple!

Kirk looks at his daughters, then at Jean, then at Maria, who
is still watching him in disbelief.

LINDA
(Sarcastically)
I bet she's real good at what she
dose!

For the first time, he doesn't have a clever comeback.

KIRKS VO
They were right, I was an old fool.
But I couldn't help it she made me
feel young again. Did I pay for it?
You bet I did millions, it turned
out to be the biggest humiliating
scandal of my life.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE VISION TAKES SHAPE - 2004

INT. MGM BOARDROOM - LAS VEGAS - NIGHT

A long, sleek boardroom table stretches across the room, city lights twinkling through the floor-to-ceiling windows. KIRK KERKORIAN, JIM MURREN, JAMES ALJIAN, and other MGM executives sit at the table. Architectural blueprints, sketches, and financial projections are spread across the surface.

Jim Murren stands, clicking to the next slide on a large screen. The concept art for CityCenter illuminates the room—a sprawling, ultra-modern urban complex, unlike anything on the Strip.

JIM MURREN

This isn't just another casino,
Kirk. It's the future of Las Vegas.
A self-contained city within a
city. High-end retail, luxury
residences, a cultural hub—this is
our chance to redefine what the
Strip can be.

Kirk leans back in his chair, arms crossed. His sharp blue eyes scan the plans.

KIRK

What's the price tag?

Jim shifts, knowing this is the real test.

JIM MURREN

We're looking at an initial
investment of four billion.

The room falls silent. James exhales sharply, flipping through a financial report.

JAMES

Kirk, that's more than anything
we've ever done. It's a gamble.

Kirk smirks, tapping his fingers on the table.

KIRK

I like gambles. But this one? We're
going to need partners.

CUT TO:

THE PARTNERSHIP BEGINS - 2007

EXT. LAS VEGAS PRIVATE RUNWAY - NIGHT

A massive Boeing 747 airliner descends onto the tarmac, its exterior painted with the flag of Dubai. The landing gear screeches as it touches down, rolling smoothly to a stop. The doors open, and a gold-plated stairway is rolled into place.

Standing on the runway, KIRK KERKORIAN and JAMES ALJIAN wait as a warm desert breeze ruffles their suits. The city lights of Las Vegas glow in the distance.

One by one, SHEIKH MOHAMMED BIN RASHID AL MAKTOUM and his entourage step out of the aircraft, dressed in traditional Emirati attire. The Sheikh moves with quiet authority, his piercing gaze scanning the Vegas skyline.

Kirk steps forward, extending his hand.

KIRK
Sheikh Mohammed, welcome to Las Vegas.

The Sheikh smiles slightly, shaking Kirk's hand.

SHEIKH MOHAMMED
A magnificent city you have built, Mr. Kerkorian.

Kirk nods as James gestures toward a sleek, black Mercedes-Maybach limousine, its polished frame reflecting the runway lights.

KIRK
Shall we?

CUT TO:

INT. MERCEDES-MAYBACH LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

The interior of the limo is a masterpiece of luxury—hand-stitched leather, crystal glassware, and a built-in bar stocked with the finest refreshments. The Sheikh reclines comfortably, gazing out at the dazzling Vegas Strip as they drive.

SHEIKH MOHAMMED
Las Vegas is an achievement unlike any other. A beacon of ambition, industry, and entertainment. But...

He turns to Kirk, his expression growing serious.

SHEIKH MOHAMMED (CONT'D)
My fellow leaders and I have a vision for Dubai. We wish to make it a global destination—an economic and cultural hub, like Las Vegas. Except... without the sinful decadence.

Kirk chuckles, pouring himself a glass of sparkling water. He takes a sip before responding.

KIRK
Sheikh, what you're building is the future. Dubai has the wealth, the ambition, and the location to surpass even this city.

The Sheikh studies him carefully.

SHEIKH MOHAMMED
And you believe we can achieve this?

Kirk sets his glass down, leaning forward slightly.

KIRK
With the right minds, the right investments, and the right planning? Absolutely. You have my help with whatever you need.

A satisfied nod from the Sheikh. Outside, the limousine glides down the Strip, passing the MGM Grand, Bellagio, and the unfinished CityCenter project.

FADE TO BLACK.

CITY CENTER IN CRISIS - 2008

INT. CITY CENTER CONSTRUCTION SITE - LAS VEGAS - DAY

The site is a chaotic maze of half-built structures, cranes looming overhead, and workers in hard hats moving frantically. The metallic screech of steel beams, the pounding of jackhammers, and the endless hum of construction fill the air. The scale is staggering—Las Vegas has never seen anything like this.

At the heart of the chaos, JIM MURREN (MGM CEO) and KIRK KERKORIAN stand near a makeshift command trailer, reviewing massive blueprints spread across a table. Nearby, a safety officer argues with a foreman.

SAFETY OFFICER

We have six dead workers already!
The guys are threatening to walk
off the job if conditions don't
improve!

FOREMAN

We're working 24-hour shifts to
keep up! The schedules are
impossible!

Kirk steps forward, scanning the disaster around him. He removes his sunglasses, his face unreadable.

KIRK

Get Perini's lead guys in here now.
I don't care if we lose a day--this
doesn't move forward until we get
safety under control.

Murren exhales, rubbing his temples.

JIM MURREN

Kirk, if we shut things down for
too long, the banks will panic.
Dubai World is already looking for
an excuse to walk.

Kirk looks past him, toward the skeletal frame of a tower in the distance--The Harmon, now infamous for its structural defects.

KIRK

If this thing collapses, they won't
need an excuse.

CUT TO:

INT. PRIVATE LOUNGE - BELLAGIO HOTEL - NIGHT

A lavish private meeting space. Seated in a semicircle are SHEIKH MOHAMMED BIN RASHID AL MAKTOUM and his advisors, dressed in immaculate white kanduras. Across from them sit Kirk, James Aljian, and Jim Murren. The air is thick with tension.

SHEIKH MOHAMMED

Mister Kerkorian, when we agreed to this partnership, the budget was four billion. Now it is nearly nine.

Kirk leans back, nodding slightly, as if he expected this.

KIRK

Ambition has a price, Your Highness. And this isn't just a casino—it's a city.

One of the Sheikh's advisors leans forward, his expression sharp.

ADVISOR

Your company miscalculated, and now you expect us to pay for your mistakes?

JAMES ALJIAN

We didn't miscalculate. The economy shifted, material costs skyrocketed, and the workforce demands higher pay. Vegas isn't the same as it was two years ago.

The Sheikh studies Kirk, unblinking.

SHEIKH MOHAMMED

And why should we trust you to control it now?

A long silence. Then—Kirk leans forward, his tone calm but commanding.

KIRK

Because I don't lose. Look around you, your highness this city? This is what I do. And I don't fail. Lets be honest we are both in this over our heads MGM international is nearly bankrupt . If we don't finish this project we will be bankrupt and you can't sue a bankrupt company. So we both lose billions.

The room remains silent, but there's a flicker of respect in the Sheikh's eyes. He slowly nods.

SHEIKH MOHAMMED

Then let us hope, Mister Kerkorian,
that your gamble pays off.

VOICE OVER KIRK

The city center was out of control
the money ran out over eight
thousand construction workers out
of work. Everyone is suing each
other. Our only hope was Sheikh
Mohammed's 200 million dollars.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE FINAL DECISION - 2009

EXT. CITY CENTER - SUNSET

The nearly completed CityCenter stands tall, its gleaming glass towers reflecting the warm hues of the setting sun. The site, once chaotic and uncertain, now pulses with the energy of progress. Construction workers put finishing touches on the exteriors, while trucks and cranes clear the last remnants of scaffolding.

KIRK KERKORIAN and SHEIKH MOHAMMED BIN RASHID AL MAKTOUM stand side by side, looking up at the massive structures before them. The Sheikh's expression is unreadable—his arms crossed, his gaze sharp. The silence between them lingers.

KIRK

It really is a city within a city.

Sheikh Mohammed exhales, shaking his head.

SHEIKH MOHAMMED

I've had my doubts, Mister
Kerkorian. This project—your
project—has drained more from me
than I expected.

Kirk nods, acknowledging the frustration.

KIRK

You're not wrong. It's been a mess.
Over budget. Delayed. Riskier than
either of us ever imagined.

He turns to face the Sheikh, his expression calm but resolute.

KIRK (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
 But don't look at it as a losing
 investment. Look at it as a
 lesson—for you, for your people.
 This is what it takes to build a
 world-class tourist destination.
 You want Dubai to rival Las Vegas?
 Then this was your first test.

The Sheikh studies him, his eyes narrowing slightly. The
 words linger. Then, slowly, he nods.

SHEIKH MOHAMMED
 Perhaps you are right. Perhaps this
 was the cost of experience.

A long pause. Then, the Sheikh turns to his advisor,
 murmuring something in Arabic. The advisor nods.

SHEIKH MOHAMMED (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
 We will fund the final two hundred
 million. CityCenter must be
 finished.

Kirk smirks, tilting his head slightly in gratitude.

KIRK
 A wise investment, Your Highness.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY CENTER - FIVE YEARS LATER - 2014

The Las Vegas Strip is alive with energy. CityCenter is no
 longer a struggling mega-project—it is a thriving, profitable
 success. The lights of Aria, Vdara, and Crystals shine
 brightly, drawing in tourists from around the world. The once-
 uncertain investment has become a crown jewel of Las Vegas.

Sheikh Mohammed's private jet taxis down the runway at
 McCarran Airport. From the window, he looks out at the
 skyline, his eyes lingering on CityCenter, now a thriving
 monument to risk and reward.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE FINAL FLIGHT - PAST & PRESENT

EXT. SKY OVER THE PACIFIC - 1940s

A C-47 cargo plane cuts through the clouds, its twin engines roaring as it carries a load of supplies across the ocean. Inside the cockpit, a young KIRK KERKORIAN, wearing a flight jacket and aviator sunglasses, grips the controls with steady hands. His face is determined, eyes locked on the horizon.

VOICEOVER (OLDER KIRK)
I spent my life moving forward.
Always looking beyond the horizon.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. SKY OVER LAS VEGAS - PRESENT DAY

A gleaming private jet soars above the Nevada desert, climbing higher into the sky. Inside, an elderly KIRK KERKORIAN, still with that same quiet determination, sits in the pilot's seat, his hands resting lightly on the controls. The years have passed, but the spirit remains the same.

VOICEOVER (KIRK)
I built things. Not for myself, but
for others. I gave away more than I
ever kept. Hospitals, schools,
homes for those who had none.

CUT TO:

EXT. ARMENIAN RELIEF CAMPS - FLASHBACK

Rows of trailer homes, families settling into their new lives after the earthquake. Kirk walks through the camp, shaking hands, listening. An elderly woman grips his hand, eyes full of gratitude.

VOICEOVER (KIRK)
Armenia. My father's homeland. My
homeland. If I couldn't help, who
would?

CUT TO:

INT. PRIVATE JET - PRESENT DAY

Kirk glances at the horizon, then at a framed photograph on the control panel—his parents, Nishan, Rose, Tracy, and Linda. He runs a hand over the frame, a rare softness in his expression.

VOICEOVER (KIRK)
I had money. More than I could ever
spend. But what mattered was the
people. My family. My friends. The
lives I could change.

CUT TO:

EXT. SKY - JET CLIMBING HIGHER

THE JET ASCENDS, BREAKING THROUGH THE
LAST LAYER OF CLOUDS. SUNLIGHT FLOODS
THE COCKPIT, GOLDEN AND INFINITE.

VOICEOVER (KIRK):
I have one last journey left. And I
know who's waiting for me on the
other side.

The jet disappears into the clouds, leaving only the endless
blue sky.

FADE TO WHITE.

THE END.