JACKS AND FIVE

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INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

In a dark basement, one light dangles over a green felt poker table with an undisturbed deck of cards and a .357 Revolver. Four men sit at the table. The door CREAKS open.

CLOSE UP: cowboy boots stepping as the spurs CLICK on the floor with each step.

ACE(30s), leather jacket, serious, epitome of a mafia gangster bites on an unlit cigar.

ACE
You’re late.

FLINT(30s), cowboy hat, jeans and a flannel with a straw in his mouth, causal drops down in his seat.

FLINT
I’m here, aren’t I?

BROCK(30s), baseball hat, t-shirt, jock, obnoxious, arrogantly leans back with two of the chair legs off the ground.

BROCK
Well aren’t you just a pretty little thing?

Flint glares at him out of the corner of his eye while chomping on his straw.

FLINT
You wanna go?

BRYCE(30s), crisp suit and tie, fedora, suave, classy, a certain calm about him, sits with perfect posture.

BRYCE
Easy. Take it easy gentleman.

The tension calms.

TOMMY(30s), overly happy, always smiling, always positive.

TOMMY
Can’t we all just be friends?

He puts his hand on Ace’s shoulder.

Ace looks down at Tommy’s hand on his shoulder.
ACE
Don’t ever touch me.

Tommy removes his hand still smiling and looks at Brock.

TOMMY
He’s funny.

BROCK
Who let you in here?

Ace looks at Bryce.

ACE
You want to get this game started, I don’t have all day.

BROCK
Oh, real important man. You got some place you got to be?

Bryce picks up the deck of cards and begins shuffling.

BRYCE
We all know why we are here. Each one of us was chosen, and one won’t make it out of here alive.

The men stare around the table checking each other out.

BRYCE (CONT’D)
Everyone ready?

TOMMY
I’m ready. I’m so happy.

He claps his hands like a little boy.

BROCK
Seriously, who invited you?

ACE
Just deal.

Bryce picks up the revolver, places a single bullet in the cylinder and spins it.

BRYCE
This is the only spin. Winner’s choice.

He places the revolver back in the middle of the table and shuffles the deck.
CLOSE UP: On deck shuffle.

The five men sit around the table eyeing each other as Bryce deals two cards to each person.

Each player looks at their concealed hand.

Bryce burns one card and places 3 cards face up in the center of the table. The flop show Three of Hearts, King of Spades and Ten Spades.

Each player eyes one another as Bryce burns another card and lays down another card. Queen of Hearts.

Flint smiles slightly as he eyes Brock.

BROCK
What are you looking at?

FLINT
A dead man.

Bryce deals the river, a Six of Clubs.

Brock throws down his cards, a Five and Seven unsuited.

BROCK
This is bullshit!

BRYCE
Tommy?

Tommy reveals a Queen and a Two.

TOMMY
Queens. I got Queens.

Ace throws down his cards, a King and an Eight unsuited. (Paired Kings)

ACE
(At Tommy)
Better luck next time, if there is one.

Ace chews his cigar.

Bryce shows a King and a Queen. (Two pair)

BRYCE
Kings up.

ACE
This is rigged!
BRYCE
Flint.

Flint looks at his cards, then around the table. He lays down his cards, a pair of Sixes. (Three of a kind, winner)

In a flash, Flint snatches up the revolver, points it at Brock and pulls the trigger. CLICK.

BROCK
Holy shit!

Flint spins the revolver on his finger and places it back on the table.

FLINT
Lucky you.

Brock jolts out of his chair.

BROCK
Whoa, what a rush!! That’s what I’m talking about.

He grabs Tommy’s shoulders shakes him, excited.

BROCK (CONT’D)
Can you feel it?!

Tommy shares the excitement with him.

TOMMY
Yes, yes. Finally, we’re friends!

Brock suddenly stops, and takes his hands off of Tommy.

BROCK
We’ll never be friends.

Brock sits back down and turns his hat backwards.

Tommy leans over to Brock still smiling.

TOMMY
We’re friends.

Brock sternly looks at him.

BROCK
Don’t make me shoot you.

Tommy backs away and looks at Ace overly smiling.
ACE

Ditto.

Ace tosses his cards to Bryce, as he gathers them up and shuffles.

Bryce deals two cards to each person and lays down the flop. Five of Spades, Queen of Spades and Ace of Hearts.

Ace chews his cigar louder.

Bryce deals another card, Jack of Diamonds.

BROCK
One time, one time.

Bryce deals the river card, Two of Spades.

BROCK (CONT’D)
That’s not what I’m looking for.

FLINT
Damn.

Ace egging him on.

ACE
What’s the matter?

Ace chews his cigar even louder.

FLINT
Aren’t you ever gonna light that thing?!

ACE
I like the taste.

Ace throws down a pair of Aces. (Three of a kind)

ACE (CONT’D)
My favorite hand.

He smiles in victory.

Bryce lays down his hand in the muck.

Flint chucks his hand in defeat.

Brock confidently lays down a King and Ten. (Straight)

BROCK
Read ‘em and weep bitches.
Flint cracks up.

FLINT
(To Ace)
Ha, looks like Aces lose again. Story of your life, huh?

Ace fumes and gives Flint a death stare.

BRYCE
Tommy, you got anything?

Tommy looks at his cards.

TOMMY
Ummm...

BROCK
Let’s go friend, throw down, let’s get the show over with.

Tommy hesitantly lays his cards down. Eight and Four of Spades. (Flush)

Brock’s face drops as he sees he’s been beaten.

Tommy looks around the table, still.

ACE
What are you waiting for?

TOMMY
I don’t want to. You’re all my friends.

BROCK
News flash, none of us are your friends.

Flint leans in to Brock.

FLINT
Probably not the smartest thing to be saying when he’s got a choice of who to shoot.

Brock’s eyes widen in realization.

BROCK
I mean, they’re not. I am.

Tommy smiles at him.
BRYCE
Tommy, you know the rules. Pick up the gun.

Tommy looks at the revolver and timidly picks it up. He looks around the table trying to choose who to aim at.

His hand shakes as he points it at Brock.

BROCK
Wait a minute. Why is everyone trying to shoot me?

FLINT
Is that a rhetorical question?

BROCK
Screw you man!

Tommy aims at Brock’s head as he squints his eyes shut. CLICK.

Tommy takes a big relieving breath and places the gun back down.

BROCK (CONT’D)
You know, the first time was fun, but this is getting ridiculous.

BRYCE
Two down, no more than three to go.

Bryce gathers up the cards and shuffles once again.

Tommy looks at Brock and smiles.

BROCK
Don’t smile at me, you just tried to shoot me.

TOMMY
But we’re having fun.

BROCK
Maybe you’re having fun. Not everyone is trying to shoot you.

FLINT
No one forced you to be here.

BROCK
You sure about that, I don’t remember requesting to come.
ACE  
Wasn’t your call.

BRYCE  
You know what he said. There’s too many of us. He can’t control us anymore, one has to die.

TOMMY  
I’m happy to die if it helps him.

BROCK  
I’ll remember that.

Bryce shuffles once again.

FLINT  
(To Tommy)  
There’s something seriously wrong with you.

Tommy smiles.

TOMMY  
Not to point fingers, but there’s something seriously wrong with all of us.

Bryce deals 2 cards to each and the flop. A Jack of Hearts, Five of Diamonds, and Ten of Clubs.

Flint raises his cards to eye level and stares directly at Ace.

Bryce deals the turn, King of Diamonds.

Tommy is looking at his cards, jolly.

Brock is nodding his head in anticipation for a win.

Bryce eyes the entire table as he slowly places the river card, Jack of Spades.

Bryce lays down his cards in the muck.

ACE  
(to Flint)  
Your move cowboy.

Flint looks at his cards and lays down two Kings. (Three of a kind)

Brock looks at Flint.
BROCK
Trips aren’t gonna do it for you this time.

He lays down a Queen and a Nine. (Straight)

BROCK (CONT’D)
It’s a shame. I may have to mess up that pretty little face of yours.

Tommy gleefully throws his cards in the muck.

TOMMY
I don’t have anything.

BROCK
Wipe that stupid smile off your face.

FLINT
You do realize that if you get shot, you die. Ain’t no coming back.

Tommy ponders but with an ease on his face.

Ace chews on his cigar.

ACE
(to Flint)
What was that you we’re saying about my fine cigar?

Flint chews on his straw and stares at Ace.

ACE (CONT’D)
Looks like you won’t have to worry about what I do with it anymore.

Ace lays down a Jack and a Five. (Full House)

ACE (CONT’D)
Oh, that hurts.

Ace picks up the revolver and points it directly at Flint.

Flint sits back in his chair, nonchalantly chewing on his straw.

FLINT
If it’s got to be.

Ace slowly pulls the trigger...
SLOW MOTION: The gun fires - 

INTERRUPTED: 

WOMAN (O.S.) 
Jackson, Jackson, are you down there?

Suddenly, all five men disappear one by one.

JACKSON(30s), pale skin, black hair, eyes dark as night, evil emanates from his soul, sits alone at the poker table. He lightly hits the palm of his hand on his temple.

JACKSON
I’ll have to finish this later...finish later.

He slowly gets up and exits.

FADE OUT.

END