

Double Down

By

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FADE IN:

INT. LIQUOR STORE - AFTERNOON

Wearing a loosened tie and untucked shirt, RYAN (23) surveys the beer case as elevator music plays overhead.

He opens the refrigerator door and takes out a case of beer.

He stands next in line as an OLD WOMAN is taking her time ordering lottery scratchers from the CASHIER.

OLD WOMAN

Can I get one of those Triple  
Cherries - are those any good?

CASHIER

Oh, yes! Very lucky!

OLD WOMAN

Better make it two. And....  
(looking at the other  
scratchers painfully slow)  
let's see here...

Ryan sighs and rolls his eyes as he shifts the case of beer to a more comfortable position.

OLD WOMAN

I'll take one of those Treasure  
Chest ones and--

RYAN

(to: cashier)  
--I'm sorry but I've had a long  
day. Can I just buy this and get on  
my way?

OLD WOMAN

(turning to face Ryan)  
Wait your turn, asshole!

The old woman turns back to the scratcher selection.

OLD WOMAN

Dammit, where was I...

INT. CAR - AFTERNOON

Ryan waits behind a string of cars stopped at a red light. A case of beer sits on the passenger seat.

The light turns green and all of the cars drive through the light except for the one stopped in front of Ryan. The driver seems to be distracted by something in the backseat.

Ryan honks his horn and gestures with his hands to get the car to move.

RYAN

GOOOO! Come on! It's not getting  
any greener!

The driver of the other car faces forward and, with an apologetic wave, drives through the green light just as it turns yellow. Then red.

Ryan hits the steering wheel as he gets stuck at the red light again.

RYAN

Figures.

EXT. HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Ryan parks the car in the driveway, grabs the case of beer, and exits the car.

He fumbles his keys as he shuts the car door with his hip.

With a sigh, Ryan shifts the case of beer to one hand and picks up his keys.

He walks across his unkempt lawn as he searches for his house key.

INT. HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Ryan unlocks the deadbolt and enters through the front door.

Sitting on the couch playing video games with his feet on the table is DAVE. He's wearing a stained shirt and it appears he has not showered today.

DAVE

Ryan! What's up, man?

(CONTINUED)

RYAN

Hey Dave.

Ryan shuts the door behind him and walks between Dave and the television toward the kitchen.

As Ryan walks in front of him, Dave shifts his head around him in an attempt to not have his view of the T.V. blocked.

DAVE

(whining)

Dude! You got me killed!

Ryan puts the beer on the kitchen counter.

RYAN

Yeah? Well, I got you beer too.

Ryan opens two beers and brings one to Dave as he takes a drink from the other.

DAVE

Then all is forgiven.

(takes a swig of beer)

Eww, bro. This is warm.

Ryan sits on the couch beside Dave. Dave puts his beer down and continues playing his video game.

RYAN

Where's Toby?

Dave lets out a long guttural belch.

DAVE

I think he's taking a dump. Been in there for awhile now.

RYAN

(disgusted)

Classy.

DAVE

I put the "ass" in "class".

TOBY enters the room from down the hall as the sound of a toilet flushing is heard.

TOBY

(holding his stomach)

I think the milk's bad. Oh, hey Ryan.

(CONTINUED)

RYAN

What's up, Toby? You, uh, you okay?

Toby walks into the kitchen.

TOBY

I'll be fine.

(opens a beer)

Aww...the nectar of the gods.

Toby takes a gulp of the beer and spits it out into the sink.

TOBY

(repulsed)

It's warm! Nasty.

Toby puts the case of beer in the freezer. He opens the refrigerator and takes out a bottle of ketchup. He removes a pack of Saltines from a cupboard.

He takes a seat in a recliner and pours a glob of ketchup on a cracker.

TOBY

Aww...the nectar of the gods.

Toby eats the cracker and gradually slows his chewing.

TOBY

(mouth full of cracker)

Hm.

Toby grabs his stomach and rushes down the hall. Dry cracker crumbs fall to the floor.

Dave gets killed on his video game again. He nonchalantly tosses the controller onto the coffee table.

DAVE

I'm bored.

RYAN

(nodding in agreement as he takes a drink)

MmHmm.

DAVE

We should do something.

RYAN

I have been doing something. I've been working all day. Maybe if you had a jo--

(CONTINUED)

DAVE

--Exactly! You need a break.

RYAN

A break? I'm taking a break. I'm sitting here having a nice lukewarm beer.

(takes another gulp and cringes)

Besides, there's nothing to do around here. I just want to stay home and relax.

DAVE

Around here? Who said anything around here?

Dave looks around to make sure nobody is looking.

RYAN

(confused)

Who are you looking for?

DAVE

Shhh! Geez, dude. Can't you let me be a little dramatic for once?

RYAN

Ooooookay...

DAVE

Thank you.

Again, he looks around to make sure nobody is looking.

Dave leans in to Ryan and motions for him to do the same.

RYAN

This is so stupid.  
(reluctantly leans in)  
Ok, what?

DAVE

(whispering)

Ok. Toby and I were watching this movie "21" earlier. It's about card counting and blackja--

RYAN

--Yeah, I know. I've seen it.  
What's your point?

(CONTINUED)

DAVE

Kate Bosworth is in it and she looks so damn hot! But of course Toby thought the Asian chick was hotter but you know how he is with the Asian chi--

RYAN

--Can we please get to the point?

DAVE

Alright, well Toby tells me that he knows how to count cards! I don't believe him, right? I'm thinking he's full of crap. Trying to make me look stupid.

RYAN

Not hard to do.

DAVE

I know, right! Anyway, I bust out this deck of cards and say "Prove it, Ben!" That's the main characters name in the movie, see?

RYAN

(expressionless)

Yes, I get the reference.

DAVE

Well, I thought it was a funny line. Remembered it just to tell you and get a laugh but I guess you--

RYAN

--Holy crap, man! Get to the point!

DAVE

Geez, you really do need a break. Toby and I start playing blackjack head's up. He never lost a hand! Not ONE hand!

Dave sits back on the couch.

DAVE

I think we have a goldmine here.

RYAN

That's it? You played a couple hands and now you figure we have a goldmine?

(CONTINUED)

DAVE

He won EVERY hand! Look, we're going as soon as he's done in the bathroom. You can just sit here and be bored while we live it up in Vegas. Your loss.

RYAN

Sounds good to me. Wait. How were you going to get there? Neither of you have a car. Or money.

DAVE

Yeah, that's why we need you! Come on! You need the break and we need your car.

RYAN

And money.

DAVE

Yeah, whatever man. Look, it's just a temporary loan. Trust me. We'll be paying you back within 20 minutes of hitting the tables.

Ryan sits back and contemplates the proposal as he takes another drink of his warm beer. He cringes at the warm beer as he puts the bottle down on the table.

RYAN

Fine.

DAVE

(excited)

YES!

RYAN

But you're both paying for gas AND the room. It's all added to your "loan".

Dave is up and running down the hall.

DAVE

(running)

Yeah, of course!

Dave starts pounding on the bathroom door down the hall.

DAVE

(yelling through the door)

He's in, dude! Let's go!

(CONTINUED)

The toilet flushes as the door opens and Toby emerges into the hall.

RYAN

That's twice that you've finished your business with uncanny timing.

TOBY

It's a talent.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

A lone car is driving down a desolate desert road.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Ryan is driving as Dave and Toby practice their counting skills in the car.

TOBY

Remember, if I rub my hands together like so  
(rubs hands together)  
that means you should increase your bet.

DAVE

Okay.

TOBY

And if I scratch my head like so  
(scratches his head)  
that means to lower your bet.

DAVE

Got it.

RYAN

Subtle. Very subtle. This is so stupid.

DAVE

(to: Ryan)  
Stop hatin'!

RYAN

Hatin'? Hatin'? Really? Okay, Eminem.

(CONTINUED)

TOBY  
Focus, Dave.

                  DAVE  
                  (to: Toby)  
I'm focused, I'm focused.

                  TOBY  
Good. Now, what are you going to  
wear?

                  DAVE  
What's wrong with what I'm wearing?

Dave pulls open his jacket to reveal an ALF t-shirt that's too small.

                  DAVE  
                  (proudly)  
It's vintage.

                  TOBY  
I see that but a shirt that, uhh,  
is that, umm, cool - will only draw  
attention. We need to blend in. Be  
inconspicuous.

                  DAVE  
Okay?

Toby zips open a duffel bag and starts fishing through it.

EXT. CASINO - NIGHT

Ryan pulls the car up to the valet and steps out wearing his normal clothes. Toby and Dave step out dressed to the nines complete with top hats and canes. Dave has now applied a press-on curly mustache as Toby holds a monocle to his eye.

Ryan hands the keys to the VALET.

                  RYAN  
                  (embarrassed)  
I'm sorry about this. Thank you.

                  VALET  
We get it a lot.

The valet drives off with the car.

Dave and Toby lead the way toward the casino entrance as Ryan intentionally walks behind them in hopes that people don't realize they are together.

INT. CASINO - NIGHT

The casino is bustling with gamblers having a great time. Not a single one is dressed in a tuxedo.

Casino patrons take pause as Dave and Toby walk by but quickly resume gambling again.

Dave pulls Toby aside near the high-rollers area.

DAVE  
(angry whisper)  
Dude, NOBODY is wearing a tuxedo here! We look like idiots!

TOBY  
That's not true--

Toby looks around the casino desperate to find someone else wearing a tuxedo.

TOBY  
(pointing in the high roller's area)  
--THERE! Right there! That guy's wearing a tux.

At a high limit table sits a very OLD MAN wearing a tuxedo complete with a top hat, cane, and monocle.

The old man acknowledges their presence by raising his martini glass and giving them a wink. His hand trembles uncontrollably as his drink spills over.

The old man mouths the words "Looking good". Dave and Toby offer a fake smile and small wave.

DAVE  
I'm changing.

Dave walks toward the bathroom. Ryan catches up to Toby as he checks out a waitress walking by.

RYAN  
Where's he going?

TOBY  
To become less of a man.

Toby proudly holds his monocle to his eye and enters the high-rollers area. Ryan follows.

The two men sit down at an empty blackjack table. The sign on the table indicates the minimum bet is \$100.

(CONTINUED)

RYAN  
\$100? Uhh...excuse us.

Ryan stands up and pulls Toby aside.

RYAN  
(whispering concern)  
I only brought \$500. That's only 5  
hands if we bet the minimum...

TOBY  
Would you relax?  
(gesturing to the other side  
of the room)  
You're embarrassing me in front of  
my friends.

The old man is seen slumped in his chair with his head  
thrown back. His monocle falls out of his eye and dangles  
near his cheek.

TOBY  
(smiling)  
Dave and I have it all worked out.

Dave walks into the high roller's room wearing his snug ALF  
t-shirt and tuxedo pants. His fake curly mustache is still  
firmly attached.

Dave walks into the conversation and puts his arms around  
Eric and Toby as if in a huddle.

DAVE  
What's the hold up? Let's do this  
thing!

Ryan hands Dave and Toby his \$500. The two men try to grab  
it but Ryan is holding too firmly to the cash. He eventually  
lets it go and Dave and Toby take seats at the blackjack  
table.

Ryan takes a seat at a vacant table behind Dave and Toby. He  
signals for the WAITRESS.

RYAN  
Can I get a Heineken?

WAITRESS  
Sure but we only have it in  
bottles.

RYAN

I prefer bottles. I like to pop the tops off, if you know what I mean.

WAITRESS

I think I do and if so, that was really lame.

The waitress walk off to get his beer.

Dave and Toby are dealt their hands. Each have a single \$100 chip placed in the betting area. Toby is dealt a 9,7. Toby is dealt a 7,4.

It is Toby's turn to bet. He rubs his hands together signaling to Dave to double down. Dave is oblivious to the signal as he is mystified by a nearby slot winner.

The DEALER begins to grow impatient.

DEALER

(to: Toby)

Sir, it's your turn to act.

Toby feverishly begins rubbing his hands together in an attempt to get Dave's attention.

The frantic rubbing and delay to act has drawn the attention of the pit boss who begins to wander to the table.

Toby sees the pit boss and plays off his hand rubbing by scratching his head and signaling that he wishes to "stand". Dave turns to Toby to see his head scratching and "stand" signal.

DEALER

Stands on 16.

Dave, remembering his lesson from earlier, also signals to stand. Toby slaps his own forehead in disbelief.

DEALER

Stands on 11.

The dealer turns over his cards to reveal a 9 and a queen.

DEALER

Dealer has 19.

In one motion, the dealer takes both players' \$100 chips.

Toby shoots Dave an angry glance and mouths the word "focus" to him. Dave nods his head in agreement.

(CONTINUED)

Toby and Dave each place another \$100 chip in the betting area. The dealer deals the next hand.

Toby is dealt 10,7. Dave is dealt 8,3.

Toby is about to begin to rub his hands but stops. He rubs his stomach instead. A look of panic spreads across his face.

DEALER  
Is everything okay, sir?

TOBY  
(panicked)  
Where's the nearest bathroom?

DEALER  
Other side of the casino. It's your  
turn to act.

Toby gets up and rushes toward the other side of the casino.

TOBY  
(shouting behind him)  
I STAND!

Dave is now focused on his own hand. Ryan stands up to see what's going on.

Ryan sees that Dave has 8,3 and taps him on the shoulder.

RYAN  
Dude. You have 11. Double down.

DAVE  
Are you sure? I mean, Toby told me  
to stand last time.

RYAN  
What? No. Dude, always double down  
on 11. Trust me.

DEALER  
One player per hand, please.

DAVE  
I double down.

DEALER  
Double down.

Dave places their last \$100 chip in the betting area.

The dealer gives Dave another card. It's a 2.

The dealer flips over his own hand to reveal 10, Jack.

DEALER

Dealer has 20. 17 loses.

The dealer takes away the chip from Toby's now vacant seat.

DEALER

13 loses.

The dealer takes away Dave's bet.

Dave and Ryan are both appalled at the outcome of the hands.

The waitress approaches Ryan and hands him his Heineken.

WAITRESS

Here's your beer, Mr. Suave. We  
just got the shipment in so it's a  
little warm.

RYAN

Just the way I like it.

Ryan takes a drink of his beer and grimaces at the poor  
taste.

FADE OUT.