

JACKS AND FIVE

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FADE IN:

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