

THE BET

FADE IN

INT. WHITE ROOM - DAY

Empty room, white walls. DEAN, 20, clean shaven, cute face, sits in the center of the room, legs crossed. A blindfold over his eyes.

Across the room, PROFESSOR RYAN, 60's, white hair, a little plump, takes a sit on the floor.

He reaches into his trousers pocket, takes out a deck of playing cards.

He picks a joker out of the deck.

PROFESSOR RYAN
I have a card in my left hand, can
you tell me what it is?

Dean sits silent, then...

DEAN
A joker.

Professor Ryan puts the joker back, picks another card.

DEAN
Five.

PROFESSOR RYAN
Five of what?

DEAN
Diamonds.

Ryan repeats the process, puts back the card, picks another.

DEAN
Nine of flowers.

PROFESSOR RYAN
You're good, Dean! Really good. Your
psychic abilities are incredible!

Dean takes off the blindfold.

PROFESSOR RYAN
The question is, what is it you'll do
with them?

DEAN

You have nothing to worry about,
Professor.

PROFESSOR RYAN

Let's hope so.

EXT. HOME - DAY

An old house, a wrecked picket fence, bushy gardens, rusty window frames.

A DOG sits by the front door.

Dean rides a bike towards the house. The dog runs to meet him. He dismounts, hugs the dog.

DEAN

Hey Buddy! Hungry?

The dog waves it's tail, follows Dean into the house. The front door squeaks loud as it cracks open.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Cozy. Two couches, a table in the middle. A nine inch television on one wall.

Family photos hang on the opposite wall, two artistic drawings next to them.

Dean's mother, HELEN, 46, long black hair, huge eyes, beautiful despite age. She sits on a couch, hugs her knees.

Dean walks closer, notices the tears running down her cheeks.

DEAN

Mother! What happened?

She looks up.

HELEN

They diagnosed him with cancer! Your Dad,...he has brain tumour!

DEAN

Brain tumour? That can't be!

HELEN

I am so sorry!

She mourns. Dean hugs her.

DEAN

Can they treat him?

HELEN

We can't afford it. Even if we sold ourselves! He is gonna die! He is going to leave us!

DEAN

Where is he, where is dad?

HELEN

In his room. He said he needs some time alone.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

MARTIN, 52, Grey hair, lean body, sits on a bed, a framed family photo in hand.

Dean takes a seat next to him on the bed.

DEAN

Mother says the doctors diagnosed you with cancer.

Martin pecks the photo in his hand, places it on a bedside table.

MARTIN

Brain tumour. I should have known earlier, the signs, you know? Nose bleeds, headaches...

DEAN

What would you have done?

MARTIN

I don't know. Robbed a bank maybe.

DEAN

Why?

MARTIN

I always wanted to make you happy, all of you. I had plans, long-term plans. I thought I had the time to execute them, make money. Take you and your sister to college, buy us a new home. Now.... I just don't know!

DEAN

What if we can get you treated?

Martin chuckles.

MARTIN

No dear. We can't! It's a fortune.

DEAN

We will try, whatever it takes. We love you Dad!

MARTIN

I love you too! Very much.

Father and son hug.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

A family eats in silence. Dean sits beside his sister, SARAH, 17. She's strikingly beautiful with flowing black hair, huge eyes like her mother's and a smooth brown skin.

Sarah taps her plate with a spoon.

SARAH

I am not going to college, am I?

Dean and Helen exchange glances.

HELEN

Honey, you have to understand. We can't afford the fee now. I know it's hurts...

SARAH

No you don't understand! This is all I have ever wanted!

DEAN

Sarah!

SARAH

What?!

Martin rises from his seat, picks his glass of juice.

MARTIN

Goodnight everyone! I really need to get some sleep.

He walks out. Sarah stands, dramatically leaves the room.

INT. SARAH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A simple bed, books on shelves and a closet on the far end.

Sarah lays on the bed, reads a book. Dean strolls in.

SARAH

I am really in a bad mood right now.

DEAN

I know. We all are in bad moods. But can you at least not create such fuss near Dad?

SARAH

What? I shouldn't tell Dad I want to go to college?

Dean walks forward, sits beside Sarah.

DEAN

Sarah, he is sick!

SARAH

He has been claiming to be sick for weeks. It's not new.

DEAN

He went to hospital today, with Mum. They said he has cancer.

Sarah drops her book.

SARAH

You're dreaming! Leave my room!

DEAN

It's true. Dad has brain tumour. They can treat him, but we can't afford it.

SARAH

No way! Dad is fine, I know!

She cries. Dean comforts her.

SARAH

Why? Why Dad? Why us?

DEAN

It's life, Sarah. But they can treat him, that's what matters.

SARAH

But what will we sell?

DEAN

I don't know. I am willing to give up anything for him.

SARAH
But you have nothing!

DEAN
Goodnight Sarah!

EXT. GARAGE - DAY

Dean works on a car, the bonnet is open. He is in a blue overall, stains of oil all over it.

Across the garage, Dean's co-worker, TOMMY, 24, short and stocky.

Dean wipes sweat from his forehead with the back of his hand. A long stain of oil is left on one side of his face.

A car pulls up inside the garage, just metres behind Dean.

A tall BLONDE in black heels and a short blue designer dress steps out, walks towards Dean.

She looks both beautiful and confident.

BLONDE
Hey!

Dean turns around, smiles.

DEAN
Hey! Didn't know you're coming!

He extends his hand for a handshake. She studies his oily hand, shakes her head.

DEAN
Oh! Sorry about that!

He wipes his hands with a paper towel.

DEAN
You look....beautiful!

The lady nods.

DEAN
So....what's the occasion?

BLONDE
Actually, I came so we can talk.

DEAN
You could have just called? But I am glad you came, I missed you!

Again, she simply nods.

DEAN
Jenny? What's up?

BLONDE/JENNY
I am sorry DEAN, I... came to tell
you that I will be seeing somebody
else. From now.

Dean chuckles.

A MAN in an expensive black suit, 26, steps out of the same
car Jenny had left. He stands leaning on the door.

DEAN
Funny!

JENNY
No. I am serious, Dean. I met
someone. Someone financially stable
and morehopeful.

DEAN
What?!

JENNY
I am sorry! We both knew it wasn't
gonna work. You can barely afford
taking me out for dinner. My mother
may have liked you, since you look
like a movie star. But she doesn't
know that you're broke.

DEAN
So you're breaking up with me
because...

JENNY
You don't have a future, Dean! It's a
harsh thing to say but it's the
truth. You only fix broken cars.

They stare at each other for a moment.

JENNY
Wesley is my new boyfriend. And I beg
you to respect that.

Dean looks at Wesley, the man leaning on the car. Wesley
waves and smiles.

Deans shuts his eyes, bites his lower lip in anger.

DEAN

How can you do this? We were happy!

JENNY

Goodbye Dean!

She turns, walks back to the car. Wesley holds the door open for her.

Dean watches them leave.

Tommy walks over to Dean.

TOMMY

I am sorry man! I will cover for you the remaining hours. Go home, you need a rest.

DEAN

Thanks! I really need a break.

INT. WHITE ROOM - DAY

Dean and Professor Ryan sit across each other on the floor, playing cards lay scattered between them.

Dean takes off the blindfold off his eyes.

DEAN

I can't do it, not today.

PROFESSOR RYAN

Want to talk about what's disturbing you?

DEAN

Not now.

PROFESSOR RYAN

Okay.

DEAN

I need to go home.

PROFESSOR RYAN

You know what Ray, sometimes it's right to let people in. You never know if they can help.

DEAN

I will. Just not today. See you tomorrow, Professor.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Helen serves dinner. Martin is not at the table.

HELEN

Your father has a terrible headache,
he's not joining us for dinner.

SARAH

He's gonna die, won't he?

Helen remains silent. She scoops rice with her spoon.

Sarah takes her glass of orange juice, leaves the room.

HELEN

Can you talk to her?

DEAN

It won't help anything.

HELEN

I don't know what to do.

DEAN

Do you still bet?

HELEN

What? With all this trouble around
me? No. I don't have cash to waste.

DEAN

Would you mind doing it one last
time?

HELEN

No, why?

DEAN

I would like to win a jackpot.

Helen giggles.

HELEN

I once tried that. I only got five
out of fifteen matches right.

DEAN

You're not a football fan.

HELEN

Neither are you.

DEAN

I searched predictions today. I
promise to get all the matches right.

HELEN

Okay. I only have ten dollars in my
account.

DEAN

That will be enough.

Helen hands Dean her cellphone. Dean leaves the room.

Helen is left alone on the table. She slowly eats her food.

CUT TO:

MINUTES LATER:

INT. DINNING ROOM - NIGHT

Dean re-enters. He hands Helen her phone. She taps on the
screen, reads.

HELEN

You can't win this! You even bet on
weather? And.....table tennis!
This is crazy!

DEAN

We will win.

HELEN

Yeah, right! Seventy three million
dollars, You're sick!

DEAN

Goodnight!

EXT. GARAGE - DAY

Dean and Tommy sit on a bench, Tommy lights a cigarette.

DEAN

I kind of knew what she was.

TOMMY

Some girls are that way. You either
have the face or money. They never go
for a good heart.

INT. WHITE ROOM - DAY

Dean and Professor Ryan sit close on the floor.

PROFESSOR RYAN
I need you to tell me what I am
thinking.

Dean reaches out, holds Ryan's head between his palms. His eyes close.

DEAN
You're thinking about your son. He is
a little boy.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Spacious, impressive interior designing.

A LITTLE KID runs into the room with a ball in his hands.

DEAN (S.O)
He was playful, full of life.

Professor Ryan, younger, sits on a couch, reads a magazine. A cup of coffee on the table before him.

The kid plays with the ball, dribbles it. The ball bounces, knocks off the cup of coffee.

Professor Ryan looks at his son.

LITTLE KID
(Smiling)
Sorry Dad!

He runs towards the door, Professor Ryan chases after him.

LITTLE KID
(Laughing)
Mum!...Mum! Daddy want to kill me.

CUT TO:

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

Professor Ryan places flowers on a grave.

He sits beside the tombstone. Tears fall from his eyes.

PROFESSOR RYAN
I miss you!

DEAN (S.O)
He died very young. I am sorry!

END FLASHBACK.

INT. WHITE ROOM - DAY

Dean opens his eyes, lets go of Ryan's head.

PROFESSOR RYAN
That's impressive, Dean!

Dean smiles.

PROFESSOR RYAN
Is there something you're not telling me?

DEAN
No, why?

PROFESSOR RYAN
You were in a foul mood yesterday. I don't mean to probe, but I worry that you may be using your gift to do the wrong things.

Dean remains silent.

PROFESSOR RYAN
What did you do, Dean?

DEAN
I placed a bet for my mother. She needs the money.

Professor Ryan stands, paces.

PROFESSOR RYAN
How much?

DEAN
Seventy million.

PROFESSOR RYAN
I can't believe it! You use your powers to gamble?! I train you, every day! You promised not to fuckin' use your powers to make money!

DEAN

I am sorry! It's either that or my father dies of cancer.

Now Ryan halts, turns to stare at Dean.

PROFESSOR RYAN

Cancer?

DEAN

Brain tumour. He's gonna die if he doesn't get treated.

PROFESSOR RYAN

I am sorry! Why didn't you tell me?

DEAN

You have your own troubles.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Dean, Sarah, Helen and Martin sit facing a nine inch television fixed on a wall.

The dog sits on the floor near Dean.

A talk show plays on the screen.

Sarah sits next to Martin, holds his hand between her palms.

Helen's cellphone lights up in her hand. She checks her new message.

HELEN

(Screams)

Dean! Oh god! It can't be! It can't be!

She leaps from her seat, embraces Dean.

Martin and Sarah stare at them.

MARTIN

Someone has gone crazy!

Helen runs to him, hugs him.

SARAH

Mum! Mum! Oh god, she has lost her mind!

DEAN

No she hasn't. She won, a jackpot!

MARTIN
She stopped betting.

Helen hands him her phone, he reads the message on the screen.

MARTIN
Helen! My wife! You saved me, you saved my life!

He hugs her.

SARAH
How much did she win?

MARTIN
Seventy million! Seventy million dollars! We are rich!

SARAH
Yes! Yes! Yes! We are millionaires!

She hugs her mother.

SARAH
How did you do it?

HELEN
I didn't. Dean did. He's the one who placed the bet.

MARTIN
Oh! Come here, son.

They all hug Dean.

EXT. MANSION - DAY

Huge, beautiful flower garden at the front.

A black hammer pulls up near the house.

Martin, Sarah, Helen, Dean and the dog alight.

Sarah gawks at the massive house before them.

SARAH
Oh my god! This is home?

DEAN
Yeah, this is home.

The dog runs forward, stops at the front door, Waves it's tail.

EXT. GARAGE - DAY

Tommy fixes a tire, he is alone.

Jenny, now in tank top and jeans, strolls towards him.

JENNY

Hey!

Tommy looks up at her.

TOMMY

What are you doing here? I thought you broke up with Dean.

JENNY

That's none of your business. Where is Dean? He is not answering my phonecalls.

DEAN (O.S)

Dean is here.

Jenny turns to see Dean. He leans on a blue Mercedes betz.

JENNY

That's a nice car! I heard that your Mum won a jackpot, congratulations!

DEAN

What are you doing here, Jenny?

JENNY

Wesley and I broke up. He turned out to be one hell of a jerk!

DEAN

Oh, really? I thought he was the hopeful one?
Anyway, it doesn't concern me.

JENNY

What? Dean, I still love you.

DEAN

Sorry, I am seing somebody else, from now on.

Sarah steps out of the Mercedes Betz, walks to Dean. She wears a red dress and heels. Looks stunning!

Jenny glares at her, she glares back.

DEAN
Goodbye Jenny!

Jenny storms away.

TOMMY
I knew it! You would find someone
more beautiful!

DEAN
Actually, this is my sister. Sarah,
meet Tommy.

TOMMY
Your sister. Just as beautiful as her
brother!
Nice to meet you Sarah!

SARAH
Nice to meet you, Tommy!

The End.