

ROUNDERS II

Written by

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(for no reason whatsoever other than why not?)

FADE IN:

INT. THE TROPICANA CASINO - ATLANTIC CITY - NIGHT

SEVEN PLAYERS of varying stereotype are deep into an Omaha High-Low grind session. ONE PLAYER in particular stands out for all the wrong reasons - most notably for being NINETEEN, WHITE, MALE, and even more obnoxious than WORM ever was.

He turns over four shit cards just to prove he was bluffing his way to a minor pot takedown with no low available...

WINDBAG

Amateur hour. Every one of ya. My ride will be paid for a year we keep going like this.

He pulls out his iPhone and waves it at one particular OLDER WOMAN with a dwindling stack of chips.

WINDBAG (CONT'D)

You ever seen one of these, grandma? They make it super easy to do direct deposit nowadays. Could just give you my bank account number and save you the heartache.

The cards are dealt.

WINDBAG (CONT'D)

But you like a little heartache, don't you, sweetheart? Maybe I just give you my phone number instead?

UNAMUSED DEALER

(to the windbag)
Action's to you.

WINDBAG

(mock offended to be interrupted)
Sir. "The action's to you"...sir.

No response from the dealer. Windbag unwaveringly stares him down, and for the benefit of everyone else as he does...

WINDBAG (CONT'D)

All in.

He's got a hell of a stack in front of him.

MIDDLE AGED DAD

You haven't even looked at your cards yet!

WINDBAG

But you did -- and still have no idea what to do with them.

Good point. Everyone else folds and the dealer pushes over the measly blind tally to the big winner. Windbag makes like he's going to tip the dealer from the winnings, but keeps all the chips and offers him a WINK instead.

MIKE McDERMOTT, now fifty but still looking sharp, has seen enough. He sits down at an empty seat, exudes that great boyish charm, and gives everyone a gracious nod.

WINDBAG (CONT'D)

Another donkey in the stable.

Mike just smiles like he has no idea what this kid is talking about and lays out \$1000 for the dealer to exchange. Windbag's eyes light up at the notion of taking it all.

We're with Mike's POV now...

He's dealt Ace of Hearts, Three of Hearts, and two Jacks. He folds. QUICK CUT -- and now he's dealt a two, a three, and the King and Queen of Diamonds. He folds. QUICK CUT -- a pair of four's, a ten, and a Queen suited with one of the four's. Folds. QUICK CUT -- an six, a nine, a four, and a Jack, none of them suited. He plays.

Mike's two spots away from the button, and the hand goes about as well as expected. Windbag crushes him on the low, and another player takes down the high.

WINDBAG (CONT'D)

Total donkey hand.

MIKE McDERMOTT

There's that word again.

WINDBAG

Should get used to it.

The cards are dealt.

MIKE McDERMOTT

Will do. So, what's it mean?

WINDBAG

What do you think it means, donkey?

Mike is completely unfazed, but he clearly likes that he's got windbag talking on his level during the action. Windbag makes a big bet and everyone else folds, but not Mike. He calls and keeps the conversation going as he does...

MIKE MCDERMOTT

Well, donkey's are typically used as pack animals. Is that what you were going for?

(off Windbag's confusion)

Beasts of burden, carrying the weight their shepherd can't.

Now Mike makes a big bet on fourth street.

MIKE MCDERMOTT (CONT'D)

Am I carrying your weight?

Windbag's flummoxed. He's trying to figure out what Mike is talking about while at the same time trying to figure out why Mike just made that bet. As he calls...

WINDBAG

No, you're just a fucking donkey.

UNAMUSED DEALER

That's your last language warning.

Windbag ignores the dealer, and checks his cards again as fifth street is laid down. Everyone is out now except for Mike and Windbag. Windbag checks. Mike just calls. He's got windbag beat on both the high and the low.

WINDBAG

Ha. Could have had me in for so much more. Pure donk!

Mike tips the dealer an appropriate amount. The cards are dealt again.

MIKE MCDERMOTT

If you say so. Better than being a Will Hunting though.

Windbag has no idea what that means and makes a big bet pre-flop for Mike's benefit. Mike folds, but two other players are feeding off his confidence and they stay in, much to Windbag's dismay. Now Windbag is trying to concentrate but Mike's not gonna let that happen...

MIKE MCDERMOTT (CONT'D)

You've seen Good Will Hunting?

Clearly Windbag hasn't.

MIKE MCDERMOTT (CONT'D)
 I get it, a little before your
 time. Great movie by the way.

Windbag's trying to ignore Mike now and bully the other two
 players still in the game, but the vibe has cooled and they
 aren't relenting. Mike comes in for the kill...

MIKE MCDERMOTT (CONT'D)
 Anyway, Will Hunting is this super
 smart kid with numbers, but he's
 got a big chip on his shoulder. A
 Harvard mathematics professor wants
 to take Will under his wing, but
 only if he sees a psychiatrist to
 get his anger issues under control.

Windbag loses both the high and low hand to the other two
 players at the table and now he's pissed.

WINDBAG
 Sounds stupid.

MIKE MCDERMOTT
 But Will just can't help himself,
 so he berates all the shrinks the
 professor sets him up with, and all
 they all bail on Will, which is
 just the way Will likes it.

Cards get dealt and Windbag is having a hard time
 concentrating as Mike keeps talking...

MIKE MCDERMOTT (CONT'D)
 Except, there's this one shrink...

WINDBAG
 Does this have a point?

Everyone's in this hand now and Windbag is not loving how the
 action on the table is going.

MIKE MCDERMOTT
 Will abuses the hell out of this
 last shrink, but he's just not
 gonna bail. In fact, he realizes
 that Will is really a frightened
 kid that's never been outside his
 home city his entire short life.

Windbag looks directly at Mike now. That resonates. The cards
 and the bets are coming a little too fast for Windbag now.

MIKE MCDERMOTT (CONT'D)
 Never smelled the inside of the
 Sistine Chapel. Never been near a
 war. Never been vulnerable, truly
 vulnerable in front of a woman.

The Older Woman Windbag berated flashes a smile. Then she
 raises Windbag twice his last bet. Windbag folds.

The action's to Mike, who happily folds too, which just
 pisses Windbag off even more.

MIKE MCDERMOTT (CONT'D)
 Let's say I ran your credit, Will.

WINDBAG
 My name's not Will.

MIKE MCDERMOTT
 Took a real close look at the limit
 Discover Card let you have when you
 turned eighteen. Added up how many
 bloated car payments you make for
 whatever overpriced piece of crap
 you think gets you laid.

WINDBAG
 Just play cards, alright man?!

MIKE MCDERMOTT
 That's all I came to do.

WINDBAG
 You're not gonna get me on tilt.

MIKE MCDERMOTT
 You're already on tilt, Will.

The dealer doles out another round of four cards to everyone.
 Windbag looks around the table - everyone staring at him. He
 looks over at Mike McD, all calm and collected business. One
 final glance back over at the dealer who knows what's coming.

BEAT --

WHITE MALE 1
 Fuck you. Fuck all of you!

UNAMUSED DEALER
 Security!

But Windbag's already gathered his chips and bounced. Mike
 McD looks around at everyone's appreciative faces and raises
 an eyebrow in solidarity. Then he calls the blind...