

Three To One

by  
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DAVID (V.O.)  
In 2012, the state of New York  
legalized gambling.

FADE IN:

INT. SUITE - NIGHT

A spotless, perfectly neat upscale hotel suite.

A black suitcase sits on the twin-sized bed.

DAVID (V.O.)  
The following year, a referendum  
was made to the law, allowing a bet  
to be placed from anywhere in the  
United States so long as the event  
took place in New York.

BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

A young man in a dark gray T-shirt and jeans, DAVID CARLISLE  
(33), washes his hands at the sink.

As he turns the faucet off, scars are seen on his wrist.

DAVID (V.O.)  
In twenty-fifteen, a billionaire  
named Chris DeJesus created a  
contest in which the winner and  
loser would both be paid a sum of  
\$1,000,000 to participate.

David dries his hands on a towel.

SUITE - CONTINUOUS

David walks to the suitcase and sets it on the ground.

DAVID (V.O.)  
Two years later, it had become its  
own sport. It even had a TV channel  
dedicated to it.

David picks an envelope up off the endtable. The front reads  
"IF I LOSE". He folds it up and puts it in his pants pocket.

DAVID (V.O.)  
Within three years, it became the  
most profitable sport in the  
country.

David grabs the suitcase and opens the door to the suite.

HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

David walks towards an elevator at the end of the hall.

DAVID (V.O.)  
In 2021, the law was amended to  
include international bets to be  
placed. Now, it officially had a  
global audience.

He passes by an older CLEANING LADY who nods and smiles at  
him as he passes.

DAVID  
Thanks.

David presses the down button on the elevator. A bell dings.  
The door opens. David walks in.

DAVID (V.O.)  
An estimated 2.7 billion dollars  
worldwide changes hands during the  
event every time.

The elevator door closes.

INT. LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

David steps off the elevator into a spacious lobby.

A couple CONCIERGES walk here and there with luggage.

DAVID (V.O.)  
However, most of that comes from  
people betting internationally.  
Only about a million is actually  
bet by people at the event.

David walks with his suitcase to the front desk. A concierge  
whose name reads "BRENDAN" awaits him. Brendan smiles.

BRENDAN  
Good evening, Mr. Carlisle.

DAVID  
Hey. I'm checking out.

David sets his suitcase on the ground.

BRENDAN  
But, sir, if you check out now,  
you'll have to pay for tomorrow's  
stay as well.

DAVID  
That's fine. It was seven-  
something, wasn't it?

BRENDAN  
(Confused)  
Yes, sir. \$759.99.

David pulls his wallet out. He grabs a small stack of \$100's,  
counts them out on the counter.

DAVID  
(To himself)  
Seven, eight, nine... A thousand.

David slides the bills towards Brendan.

DAVID  
Seven-sixty plus tip.  
(Grabs the suitcase)  
Have a good one.

BRENDAN  
Should we be expecting a return  
visit from you?

DAVID  
Not likely. But this was a really  
nice hotel.

David walks away. Brendan looks at David then to the \$100's.

EXT. HOTEL/SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS

David strolls at the pace of the other pedestrians.

Some people turn, stare at him as he passes. Others whisper  
to each other.

David says nothing but he knows they're talking about him.

David stares ahead at what should be a bustling intersection of 41st Street and Broadway. But it isn't.

David scoffs to himself as he cruises north along Broadway.

BROADWAY - CONTINUOUS

He stares ahead at the center of Times Square; filled with tourists standing along the sidewalks.

David walks down the middle of the street; all eyes on him.

He looks over at the street signs; 42nd & Broadway.

A CAMERAMAN emerges from the crowd and focuses squarely on David. David looks right into the camera.

David's image appears on the large TV screen overlooking the mob of onlookers.

David sets his suitcase down next to a cheap metal table on the street. A sheet covers the table.

He lifts the sheet up. A dozen semi-auto handguns and revolvers. He wrinkles his nose at the sight of them.

David wraps the sheet back over the guns, drops them on the ground. He slams his suitcase down on the table.

He unzips the suitcase. Clothes. He removes two T-shirts. Underneath is a .45 ACP. He takes it.

David ejects the clip then empties the chamber. He empties the clip one bullet at a time except for the last one.

He puts the clip back in, cocks it. He walks back to the middle of the street to find someone else, JASON HOUSTON (24), standing opposite, about fifty yards away.

They approach each other. They shake hands.

DAVID  
David Carlisle.

JASON  
Jason. Jason Houston.

Jason sees the scars on David's arm.

JASON  
Sorry about that.

DAVID

It was a long time ago. Good luck.

David notes the .357 Magnum in Jason's hand.

JASON

Yeah, you too, man.

The two men turn around, stand back to back. The cameraman stands at their side, films them.

DAVID (V.O.)

When gambling was legalized, so was murder.

Slowly, they each take one step away from each other.

DAVID (V.O.)

And, I was going off at three to one.

After ten steps, they each turn to face one another.

They stare at each other for what must seem like forever.

An airhorn sounds. They each draw their guns.

CUT TO BLACK.

Gunshot.

THE END.