

POKER TALK

Four guys are sitting around playing Texas Hold Em. ARNOLD (the nerdy guy), BOB (cigar smoker), DHIRAJ (the serious poker player) and CHANDLER (pissed off; we'll learn why).

DHIRAJ
(adds to the pot)

Raise.

ARNOLD

Fold.

BOB

Fold.

CHANDLER
(hesitates, wasn't expecting that)
Goddamnit.

Beat.

BOB
Fuck or walk time, man.

CHANDLER
Fuck it. Call.

He meets Dhiraj's raise. They showdown and Chandler reveals a full house.

CHANDLER
Aces full of Kings! Read 'em and weep.

DHIRAJ
(smiles)
You go right ahead and do that.

He reveals FOUR QUEENS. Bob and Arnold are like whoa hoooo!

CHANDLER
Mother fucker.
(throws his hand at the table)
Fine. Take it.

BOB
What crawled up your ass and died today?

ARNOLD
Yeah, man. What's with the mood swings?

CHANDLER
(doesn't like admitting this)
I got fired today.

The guys are shocked and sympathetic and make outraged noises.

ARNOLD
What?

DHIRAJ
How's that possible? I thought you were good at your job.

CHANDLER
I am! That ain't why I got fired.

ARNOLD
Then what happened?

CHANDLER
My boss came home from his vacation a couple of weeks early, and he walked into the bathroom without knocking while his wife was in the shower.

Beat. The guys exchange looks as they try to process this. Nope, doesn't make sense.

BOB
Why would that get you fired?

CHANDLER
Well... I was in the shower with the wife.

BOB
Ah...

DHIRAJ
There you go.

ARNOLD
Yeah, that'll do it.

CHANDLER
That cocksucker was supposed to be in Cancun, man!
What're the odds?

ARNOLD

Well, statistically speaking, most extramarital affairs between co-workers usually end in discovery. Read that in an article somewhere.

CHANDLER

Fuck you. I wasn't having an affair! That bitch was screwin' half the office! She's been hitting on me for like a month, and I've been holding back... cause... I have... y'know, principles and stuff.

Beat.

BOB

(genuine curiosity)

Since when?

CHANDLER

(giving in)

She's not my type.

DHIRAJ

There you go.

Dhiraj begins gathering the chips and then the cards; he's the next dealer.

ARNOLD

Why'd you even fuck her then?

DHIRAJ

Maybe it was a hate-fuck.

BOB

Yeeeeaaaah! I do that shit all the time, man. Saw it in a porno once.

ARNOLD

(puzzled)

Aren't you married? Who're you hate-fuckin'?

BOB

Have you met my harpy of a wife?

ARNOLD

Oh.

BOB

So how was your hate fuck?

CHANDLER

It wasn't a hate fuck. At least, I wasn't trying to fuck her, anyway.

DHIRAJ

What, you accidentally stuck your dick inside her?

ARNOLD

How come I can never do shit like that by accident?

CHANDLER

NO! You guys... you don't get it.

BOB

Well, explain it.

CHANDLER

Remember that big contract I told you guys about last week?

ARNOLD

Yeah, what about it?

CHANDLER

Well, our genius of a boss went and subcontracted it.

Another beat. Everybody's puzzled by this.

DHIRAJ

I thought you said it was a lot of money. For everybody in office.

CHANDLER

That's the point. This one's big enough that everybody - everybody - would've gotten a big fuckin' bonus. But boss man doesn't want that, see? He runs the office like Adolf fuckin' Hitler. There was some talk that a lot of people were gonna walk out once the thing was done, so he sends it outside. The company still turns a profit, but no bonuses for the working man.

BOB

Shit.

CHANDLER

Right. And that's not even the worst part. We don't usually subcontract something this big, and he didn't know who to turn to. So you know what he did?

DHIRAJ

I'm guessing something horrible.

CHANDLER

He subcontracted it to a middle-management firm.

Another pause as the guys work this out.

DHIRAJ

Wait, you don't mean...

CHANDLER

Yes! They're going to subcontract it for him! He subcontracted the subcontracting!

Dhiraj begins to deal.

ARNOLD

I hate you break it to you, but that type shit does happen in the world.

CHANDLER

Yeah, but it gets worse.

DHIRAJ

That wasn't the worst part?

CHANDLER

Noooooooooooooooooo.

BOB

What's the worst part?

CHANDLER

The middle-management firm ended up hiring a company called Foursquare Incorporated.

ARNOLD

And?

CHANDLER

And yesterday, I found out that Foursquare Incorporated is owned by everybody working at the office.

ALL THREE TOGETHER

WHAT?

CHANDLER

Exactly! Everyone who works under me got together, put together some cash, bought out a shell company, put in a bid to the middle management firm, and took the contract. Apparently it wasn't even that hard.

ARNOLD

Fuck.

CHANDLER

And they're all equal partners, so they're gonna make more money in the next two months than I will in the next year. And they didn't even bother asking me to join them because I work in management so I'm -

(air quotes)

- "one of them". So, yeah, I was angry, I called the bitch and fucked her in the ass in his shower. Motherfucker walks in, and now I won't be making anything next year.

The guys are thinking, trying to help their friend. Dhiraj is thoughtful as he deals out the cards. Arnold and Bob put up the small and big blinds.

ARNOLD

Sue for wrongful termination.

CHANDLER

I can't. I checked. Company policy makes it clear you can't get involved with a co-worker and the wife was technically an employee of the firm. I'd lose and I can't afford it.

(CONT'D after a moment)

I mean, what the fuck? Did you know there's actually a business where people set up shell companies with legitimate tax returns and then offer them up for sale?

BOB

Get the fuck out.

CHANDLER

Not kidding. And it's legal. That's how these assholes managed to pull this off in less than a week. Why? Why is the world like this? Shell companies for sale? Subcontracting the subcontracting? It's unnatural! It's like a man and a woman want to have sex, only instead of fucking they

put a donkey in the middle; and then the guy fucks
the ass and ass in turn fucks the woman.

BOB

I've seen that in a porno, too.

The longest pause yet stretches out as all three stare at Bob (Dhiraj's hand
paused in mid-air while dealing), considering this horrifying thought.

BOB

(Oblivious)

What?

DHIRAJ

You got problems, you know that?

CHANDLER

Yeah, suddenly I feel better about my life.

(looks at cards, likes them and makes a bet)

Ten.

[End with a shot of the poker table and sounds of the
game; then fade to black]