

"TWENTY-ONE"

A screenplay by

Russ Krook III

[Rook3@rookscastle.com](mailto:Rook3@rookscastle.com)  
2718 Minnesota Avenue NW  
Bemidji, MN 56601 USA

FINAL DRAFT  
June 14, 2003  
FINAL REVISED DRAFT  
September 22, 2006

Author's Note:

Original work based on an idea I had. First Draft January, 2001. Final Draft June 14, 2003 and the Final revised (and I hope properly formatted) draft, September 22, 2006.

And I know it seems odd, but I liked every ending that I came up with, so I decided to use them all. There are three alternate endings. The dialogue is mostly the same just the action is slightly changed.

The title was changed from "Duel" to "Twenty-One" in September, 2006.

Logline:

Mr. Lyne and Mr. Non have a personal dispute. This dispute can only be solved by a no-holds barred duel. Honor must be satisfied and to the victor go the spoils.

"TWENTY-ONE"

FADE IN:

INT. HIGH RISE OFFICE BUILDING - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Scene opens on a large conference room. At one end of a long table sits MR. SIGHN NON, a pleasant looking man of vaguely Asian descent. At the other end sits Mr. DATED LYNE, an average looking, unassuming man. Both men are dressed in dark business suits. In the center with a sheaf of papers is MR. DEWEY C. HOWE, the lawyer. HOWE has NON look over and then he signs a legal document of some sort.

HOWE

Sir, are you sure you want to continue with this course of action? I advise highly against doing this.

NON

I'm quite certain Mr. Howe. I must have satisfaction.

CUT TO:

MR. LYNE

grins malevolently from the far end of the table. Completely self confident and unapologetic.

HOWE

(SIGHS, SOFTLY)

As you wish, sir.

HOWE takes the papers and crosses to LYNE, who smiles innocently at NON, winks mischievously at HOWE and signs the papers with a flourish after only perusing their contents for a brief moment. He tosses the papers across the surface of the conference table to HOWE who returns to his position at the center of the table.

HOWE

You've both signed this, making it a legal and binding document in civil court... if the need were to arise.

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP

Of NON'S face. He's calm, with the faint hint of anger.

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP

Of LYNE'S face. He's grinning like a wolf that's eaten the farmer's chickens... but can't be proven guilty.

HOWE

If either of you have second thoughts, now would be the time to voice them.

WIDE SHOT - FULL LENGTH OF THE CONFERENCE TABLE.

Neither man replies.

HOWE

As you wish... Gentlemen.

He puts special, distasteful emphasis on the last word.

HOWE

This matter is legal within this state per a vague and obsolete law that was first penned into the books back in 1784. The law as it stands now is technically legal and has not been

(continuing)

overturned by any subsequent additions to the laws. Unless it is taken to the Supreme Court, you are... untouchable.

Again, He puts special, distasteful emphasis on the last word.

HOWE

Until now every contest between you has been a gentleman's wager, I don't understand the sudden need for your dispute to be covered in legal terms.

NON

Because this time he wants a legal document should I kill him... accidentally.

HOWE

But this agreement states that should one of you be... seriously... injured, neither your surviving family members nor any other relations, friends or associates have any legal recourse against the other party.

LYNE

I just want to make it a matter of public record... when I humiliate you in a public location.

NON

As if I'll allow that to happen.

MEDIUM SHOT

The lawyer pauses looks at both men.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT

NON is seething at one end of the table.

Cut to:

MEDIUM SHOT

LYNE is smirking with smug satisfaction at the opposite end.

HOWE

Very well gentlemen. Per the terms of the agreement this duel of honor will occur in one week's time from this day, to begin at precisely twelve o'clock noon.

(beat)

As Mr. Non is the insulted party, he has the right of selecting the method and location by which the contest will take place.

NON

The location... to be announced within the day.

(pause)

I choose one on one, single martial combat. Combat is ended when one man remains standing and the other cannot continue.

(pause)

Preferably...

(beat)

when you cannot continue breathing.

LYNE  
(SMILES)  
Choice of weaponry?

NON  
Any... with the notable exception  
of...

NON ticks options off of his fingers.

NON  
No aerial bombardment, homing  
missiles, anti-materiel or anti-  
tank weapons. No remote  
detonated explosives, armored,  
ground or flying vehicles of any  
kind and no precision long range  
sniper weapons.

LYNE  
(acting blasé)

No missiles or tanks? It's  
almost not even worth competing  
then.

HOWE  
Actually sir, you no longer have  
any choice in the matter unless...

HOWE looks at his stack of paperwork...

HOWE  
...You'd care to admit your  
transgressions, publicly, on a  
popular radio station in a  
population center of at least  
two million population and at  
least one-hundred-thousand watts  
of broadcasting power...

LYNE

How about NPR, National Public  
Radio?

HOWE

I said a popular radio station  
sir.

LYNE

Gotcha. Can I see that again?

HOWE hands LYNE a stack of papers. LYNE ruffles through the  
loose leaf pages in front of him.

LYNE

Where exactly did it say that?

MR. HOWE picks up his own copy of the document and flips to a  
page.

HOWE

Sub section forty-eight, sub  
paragraph B, and I quote...

He reads from the thick paper...

HOWE

...the afore mentioned weasel can  
only get out of it...

(beat)

blah, blah, blah...

(beat)

...hundred-thousand watts...

(beat)

...blah, blah, blah...

(beat)

...and/or runs naked as the day he

(continuing)

was born down the fifty yard line at a Minnesota Vikings nationally televised football game, preferably one against either the Green Bay Packers or the Chicago Bears, his choice.

LYNE

And I agreed to that?

HOWE

Indeed, sir.

LYNE

And how drunk was I?

HOWE

(indignant)

I only serve mineral water, sir.

LYNE

I'm sorry to hear that. No snacks either?

NON

(interrupts)

It's settled then. In one week we meet on the field of honor.

(pause)

...and this time...

(beat)

leave the cheerleaders at home.

LYNE

(SHRUGS)

What can I say, the Dallas girls were in town for the weekend and I couldn't UN-invite them...

HOWE

Very well gentlemen. One weeks time. I wish you both the best of luck, and I hope this is all worth it in the end.

NON

(menacingly)

Oh, it will be very worthwhile...

CROSS WIPE TO:

LONG SHOT

EXT. A WIDE DIRT PATH IN A FOREST - DAY

MR. NON stands in the center of a WIDE FOREST TRAIL. He stands in the trail alone. He looks at his watch. The time is 11:56AM. A moment passes and the time changes to 11:57AM.

CLOSE UP

The CAMERA SLOWLY PANS up his body from the feet. MR. NON is dressed all in black. A long trench coat obscures most of his person, but you do see he's wearing some sort of tactical vest. A pair of dark sunglasses hides his eyes. His head slightly turns revealing...

LONG SHOT

EXT. OVER THE SHOULDER - TRAIL - DAY

In the distance a dark motorcycle comes into view and accelerates quickly towards NON.

About twenty feet from where NON stands, the motorcycle slides to a halt.

CLOSE UP

THE MOTORCYCLIST

Puts a booted foot down and flips out the kickstand on the bike. With deliberate slowness the rider dismounts.

The camera SLOWLY PANS UP from the MOTORCYCLIST'S booted feet. The new arrival is also dressed all in black. A long trench coat obscures most of his person, but you do see that he too is wearing some sort of tactical vest.

The camera finally settles on his dark full head helmet. The rider removes the helmet revealing...

MR. LYNE in a pair of DARK SUNGLASSES.

LYNE

Sorry I'm late. You weren't waiting too long were you?

NON

I've been here for over an hour.

NON down looks at his wristwatch.

EXTREME CLOSE UP - WRISTWATCH

The time is now 11:59AM.

NON

But you're not yet late. You still have sixty seconds before you have to pay for your dishonor.

LYNE

Pay? You take a check?

LYNE makes check writing hand signals for a moment, and then grins widely.

LYNE

Get real you joker.

NON

It's obvious that one such as you has very... little... skill and discipline.

LYNE

And that time in France, who left you eating crow?

NON

An aberration, nothing more.

LYNE

And that time in Borneo?

NON

You were just lucky. What about Sydney?

LYNE

Hey, I had jet lag that time!

NON

(deadpan)

Of course you did. What about London?

LYNE

So, you gonna talk me to death or what?

NON

Are you ready to meet your defeat?

LYNE

Actually...

He pauses and looks at the motorcycle.

LYNE

Let me move my bike and then we  
can get this party started.

NON nods his agreement and gives a stiff half bow and LYNE  
pushes the motorcycle out of the way. LYNE returns to the  
street and faces his opponent.

LYNE

Okay, game on!

NON pulls what looks like a soda can from beneath his coat.

NON

When this can hits the ground,  
it begins.

LYNE

Ready when you are, sparky!

CUT TO:

WIDE SHOT

NON pulls his arm back to throw the can.]

EXTREME CLOSE UP - POP CAN

MR. NON'S hand turns slightly, revealing that is pop can is  
in fact hiding the spoon... of a grenade! The grenade has a  
cover making it look like a pop can! He throws the can...

CLOSE UP - GRENADE

The grenade flies through the air, the spring loaded spoon  
flies off...

WIDE SHOT - TRAIL - DAY

Grenade hits the ground and after a moment, explodes, throwing dirt into the air.

NON runs for cover, pulling a machine gun as he runs.

LYNE stands up and dusts himself off, looking irritated.

LYNE

Hey you stupid twit, you can't use explosives, it says so in the contract!

CLOSE UP - NON LEANING BEHIND A TREE

NON

Actually if you'd read the contract closely you'd see it says there's no remote detonated explosives. Grenades aren't detonated by remote.

LYNE

Ah, good point. Well in that case...

LYNE reaches inside his coat.

LYNE

...have one of mine!

LYNE throws the grenade through the air, next to NON'S TREE. NON sees the grenade and runs from the natural barricade as the explosive goes off!

NON swings out a variant of the COLT AR ASSAULT RIFLE from beneath his trench coat. LYNE likewise pulls a weapon; his is an H&K MP5 series submachine gun.

Both men RUN AND GUN, kicking up dirt and narrowly missing each other several times. Each man dives behind trees and tries to get into a clear position of fire. Their skill is evenly matched and neither makes it easy for the other.

LYNE

(yells)

You know, I gotta ask...

LYNE fires around his tree and ducks back.

LYNE

I thought you wanted this to be a public display of humiliation.

NON

What's your point?

NON fires back at LYNE. Dirt and plant parts fly through the air.

LYNE

So why are we in the forest,  
instead of downtown...

(beat)

Beirut or something?

NON

(angry)

You're never going to let me  
forget Beirut are you?

LYNE

I'm just asking a simple  
question.

LYNE fires again, and moves to another position.

NON

Why? Because I had this forest set up for wireless cellular video and sound in the last week,

(pause)

CUT TO:

The CAMERA shows a series of quick cuts, showing several OD GREEN SECURITY CAMERAS screwed to the sides of different trees aiming in different directions.

NON

...and I'm charging 19.99 per pay-per-view viewing over the internet.

LYNE

And you were going to tell me about this, WHEN?

NON

(innocently)

I don't understand what you're complaining about! You're receiving one percent of all royalties.

LYNE

One percent? That's robbery!

NON

I think it's fair.

(pause)

Don't like it? Tell it to the Judge.

LYNE

(under his breath)

Oh, you are so going down for this...

Both men reload and move out, firing their ASSAULT RIFLES all the while.

After a minute of firing, they run out of ammo for the rifles.

NON pulls the empty mag from his ASSAULT RIFLE, looks at it, then tosses both aside.

NON  
Ready to surrender yet?

LYNE pulls the empty mag from his MP5 and drops both to the ground out of camera view.

LYNE  
You surrender? Okay, I cheerfully accept.

NON  
I'll take that as a no then.

NON and LYNE both reach beneath the dark recess of their coats.

CUT TO:

NON pulls a FULL AUTO GLOCK 18 machine pistol.

LYNE  
You still using that crappy plastic Glitch?

CUT TO:

NON  
It's a GLOCK you old-school dimwit.

NON racks the slide and thumbs the selector switch to AUTO.

NON

When are you going to enter the  
21<sup>st</sup> century and quit carrying  
that ten pound brick of a  
Beretta?

(beat)

I hope you realize my  
grandmother won't even use those  
anymore.

LYNE draws an automatic BERETTA 93R, and racks the slide.

LYNE

(indignant)

Hey, it only weighs five pounds!

(pause)

Let me lighten the load a  
little...

They both step out from cover and go on the attack! Both men  
dodge, RUN and GUN and hide behind the natural barricades  
again.

They RELOAD their pistols and go on the attack again. During  
the firefight NON runs out of ammo, his gun locks back,  
empty! He pulls the pistol back and looks into the open  
breach in dismay.

LYNE take CAREFUL AIM and FIRES! LYNE's last shot knocks the  
pistol from NON's hand.

CUT TO:

LYNE'S slide is locked back! The gun is empty.

CLOSE UP: NON'S GLOCK PISTOL ON THE GROUND.

The CAMERA quickly pans up to NON massaging his now empty  
hand.

NON

(coolly)

Nice shot.

CLOSE UP: SMOKE DRIFTS FROM BARREL OF LYNE'S EMPTY PISTOL.

LYNE

Not really.

(beat)

I was aiming for your head.

LYNE tosses the empty weapon aside.

NON

You out of ammunition?

CUT TO:

The camera shows the EMPTY BERETTA laying on the ground, and pans up to LYNE'S face.

LYNE

No. You?

CUT TO:

The camera shows the EMPTY GLOCK laying on the ground, and pans up to NON'S face.

NON

No. So... How about we settle this like men?

LYNE

You mean crying like a little school girl asking for mommy?

NON

No, I mean like in Greece.

LYNE

The country or the musical?

NON

Country.

LYNE

(under his breath)

I was afraid you'd say that.

(pause)

Okay, I'm game.

NON

(under his breath)

You're lucky I can't shoot you.

FINAL FIGHT: OPTION 1 - KNIFE.

NON slowly reaches down, the camera follows his move and he pulls a BLACK BLADED DOUBLE EDGED BOOT KNIFE from a sheath at his belt.

NON

You're going to regret your dishonor now.

LYNE

(smiles)

If it means anything, I regret having ever met you.

NON enters a knife fighter stance. LYNE reaches behind his back and pulls an identical knife, but with a SILVER BLADE. They circle each other, fencing back and forth. Both men score light hits on each other, NON receives a light cut to the TOP OF HIS HAND, LYNE has a small slice on his CHEEK.

LYNE

You DARE to cut my face?

NON

I guess you'll have to give up  
acting in porn now.

LYNE charges! NON steps inside, blocks the knife thrust,  
GRABS LYNE'S wrist and shoulder throws the man.

LYNE slams to the ground. LYNE is flat on his back, the KNIFE  
still clenched in his fist, but he appears defenseless! NON  
has his own KNIFE in his right hand, and he reaches casually  
behind his back with his LEFT hand, assuming a fencers stance  
with the KNIFE at the ready position.

NON

Give me what you owe me.

LYNE QUICKLY ROLLS TO HIS FEET and reaches quickly under his  
coat with his LEFT HAND as though going for a WEAPON!

NON calmly pulls out a GLOCK PISTOL with his LEFT HAND, takes  
one step forward and places the weapon on LYNE'S forehead.

LYNE

I thought you were out of ammo?

NON

(Coldly)

First rule of any gunfight is  
never run out of ammunition  
before your enemy.

LYNE

That's what I get for bringing a  
knife to a gun fight.

LYNE tosses his knife aside with a flick of the wrist.

CUT TO:

The knife sinks point first into the side of a tree with a  
\*THUNK.\*

CUT TO:

LYNE raises his empty hand palm forward in an open gesture of  
surrender, and then SLOWLY pulls his LEFT hand from his coat.  
Between his fingers is a CLEAN, CRISP..

CLOSE UP

\$1.00 BILL.

He hands it over to NON.

NON SMILES BROADLY. He sheaths the KNIFE at his hip and  
holsters his PISTOL, snatching the bill from LYNE.

He holds the DOLLAR BILL up PROUDLY and examines it.

NON

Now perhaps next time you'll  
believe me when I tell you a  
girl's age.

LYNE

(shrugs)

Hey, she looked twenty-one to  
me.

NON

They always do. Besides, I knew  
how old she was because she's my  
cousin.

LYNE

You know... next time I hit on  
your cousin, I think I'll take  
the option of running naked at a  
nationally televised football  
game...

NON

Good idea...

NON smiles broadly for a moment and then the smile fades...

CLOSE UP:

NON

Hey, what do you mean next time?

LYNE grins wolfishly...

FADE OUT:

THE END

FINAL FIGHT: OPTION 2 - THE SWORD.

NON slowly reaches to the BACK OF HIS NECK. The camera follows his move and he pulls a JAPANESE KATANA from a scabbard running down his back, under his coat.

LYNE

Do you even know how to use that?

NON

Well, you know what they say, those who know how to do something, do it. Those who don't know how, teach it.

LYNE

So how long have you been teaching?

NON

You're going to regret your dishonor now.

LYNE

(smiles)

If it means anything, I regret  
having ever met you.

NON enters a fighting stance with his KATANA at the ready. LYNE reaches inside his TRENCHCOAT and behind his back and pulls a long silver RAPIER SWORD from a concealed scabbard. The two men circle each other, fencing back and forth.

They are evenly matched, and neither can score a direct hit.

Finally, after a minute of fighting, both men score light hits on each other, NON receives a light cut to the TOP OF HIS HAND, LYNE has a small slice on his CHEEK.

LYNE

You cut my face?

NON

I guess you'll have to give up  
being a gigolo now.

LYNE charges! NON steps inside, blocks the sword thrust, GRABS LYNE'S wrist and shoulder throws the man.

LYNE sails overhead and SLAMS to the ground. LYNE is flat on his back, the RAPIER still clenched in his fist, but he appears defenseless! NON has his own KATANA in his right hand, and he reaches casually behind his back with his LEFT hand, assuming a European fencers stance with the SWORD at the forward ready position.

NON

Give me what you owe me.

LYNE QUICKLY ROLLS TO HIS FEET and reaches quickly under his coat with his LEFT HAND as though going for a WEAPON!

NON calmly takes one step forward, sweeping LYNE'S RAPIER to the side, pulls out a GLOCK PISTOL from behind his back with his LEFT HAND and places the weapon in the center of LYNE'S forehead.

LYNE

I thought you were out of ammo?

NON

(Coldly)

First rule of any gunfight is  
never run out of ammunition  
before your enemy.

LYNE

That's what I get for bringing a  
sword to a gun fight.

LYNE opens his hand, releasing the RAPIER.

CUT TO:

The SWORD sinks point first into the soft earth \*THUNK.\*

LYNE raises his empty hand PALM FORWARD in an open gesture of  
surrender, and then SLOWLY pulls his LEFT hand from his coat.  
Between his fingers is a CLEAN, CRISP...

CLOSE UP

\$1.00 BILL.

He hands it over to NON.

NON SMILES BROADLY, sheathing his KATANA at his back and  
holsters his PISTOL, snatching the bill from LYNE.

NON

Maybe next time you'll believe  
me when I tell you a girl's age.

LYNE

Hey, she looked twenty-one to  
me.

NON

They always do. And besides, I knew how old she was because she's my cousin.

LYNE

You know, next time I hit on your cousin, I think I'll take the option of running naked at a nationally televised professional football game..

NON

Good idea...

NON smiles broadly for a moment and then the smile fades..

CLOSE UP:

NON

Hey, what do you mean next time?

LYNE grins wolfishly..

FADE OUT:

THE END

FINAL FIGHT: OPTION 3 - BLUNT OBJECTS.

NON half turns and casually takes a couple steps to a nearby bush. He reaches into the bush and pulls forth a BO STAFF.

LYNE

Do you even know how to use that?

NON

Well, you know what they say,  
those who know how to do  
something, do it. Those who  
don't know how, teach it.

LYNE

So how long have you been  
teaching?

LYNE reaches to the neck of his trench coat. He pulls forth a long piece of slightly curved hardwood. It looks like a BOKKEN, a Samurai training sword.

NON

Did you know that in medieval  
Japan, a samurai would sometimes  
kill an opponent using a blunt  
weapon such as a staff or club  
so he wouldn't dishonor his  
sword and his family, by  
spilling the blood of someone so  
unworthy.

LYNE

Gee, thanks for that history  
channel moment in time.

NON

Prepare for retribution.

LYNE

Bring it, tough guy!

NON

You're going to regret your  
dishonor now.

LYNE

(smiles)

If it means anything, I regret  
having ever met you.

NON enters a fighting stance. LYNE holds his BOKKEN like a samurai sword, in a high defense position. With a sudden burst of movement the two men attack each other, fencing back and forth.

They are evenly matched, and neither can score a direct hit.

Finally, after a minute of fighting, both men score light hits on each other, NON receives a smashing blow to the TOP OF HIS HAND, LYNE has a rough, RED ABRASION on his CHEEK.

LYNE

You DARE to hit MY face?

NON

(grins)

I guess you'll have to start paying for your own drinks at the bars now and not wait for drunk women with no taste who claim to like your looks.

LYNE charges! NON steps inside, blocks the sword thrust, and HOOKS LYNE'S shoulder with the tip of the staff, VAULTING the man over his head!

LYNE sails overhead and SLAMS to the ground. LYNE is flat on his back, the BOKKEN still clenched in his fist, but he appears defenseless! NON has his own BO STAFF in his right hand. He spins the staff with a flourish and ends up with one end under his arm, much like a knight with a lance. NON reaches casually behind his back with his LEFT hand, assuming a European fencers stance with the BO STAFF at the forward ready position.

NON

Give me what you owe me.

LYNE

Oh, I got something for ya!

LYNE QUICKLY ROLLS TO HIS FEET and reaches quickly under his coat with his LEFT HAND as though going for a WEAPON!

NON calmly takes one step forward, sweeping LYNE'S BOKKEN to the side, pulls out a GLOCK PISTOL from behind his back with his LEFT HAND and places the weapon in the center of LYNE'S forehead.

LYNE

I thought you were out of ammo?

NON

(Coldly)

First rule of any gunfight is never run out of ammunition before your enemy.

LYNE

That's what I get for bringing a stick to a gun fight.

LYNE opens his hand, releasing the BOKKEN.

CUT TO:

P.O.V. -

The CAMERA is on the ground looking up at the two men. The WOODEN SWORD slowly falls toward the camera until it hits "the ground" with a thump causing the screen to go black.

MEDIUM SHOT

LYNE raises his empty SWORD HAND PALM FORWARD in an open gesture of surrender, and then SLOWLY pulls his LEFT hand from his coat. Between his fingers is a CLEAN, CRISP...

CLOSE UP

\$1.00 BILL.

He hands it over to NON.

NON SMILES BROADLY, tossing the BO STAFF casually to the side, and holstering his PISTOL, snatching the bill from LYNE.

NON

Maybe next time you'll believe me when I tell you a girl's age.

LYNE

Hey, she looked twenty-one to me.

NON

They always do. And besides, I knew how old she was because she's my cousin.

LYNE

You know, next time I hit on your cousin, I think I'll take the option of running naked at a nationally televised professional football game...

NON

Good idea...

NON smiles broadly for a moment and then the smile fades...

CLOSE UP:

NON

Hey, what do you mean next time?

LYNE grins wolfishly...

FADE OUT:

THE END