

DEUCE'S WILD

A modern-day Noir, set in Chicago

Written by

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COLD OPEN: DEUCE'S WILD

EXT. CHEAP VEGAS MOTEL - NIGHT

The sound of one-arm bandits hums in the distance - slot machines coughing coins into the void.

A flickering neon VACANCY sign. Cheap. Sad. Sexy.

V.O. (KING)
(gravel, measured)
You gotta know where you're going.
Or you won't know it when you get
there.

A COWBOY - shirt open, sunburnt, trouble - sidles up to DEUCE. Lean. Leather-jacketed. Trying not to care.

COWBOY
(low, hushed, heat)
You gonna finally give in, darlin'?
No need to look further - it's all
about me.

He brushes too close. Too familiar.

DEUCE
(sharply)
Sure thing, cowboy. Wait by the
phone.

Deuce shoves him aside. Keeps moving. Finds a quiet alley shadow and pulls out his burner phone.

On screen: "DIAMOND"

He hesitates. Then taps CALL.

DEUCE (CONT'D)
(under his breath)
Come on, Mom. Pick up.

A long pause. Then:

ROBOTIC VOICE
The number you have reached has
been disconnected.

Deuce closes his eyes. Just for a beat.

DEUCE

Fuck.
(beat)
You were never there.

He reaches into his back pocket. Pulls out a folded note, worn, well-handled.

The hands unfold it – perfect penmanship in black ink:

“The Wild Card is the hand you were dealt.”

DEUCE (CONT'D)

(quietly)
Who am I? Let's go find out.

INT. CITY STREET – PRE-DAWN

Boots hit wet pavement. Black. Heavy. Grounded. The city glistens like a memory. Still. Expectant.

Deuce stands. The note slides back into his jeans. He steps into the street.

The world doesn't stop. But it will.

ON SCREEN:

CHICAGO, IL

BLACK SCREEN. SILENCE.

♪ “DANCING QUEEN” (ACOUSTIC, EERIE,
HOLLOW)

The opening lyric – like a whisper in an empty room:

V.O. (THE DUO)
“Friday night and the lights are
low...”

BLACK HOLDS.

DEUCE (V.O.)

They say there's a pot of gold at the end of every rainbow. Fuck that fairytale. Gold is due. And my rainbow? It's shining straight at Chicago.

(beat)

They say the apple doesn't fall far from the tree. Hell – this tree has roots. And that apple? I was green... once. This is my story. A kid from nowhere, going – Well, you'll find out. Deuce's Wild.

BLACK SCREEN. SILENCE.

ACOUSTIC "DANCING QUEEN" BEGINS – soft, eerie, distant, like a memory unraveling.

V.O. (THE DUO)
"Friday night and the lights are low..."

BLACK HOLDS A LITTLE LONGER.

V.O. (DEUCE)
They say the apple doesn't fall far from the tree.

Hell – this tree has roots. And that apple? I was green... once.

This is my story. A kid from nowhere going– well... you'll find out.

Deuce's Wild.

EXT. DRONE OVER CHICAGO – NIGHT

V.O. (JACK)
Age has nothing to do with the rites to power.

The phone never rings. No fairy godmother waves her wand.

Fuck that.

Chicago is my town. Or it will be. But I'm not stoppin' there.

A subtle WHIRRING begins. The drone wakes up – watching the city from above.

FAINT GLOW – deep green and gold. Pulsing.

Below, the Chicago River snakes through dark streets – glowing like memory. Distorted. Ominous.

V.O. (THE DUO) (CONT'D)
 "Looking out for a place to go..."

THE IMAGE SHARPENS.

The drone rises, gliding over rooftops and fire escapes,
 moving like a predator.

V.O. (THE DUO)
 "You can dance... you can jive..."

CHICAGO COMES TO LIFE.

Neon signs flicker on. Traffic hums. Steam rises from
 sidewalk vents.

The city moves like it's stretching before a brawl.

V.O. (DEUCE)
 Chicago. You know the city.
 But do you know this story?
 My story?

The camera glides through the skyline. Glass. Smoke. Shadows.
 Neon blinking like a nervous tic.

V.O. (THE DUO) (CONT'D)
 "Having the time of your life..."

V.O. (KING) (CONT'D)
 The Windy City.

Built on power and legends.

CAMERA CUTS THROUGH neighborhoods— Old money. Alley deals.
 Whispers under bridges.

V.O. (QUEEN) (CONT'D)
 Resurrection Mary.

The City of Big Shoulders. My Chicago... The river that runs
 backward.

V.O. (THE DUO) (CONT'D)
 "See that girl... watch that scene..."

A blade flashes. A deal's made in shadows. Cash slips palms.

V.O. (JACK) (CONT'D)
 Urbs in horto.

City in a garden. Jazz. Deep dish. Love. Hate. In Chicago, we shoot first.

V.O. (THE DUO) (CONT'D)
"Diggin' the dancing queen..."

INT. HIGH-STAKES POKER GAME - NIGHT

Cards hit felt. Chips shuffle. A glance.
Someone's bluffing. Someone's bleeding.

V.O. (ACE)
Beware the green-eyed monster.

Especially when he's dealing.

V.O. (THE DUO) (CONT'D)
"Dancing Queen..."

THEN - A GUNSHOT.

CUT TO BLACK.
DEAD SILENCE.

FADE IN:

The faint creak of a door opening.
Still black. Just the sound.

EXT. THE WILD CARD - NIGHT

A private speakeasy. No sign. No address. No rules. Power is exchanged over whiskey, cigars, and calculated whispers.

BLACK SCREEN.

FAINT CREAK.

THEN - THE DOOR OPENS.

A pair of cowboy boots step inside. Slow. Measured. Determined. But underneath? Rage. Fear. A memory too loud to forget.

The camera adjusts. We adjust. The bar is dim, thick with smoke and shadow. Silhouettes breathe like ghosts.

ON STAGE – THE DUO.

Still. Low-lit. Waiting.

Then – they begin.

♪ "THE CHAIN" (WILD CARD VERSION)
Raw. Acoustic. A warning wrapped in
seduction.

THE DUO (SOFT, GHOSTLIKE)
"Listen to the wind blow... watch
the sun rise..."

The sound stalks the room like heat.

DEUCE. 35.

He enters like he owns the night – but beneath the swagger?
He's starving. For purpose. For control. For something that's
his.

This isn't a man looking to play. This is a man who has to
win – or disappear forever.

His eyes scan – every threat, every weakness. Every player
who might already be two moves ahead.

♪ THE DUO
"Run in the shadows... damn your
love, damn your lies..."

AT THE BAR – ACE WATCHES.

Polished. Cool. Knows Deuce's type. Knows the stakes. Knows
the damage before it walks in.

IN THE SHADOWS – JACK SMIRKS.

A man who studies chaos because he is chaos. He doesn't just
notice Deuce – he recognizes him. The familiar pain. The
mirror.

BEYOND THE CURTAIN – KING WAITS.

Still as a loaded gun. Watching Deuce not like prey – but
like a threat that might need replacing.

♪ THE DUO (BUILDING)

"And if you don't love me now... you
will never love me again..."

Deuce lights a cigarette. The match flares. His hand shakes.
Just a little. But the pain's there.

This isn't confidence. It's survival.

The Wild Card took everything from him once. Now he's here to
take it back.

THE DUO (WHISPERED)

"I can still hear you saying... you
would never break the chain..."

Eyes lock. Pieces move. Tension builds.

Jack's stare lingers.

Queen listens from above.

Ace tips his glass.

King doesn't move.

And Deuce?

He stands dead center. Not asking for permission. Demanding a
seat.

♪ THE DUO

"NEVER break the chain..."

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND THE WILD CARD - NIGHT

Deuce slips out. Rain teases concrete like a warning.

He flicks his lighter. Pauses.

The flame dances.

From a deeper shadow - another flame.

Jack. Already watching. Already ready.

♪ THE DUO (V.O.)

"You don't love me now... you will
never love me again..."

The music haunts them from inside. But here, in the alley -
Chicago holds its breath.

Deuce just stepped back into the game.

And this chain?

It's already cracking.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND THE WILD CARD - NIGHT

The door clicks shut behind Deuce.

Rain teases the concrete.

He steps out. Lights a cigarette. The ember glows - a tiny flame of control.

From the darkness, another ember flickers. ROBERTO. Late 20s. Hispanic. Thick build. Hustler. A man who serves more than drinks - he serves temptation and danger with a knowing smile.

He steps too close.

ROBERTO

(low, teasing)

You walk like you don't know whose city this is.

DEUCE

(cool, unreadable)

That supposed to scare me?

Roberto pins him - hard, fast, up against brick. Deuce doesn't drop the cigarette. He lets it glow between them.

No struggle. No words. Just heat. Deuce's jaw tightens. His fists curl - but he doesn't move.

Is this a fight? A flirtation? Something between desire and violence.

CLICK. A gun cocks in the darkness.

BANG.

A warning shot shatters the moment. Roberto freezes. Breathing hard.

ROBERTO

(low, growling)

We're not done here.

We both know what I want.

He leans in. Too close. Breath against breath. Deuce doesn't flinch. But he doesn't lean in, either.

ROBERTO (CONT'D)
Everybody pays.

From the shadows, JACK steps forward.

JACK
(cool, claiming)
Not tonight.

A long, loaded pause. Jack and Roberto lock eyes. The air is a wire.

Roberto steps back. Smirking. Unbothered. Dangerous.

He heads back inside, licking his lips.

Deuce straightens his collar. Jack lights his own cigarette – smirks.

A claim has been made. And Deuce knows it.

✱ BOOM – THUNDER CRACKS.

COLOR DRAINS. BLACK & WHITE BLEEDS IN.

A HARD, MARCH RAIN FALLS.

♪ THE DUO BEGINS "FIRE" – STRIPPED
THEN EXPLOSIVE



"I'm riding in your car, you turn on the radio..." The Duo sings from stage. Just voices and a single guitar.

BLACK & WHITE. OPENING CREDITS ROLL.

The neon lights of Chicago bleed into puddles. Reflections twist. A door slams.

Deuce is already moving. Already choosing. Already burning.

INT. THE WILD CARD – SAME

The room is alive but hushed. The Duo owns the silence.