

SIX EQUALS NINE

Written by

Christine Locker & Lee Ann Riddle

wordbreeders@gmail.com
+1661-817-5411
+2784-215-9796

FADE IN:

INT. CAR - APARTMENT BUILDING -- DAY

BRENDA (25) sits behind the steering wheel of an old battered car. She's tattooed pretty heavily and sports quite a few face piercing.

STAN (30) dressed in a suit, his hair slicked back, sits in the passenger seat, dabs his forehead with a tissue.

They drove slowly into a parking spot on the corner.

Brenda gives Stan a peck on the cheek.

BRENDA

Quit sweating it. You look real spiffy, Stan.

STAN

I'm fucking cooking in this get-up. Cover up, my ass. I'm going to stick out like a sore thumb.

BRENDA

Just act like you belong there.

STAN

In this shithole? You go do it.

BRENDA

You wanna get whacked? Tony don't take shit from nobody. You mess this up, your goose is cooked.

STAN

Tony can suck my balls. I ain't never messed up a job in my life.

BRENDA

Remember, it's apartment number six. Six as in the number of brain cells you have.

STAN

Yeah, six, I'm not your brother Vinnie.

Brenda slugs Stan in the arm.

BRENDA

You leave Vinnie outta this! I could just let you walk back...

STAN

Or I could tell Tony you's been
messin' with his uncle Vito.

Brenda sits tight-lipped, grips the steering wheel.

Stan smirks, grabs a briefcase from the backseat.

BRENDA

I'll be driving around the block.
If you're lucky, I'll find you.

STAN

Don't get lost.

He gives her a snide thumbs up, opens the passenger door
which clunks open, slides out.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING -- CONTINUOUS

The place has seen better days. Windows are bashed out on
some of the floors. The front security door stands open.

Stan heads inside, turns down a hallway. He sees apartment
seven, keeps going until the next, number six.

He taps his feet nervously, raps on the door.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - SMITH APARTMENT -- CONTINUOUS

MARVIN SMITH (70s) opens the door, keeping the chain on. He
peeks out.

MARVIN

Yeah?

STAN

Sam here?

Marvin shakes his head, tries to get a better look at Stan.

MARVIN

Not at the moment.

Stan holds up the brief case, shakes it where Marvin can see
it.

STAN

You's gonna keep me standing out
here?

MARVIN
What's that?

STAN
Sam didn't tell you?

MARVIN
No, but memory's not so good any
more.

Stan glances around, squirms as if he's doing the pee-pee dance.

STAN
Please, man, don't leave me
standing out here.

Marvin slides the chain off, opens the door for Stan.

INT. SMITHS' APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

A tiny living space, a couple of two-seater couches with crocheted throws over them. A small coffee table with magazines and pamphlets are strewn across it about holiday vacations. It's a homely little place.

Stan gets straight to business.

STAN
Okay, you's Sam's right hand man?

MARVIN
I guess you could call me that.

Stan pops open the briefcase. A stash of cash is in the case. Stan pulls out two flight tickets, hands them to Marvin.

STAN
Fly out to Jamaica on Saturday. At
the airport, go to teller three,
ask for Margaret, see?

Marvin nods along.

STAN (CONT'D)
She knows all about you's two.
She'll get you booked on the
flights. Find A-Plus car hire, hand
them the proof of payment in here.
It's under Stan.

MARVIN
Stan?

STAN
Yeah, that's me, Stan.

MARVIN
Nice to meet you, Stan.

Stan ignores the old man, carries on babbling.

STAN
Use some of the money to book into a decent hotel, and then just make sure you's two look like any other vacationers.

MARVIN
Wow. Are we supposed to just take the money like this in cash? Shouldn't you put it in a bank account--

Stan snaps the case closed.

STAN
No, Sam's got all the details.

Marvin's eyes widen.

MARVIN
I see.

Stan gets up, pats Marvin on the shoulder.

STAN
Don't forget to pick up the big prize, and follow instructions sent to Sam.

Stan makes a beeline for the door.

STAN (CONT'D)
Good luck, old man.

INT. CAR - APARTMENT BUILDING -- MOMENTS LATER

Stan climbs in the car. Brenda pulls away.

BRENDA
Everything cool?

STAN

Yeah, but ever since that Clint Eastwood movie, everyone's using old fogies instead of the teenagers.

BRENDA

It's a good cover.

Stan pulls off his tie and jacket, loosens his shirt.

STAN

Just glad it's done.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY -- DAY

SAMANTHA SMITH (70s) walks past apartment seven to the next apartment and swings the number six back up to a nine. It drops again.

A youngster (22) SAMUEL, his pants barely holding onto his buttocks with his underwear showing, walks past staring at his phone, nearly walks into Samantha.

SAMANTHA

Sam, you really should look up from that device sometime and converse with real people instead.

SAMUEL

Yeah, whatever, Miss Smith.

Samuel stops, scrolls his phone, shakes his head.

SAMANTHA

How's your mother?

SAMUEL

No time for chit chat. Got company coming.

Samantha turns her key in the door, heads inside.

Samuel heads down to his apartment two doors down and enters.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - SMITH APARTMENT -- CONTINUOUS

Marvin grabs Samantha as she walks in, swings her around in a bit of a dance, dips her, and nearly drops her. She grabs her hip, straightens up.

SAMANTHA

What on earth's got into you.

Marvin points at the open case of all the money.

MARVIN

One the contests you keep entering.
Seems it's finally paid off,
Samantha.

Samantha holds her hand to her mouth, gasps.

SAMANTHA

You always said I was wasting my
time.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING -- SAME

Samuel comes out of his apartment, leans against the wall,
looks the street up and down. He checks his phone again,
dials.

SAMUEL

Dude, Sam here... Is your guy
bringing the cash or what?

FADE OUT.