

THE PACKAGE

written by

John Stone

A Monochrome Production

Film Noir Short.

Jhnstn87@aol.com

FADE IN:

EXT. STREET CORNER - NIGHT

Beneath a dim gaslight JOHN - a broad shouldered, middle-aged MAN wears a Fedora and a raincoat with the collar turned up. He stands obdurately with his hands placed upon his hips.

Across the street CHRISTINA - a ponytailed blond woman (Late 20's). She has a small, round face and thin lips.

She wears a low cut red dress, revealing her small cleavage. Her left hand is placed upon her tiny waist as she clutches a black handbag held down by her side.

CUT TO:

INT. SQUAT - NIGHT.

A dark pigmented HOOKER with fuzzy hair lies naked upon a bare mattress.

CU: Needle scars on her arms.

Her eyes roll back inside her head as her legs swing back and forth uncontrollably, revealing her untrimmed bush.

Across the room - a black PIMP sits at a small wooden table, situated by the open window. He wears a white vest as he drags upon a reefer.

CU: The smoke disperse into the night sky.

PIMP'S POV: The Woman in the Red Dress.

CU: A RED NEON SIGN flickers in the distance, above the dim light of JACK'S COFFEE SHOP.

A black CHEVY rolls up beside Christina. John steps back inside a dark shadow as she turns away and sticks her head through the nearside window.

She appears to speak to the stout DRIVER as the rear nearside door swings open.

She glances over her shoulder at John, then climbs into the rear of the Chevy.

John's POV: The Chevy slowly pulls away with Christina's head crushed up against the rear window. Her bright red lipstick smudged upon the glass. She is in distress.

A SMALL BROWN PACKAGE is thrown from the car and lands in John's direction.

He quickly stubs out his cigarette with the heel of his well-polished shoe.

Pff! Pff!

BLOOD SPATTER covers the rear window of the Chevy as it moves off.

INT. APARTMENT /

In a paranoid frenzy the Pimp jumps out of his seat, then turns to look at the Hooker.

PIMP

(Aback)

Holy Shit, Motherfucker!

He goes to her and lifts her head up.

PIMP /

Did ya see what just 'appened?
Mother fuck my ass, bitch!

STREET.

John steps out of the shadow and picks up the package, before he saunters off down the street.

APARTMENT.

The Pimp slides into his pants, then grabs a FIREARM from off the bedside cabinet. He secures the Firearm inside his trouser belt then exits.

The Hooker throws up into a bucket at the side of the bed.

INT. JACK'S COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT.

John sits by the window. He drinks from a cup as he looks out onto the empty street.

His POV: The Chevy pulls up outside. Christina exits the rear of the car clutching her bag.

She enters the shop, then stops and faintly smiles when she sees him.

He shows her a knowing look, then removes his Fedora and places it down on the counter.

She slides her shapely backside onto an empty stall next to him and continues to stare at him, knowingly.

CHRISTINA
Gotta spare cigarette, Soldier?

He methodically feels inside his coat pocket, then lifts out a crumpled pack and passes them to her.

She takes one out and slips it between her thin lips, then waits for him to light her up.

He continues to stare blankly through the window.

CHRISTINA /
(Expectantly)
Gotta match, Soldier?

CU: A struck match.

She takes a nervous drag, before she blows a thick cloud of smoke towards him.

CU: A love heart disburses.

CHRISTINA /
You got the package?

He looks at her and nods.

CHRISTINA / (CONT'D)
You got it witcha?

JOHN
(Softly)
Yep.

CHRISTINA
Can I have it?

He slips his hand inside his coat, then casually slides the package across the counter towards her.

She looks around, then carefully picks it up and drops it into her bag.

CU: HANDGUN in bag.

He stares through the window, as she clips her bag shut, then climbs off the stall.

CHRISTINA /
I've gotta go.

He acknowledges with a quick nod.

CHRISTINA / (CONT'D)
You wanna get together later?

JOHN
Sure. Why not?

CHRISTINA
Gotta a pencil handy?

He hands her a pencil butt.

She scratches on a napkin.

CU: Her RED NAIL POLISH matches her LIPSTICK.

She passes him the napkin. He drops it inside his coat pocket.

CHRISTINA /
Leave a message where I can find
you.

JOHN
Sure.

She exits.

His POV: She looks back at him, before she climbs into the rear and they drive off.

He continues to stare through the window.

The short Italian PROPRIETOR dries his hands on a cloth as he stands behind the counter, watchful.

JOHN /
Fix me another coffee, Rico.

PROPRIETOR
Coming right up, John.

EXT. APARTMENT BLOCK - NIGHT.

The Chevy rolls up by the well-lit main entrance.

Christina exits the vehicle, clutching her bag. She presses her red fingernail on the intercom and waits.

Buzz.

The large glass entrance door automatically opens. She enters the opulently furnished foyer.

The Chevy purrs.

BACK TO:

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT.

John stands on the sidewalk and takes in the cool night air, before he strolls along the deserted street.

He is suddenly joined by the hysterical, drug-crazed Pimp.

PIMP

Hey! You! Motherfucker! Wotcha
doin' back there, Huh,
Motherfucker?

John calmly stands and observes his tormentor.

JOHN

Eh?

PIMP

Yeh, Motherfucker! Say wotcha
doing back there... with that
white chick woman in the red
dress, huh? Say you lookin' for
trouble, Motherfucker?

JOHN

Nope.

PIMP

Give me the package,
Motherfucker, before I blow your
white dick up your white
motherfuckin' ass!

JOHN

I'm afraid I don't have it
anymore.

PIMP

Say wot? Motherfucker! Give me
the package or I'll blow your
brains out!

He stares curiously back at the Pimp when he produces his
firearm and waves it in his face.

PIMP /

Hand it over, Motherfucker! I saw
you back there! Give it to me,
before you wished you'd never
seen my big black motherfuckin'
ass! (Rolling eyes)

C'mon, Motherfucker! Hand it over! I won't ask again,
Motherfucker!

JOHN

I told you, I don't have it.

PIMP

And don't be getting any ideas,
Motherfucker. C'mon asshole, give
it to me. Last chance!

He stares hard into the Pimp's drug enhanced eyes.

The Pimp falls silent and bites his own tongue as he starts
to shake uncontrollably, before he places his firearm inside
his own mouth.

He wills him on.

BANG!

The Pimp's brains exit his head, then decorate the graffitied
wall behind him, before he falls to the ground.

John stands over him and shakes his head in belated
wonder, before he continues on his way.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT.

An obese HISPANIC with a bushy mustache sits behind a
furnished desk. His unbuttoned red shirt has frills at the
trim.

His POV: A GOLD REVOLVER in his opened desk drawer.

Christina stands nervously clutching her bag as she watches him like a hawk.

His piercing green eyes reflect his dirty mind. His tongue shoots out of his mouth in an unhealthy hunger for her.

Her resolve excites him.

HISPANIC

Did you bring the package, Sugar Plum?

CHRISTINA

Yes, I did.

HISPANIC

(Grins fervently)

Good. Good.

She shifts uncomfortably as he climbs out of his seat and approaches her.

HISPANIC /

So give it to me.

He grabs the bag from her, then takes out the Package, before he throws the bag back at her.

He walks back to his desk and sits down, then places the Package down in front of him.

She watches him closely as he looks up at her and licks his lips.

CHRISTINA

Happy now?

HISPANIC

Deliriously, Sugar Plum. You did very well. Now I must reward you. Come to Daddy. Sit down and I will show you how grateful I am.

Her POV: He unbuckles his belt, then unzips his fly.

She grabs the Gun tucked inside her panties as he dives towards the opened desk drawer.

She's quicker and points her Gun at him.

CHRISTINA

You need to lose some weight, you
fat gorilla. That kinda baggage
can slow a man down.

He throws up his arms and cries.

HISPANIC

WAIT! WAIT!

BANG!

His spatter hits the wall behind him, before he slumps
forward with a gaping hole in his left eye socket.

She picks up the Package.

CHRISTINA

No kiddin' a kidda.

She drops the Gun inside her bag, then exits.

CUT TO:

INT. CABIN 21 - NIGHT

John lies bare chested on the bed. He stares down at the
napkin with her phone number written upon it.

CU: 265333.

He leans over and picks up the telephone receiver next to
him. He dials the number written on the napkin.

Phone rings, before it connects.

RECORDED MESSAGE

Please leave a message after the
tone.

He deliberates.

JOHN

I'm at the Red Eye - cabin
twenty-one.

(Pauses)

Oh, and bring a pack of
cigarettes. I'm all out.

He replaces the receiver, then takes out his last cigarette
from the packet.

He crumples the packet and lobs it into the wastepaper bin beside the bed, before he strikes a match off the bedside cabinet.

He lies back and looks up at the ceiling as he draws from the lit cigarette.

FLASHBACK:

CHEVY.

Christina climbs into the back, then is immediately forced up against the rear window by a HOODED ASSAILANT. His firearm forced into the back of her head.

The Driver slowly pulls off, but then turns and points his own PIECE at the Hooded Assailant.

DIVER

(To Hooded Assailant)

Hand me the package.

The Hooded Assailant lobs the Package out of the open rear window.

Pff! Pff!

The Hooded Assailant's blood spatters the rear window.

END FLASHBACK.

CABIN 21.

A light tap on the door.

John climbs off the bed, then cautiously opens the door.

CHRISTINA

You gonna lemme in, or what?

JOHN

Sure. Come in.

She enters and stands behind the closed door in anticipation of his actions.

CHRISTINA

You don't mess around, do ya,
Soldier?

JOHN

I guess not.

He takes her in his arms and kisses her passionately.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT.

The Chevy purrs.

The Red Eye's neon light flickers in the backdrop.

INT. CHEVY.

The thick set Driver mauls into a hamburger and sips from a paper coffee cup.

A huge shadow appears from behind him and rips into his neck with a cable.

The Driver chokes when he is dragged back over his seat and activates the wipers as he kicks frantically at the dashboard, until his last breath.

The HOODED ASSAILANT searches the vehicle for the Package.

INT. CABIN 21

John writhes on top of her soft naked flesh while he kisses her soft lips, before they reach a climax together.

INT. CHEVY.

The dead Driver lies slumped across his seat, before he is dragged out of the vehicle by the Hooded Assailant.

The Hooded Assailant then leans over the passenger seat and opens the glove compartment. He grabs the package and slips it inside his coat pocket.

A new DRIVER opens the door and climbs in behind the wheel, while The Hooded Assailant remains seated in the rear.

INT. CABIN 21

They sit up and share a cigarette as they sit up inside the sheets.

CHRISTINA
I know this is gonna sound
ridiculous, but what's your name,
Soldier?

JOHN
John.

CHRISTINA
(Smiles)
John?

JOHN
Yep.

CHRISTINA
Why do I get this feeling that
I've met you somewhere before?

JOHN
Likewise.
(Inhales)
And you?

CHRISTINA
I thought you'd never ask.
(Exhales)
Christina.

JOHN
Nice name.

CU: Minibar.

CHRISTINA
Is there anything to drink inside
that minibar?

JOHN
Maybe. Take a look.

CHRISTINA
I will, then.

She climbs out of the sheet naked. Her silhouette shown
within the flickering light of the Red Eye.

She kneels down and opens the minibar.

Her POV: An assortment of colorful CANS OF FIZZY DRINKS.

She grabs one then turns to him.

CHRISTINA /

This one?

JOHN

Sure.

She lobs a can of fizz to him. He catches it mid-air.

Double ring pull.

She sits down on the base of the bed and gulps from the can.

CHRISTINA

Did you open the package?

He finishes drinking, then lobs the can into the wastepaper bin.

JOHN

Nope.

CHRISTINA

Dontcha wanna know what's inside it?

JOHN

Nope.

CHRISTINA

Well, in case you were wondering, it's a key.

JOHN

A key to what?

CHRISTINA

My heart.

(Thoughtful pause)

Its in safe hands again.

JOHN

Good to hear.

CHRISTINA

Whatcha think, I'd be stupid enough to carry it with me?

JOHN

You can't trust anyone.

CHRISTINA

I trust my driver with my life.
He's saved it more than once.

JOHN

Your driver's dead.

She bounces off the bed and angrily confronts him.

CHRISTINA

What'd ya mean, my driver's dead?

JOHN

He's dead already.

CHRISTINA

How can you possibly know
something like that?

JOHN

Take my word for it. Your new key
holder just garroted him while we
were making out in the sheets.

CHRISTINA

Just stop it, will ya? You're
frickin' freakin' me out!

He climbs out of bed naked.

JOHN

We need to get out of here.

CHRISTINA

Why, exactly?

He quickly slips into his shirt and pants, as she slides into
her dress and stiletto heels.

JOHN

You need to get the Package back.

He slips into his spats, then grabs his raincoat and Fedora,
before he grabs her by the arm.

CHRISTINA

Let go! You're hurting me!

He shoves her out of the door and follows her.

EXT. STREET CORNER - NIGHT

She confronts him beneath a dim glow of a gas light, as the Chevy rolls up beside her.

She leans her head inside the nearside window and appears to speak to the driver.

John Steps back inside a shadow.

The rear door opens and she climbs in.

Resume.

DISSOLVE:

End.