

SIX

Written by

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INT. GREG'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The only source of light is the glow from a computer screen, illuminating GREG (30) hunched over, his fingers flying over the keyboard. Through thick glasses, lines of code reflect in his eyes, now bloodshot from intense focus.

CLOSE-UP: The computer clock reads 2 AM.

Greg sips coffee from a gargantuan mug, then freezes. Turns: a cat sits in the corner. He's never owned a cat. He stares at the cat, looks away, then back. Now, it's just a throw pillow.

Greg chuckles, shaking his head before diving back into work. He jumps - the cat's now on the desk, eyeing him with amber stares. Greg's face breaks into a grin, then into a silent, hysterical laugh.

INT. GREG'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY - LATER

A closed bathroom door stands, behind which moans and unmistakable sounds of sex can be heard. The camera moves closer, then cuts inside...

INT. GREG'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - CONTINUED

...Greg, in a moment of solitude, is caught in an intimate act, iPhone in hand, echoes of an adult video filling the room.

INT. GREG'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - LATER

With another coffee in hand, Greg settles back at his computer.

CLOSE-UP: The computer clock now reads 4 AM.

Greg looks out the window. Dawn is breaking through the curtains.

INT. OFFICE - MORNING

From his cramped cubicle, Greg watches his boss, ADRIAN (50) - a man of imposing presence, make his way to his glass office. MIKE (40), Greg's colleague, approaches Adrian, handing him a cup of coffee while keeping one for himself.

MIKE

Morning boss!

ADRIAN

Just what the doctor ordered!
(accepting the coffee)

Thanks, Mikey!

Adrian gives Mike a friendly slap on the shoulder as he proceeds.

INT. ADRIAN'S OFFICE - MORNING

Adrian is seated behind his large desk. Across from him, in a chair, sits GREG, a bit disheveled but sharp-minded.

ADRIAN
I've already received a handful of big 'thank you's'. Stellar work, Greg. You really knocked it out of the park.

GREG
Thanks.

Adrian gazes at his open laptop, clicking away.

ADRIAN
And it looks just great. Beauty! Client will love it.
(pause)
Greg, you're a brilliant developer. A real grinder. But the company's downsizing, you know--

GREG
You said I had a good shot--

ADRIAN
No-no-no. I said your odds were one in six. Not six to one. You get the difference, right?
(Greg nods)
I didn't want to get your hopes up. Six guys for one spot.

GREG
I delivered the project on time, met the deadline that nobody--

ADRIAN
(raising a finger)
Don't push me, man. I know. I know.

Adrian's phone on the desk buzzes with a new message. Greg and Adrian simultaneously glance at the phone.

CLOSE-UP: from the "notification", we see it's from Mike.

GREG
Who gets the spot?

ADRIAN

(a beat)

Mike.

(hands the folder)

Here's your severance letter. Feel free to visit HR if you have any questions. I'm truly sorry, Greg. I really, really am.

Adrian falls silent, feigning sympathy. His face says 'I'm so, so, so sorry,' but his eyes are smiling.

Greg looks at Adrian, crushed by the news. A battle rages within him.

Finally, he takes the folder, stands up and leaves.

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUED

Greg exits Adrian's office, devastated. As he walks past one of the cubicles, he notices Mike cheerfully discussing something with someone unseen.

MIKE (O.S.)

He promised he'd come! Just got his message.

(laughs)

We gotta celebrate this properly. Shit, I wanna end up the night hugging the toilet--

EXT. STREET - DAY

Greg wanders down the street, lost in thoughts.

INT. CHINESE EATERY - DAY

The eatery is almost empty. Greg sits at a narrow table opposite a large stained-glass window. In front of him on the table, Chinese noodles with chicken in a plastic container. Greg liberally douses it with hot sauce and starts to eat.

He looks up and stares out the window. Across the street, he sees a gun shop. Greg adds more hot sauce to his noodles. He contemplatively watches the shop's sign while slowly chewing his lunch.

INT. GUN SHOP - DAY

Behind the counter is the VENDOR (40). Various firearms, optics, and accessories are displayed on the wall behind him and under glass on the counter. Greg and Vendor stand opposite each other.

VENDOR
Six-shooter Colt.
(places the revolver on the
counter)
The Kalashnikov of revolvers.
Reliable as a guard dog. Smooth
action, high accuracy.

Greg picks up the revolver, weighing it in his hand.

GREG
Feels kinda small.

VENDOR
But the bullets are even smaller,
buddy. Little deadly bitches
bastards.

GREG
Could this really kill someone?

VENDOR
Damn straight it could.
(becoming serious)
Hey, tell me you're not a psycho.
You're not planning to shoot
anyone, are ya?

Greg doesn't respond. He looks at Vendor.

INT. GREG'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The room is lit by a lone desk lamp. Greg sits at the table with his laptop open, a revolver lying next to it. He's trying to figure out the revolver, turning to YouTube and pulling up a 'how to use a Colt' tutorial.

LATER -

Greg flips the Colt open, spins the cylinder, then snaps it closed, practicing his moves.

LATER -

Greg stands before a full-length mirror, black Colt in hand. He points it at his reflection several times, pulling the trigger to the sound of empty clicks. A smile spreads across his face; he likes what he sees.

INT. GREG'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Greg dines alone, the Colt resting on the table beside his plate of stew. He liberally applies hot sauce to his meal, glancing at the Colt as he chews.

INT. GREG'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Greg lies in bed under the covers, the Colt on the nightstand next to a bottle of sleeping pills. He gazes at the revolver, then reaches to turn off the lamp.

Darkness.

A moment later, the light flicks back on; Greg grabs the revolver instead of the sleeping pills, tucking it under the covers before turning off the light once more.

NIGHT TURNS INTO MORNING IN RAPID

INT. GREG'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING

An alarm clock rings. Greg gets up, in his underwear, and heads to the bathroom.

INT. GREG'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Greg opens the medicine cabinet and reaches for a bottle labeled 'Amphetamine'. Nearby, bottles of 'Prozac' and 'Wellbutrin' are visible.

LATER --

Greg steps into the shower, multitasking as he showers, brushes his teeth, and urinates.

INT. GREG'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Greg is getting dressed, each action captured in meticulous detail. He puts on socks, then a shirt. His fingers tremble as he struggles with the buttons. Next, he pulls on his pants, fastens the button and zip, and secures his belt. He tucks his shirt into his pants, adjusts it, and tucks it in again. He puts on his watch.

Then, a revolver. He checks it carefully: breaking it open, ejecting the cylinder, spinning it. He repeats the process several times. He then takes out a box of ammo. We don't see how many rounds he loads into the chambers.

Greg looks for a place to hide the revolver. He tries tucking it behind his back waistband, but it slips down his pants, and he struggles to pull it out. He tries the front waistband, but when he sits, the barrel digs into his thigh. Finally, he just places it in his trouser pocket.

INT. BUS (MOVING) - MORNING

Greg sits by the window, staring ahead with a vacant gaze. The camera pans down to show the revolver bulging through his trouser fabric. A passenger next to him eyes the bulge.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

Adrian walks through a narrow alleyway, the camera following him. Greg appears suddenly, blocking Adrian's path. Adrian stops, startled, as fear spreads across his face upon seeing Greg's twisted expression of hysterical determination.

ADRIAN

Oh... Uh...

Greg points a revolver at Adrian. His hand is trembling.

ADRIAN

Greg ... What ... What are you--

GREG

Shut up.

Greg moves closer, the revolver's barrel just inches from Adrian's face.

GREG (CONT'D)

There are five bullets in the chamber, and one empty slot. Your odds? One in six. Wanna... wanna spin the cylinder?

ADRIAN

(paralyzed)

I ... I don't ...

(trembling, nearly crying)

Hey man... don't... please--

GREG

Then I will.

The revolver's barrel presses against Adrian's forehead, Greg pushing it hard. When he releases, a white circle imprint is left on Adrian's forehead. Greg presses the revolver's cylinder against Adrian's cheek and smoothly slides it up, spinning the chamber. He does this several times.

Tears stream down Adrian's face. Not a trace of the tough guy left.

The revolver's barrel is once again pointed at Adrian's forehead. Greg cocks the hammer with his thumb.

ADRIAN

(squinting)

Please ... don't--

Greg pulls the trigger.

CLICK!

Nothing. The chamber's empty.

Adrian's eyes snap open, breathing hard like a cornered animal. The camera pans down to reveal a dark stain on the crotch of his pants.

Greg lowers his hand.

GREG
(in disbelief)
Holy crap! You lucked out. Damn!

ADRIAN
You... You're letting me go?

GREG
(to himself)
It was me ... My shot. It was me.

ADRIAN
Greg ... Hey Greg? Can I go now?

GREG
(snapping back to reality)
Oh... Yeah. Sure. Go. Get outta here.

Adrian hesitates, not trusting Greg, afraid to turn his back on him.

GREG
I said go.

Adrian slowly turns and takes a few timid steps. Nothing happens, and he starts to quicken his pace.

SUDDENLY, Greg lunges forward, raising his armed hand and shoots Adrian precisely in the back of the head.

BANG!

CLOSE-UP: Greg's face is spattered with blood.

We hear the dull thud of Adrian's body hitting the ground.

CUT TO:

INT. GUN SHOP - DAY

Greg stands at the counter with a revolver in his hands.

VENDOR

You're not planning on shooting
someone, are you?

Greg stares at the Vendor for a long moment.

CLOSE-UP: The black revolver in Greg's hand.

CLOSE-UP: Greg's face grins.

GREG

No. Of course not.

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