

69/2

by

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(Based on his original short story)

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FADE IN

INT. / EXT. MOTEL ROOM -DAY

The door handle jiggles, and there's a repetitive clicking from the lock, as the bolt slides back and forth, several times.

CORINNE (O.S.)
Someone must've broken into the room.

PHIL (O.S.)
I don't know, Corinne. Maybe I forgot to lock it.

The door swings inwards.

CORINNE and PHIL, twenties, step into the room, and crowd around the door handle. They're dressed like Brad and Juliette in "Kalifornia", but - about Corinne, at least - there's an air of considerable intelligence.

While Phil is absorbed, studying the lock, Corinne turns round. A grim set to her mouth, a raised eyebrow, a single nod. She taps Phil, on the shoulder.

Phil. CORINNE

What? PHIL

PHIL. CORINNE

Phil turns. And his jaw drops.

PHIL
Okay. So, maybe I didn't. Forget.

INT. MOTEL ROOM -DAY

Place looks like a crime scene.

On the mussed up bed are two naked plastic dolls: one male, one female, arranged in 69 position.

Scrawled on the wall above in red is "69/2".

Corinne wrinkles her nose.

CORINNE

Is that blood?

Phil shakes his head.

PHIL

Interior latex. Burnt umber. It's Mendes.

Corinne stares at him, wide-eyed and skeptical.
Phil shrugs.

PHIL

Used to be a decorator.

CORINNE

Who? You, or M--

She throws up her hands.

CORINNE

I don't wanna know.

PHIL

Mendes. Some kinda warning.
Bastard's cryptic as hell. Thinks it makes
him
look smart.

He begins pacing, agitated.

CORINNE

So.

Corinne points at the little dolly tableau on the bed.

CORINNE

What's this supposed to mean?

A wry smile twitches across Phil's mouth.

PHIL

You fuck with us, take our money? And we'll screw you upside down, inside out, and sideways, for eternity. Like that.

CORINNE

Oh.

PHIL

Yeah.

CORINNE

Trouble is, though, we don't have their money.

She glares at Phil.

CORINNE

'Cause you went and lost it all. Three million dollars, Phil!

PHIL

I did not--

CORINNE

Gambling, in New Jersey. God, that is so cliché.

PHIL

--lose the money.

CORINNE

What??

PHIL

We've been planning this, for months. Owen Deeds, at the casino? Friend of mine. Used to work for the Santoro organization. The Houdini of Accounting.

CORINNE

Houdini was a--
Never mind.

PHIL

Doesn't make.
The point is, all that money is sitting out
there, right now, waiting for us. Should be
in
the Caymans, by now.

CORINNE

So. What? You were being smart?

PHIL

Yup.

CORINNE

Hmph. That's... rare.

Phil smiles. Gets a load of the mess in the room again, and
sobers
quickly.

PHIL

We should get outta here.

CORINNE

You think?

INT. / EXT. MOTEL ROOM -DAY

Bright daylight streams in, as Phil opens the door.

His jaw drops, for a second time.

PHIL

Shit.

Half the cops in the continental United States are ringed
outside the
motel room, weapons drawn and pointed at the unhappy couple.
The
other half are probably out back, blocking off the exits.

Corinne nods. And raises her hands. Vee-rrry slowly.

CORINNE

What he said.

INT. MOTEL ROOM -DAY

A trio of CRIME SCENE INVESTIGATORS descend on the room. PATROLMEN in the doorway, covering, as other uniforms slap the cuffs on Phil and Corinne.

One of the CSI officers peels back the rumpled bed sheets.

On the floor is a pool of dark red. At its center, two human ears:
one male, one female. Arranged top to bottom and facing, in a Yin-Yang, 69 position.

Corinne turns toward her man. If looks could kill.

CORINNE

Burnt umber.

PHIL

Well...

CRIME SCENE INVESTIGATOR

(to Patrolman)

Outside. And watch them.

PATROLMAN

Yes, sir.

He and his partner hustle Corinne and Phil out of the room.

EXT. BLUFF OVERLOOKING THE MOTEL -DAY

THE BALANCE, forties, trim and fit, is also watching, through high-powered binoculars, as the two youngsters are bundled into the backs of separate cruisers.

He wears surgical gloves and a smug expression. More than a whiff of government agent, about him.

The Balance lowers the binoculars, and steps into the cab of an anonymous van.

INT. THE BALANCE'S VAN -DAY

From the glove compartment The Balance takes out a clipboard,
wrapped
in cellophane.

Peels back the plastic, to reveal a sheet with numbers on it.
He puts
a check mark beside the second: 69/2.
Long list. 69/1, all the way to 69/96.

He puts the clipboard back in the glove box.
Smiles.

Puts the van in gear, and rolls sedately forward.

FADE TO BLACK