

Lucky Number 6

by

Daniel Conboy

Daniel Conboy  
conboy99@hotmail.co.uk

INT. APARTMENT BLOCK - HALLWAY - DAY

A mobile phone screen reads -

'I'm sorry Mark, it's over. I can't see you get hurt. X'

A thumb hovers over the 'send' button. It suddenly hits it.

LUCKY SMITH (27), slim, pretty, stands before an elevator.

She nervously fiddles with a 'Lucky' pendant around her neck. Lucky wipes away a tear, puts the phone to her ear.

LUCKY

I'm so sorry, Frank...for  
everything. I'm coming home. Ring  
me when you get this...please.

Lucky fishes in her bag and pulls out a wedding ring and a diamond engagement ring attached to a gold necklace.

She puts on the necklace and looks fondly at the rings. Lucky kisses the diamond and hides the rings away. DING!

The door slides open. COLIN JONES (21), slim, stares back at her. Colin's face drops. He turns away, shamefaced.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Colin stares down at the floor, the wall, everywhere but at Lucky.

Lucky watches Colin in the reflection of the mirrored walls. A grin breaks out on her face.

LUCKY

So...Got any plans for the most  
romantic night of the year, Mr.  
Jones?

Colin grins. Lucky laughs. Colin follows her lead. The awkwardness flows away.

COLIN

Well...I did ask out a lovely  
lady, but it turns out she's  
married. Would ya believe it?

LUCKY

(shocked)  
Married, Colin!? Interesting!

Lucky and Colin share another laugh.

LUCKY (cont'd)

(sincere)  
I'm sorry I never said anything!

COLIN

It's fine...Just don't ever tell Mark. Please. I'll never hear the end of it.

LUCKY

I promise! Now come here!

Lucky pulls a reluctant Colin in for a hug. The elevator door opens. A MAN (40), clutching a briefcase and a file folder, boards.

Lucky and Colin separate. Briefcase Man passes between them and rests against the wall. He flicks open the file folder.

Lucky puts her arm around Colin, rests her head on his shoulder. Colin tilts his head towards her.

LUCKY

Ya know what...Let's just run away together. You're rich, right?

COLIN

Lucky...I am extremely rich!

Lucky and Colin burst into fits of giggles. Briefcase Man closes the folder and puts it in his mouth.

He suddenly pulls out two silenced pistols. POP! POP! Colin and Lucky's lifeless bodies hit the floor.

Briefcase Man calmly puts away the guns and takes the folder out of his mouth without a flicker of emotion.

The cover reads 'Frank Smith'.

He flicks it open revealing notes and compromising surveillance photos of Lucky and a MAN resembling Colin.

A list of four crossed-out male names is attached to the folder. Briefcase Man draws a line through 'Mark Jones #5'

Briefcase Man draws a second line through 'Lucky #6' and flips the folder shut.

Briefcase Man pulls a phone out, punches in a number and hits dial. It's answered at the other end.

BRIEFCASE MAN

It's done.....okay!

He bends down, yanks the necklace away from Lucky's neck and puts it in the briefcase along with the folder.

Briefcase Man exits the elevator. The door slides shut.