

THE 6

By

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1 EXT. NEW YORK CITY SIDEWALK, AFTERNOON

EMILY, mid 20's, carrying a backpack and sweaty, runs toward the subway entrance for the 6 train. She runs through a crowd of people. As she descends the stairs into the station, a cacophony of police and ambulance sirens are heard. They fade away the deeper she descends.

2 INT. 86TH STREET 6 TRAIN STATION (UPPER PLATFORM)

Inside the station, a local 6 train pulls in just as she swipes her card - perfect timing. The doors open and she rushes in. However, once she enters, she regrets her decision.

INTERCOM
Doors closing.

The camera remains on the platform as the subway doors close, locking Emily inside. We see Emily through the door windows, standing inside the car.

CLOSE UP: THE GREEN CIRCLED 6 ON THE TRAIN WINDOW. THE TRAIN PULLS AWAY.

TITLE FRAME: THE 6

3 INT. 6 TRAIN SUBWAY CAR

EMILY POV: WE SEE ONE YOUNG MAN, MID-20S, SITTING IN THE MIDDLE OF A CAR BENCH, LISTENING TO HIS IPOD. ANOTHER MAN, MID 40S, IN A SUIT, IN THE FAR CORNER, SLIGHTLY DISHEVELED AND SEEMINGLY ASLEEP. NO ONE ELSE IS IN THE CAR.

Emily hesitates, but then finally takes off her backpack and sits diagonally across from the young man. They avoid eye contact.

Emily gathers herself. Fixes her hair, wipes the sweat off her forehead, checks the time, checks her bag.

INTERCOM
This is 77th Street.

The subway doors open. No one enters.

INTERCOM
The next stop is (jumbled).

Emily looks around, confused. That was strange. Then an announcement comes over the intercom:

(CONTINUED)

INTERCOM HUMAN VOICE
Attention. This train will be
running express to Brooklyn Bridge
- City Hall. The next stop on this
train will be 59th street. Repeat,
the next stop on this train will be
59th street.

Good news for Emily, who is running late.

INTERCOM
Doors closing.

The doors close, and the train begins moving again. The
young man takes out one of his earbuds and looks at Emily.

YOUNG MAN
What did they say?

EMILY
Running express.

YOUNG MAN
Oh. Ok.

He goes to put his earbud back in, when Emily awkwardly
tries to make conversation.

EMILY
Must be a holiday or something.

YOUNG MAN
What?

EMILY
I said, it must be a holiday or
something.

YOUNG MAN
Oh, right...

The Young Man seems nice, but is clearly not in the mood to
talk. Something is bothering him. He puts his earbud back
in.

They sit in silence.

INTERCOM
This is 59th street.

The subway doors open. No one enters, again. Emily looks out
the window this time.

EMILY POV: NO ONE IS ON THE PLATFORM.

(CONTINUED)

INTERCOM

The next stop is (jumbled). Doors
closing.

The doors close, and the train begins moving again. This
time the young man is also confused. He takes out his
earbuds.

YOUNG MAN

Ok, that was... really weird.

EMILY

Right?

Emily is beginning to be very concerned.

YOUNG MAN

(trying to rationalize)

Maybe it's just a slow day or
something...

EMILY

(laughing out of confusion)

Maybe...

YOUNG MAN

(trying to make light of the
situation)

Or maybe everyone could suddenly
afford to take a cab.

EMILY

Hah, right.

They share a quick smile. Emily starts visually scanning the
car for anything suspicious. She focuses in on the sleeping
man.

YOUNG MAN

(looking at Emily's chest)

Um, you, um, you got...

We see a small, dark red spot on Emily's shirt. Emily looks
down. Suddenly the spot starts spreading... and spreading...
like blood. The spot quickly grows larger and larger.

YOUNG MAN

Oh my God. Oh my God.

Emily grabs the spot, near her heart, and starts making
faint noises of pain. The Young Man grabs her and starts
applying pressure to the wound... only there is no wound.

(CONTINUED)

YOUNG MAN

Help. Help! (To man asleep in corner) Sir. Sir!

EMILY

My backpack. There's a sweater in my backpack.

The Young Man opens up Emily's backpack, pulls out a sweater and applies it to her wound. As he does, there is a sound of something metal hitting the seat. They look down and see a used bullet next to them.

YOUNG MAN POV: HE EXAMINES THE BULLET ON THE SEAT. THEN HE LOOKS AT THE BACKPACK AGAIN, WHICH HE NOW NOTICES HAS A BULLET HOLE IN THE FRONT AND BACK.

Emily sees the same thing.

EMILY

(out of confusion)

What? Was I shot?

YOUNG MAN

I don't know. We need to get you help.

The Young Man runs to the Emergency Box. He presses the button. Nothing happens. He presses again. Nothing.

He then runs to the subway car connector door - the door closest to him and the opposite side of the sleeping man - to get help. He tries to open it. It doesn't budge. He tries again. It's locked. He tries again, with no luck. Out of frustration, he kicks the door. Then he looks up and into the adjacent car.

YOUNG MAN POV: THE NEXT CAR IS COMPLETELY EMPTY, EXCEPT FOR A YOUNG GIRL, ABOUT 5 YEARS OLD, SITTING IN THE MIDDLE OF THE CAR. SHE IS LOOKING AHEAD, SWINGING HER FEET, AND SEEMINGLY HAPPY AND AT PEACE. THIS CAR SEEMS SLIGHTLY BRIGHTER (HEAVEN).

The Young Man takes this in.

EMILY

(her shirt and the sweater now almost fully covered in blood)

It's ok, it's ok. I'm ok.

The Young Man turns around and starts walking towards her. Suddenly he feels a sharp, dull pain in his side. He begins to collapse and grabs the subway pole to stay standing. He

(CONTINUED)

lifts up his shirt. On his right side we see a huge purple bruise. He looks up at Emily in terror. She looks back in terror.

Then suddenly a large BANG at the opposite subway connector door. The Young Man and Emily run over (as fast as they can). They stop at the door, which is right next to the sleeping man.

EMILY POV: IN THE NEXT CAR TWO MEN, MID-30S, BRUTALLY FIGHT. THIS CAR SEEMS SLIGHTLY DARKER AND PERHAPS HAS A SLIGHT RED TINT (HELL). THE MEN PUNCH AND LUNGE AT EACH OTHER. THEY ARE COVERED IN BLOOD. THEY SURGE CLOSER TO THE YOUNG MAN AND EMILY. ONE MAN SLAMS THE OTHER AGAINST THE CLEAR DOOR, SPLATTERING IT WITH BLOOD. THEY CONTINUE FIGHTING.

For the hell of it, the Young Man checks this connecting door. Also locked. He looks down at the sleeping man.

YOUNG MAN

Look.

YOUNG MAN POV: THE SLEEPING MAN NOW HAS A LARGE PURPLE BRUISE AROUND HIS NECK.

The Young Man and Emily take this in. They back away. They make it to the next subway pole and both collapse to the floor in exhaustion and helplessness.

YOUNG MAN

I'm Luke.

EMILY

Emily.

LUKE

(he looks at her hand)
Married?

EMILY

I was... You?

LUKE

I was... I just was.

LUKE

(looking at her bloody shirt)
Does it hurt?

EMILY

No. Not anymore.

They take each other in in a moment of terror, confusion, acceptance and unity.

(CONTINUED)

Suddenly the train comes out of darkness and a faint daylight starts coming through the windows. The train stops. Luke extends his hand, and they help each other up.

THEIR SILHOUETTES, HOLDING HANDS, STAND IN THE DOORWAY. THROUGH THE WINDOWS WE SEE A DREARY, FOGGY FIELD. NOTHING MORE.

INTERCOM
This is 86th Street.

Emily and Luke, still holding hands, step out of the car together.

4 EXT. FIELD

The camera stays behind Emily and Luke as they walk forward a few steps. They are still holding hands. They stop. The frame begins to widen.

We see the little girl standing to their left. The two fighting men standing to their right. Then the sleeping man stumbles into frame. **SIX silhouettes**. They all walk forward into the fog.

TITLE FRAME: THE 6

CUT TO BLACK.