

WHAT'S THAT SMELL?!  
(WRITTEN FOR CSU NORTHRIDGE)

Written by  
Christian V. Mayers



🌐 <https://cvmayers.com>

✉ [hello@cvmayers.com](mailto:hello@cvmayers.com)

☎ (949) 391-0248

INT. APPLE RANCH RETIREMENT COMMUNITY FRONT DESK - AFTERNOON

A quiet Sunday afternoon at the Apple Ranch Retirement Community. RESIDENTS walk to and from the halls as they CHATTER and LAUGH. At the front desk sits two CLERKS filing paperwork as NURSES walk through the building.

DING! The sliding doors at the front of the elderly home open-

BARBARA

If her husband is so cheap that  
they can't afford a wedding here,  
they should at least afford us a  
**proper** plane ticket!

BARBARA RUSSO (70's) is walking in front her husband RODGER RUSSO (70's) as she swings her hair back. She has a red summer dress with blonde permed hair and thick layers of make-up. She has stacks of jewelry across her body. She has a pretentious aura and she swings her hips while she walks.

Rodger, a simply dressed old man, has a disgruntled look on his face as he tunes out his wife. He has a slight curve in his back, a bald spot on the top of his head and tacky beige khakis. His shoes look about two sizes too big as they flop on his feet. His chronic discontent wears on him stronger than his age.

DONNA (CLERK)

Welcome home Mrs. Russo.

BARBARA

Oh Donna! You always know just what  
to say.

She waves her hand daintily at the clerk at the front.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

Anyways, He made us take the  
Greyhound Rodger, **Greyhound!** Oh god  
I can still smell the dirt! I think  
it's in my nose!

RODGER

At least he invited us Barbara.

Two CLERKS are taking suitcases from behind. One clerk, dragging a RED SUITCASE, struggling from the weight.

BARBARA

And the people at Customs were so  
rude!

(MORE)

BARBARA (CONT'D)  
 The front lady was like "Oh, why is it so heavy?!" in that **thick** accent of hers. I could barely understand a thing she was saying!

Barbara waggles her finger in the air as she speaks.

BARBARA (CONT'D)  
 And this is all because you keep packing so much damn tequila Rodger! I am **never** taking a bus to Mexico again! We're flying next time!

RODGER  
 I told you, I didn't pack that much tequila woman.

BARBARA  
 Oh yeah? Then why is the suitcase so heavy?

RODGER  
 I don't think it's that heavy...

BARBARA  
 Uh-huh. Right, yeah, remember Cabo? We went last time with one suitcase and came back with three before **customs** got a hold of us!

The Clerk holding the red suitcase falls behind to catch his breath, then keeps dragging the suitcase.

RODGER  
 Barbara, that was twenty years ago.

BARBARA  
 Guess some things don't ever **change!** Do they Rodger?!

Barbara walks off holding her hand up pompously. Rodger SIGHS as he walks beside her.

The clerk behind them falls over, the other clerk runs over to help.

INT. RUSSO LIVING ROOM - DAY

SLAM! The clerk exhaustedly shoves the suitcase onto the couch in the living room. He drags himself out of the house.

BARBARA  
Thank you Johnny!

Barbara waves him off as he scuttles out the door.

BARBARA (CONT'D)  
Ever since he found Bethany, he's  
been such a sweetheart.

RODGER  
At least someone else got lucky.

BARBARA  
**Rodger!**

Rodger CACKLES as he walks into the kitchen nearby, searching around the cabinets.

Barbara starts unzipping the red suitcase on the couch. She yells out to Rodger from the living room.

BARBARA (CONT'D)  
Ugh, so what did you get? Don  
Julio? Patron?

RODGER (O.S.)  
Julio 42. Should be in the center.

Barbara opens the suitcase. She pulls out a THIN BLACK SUIT.

BARBARA  
Umm... Rodger? Was your suit always  
this... thin?

Sounds of Rodger POURING water and LIGHTING a burner.

RODGER (O.S.)  
I don't know. Probably shrank in  
the wash.

Barbara sets it down confusedly. She reaches back in, pulls out a STUFFED BEAR.

BARBARA  
Did you... pack one of Tommy's  
gifts by mistake?

RODGER (O.S.)  
Not that I can recall, no.

Barbara sets it down. She looks further, pulls out a RED SPEEDO. She pinches it with a shocked expression.

BARBARA

I didn't... take you for much of a swimmer Rodger...

Sounds of Rodger POURING water into cups.

RODGER (O.S.)

We went to Cancun, thought that'd be obvious.

Barbara flicks the Speedo away. She digs in deeper to the suitcase.

BARBARA

Rodger I can't find anything in her-

Barbara pauses, noticing a ZIPPER sitting at the bottom of the suitcase. She pulls at it, slowly unzipping a hidden compartment at the back. She is speechless.

Rodger walks out from the kitchen into the living room. He's holding TWO MUGS with tea bags in them.

RODGER

We were out of chamomile so I got-

Barbara is holding a vacuum-sealed BRICK OF DRUGS. Rodger drops one of the mugs. It SMASH on the floor.

BARBARA

Rodger... What the hell is **this**?!

RODGER

I- Uh-

BARBARA

Are you **seriously** smuggling drugs in this household?!

Rodger looks to the assorted items from the suitcase.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

Was it our cab driver?! I knew it was too good to be true-

RODGER

I'm telling you, that's not mine!

BARBARA

Then who the hell stuck this in our suitcase, huh?!

Rodger walks over to the suitcase. He unzips the front pocket. Inside is a PASSPORT, he pulls it out.

The passport is for BENJAMIN BERN, a 33 year old man with a thin cut hairstyle and a long beard.

RODGER

I told you to grab the red one at the front of the bus Barbara.

BARBARA

I did! They all look the same!

Rodger squints in frustration as he scratches his hair on the sides of his head.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

Maybe we can... give it back?

RODGER

Oh, great yeah, let's just take a suitcase full of God knows what back to Mexico and be like: "Hey sorry we stole your drugs! Here you go!"

BARBARA

Well then what the hell are we supposed to do with **this**?! I am **not** letting this ruin **my** bingo night!

RODGER

Woman... For once, I don't need to hear it!

Rodger throws the passport onto the floor in frustration. He grabs his hair in thought as he paces around.

RODGER (CONT'D)

Alright, let's just... pull the rest out, see what we're dealing with.

Barbara nods. They struggle to lift the bricks out of the suitcase, one-by-one.

On the table rests TEN BRICKS, tightly wrapped and labeled.

RODGER (CONT'D)

9... 10... Ten packages... Jesus...

BARBARA

Like I said Rodger: Last. Time. We Go. To Mexi-co. Period!

Rodger stares at the bricks curiously.

RODGER

What do you think's in it?

BARBARA

Frankly Rodger, I don't want to know. I'm calling the police!

RODGER

Our daughter is **not** bailing us out for drug charges.

Barbara SIGHS. Rodgers picks up one of the bricks and pulls a SWISS ARMY KNIFE from his pocket. He places it on the brick-

BARBARA

Nuh-uh. No. You are not doing what I think you're doing-

RODGER

Just checking what we're working with.

Rodger slowly slices the plastic wrap around the brick. A small bit of MARIJUANA LEAF crumbles out of the wrap.

Barbara goes to pick up the leaf. She takes a whiff. Her eyes light up.

She holds her hand out. Rodger picks up the leaf and sniffs it.

RODGER (CONT'D)

Wait... That's some good shit.

The two maintain eye contact. They smile with a devilish intent.

INT. APPLE RANCH HALLWAY - DAY

Two ELDERLY LADIES (90's) walk through the hallways at Apple Ranch on their walkers. Their hair is freshly curled. On their right side, a door labeled: "Rodger & Barbara Russo."

The two ladies walk past the door. One of the ladies stops and sniffs the air.

ELDERLY LADY

(grouchily)

What's that smell?!

THE END.