Room 8 A short film

Ву

Phillip Richards

(971)409-8781 keylight2@hotmail.com EXT. THE MOTEL - DAY (LATE AFTERNOON)

A car pulls into the empty parking lot of an isolated motel located in flat, desolate country.

A man, (SLIM), mid thirties, average in every way, gets out of the car, enters the office.

INT. THE MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Late '60's decor. A bit run down, but clean. Two single beds separated by a nightstand. A table and two chairs.

SLIM tosses his suitcase on one of the beds, thinks for a moment, then slides it underneath. He grabs an ice bucket and exits, leaving the door ajar.

EXT. THE MOTEL - DAY

As he's filling the ice bucket he sees a car enter the lot and park next to his. A man, (BIG GUY), gets out; mid forties, large. He takes a gym bag from the back seat and enters SLIM's room.

> SLIM Hey! Hey!

SLIM runs to his room.

INT. THE MOTEL ROOM - DAY

SLIM bursts into the room as BIG GUY tosses the gym bag on the bed closest to the door.

SLIM Excuse me. What do you think you're doing?

BIG GUY picks up the gym bag and tosses it onto the other bed.

BIG GUY Sorry. I'll take this one, no problem.

SLIM This is my room. You need to leave.

BIG GUY Say, this ain't bad. I had my doubts before I came in here. Place looks kinda crummy on the outside, but this is okay. Boy, what a day. I'm gonna sleep like the dead tonight. SLIM You're not listening to me. This is my room. You have to get out. BIG GUY takes the phone book from the nightstand, sits at the table and looks through it. BIG GUY I gotta warn you, I snore like a buzzsaw. Hope you got earplugs. SLIM calls the front desk on the room phone. DESK CLERK (V.O.) (all his dialogue is filtered) Front desk. SLIM There's a man in my room and he won't leave. DESK CLERK (V.O.) Yes, sir. a beat SLIM I need you to come down here and make him leave. DESK CLERK (V.O.) Yes, sir. a beat. SLIM Hello? Are you there? DESK CLERK (V.O.)

Yes, sir, I'm here.

SLIM Did you hear what I said? DESK CLERK (V.O.) Yes, sir, I heard you.

SLIM So, what are you going to do about it?

DESK CLERK (V.O.) I'll take care of it, sir.

SLIM Okay. Thank you.

SLIM hangs up.

BIG GUY punches a number from the phone book into his cell phone.

BIG GUY Yeah, I want to order a large pizza with everything. (to SLIM) That okay?

SLIM glares at him, walks to the door, opens it and steps out, looking for the desk clerk who isn't in sight.

BIG GUY (CONT'D.) (into the phone) Yeah. Does that come with anchovies? Okay, throw some on there. Wait a minute. (to SLIM) You want anchovies?

SLIM looks at him, then back in the direction of the office. Still no desk clerk.

BIG GUY (CONT'D.) (into the phone) Okay, make it half anchovies. You got beer? No, that's okay. Gimme two large cokes. Yeah. No, deliver it. The motel...hang on. (to SLIM) Hey, what's the name of this dump? (He listens to the phone) Yeah, the motel, you know where it is? Okay. How long...okay, we'll be here. No, thank you.

He disconnects.

BIG GUY (CONT'D.) It'll be here in a half hour.

SLIM gives him another dirty look, then walks to the office.

INT. THE MOTEL OFFICE - DAY

SLIM enters. DESK CLERK is behind the counter looking attentive, smiling warmly.

His clothing is immaculately clean. Pants pressed with sharp creases. Hair perfectly combed. His name badge is polished and perfectly straight above his pocket.

Pens, pencils, registration cards and promotional pamphlets are squared up and perfectly aligned on the counter. The pencils are each sharpened to precisely the same length.

The scene from an episode of "The Dick Van Dyke Show" where Dick opens a closet door and walnuts come spilling out is on the TV in the background.

> SLIM What are you still doing here? You said you were coming to my room.

DESK CLERK I don't believe I said that, sir.

SLIM

Look...whatever. That man is still in my room. What are you going to do about it?

DESK CLERK

Sir, our policy forbids employees from getting involved in the personal matters of our guests. If you're having some sort of disagreement with your...companion...well, that's something you'll have to work out between yourselves.

SLIM He's not my <u>companion</u>. I don't know the man. He's a complete stranger.

DESK CLERK Yes, I know that it can sometimes feel like that. SLIM What? Look, could you just go down there and make him leave?

DESK CLERK I'm afraid I can't do that, sir.

SLIM Let me speak to the manager.

DESK CLERK The manager isn't here at the moment.

SLIM Then who's in charge here?

DESK CLERK

I am sir.

SLIM Isn't there someone else? Don't you have someone in charge of security?

DESK CLERK I'm in charge of security, sir.

SLIM Then get that man out of my room!

DESK CLERK Please, sir. There's no reason to raise your voice.

SLIM Yes there is! Get your ass down there and deal with this!

DESK CLERK

Sir -

SLIM

Now!

DESK CLERK Sir, I...would you like some extra towels?

SLIM

What?

DESK CLERK If there's going to be two of you you'll need extra towels.

SLIM Are you fucking kidding me?

DESK CLERK No, sir. I can get them for you now.

SLIM So you're not going to do anything about this?

DESK CLERK I offered you extra towels, sir.

SLIM glares at him for a moment; exits.

INT. THE MOTEL ROOM - DAY

SLIM enters. He pulls his suitcase from under the bed and heads for the door.

BIG GUY Hold up, pardner. You don't want to do that.

SLIM goes out the door. BIG GUY follows him. SLIM gets in his car as BIG GUY types on his phone, then shows the screen to SLIM (we can't see it).

> BIG GUY That's you, ain't it?

SLIM looks at the screen.

SLIM What are you going to do about it?

BIG GUY Nothin'. None of my business.

SLIM

I had my reasons, you know.

BIG GUY shrugs, gives him a look that says "none of my business".

BIG GUY Best thing for you right now is to stay off the roads. I'm just sayin'. SLIM thinks. BIG GUY opens the car door. SLIM hesitates, then gets out of the car, taking his suitcase. He goes back to the room. BIG GUY follows. SLIM tosses the suitcase on the bed and sits in a chair. SLIM So what do we do now? BIG GUY I guess we wait for the pizza to get here. He turns on the TV. The opening credits of "The Twilight Zone" is on. STITM Turn that off. BIG GUY This is a great show. A classic. SLIM I never watch TV. I don't even own one. BIG GUY You don't have to watch it. SLIM glares at him. INT. THE MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT SLIM and BIG GUY are eating the pizza at the table. "Law And Order" is on the TV. They're both staring at it without really looking at it. BIG GUY pours Jack Daniels into the sodas and stirs them with his finger. He takes a swig. BIG GUY Oh, yeah. That'll put hair on your chest. SLIM I had reasons.

BIG GUY Yeah, you said that. Who you trying to convince, me or you?

SLIM What are you doing here?

BIG GUY I guess that's the big question, isn't it? Why are any of us here?

SLIM No, no, no. Why are you <u>here</u>?

BIG GUY Oh, you mean...I guess I'm here to talk this thing over with you. Help you figure out what to do.

SLIM So you drove out to the middle of fucking nowhere just to talk to me.

BIG GUY thinks.

BIG GUY I guess you could say that, yeah.

SLIM You knew I was going to be here.

BIG GUY It would appear so.

SLIM How would you know that?

## BIG GUY

Whenever you're through beatin' around the bush and you want to talk about what's really on your mind, let me know.

a beat

SLIM Shit. What the fuck was I thinking? What am I going to do? BIG GUY There it is. (a beat) So...what were you thinking?

SLIM She was cheating on me. And she was doing it with that asshole Nick.

BIG GUY Okay, so she was playing hide the sausage with Nick. So what?

SLIM So what? I caught them. In my own house. He was...he was...

BIG GUY Givin' it to her in the poop chute?

SLIM Yeah. How did you know -

BIG GUY Lucky guess. So he was cornholing her. I ask again, so what?

SLIM She never did that with me. But she let that thug do it to her. And she liked it. You should've heard her.

BIG GUY Did you ever ask her to do it? Maybe that's all you had to do.

SLIM No. God, no. I never would've...I didn't want to...do ...that.

BIG GUY Okay, you lost me.

SLIM Whose idea do you think it was? You think she offered or did he ask her?

BIG GUY What difference does it make? SLIM

I was her husband, if she was going to do...that...with someone, it should've been with me.

BIG GUY But you just said -

SLIM I know, I know. I can't...I'm not thinking straight.

BIG GUY

No shit. Look, I guess I get why you blew <u>her</u> away. I mean, I don't approve or anything, but I can kinda see your point of view. But plugging this Nick fella, now that was uncalled for. Also pretty fucking stupid.

SLIM Is that why you're here? Did Nick's family send you after me?

BIG GUY Me? You think I'm some kinda hit man?

SLIM

Are you?

BIG GUY (chuckling) Naw. But I think you can count on them sending someone.

SLIM Yeah. They will. Shit.

BIG GUY

So...?

SLIM looks questioningly at him.

BIG GUY (CONT'D.) Why did you pop Nick?

A beat

SLIM Did you ever have a really nice car? I mean, like, a car you really loved? BIG GUY stares at him.

#### SLIM (CONT'D)

I did. 1964 Camaro SS. It was perfect, every inch of it. Not a ding, not a scratch, the sun hit it just right and it fucking glowed. God, I loved that car.

BIG GUY stares at him.

SLIM (CONT'D) One day I come out of Walmart and there's a ding in the right rear quarter panel. Not a huge dent, just a scrape really, about the size of your hand.

BIG GUY continues to stare.

# SLIM (CONT'D) I freaked out. Right there in the parking lot, I was screaming at the top of my lungs. All these people were looking at me like I was some kind of crazy person.

BIG GUY raises his eyebrows.

### SLIM (CONT'D)

Okay, I guess I was crazy at that moment. But my perfect car was mutilated. This thing I loved was never going to be the same. Even if I patched it and repainted it so you'd never know it had happened, <u>I'd</u> know that it was damaged, that it wasn't perfect anymore. That's what I felt when I saw Nick doing that to my wife. I just lost it.

#### BIG GUY

What a load of horseshit. I mean, I like cars as much as the next guy, but some dude rear ends your wife and you think that gives you the right to go all Tarantino on his ass?

SLIM I didn't think you'd understand. BIG GUY No one would understand because it's bullshit. You ask me, I think you offed him for the money.

SLIM What money?

BIG GUY The money in that suitcase over there. The money Nick was totin' around when he decided to drop in on your wifey for a quick one.

SLIM Okay, now I get it. The money. That's why you're here.

He goes to the suitcase, opens it, takes out a gun.

SLIM (CONT'D) Just in case you get any ideas.

BIG GUY I swear, you are the most untrusting person I've ever met, you know that? I don't care about your damn money.

SLIM Yeah, right.

BIG GUY You know what your problem is? You need to relax. You're all tense. I can see it in your shoulders, they're all bunched up.

SLIM You're out of your fucking mind.

BIG GUY I'm gonna let that remark pass on account of you're so tense you're not aware of what a dick you're being.

SLIM Fuck this. I'm outta here.

He stands, picks up his suitcase, walks unsteadily toward the door.

BIG GUY I thought we discussed this. The last place you need to be is out on the road, especially now that you're shitfaced drunk. You won't get two miles before you get pulled over.

SLIM stares at him, eyes unfocused, moves toward the door again. BIG GUY moves to stand in his way.

SLIM Get the fuck outta my way.

BIG GUY Whatdya you gonna do if I don't? You gonna shoot me, too?

SLIM Bet your ass I will.

They stare each other down for a moment.

BIG GUY You ain't shootin' no one. Sit the fuck down.

SLIM stares for a moment more, then sags, goes back to his chair and sits.

BIG GUY (CONT'D.) That's better.

BIG GUY pulls out a joint and lights it up. They pass it back and forth.

BIG GUY (CONT'D.) You just let me do the thinkin' for now. I'll get you through this.

INT. THE MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT (LATER)

SLIM and BIG GUY are staring at the TV as they pass another joint. SLIM takes a pull from the bottle.

KNOCK ON THE DOOR

They look at the door. BIG GUY shrugs "I don't know".

SLIM (to the knocker) Who is it? DESK CLERK (O.S.) It's me, sir. From the office.

SLIM Do you know what time it is? What the fuck do you want?

DESK CLERK (O.S.) Would you open the door, please?

BIG GUY gestures "Sure, why not". SLIM crosses to the door, vainly waving at the air to disperse the smoke.

SLIM makes sure the chain is on the door and opens it a crack, holding the gun out of sight.

SLIM

Yes?

DESK CLERK I've got the extra towels for you and your guest.

He holds the towels up to the opening. SLIM takes them.

SLIM Oh, sure, thanks.

DESK CLERK Are you alright, sir? You look...upset.

SLIM I'm fine. I'm great. Thanks for the towels.

He starts to close the door.

DESK CLERK Could I talk to the gentleman?

SLIM No. He's...in the bathroom. You don't need to talk to him, everything's fine here. Thanks again. Goodnight.

He closes the door and listens until he hears the DESK CLERK walk away.

He looks at the towels, then throws them across the room. He sits on the bed, his head in his hands, looking at the floor, thinking.

Fuck...fuck...fuck! (a beat) Okay, if you've got a plan for getting me out of this, let's hear-

He looks back into the room and notices that BIG GUY is gone. He's confused for a moment. He takes a big swallow of whiskey. "Ellen" is on the TV.

The toilet flushes. The bathroom door opens and BIG GUY comes out.

SLIM recoils, covering his mouth and nose with his hand.

SLIM

Oh, jesus.

BIG GUY Sorry, bud. Couldn't get the window open in there. Maybe those anchovies weren't such a good idea.

SLIM

Oh my god. Fuck.

SLIM fans the air in front of his face. He opens the door, fanning it.

BIG GUY The good news is now I've got room for more pizza.

He goes to the table and picks up a slice, pulling off the anchovies.

SLIM steps outside. BIG GUY stands just inside the doorway, holding a slice of pizza.

BIG GUY (CONT'D.) You know what your problem is?

SLIM

Yeah, I'm tense. Right?

BIG GUY

I was thinkin' it about in the can. Your problem is you don't want to face what you did. You're not just running from the cops and Nick's family, you're running from yourself.

SLIM paces in front of the open door.

SLIM I've got no problem with what I did. They deserved it. Both of them.

# BIG GUY

You say so.

#### SLIM

They did deserve it. Especially her. You know there are places where it's perfectly okay to kill your wife if she's fucking around with other men.

### BIG GUY

Oh, so now we're going to resort to moral relativism. Sounds like you're grasping at straws here.

SLIM

I don't even know what that means.

#### BIG GUY

And you say you loved her, but you killed her. How can you kill someone you say you love?

#### SLIM

Happens all the time. Called a crime of passion.

#### BIG GUY

Bullshit. You can't kill someone you really love unless it's like a mercy killing or something. No, you want me to tell you why you killed her?

SLIM

No.

BIG GUY I'll tell you why. She was beautiful and smart and way out of your league. You married up and you knew it.

### SLIM

Watch it.

## BIG GUY

Other men envied you and women figured that a guy looks like you must be the biggest stud on the planet to get someone like her. Your ego had a giant hard on.

SLIM

Shut up.

SLIM goes back into the room, guzzling from the bottle. BIG GUY follows and shuts the door.

BIG GUY So when you find out she's knockin' boots with someone else, you don't feel so special anymore. Your ego takes one in the nuts.

SLIM You don't know what the fuck you're talking about.

BIG GUY What's worse, you know when people find out, your status as a hottie is gonna go poof.

SLIM

Fuck you.

BIG GUY

That pissed you off. Had nothin' to do with love or that crap about a car.

SLIM <u>She had no right!</u>

#### BIG GUY

I'm with ya there, pal. Forsaking all others till death do you part. Damn right. But there's nothing in the contract says you get to off her just 'cause she made you look like a schlemiel.

SLIM points the gun at BIG GUY's face.

BIG GUY (CONT'D.) Seriously?

SLIM holds for a moment, then puts the gun in his own mouth.

BIG GUY Oh, come on. You can't be that stupid.

SLIM holds the gun there for a moment, then takes it out. He can't do it. He drops the hand with the gun to his side. BIG GUY gingerly takes it from him.

BIG GUY Okay, time for sleepy bye, my friend. You've had a long day. A few hours in the sack'll fix you right up.

He leads SLIM to a bed. SLIM lies down.

SLIM

Who are you?

BIG GUY (taps his head with his finger) You know who I am. (a beat) You just sack out for a while, things'll look better in the morning.

BIG GUY sits on his bed and turns out the light on the nightstand.

INT. THE MOTEL ROOM - DAWN

SLIM awakens. BIG GUY is gone. SLIM gets up, checks the bathroom. He runs cold water, splashing it over his head.

He suddenly looks up, rushes to the bed and looks under it. No suitcase.

He notices that the news is on the TV and there's a picture of BIG GUY next to the news anchor. The caption under it says "On the run". The sound is off. SLIM turns it up.

> ANCHOR ...police are still searching for a local attorney who cleaned out his clients' trust accounts and disappeared. The money, said to total about twenty million dollars, was reportedly transferred to an account in the Cayman Islands...

SLIM stares at it, trying to take it in.

#### SLIM Motherfuck.

The door is kicked in, POLICEMEN fill the door, their guns aimed at SLIM who reflexively turns and points his gun at them.

COP 1

Gun!

The police open fire.

FLASHBACK

INT. BIG GUY'S CAR - DAY

From a block away, BIG GUY sees a tan Crown Victoria parked down the street from his house. He drives on and turns onto the next cross street, stopping at the house behind his. He exits the car.

EXT. BIG GUY'S NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

BIG GUY looks around, goes through the side gate of the house, through the back yard, climbs the back fence. He enters his house.

A few moments later, he exits with a large gym bag, retraces his path. As he's walking by the neighbor's house he hears loud sounds of lovemaking. Intrigued, he goes to the window and looks in.

He watches NICK screwing SLIM's wife in the living room. He hears a car drive up in front. SLIM enters, shoots them. He opens Nick's suitcase, sees the money, takes the suitcase and exits.

BIG GUY, waits by the side of the house for SLIM to get in his car and drive away, then runs to his car and follows SLIM to the motel.

INT. MOTEL OFFICE - DAY

SLIM exits, DESK CLERK sees BIG GUY drive into the lot and park in front of Room 8.

INT. MOTEL BACK OFFICE - NIGHT

DESK CLERK sits at his desk, hits some keys on his computer, watches a video feed from Room 8. He sees the money when SLIM opens the suitcase to get the gun (BIG GUY is not in the shot).

EXT. ROOM 8 DOOR - NIGHT

DESK CLERK knocks on Room 8's door in the earlier scene. He's holding a gun out of sight as he and SLIM talk MOS.

END FLASHBACK

INT. MOTEL OFFICE - DAY

COP 1 ...and you recognized him from the TV news.

DESK CLERK Yes, sir. I couldn't believe that there was a criminal, a murderer no less right here in one of our rooms. I was scared to death. I called 911 right away.

COP 1 This other man, you said you saw him leave the room this morning?

DESK CLERK Yes, sir. Around three o'clock. He drove off to the east.

FLASHBACK

EXT. ROOM 8 DOOR - NIGHT

BIG GUY exits the room and walks to his car, carrying SLIM's suitcase. DESK CLERK appears out of nowhere behind BIG GUY. He swings a tire iron at BIG GUY's head.

END FLASHBACK

EXT. THE MOTEL OFFICE - DAY

COP 1 talks to DESK CLERK, MOS, inside the office, then exits.

INT. MOTEL OFFICE - DAY

DESK CLERK watches the last police cars drive away. The opening credits of "Cops" is on the television. The "Bad Boys" theme music is playing.

He opens the door of a storage room to get some cleaning supplies. SLIM's suitcase is there.

A car pulls up outside. Two tough looking men get out and walk toward the office.

THE END