

# Those Who Help Themselves

by  
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FADE IN:

EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT -- NIGHT

DREAM SEQUENCE

Rain. ALISON TRUMBULL, 26, is walking through it. She is in a trance, but makes way with purpose. She shuffles towards one-story motel.

A car pulls in front of her, lights off. Walking through the car and to the office window, she is now in a panic. She pounds on the window, but only the rain is heard.

INT. MOTEL WINDOW -- ROOM 230

Water slides down the window pane, curtain closed. Another Alison whips it open.

END DREAM SEQUENCE

EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT - EARLIER THAT DAY

It's a storm. Trees strain in the ripping wind. Water pelts the road, buildings, anything underneath it. A custom van pulls into the lot.

A young man gets out and heads into the office.

INT. MOTEL LOBBY

GIL MORMON shakes the wet off as he looks around. A strange smell hits him.

GIL

Hello?

Behind the counter a door is open wide enough to see living quarters. A small lamp with a dingy yellow light is on the edge of the door.

He hits the bell on the counter. No answer. He looks around some more. The lights go dim, then come back up.

GIL

Free rooms, or what?

INT. MOTEL -- ROOM 230

Alison comes in, with her duffle bag and a keyboard case. Gil comes in with his guitar in a case and they are followed by ROBERT TIMKINS and his backpack, drumsticks jutting out.

GIL

Let's just stay here until they come around, I guess. We can't go anywhere in this shit. We couldn't even see 4ft in front of us.

ROBERT

Sounds good. A real bed.

ALISON

I get a bed, you two can fight over the other. Or sleep on it or-

GIL

Okay, stop the presses. Why do you automatically get a bed?

ALISON

I'm a girl.

GIL

Where's that feminist crap in this scenario?

ALISON

We want it all.

ROBERT

I'm not sleeping with another sausage in the bed.

GIL

What if I wax?

ROBERT

I'm serious!

GIL

Take the fucking bed. Jesus.

Alison goes to the window and looks out - she notices something familiar.

GIL

You need the bathroom Al? (pause)  
Yoohoo? Al?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALISON

Go ahead. I'm okay.

GIL

Taking a shower. And dropping a deuce.

ALISON

Not in that order, I hope.

ROBERT

Gross. And where the fuck is everybody? I mean nobody in the office, no other cars.

EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT

It's raining harder, sheets of liquid moving over the asphalt. A little thunder.

INT. MOTEL OFFICE - SAME

The lobby is still quiet, a faint sound of dripping. A cat plays with a small, flat pinkish toy just behind the counter.

LIVING ROOM DOORWAY

The dingy yellow light flickers. Soft thunder in the distance. Some articles of clothing are on the floor.

LIVING ROOM

The room looks somewhat ransacked. The bathroom door is open.

EXT. MOTEL - ROOM 230

Robert wears a hoodie, smokes a meerschaum skull pipe outside the door under the overhang. He shakes from the cold. Alison opens the window behind him.

ALISON

Do you really have to smoke in this? What if you get hit by lightning?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROBERT

Seriously? It's not like I'm  
holding a metal rod or something.

Alison looks past the pipe smoke into the parking lot.  
It's familiar. She subconsciously tugs at her ear.

ROBERT

What? You got that weird look on  
your face.

From behind her a male voice screams.

INT. MOTEL - ROOM 230 - BATHROOM

Robert runs past a frozen Alison to the bathroom. He  
opens the door.

Gil stands there against the wall - buck naked.

GIL

Fuck, that scared the shit out of  
me.

ROBERT

You scared the shit of me. Jesus.

ALISON (O.S.)

What happened?!

GIL

Don't come in here!

ROBERT

Don't come in here!

Alison pops around the corner and sees Gil naked-

ALISON

Shit. Tuck that thing or  
something.

- covers her eyes.

INT. MOTEL -- ROOM 230 -- MOMENTS LATER

Gil slowly paces the floor, in a bathrobe.

ROBERT

Look, we all have those freaky  
dreams.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROBERT (CONT'D)

There's that in between state, you know? You're drifting off...

GIL

Man, it wasn't a dream. I mean... I had this thing happen before. Only not as intense.

ROBERT

A simple recurring dream.

ALISON

I have those. What was it?

GIL

I was relaxing in the tub. My eyes were wide open. I felt myself slink down... I was surrounded by water, but I didn't feel the tub.

ROBERT

You almost drowned, dude. That's what scared ya.

GIL

Is my hair wet?

ALISON

Sure isn't.

GIL

Anyway, these toes are dipping into the water above my head, twitching. Then blood starts trickling down into the water. Then I snapped out of it.

ROBERT

Creepo. That would freak me out.

GIL

And it's the same vision as before. Except the blood is new.

Alison pulls on her bottom lip. Headlights cross the window, slowly. Alison looks out the window. The car stops in front of the room.

ALISON

He's just sitting there. I can't see in the car.

The car drives off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GIL

I guess he didn't like the smell  
either.

ALISON

What smell?

GIL

Something foul. Like rotten meat.

ALISON

Maybe we should make sure the  
people are all right.

ROBERT

This is a free room and we don't  
need to spend more money.

ALISON

Guys, maybe we should leave or  
something.

ROBERT

Too friggin' wet out there. All  
this bullshit hocus-pocus talk is  
rilin' you guys up. Relax.

GIL

Let's just check out the office.  
Alison, hang here.

INT. MOTEL LOBBY

Robert peeks behind the counter.

ROBERT

Hello?

FLOOR

The two pairs of feet gingerly walk past the cat's toy -  
a human ear.

INT. LIVING ROOM

They survey the tussled room.

ROBERT

Hello? Anybody here?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Drip.

GIL

Hear that?

Drip... drip... Robert instinctively moves to the bathroom.

ROBERT

That smell...

Gil looks into the bathroom door.

ROBERT

Holy shit.

BATHROOM

A man's body hangs from the shower head pipe, neck tightly wrapped to it by wire. His toes dangle in brown, bloody water. His ear is missing.

LIVING ROOM

They walk quickly to the front door.

GIL

Wait, shouldn't we call the cops?

Robert stops. His agitation spikes, but he turns to the TV - an older CRT. He walks to it fiddles with the back. It falls off.

GIL

What are you...

A sports bag catches his eye. He takes it out, puts it on the floor and squats over it. He opens it.

ROBERT

Fuck. I was afraid of this.

GIL

What? What is it?

He rummages through it. He finds something else.

ROBERT

Okay, now we call the cops.

Gil walks over for a better look.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

GIL

Whoa, buttermelt... hold on.  
That's a lot of fucking money.

ROBERT

And I imagine that guy in the  
shower died for it. I don't want  
to touch it.

GIL

Think about the tour bus we could  
buy.

ALISON (O.S.)

Guys.

The turn to see her.

ALISON

I thought I heard something...  
wait - is that cash?

GIL

Yes. And it's ours.

ROBERT

No it's not.

ALISON

Guys, this place gives me the  
creeps and now this... What is  
that smell?

The men look at each other.

ROBERT

Let's go. Leave the bag.

GIL

Wait, how did you know about -

ROBERT

We can split before they find out.

The men argue. Alison is tugging on her ear. She zones  
out to:

EXT. MOTEL -- ACROSS THE HIGHWAY

The same car pulls back in, lights off.

INT. MOTEL -- LIVING ROOM

The men are still in talks but Alison doesn't hear.

ALISON

Oh shit...

She turns. A man enters the office in a hat and a long raincoat, hands in his pockets.

He walks behind the counter into the doorway room.

LIVING ROOM

The man stands there as Alison stares at him.

ALISON

Guys...

They argue.

ALISON

Guys!

They stop, turn and look at the man, HARLEY. In his 50s, gray hair peek from the hat. He grins.

HARLEY

Are there any rooms available?

The three look at each other.

ROBERT

Well. No, we're booked up.

HARLEY

Really? I don't see any other cars out front.

GIL

We have reservations.

ROBERT

Yes. All booked up.

They all take turns with glances.

HARLEY

I left a bag here.

ROBERT

What?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARLEY

The bag, shithead. It's mine.

GIL

How do we know that?

ROBERT

Shut up. Sir, we don't have any rooms...

Harley whips out a gun.

HARLEY

Listen, fuckstick. I don't want the room, I want the money.

GIL

Okay, take it.

ALISON

Yes please take it and get out.

HARLEY

No problem. Missy, you bring it to me.

She slowly picks up the bag, sets it in front of him then backs up.

HARLEY

Now, who wants it first?

He lifts his gun.

ALISON

But...

ROBERT

You got your money, come on...

GIL

Dude... we won't tell anyone. We weren't gonna call the cops. I swear!

HARLEY

Decide. Who gets it first?

He scans them with the gun. He stops at Alison, who is in a trance, pulling on her ear.

HARLEY

Ladies first?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ROBERT

No!

Suddenly a pounding on the glass. Harley turns around. No one there -

ROBERT

Run!

EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT

Bodies move around the office in a panic. A gunshot.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Alison is on her knees, sobbing, her hands in her hair.

Robert is looking down with deep concern.

Gil stares up at the ceiling in shock.

ROBERT

Gil.

GIL

Am I gonna make it?

ROBERT

Get the fuck up. We gotta split.

GIL

My head.

Only a slight cut for Gil Robert helps him up. He turns to Alison.

ROBERT

Ali. It's okay. We're okay.

ALISON

What happened?

She sees a gun in Robert's hand.

ALISON

Where did you get that?

ROBERT

It was in the bag. I didn't want to freak you guys out about it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They all look at Harley, dead on the floor.

GIL  
Dude... you plugged him.

ROBERT  
Had to.

GIL  
You knew... how?

ROBERT  
I've been having these... dreams.  
It all made sense when I came into  
the office.

ALISON  
Why didn't you say something to  
us? We told you our dreams.

ROBERT  
Someone had to be the sane one.

ALISON  
And are you sane?

Robert muses...

GIL  
And who pounded on the glass?

ROBERT  
Yeah that was weird. I mean that  
too, was weird.

Robert and Gil look outside. The rain stopped. Alison  
looks off into the distance.

ALISON  
A friend.

FADE OUT.

THE END