

SPRING COMFORT

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FADE IN:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

With a swipe of a card, the door unlocks. Light from the hallway briefly spills inside.

BARRY WEST, enters the dark room. He is a young twenty-something businessman with multi-tasking hands.

No sooner does he take his first step forward the card key disappears into his pants pocket, his left hand returns to his open cell phone.

His right hand holds a briefcase.

A light kick backward closes the door behind him.

He finds the switch, flicks on the overhead light.

Puts the case on the small table near the window.

BARRY

I'm in room eighty-seven, Sara.

Takes off his coat, lays it over the nearest chair.

BARRY

Just a couple hours.

(unloosens tie)

Yeah, well, I was drifting, this is the first place I saw, beats sleeping in the car. Figure if they can pay me to baby-sit the client while he and his buddies get buzzed up all night, they can pick up the tab on a few hours on a hotel room.

SARA (FILTERED)

How much did you have?

BARRY

Of that nasty watered down stuff? Two or three shots.

SARA

Sure?

BARRY

No. All the more reason to dehydrate.

SARA

You have the presentation for the Life Arbor toothpaste ads ready? Kosamoto's really looking forward to it, I hope you're not too far gone.

BARRY

Good, He's the one who put me up to this. If he likes the pitch he should promote me.

SARA

Good luck with that.

BARRY

Being promoted or the campaign? Nevermind. I'll see you tomorrow.

Glances at his watch.

BARRY

Later today.

Using the edges of his heels, Barry takes off his shoes.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - MINUTES LATER

All the lights are off but one: the UV glare from the TV set. Barefoot from the bed, Barry points the remote, turns down the sound.

Minus his socks and tie, he's still in his clothes, including his watch.. He rests on top of the covers.

He puts the remote on the desk next to the bed. Grabs one of the two fluffy pillows behind him, and falls asleep.

Throughout the hour, Barry rolls around in different positions.

LATER

Barry rolls off the bed and wakes up to find himself on the carpeted floor. His hair is messed up from the rough sleep.

As he gets up:

His shirt has small tears in the side and back.

The TV set is a snowy mess.

Barry frowns in small pain, reaches to his side, looks at his right hand. Drops of blood on his fingers.

BATHROOM -MINUTES LATER

Shirtless, Barry examines his chest and side.

It isn't pretty. Small random scratches like from an angry house cat run up and down the right side of his chest and arm.

When he slowly turns to see his back, he strains his neck...

The scratches on his back outnumber those on his chest.

Some of the marks are deep enough confirm what he discovered a few minutes ago: just enough to draw a small amount of blood.

Spooked, he turns around fast, not wanting to look over the mess again. He looks over his shirt, full of rips on the backside, soaked in drops of his blood.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - MINUTES LATER

The main light flicks back on.

Barry turns off the snow filled TV.

Now before him: the bed. The sheets are wrinkled but not undone. But there's something about the sight that ebbs his curiosity.

There isn't any visible tears in the sheets. There isn't any spots of blood.

He inspects closer.

His eyes didn't deceive him: the sheets are clean and not torn in any way.

He thinks about it, checks the pillows.

Nothing out of the ordinary.

He gets eye level, feels the sheets. No sign of bedbugs. Something gets his attention: a small thread from the sheet. He follows it to a needle hole in the fabric.

He pulls the sheet up closer to his face, and notices more needle holes in the sheet. He strips the sheet back, reveals the sheets underneath.

He peels back the layers until he gets to the bare mattress.

He stares over the discovery.

at some unknown point in time, random springs had burst through the top of the mattress. Two of the exposed springs have a slight wet reddish tint on the metal tips.

Barry grabs for the customer phone, dials up the main desk.

DESK CLERK (FILTERED)

Hello?

BARRY

Barry West, room 87.

DESK CLERK

How can I help you, Mister West?

BARRY

Yeah. I got a room with a bad bed. The springs, they poked me in the back. Can't sleep.

DESK CLERK

Never had any complaints about
the beds before. We just got
them new a few weeks ago,

BARRY

Then this one was defective.
What was wrong with the old
ones?

DESK CLERK

Why do you ask?

BARRY

Maybe they had the same
problem?

DESK CLERK

Not that I know of Mister West.
I know it's late. Sorry. Would
you like another room?

BARRY

No, that's alright. But you'll
hear about this in a few hours.

DESK CLERK

I can give you a discount,
then.

Barry opens his mouth to speak, but the rest of the
words fail to come out.

One of the blood tipped springs curls backward, retreats
in the depths of the mattress.

DESK CLERK

No questions.

The other springs randomly follow suit.

DESK CLERK

Mister West?

BARRY

I'm... fine.

Barry slowly hangs up the phone.

He studies the surface of the mattress. He presses down on the edge, and one spring slightly tips out. He raises his hand, the spring retreats.

He repeats the action, with the same results. He considers a third go-round, but thinks about his hand, changes his mind.

MINUTES LATER

Barry tosses a clean white towel over a plush chair near the window.

Takes his cell phone, flips it open.

INSERT

A web site on the cell phone : "Spring Comfort Mattresses"

MONTAGE

Dreamlike: search engine results.

Barry texts words: "Jasmine Hotel"

Words, messages become blurry. One of the messages is from "Dirty Rat 19" who comments "Don't pick room 87. A Japanese exchange student was kidnapped and was brutally murdered there nine years ago"

BACK TO SCENE

The cell phone slips out of Barry's fingers, onto the table.

Barry jolts back to life, turns off the phone.

MINUTES LATER

Barry seated in the chair, lights low. He has one of the pillows against the back of his head. He isn't that comfortable, but as his body slumps, he drifts to sleep.

A noise wakes him up. He glances around the room with one eye open.

Everything is fine. His eye blinks, focuses on the bed. It's off center.

He turns his head, both eyes look to the bed now. The mattress slowly dips low, sliding down the frame until the edge falls on the floor, towards him.

A sound RIPS into thread, tears through carpet.

A fingered hand, made of brass coil, emerges from behind the mattress. Pushes forward. The mattress inches closer, sheets slip away.

Barry jumps, knocks over the chair, the lamp next to him and he joins them both on the floor.

Brass coils drag the mattress ahead, like legs on a slow moving millipede.

Barry marvels at the sight for a moment before he glances towards his briefcase and the torn up shirt.

Both items, which instead of six feet, now seems a mile away.

The mattress' brass springs crawl over his shoes.

A spring with a bit of blood on it steps into the right shoe...and rips into the polished leather. It pulls out, tearing the leather outward.

Barry gets up and backs away. The odd sight before him on the floor gets closer. It blocks his escape to both the bathroom as well as the main door.

He sprints, jumps over the mattress, but screams as he crashes to the floor again.

CUT TO:

The brass coil hand tears into his left foot, blood flows from the deep punctures, flesh painfully peels back with the brass coil fingers.

Barry pushes his body forward, closer to the door.

The mattress follows him, the edge moves over both of his feet.

A spring digs into his right ankle, curving down like a screwdriver.

The mattress slowly rises up partially behind Barry, hundreds of brass springs emerges outward, and slaps into Barry's back legs.

Barry screams loud, his mouth wide open.

He inches forward, and with his bloody legs, kicks out.

It gets the possessed thing away from him. Just enough to use his elbows to pull himself towards the door.

He reaches out, and gets his right hand on the door handle. His hand freezes.

He cries in pain once more, the mattress now a monkey on his back. Blood flows over his sides, drips onto the floor. He falls once more, as the thing drags him away.

He turns his head, and catches a glimpse of something under the frame of the bed.

Pale white, skeletal. An young Asian woman with unkempt raven-like hair, soul less eyes and no expression.

THE PHONE.

With one more effort, Barry, mattress deep into his back, knocks over the phone, the other lamp and alarm clock.

BARRY'S RIGHT ARM, among the phone and a toppled lamp.

The tip of the mattress crawls over Barry's elbow, drags him away, leaving behind a streak of blood on a shagged up carpet.

The phone's busy signal buzzes, but fails to drown out the tearing sound of brass metal into fabric and flesh.

FADE OUT.