

ROOM ONE NIGHT

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

SAM, thin, tall, late 20's, pushes APRIL (20), sweet, pretty, across the lot. Sam holds an old black HANDGUN at his side.

April trips, hits the tarmac. She gets to her feet, wipes hair from her face.

SAM  
Come on, move.

INT. MOTEL ROOM

The door opens inwards, unlocked the old fashioned way -- a metal key.

Sam flicks on the light, illuminates the room. It's just what you'd expect for twenty bucks a night. Grubby, banal.

April stands in the middle of the room, arms wrapped around herself. She glances around, settles on Sam.

SAM  
On the bed.

April sits. Sam glances out the large window that overlooks the lot.

APRIL  
They'll come for me. My daddy'll come.

SAM  
So you keep saying.

APRIL  
And he'll kill you.

SAM  
You said.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

April lies on the bed, hugs a pillow. Sam sits at the table, spins the gun around his finger.

APRIL  
You got a girlfriend?

SAM  
I've answered that.

(CONTINUED)

APRIL  
I don't remember.

SAM  
It was yesterday.

APRIL  
I'm hungry.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Sam puts a pair of handcuffs on the table, shoves April onto a chair, and drops a brown paper bag in front of her. She looks up at Sam, peers into the bag.

APRIL  
What is it?

SAM  
You know.

APRIL  
Tell me.

SAM  
(pissed off)  
Cheeseburger.

April opens the bag, extracts the burger, tucks in.

APRIL  
Just because you fed me, doesn't mean they won't kill you.

Sam watches her pull some fries from the bag, slip them into her mouth, seductively almost. April slides a single fry between her lips, stares at Sam. He breaks connection.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Sam sits at the table, plays with the hand gun, faces April on the bed. She lies across it casually.

APRIL  
You got parents?

Sam shakes his head.

APRIL (CONT'D)  
You got anyone?

Sam doesn't move. That says enough.

(CONTINUED)

APRIL (CONT'D)

No one to miss you.

(beat)

No one to miss.

Sam looks at April, stares into her eyes.

SAM

What do you want? Really? You  
keep asking me the same things.

April slides to the edge of the bed, sits up and tidies her  
hair. A smirk crosses her face.

APRIL

I want to be noticed. I want  
people I've never met to love me.  
People'll know what you did to me.  
Hate you.

SAM

I haven't done anything.

APRIL

Yet. Who knows what? My daddy--

SAM

--The cop, right?

April, taken aback.

APRIL

--yeah, the cop. Hero.

Sam glances at April's hand wound tightly in the sheet,  
wringing it. He quickly looks at the ground.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

April falls backwards onto the bed, the pair of handcuffs  
land beside her. Sam quickly pushes her towards the bed  
head, cuffs her left wrist to the post.

April stares at him, vulnerable.

APRIL

You gonna rape me?

Sam stops, chews it over, shakes his head.

APRIL (CONT'D)

What if I wanted you to?

Sams shoulders drop.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - BED

Sam is on top of April, pants around his ankles, clearly exposed. He grunts softly as he pushes into April, who lies underneath, still cuffed to the bed. Her dress is pulled up around her waist. The handgun held to her temple.

April fights back tears, but stays strong, focused on Sam.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Sam is back in the chair, head leans on the table, gun under his hand. His eyes open lazily, close again.

April lies on the bed, legs tucked up to her chin. She stares into darkness.

APRIL

You ever have one of those conversations with someone you just met, where you talk for hours, in to the night, like you just click, fall in love almost, a night you don't want to end?

SAM

This isn't one of those times.

APRIL

Could be.

SAM

It's not.

APRIL

The press would love it.

Sams eyes open again.

SAM

You're deluded.

APRIL

Like Swedish syndrome, or something. Where you fall for your captor.

SAM

Not happening.

April sits up.

APRIL

I need to use the bathroom.

INT. MOTEL - BATHROOM

April sits on the toilet seat, cuffs hang from her left wrist. She buries her face in her hands, as if crying. She takes her hands away -- a grin is firmly on her face.

She drops her hand to the seat, brings it back up -- her fingers wrapped around A GLOCK 9MM.

April pulls back the slide, checks the breech, satisfied it's good.

INT. MOTEL ROOM

Sam sits on the end of the bed, blue lights flash outside the window, grab his attention.

SAM

Jesus.

A siren WHOOPS.

INT. BATHROOM

Aprils smile widens.

APRIL

Time.

EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

April walks ahead of Sam, Glock held low in front.

APRIL

You need to tell me to move.

SAM

What?

APRIL

Tell me to move!

SAM

(hesitently)

Move.

APRIL

You can do better.

SAM

Move!

APRIL

Push me, convince me.

(CONTINUED)

Sam pushes her. April grins, takes a couple more steps, trips. Get's to her feet.

INT. MOTEL BATHROOM

April stands, turns to the mirror, picks at her eyes.

EXT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

April leans in as Sam shoves the key in the lock.

APRIL  
(whispering)  
Just step in, turn on the light and  
tell me to get on the bed. You do  
that?

Sam opens the door slowly.

APRIL (CONT'D)  
Good boy.

He steps in, flicks on the light.

SAM  
On the bed.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Sam paces the room, grabs the old handgun off the table, shakes it.

SAM  
Damn!

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

The main door opens, admits April. She carries a brown bag. She moves to Sam, leg cuffed to the chair. April unlocks him at gunpoint, holds out the cuffs.

APRIL  
Okay, now your turn, just like I  
told you.

Sam hesitates, stands, grabs the bag and steps towards April. He shoves her into the other chair, drops the bag and the cuffs on the table.

INT. MOTEL BATHROOM - NIGHT

April smooths down her hair, makes it as neat as possible. She applies a subtle shade of lipstick to her lips.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Sam sits on the chair.

SAM  
--The cop, right?

April, taken aback.

APRIL  
--yeah, the cop. Hero.

Sam glances at April's hand wound tightly in the sheet, wringing it. He quickly looks at the ground as she pulls her hand free from the sheet, Glock held loosely in her fingers.

APRIL (CONT'D)  
Cuff me to the bed.

Sam stands slowly, keeps his eyes on the carpet.

OVER THE BED

The same scene plays out -- Sam cuffs April to the bed, moves back. April stares at him, vulnerable.

APRIL (CONT'D)  
You gonna rape me?

Sam chews it over, shakes his head.

APRIL (CONT'D)  
What if I wanted you to?

Sam's shoulders drop.

And then he's on her again, slowly thrusting, not really into it, and it's clear why -- Pressed into his abdomen, the Glock, held between him and April. Every time he pushes into her, he hits off the gun.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Sam parts the curtains, stares out, wide eyed, as --

POLICE (O.S.)  
Put the weapon down or we will  
shoot!

Sam glances at his hand -- he used the gun to part the curtains.

INT. MOTEL BATHROOM

April stands in front of the door, takes a breath, lets it out slowly, almost like a whistle.

(CONTINUED)



APRIL  
Young, dumb and homeless. You  
weren't wrong, daddy.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Sam is cuffed to the chair, April on the bed.

SAM  
You're deluded.

APRIL  
Like Swedish syndrome, or  
something. Where you fall for your  
captor.

SAM  
Not happening.

April sits up.

APRIL  
I need to use the bathroom.

INT. MOTEL BATHROOM - NIGHT

April puts her hand on the handle --

INT. MOTEL ROOM

Sam steps away from the window as if moving through treacle.

The curtains billow, glass shatters, EXPLODES, pushes Sam  
backwards in a graceful arc.

INT. MOTEL BATHROOM

April turns the handle, pulls the door -- A neat little hole  
PUNCHES through it, knocks her back onto the toilet seat.

The Glock falls, bounces on the tiled floor. Settles.

Blood drips from the toilet seat, pools on the tiles.

INT. MOTEL ROOM

Sam, dead on the floor, open vacant eyes staring at nothing  
in the distance. The old revolver lies nearby, the drum  
clearly holds no bullets.

A flurry of motion through the door, across the carpet,  
shadows really. Cops, presumably.

(CONTINUED)

The bathroom door is pushed open -- reveals April, hole drilled through her chest, large crimson patch still spreading across her dress.

COP (O.S.)

SIR!

An urgent clatter of feet, a sudden stop -- and a CRY of despair.

DADDY (O.S.)

NOOO!

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END