

WRONG ROOM

An original short screenplay
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October 31, 2009
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Revised January 26, 2010

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FADE IN

INT. INEXPENSIVE HOTEL - HALL OUTSIDE ROOM - NIGHT

A MAN stands outside a hotel room door. He looks weary and unkempt. He has a single suitcase with him in one hand. In the other hand, he holds a key that has a number on it that is very difficult to read.

He looks at the key, then the door, then the key again.

He tries the key in the door and the door unlocks.

He enters.

INT. INEXPENSIVE HOTEL - HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The Man opens the door and enters the room.

He puts down his suitcase.

He turns on the light in the bathroom.

He takes off his coat.

He drops his coat and kicks off his shoes.

He steps into the room further.

A WOMAN lies in the dark in a bed. There is a nightstand with a single lamp on it next to the bed. On the nightstand there is a mostly empty glass of water, a clock, a phone that is disconnected from the wall, and a key that has a number on it that is difficult to read. At the foot of the bed is a chair.

She turns on the lamp next to the bed and she sits up in the bed.

He sees her and is startled.

MAN

Oh! I'm so -- 'm sorry...

He takes a step backward.

WOMAN

No, no --

MAN

Wrong room I guess-- they -
- didn't realize -- I
thought this was 118.

She sits up and grabs the key off the nightstand.

WOMAN

It is 118 -- they must have made a mistake.

MAN

Yeah -- he didn't seem very competent -- I'll just --

He turns to leave.

WOMAN

Let me see your key.

She takes her key off the nightstand.

He looks at his key.

MAN

I can hardly read the number.

She gestures for him to step toward her.

WOMAN

On mine either.

He takes a tentative few steps toward her.

She takes his key from him and compares the two keys.

WOMAN

I think they both say 118. But I can understand the mistake.

He takes his key back.

MAN

I'll get a different room.

He starts to leave.

WOMAN

Wait.

He stops.

WOMAN

Wait, please.

MAN

It's no problem --

WOMAN

Don't, please.

He stares at her.

WOMAN
I know it sounds kinda
crazy, but would you stay a
minute and talk with me?

He shakes his head.

MAN
I'm not --

WOMAN
Please?

She waits for his response. He shakes his head.

MAN
Look. You are -- I just --
I'm not looking for this --

WOMAN
No no no. Just talk. Not
long. Or just listen
please.

He looks around then back to her.

WOMAN
I don't know anyone here. I
hadn't planned to go this
far. I just ended up here.
Where are you from?

MAN
I live in town.

WOMAN
So what are you doing here
then?

MAN
My wife and I just split
up.

WOMAN
I'm so sorry. What
happened?

MAN
I don't know. We...

She waits for him.

MAN
It just...

He gives in, sits tiredly on the chair next to the foot of the bed.

MAN
There's no room in Angie's
life for me anymore I
guess...

He shakes his head.

WOMAN
That's -- that's rough.

Pause.

WOMAN
I don't normally ask
strange men to talk with me
in motel rooms.

He smiles, relaxes a bit.

WOMAN
It's just -- I need to talk
to someone right now. I had
a scare just before you
showed up...

MAN
Bad dream?

WOMAN
Bad awake.

MAN
Yeah. I know that feeling.

WOMAN
You came in at just the
right time then.

MAN
That's new for me.

She smiles.

WOMAN
I have something I need to
share with someone. I've
been sad lately.

MAN
I get that.

WOMAN
It's my birthday.

MAN
Really? Happy birthday.

WOMAN

And it got me thinking some things I didn't want to.

MAN

Well, don't stress about your age. We're all getting old.

WOMAN

No, it's not that. Well maybe it started with that.

MAN

Yes?

WOMAN

I keep thinking back to when I was younger. It has become quite an obsession for me these days.

He looks at her as she speaks. She looks away from him as she continues.

WOMAN

I think about how I was and what I did then, and... it's never right because it's changed with the way I think now. I wish...

MAN

Wish what?

WOMAN

I was... less honest... I think... less knowledgeable then. I lost someone, too. A long time ago.

MAN

Yeah?

WOMAN

After him, I spent a lot of time alone, and lately I have been again. He faded after a while, but he's come back to me. I've been spending a lot of time thinking about him again. I wish...

He leans forward in the chair as he listens to her.

MAN

What?

WOMAN

I wanted it to turn out differently. I miss him. I miss... I miss him.

He nods.

WOMAN

There were things I couldn't tell him, because we were young, I guess, I didn't know those kinds of words then. I miss him terribly. I don't know how I survived without him. I tried not to.

MAN

What happened to -- with him?

She shakes then lowers her head.

Pause.

WOMAN

I don't believe in things like god, heaven, fate, any of that. And I can't believe in memory, it changes. I just wish... I wish I knew where he was buried exactly, you know?

He looks at her intently.

WOMAN

I think -- I think I could have gone there, I could have said goodbye and I could finally have told him why I ran away that night... and why, why I can't let him go now.

She looks up at him.

WOMAN

I know I shouldn't hold onto this regret, and I know it isn't right to

dwell on it. But I just
 can't stop. He's always in
 my thoughts.

MAN
 Can I -- can I help you
 find him? Where he is?

WOMAN
 No no. It's too late for
 that now.

She shifts in the bed. Two empty pill bottles fall out from under the covers next to his feet.

MAN
 Do you need --

WOMAN
 I'm tired.

He picks them up.

His eyes widen.

MAN
 Did you --

She nods.

He gets up.

WOMAN
 No.

He reaches for the phone.

He picks up the phone and gets no answer.

MAN
 What are you talk--

The phone doesn't work. He notices the plug has been pulled out.

He sits next to her on the bed.

MAN
 What -- why?!

WOMAN
 -- don't -- I looked it all
 up -- it won't be long.
 It's too late.

He starts to get up to leave. She grabs his shoulder.

WOMAN

No! Would you stop -- by
the time they'd get here...
I'd be a vegetable. That's
what these things will do.
Just let it be.

He stares at her.

WOMAN

Let it happen.

He grabs her by the shoulders and looks into her eyes.

MAN

Why?

She shakes her head.

WOMAN

Regret. All regret.

He lets her go and stares at the pill bottles and shakes his head.

WOMAN

Hold me.

He puts his arm around her.

WOMAN

Pretend you're him for me.
Will you?

He shakes his head.

WOMAN

I'll be her or whichever
her you want.

Pause.

He holds her stiffly.

She puts her hands on his face and touches him gently.

His eyes shift away from her gaze.

His eyes come back to meet hers.

WOMAN

Denny, baby -- I'm so, so
sorry.

She shakes and stares into his eyes. His eyes are fixed on hers.

WOMAN

Please -- please -- I'm so
sorry...

He shakes his head.

MAN

It's alright, shhh. It's
alright...

WOMAN

I shouldn't have left you.
Did you -- were you alone
when...

MAN

Please no -- he -- I
thought about you -- that
made me happy.

WOMAN

Do you remember those falls
-- we went -- our first
November?

MAN

We had that -- I remember
it was the best of my life.

WOMAN

I still love you -- you
know that, right Denny?

MAN

Yes. And I love you.

He touches her face with his hands.

MAN

I will always love you.

She kisses his hand, then kisses his lips deeply.

She hugs him tightly.

WOMAN

Baby... My Denny...

He hugs her back tightly.

MAN

I love you so much, Leah.

She pulls away from him and grips his face again. She stares into his
eyes.

WOMAN

I know you do.

They kiss.

They hug.

WOMAN
I'm so tired, baby... So
glad you're here.

MAN
Me, too.

WOMAN
Give me your hand.

He offers her his right hand.

She makes a pillow of his hand resting her head on it in his lap.

WOMAN
So glad you're here with
me.

He strokes her hair with his left hand then her shoulder.

He looks at the clock. It ticks forward.

INT. INEXPENSIVE HOTEL - HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The Woman lies on the bed with her head on the pillow.

She is pale, restful looking and still.

The Man stands over her looking at her.

He covers her entire body with the sheet.

He sits back on the edge of the bed and puts his face in his hands.

FADE OUT