

Final Draft 7 Demo

MANKIND

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A scene from the short drama.

Draft 5
2/6/10

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INT. SEEDY MOTEL - NIGHT

Worn-out, impatient JOSEPH (20) taps his dirty fingers on the counter. The CLERK (45) signs him in at snail's speed.

CLERK
Just one room?

JOSEPH
Yeah.

CLERK
We have two twin beds or a queen.

JOSEPH
A queen is fine. How close are we
to the hospital?

Through the window Joseph looks at a PRETTY BRUNETTE sitting on the curb. She hasn't slept in days, but she grins back at him. He drills the counter with his tapping.

CLERK
Fifteen, twenty. How many nights?

JOSEPH
How much is it per night?

CLERK
Thirty-nine fifty plus tax.

JOSEPH
Per week?

CLERK
Two ninety-nine plus tax.

Joseph purses his lips and nearly pounds the counter.

JOSEPH
Twenty bucks.

CLERK
It's thirty-nine per night plus--

JOSEPH
I know. I'm asking you how much
twenty bucks will get me.

The clerk notices Joseph's worn clothes and tired eyes. He sees the brunette outside. She sips a coke.

CLERK

Sorry son, we don't have any vacancies.

JOSEPH

What happened to "twins or a queen?"

CLERK

Wish I could help.

JOSEPH

Listen at the end of the week my paycheck gets--

CLERK

Take your prom date somewhere else.

Joseph refrains from breaking the guy's jaw. He exits.

EXT. SEEDY MOTEL - NIGHT CONTINUOUS

Joseph slams the door behind him and storms away from the building. Rain pours onto the asphalt. The brunette stands but wobbles. She's at least nine months pregnant.

BRUNETTE

What did he say?

Joseph b-ines for the car, keys in hand.

BRUNETTE (CONT'D)

Joe. Did you get a room?

Joseph stops but can barely look her in the eye. He could say so many things, but there's no time.

JOSEPH

No.

The fading light in her eyes goes out.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)

Let's go.

She's lost in a thousand-yard stare.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)

Mary, Let's go.

She catches up and they drive off in their junk-yard Mazda.