

7 **EXT. MOTEL - DAY**

7

Sparta hangs back in the treeline. She looks from a ~~MAP~~ ~~BOOK~~ in her hand that ~~shows~~ ~~has~~ the name of the motel in front of ~~her~~. She stuffs the matches into the workout bag.

She cases the motel for signs of activity, when--

The door to room 108 at the far end of the motel opens and the ~~OC~~ ~~GUARDS~~ start to unload their luggage. Sparta covertly makes her way across the treeline to the far end closest to the room while the departing guests get organized.

As the guests enter the motel office to check out, Sparta stealthily approaches the door. Her ~~finger~~ ~~snail~~ from her fingers and snake around the door handle and lock. Success.

She sneaks inside the room and closes the door behind her.

BEV (O.C.)

There you are.

8 **EXT./INT. MOTEL PARKING LOT - BEV'S CAR - DAY**

8

From across the lot, BEV watches from her car as Sparta slips into room 108.

Bev clambers to grab her belongings and several ~~shopping~~ ~~bags~~ ~~bags~~ beside her on the passenger seat.

Start

9 **INT. MOTEL - ROOM 108 - DAY**

9

It's dark. The room's beige curtains are drawn against the bright winter day.

Sparta closes the door, she wrinkles her nose at the musty motel-carpet odor.

The double beds are covered in faded floral bedspreads. A dark brown carpet hides the sins of the previous occupants, although the smell doesn't. Cheap bedroom furniture and a print of a nondescript landscape in shades of brown and gold round out the decor.

A shadowy form outside passes across the shaft of light between the window and curtain.

Sparta leaps over the bed, pins flash, ready for her attacker.

TAP TAP.

A soft knock at the door. A beat, then:

BEV (O.C.)
...Sparta? It's me, Bev.

Sparta keeps silent.

BEV (O.C.) (CONT'D)
I know you're in there.

Sparta retracts her pins and makes her way to the door. She goes to grab the door handle. Hesitates as she plays chess in her mind of all the permutations of what's about to ensue.

In a fluid series of almost balletic movements, she opens the door and takes Bev hostage inside the room, shuts the door softly with one of her pins and presses on top of Beverly on the nearest bed with her remaining pins poised for attack, hovering over Bev's face.

Bev, unsure of what or how that just happened, blurts out.

BEV (CONT'D)
I'm on your team, asshole.

SPARTA
Were you followed?

BEV
What the hell? I've been driving
all night. I didn't even go home.
Ain't no one but you knows where I
am.
(beat)
I swear.

Her pins retract. Bev sighs, relaxes slightly.

BEV (CONT'D)
What are those things!?

Sparta's fingers curl into her palms.

SPARTA
Insurance.

Bev gives her a look.

BEV
Whatever the hell they are, I tend
to not want to help people who
threaten me.

SPARTA

It wasn't a threat, it was an *assessment*. Sometimes I kick into auto-pilot.

BEV

(exasperated)

... Look, hun, if you want me to help you, you gotta tell me the truth. What's going on? Was it you set that hospital on fire? You know, on "auto-pilot"?

Bev makes air quotes.

SPARTA

What's in the bag?

Bev's eyes search Sparta's. It's a stand-off and it's clear Bev ain't gonna cave until Sparta answers at least her last question.

Sparta exhales. Her stomach rumbles.

SPARTA (CONT'D)

They were going to kill me.

BEV

I figured Mr. "Last Night" wasn't just lookin' for your rent money.

Bev moves for the bag, pulls out a hairdresser's CAPE and a BOX of hair dye.

BEV (CONT'D)

You look like shit. We gotta clean you up.

-- Sparta's stomach rumbles.

BEV (CONT'D)

Oh, I almost forgot. I brought you some food--

Sparta cautiously opens the bag, and slowly pulls out a grilled cheese SANDWICH and a TRAVEL MUG. She inhales deeply. This is very new to her and quite intriguing. She looks at Bev.

SPARTA

(mouth full)

What is this?

BEV
 (beams)
 You never heard a grilled cheese?

Sparta closes her eyes to savor the sandwich, and takes a bite. She chews slowly. It's heaven. She finishes half in three bites. She licks her fingers. Sated.

Bev disappears into the bathroom.

Sparta closes her eyes. Rubs the lump by her hairline.

Sparta sips a COFFEE slowly. Notes the flavor, the aroma, she cups both hands around it.

Bev comes out of the bathroom.

BEV (CONT'D)
 Hop in the shower, hun. We only have about an hour before house-keeping'll be on to us.

SPARTA
 (startled)
 We can't stay here?

BEV
 (shakes head)
 Not with the cops and that *Orange psycho* on our tail. We gotta get you somewhere safe.

Bev gestures to the bathroom.

BEV (CONT'D)
 There's a fresh towel left over and some shampoo in there.

End Scene

~~10 INT. MOTEL ROOM 100 BATHROOM DAY 10~~

~~Grungy shower with a patched leak on the ceiling. Thin, greyish towels. A silver motel SOAP.~~

~~Hot water hits cold skin. Sparta luxuriates under the steady stream. She rubs SHAMPOO into her hair, using her pins to massage.~~

~~When she steps out of the shower, she pats herself dry with what looks like the cleanest TOWEL of the bunch, then stands naked in front of the FOGGY mirror.~~

~~She swipes the mirror with her towel-- reveals the reflection of her torso.~~