

ROOM 107

Written by

Name of First Writer

Based on, If Any

Address
Phone Number

FADE IN

EXT. MOTEL - MORNING

It's not the Hilton, but a truck driver earning minimum wage might find it comfy enough. If he's that desperate.

The parking lot's empty, except for...

An Indian man stands in the middle of the lot. His name is DOC (45). Shirtless. An Indian feather hat on his head.

He holds a dead, bloody CHICKEN over a raging fire, emanating from a rusty, steel barrel.

He flings the chicken into the fire. It bursts high up, reaching for the sky. Then settles down again.

Doc begins to dance around the barrel. Twisting. Turning. Shrieking nonsensical sounds.

Closes his eyes - lost in his own demented world.

With sparse clouds in the sky, the sun shines down on him - unimpeded. Then, like some god has hit fast forward on the remote, large blocks of clouds form in the sky.

The clouds have taken the sky, blocking out the sun.

A single raindrop falls from the sky --

It hits Doc on the forehead. He stops. Looks up.

It begins to rain - a light drizzle. Mission accomplished.

Doc takes off his Indian feather hat. Heads to the motel.

EXT. MOTEL - LATE AFTERNOON

The drizzle has grown to steady rain. A monsoon.

Dressed in normal clothes, Doc rocks back and forth in a rocking chair, by the motel's main entrance.

He takes a pipe, watching the rain gain in strength.

A bell JINGLES --

Another Indian man dressed in a suit and a bow tie exits the motel. He's JOE.

Joe opens his palm to catch some raindrops.

DOC
They'll come.

JOE
More than one?

DOC
One won't be enough.

Joe weighs the rainwater in his hand.

JOE
The gods are angry.

DOC
I would be too if I was hungry.

JOE
How many you expecting?

DOC
Enough to feed a god.

Suddenly, a speeding car bursts into the parking lot. It runs over the same barrel Doc was dancing around earlier.

Joe goes back inside.

The four door sedan SCREECHES to a halt, in front of Doc.

All four doors open simultaneously --

A woman dressed in a CATWOMAN outfit falls out of the passenger side. She has a bullet wound in the stomach.

The driver, a man dressed as BATMAN, rushes to her side. Cradles her in his arms --

BATMAN
Baby... say something! Say something!

CATWOMAN
(dying)
Bang... bang...

She pulls him closer. Kisses him.

Two other guys exit the car. One is dressed in a FLASH costume, holding an M16.

The other caper is dressed as SPIDERMAN. He holds a TEC-9 and a large duffel bag.

Flash grabs a necklace around his neck. It's a voodoo doll of some kind.

FLASH
(whispers to self)
What is it Vanatu?

Spiderman lifts his mask slightly to uncover his mouth. He sticks his tongue out to catch some raindrops.

SPIDERMAN
Jesus, Flash... Where's that god of yours?

Flash surveys the motel. Points the M16 at Doc, who doesn't budge from his comfy rocking chair.

FLASH
What kind of place is this?

Doc points at a "Motel" sign.

Batman carries Catwoman in his arms. Kicks open the doors. Rushes her inside.

SPIDERMAN
Let it be noted. This is a bad idea.

FLASH
Get in, old man.

Doc stubs out his pipe. Raises his arms. Heads inside.

SPIDERMAN
You think we lost them back there?

FLASH
They won't chase us here.

SPIDERMAN
Remind me to thank your god for the hurricane.

FLASH
This isn't the work of Vanatu.

SPIDERMAN
Jesus Christ, Vanatu, Thor... whatever works... works for me.

The two thugs head inside.

INT. MOTEL LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

With Catwoman draped over one shoulder, Batman approaches the lobby desk. He points a Beretta at --

Behind the lobby desk, Joe - arms raised - steps back.

BATMAN
Not another step, Tonto.

JOE
No need for violence.

BATMAN
Depends how stupid you are.

Batman reaches the desk. In one swoop, he clears everything off the lobby desk. Rests Catwoman on top of it.

BATMAN (CONT'D)
(whispers to Catwoman)
Baby, don't die on me... We're almost there. You can't die on me.

CATWOMAN
Oh, Ja...

BATMAN
Hush, little baby. Not another word.

Behind him, Doc - arms raised - enters the lobby. Flash and Spiderman prod their guns at his back.

DOC
No need for violence.

BATMAN
What the fuck? Are you two twins?

JOE
My father's a doctor. Please... We can help you.

DOC
There is no need for violence.

BATMAN
Are you two for real?

Joe points at a framed diploma on a wall nearby. It's for a MICHAEL CHU'A.

DOC
That is me.

JOE
But everyone calls him Doc.

DOC
We are but simple people. I can help save your woman, in exchange for our safety.

BATMAN
What's the prognosis Flash?

Flash paces for a bit. He grabs his voodoo doll. Doc and Joe take notice.

FLASH
I don't like it. Vanatu does not like it.

SPIDERMAN
Alex's right. It's best we move on.

Flash glares at Spiderman for mentioning his real name.

SPIDERMAN (CONT'D)
What? It's the truth. We can make it to the border if we move... like now!

A thunderclap outside.

Catwoman moans...

CATWOMAN
Like in the movies, baby... Like Bonnie and Clyde...

SPIDERMAN
I don't wanna play the role of a prick, but she's done man. I'm sorry.

BATMAN
Everybody just shut the fuck up!

JOE
Calm down...

BATMAN
Shut up!

Batman approaches Doc with the gun pointed at his head.

BATMAN (CONT'D)

Here's how it's going down. I'm gonna give you a chance to tape my baby up real good. If she dies, I make Swiss cheese out of you both. If she dies on our way to Tijuana, I come back here and make Swiss cheese out of you both. Deal?

DOC

Deal.

SPIDERMAN

Let it be noted. It's shitty.

BATMAN

Nobody's got a choice. This is how it's going down.

Batman dangles the car keys in front of everyone.

FLASH

I got your back man.

SPIDERMAN

Jesus, am I the only one with senses here?

DOC

Joe...

Joe makes a move to touch Catwoman...

BATMAN

Lay off, Tonto.

Batman grabs his woman.

BATMAN (CONT'D)

Lead the way Doc.

With Catwoman in his arms, Batman follows Joe and Doc outside. They walk to one of the hotel rooms - Room 107.

LATER

INSERT - A PAGE IN THE MOTEL GUEST BOOK

The names of SAMANTHA RICE and DANIEL ROMAN. Sign in date of August 1, 2011. No sign out date.

BACK TO SCENE

SPIDERMAN
What's with this place? No TV. No
computers. No safe....

Spiderman sits on top of the lobby desk. He's holding the
guest book. The place looks thrashed, like someone went
through everything.

SPIDERMAN (CONT'D)
Nothing good in the fridge...

Flash sits on a couch, drinking a CARTON of milk. His feet
rests on top of the DUFFEL BAG, which rests on a small table.

SPIDERMAN (CONT'D)
How long you think they gonna keep
us waiting?

FLASH
Not long I hope.

SPIDERMAN
I say the statute of limitations
just ran out on our friends there.

FLASH
We wait.

SPIDERMAN
I'm just speaking in
hypotheticals... Here me out.

Flash puts down his milk.

SPIDERMAN (CONT'D)
Now, I'm just laying it out as I
see it. We got the cash right here.
I can hot wire that thing... Then
Whoosh! We make like John Dillinger
and bust out of this joint.

FLASH
Are you asking me....

SPIDERMAN
Hypothetically...

FLASH
I won't do it.

Spiderman flings the guest book across the room in disgust.

FLASH (CONT'D)
Vanatu says there is bad magic
here.

SPIDERMAN
All the more reason to make like
John Dillinger.

FLASH
You cannot outrun magic.

Spiderman jumps off the lobby desk. Takes out his Tec-9.

SPIDERMAN
Please... I ain't asking to run
away. I'm just saying everyone can
get out of this alive.

Flash stands up - grabs the M16 - peeks outside.

Spiderman drinks the cart of milk.

FLASH
We should check them out.

SPIDERMAN
Well go on ahead.

Flash points his M16 at Spiderman.

FLASH
We go together.

SPIDERMAN
Well, shit, I love you too.

Spiderman puts the carton of milk on the table. Grabs the
duffel bag.

They go outside together.

On the back of the carton milk --

The photos of two missing teenagers. Their names are Samantha
Rice and Daniel Roman.

EXT. MOTEL - MOMENTS LATER

Winds howling. Rain pounding the pavement.

Flash and Spiderman reach Room 107.

A RED GLOW emanates from the windows. Spiderman tries to peek in, but he can't see through the windows.

SPIDERMAN

Man, whatever you got in mind do it quick! I'm wetting my suit over here!

Flash bangs the door with his fist.

FLASH

Open up! It's me! It's... us!

SPIDERMAN

It's your friendly, neighborhood Spiderman!

Flash doesn't like his sarcasm.

SPIDERMAN (CONT'D)

What? It's the truth!

Flash bangs the door. To his surprise, the door CREAKS open.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

POV - INSIDE THE ROOM LOOKING OUT

A red glow dominates the interior.

Flash stands in the doorway, pointing his gun at us.

Eyes bulging...

FLASH

What the fuck....

EXT. MOTEL - CONTINUOUS

A blast of wind knocks Flash and Spiderman to the ground. They land on their behinds.

Flash pumps round after round of bullets into Room 107.

SPIDERMAN

What the fuck man!

FLASH

Vanatu protect us...

SPIDERMAN

What is it?

FLASH
Run fool! Run!

Flash gets up and runs back to the lobby.

Spiderman hesitates... glances at the red glow, emanating from Room 107.

FLASH (CONT'D)
Run!

Spiderman jumps to his feet. Chases after Flash.

INT. MOTEL LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Flash pushes couches, chairs, anything to block the door.

SPIDERMAN
What are you insane? How do you expect us to get out?

FLASH
You cannot run from hell!

SPIDERMAN
So you expect us to fight it?

FLASH
With Vanatu!

SPIDERMAN
Fuck Vanatu!

Flash smacks him on the face. Spiderman's surprised and not too happy at the bitch slap.

FLASH
Do not insult Vanatu again!

Flash strips off his shirt and mask, showing his face for the first time. It's pale, like he's seen the Devil.

He places his voodoo doll on the table. Drops on both knees - prays - utters nonsensical words.

Spiderman peeks outside. He sees Doc's silhouette, approaching them. He looks like he has claws.

FLASH (CONT'D)
Agnush Ramallach Atun!

Outside, Doc's silhouette collapses to the ground, like a phantom just punched him in the face.

FLASH (CONT'D)
Ramallah Adush Abun Kallah!

Doc HISSES at them. He gets up - runs to Room 107 - shuts the door behind him.

Flash continues to make incoherent sounds. He's in a trance.

Finally, he stops. Opens his eyes --

A GUN

Pointed straight at his face. BANG!

Spiderman clears the front door. Heads outside.

INT. CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Spiderman throws the duffel bag in the passenger seat. Hot wires the car. The car rumbles to life.

SPIDERMAN
Sweet home Tijuana!

He pumps up the radio. Backs out the car. Leaves the motel.

Visibility near zero. Windshield wipers working frantically.

He adjusts the rear view window. Takes off his mask for the first time. Admires his pretty boy face.

Then Joe sits up from the back seat. He has a pale face...

EXT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Spiderman screams to Axel Rose's guitar riff....

INT. ROOM 107 - LATER

Joe drags the lifeless body of Spiderman to a STAIRCASE in the middle of a motel room.

It's dark, uninviting. A gateway to hell.