

RESET

Written by

Someone

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**EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT**

APRIL (26) walks toward her room. She talks on the phone using earpieces. She holds a plastic bag with one hand. Her other arm is amputated at the elbow.

APRIL

Yes, I'm quoting him. He said also  
"I have no doubt that you will go  
beyond the semifinals in it."

MAGIE (V.O.)

(filtered)

Wow! That's amazing. Have you  
submitted the entry yet?

APRIL

No, I didn't. I had to put one last  
touch one it.

MAGIE (V.O.)

Are you crazy!? The deadline is  
midnight. Your internet could fail.

April passes by a WOMAN standing against an open door.

WOMAN

Please, baby, take your injection.

April tenses up. She imagines...

**INSERT SHOT:** An injection needle pierces an eye.

JUMP CUT TO:

**INT. APRIL'S ROOM - NIGHT**

She closes the door with her back, panting. She closes her eyes to compose herself. She clutches her fist. She exhales.

She puts the plastic bag on the table next to her laptop. She unpack her dinner using one hand.

She sits down. On her laptop, a browser is open. She's surfing a page entitled: "Emerging novelist contest."

She takes a bite off of her Taco. Puts it down. Goes back to the contest page and click the "Browse" button. She choose a word document. She clicks "Open."

*She gets a 404 ERROR PAGE.*

She raises her eyebrows. She looks down to the corner of the screen. "No internet access" bubble glares at her.

APRIL

Nononono. Magie you fucking witch.

The clock on her bedside reads: **22:45**.

**Moments later...**

April talks on the phone using the earpieces. She holds her router in her hand.

APRIL

Yes, it's on. No, the light isn't blinking. I don't know. Reset? How?

ISP SUPPORT (V.O.)

(filtered)

There is a small hole next to the power button. You need insert a pin in it and push.

April tenses up. She drops the router. She imagines...

**INSERT SHOT:** A pin pierces an eye.

JUMP CUT TO:

Sitting on her bed, April bites her fist, deciding.

**EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT**

April knocks on a door. Seconds later, a woman opens the door. Her bloodshot eyes are the only color in her pale face. A cigarette between her bony fingers. She scans April. She raises one eyebrow.

APRIL

Can I barrow a pin?

BLOODSHOT

Sure. But you're gonna have to clap for me first.

April looks offended.

BLOODSHOT

Relax. I'm kidding. Gee. Here...

She pulls a pin out of her hair and extends her arm to offer it for April.

April looks pale. Closes her eyes. She takes a deep breath.

BLOODSHOT  
Take it. What's wrong?

April's lips quiver.

JUMP CUT TO:

**INT. APRIL'S ROOM - NIGHT**

She collapses, sliding down against the closed door.

**Moments later...**

April lies down on her bed. Gasping. Tearful eyes.

APRIL  
(on the phone)  
I'm a fraud. I deserve this. I  
write a book "To those who dare"  
and I can't pick a freaking pin to  
save my life.

MAGIE (V.O.)  
Stop with this shit already. Can't  
you share your smartphone internet  
with your laptop. Hotspot thingy.

APRIL  
I don't have a smartphone. I have a  
stupid phone now.

MAGIE (V.O.)  
Shit. Wait. Why don't you take your  
router to that nice lady and ask  
her to reset it for you?

APRIL  
Oh yeah? What should I say? Please  
help me reset my router cause I  
have an irrational fear of pins?

MAGIE (V.O.)  
That sounds about right.

APRIL  
Fuck you, Magie.

MAGIE (V.O.)  
Calm down. What about you walk  
around holding your laptop and see  
if you catch any wifi hotspots.

APRIL  
Seriously? In this motel?

MAGIE (V.O.)  
Yeah, why not? Someone else could have a router like you. A student or something. Or a business man. Or a creep addicted to porn or something. I don't know.

EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

April walks slowly on the porch holding her laptop like waitress. A WiFi scanner on the screen probes for hotspots.

The pace of her breath reflects the raised anticipation.

She reaches the end of the motel. No hits.

Her eyes well up. She notices an DRUNK, OLD MAN struggling to get the key into the keyhole of his room. He turns to her and smile, embarrassed. April, despite it all, smiles back.

She puts her laptop down on the porch and walks toward him.

APRIL  
Let me help.

DRUNKARD  
Bless you.

He hands her the key and she opens the door for him. She picks up her laptop. As she walks by the Drunkard's room, she finds that the door is still open and he's sprawled on the bed over the comforter with his shoes still on.

She shakes her head.

**INSERT SHOT:**

Different bed, different man, same drunkard sleeping position.

**BACK TO SCENE**

Sadness washes over April face.

APRIL  
At least you can smile.

She takes a deep breath. She walks into...

**INT. DRUNKARD'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

April removes his shoes. One by one. Strains as she pulls the comforter from under him. He MUMBLES something about a bitch.

She covers him. She tucks him in, turns off the light, and closes the door. She finds --

**EXT. DRUNKARD'S ROOM - NIGHT**

The Bloodshot Woman holding her laptop, glaring at her.

BLOODSHOT  
Why you didn't take my pin?

She takes a drag from her cigarette. April freezes.

BLOODSHOT  
Huh?

Bloodshot feints dropping the laptop.

BLOODSHOT  
Tell me!

APRIL  
Please don't. I'm just... I'm  
not... I have ...

BLOODSHOT  
What? You worry I'll give you HIV  
or something?

APRIL  
No, no. I'm so sorry.  
(her eyes well up)  
I've got Belonephobia.

Bloodshot softens up.

APRIL  
I'm scared of --

BLOODSHOT  
Needles and pins.

April fails to hide her surprise. Bloodshot takes offence. She takes another drag from her cigarette.

BLOODSHOT  
I may not look like it now. But  
once upon the time, I earned a  
master in psychology.

APRIL

I'm sorry. It's just not many people knows it. And you look fine by the way.

Bloodshot smiles.

BLOODSHOT

Why did you need it anyway?

APRIL

I lost my internet connection. I have to reset my router.

BLOODSHOT

Well, you are shit out of luck kid. Cause my pin won't be of much help. There is an internet blackout. I lost internet on my phone too.

APRIL

Okay, thank you. I thought it was--

Bloodshot's high education kicks in and she senses despair in April's voice. She squints.

BLOODSHOT

Why do you need it that badly?

APRIL

I need to submit my novel to a contest. The deadline is midnight. It's my last chance to ever...

BLOODSHOT

... get out of your figurative hell-hole.

April eyes approve of the sentence. Bloodshot squints.

BLOODSHOT

Pedro! Of course. The nerd at one-forty-for. That son of bitch got satellite connection. He's a nice kid. Creepy, but nice. He used to request my services.

(off April's reaction)

I don't suck dicks...

(tilts her head: "well")

Yet. I'm a licensed masseuse. Go now. You still got time.

**EXT. MOTEL - PEDRO'S ROOM - NIGHT**

April knocks on the door. A short, beefy Latino, PEDRO (23) opens the door partly.

APRIL

Hi, sorry to disturb you. There is an internet blackout. I'm really despaired for internet access. I heard you got satellite connection?

PEDRO

Yeah.

April waits. Pedro waits too. It gets awkward.

PEDRO

Oh, sorry, sure. One second.

He opens the door a little wider as he walks back in.

PEDRO

(from inside)

I'm gonna have to share connection through my WiFi card. I forgot how it is done. Give me a minute.

Pedro works on his laptop inside.

PEDRO

Or you can just use mine.

**INSERT:**

BLOODSHOT (V.O.)

... creepy but nice.

April suddenly finds Pedro's dimly lit room a bit unsettling.

APRIL

Nah, it's OK. Take your time.

PEDRO

Ok, done. Scan for WiFi. I named it Apotenmno.

April's eyes focus on her laptop screen.

APRIL

I got it. I need to sit down--

As April takes a step in, the door SLAMS SHOT in her face knocking the laptop out of her hand. She YELPS.

It breaks. The screen goes black.

APRIL  
Nononono.

She checks and rechecks. No use. The screen is black.

APRIL  
You asshole! You broke my laptop.  
Just say you don't wanna help.

April looks devastated.

ANGRY MOTEL ATTENDANT (O.S.)  
Keep it down, you bitch! We're  
trying to sleep here!

**INT. APRIL'S ROOM - NIGHT**

April on her bed, facedown, crying her eyes out.

She hears KNOCKING on the door. She stops crying.

PEDRO (O.S.)  
I'm sorry.

Furious April jumps off her bed and yanks the door open.

Only the chilly night breeze greets her. She looks down.

Pedro left her his laptop and a note: "I'm sorry. Use mine."

She becomes even more furious. She steps out.

**EXT. APRIL'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

She shouts after him.

APRIL  
It's no use now, you idiot! My  
submission is on my laptop. Which  
you broke!

ANGRY MOTEL ATTENDANT (O.S.)  
If you don't shut up I swear I'll  
come down and kick the shit out of  
you.

APRIL  
Well I'm at thirty-seven you tough  
mothefucker, why don't you come  
down and try!

No response.

APRIL

Bitch!

INT. APRIL'S ROOM - LATER

April stares at the black screen of her broken laptop. Her face depicts disappointment perfectly.

She hears a LOUD KNOCK on the door. Worry washes over her, then anger takes over. She pulls a taser out of her handbag.

She opens the door. Pedro pushes her aside and barges in.

PEDRO

Stay away from me please. I'm  
I'm... highly allergic to  
deodorant.

April just stands there flabbergasted. She clutches the taser in her hand. She holds her shirt and sniffs it.

Pedro, without missing a bit, sits at the table. Flip April's laptop on her back. He gets a screw out of his bag.

APRIL

Allergic? Are you shitting me?

She takes a step forward.

PEDRO

Stay away. -Please-. I beg of you.  
I'll help you out. Sarah told me  
you got a deadline. I'm sorry I  
closed the door.

April senses sincerity, calms down, and takes a step back.

Pedro guts the harddrive out of April's laptop. Plugs it into an adapter.

PEDRO

Use my laptop. Your harddrive will  
show on the file manager as--

April

I got it. I know how harddrive  
adapters work.

(beat)

Thank you.

PEDRO  
You're all set.

He stands up and leaves his laptop open and hooked up to April's harddrive. He hurries out of the room as if it were on fire.

April glances at the clock: 23:58 turns 23:59.

APRIL  
Shit.

She sits at the table. Browse to the contest submission webpage. She types in her credentials. Logs in. Click browse to upload the file.

The menacing colon on her digital clock blinks.

She browse her harddrive folders trying to find the folder representing her desktop.

The colon blinks away.

She finds the file. She clicks open. The upload progress bar crawls as time bleeds.

The clock reads: 00:00.

EXT. PEDRO'S ROOM - NIGHT

April approaches the door. She doesn't look excited. She holds Pedro's laptop and bag. She finds the door ajar.

APRIL  
Hi.

She touches the door then stops.

APRIL  
I came to thank you. I brought back  
your stuff. I don't think my  
submission went--

Her phone CHIRPS. She got a message:

"Your submission was received successfully."

APRIL  
(jumping)  
YES! YES! WOHO!

ANGRY MOTEL ATTENDANT (O.S.)

Keep it down!

(beat)

Please.

April covers her mouth. She giggles.

APRIL

Pedro. Pedro?

She gets worried. She pushes the door open. Pedro lies on the ground, clutching his chest, mouth foaming. He looks at April with pleading eyes. He points with his hand at a drawer.

APRIL

Oh God. Help! Help!

She rushes toward the drawer. She opens it. It has one item.

*An injection ready to be used.*

April steps back at the sight of it. Her lips quiver.

She looks at Pedro pleading eyes.

APRIL

I can't. I'm sorry.

Pedro slowly lowers his pleading, extended arm.

APRIL

HEEEEEEEELP!

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Detective PALMA (38), shorthair, soft expression, and piercing eyes. Dressed in jeans.

April sits at the other side of the table. Grief gripping her heart.

PALMA

What happened then?

APRIL

He walked into my room. He set things up so I can submit my entry for the contest. Then he left. Then I found him in his room on the ground.

PALMA

He walked into your room?

APRIL

Yes.

Palma looks surprised.

PALMA

That explains everything. Pedro died of a heart attack. We knew that much. We were just trying to figure out why his heart was under such stress during his final hour.

April gives a questioning look.

PALMA

This.

(she points at April's amputation)

Pedro got Apotemnophobia.

(Off April's reaction)

Yes. People with amputation scares him. Being with you in the same room was too much for his heart to handle that night. Pedro already had heart problems.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

A hand lies down a book on the grave. It adds to a pile that is already there. April looks older.

APRIL

Rest in peace, my friend. I made it big. All thanks to you.

Her eyes well up. Tears roll down.

Credit rolls up.

FADE TO BLACK.

**THE END**