

A STAIN OF BLOOD

Written by

Victor Daniel-Kalio

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INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

The lights are off. All we see is a little blinking light: red, and steady.

CLICK. The blinking light turns green and the room lights up. RAMI (female, early 30s) strolls in, pushing a cleaning cart flooding with crisp towels into the room.

She picks up the wet towel lying on the heap of bedsheets and spreads that once beautifully made the bed. She's ready to get to work.

She reaches into her cart, pulls out 2 neon gloves. She slips the first one on the left, and the second one --

RING RING! It's her phone, ringing out loud from somewhere behind her overalls. She taps around her thighs, feeling for the buzz. Immediately she senses it, she pulls her phone out and puts it to her ear.

RAMI

Hello, ma! I'm at work, can I call--

(beat)

Yes. He called this morning, said he'll introduce me to a case manager next Tuesday.

(beat)

I'm happy, believe me. But I'm currently at work. I don't want to get in trouble

(beat)

Okay, I'll see you tonight. Gemma's with you?

(beat)

Don't forget to bring her to church tonight okay? I'll meet you both there.

(beat)

Bye ma. Love you!

Rami hangs up the phone and replaces it in her pocket. She fastens the second glove around her right hand, and picks up freshly folded sheets, ready to get to work, when --

CLICK. ALFRED (male, late 20s) bursts into the room sweating profusely. His breathing is loud, fast, and deep. He immediately takes off his jacket.

RAMI (CONT'D)

Good after--

Rami stops cold seeing Alfred. His shirt is soaked with blood, heavily soaked. He looks like he's been in some sort of altercation.

Rami feels herself swallow. She clings to the dirty sheets in her hand like a shield.

ALFRED

Who are you?

RAMI

House cleaning sir.

ALFRED

Fuck! Fuck! FUUUCCKK!!

Alfred slams his coat on the ground causing Rami to jerk back in fear. He puts his hand on his head, eyes darting left and right from Rami to the room to Rami to the room.

ALFRED (CONT'D)

You weren't meant to be here.

Rami starts bundling up the bedsheet in her hand, stuffing it quickly into the cart.

RAMI

I'm sorry sir. I can come back another time.

Rami pushes the cleaning cart towards the door, but is obstructed by Alfred, who pushes his body in front of the cart.

ALFRED

No. I can't let you leave this room.

RAMI

I promise sir. I'm not here to cause any trouble. Please, just let me pass. Please, I beg you in the name of God.

ALFRED

(laughs)

God.

(back to manic)

I can't let you go. I can't. You're gonna turn me in. You're gonna report me to the cops. I know how this goes.

RAMI

I swear sir, I won't. I don't talk
to cops. I mind my own business.
Please, just let me go.

Alfred stands guarding the path to the door, his breathing
not getting any steadier.

ALFRED

Sit down.

RAMI

Sir, please.

ALFRED

I said sit down bitch!

He pushes her onto the bed. Rami spontaneously starts crying.

RAMI

Sir, Please! I have a daughter.
Please, for the sake of her, for
the sake of God, let me go. I'm
just here to clean, I won't say
anything. I swear.

ALFRED

Shut up.

RAMI

Please sir --

ALFRED

I said shut the hell up!

Rami recoils, cries silently.

Alfred paces the room. Back and forth, along the path, from
the door to Rami. For the first time, Rami notices the gun
tucked away in Alfred's back pockets. She clutches her mouth
with both hands, muffling her scream.

Alfred finally stops pacing. Looks at Rami.

ALFRED (CONT'D)

What's your name?

RAMI

Sir?

ALFRED

I said, what's your name?

RAMI
 Ramona, sir.

ALFRED
 Okay Ramona. I have no intention of hurting you, but I will if I have to. Any action that happens over the next couple of minutes will be determined by how you respond. Do you understand me Ramona?

Rami nods.

ALFRED (CONT'D)
 I need words baby

RAMI
 I understand sir.

ALFRED
 Good. Not too long ago, I killed a man. A very bad man. But I couldn't go to the police you see because, I'm still kinda under arrest? If that makes any sense?

Rami nods

RAMI
 I understand sir.

ALFRED
 Good. So what's gonna happen now is...

Alfred stops, looks away, his right leg shaking furiously. And then it stops, and he's back. Eyes locked on Rami

ALFRED (CONT'D)
 What you're gonna do Ramona
 (he reaches for the gun)
 Is give me your hand.

RAMI
 Why sir?

ALFRED
 Just give me your hand.

RAMI
 I swear sir. I won't go to the police. I swear.

ALFRED

Ramona...

RAMI

I'm undocumented sir. I'm undocumented. I keep my mouth closed, I stay far away from the cops. I mind my business. I don't talk to cops. Please, please. I won't say a thing.

ALFRED

You're undocumented?

RAMI

Yes. I'll keep my mouth shut. I swear.

A smirk grows on Alfred's face. And then a smile. And then a full smile with teeth.

ALFRED

You're undocumented! Huh? What are the chances? This is perfect then!

RAMI

I don't understand sir.

ALFRED

Ramona, you're gonna help me. Yes, you are.

RAMI

Sir, please. I --

The smile wipes off Alfred's face as quick as it came.

ALFRED

Shut up.

RAMI

Please

ALFRED

I said, shut the fuck up. I mean it.

Alfred points the gun at Rami. She clenches her eyes, completely soaked in tears, and mumbles a little prayer under her breath.

Until she feels the head of the gun, pressing against her palm. She opens her eyes.

ALFRED (CONT'D)

Take the gun.

RAMI

Please sir. I don't want to go to jail

ALFRED

You have to Ramona. One of us has to and I've already done my time. You're either gonna take this gun, or I'm gonna call the police, and then ICE, tell them you tried to shoot me. Either way, you end up in jail. So take the gun.

RAMI

Sir, please.

ALFRED

Take the gun Ramona.

RAMI

I can't.

ALFRED

TAKE THE GUN!

Alfred grabs Rami by her arm, squeezing tight, forcing her hands around the gun.

RAMI

No. No! NO!

Rami knees Alfred on the chin, sending him jerking back. Rami realizing what she's just done, slowly inches her way to the head of the bed, away from Alfred.

As she makes her way to the bedpost, her elbow brushes against the telephone hoisted atop the table by the wall.

She looks at it and her eyes brighten up. Instinctively, she grabs the receiver and dials 100 quickly. It's ringing.

Her eyes dart back and forth from the ringing phone to Alfred who's still stunned from the hit.

He looks up, blood dripping from his lip. He's Mad!

RECEPTION

(into phone)

Hello?

RAMI
Hi. I'm calling --

Alfred pounces on Rami, the phone receiver dangling off the side of the table.

RECEPTION
(into phone)
Hello? Hello?

Alfred holds Rami's neck with 2 hands, gripping it tight, strangling her. She thrashes around the bed, hands flailing around, until she feels something: it's the phone receiver. She drives it into the side of Alfred's head.

He ungrrips her neck, taking his hand to his head, giving Rami a chance to push him, with everything she's got, off of her. She rolls onto the floor and reaches for the table lamp. It's not coming off. Alfred has his eyes on her again. She tries her hardest to pull off the table lamp, but it's tightly fixed. He rushes at her.

Alfred grabs her by the neck again, pulling her up against the wall, making eye contact.

She head butts him and pushes him to the bed.

Rami bolts for the door, but just as she's about to grab the handle, she feels the back of her collar get pulled. She's on the ground, her head hitting the floor with a heavy thud. She feels herself being pulled, and before she knows it, Alfred is standing over her, his mouth still bleeding. He kneels over her. She sees his hand drive down against her face, causing her vision to blur. Through bloodshot eyes, she sees another fist drive down her face, her vision getting blurrier. He lifts her head off the floor and slams it, hard onto the concrete floor.

Her head hangs limp to the right, her vision practically gone. Yet she can see it. Under the cleaning cart, not too far from reach, she can see the gun.

Rami hears the ding of an elevator, and lifts her gaze to see Alfred get up from her and tap around his back pocket. He looks left and right, searching. Rami knows he's looking for the gun. He's looking to end her. She hears the sound of multiple footsteps marching down the hallway.

Alfred lays his eyes on the gun, poking out from under the cleaning cart, and as he goes to reach for it...

It's gone!

He looks at Rami, bleeding and breathless, holding feebly on to the gun.

RAMI
Sir please. I don't want any
trouble. Please.

Alfred trudges towards her.

ALFRED
Give me the gun Ramona

RAMI
Please.

ALFRED
(bending to take the gun)
I said give. me. the.

BANG!

Alfred's mouth hangs open, his eyes wide

BANG!

He grabs on to his bleeding chest, looks at Rami with confusion on his face, and falls to the ground. The light in his eyes dissipate.

CLICK. The door opens and a group of men: the RECEPTIONIST and 4 POLICE MEN enter into the room.

A tear falls down Rami's face and her hand goes limp, dropping the gun.

POLICEMAN
(into radio)
We have an emergency. Next Valley
Hotel. Send an ambulance.

Rami's vision completely gives out as she shuts her swollen eyes. One last tear runs down her face.