

A VERY BAD DATE

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. CHEAP MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Room is DIMLY LIT by a lamp. A window is open and a brisk wind blows in the tatty curtains. An easy chair, a rickety night table, a dresser, and a bed are the only furnishings.

The covers on the bed are lumpy because a WOMAN is underneath them. We can't see her head because the light is too dim. On the floor are a woman's skirt, blouse, shoes, and handbag.

DAVID'S VOICE
(from bathroom)
Here I come, phone girl!

The bathroom door opens and DAVID FESTER (30s) steps into the room, a big grin on his face. He's wearing baggy shorts, black socks, and brown dress shoes.

He lays a toothbrush on the dresser next to his dress shirt, then looks at the bed and wipes his hands on his shorts.

DAVID
Couldn't wait, huh? Or maybe it's
that promotion that's got you all
hot and eager.

He sits at the foot of the bed and bends down to untie his shoes.

DAVID (CONT'D)
We'll have to hurry. Gotta be home
by ten o'clock, or the wicked witch
gets cranky.

A LOUD KNOCKING on the door makes David freeze. ANOTHER KNOCK, even more insistent. He throws the bed covers over the woman's head.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Don't say a word.
(to the door)
Hold your damn horses!

He steps to the dresser, grabs the shirt and puts it on. He crosses to the door, throws back the dead bolt, opens it a crack -- and slams it shut.

EMMA'S VOICE
(other side of door)
I saw you David! Let me in!

David runs to the window, puts a leg through it, but stops when he sees it's bare. He hops away from the window and looks frantically for his pants.

EMMA FESTER (30s) throws the front door open and stalks in. She shakes her head as she sees David leap onto the bed and check the other side of the bed.

EMMA
Lose something, David?

David turns around, smiles sickly, and steps off the bed.

DAVID
Hey, Emma.

EMMA
You said you'd be working late.
This your new office?

He opens his mouth to speak, but nothing comes out except for a squeak. His eyes drift guiltily to the bed.

DAVID
I know how this looks, but...

Emma steps to the bed and throws back the covers, revealing the shockingly short nightie the woman is wearing.

EMMA
Did you buy this slut that cute
nightie?

DAVID
She's not a slut.

EMMA
How about the boobs? Did you buy
this whore those boobs?

DAVID
Those aren't my boobs.

EMMA
I used to think we had a good
marriage. Not perfect -- not with
you as the husband.

DAVID
Yeah, I thought we had a good
marriage, too. Until I found you
with that pool boy.

EMMA

I told you, his trunks fell off
when he sucked in his gut to show
off what he thought was a six-pack.
It wasn't.

DAVID

Were you sucking in your gut, too?

EMMA

I explained that -- and we're here
to talk about that!

She points at the bed.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Why don't you say something, Ms
Silicone America?

She grabs the collar of the nightie and jerks on it, pulling
the woman's head into the light. The head dangles at an
unnatural angle. A man's necktie is wrapped around the neck.

EMMA (CONT'D)

She'd be pretty if it weren't for
her tongue hanging all out, and if
her eyeballs weren't all popped
out.

(beat)

And the Christmas tie!

She lets go of the tie and the head falls back on the pillow.

EMMA (CONT'D)

I gave you that tie, you -

Her voice trails off. She stares down at the woman.

EMMA (CONT'D)

This girl seems to be dead.

DAVID

She's not a hooker.

EMMA

I believe you. You're too cheap to
pay for sex.

She grabs David by the arm and drags him to the bed.

EMMA (CONT'D)

She's dead!

While David stares in dismay at the woman, Emma's eyes rove the room.

EMMA (CONT'D)
Oh, this room is so lovely. So
typical of you.

David lowers his head to her chest, listening for a heart beat.

EMMA (CONT'D)
Stop that, you -- you murderer!

She jerks him away from the body.

DAVID
What? No! I didn't kill her.

EMMA
You're the only one here.

David looks around the room for the killer, then notices the open window.

DAVID
That window was closed when I went
into the bathroom! Someone must
have come in and killed her while I
was brushing my teeth!

He grabs the toothbrush from the dresser and shakes it at her, triumphantly, then sets it down again.

EMMA
You don't brush your teeth for me,
anymore.

She sits down on the bed.

EMMA (CONT'D)
What are people going to say?
(beat; smiles grimly)
Maybe if the state executes you, I
can collect on the insurance...

David sits down on the bed next to her. Emma notices his bare legs.

EMMA (CONT'D)
How did you get your pants off
without taking your shoes off
first?

DAVID
I was in kind of a hurry.

EMMA
Bastard!

Emma hauls off and punches him hard in the arm. He reels away, holding his arm.

DAVID
Bitch!

EMMA
Who was she?

DAVID
Just my secretary -- er, executive assistant.
(beat)
Shit, now I'll have to hire a new one.

EMMA
How about that, you really were paying for sex. Or the company was.

DAVID
Can we not go into that, right now?

EMMA
Not go into it? I catch you making love to a dead woman and you don't want to go into it?

David drifts over to the window and takes some deep breaths of the fresh air.

EMMA (CONT'D)
Not thinking of running away, are you Dave? You're good at that.

DAVID
Guess we'll have to call the cops.

He nods to himself, looks around for his pants.

DAVID (CONT'D)
I left my phone in my pants...

EMMA
What the hell was so special about her? Your assistant?

DAVID
My pants are gone.

He dashes for the window and sticks his head out.

DAVID (CONT'D)
You dirty son-of-a-bitch!

EMMA
David, you want someone to see you!

David moves away from the window, a wild look on his face.

DAVID
My phone was in my pants. And my
wallet! All those credit cards...

EMMA
Yeah, you'll have to cancel them.
What a hassle.

DAVID
I'm calling the pigs! Hand me your
phone.

Emma reaches for her phone, but stops herself.

EMMA
Hold on. First, let's decide
whether to announce this murder on
Facebook or Twitter first.

DAVID
Huh? That's crazy.

EMMA
No shit. I'm getting out of here.
This is Friday night. I'm not
letting your mess ruin my weekend.

DAVID
What about...?

EMMA
Screw her. Oh, that's right, you
already did.

DAVID
Actually, I didn't get a chance -

EMMA
Shut up, David. I'm leaving. Do
what you want.

She starts for the door.

DAVID
I can't go without my pants.

Emma gives David a death stare.

EMMA
I'm not walking next to a naked
guy.

DAVID
I'm wearing shorts.

Emma crosses to the foot of the bed, picks up the skirt and
tosses it at David.

EMMA
Put that on.

DAVID
I can't wear a skirt.

EMMA
Sure you can.

She stops at the front door. David stumbles after her, trying
to slip into the skirt as he follows her.

DAVID
But I'm leaving behind all sorts of
evidence.

EMMA
Sucks to be you.

She exits. David starts to follow, then spins around and jogs
to the dresser. He picks up the toothbrush and shakes it at
the dead woman.

DAVID
Thought you had me, didn't you?

He crosses to the front door, TURNS THE LIGHT OFF, then exits
and closes door behind him.

FADE OUT.