



TWO

Written by

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FADE IN

EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT - EVENING

A car pulls into a cheap motel and parks in front of room number 2. Another car is already there.

The man driving the car exits and looks around curiously.

MATT, 30, scruffy appearance, undesirable type.

He stares at his reflection in the neighboring car's window in an attempt to straighten out his clothing.

He knocks, someone answers.

THOMAS, 30, clean cut and neatly dressed.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - SAME

THOMAS

Dude.

Thomas pulls Matt in for a hug.

MATT

What's goin on?!

THOMAS

You look...good? Sounds weird, why do people say that?

MATT

Thanks, I think. You letting me in or what?

THOMAS

Yea, yea sorry. Come in.

Thomas and Matt sit down on the chairs inside the room.

An ice bucket and plastic cups sit on the table.

THOMAS (cont'd)

Shit man, what's up with you?! Glad I was able to get you over here.

MATT

Yea how did you know I was around, anyway?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THOMAS

Parents! Yours are the only ones I know of that still have a damned house phone.

MATT

Guess you got me there.

THOMAS

Your mom said you came back a couple of weeks ago.

MATT

Yea, I've been around, need to take care of a few things.

Matt looks around at the motel and it's questionable decor.

MATT (cont'd)

Why the hell are we here? Couldn't of found a bar or something? I think there's one down the street, I'll get the first round.

Thomas gets up and walks toward the mini-fridge.

THOMAS

I got us covered, don't worry about refreshments.

He opens the fridge and pulls out a bottle of Captain Morgan and some Coke and places it on the table.

MATT

O'captain my captain!

Matt unwraps a new pack of cigarettes and takes out a lighter.

MATT (cont'd)

(cigarette unlit in his mouth)  
This cool?

THOMAS

Smoking room.

Matt lights up.

MATT

So...why the motel?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THOMAS

Attending a conference tomorrow at  
one of the hotels downtown.

MATT

(confused)

So why didn't you stay there, then?

THOMAS

For 300 bucks a night? No thank  
you. Supposed to have comped me a  
room but I RSVP's a little too  
late. Must acquire your own  
accommodations is how they worded  
it.

MATT

Damn.

THOMAS

Is what it is, wanna drink?

MATT

You know it.

Thomas makes two drinks, gives Matt the stronger of the two  
Matt takes a sip.

MATT (cont'd)

Bartending school is something you  
did not attend.

Thomas holds his glass up.

THOMAS

Bottoms up, Matt. Been a long time  
coming.

They clink glasses and Matt finishes half his drink in a  
single gulp.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

What brings you around? Your mom  
sounded surprised you were  
visiting.

MATT

The past year's been rough man,  
what can I say? Needed to see some  
people here...get my head straight.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THOMAS

I hear that. I wasn't one of the people you needed to see?

Matt takes another drink and doesn't respond.

MATT

You should get outta here sometime, couldn't imagine sticking around my whole life. No offense, just sayin.

THOMAS

It's cool. I thought about it a while back, but I got some roots here now.

MATT

Roots? You still with her?

THOMAS

Yea, but things are a little more permanent.

MATT

(beat)

She's pregnant isn't she?

Thomas shrugs and finishes the rest of his drink.

MATT (cont'd)

Well look whose all responsible, was this planned, or even a good thing?

THOMAS

Wasn't planned, but I'm happy. Nervous as all hell, though.

MATT

You've been with her what, almost a decade? Surprised it took this long.

THOMAS

Little more; I'm assuming no kids?

MATT

Shit, how did you know?!

Thomas pours another round of drinks.

THOMAS

So where you been?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MATT

Here and there, went up north for a while. Partied, got into some trouble...the usual. You know how it is.

THOMAS

More like I remember how it was. You hungry?

MATT

Starved.

THOMAS

Let's finish off some more of this bottle and we'll go get some grub. Oh hey did you hear about Freddie?

MATT

(lights another smoke)  
Freddie?

THOMAS

Wilson, Freddie Wilson.

MATT

High school, right?

Thomas walks to the bathroom and pisses with the door open.

THOMAS (O.S.)

Yea, yea, fat dude, hung out with all the potheads.

Matt, suddenly looking somewhat nervous.

MATT

What happened?

THOMAS (O.S.)

Fucking dead.

Thomas flushes the toilet and comes back into the room, walking to the front window.

THOMAS

Found dead behind the 711 down the street from where we grew up. Beat all to hell, missing a few teeth and nose smashed in. Brutal shit.

MATT

Dang, that's rough.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THOMAS

Happened last week, surprised you missed hearing about it. You were in town already, yea?

MATT

Yea but I didn't keep in touch with those assholes in high school. Once we graduated, I was done with all that crap.

Thomas peeks through the curtain into the parking lot.

THOMAS

Sad, dude had a couple of kids. His girlfriend got back into drugs and left him alone with them a couple years ago.

MATT

No shit, seriously? I didn't know he had kids. What are you looking at?

THOMAS

Nothing, just looking. Why would you know? You never kept in touch.

MATT

(roughly runs his fingers through his hair)  
No, not entirely, I mean...every once and a while I'd hear about some shit.

Matt chugs his entire drink then letting out a deep breath.

Thomas comes back and sits down at the table.

THOMAS

What's wrong with you?

MATT

Nothin. Fuck, why did you tell me he was a single dad, what happened to the kids?

THOMAS

What happens to any other kids whose parents die - the system. Either that or with other family, he was an only child so there are no aunts or uncles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Matt leans down and puts his head in his hands.

He kicks the table, knocking down everything on it.

Thomas jumps out of his seat and backs away.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Why the hell do you care, anyway?  
Matt stands up and starts to pace  
the room.

MATT

Are we boys?

THOMAS

What the hell are you talking  
about?

MATT

You heard me.

THOMAS

As much as boys can be after not  
seeing each other in 10 years.

MATT

(intently)

Come on, seriously...are we boys?

THOMAS

We've known each other a long time,  
I'll give ya that. You actually  
gonna stay around for a while, or  
what?

Thomas picks up the table and puts everything back on it.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Will you come sit down, please?  
Making me fucking nervous.

Matt sits back in his chair.

MATT

(lights another smoke)

The shit went down the wrong way.

THOMAS

What?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MATT

I was here a couple years back,  
didn't know how to reach you so I  
got in touch with a few guys from  
the old days.

MATT (cont'd)

We were over at Danny's house,  
Freddie and some others came by.

THOMAS

Alright.

MATT

Freddie just started talking shit-

THOMAS

-to you?

MATT

Kind of, about all kinds of stuff.  
I don't know I just wanted him to  
shut the fuck up.

Matt sits there and stares at the floor.

THOMAS

...so what happened?

MATT

I told him that if he had a  
problem, we could go outside. You  
know I don't care how big the  
mother fucker is. We got into a  
little thing and he started  
threatening me talking about how he  
knows where my parents live. All  
sorts of crazy was comin from his  
mouth. Probably meant nothin, but  
still. I left the house and I left  
town, came back a couple weeks ago.

THOMAS

OK.

MATT

I was out one night and ran into  
Freddie when I was on a beer run.  
Looked like he lost a little weight  
so I didn't recognize him too much  
but he saw me and started right  
back as if it were that night at  
Danny's house.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THOMAS

Sounds like he turned into an asshole, for sure.

MATT

I blew it off, got back in my car and when I pulled out, he had his truck blocking me in. I hopped the curb and got out of there but he followed.

THOMAS

What the hell?

MATT

Yea...so after a few blocks I pulled off in an empty lot and got out of the car. We exchanged some words, then the words turned into blows. By the time I got off of him he was just limp. All I heard was some gurgling sounds, then nothing. My hands were shaking and covered in blood.

THOMAS

Was he dead?

Matt nods his head - yes.

Thomas gets up in disbelief and is now very angry.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Is this why you asked if we were boys? Fuck Matt, yea we're boys. You need to borrow a few hundred bucks, we're boys. You need a couch for a week, we're boys. You tell me you killed a mother fucker with your bare hands? Can't be boys after that. What the hell do you want from me?

MATT

(shouting)

I don't know man! I thought I could talk to you of all people. Do you know how good it felt knowing you called my house looking for me? I tried to get out of here, start over, but I got dragged right back into the shit I was trying to avoid.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Thomas leans against the dresser with his arms crossed.  
Tries to calm down.

THOMAS

So what? What am I supposed to do  
with this?

MATT

...Just help?

THOMAS

Look, my best advice would be to  
go, stay gone. Hope no one ever  
finds out you were the one that did  
this. The story has been all over  
town.

MATT

I hear you.

Thomas sits back in the chair, leans in towards Matt.

THOMAS

So you're telling me that you  
killed Freddie? No bullshit, no  
fucking around.

MATT

Yea man, I just let loose all the  
shit that was in me.

Thomas grabs the ice bucket and starts to walk towards the  
door.

He turns around before exiting.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK

Thomas walks around the room, checks under each bed, in the  
dresser drawers, cabinets, etc.

His cell phone rings.

THOMAS

Detective Anderson.

The conversation on the other end of the line is not heard.

THOMAS (cont'd)

Yup, it's all done, best place for  
the mic is under the table. I'll  
keep him near it.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THOMAS (cont'd)

(beat)

It's wireless, right?

He stands silent, waits for the person on the other end to stop speaking.

THOMAS (cont'd)

And like I said, I have credible information from my informant, don't worry; Matt trusts me.

(beat)

He trusts me.

Thomas grabs his coat, closes the drawers and cabinets while still on the phone.

THOMAS (cont'd)

As soon as I leave the room, I got what I needed. Just wait for me to get out of the way before you bust in.

(beat)

He'll be here around 7 tonight.

Thomas hangs up the phone, gives the room a final look and exits.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - EVENING - PRESENT

THOMAS

I'll get some more ice. When I get back, we're going to talk about this and plan what's next.

MATT

(facing away)

Thanks, Tommy...seriously, I mean it.

He exits the room.

FADE OUT