

**INT. MOTEL LOBBY - FRONT DESK - NIGHT**

A dapper middle-aged MAN dressed in a black suit stands behind a desk, perfectly still, hands clasped together at his waist. A badge pinned to his lapel reads "Manager."

Behind him is a peg-board with a single key. A leather-bound ledger is atop the counter along with a fingerprint-free brass bell.

Joey enters through the front door. Tired, he slams his forearms on the counter.

Dale waits outside.

An awkward moment passes, no one speaks, Joey waits to be greeted by the Manager, who only stares, not making eye contact.

Joey rings the bell - still no response.

JOEY

Do you got--

MANAGER

--Welcome, I hope you had a safe journey?

JOEY

...Yea...So do you got--

MANAGER

--Vacancy is limited this evening, but there is one room available. Should you be willing to pay the price.

Joey looks at him curiously, can't tell if the Manager is messing around or not.

JOEY

How much does--

MANAGER

--The cost of the room is dependent on the duration of your stay.

Joey drops his head into his arms on the desk.

JOEY

I'm gonna to wait and let you finish with your little spiel so you can stop interrupting me.

He lifts up his head.

The Manager gives a slight nod with an even slighter smirk, but says nothing.

Joey pulls out his wallet.

JOEY

All I got--

MANAGER

--That will suffice.

He grimaces, stares daggers at the Manager, who now is smiling.

JOEY

You don't know how much I have.

The Manager opens the ledger and places a pen on the pages.

MANAGER

It is the middle of the night, and I didn't hear any sort of vehicle before you walked in. Let's call this a...stranded traveler rate.

Joey removes some money and hands it to the Manager, who doesn't count it.

MANAGER

Please sign your name, and write down the room number.

JOEY

What room are you--

The Manger turns around and grabs a key.

MANAGER

--You'll be staying in room fifteen, all the way at the end.

Joey scribbles in the ledger aggressively.

JOEY

Fif-teen.

He slaps the pen down.

JOEY

Tha--

MANAGER

--You are quite welcome.

He dangles the key on his finger, Joey snatches it rudely.

**EXT - MOTEL - OUTSIDE ROOM FIFTEEN - NIGHT**

Dale and Joey take a few drags off a smoke before going inside.

JOEY

He didn't even count the money.

**INT. DINGY MOTEL ROOM**

A single full-sized bed, a dresser with an old TV, and a table with one chair fill the room. It's ugly and outdated.

They throw their backpacks onto the bed.

DALE

(referring to the bed)

That's all you.

Joey falls onto the bed, Dale grabs the TV remote and sits on the chair.

JOEY

You know their gonna find the car, right?

DALE

Who cares, I wiped it down.

Dale flips on the TV - a replay of the nightly news.

JOEY

So what are we doing?

DALE

We're gonna sleep, get some breakfast in the morning, then get another car. But first I'm gonna take a shit.

Dale walks off to the bathroom. Joey closes his eyes.

NEWS ANCHOR (O.S.)

The two men have been identified as Dale Shelton and Joseph Williams, both should be considered...

Joey immediately sits up, winces in pain, stares at the TV.