

Last Door on The Left

by

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INT. MOTEL INFINITUS -- NIGHT

IVY COSTELLO, mid 30s, with hard lines of stress across her face and a constant scowl. She's toying with the steel grate separating her from the RECEPTIONIST.

Outside, the storm picks up. Windows SHAKE and the wind howls.

IVY

How long is this going to take?

RECEPTIONIST

(chuckles) Do you have
some other place to be?

IVY

Several.

RECEPTIONIST

Well, relax. We're waiting for room
service to finish cleaning ya room.
(a beat) Welcome to Crookstown by
the way. We don't get many visitors
out here.

IVY

(to herself)

Can't imagine why.

(to RECEPTIONIST)

Wasn't exactly my choice. But hey,
beats trying to drive through this
storm.

RECEPTIONIST

You should look around after it
all calms down. Crookstown's real
pretty this time of year and I kid
you not- (there's this
beautiful...)

IVY

(interrupting)

Thanks but no. I've got places to
be.

RECEPTIONIST

I get ya. A shame though.

(a beat)

Most people like this place so much
they end up never leaving.