

RESURRECTION

DESK CLERK

SC 1

56.

MARGARET

There is. He's--

DESK CLERK

Rent room or get out. (beat) *Rent room or get out.*

STOP

MARGARET

How much?

85

INT. THE BOULEVARD / FOURTH FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

85

Margaret walks down the squalid, dim hallway, holding a ROOM KEY. No sound from the street, nor from any of the rooms. Just a FAINT WHISTLE from the inadequate air conditioning.

She reaches room 408, stops, looks down the hall. At the far end, an ancient SECURITY CAMERA stares at her threateningly.

Margaret turns her back to the camera and reaches into her bag. She removes her WALLET and pulls out her INSURANCE CARD. She moves to slide the card between door and jamb when she stops. The door isn't flush with the frame. It's OPEN.

Margaret steps back, uneasy. She KNOCKS softly.

Nothing. She KNOCKS again, harder. Nothing.

She holds her breath and gives the door a PUSH. It opens readily onto a dark room.

86

INT. DAVID'S HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

86

Margaret steps inside. The room is empty. The BEDSIDE LAMP is on. A pink handkerchief is draped over the shade. Dim pink light suffuses the space.

The room is tiny, grimy, reeking of mildew. The single, grease-coated window looks out into the air shaft. A small, mirrorless sink dangles from the wall. The carpet is rotten and promiscuously stained. Bedbugs are nearly audible.

Yet it's very tidy. Everything in its place, as if expecting company. The bed is severely made, military-style. Over it hangs a faded print of an 18th century pastoral painting.

Margaret steps in further, holding the door open. She surveys the space: On the tiny dresser are a few BODEGA CANDLES, a months-old *New Yorker*, a pair of READERS, a few LIBRARY BOOKS.

Margaret re-checks the hall: all clear. She closes the door.

DESK CLERK

Urgently she begins searching the space. She checks under the bed: nothing. She digs through a DUFFEL BAG on the floor: among the socks and underwear, she finds a bulging DOPP KIT.

She unzips it. Inside is a large collection of plastic PRESCRIPTION BOTTLES. She checks the labels - antipsychotics, antidepressants (CLOZAPINE, CITALOPRAM, etc). Of various ages, from various pharmacies in various states.

Margaret zips the kit, returns it to the duffel. She looks to the far wall: a piece of PAPER and a PHOTO are taped to it. The candles are huddled near these items. She moves in closer.

Margaret pulls out her phone and shines the flashlight on the photo: An old POLAROID, badly faded. In it, a TALL, HANDSOME MAN IN HIS 30s stands in the forest, his arm around a skinny, bespectacled TEENAGE GIRL. They smile broadly, clearly in love.

Margaret becomes emotional. She'd forgotten this photo ever existed. There she is - before the fall.

Beside the photo, a small, faded NOTEBOOK PAGE. On it, is barely discernible pencil, is a handwritten POEM, fringed by a meticulous geometric PENCIL DRAWING. From Maggie to David. The photo and poem and candles all look rather pitiful together, as if assembled by a child.

Margaret shakes it off, opens the top dresser drawer: folded thrift store shirts and a worn FILE FOLDER. In it she finds a papers, an EBT card, coupons, receipts, etc.

She unfolds sheets of yellowing paper, studies them: DISCHARGE FORMS from Western State Psychiatric Hospital in Lakewood, WA, dated two years prior. She returns them to the file.

She opens the lower drawer, is TAKEN ABACK. One item there, wrapped in light blue tissue paper, like a gift. Faintly written on it in pencil is an 'M'.

She reaches in, takes hold of the package. Something soft, cloth. Blood rushes in her ears as she peels away the tissue.

She GASPS, DROPS IT, and RECOILS, instantly overcome. The partially opened gift sits on the floor like a landmine.

After a beat, she dives back to it, tears off the tissue--

A BABY BLANKET unravels onto the floor. Faded, filthy. With a pattern of yellow and green flowers over faint polka dots.

Margaret kneels over the blanket, mesmerized, emotional. She doesn't register the door open slowly behind her...

Or the figure silently oozing into the room...

START

FIGURE
YOU GET OUT!

JOLTED, Margaret crumbles into a protective ball on the carpet. Panic. Behind her the DESK CLERK HOWLS.

DESK CLERK
GET OUT! GET OUT! NOW NOW NOW NOW!

Margaret scrambles to her feet, grabs the blanket in her fist. The banshee Clerk shreds her vocal chords. Full fury.

Margaret pushes past the Desk Clerk and into the hall.

87 INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS 87

Margaret moves down the hallway, towards the glowing red EXIT sign, blanket in hand. The Desk Clerk follows, bludgeoning her with SCREAMS. She'd hurl stones if she had some.

STOP

DESK CLERK
GET OUT GET OUT GET OUT GET OUT

Margaret doesn't look back. She escapes into the stairwell.

88 INT. MARGARET'S APARTMENT - PREDAWN 88

Margaret, shattered with fatigue, enters, removes her shoes.

Down the hall, a bleary Abbie emerges from her room, in her sleepwear. Their eyes meet for a second.

MARGARET
Good morning, baby.

Abbie wordlessly goes into the bathroom.

89 INT. MARGARET'S BEDROOM - DAWN 89

The first rays of sunlight creep into the room. Margaret sits on her bed, clutching Ben's blanket, examining it, overwhelmed.

She brings the blanket to her face and INHALES DEEPLY. This seems to have a narcotic effect.

90 INT. MARGARET'S BEDROOM - MORNING 90

Margaret wakes with a sickening intake of breath, as if she'd been suffocating in her sleep. The blanket still in her grip.