

DO NOT DISTURB

by

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Watch and pray so that you will not fall into temptation.
The spirit is willing, but the body is weak.
- Matthew 26:41

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FADE UP:

INT. HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

TIGER ROLLE (late-30s, black) sits alone in an empty hotel room wearing an extravagant three-piece suit and tie, lighting a long, fat cigar with a match.

Tiger's guilt-ridden face becomes blanketed with thick clouds of smoke as he falls back into a wooden chair, disappearing into the shadows.

An approaching ambulance WAILS in the distance and grows LOUDER, streaking the walls of the hotel suite with FLASHING red lights.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Tiger pulls a BUSINESS CARD out of his breast pocket and loosely holds it between his index finger and thumb. He flips it over.

Scribbled on the back of the card is a phone number.

Tiger takes a long drag from his cigar and watches the smoke linger from his open mouth, hanging stagnantly in the dimly lit hotel room.

He tosses the business card onto the table and grabs his nearby cell phone, pounding a series of numbers into the illuminated keypad.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHINESE RESTAURANT - AFTERNOON (FLASHBACK)

The WHITE BUSINESS CARD is on a tablecloth between empty bottles of Kalik and plates covered with crumbled napkins.

Tiger sits glumly across from MICHAEL (20s), a younger, more chipper co-worker enjoying an after-meal cigarette.

MICHAEL

Look -- this place... has the best
hookers in Nassau.

Michael grabs the business card and jots down a phone number on the back with a red pen.

Tiger SCOFFS, holding up his left hand, showing off his gold wedding band.

TIGER

Come on Mikey. I'm supposed to be married.

MICHAEL

(shaking his head)

Jesus Christ. I thought your name was Tiger. Stop acting like such a pussy all the time!

Tiger ROLLS his eyes.

Michael tucks the business card into Tiger's breast pocket and playfully pats him on the chest, grinning maliciously.

Tiger reaches into his shirt pocket as we:

CUT BACK TO:

INT. HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT (PRESENT)

Tiger's trance-like state is disrupted by a series of BOOMING KNOCKS on the door.

Tiger quickly begins to tug at his wedding ring, successfully sliding it into his palm as he rises to his feet.

The KNOCKS grow louder, more persistent.

TIGER

(calling out)

Just a minute!

Tiger tosses his wedding band next to the cigar in the ashtray and moves across the room, adjusting his tie in the vanity mirror.

He sets two champagne flutes next to a chilled bottle of Moet resting in a bucket of melting ice.

Tiger exhales a deep SIGH before shuffling towards the door and pulling it open.

Standing in front of him is an ATTRACTIVE Escort (mid-20s), impeccably dressed in a casual evening gown, her fist raised ready to knock again.

ESCORT
Oh, hi.

TIGER
Hello.

ESCORT
Were you... expecting someone?

TIGER
Yeah--

Tiger is momentarily overwhelmed by the Escort's beauty. He's speechless.

TIGER
I mean, yes. Come on in.

The Escort brushes past Tiger and struts into the bedroom. Tiger double-takes her as she walks past.

He quickly scans the hotel's hallway and smiles wide when he realizes it's empty.

He hangs the "DO NOT DISTURB" sign from his steel doorknob before closing the door and following the Escort into the hotel room.

He walks directly toward the table, eagerly reaching for the champagne.

TIGER
You wanna drink?

Tiger begins filling the two glasses.

ESCORT
Oh, no thank you. Not on the job.

Tiger stops pouring the champagne and drops the bottle back into the bucket of ice, slightly insulted.

He drains his glass of champagne in a gulp.

TIGER
Yeah, okay. Whatever.

Tiger sits on the bed and pulls off his dress shoes. The Escort flirtatiously stands over him, playing with his tie.

TIGER
You come, uh... highly recommended by my guy friends. My co-workers.

The Escort practically sits on Tiger's lap, loosening his tie as he PUFFS persistently on his cigar.

ESCORT

Really? I'm usually hired by women.

The Escort pulls off Tiger's tie and walks toward the sliding doors that overlook the dark ocean, closing the velvet curtains.

Tiger begins unbuttoning his dress shirt, shaking his head.

TIGER

Wow, if I'd known that I woulda brought my wife.

The Escort notices his wedding band resting on the dresser.

ESCORT

You're married?

Tiger pulls off his dress shirt, carelessly tossing it onto the floor.

TIGER

No. Well... kinda sorta. It's all gonna be over soon anyway, so... fuck it.

The Escort pulls her hair back into a tight ponytail.

ESCORT

You're getting a divorce?

Tiger clenches his cigar between his teeth as he begins unbuckling his belt.

TIGER

I'm gonna do a little better than that sweetheart.

ESCORT

Are you going to do something... dangerous?

Tiger smiles knowingly, ashing his cigar onto the carpeted floor.

The Escort seductively crawls across the bed, moving behind Tiger, running her hands across his broad shoulders.

ESCORT
'Cause if you're going to kill her
you should've hired me.

Tiger LAUGHS, shaking his head with genuine amusement. He begins to pull down his pants, his cigar dangling from his mouth.

TIGER
Come on. You?! A little prostitute?
What are you gonna do, fuck her to
death?

Tiger GRUNTS, chuckling to himself.

TIGER
Who would ever hire you to kill
anybody sweetheart?

The Escort moves within inches of Tiger's left ear.

ESCORT
(whispering)
Your wife would Mr. Rolle.

The Escort FORCEFULLY presses a compact .22 Derringer against Tiger's right temple.

Tiger's eyes OPEN in horror as he tries to turn toward his assailant. The burning cigar tumbles from his trembling lips.

The Escort moves off of the bed and stands behind Tiger, aiming the pistol point-blank at the back of his head.

Her index finger SQUEEZES the trigger as we:

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. HOTEL SUITE - CONTINUOUS

A BORED MAID, nods her head rhythmically to the SOUND of her iPod, idly pushing her cleaning cart down the hallway.

She approaches Tiger's door and raises her fist to knock... but stops when noticing the "DO NOT DISTURB" sign.

The Maid lowers her fist and SHRUGS, continuing to push her cart down the long, empty hotel corridor.

FADE OUT:

THE END