

NIGHTSTAND

Written by

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INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Two baseball players enter a small yet nice hotel room. The two players are brothers, MARK (18, stoic and fearless), and DAVID (17, his twin, much more talented but timid and shy).

David and Mark haphazardly plop their EQUIPMENT BAGS on the ground. Mark leaps unto the single BED sitting in the middle of the room and spreads out, taking a deep sigh and relaxing.

While conversing, Davis is not being "bossy" to Mark. David is a rule-follower and hesitantly shares his opinion on Mark. Rather than it being a command, his opinions are more of a suggestion.

DAVID

Don't lay on the bed in your gross outside clothes.

MARK

What do you mean by outside clothes?

DAVID

We've been on that bus for 6 hours. You probably have the bubonic plague on them.

MARK

The bus ride wasn't that bad. I can't be that sweaty.

David takes a look at Mark's armpits; they're all sweated out, proving that Mark is full of shit like most older siblings are.

David starts to unload his bag neatly into the drawers, nicely folding his uniform and accompanying gear. Mark takes a seat on the opposite side of the room to unpack his bag, passing the nightstand.

MARK (CONT'D)

Why are you unloading your stuff? We're only gonna be here for the night.

We focus on David as he hides his WALLET in the NIGHTSTAND, underneath his clothes. Good hotel room safety protocol.

DAVID

Habit. Plus, they have drawers. Might as well use them.

MARK

You're just gonna forget something
in that drawer like you did at
Discovery Canyon.

David sighs. His mind preoccupied. David finishes putting his clothes away. His mind is racing as he stares at nothing in particular. Mark starts flaunting and talking about how well he will perform in tomorrow's game.

MARK (CONT'D)

(Swinging his arms like he is
swinging a bat) I'm gonna hit so
many homers tomorrow.

David nods his head, holding back pure fear and anxiety.

David takes a seat on the bed. Mark makes his way over to the MINIBAR, opening the door.

MARK (CONT'D)

Score!

Mark takes out a small SHOOTER and tosses it to David. David swats it away.

DAVID

What the hell are you doing?

MARK

The dumbasses forgot to unload the
mini-bar. Free drinks!

Mark takes one of the shooters and gulps it down.

MARK (CONT'D)

Come on! These will loosen you up!

Mark tosses another shooter to David, who grabs it out of the air. A beat.

DAVID

Mark, these aren't free!

MARK

Oh shit. (A beat).

I feel bad for the next person who stays here. David makes a puzzled face.

MARK (CONT'D)

They're gonna be drinking water
thinking it's vodka!

Mark takes a sip, his smile and up beat demeanor disappear.

MARK (STERN/SEMI-PLAYFUL) (CONT'D)
 You know you really are a buzzkill,
 right?

David looks away in shame, his feelings hurt. Mark takes a seat on the bed. Meanwhile, Mark is turned away from David grabbing more shooters and swiping through Tinder, looking for a possible one night stand.

DAVID
 Sorry, I'm just really nervous.

MARK
 Mhm...(still distracted on his
 phone). (Beat).

MARK (CONT'D)
 (Realizes that David is silent).
 Come on, you're not nervous. You're
 scared. Always been a bit pussy -
 footed for my tastes. I get it,
 this is a huge game after all.
 (Beat).

A KNOCK on the door.

Mark hides the shooters under the bed sheets and answers the door. Their COACH making the late night rounds. We stay on David as he is trapped in thought.

COACH (V.O.)
 You boys get to bed. Need y'all in
 ready for tomorrow. Counting on you
 guys.

MARK
 (To David) Yeah, yeah, (half-
 mocking) it's not like some dude
 will randomly show up tonight.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT - SOME TIME LATER

CUT TO:

David is trying to go to sleep, tossing and turning, unable to turn off his stupid brain.

A CRASH someone bumping into the nightstand. David rushes to get his jeans on and accidentally bumps into the nightstand. He rummages through the drawers to find condoms and Marks wallet to find extra change and the shared room key.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

DAVID
Jesus Christ, Mark, what are you
doing?!

MARK (WHISPERING)
Be quiet! Don't wake up Coach.

DAVID
What are you doing? Dude! We have a
game tomorrow!

MARK
I'm going for a one night stand.
Where is our room key?

DAVID
(Half-awake) How should I know?!

MARK
Imma leave the door cracked open
then.

DAVID
Don't, Coach will notice!

MARK
You'll be fine, I'll be back soon!

Mark exits, ignoring David's protests and leaving the DOOR
PROPPED OPEN WITH THE LOCK.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT - SOME TIME LATER

David still tossing and turning. Every single noise of the
city from AMBULANCES to basic CARS putting him on edge as he
fights to go to sleep, the insomniac's curse; too tired to
stay fully awake, but too awake to go to sleep.

The door opens and closes. David sighs, his bedsheets are
over his head.

Rustling in the room, drawers opening and closing.

DAVID
Go to bed, Mark. Stop going through
my shit.

A beat.

Who David presumes is Mark lays down in the bed.

David turns to his side, a frustrating sigh escaping from his chest. David fights with Mark for the sheets.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Dude, stop hogging all the sheets.

Another beat.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Mark?

David's eyes shoot open. A moment of realization. Someone else is lying next to him.

MARK (V.O.) COACH (V.O.) What the hell is going on here? Mark and Coach are having a conversation out in the hallway. Mark has been caught by Coach, trying to sneak back in.

David struggles to control his breathing.

The SOUNDS of the CITY escalating, David overwhelmed by his situation.

David slowly turns around, coming face to face with the person he thought was Mark.

In Mark's place, a BEARDED MAN (any age) lays with a big smile on his face.

The Man's appearance is nauseatingly dirty, the Man most likely homeless and drug addicted.

David screams, a continued and relentless scream, a deranged scream of someone who has completely lost their mind.

The Bearded Man sprints out of the room, pushing aside Mark and their Coach who stand in the hallway, a quick escape.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - THE NEXT DAY

David is on the ground, crumpled up in a ball. Still screaming his heart and soul out.

Mark attempts to console him, holding back his own tears as he fears for his brother's mental well being.

A POLICEMAN stands with their Coach at the edge of the room's entrance.

We stay with David and Mark as the two talk.

COACH (V.O.) What is going on?

POLICEMAN (V.O.) We checked the security footage and nobody has entered the lobby since 2 AM.

COACH (V.O.) You're saying nobody was ever here?

No response. Just David's relentless screams.

Lingers on a shot of David crumpled up. Cuts to the drawers (night stand) that has been rummaged through. Ends on the shot of an empty drawer.

CUT TO BLACK.