

A PLACE IN THE CITY

Written by

Eric Maus

Ericwritesfilms@gmail.com

Copyright 2024

INT- DARK HOTEL ROOM- NIGHT

The hallway light casts a gray shadow across the room.
Lindsey turns at the door--

LINDSEY
Did you want a nightcap?

LEO
I think I've had enough.

LINDSEY
I smuggled back a little bottle of
reposado.

Lindsey pulls out an eighth of TEQUILA from her purse and
jiggles it.

LEO
You took it from Vinny?

LINDSEY
Come on. He said we could have
anything we wanted. We still
haven't properly celebrated
together.

Lindsey holds her gaze and smile at Leo. Leo searches her
eyes then he looks at the bottle gripped by her manicured
fingers.

LEO
What are we celebrating?

LINDSEY
Being here. Making things happen.

Baiting him with the bottle, Lindsey backs into the room
until she's only a silhouette in the rising morning light..

Leo steps across the threshold.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)
That's what I thought.

She flicks on one of the bedside lamps and flings her purse
onto the bed. She goes to the sink. She unscrews the bottle
and pours it into the hotel glassware.

Leo lingers behind her unsure what to do with his hands.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)
Ice?

Leo stands near her. His reflection is in the mirror over the counter as he looks around her room--

LEO
You know how I like it.

Lindsey bites her lip, smiling, as she pours. She turns with drinks in hand. Leo takes a glass from her.

LINDSEY
What shall we cheers to?

LEO
To the five million reasons we're here--

LINDSEY
--and a hundred more deals together.

They cheers.

LEO
What happens after our hundredth deal?

Lindsey sits on the edge of her bed looking up to Leo.

LINDSEY
We cut and run.

Lindsey takes a long drag of her drink. Leo looks down at her.

LEO
Just like that? You're out?

LINDSEY
At that point, we'd have enough contacts to start our own firm.

LEO
I think Sandhill would have something to say about that.

Lindsey edges over on the bed to make room for him. Her hand pats the place where Leo should sit.

LINDSEY
You know we make a good team.

She moves her hand. Leo sits down next to her.

LEO
Could you imagine how much more
money we'd make?

LINDSEY
We'd be sitting on the lap of
luxury. Enjoying all of life's
finest pleasures.

LEO
(to himself, swirling his
glass)
Close your eyes and drink the milk
of paradise.

Leo takes a swig. Lindsey edges closer to Leo.

LINDSEY
We're living in paradise.

Lindsey puts her hand on Leo's pant leg. Leo stares at her.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)
Just think, this could be us every
night.

Lindsey's eyes bounce to Leo's lips. She smiles as she waits
for him to make the move.

Leo brings the glass to his lips and empties it. He stands
up.

LEO
(clearing his throat)
I needed that.

He's about to set the empty glass on the counter when--

LINDSEY
You don't want another?

Leo looks into his empty glass then at the bottle. He sees
himself in the hotel mirror. Just over his shoulder,
Lindsey's legs drape along the bed. He sets the empty glass
on the counter with a thud and turns--

LEO
I should go to bed.

LINDSEY
You can stay longer, our flight
isn't until later.

LEO

I know.

Lindsey approaches. She pulls off his white towel, dropping it to the floor, and puts her hands on his lapels.

LINDSEY

I could go for another. If you do.

Leo interlaces his fingers in Lindsey's. They stare into each other's eyes. He looks at her soft, plush lips. He purses his own.

LEO

I'm going to bed.

He makes for the door.

LEO (CONT'D)

I'll see you in the morning.

He closes the door behind him.

Lindsey stands in the suddenly silent room staring at the door.

--

To request this screenplay, email: ericwritesfilms@gmail.com