

TRAFFICKED

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INT. OLD RUNDOWN HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Two Chinese speaking MEN are walking around a room. The sounds of their movements and voices are distorted as if they are coming from far away. The first man moves to the side of the bed.

There is the sharp sound of a face being slapped.

MAN ONE
(Chinese)
He's out if it.

MAN TWO
(Chinese)
Good.

MAN ONE
(Chinese)
Go get the Doctor.

MAN TWO
(Chinese)
Humph!

The second man goes to the door and opens it.

MAN TWO
(Chinese)
Okay Doc, you're up.

The DOCTOR enters the room, his footsteps furtive. He places a dirty chiller box with dry ice fumes leaking out of its ill-fitting lid and his surgical pouch on the table.

The Doctor then goes to the bed and leans over it with his small pen light torch. We are under the impression that he checks the patient but we cannot see the patient.

MAN ONE
(Chinese)
Are you sure he's out?

The Doctor moves away from the bed.

DOCTOR
(Chinese)
Yes.

(CONTINUED)

MAN ONE
(Chinese)
Okay then Doc, all yours.

DOCTOR
(Chinese)
We don't need anything else?
(beat)
I mean, while I'm here I could...

MAN TWO
(Chinese)
Maybe we could take something else?

MAN ONE
(Chinese)
Without a buyer ready it wouldn't
last and we'd have to pay the Doc
more.

DOCTOR
(Chinese)
It would be no bother...

MAN ONE
(Chinese)
Just do what you're paid to do. You
have your orders, just stick to
them.

The Doctor nods.

MAN ONE
(Chinese)
Well, get to it then.

The two men leave the room.

The Doctor indistinctly and quietly prays while he fumbles
with his instruments.

INT. OLD RUNDOWN HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The scene is black. All that can be heard are the sounds of
LENNY sleeping. His breaths alternate between being shallow
to labored.

There is the slight scratch of his head moving on the cheap
cotton pillowslip and then the sounds of his fingers
gripping and releasing the cheap bed sheet.

(CONTINUED)

Other sounds start to be heard. These sounds are muffled and seem to come from outside the room. There is the creak of a person walking down an old staircase, the sharp slam of a door. Indistinct voices in Chinese and the clatter of a metal object being dropped on the floor can also be heard.

These sounds fade and we focus again on Lenny's breathing which has become more labored. He moans in pain and then he drops back into a deeper sleep.

INT. OLD RUN DOWN HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

Again the scene is black. The sounds of Lenny's breaths are somewhat muted and are overwhelmed by the movements of a cockroach as it scuttles along a wooden board. The sound of its movements seems somewhat over-loud in this setting. You can even hear the cockroach scratching down its antenna and the clashing of its mandibles as it preens.

Lenny's breaths change and he starts to wake up. His eyes open very slowly and he blinks in the bright light. All that he can see is blinding white and it stings his eyes.

Everything is blurry. Eventually he opens his eyes and turns his head towards the cockroach that stands still next to an old dial-up phone on the decrepit bedside table. He blinks over and over trying to bring the insect into focus. When his vision clears, he stares at the insect. The cockroach rubs its front legs together and then scuttles away into a hole in the wall behind the table.

Lenny moves his head to follow it. He blanches when the movement of his head makes him feel sick. He carefully moves his head back to its original position, closes his eyes and swallows to suppress the nausea that threatens to overwhelm him.

He swallows a number of times and then when he feels that the nausea has subsided, he opens his eyes to look around the room.

The room is a complete dive with paint peeling off the walls and the floorboards stained. There is a small pile of old clothes in the corner. Other than the disgusting bed and side table, there are only two other pieces of furniture in the room, a rickety old card table and a wooden chair.

Lenny is covered from the waist down by an old stained sheet.

On the table are takeaway food containers with dark liquid leaching out and globs of moldy food lying beside it.

(CONTINUED)

LENNY

Where the fuck am I?

He tries to sit up but falls down when a searing pain tears along his abdomen.

LENNY

FUCK! OH FUCK!

He tries again but blacks out with the pain. He moans as he falls back into unconsciousness.

INT. OLD RUN DOWN HOTEL ROOM - AFTERNOON

Lenny moans and tosses on the bed. The sheet and bed under him are sopping wet from the fever that racks his body. He unconsciously strains to sit up but falls back down in agony. With another jolt his body lurches in the bed but when the intense pain hits him again, he slips back into the relief of unconsciousness.

INT. OLD RUN DOWN HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

Lenny is awake but still in extreme pain. He can't lift his head or body without complete agony ripping through his body.

He is conscious enough now to feebly call for help.

LENNY

Help! Help! Help me, please! Oh
God, please help me.

Even though Lenny is still sweating profusely from the fever that is racking his body, his mouth is dry and his lips are cracked.

He carefully moves his head to see the cockroach watching him. He hallucinates that the insect has grown one thousand times larger and its mandibles seem strong enough to be able to crack bones.

LENNY

Oh God. It's going to eat me.

(beat)

Help! Someone, anyone, please help!

INT. OLD RUN DOWN HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Lenny is very sick, he is lying still on the bed staring up at the stained ceiling where the cockroach is directly above him crawling slowly along a crack. Lenny closes his eyes in pain and in disgust.

He sinks slowly back into sleep.

INT. OLD RUNDOWN HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Lenny strains in the bed.

LENNY

Oh God! FUCK! What the fuck happened?

Lenny looks around the room. There is no one else except the cockroach making its slow journey across the ceiling.

LENNY

Where the hell am I?
(beat)
FUCK!

Lenny struggles to sit up. He is extremely weak and almost faints with the effort. He makes it and pants with the exertion. From this angle, he can see that there is a note lying flat on the bedside table. He reaches for it, but his dry fingers almost push it off the table.

Carefully and painstakingly slowly, he slides it towards the edge until he can pick it up.

In scrawly almost illegible (Doctor's) handwriting, the note reads.

NOTE

Call this number when you wake up,
it may save your life. Otherwise,
thank you for your donation, your
penis will make a small man very
happy.

173-9458-6647

LENNY

WHAT THE FUCK!

He glances down at the bed sheet to see blood on the bedclothes beside him and a patch of blood being soaked up by the sheet on top of him.

(CONTINUED)

LENNY
FUCK! OH FUCK, NO!

He flicks up the sheet which, whites out the scene.

LENNY(OS)
OH FUCK! IT'S...IT'S GONE. THEY'VE
FUCKING STOLE MY DICK!

Lenny bellows an agonizing scream.

FADE OUT