

Getaway
(Short)
Draft 9

By

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INT. SQUALLERED BEDROOM - EVENING

The room is a trash dump with bags of garbage piled in one corner a bucket to catch leaks in the middle of the room, a mattress on the ground with a sleeping bag for blankets.

This is not a place you go, this is a place you end up.

LAUREL (26) looks out a moth-eaten curtain. She looks like a dreamer who has been beaten too many times to not be cynical.

A siren sounds in the distance and gets slowly louder, Laurel freezes up. Then the noise fades and she lets out a sigh. She turns to look around the room.

RONNIE (30) sits on a beaten up sofa eating greasy takeaway food. He looks like someone who used to be handsome until the world fucked him over. Now he looks hollow.

He doesn't meet Laurel's eye. Laurel huffs.

LAUREL
When's Hank coming?

Ronnie carries on like she didn't speak. Laurel kicks the bed frame.

LAUREL
What time's Hank coming?

RONNIE
I don't know. He'll call.

LAUREL
He better be here soon.

Ronnie slams his hand down on the table. Laurel and Ronnie stare at each other. Laurel looks away first. Ronnie keeps watching her. She looks back out the curtain.

RONNIE
Come away from the window.

Laurel ignores him. His expression softens.

RONNIE
Laurel...

Laurel stiffens to him. He sighs and gets off the sofa and joins her at the window wrapping his arms around her.

(CONTINUED)

RONNIE
What you worried about, huh?

Laurel ignores him and rebuffs a kiss he tries to land on he neck.

RONNIE
You can tell me.

Laurel thinks for a moment.

LAUREL
It's this life, Ronnie. I thought we were through with it. But here we are again.

RONNIE
We needed the money, baby. (beat).
And this job will hold us over.

LAUREL
You said that about the last job.

Laurel stares deeply into his eyes. Ronnie goes to speak but his cell phone rings. He answers it.

RONNIE
(RE: Phone)
Hello?

Ronnie walks across the room and paces. He nods along to the voice on the other end of the line and then-

RONNIE
(Re: Phone, loudly)
Don't fuck with me.

Ronnie loses his temper and starts to act erratically.

RONNIE
(RE: Phone)
That not what we agreed, Hank!
(Beat) It was your responsibility.
(Beat) You're fucking us, Hank.
(Beat) Yeah? I'm not cutting you in on another job!

Ronnie hangs up the phone with force. And throw his phone onto the bed with force.

RONNIE
Fuck.

(CONTINUED)

Ronnie exasperated runs his hands through his hair roughly. He swings around wildly then suddenly he slams his hands down onto the coffee table.

RONNIE

FUCK!

His anger deflates and we see him break a little. He looks vulnerable. Laurel hovers.

LAUREL

What are we going to do?

RONNIE

I'll find someone else to.

Laurel rolls her eyes. Ronnie strides over to her aggressively. He grabs Laurels face in his hand pulling it up to look at him.

RONNIE

I said I'll find someone. Okay.

Laurel doesn't say anything. Ronnie folds. He leans his forehead against her's.

RONNIE

I'll find someone, okay?

Laurel nods and wraps her hands around Ronnie. They slowly sinking into to each other.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - EVENING

LAUREL is asleep on the bed alone. She reaches out to the empty side...

She opens her eyes to see Ronnie sitting on the sofa. They lock eyes.

RONNIE

Hey.

LAUREL

Hey. Did you find someone?

Ronnie gets off the sofa and sits on the edge of the bed. Laurel wraps herself around him.

RONNIE

Yeah, Dave's on his way. Drove a steeper bargin then what Hank was

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RONNIE (cont'd)
asking, but don't really have a
choice now do we? (Beat). I should
have known better than to trust
Hank. Well, I'll remember that for
next time.

Laurel leans back on the bed.

LAUREL
Next time?

Ronnie pauses turns to look at her. She gazes coldly.

RONNIE
Don't start that shit again,
Laurel.

LAUREL
I can't keep doing this, Ronnie.

Ronnie jumps off the bed.

RONNIE
No one is asking you too, Laurel.

LAUREL
You do! Every time.

RONNIE
Because you always say yes!

LAUREL
I can't say no to you Ronnie!

RONNIE
Take some agency for yourself,
woman. Stop blaming me for dragging
you into this shit hole of a life.

Laurel starts crying. Ronnie is taken aback.

LAUREL
I can't... I can't say no, knowing
if you don't come home it will be
because I wasn't there for you.

Ronnie goes to her. He embraces her. She sinks into his
arms.

LAUREL
You know I'd do anything for you.

(CONTINUED)

RONNIE

So would I. I love you, babe. I
would take a bullet for you.

LAUREL

I know. I know.

They stay entwined. This moment should last forever.

The sound of a car pulling up outside interrupts them.

Ronnie gets off the bed and looks out the window. Laurel
sits frozen on the bed. Then Ronnie turns back to her and
pauses.

Ronnie rushes over to the other side of the bed reaches
under the bed, grabbing out a small duffle bag, and opens it
to reveal baggies of cocaine.

After a moment of digging Ronnie brings up a hand gun. He
checks it's loaded and puts it in his pants behind his back.

RONNIE

Come on, babe. We got to go.

Laurel who has sat frozen on the bed looks to Ronnie. She
doesn't even blink she's so paralysed by fear.

LAUREL

Where?

RONNIE

We will figure that out later we
need to move.

Laurel shakes her head.

LAUREL

They will find us, Ronnie. They
will catch us.

Ronnie climbs back onto the bed and grabs Laurels face
forcing her to look at him.

RONNIE

No, they won't. I'll protect you.

LAUREL

(Not listening)

We could turn ourselves in. Maybe
then...

(CONTINUED)

RONNIE

Maybe what? Huh? They will lock us away. I won't be able to see you.

Ronnie presses their foreheads together running his fingers through her hair.

LAUREL

(whisper)

You could say it was all you and Hank... That I had no idea what you were doing...

Ronnie lets go of Laurel with a force. Almost a push. He gets off the bed in a tiff.

RONNIE

You would have me go to jail for you.

Laurel's eyes beg him. They hold like this for a moment. Neither folding.

Footsteps sound on the stair outside the door.

Ronnie snaps to it. He spins the sofa away from the wall and hides behind the back of it.

Laurel's frozen on the bed. Fully exposed.

Ronnie's eyes flash from the door to Laurel for half a second before his hand flies out and grabs her arm. Pulling her behind the sofa with him.

Ronnie and Laurel shelter behind the sofa waiting. listening.

It's so quiet you could hear a pin drop.

There's a creak of the door opening. We don't see the who enters. We stay focused on the room. On Laurel and Ronnie, hiding out of sight.

This is their story.

Ronnie takes a few deep breaths and pokes his head out to fire. Missing.

Two shots come firing back. One hits Ronnie in the shoulder. He falls to the ground dropping the gun.

Laurel gasps. She grabs Ronnie and pulls him closer. Ronnie moans in protest.

(CONTINUED)

Footsteps creak on the floor.

Laurel eyes the gun...

Laurel grabs the gun. Without thinking she pops up from behind the sofa. And points it at the intrudes.

With out even getting a shot of she's shot down. This time they don't injure. A bullet finds it's way home into her skull.

She falls to the floor. Unmoving. Eyesglazed. A pool of blood grows around her.