

Handle with care (working title)

By

Linda Ekaterincheva

[bettycinema@gmail.com](mailto:bettycinema@gmail.com)

INT. HOTEL ROOM - SUNSET

A neat art-deco looking hotel room. The setting sun is coming through the curtains. A sudden movement in the bed creates a dust storm in the rays of light. Someone gets to the edge of the bed sits down.

This is TOMAS, 26 years old, good looking brunet, wearing a shirt with some tropical print on it. His hair is messed up.

Still sitting, he reaches to the table, which is in front of the bed, grabs a pack of cigarettes, gets a lighter from his chest pocket and lights it up. It takes several tries.

Still smoking, he opens the door to the hotel corridor. It's empty. Without stepping out of the room, he looks left and right and takes a drag. From another room he hears someone having sex. He listens until the climax and closes the door with a number 455.

INT. ELEVATOR - MOMENTS LATER

Tomas, wearing a bathrobe, presses the first floor button in an old-fashioned elevator. Some chill music is playing on the background. When it stops, he removes the gate and comes out.

INT. RECEPTION - MOMENTS LATER

He proceeds to the reception. An old chubby RECEPTION LADY, in her 50s, forces a smile when she sees him.

TOMAS  
Any mail for me?

The lady's face gets confused as she tries to come up with something. She starts breathing heavily.

RECEPTION LADY  
Don't think so.

TOMAS  
Could you check? I'm expecting one important document.

The lady is about to search but puzzles for a second.

RECEPTION LADY  
What was your full name?

(CONTINUED)

TOMAS

Tomas Pikk.

The lady checks a huge leather covered notebook and shakes her head.

RECEPTION LADY

Still nothing.

Tomas clicks his tongue and bangs his fingers on the counter, looking at the empty lobby.

RECEPTION LADY

Ah, your wife called.

TOMAS

Really? What did she say?

RECEPTION LADY

That you should call her back today.

TOMAS

What time did she call?

RECEPTION LADY

Around nine.

He nods and stares away.

TOMAS

Speaking about that...

The lady tenses up.

TOMAS

The phone in my room is broken.

RECEPTION LADY

Broken like how?

TOMAS

It makes some noise.

RECEPTION LADY

Like pshhhhhhhh... ?

TOMAS

Something like that.

RECEPTION LADY

I'll call the company.

(CONTINUED)

TOMAS

Could I use the reception phone to  
make a call?

RECEPTION LADY

We have another phone in the lobby.

Tomas clicks his tongue and turns around.

TOMAS

Later!

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

In the corner of the lobby, filled with fake palm trees,  
there's a phone on the wall. It has a phone book on a chain  
screwed to the wall.

Tomas inserts the coin. He starts dialing the number and  
puzzles after the first two digits. Continues mumbling  
something rubbing his forehead. A SQUIRE, 25 years old  
creepy looking clumsy guy, with a suspicious look passes by  
with a trolley of martinis. Catching this look, Tomas starts  
going through the phone book.

When he finds the number, he silently whispers it, inserts  
another coin and dials the number. Long beeps.

MARTA

Hello?

TOMAS

It's me.

MARTA

Oh. I sent the papers, have you  
received them?

TOMAS

Not yet, I checked the mail this  
afternoon.

MARTA

That's weird, I sent them a few  
days ago.

TOMAS

Maybe they've been lost.

MARTA

I'll call the post office.

(CONTINUED)

TOMAS  
Alright. How are you?

MARTA  
Tomas, ehm...

TOMAS  
What is it?

MARTA  
...this is really not a good time  
to talk.

TOMAS  
Are you busy?

MARTA  
I have a headache.

TOMAS  
Alright. I call you when I receive  
the papers?

MARTA  
As you wish.

Before Tomas says anything, she hangs up. Tomas slams the phone back.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - LATER SAME DAY

Tomas is examining himself in a human-size mirror. He's wearing a neat brown suit now, he fixes his hair in a nice way and notices the ring on his finger.

INT. BATHROOM - LATER SAME DAY

Tomas is struggling to take his golden ring off using soap. No success. The water splashes all around the floor. Tomas turns to the door, slips, and his head hits the edge of the sink.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - EVENING

Tomas is examining himself in a mirror. He's wearing a neat brown suit, he fixes his hair with one hand, with the other he's holding a glass of whiskey and a cigarette. He empties the glass, kills the cigarette in it and leaves.

INT. HOTEL BAR - LATER SAME EVENING

Tomas enters a bar with dimmed lights and full of smoke. A band is playing live on the stage decorated with palm trees. Tomas approaches the bar and takes the only free seat.

The BARTENDER, a guy with funny appearance in his 30's, is running along the bar refilling the drinks. A few times Tomas tries to catch his attention, but the bartender seems not to notice him at all. Tomas gives up and starts observing people at the dance floor and the band.

The band is playing something from the 80's, all the members are dressed in sparkling clothes and have glitter all around their faces.

BARTENDER

For you, sir?

Caught by surprise, Tomas jumps a little and turns to the bar. The bartender is standing right in front of him leaning against the counter.

TOMAS

Rye. Double.

The bartender leaves, Tomas takes a look at his left, where a couple of guys are having a furious discussion. Tomas listens and as he wants to say something, the bartender hands him a glass of whiskey.

Tomas takes a huge sip emptying the glass right away. With a sign he asks the bartender to give him another one.

As he gets a refill, he doesn't drink it right away but plays with the glass. The bartender starts polishing the glasses.

Suddenly he notices a ring on his finger and his eyes brighten up. He quietly comes right in front of Tomas.

Tomas rises his eyes and gives him a questioning look. With a rapid movement, the bartender grabs his hand and tries to pull the ring off using force. The finger goes red and the blood starts coming from under the ring.

Tomas tries to get off, but when the bartender lets go, Tomas falls off the bar chair to the dance floor. Trying not to be beaten up by people dancing, he gets up, holding his hand next to his chest. He starts walking backwards into the crowd constantly looking at the bartender, who's staring creepily at him.

Tomas disappears in the crowd.

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Tomas runs into woman's bathroom, his finger is bleeding badly. He opens the tap and washes the blood away. It keeps coming.

From one of the toilet stalls comes the sound of water flushing and a tipsy LADY, 23 years old, wearing some black revealing clothes. She grabs the sink next to Tomas with both hands and looks at her reflection while chewing a gum.

Tomas carefully examines his finger with the ring, in some parts the skin came off and reveals the flesh. It fills with blood again.

The lady observes him with obvious interest. Tomas looks at her and gets confused.

TOMAS

Sorry, I thought it was man's bathroom.

She keeps chewing and looking at him.

LADY

What's up with your hand?

TOMAS

Small matter.

She takes a closer look.

LADY

Such a pity.

TOMAS

Pardon?

LADY

You're married.

TOMAS

Ehm.. Divorced.

The lady jumps onto the sink.

LADY

What a loss...

TOMAS

Pardon?

(CONTINUED)

LADY  
Do you like me?

Tomas is tensed up, continues washing his hand.

LADY  
Do you want to fuck me?

She spreads her legs, while trying to make eye contact.  
Tomas tries to avoid looking at her.

TOMAS  
I'll better leave.

He intends to leave, but she jumps off the sink and blocks the way.

LADY  
You're not going to leave, or I'll  
tell everyone how you raped me in  
woman's bathroom.

TOMAS  
What the hell are you talking  
about?

She grabs him with her arms around his neck and puts all the weight of her body on him. They fall down. Tomas is shocked, and he's not even trying to resist.

She grabs his bleeding hand and starts licking the blood from it and sucking each finger. When she gets to the finger with the ring, she doesn't let it go and uses her teeth in order to take it off.

Tomas screams and pushes her away, she hits the sinks with her head and blacks out. Tomas jumps up, and walking backwards leaves the bathroom.

INT. HOTEL BAR - LATER SAME EVENING

Tomas rushes through the crowd trying to hide and collapses on a random chair. An old well-dressed MAN, 50's, is sitting at the same table.

MAN  
You alright buddy?

Tomas, caught by surprise, turns around.

(CONTINUED)



TOMAS

All good.

MAN

Your hand doesn't look good.

Tomas looks at his hand.

TOMAS

It's fine.

He glances at the man and notices that he's staring at him with a half-smile.

MAN

Take a sip.

He pushes a glass of whiskey towards Tomas. Tomas hesitates. The man gives him encouraging look. Tomas takes a sip.

MAN

(almost mumbling)

Interesting artifact you have there.

TOMAS

Pardon?

MAN

I say, very notable thing you're wearing!

TOMAS

I'm sorry, I can't hear a word you're saying.

MAN

Your...

He uses signs to identify that he's talking about the ring.

TOMAS

What are you implying?

MAN

Nothing, nothing.

Tomas takes his hand away from the table. The man giggles.

MAN

Relax, man...

Tomas tries not to look at him.

(CONTINUED)

MAN

Look, I wasn't trying to offend you.

TOMAS

None taken.

MAN

The thing is I have a certain interest in these kind of artifacts.

He giggles and reveals his hands with a ring on each finger, and Tomas gives him a look full of distrust. He turns around on his chair intending to leave.

MAN

I could pay a lot for that ring.

Tomas is puzzling for a second.

TOMAS

I'm not selling it.

He starts standing up when the man pushes his wrist to the table. The man leans forward to Tomas' ear.

MAN

Think about it. Room number 354.

Tomas gets off and rushes out of the bar.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Tomas runs to the phone mumbling the phone number and searching for a coin. He doesn't manage to put it in at once. He tries again and dials the number. Long beeps. Tomas overlooks the lobby which is empty.

He turns back now facing the wall. Long beeps continue.

TOMAS

C'mon.

He takes a look at the lobby again and notices the squire with the trolley full of martinis standing on the other side of the hall. The squire is staring at him. Tomas breaks the eye contact.

TOMAS

(whispering)

Please.

(CONTINUED)

Long beeps continue. He takes a look at the squire again and sees that he's approaching him with growing speed pushing the trolley in front of him.

When he's about 2 meters away, Tomas drops the phone and rushes to the elevator. Long beeps continue from the phone.

INT. ELEVATOR - MOMENTS LATER

Tomas sees the squire picking up the phone and listening to it as he's closing the gate of the elevator. The last thing he sees before the doors close is the squire driving his trolley in an opposite direction still staring at Tomas.

He presses the button number 3. The chill elevator music starts as Tomas tries to recover his breathing. The doors open, Tomas checks the floor, there's no one there. He steps out.

INT. HOTEL HALL - MOMENTS LATER

He goes a few meters along the corridor, but the door numbers point at the 3rd floor. Tomas gradually slows down trying to figure out where he is. He makes a few turns and stops.

From around the corner the squire with the trolley appears. He notices Tomas and starts running. Tomas in panic starts running back to the elevator.

They end up in a corridor leading straight to the elevator. They both speed up. The martinis on the trolley splash all around.

Tomas reaches the elevator and gets in. As soon as he closes the gates, the squire arrives, but he just stops in front of the elevator and stares at Tomas. The doors close.

INT. BATHROOM - BACK TO THE EARLIER THIS EVENING

Tomas gets up from the floor. He glances at the mirror and notices a huge bruise on his forehead.

TOMAS

Shit.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Tomas is sitting on the edge of the bed holding a towel filled with ice cubes next to his forehead. He's holding a glass whiskey on the rocks.

He finishes the whiskey in one sip and leaves the room.

INT. HOTEL HALL - MOMENTS LATER

Tomas is walking down the corridor slowly examining the door numbers. He's still holding a towel on his forehead. From behind one of the doors he hears someone having sex. He stops for a while listening and continues his way.

Before entering the elevator, he throws the towel into a trash bin.

INT. HOTEL BAR - LATER SAME EVENING

Tomas enters a bar with dimmed lights and full of smoke. A band is playing live on the stage decorated with palm trees. Tomas approaches the bar and takes the only free seat.

The bartender is running along the bar refilling the drinks. Tomas tries to catch his attention, but the bartender seems not to notice him at all. Tomas gives up and starts observing people at the dance floor and the band.

BARTENDER

For you, sir?

Caught by surprise, Tomas jumps a little and turns to the bar. The bartender is standing right in front of him leaning against the counter.

TOMAS

Rye. Double.

After a few moments the bartender hands him a glass of whiskey.

Tomas takes a huge sip emptying the glass right away. With a sign he asks the bartender to give him another one.

As he gets a refill, he doesn't drink it right away but plays with the glass. The bartender starts polishing the glasses.

Suddenly he notices a ring on his finger and his eyes brighten up.