

Untitled

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INT. LOVE MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

A loud, reverberating slap is heard. A YOUNG WOMAN (22) in lingerie stands in the middle of an over-the-top honeymoon suite, her cheek burns red. A YOUNG MAN (28) in only a pair of cheap dress pants stands across from her with a sinisterly playful look in his eyes.

The young man rushes toward the young woman and she winces in anticipation, but the young man simply laughs. He reaches into his back pocket and pulls out a lighter and a worn, nearly empty pack of Lucky Strikes. He meanders over to a chair in the corner of the room and lights up, taking a nice long drag. The young woman hasn't moved an inch. She is hyper-focused on every movement the young man makes.

The young man begins a verbal tirade against the young woman, but the blood pounding in the young woman's ears blocks out his words. Her breathing intensifies as he becomes more aggressive. The young man lunges at the young woman, not holding back this time. She desperately attempts to block his blows as he thrashes her around the room. The young man throws her onto the bed and climbs on top of her. Her blood stains the bedsheets as he lands blow after blow.

With the crack of a powerful blow and the shattering of a beer bottle that had been sitting on the nightstand, the young woman is now on top of the young man, unscathed. The young man, bloodied and bruised, lies beneath her and the young woman is now landing blows of her own. In an animalistic fervor, the young woman throws all her power behind each strike. Exhaustion sets in and she slows her attack before stopping outright. The young man is not moving.

The young woman looks down in horror at the dead man beneath her. After a moment she hurriedly crawls away from the young man's body until she is off the bed and on the floor with her back pressed against the wall. She is panicked. Then she looks up, terrified.

The young man, alive and uninjured, looks down at her and smiles that sinister smile. The beer bottle can be seen sitting on the nightstand behind him. The redness in the woman's cheek has returned. He bends down to her eye level and gently strokes her cheek. The young woman's eyes dart around, studying the man's face. Her hands, shaking, ball up into fists by her sides. He gives a light chuckle before gently kissing her forehead.

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