

# C O N F I N E M E N T

Written by

**Jay Paterson**

CAST

ELI RICHARDS.....LOGAN MARSHALL-GREEN  
NAOMI RICHARDS.....PIPER PERABO  
HAILEY RICHARDS.....SASHA PIETERSE  
KARL SHERMAN.....JON BERNTHAL  
ALEXA LAWSON.....DANIELLE HARRIS

GUEST STARRING

(in order of appearance)

MOTEL CLERK.....DENIS O'HARE

**INT. COYOTE STOP MOTEL - MOTEL ROOM - ROUTE 66 - DAY**

CLOSE UP on a sleeping mans face. He looks peaceful. His slightly greasy light brown hair falls over his left eye and his stubble furiously over grown. This is, ELI RICHARDS.

WE begin to slowly TRACK backwards, revealing an old murky motel room, filled with darkness, stained bed sheets and carpets. He wears a navy blue long sleeved T-shirt, somewhat tattered, which has a 'Phoenix Police Department' logo on the left hand side. We continue to TRACK revealing more of the motel room surroundings.

Until SUDDENLY.

Eli springs up out of the bed, quickly gasping for air. He frantically looks around the empty room, then to the bed and finally to himself, dismay begins to fill his face.

As his breathing begins to settle down, along with his flailing body, his face never looked more confused. Eli sits there, and from his muddled gaze we-

FADE TO:

C O N F I N E M E N T

FADE IN:

**EXT. COYOTE STOP MOTEL - ROUTE 66 - CONTINUOUS**

On a rusty number '7' of the motel room door as it swings open. Eli quickly exits the room. He pauses for a beat, looking around, trying to familiarise himself with the surroundings. We follow his ripped pants and shoe-less feet quickly pacing down the corridor towards a detached building with a sign that reads 'OFFICE'.

**INT. RECEPTION - COYOTE STOP MOTEL - ROUTE 66 - CONTINUOUS**

The bell rings as it hits the to top of the reception door. Eli makes his way towards an empty desk. The reception is painted with pale oranges and yellow's, very 70s-esque. Soft rock music plays quietly in the back ground.

Eli looks behinds the desk, but no one is around.

He lets out a huff, his face beginning to look more frustrated than confused. He begins to bang on a small silver bell situated on the desk.

ELI

Hello?! Is anyone there!

He continues to bang his palm on the bell.

MOTEL CLERK

Alright, alright, I'm coming!

A man in his late 50's exits from the room behind the reception desk. His hair long, grey and greasy, he limps towards Eli, looking at him with his twitching eye.

Eli gives a sigh of relief.

MOTEL CLERK (CONT'D)

Can I help you boy?

ELI

Yeah, ugh, can you tell me where I am?

MOTEL CLERK

Why, you're at the famous Coyote Stop Motel just outside, Holbrook, Arizona.

Eli's eyebrows lower, narrowing his eyes ever so slightly.

MOTEL CLERK (CONT'D)

If your looking for that girl you came in with last night, she's already gone.

Eli jolts his head up, looking at the Clerk, gripped.

ELI

Girl? What girl?

MOTEL CLERK

The little, skinny brunette.

Eli shakes his head, staring into space, thinking. But nothing.

MOTEL CLERK (CONT'D)

Look, guys and girls come by here every night. I don't judge nor ask question, I just take my money.

Eli looks back up at the eye twitching Clerk, confused.

MOTEL CLERK (CONT'D)

If you've got a family to get back home to, I'd head there now and just be thankful she left before you woke up.

The Motel Clerk looks towards Eli's finger where his wedding ring shines a metallic gold.

Eli follows his eye gesture toward his hand before exclaiming.

ELI

Oh, no, its not what your thinking.

Eli takes a few steps back from the counter and places his hands on his head.

ELI (CONT'D)

(to himself)

I don't know what's happening to me. I- I don't... remember.

MOTEL CLERK

Like I said, I don't judge.

The Clerk slowly limps back into the back room.

Eli still with his hands on his head, spins around slowly towards the door. His eyes slightly teary, apprehensive.

His head soon turns to a pay phone situated beside the window. He quickly walks over before picking up the phone and dialing a number. But all is heard is a monotone.

He SLAMS the phone back down.

ELI

Shit!

We follow his eyes as they drift out onto the dusty road that sits outside. His eyes narrow as they focus onto the distance.

A girl with brunette hair and slightly tanned skin, stares at Eli from across the road. He holds her gaze for a few beats.

ELI (CONT'D)

Mother, fuck!

Eli pushes away from the window and CRASHES through door of the reception.

**END OF PREVIEW**