

MULE

Written by

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Over black...

The faint RING of a call waiting to be answered. *CLICK.*

ROSE (V.O.)
Egypt?

EGYPT (V.O.)
(filtered)
Yeah. How was the flight?

ROSE (V.O.)
Fine.

FADE IN:

INT. THE CROWN HOTEL / FLOOR TWENTY - EVENING

Elevator doors slide open on ROSE (14). Her nervous young face masks a raw sophistication beyond her years. She clutches her PURSE.

EGYPT (V.O.)
(filtered)
Any troubles?

ROSE (V.O.)
No.

She slowly steps off the elevator, looks both ways. Goes right.

EGYPT (V.O.)
(filtered)
Listen up, the drop's at The Crown Hotel, room twenty-eighteen. Quick 'n easy. Clear?

Room TWENTY-TEN. TWENTY-SIXTEEN. Her pace quickens.

ROSE (V.O.)
Yes.

TWENTY-EIGHTEEN. She stops at the door.

EGYPT (V.O.)
(filtered)
That's what I like to hear.

Takes a deep breath, brings her finger to the doorbell.

EGYPT (V.O.)
Don't forget...

Presses bell.

Her white-knuckled hands clasp her purse close as she waits.

EGYPT (V.O.)
...I love you, girl...

CLICK.

The hotel door creaks open, Rose is greeted by an imposing MAN (40's).

MAN
Rose?

She nods yes. He moves aside to let her in.

A glimpse of a second MAN, sitting in a chair.

INT. TWENTY-EIGHTEEN / BATHROOM - EVENING

Rose stands over the toilet a moment.

A pregnant pause, then...

...she jams her fingers down her throat. *RETCHES.* Nothing. Tries again.

Jerks down, convulses. *VOMITS* into the toilet.

She leans back on her heels. Bile burning in her throat.

Stares into the bowl. Lost. She wipes a tear from her cheek.

A *KNOCK* on the door startles her.

MAN (O.S.)
You good in there?

She turns back to the toilet.

ROSE
Yes.

She rolls up her sleeve, throws her hand in the bowl. Face *DISGUSTED.* She searches.

Her hand emerges from the toilet;

A *BALLOON*, the size of a D battery, packed with heroin.

Flushes the toilet, washes the balloon in the sink.

She's about to put it back in her purse. Thinks it over.

Outside the bathroom, a door SLAMS. Voices ARGUE.

MAN (O.S.)
(muffled)
You!

The sound of a STRUGGLE. Rose has her ear glued to the door.

VOICE (O.S.)
(muffled)
No--

POP! A silenced gunshot. A body HITS the floor.

Her eyes swell. Hands over her mouth.

POP! POP!

Rose leans her back on the door, slides down. Heart in her throat. She sits on the floor, hugs her knees to her chest.

Listens to the door again. No sound.

INT. TWENTY-EIGHTEEN - EVENING

The air of death as Rose's face peeks through the bathroom doorway.

ROSE
H-hello?

Silence.

The two men, shirts soaked with blood. Their lifeless bodies splayed out on the floor.

Threads of SMOKE curl from the silenced muzzle of their handguns.

Rose hears the sound of LABORED BREATHING.

She sees a trail of BLOOD, tracks it to the...

INT. TWENTY-EIGHTEEN / KITCHEN - EVENING

...to find the man who answered the door. He drags himself across the sterile white floor. Shot in the gut.

He pays Rose no mind as he pulls himself toward something he can't tear his eyes from.

She follows his gaze to see what could grip the attention of a man near death: an ENVELOPE STUFFED WITH CASH, on the counter. A cell phone next to it.

She gapes at it in disbelief.

The man tugs her pant leg, snaps her out of the daze.

MAN
...please...
(coughs)
...help...

He reaches to her with a blood-coated hand.

She studies him. His eyes plead.

The stare-down is interrupted when the cell on the counter PULSES.

Rose flips it open. A text.

INSERT - CELL SCREEN:

Egypt: kill the girl.

BACK TO ROSE

as she closes the cell. Shocked. Breath accelerates.

MAN (CONT'D)
...please...

The man dies.

Rose supports herself against the kitchen counter. Takes in the scene. Mind racing.

Looks from the money, to the bodies. Back to the money. She picks up the envelope, thumbs through the bills.

Her cell BUZZES. Looks...

INSERT - CALLER ID:

...Egypt calling...

BACK TO ROSE

ignores it. Looks back to the money.

Realization. A flicker of hope in her eyes.

She puts the envelope in her purse.

Wipes down anything she may have touched.

INT. TWENTY-EIGHTEEN / LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Rose hurries to the door.

Uses the sleeve of her coat to grab the doorknob.

A last look around the room before she pulls the door closed.

Gone.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END