

INT. DUMBO - MOON'S HOTEL - MORNING

We see a modern one-bedroom hotel. A slightly cracked door releases the sounds of two people having aggressive sex.

In the bedroom, we see...

MOON EARLIE HAMPTON, early 30's dreamboat of a guy that anyone would find attractive and intriguing, but his inner asshole permeates. He lays naked on the bed steaming mad.

In the bathroom, we see...

BECCA, early 30's southern girl much smarter than anyone would give her credit for. She sits on toilet nervous and resolute as she plots her next move. Something has happened.

Sounds of sex are coming from porn on the computer not them.

Moon closes the computer and slides on underwear. Becca searches around the bathroom and finds a t-shirt.

INT. DUMBO - MOON'S HOTEL - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Moon stands at the front door with his arms folded and rage in his heart. This kind of anger is somewhat foreign to him.

Becca comes out of the bedroom in the shirt she found that reads: BLACK LIVES MATTER. She notices his anger and tries to ease it away with a wry joke.

START →

BECCA

Well, that was awkward. Moon. I'm soo...

He's unmoved.

MOON

..you need to get the fuck out.

She coils emotionally. He stands firm. She eyes her clothes over on the other side of the room. She manages a subtle but tense smile as she makes her way towards her clothing.

MOON (CONT'D)

Did you not hear me?

She stops.

BECCA

Can I at least get my purse?

He reaches down and holds it up.

END →