Mission Report

Ву

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INT. HOTEL HALL - DAY

A neat and tidy hotel hallway. Three rooms line the white walls. The far door opens and man walks out wheeling a suitcase. NATHAN TURNER (23), his smart, tidy blue suit advertises his swauve and slick personality. He walks to the top of the stairs and puts down his suitcase.

He walks over to the curtains and pulls them almost shut. His phone dings with a text message that reads, 'Mission report: Welcome back Agent Turner, Your mission is to kill the woman in the building opposite your hotel room. She is...' The message trails off.

Nathan takes off his jacket and throws it over the banister. He rolls up his sleeves and opens his suitcase on the floor.

People are heard laughing by the door of the room next to him. Nathan turns his head closing the suitcase. The laughter moves back away from the door. He opens up the case fully.

Under a pile of clothes is a hidden gun. Nathan takes it out and loads it, screwing on a silencer at the end.

Nathan goes to the window and gets into position with a deep breath. He closes one eye and peers down the lens.

EXT. FLAT - DAY

Down the sight of the gun you can see opposite the hotel room is another room. Through this window looks like a flat. The curtain flaps in the wind outlining the empty room. A woman in a hat comes in and sits down. She takes of her hat and picks up a book.

INT. HOTEL HALL - DAY

Nathan lowers the gun suddenly, takes a deep breath and looks back through it again.

EXT. FLAT - DAY

SARAH (25), is sat down with a drink next to the window reading a book. Her long hair flows down her face.

INT. HOTEL HALL - DAY

Nathan jumps back up and places the gun on the side. He gets up and leans on the banister with deep breaths. He grabs his jacket and takes out his wallet. Inside is a picture of him and Sarah. He looks at it for a bit and then his phone pings.

He picks it up and he has another text message, 'Mission Update: Has the target been taken care off?'

Nathan places his phone on the side and grabs the hotel phone and types a number in. It rings.

INT. FLAT - DAY

Sarah is sat reading her book in the sunshine. Her phone rings next to her and picks it up. The dialer is unknown.

SARAH

Hello?

INT. HOTEL HALL - DAY

Nathan freezers not answering straight away.

SARAH

Hello???

He takes a deep breath.

NATHAN

Hello, Sarah.

INT. FLAT - DAY

Sarah jumps up in shock.

SARAH

Where the fuck have you been? You leave me in the night and you think you can just call me out of the blue.

NATHAN

I'm on a mission.

SARAH

A mission!

She sits back down.

CONTINUED: 3.

SARAH

Of course you are. You just couldn't stay away from it all could you?

INT. HOTEL HALL - DAY

NATHAN

I don't know what to say, I don't think sorry is enough.

SARAH

I think you right Nathan. You said you would stop to be with me.

Nathan gets a text and he looks at it, 'No communication allowed with the target.' He places the phone on speaker and crouches back at the window.

SARAH

Nathan? You'd better start talking.

He picks up the gun and looks down the sight.

EXT. FLAT - DAY

He can see Sarah is sat on her phone staring at the floor, waiting for his reply.

INT. HOTEL HALL - DAY

The phone pings with a text message, 'Finish the mission Agent Turner.'

He grips the gun tighter.

SARAH

Nathan are you still there?

The phone beeps again, 'Finish the mission.'

Sweat drips down his face.

SARAH

Nathan?

And again, 'Show us your loyalty.'

CONTINUED: 4.

SARAH

Are you there?

'Finish the mission.'

His finger waits on the trigger, shaking slightly.

INT. FLAT - DAY

SARAH

Nathan, I thought you said you loved me.

INT. HOTEL HALL - DAY

He pauses.

NATHAN

I do love you Sarah.

The small bang of the gun is heard and the phone cuts out. Nathan closes his eyes and looks away. He turns the hotel phone off and picks up his mobile and starts typing, 'Mission complete'

Nathan takes the gun and places it back into its case. He walks back to the window and places the photo next to the phone and walks down the stairs.

The phone sparks and the photo catches fire.