

THE STOCKHOLM GUEST

by

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Format: Short film screenplay, 5 pages. **Genre:** Thriller.

Production requirements: Two actors and a hotel room.

Logline: After a business traveler checks into a Stockholm hotel, a young woman knocks on his door to provide some prearranged services but her visit doesn't go as expected.



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INT. STOCKHOLM HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

The door lock clicks, the door opens. **ALEX**, male early-40s, enters. He's smartly dressed in a suit with wheeled hardcase carry-on bag and smaller soft attaché case. The door closes.

A phone in his jacket pocket BUZZES. He puts the attaché case down on a low coffee table, sits on a sofa next to it, answers the phone. He speaks with a British accent to the unheard person at the other end of the call.

ALEX

Hi honey! I just walked into the hotel room... it's nice, right in the middle of Stockholm's Old Town. Are you getting the kids ready for bed?... okay, put her on... Hi baby! How was school?... I'll be back tomorrow night sweetheart, I'll see you then. Can you put mommy back on?

(beat)

What did the real-estate agent say, Jenny? Did we get the house?... What? Tell them we'll go five percent higher...I know the school fees are due. Don't worry, I'll find the money. I'm going to have a wash then find dinner somewhere. I'll call you tomorrow after the NATO meeting, on my way to the airport... love you too, talk to you soon.

Alex touches the screen to end the call, puts the phone down on the table. He thinks, holds up his left hand, removes his wedding ring, puts it in his jacket pocket.

There's a gentle knock at the door. Alex gets up, opens it.

ALEX (cont'd)

You made it! Do come in. I'm Alex.

A young blonde winsome woman, **PEACH**, early-20s, enters. Lips highlighted with red glossy lipstick, stylish winter coat, smart leather handbag. Alex closes the door. There's a brief awkward silence as they look at each other.

ALEX (cont'd)

You don't look like the pictures on the website.

Peach speaks perfect English with a Swedish accent.

PEACH

I'm sorry, Angel couldn't make it so the agency sent me instead. My name's Peach. You can cancel now if I'm not right for you.

ALEX

No, no, you're more than right, Peach. Much more than right. Please stay. I love your perfume by the way.

PEACH

It's Chanel. Clients say it suits me.

ALEX

Did you bring the special delivery I asked for?

PEACH

I did! It's in my handbag.

She puts her handbag on the coffee table, opens it up. Inside is a cell phone, makeup pouch, condoms and a clear plastic self-sealing bag containing some white powder.

PEACH (cont'd)

You take the bag out. It's better if my fingerprints aren't on it.

Alex picks out the bag, holds the contents up to his eyes.

ALEX

It's good stuff?

PEACH

I got it from another girl. She says it's the best she's bought from her dealer. And do you also have a present for me?

Alex reaches into his attaché case, brings out an envelope stuffed with banknotes, holds it out to her.

PEACH (cont'd)

I can tell you're not Swedish. It's legal to own a military assault rifle here but paying for sexual services is a serious crime.

ALEX

Who's to know?

PEACH

Maybe I'm an undercover police officer trapping naive visitors. Or I might be recording our conversation so you can be blackmailed later.

ALEX

If either of those were true, you wouldn't warn me.

PEACH

But you could always accidentally drop the envelope into my open handbag. Then I can say I never took any money from you.

Alex drops the envelope into her open handbag.

ALEX

Aren't you going to count it?

PEACH

You're a foreigner in a foreign country. You'd know better than to cheat a young student who needs the money. She might have angry violent friends who'd love to meet you.

ALEX

So you're a college student?

PEACH

International Relations, second year. I like college but not poverty. Do you mind if I use the bathroom to freshen my makeup?

ALEX

Go ahead, help yourself. I'm going to try a line of this coke. Are you going to join me?

PEACH

Maybe later during the night if I need some energy. And that depends on how much sleep you need.

Peach takes off her coat. She's wearing a tight short black dress underneath. Alex's eyes widen, he takes in the sight.

ALEX

You've got a great body, Peach!

PEACH

Thank you. You'll find I can put it to good use.

Peach takes the makeup pouch from her handbag and walks to the bathroom. Alex's eyes follow her high heeled legs.

BATHROOM

Peach enters, flicks on the light, takes out lipstick, lip gloss from the pouch, redoes her lips in the mirror. She pauses briefly as she listens to the sound of Alex, SNORTING TWICE, coming through the open doorway.

MAIN ROOM

Peach returns. Open drug bag, white powder, rolled up banknote tube on the table. Alex, now in shirtsleeves, tie loose, leans back, sniffs, rubs his itchy nose.

ALEX

Whoah! That's strong stuff. I've been missing this feeling.

PEACH

Is it hard to get in London?

ALEX

Not hard to get but getting the privacy to enjoy it is hard.

Alex suddenly looks dizzy, unwell. Peach puts her pouch back in her handbag. Her tone becomes assertive, mocking.

PEACH

What's wrong Alex? Not feeling well?

Alex gasps for breath, speaks groggily.

ALEX

No, no I'm not. My body feels heavy.

PEACH

You shouldn't have been in such a hurry. You're an attractive guy. We could have had some fun first. But you couldn't wait, could you?

ALEX

That wasn't cocaine was it?

PEACH

You've overdosed on Fentanyl, Alex. A hundred times stronger than Heroin.

(MORE)

PEACH (cont'd)
It will paralyze your breathing. The police will say you were sold bad street drugs. Such a tragic accident.

Hardly able to speak, Alex croaks out a single question.

ALEX
Why?

Peach puts her coat on, looks down contemptuously at Alex.

PEACH
Come on, Alex. Did you think nobody would notice all the cars, jewelry, designer clothes, the drugs and sex workers? We know you've been selling NATO secrets to the other side. It's time to settle your account, Alex. I'm just the debt collector.

Hardly alive, Alex weakly whispers some final words.

ALEX
Please... help me.

Peach calmly takes her cellphone out of her handbag, selects a number, holds the phone to her ear, waits for a reply. She glances at Alex, lifeless, slumped back on the sofa, mouth open, vacant eyes staring at nothing.

PEACH
(into the phone)
Agent verification double nine double zero six... Please tell our British friends that the Stockholm guest has checked out. Permanently.

She ends the call, puts the phone in her handbag.

Next to the open drug bag, Alex's phone BUZZES with an incoming call. Peach glances at the lit up screen showing a picture of a smiling woman, mid-30s, with 2 girls, 4 and 6 years old. Across the image is text: "JENNY CALLING".

Emotionless, Peach picks up her handbag, walks to the door, takes out a white handkerchief from her coat, wraps it around the handle to open it, exits, the door closes.

The room is silent except for the continuing buzz of Alex's phone displaying the picture of his family.

THE END