

FAITH

Written by

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INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

FAITH (20) sits on the side of a QUEEN-SIZED BED. She's dressed in a bandeau and mini skirt. Her legs dangle off the bedside and her arms press down at her sides.

Behind her the bathroom door opens. Jeremiah (50) shuffles out.

He's wearing nothing but a TOWEL around his waist.

Faith springs off the side of her bed, rotating 180 degrees mid-air, and landing knees-first on the mattress.

FAITH

Hey babe! You feelin' better now?

Jeremiah trudges towards her, rubbing his eyes.

JEREMIAH

Yeah.

(gestures toward the bed)

In.

Faith eagerly nods and slides under the sheets.

Jeremiah collapses next to her, on top of the comforter. His towel flies off, leaving him completely NAKED.

Faith lifts the sheets.

FAITH

You wanna cuddle with me?

JEREMIAH

(staring up)

I don't feel like playing with it tonight.

FAITH

Not like that! Just, y'know, cuddles! Only if ya want to of course--

JEREMIAH

I don't want to.

FAITH

(beat)

Okay!

Still energetic, Faith rolls from her side to her back.

Jeremiah sighs. Faith rolls back toward Jeremiah.

FAITH (CONT'D)
So do you wanna tell me what's
goin' on?

JEREMIAH
(still staring up)
Leave it alone, Faith.

FAITH
Sorry. I just don't wanna make you
uncomfortable.

Jeremiah lets out a chuckle. This startles Faith.

She gives an awkward grin.

JEREMIAH
You think any of this is
comfortable for me?

FAITH
(pause)
I'm sorry. You just tell me what I
need to do and I'll--

JEREMIAH
(turning to her)
I need you to turn around and shut
the fuck up.

Faith loses the smile and nods. She turns back around.

CLOSE on Faith, obscuring Jeremiah, as she starts to drift
off...

JUMP CUT TO:

CLOSE on a WIDE-EYED Faith with a MAN'S HAND over her mouth.

We HOLD on her face. Jeremiah can be heard GRUNTING behind
her as she is JOLTED forward and back.

Forward and back.

Forward and back.

Forward and back.

Forward.

Back.

Forward.

Back.

Forward...

Jeremiah finishes.

In the background, his figure rolls onto his back. We're still HOLDING on Faith's SHAKEN EXPRESSION.

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)
God, I needed that.

CUT TO:

TITLE: FAITH

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - DAWN

A FORD F-150 rolls up in front of the SMALL complex. Jeremiah can be seen through the window. OBSCURED from view, the passenger door opens.

Out steps Faith. She turns back toward Jeremiah with a smirk.

JEREMIAH
See you tonight.

FAITH
See ya!

The truck speeds away. Faith waves, then turns around.

Faith CLENCHES her fist. Then RELEASES it. Clench. Release.

She steps out towards her apartment.

We can see a MCDONALD'S and a SMALL DENTIST OFFICE on either side of the complex.

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM - DAY

Faith sits atop a WASHING MACHINE, waiting. She's wearing only SHORTS and an OVERSIZED FLANNEL.

She stares at the DRYER across from her.

POV inside the dryer: The bandeau and skirt among other clothes tumble about. Faith can be seen through the dryer window.

Faith's phone buzzes.

TEXT - JEREMIAH: "bitch won't let me in. picking you up now"

Faith's hands shake a bit. She quietly hyperventilates.

She texts back: "see you soon!"

She sits on the dryer, staring straight ahead. She looks back at her phone. She lifts her thumbs, about to text something...

Faith JUMPS off the washer and DASHES over to the dryer.

She opens the dryer door feels around the drum.

Skirt and bandeau again? No. Neither are dry enough.

She manages to find a Brazilian cut panty, a black push-up, and a semi-dry PAIR OF LEGGINGS.

She checks the entrances. Clear.

Faith tosses off her clothes. She hooks on the bra, pulls her panties ALMOST all the way up, then reaches down and behind her. She briefly struggles with something between her legs.

Faith pulls up her panties, then STOPS and looks down.

FAITH

Shit.

She slides her fingers through the back of her panties and POPS THE RUNAWAY TESTIS back up into its socket in her abdomen.

Her phone buzzes again.

TEXT - JEREMIAH: "don't tuck"

Faith freezes. She looks a little frustrated but mostly DISAPPOINTED.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - DAY

Faith exits the complex, fully dressed.

She clenches and releases her fist.

Jeremiah's truck is waiting for her.

I/E. FORD F-150 - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE on Faith staring out the window. Jeremiah stares straight ahead.

Faith looks down at the bulge in her leggings. Her lip quivers and her eyebrows furrow.

JEREMIAH
(still staring ahead)
Don't slouch.

Faith instinctively snaps up.

FAITH
Sorry.

Beat.

Faith opens her mouth and takes a sharp inhale, but no words come.

JEREMIAH
Yeah?

FAITH
(pause)
Nothing.

Beat.

FAITH (CONT'D)
What um, what were you plannin' for us tonight?

JEREMIAH
Nothing. Canceled the reservation.

FAITH
Oh.

Faith looks down while still keeping her back straight.

FAITH (CONT'D)
I was... I was sorta lookin' forward to that. That's okay though.

JEREMIAH
(scoffs)
Really?

Faith gives a nervous laugh and shrinks a little in her seat.

FAITH

I mean--I dunno. I just thought
like--

JEREMIAH

(chuckling)

Oh my god. Seriously, Faith? I
mean, I swore to God this was just
part of your freaky little act or
whatever, but you actually give a
shit! I mean Jesus fucking Christ,
I'm on my third soon-to-fucking-be
ex-wife and you're here thinking or
fucking *hoping* I'm some sort of
what? Some dreamboat?! Jesus
fucking Christ, Faith!

Faith is red.

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)

(laughing)

Shit, you really are a crazy-ass
freak.

Faith has tears in her eyes. She's subtly shaking her head.

FAITH

D-don't--

JEREMIAH

What's that?

Faith falls silent.

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)

(staring ahead)

What I thought.

Jeremiah looks over at Faith and sees she's fighting back
tears.

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)

(under his breath)

Christ. Fuck me.

EXT. HOTEL PARKING LOT - DAY

The truck pulls in. A three-floor, yet cheap-looking hotel.

I/E. FORD F-150

CLOSE on Faith clenching her fist.

But she doesn't release it.

JEREMIAH (O.S.)
Let's get this over with.

CLOSE on Faith's infuriated face.

FAITH
(under her breath)
Let's.

CUT TO BLACK.