

EXT. - THE GREY ROOMS - HOTEL RESTAURANT BALCONY

We start with buzzing. Loud buzzing, the bees of the Honey of Revenge around us, inside us.

AARON

I could feel them moving beneath my skin, fanning their lethargic wings.

Crackling fire and bees, everywhere.

AARON (CONT'D)

In the mirror the fire raged and the house began to fall to flames...

AARON (CONT'D)

Poetic justice sweetens the honey of revenge. I came here for her. And it's taken us both instead.

SNAP. We're back to Samantha, who stands on an open balcony looking over city streets. In the background we can hear street noise, the sounds of cars far below, and from behind her inside the hotel restaurant, the sound of classy jazz music.

SAMANTHA

AHHHH!!! Get them off, get them off!

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

Nonononono!

Samantha slaps at her hair, her face, her clothes, for a moment before realizing she's herself again, and there are no bees.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

(heavy breathing)

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

(to herself)

I. I am never going to get used to that. God.

She puts herself together, straightening up and trying to square her jaw. She looks around the balcony, and then looks out at the skyline.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

(to herself)

No elevator, again.

(MORE)

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

Am I still even still in the Grey
Rooms? I'm on a balcony somewhere.

We hear the city sounds a little louder as she looks out and
down.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

(to herself)

I'm at the top of the hotel! I can
see the doors down there, for the
lobby. Look at this skyline!
People, cars... a whole world going
on without me.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

(sighs)

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

(to herself)

And here I am, stuck on the balcony
of an old timey roof bar.

Restaurant?

Those are tables inside, yeah.

From behind Samantha, against the wall, we hear the flick and
click of a big old zippo lighter, chunky and weighty. A
cigarette flares to life

BOB

(bob takes a big drag on
his cig.)

SAMANTHA

Ah. Uh. Hey Bob.

BOB

(bob blows out his deep
breath in a plume of
smoke)

Miss Winters.

SAMANTHA

Didn't know you smoked.

BOB

(with a smile)

Oh, all the time. Careful, though.
These things will kill you.

SAMANTHA

Not really a problem for me, is it?

Bob leaves his spot leaning on the wall and walks over to where she's standing.

BOB

A fair point. Would you like one?

SAMANTHA

Please.

Another chunky click and flair of the lighter as Bob gentlemanly lights a cig for her. She takes a drag.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

(nodding approvingly)

Oh that's nice. It's been a while.

BOB

Indeed.

The two of them look out over the city quietly for a moment, the way people do when they're sharing a cigarette.

SAMANTHA

Bob, why I am I up here? I've shown up a couple of times outside the elevator now.

BOB

As I said when last we spoke, Management approves of your... efficiency.

SAMANTHA

What's that supposed to mean?

BOB

(ignoring her question)

As such, I have been given leave to offer you certain simple rewards. I was hoping a nice drink at the bar... without having to converse with Todd first... would be a balm to your soul.

SAMANTHA

That didn't quite turn out how you planned, huh?

BOB

(clears his throat)

It did not.

This time around, I thought you might enjoy a nice meal.

SAMANTHA

A meal.

BOB

You expressed some time ago that you were hungry.

SAMANTHA

(thinking)

I did, didn't I?

I'm not, now. Now that I know.

Now that I know...

BOB

That you are quite dead.

SAMANTHA

Yeah. It's like I don't have to pretend to be alive anymore. Not really hungry or tired or...

Anything. If I were actually standing on this roof somewhere, I bet I'd be freezing. I was always cold.

When I was alive.

BOB

Hmm.

Another pause as we hear the jazz inside and a little bit of wind blow across the roof. A door opens, and the jazz gets louder for a moment.

TODD

Here now, be just a minute you two.

I haven't had to do anything in the kitchen for a long time.

Hope I still remember which way to hold a knife! Hehehehe.

The door closes behind Todd and Sam shoots Bob a look.

SAMANTHA

Todd is cooking?

BOB

(chuckles)

BOB (CONT'D)

No. The food is being brought here.

He's just doing some preparations.
Setting the right mood.

SAMANTHA

Good. I get the impression he's not
exactly a celebrity chef.

BOB

A what?

SAMANTHA

Forget it.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

(takes a drag on her
cigarette)

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

I'm a little surprised you want to
do something nice for me. You
haven't been shy about what you
think about "us humans."

BOB

You mistake my actions for
compassion, Miss Winters. They are
not.

I do not care if you enjoy this in
the slightest.

Management, on the other hand, has
goals they wish to see come to
fruition. You have begun to play a
part in those plans, and so in turn
they have an interest in preserving
some measure of your good will,
your sanity, and your patience.

I made the arrangements, ordered
Todd to complete them, and now I
stand here on this balcony exhaling
carcinogens through these
disgusting mammal lips.

That is the extent of my
involvement.

SAMANTHA

(dry)
Gee, Bob.

(MORE)

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

And here I thought you were starting to like me.

What am I doing that has Management pleased?

I mean. As far as I can tell I just make your life difficult and then I get in the elevator with Todd, and then I die. Over and over again.

BOB

Yes. That's what you're here for. Your purpose.

SAMANTHA

How is that helpful? To anyone? You just torture me in new and different ways.

And! If your goal is to torture me then why do something nice?

Why feed a meal to someone you're just going to murder again?

BOB

(sullen)

Have I given you the slightest indication I'll answer these questions any differently than I have the others you've asked?

SAMANTHA

We've never smoked cigarettes together, Bob. It's a brand new day.

Another pause for a drag.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

What if... I mean. What if it's not about me? That thing Todd said about other places. Is that it? Is it...

BOB

(cutting her off)

Miss Winters.

I strongly encourage you to discontinue your line of thinking, now.

He flicks his cigarette off the balcony, into oblivion.

BOB (CONT'D)

(annoyed)

If my generosity is challenging for you, then by all means! Cease your prattle. I will escort you down to the lobby.

And we can find a fitting place for you to die this time.

One with seas of acid.

Or monuments of living flesh, fed eternally by sightless caretakers.

Or decades as a catatonic patient, trapped within your own mewling corpse perhaps?

Would that make you happier,
SAMANTHA?

Before she can answer, Todd opens the door. Oblivious to the tone on the roof.

TODD

Right then, sorry about that! I'm all ready for you in here. Why don't you both come and... eh.

Todd trails off as he sees the look on Bob's face.

BOB

Ahem. My apologies, Miss Winters. I am under some strain of late.

Please, let's enjoy this meal.

SAMANTHA

(stony)

Whatever you say. Bob.

The two of them walk inside, leaving Todd standing at the door, looking around a little bleary.

TODD

(to himself)

What in the hell was that?

INT. - THE GREY ROOMS - THE HOTEL RESTAURANT

The Jazz music fills our ears as Samantha and Bob walk over and take their seats at the table Todd has prepared. The table is laden with dishes, all with a platter over top. Todd comes walking up to the table behind them, rubbing his hands together in glee.

TODD

All right then, this is quite a spread isn't it? All these fancy platters and doilies and napkins! And plenty to drink, don't you worry. Hehe.

Neither Bob nor Samantha say a thing, looking daggers at each other over the table.

TODD (CONT'D)

(uncomfortable)

Ehhh. Okayyyy. So old Todd then, he'll do the honors. We've got all your favorites, Miss.

As he goes down the table, Todd takes the platter off of each with a flourish.

TODD (CONT'D)

(trying to make a show of it)

We've got chicken parmesan, here, just like your auntie used to make.

And here, a couple of those steaks your old dad used to grill up on the 4th of July.

We've got a nice fat stack of hotcakes from that diner on the corner, near where you lived your freshman year of university. Crispy bacon, butter and syrup, all the trimmings.

And for desert, the pie Reverend Hicks used to make, eh? He was a bastard, through and through, seems like. But he made a mean apple pie, he did. Hehehehe.

Todd settles himself into a seat with the other two. More staring.

TODD (CONT'D)

Well, let's eat up? Be a shame to
let the food get cold, took an
awful lot of effort to get it here.

Todd grabs some food and starts to tuck in.

SAMANTHA

I keep looking for the maggots.

TODD

(food in his mouth)
Wha? Maggots?

SAMANTHA

I mean, this is a trick, right?

I'm going to go to eat some of Aunt
Mary's chicken parm and it'll
suddenly be filled with maggots. Or
it'll look like a dead baby, or
something horrible.

TODD

(chewing happily)
Tastes all right to me, miss!

BOB

I can assure you, no maggots.

SAMANTHA

Keeping me happy? Doing what you're
told?

BOB

(trying to be
conciliatory)
If you please, this.... (sighs)
This is supposed to be a reward. No
tricks.

Everyone begins to nibble at some of the food, and Samantha
and Bob start to relax a bit.

BOB (CONT'D)

(thoughtful)
Hmm.

TODD

Yessir?

BOB

This apple pie *is* very good. The Reverend killed dozens of people in a madness-fueled push for power. But he was also a talented baker.

SAMANTHA

(sighing)

This is supposed to make me feel better, right?

BOB

My apologies. What should we talk about?

SAMANTHA

Todd was telling me some interesting things about where he came from, maybe you could tell me where you come from Bob.

BOB

(arched eyebrow)

He was, was he?

TODD

(nervous)

Oh... hehehehe. No worries, sir. No worries. Just a little idle chatter, pay it no mind.

BOB

Indeed.

Miss Winters, you are not going to get any charming anecdotes from me.

SAMANTHA

All right. Todd, what about you? If this was your favorite food here, what would you have on the table?

TODD

(happy)

Oh! A great question, Miss. A happy thought. Let's see.

Me mum used to make this lamb shank stew. Just the best thing in the world.

And my first wife, darling girl, when it was my birthday she'd make up a big pot of chili, very spicy.

(MORE)

TODD (CONT'D)

Delicious!

Oh! And for desert, ice cream.
Zavelberry and fudge. There was a
dairy farm just down the way from
where I grew up.

SAMANTHA

Zavelberry?

TODD

Sweets, miss. Tasty little purple
berries, sugary and delicious.

BOB

(deadpan)

Pineapple and ham pizza.

SAMANTHA

What?

BOB

No one asked what I would want on
the table. I have... to be fair...
not eaten that many dishes. But
pineapple and ham pizza was.

Incredible.

SAMANTHA

(laughing in spite of
herself)

TODD

Hehehehehe.

BOB

Did I say something funny?

SAMANTHA

(stifling her snickers)

Ah. No, no. You're fine. Just... if
I needed any more proof you're not
human. Well. (clears her throat.)

TODD

Awww, don't tease him too hard
miss. He's all right. Could be far
worse, some of the fellas I've met
here are ... hoo! Bad news.

BOB
 (bob makes a 'hmm' noise
 at this backhanded
 compliment)

Todd's getting very comfortable now, gesturing and pointing with his silverware as he talks.

TODD
 Now, when I first got here? It was a nightmare! All the old stories, right? Red hot poker, and rusty nails, and all manner of unpleasantness.

BOB
 (warning)
 Todd.

TODD
 (not hearing him,
 laughing, with rising
 enthusiasm)
 That's why I was so grateful to be brought in on the Grey Rooms, Miss! It's like I told you when you started up this run, it's all so interesting, watching you go places and meet people. And die! Hehehe.

SAMANTHA
 (annoyed)
 Todd.

TODD
 (oblivious)
 This one's been a good one, hasn't it? Lasted a lot longer than the last few times. And so many tasty trips out and back. The Warden must be so pleased.

Bob stands up abruptly from the table and walks over to Todd.

TODD (CONT'D)
 If I were a bettin' man, I'd say with the fun little favors our man Bob here is doing you, I bet you last longer than any of em' ever have! Hehehehe!

There is a loud, terrible CRUNCH noise as Bob snaps Todd's neck. Todd slumps forward into his plate, his head hitting the table as he dies.

SAMANTHA
(angry)
Goddamnit, Bob!

Bob wipes his hands, unhappy he had to touch Todd.

BOB
I am sorry, Miss Winters. But his
mouth was getting away from him.

SAMANTHA
Every time you try to do something
nice for me, someone dies. You do
see that, right?

BOB
(sighing)
If it makes you feel any better,
Todd will be back on the elevator
soon. I'm sure. The Warden will see
to it.

SAMANTHA
Right. God this place is weird.

BOB
Would you like to finish your meal?

SAMANTHA
(peeved)
I think. I think the moment has
passed.

BOB
Yes, I suppose it has. And since
Todd is face-down in some pancakes,
I suppose I will have to run the
elevator for you.

If you'll follow me?

Samantha gets up from the table and they walk across the
empty restaurant towards the elevator down.

BOB (CONT'D)
I tried to pick rooms that you
might like, as well.

Relatively speaking.

One is a room inhabited by an
artist, just like you. The other is
a room in quiet little retirement
home in the American south.

SAMANTHA

(wry)

Oh, Bob. You do know how to treat a lady right. I get to pick two nice ways to die.

I guess... I'll go with the artist. It's been a while since I picked up a paint brush.

They get to the elevator and the doors open, stepping inside.

BOB

Going down, then. Room 430. Just remember, Miss Winters.

"Everyone's a Critic."

DING!