

INT. MOTEL OFFICE - DAY

The office of a 1950s style motel, one that had made minimal efforts to modernize - the computer behind the desk represents the high water mark of technological advancement - instead opting to rely on the limited amount of charm it retains from its glory days. A MOTEL MANAGER sits behind the counter scrolling away on her phone.

COLTON walks up the steps outside, scoping the place out, and enters the office. A bell rings. The MOTEL MANAGER looks up from her phone and sees COLTON as he walks over to the counter.

COLTON

Uh, hi. Billy sent me over, said I should talk to...

MOTEL MANAGER

(cutting him off)

You Colt?

COLTON nods.

MOTEL MANAGER (CONT'D)

Mm-hmmh. Okay.

MOTEL MANAGER reaches under the counter and pulls out a piece of paper and a keycard.

MOTEL MANAGER (CONT'D)

Sign here and initial here, here, and here.

She motions to points on the paper.

MOTEL MANAGER (CONT'D)

Company dime's got the room.
Anything else is on you, (o)kay?

COLTON nods again.

MOTEL MANAGER (CONT'D)

Peachy.

COLTON signs and initials the paper and slides it back across the counter. MOTEL MANAGER grabs the paper while COLTON takes the key and heads off to his room.