

BARATA

di

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Original idea

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1

INT. SUITE - DAY

1

Interior of a luxury suite. A shimmering light comes from the panoramic windows on a green terrace. A WOMAN (Influencer, seductive, 20 years old) enters with the smartphone in her hand, she is doing a live social.

She notices the hot tub, reaches it and plays with the water, laughing.

The influencer lets herself fall on the sofa, ecstatic. Inhales deeply smelling something in the air, but her attention is on her phone.

Away from the woman, the ventilation grille covers the silhouette of a severed head whose dead eyes are hidden in the shadows...

DISTURBING MELODY.

FADE OUT

2

INT. STANZA HOTEL - GIORNO

2

FADE IN

BRAZILIAN MUSIC.

Montage:

- Inside dressing room: a WOMAN (Sara, 25, beautiful, South American) is tying her hair.

- Sara takes a clean apron, smells it with a satisfied air and knots it around her waist.

- Sara gently caresses the PHOTO half detached from the door that portrays her embracing her children (6 and 13 years old) in the attic of a very poor house. Below there is a sticker of Cristo Rei, the symbol of Rio de Janeiro.

- Sara takes out the identification tag which reads the name SARA and puts it on her side.

- Two women pass by, one looks at the other with a knowing smile and makes the BUZZ of an insect with her mouth.

- Sara SHUTS her locker, scared.

- Two women laugh at the woman and leave.

- Sara OPENS her locker, grabs the earphones and CLOSES.

(CONTINUA)

End montage

Room in a luxury hotel, chaos of the last guest. Sara dances to the notes of a sexy Brazilian MELODY. From his ears, the earphone cord runs down her hips.

A SHADOW passes behind her ...

Sara sways her pelvis left and right in a moment of pure peace as she stretches the sheet to be affixed to the mattress with a STROKE.

She slides her hand across the bed flattening the wrinkles of the clean sheet.

Someone stands behind Sara staring at her with her arms crossed over her chest.

Sara picks up the dirty sheets from the floor, her immaculate apron comes dangerously close to the edge of a room service plate stained with a red sauce.

Sara notices this and dodges the plate by moving her pelvis over there. She twirls in the direction of her cart and ...

Sara screams.

A hairy fly walks on the cart in front of Sara.

The sheets fall to the floor. Sara has her gaze fixed on the insect, she compulsively contracts her hand grabbing the apron.

SBAM!

SOMEONE hits the cart making the fly fly away, then approaches slowly.

Sara is as if she's enchanted.

The Concierge CLEARS her voice.

Sara moves her gaze as if woken up. In front of her there is the CONCIERGE (44 years old, stocky, severe).

The Concierge reaches her with a threatening air and reaches out a hand. Sara backs off in fear.

The Concierge removes the identification tag from her side and places it on Sara's chest. Sara has a painful expression.

The Concierge stares at Sara's identification tag. She raises a puzzled eyebrow.

CONCIERGE

Newbie?

Sara allontana il ricevitore per non essere assordata.

La Concierge guarda Sara con sufficienza.

Sara writhes her feet in discomfort, steals the card from the Concierge and goes back to her cart.

Something VIBRATES on the Concierge's strap as she raises her hand to Sara and points to the phone in the room.

Sara reaches the phone. Hesitates. She picks up the receiver and brings it to her ear. Someone SCREAMS.

Sara pushes the receiver away so as not to be deafened.

The Concierge looks at Sara smugly.

CONCIERGE

There is no dancing here, now go
and see the emergency

JUMP CUT

Sara THROWS the sheets in the basket of the trolley cart and exits puffing.

3

INT. CORRIDOR > SUITE - DAY

3

Gorgeous corridor, so wide that it gets lost.

A woman screams.

Sara walks fastly until appears in front of the room and looks inside.

The Influencer, unmade hair, stands with the phone in her hand filming everything.

Sara approaches puzzled.

A plump dark MASS crosses the floor behind the two women ...

Sara turns. She sees nothing.

The influencer points to the hob where the kitchen socket is placed like a hut on top of something ...

Sara hesitates. Advances to the hob. She brings her hand to the pot holder and raises it ...

(CONTINUA)

There is nothing.

Sara SIGHS in relief.

A pot-bellied BEETLE sways its long slender antennae inches from Sara's thigh ...

Influencer SCREAMS.

Sara jumps against the wall SHOUTING covering her face with her hands and, after a pause, she runs away making the sign of the cross.

4

INT. DRESSING ROOM - DAY

4

Sara looks mournfully in front of her. Unfastens the knot behind her back and lift the apron.

Noise of STEPS.

Behind Sara, the Concierge materializes, gently laying her hand on Sara' shoulder, forcing Sara to look at her

The Concierge rips the ID tag off her chest and drops it. A small malicious smile on her face says a lot as she walks away leaving Sara alone ...

Sara lifts her face, some tears can be seen in her eyes. As she opens the locker with an angry snap, something softly flutters from the locker to her feet.

Sara looks down at her feet, she sees the photograph with her children.

Melancholyc BRAZILIAN MUSIC ...

Sara collects the photograph and puts it back in place, after which she closes the wardrobe ENERGETICALLY.

Sara crosses the apron laces behind her back. She ties her hair with the rubber band, peers into her cleaning trolley, takes some sheets of paper, as she does so, notices a spray that she grabs and puts in her pocket but something else catches her attention ...

The broom.

Sara takes the broom by the handle with confidence and heads for the suite but she gets into something ...

The shoe lace. Sara reassures her sneaker laces ... nearby she sees her identification tag. She picks it up and walks out brandishing the broom like a fighting pike.

(CONTINUA)

CUT TO

5 **INT. SUITE - DAY**

5

Interior of the suite. Luggage near the door. The influencer is on the phone of the suite, visibly agitated.

Someone interrupts the communication.

The influencer looks up.

Sara holds up the phone cord with a serious expression.

An off-screen NOISE. The cockroach walks on the stove ...

Sara grabs the can, shakes it and approaches the hob, pointing the spout towards the cockroach and **SPRAYS** a cloud.

The cockroach remains motionless.

Sara smiles incredulously.

TAN!

THE BEETLE PAWLS away.

Sara looks at the confused can and realizes it's a polishing spray.

The influencer takes the bags and leaves. Sara is alone in the suite ...

Something **CRAWLS** on the floor.

Sara follows the noise to the living room. Next to the reading lamp she sees the insect. She extends the broom with a rough movement and **HITS**.

The chandelier **FALLS**.

The cockroach **CRAWLS** elsewhere but Sara dashes towards and with a horizontal sweep **HITS** the insect.

SQUICK!

6 **INT. BATHROOM > EXT. HOTEL - DAY**

6

Bathroom floor. The cockroach lands awkwardly on the back, weakly waving its paws and antennae dazedly.

(CONTINUA)

Sara gloriously advances towards the insect. She towers over the insect like a giantess and lifts the shoe threateningly ...

The beetle contracts into a tangle of trembling legs.

The shoe comes dangerously close to the insect's belly ...

Sara observes the insect.

Melancholy BRAZILIAN MUSIC.

The cockroach's antennae compulsively tremble with fear.

Sara hesitates.

The cockroach trembles.

BRAZILIAN MUSIC.

Sara moves her foot ...

Sara's gaze softens. The hand rummages in the pocket extracting a sheet of absorbent paper. She leans over with her hand full of paper towards the insect...

Picks it up from the floor.

Sara, in a victorious smile, looks at her hand, opening it a little and peeking inside ...

A white sheet of paper...

TAN!

Something dark flies over her face with a heavy BUZZ. Sara screams and falls to the ground where she gasps in terror, waving her hands in small irregular spasms.

Montage:

- Sara grabs the insect with her bare hand.
- She exits the hotel.
- Sara frees the cockroach in the middle of the road.
- She turns towards the Hotel, from a window, the Concierge looks at her with an annoyed expression.
- Sara triumphantly walks towards the Hotel.
- Sara cammina trionfante verso l'Hotel.

End Montage

CUT TO

7

INT. SUITE - DAY

7

Interior of the Influencer Suite. Some sponges on the ground. Sara rubs the floor when she smells something in the air, SNIFF SNIFF ...

Sara leans her face against the wall and inhales. Her lip bends downwards. Sara moves along the wall until she spots ...

The air grate.

SCAMPERING NOISE (O.S).

Sara approaches a ladder to the wall, pushes the screwdriver and LOOSES the grate until the nozzle is uncovered.

A GORGE of fetid air hits Sara in the face, she has a disgusted expression and looks straight into the darkness of the opening.

The grate falls from his hands with a THUND.

SLOW MOTION STARTS: Sara's mouth draws an expression of horror, a scream and runs away. FINE SLOW MOTION.

Sara's identification tag remained on the step of the staircase ...

END