

(Printed with the demonstration version of Fade In)

FREE  
BREAKFAST

Written by  
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EXT. HOTEL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

A blue sedan pulls into the parking lot, bags fill the back of the car and are pushed up against the windows. JANE (f, 18, disheveled) gets out of the drivers seat and collects her suitcase from the trunk.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

Jane approaches the front desk, her suitcase rolling next to her. She glances around the room. The RECEPTIONIST (m, 30) smiles at her.

JANE

Hi. I'd like to check in, please.

RECEPTIONIST

Sure. May I see your ID?

Jane pauses before quickly nodding.

JANE

Right, yes. Sorry.

She fumbles for her wallet and hands over her ID. They both are silent. The receptionists key board clicks and clacks. Jane scans the room.

In the lounge area, an older man sits on a plush couch and watches the TV. He turns and looks at her. Jane quickly looks away and tightens her hand around her suitcase handle.

RECEPTIONIST

Here you are. You'll be in room 119,  
down on the left. Enjoy your stay.

He hands back her card as well as a key. A small green ribbon is tied to the end.

JANE

Thank you.

She shifts her things and walks slowly away.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jane approaches her room door and slides the key in. She messily pushes the door open. She checks over her shoulders once before going in and closing it behind her.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

She flicks the lock on the door closed and turns to face the room. Two full beds, a dresser with a TV, some night stands and chairs fill the room. It's nothing fancy. Jane's shoulders relax a bit.

She hesitantly puts her suitcase on top of one of the beds when her phone begins to ring. She answers.

JANE

Hey, mom.

MOM (V.O.)

Hi honey, just wanted to check in and see that you made it OK.

JANE

Yeah, I did. Just got to my room.

MOM (V.O.)

Good, good. Did the front desk give you any issues?

JANE

No, it was fine.

Jane fiddles with the zipper on her bag.

MOM (V.O.)

Great. Just try to relax for the rest of the night, OK? Let me know if you need anything.

JANE

Alright, I will.

MOM (V.O.)

OK, sweetie-

JANE

Oh, Mom, do you know if they have free breakfast in the morning?

MOM (V.O.)

Oh, I'm not sure sweetie. I'll need to check the booking confirmation.

JANE

That's OK, I'll figure it out.

MOM (V.O.)

Alright. Well, have a good night and text me when you're back on the road tomorrow.

JANE

Alright. Love you.

MOM (V.O.)

Love you too. Bye.

Jane brings her phone down and clicks it off. A siren sounds in the distance.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Jane picks up the TV remote from the night stand and turns it on. The screen is static even as she tries flicking through channels. She sits down on the bed and sighs.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Jane wanders around the room. She opens drawers and peers inside. In the desk drawer, there is a bible.

She picks it up and flips through it. It lands open on a page with a 20 dollar bill stuck inside like a book mark. Her eyebrows furrow. She moves the bill and reads a highlighted section:

"Do not let the sun go down on your anger, and give no opportunity to the devil. Let all bitterness and wrath and anger and clamor and slander be put away from you, along with all malice. Be kind to one another, tender hearted, forgiving one another, as God in Christ forgave you."

She closes the book, leaving the bill inside.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM BATHROOM - NIGHT

Jane stands in the bathroom looking around. She takes the bathmat from the side of the tub and places it on the floor. She straightens and looks at herself in the mirror for a moment.

Indistinguishable muffled yelling comes through the wall. Her eyes widen a bit and she goes to the front door.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Standing up on her toes, Jane looks through the peep hole. Slowly, she retracts. She glances over her shoulder at her room and grabs a nearby chair. She drags it in front of the door.

She backs away and faces the room, shifting weight between her feet. Across the room, the window curtains move slightly with a breeze. A door handle sticks out between them. Jane heads toward it.

EXT. HOTEL BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

Sliding the door open, Jane steps out onto the balcony. It faces the highway, car headlights shining as they drive past. She grabs the railing and closes her eyes, taking a deep breath. Her shoulders sag.

TRUCKER (O.S.)  
Cigarette?

Jane's eyes shoot open and she jumps back from the edge. A few feet from her sits an old man, TRUCKER (60, big belly). He sits on his side of the balcony which connects to hers. A metal bar separates the two of them.

He smokes a cigarette and relaxes back in a patio chair. A beer bottle sits on the floor next to him. He looks at her.

JANE  
Um. No, thank you.

She turns to head back inside, her head down.

TRUCKER  
You don't smoke?

She stops, her hand on the door handle.

JANE  
No.

TRUCKER  
That's too bad...you know they're good for you?

They both look at each other for a moment before he begins to laugh. The chuckle turn into coughs. Jane glances between him and the door.

TRUCKER (cont'd)  
That's what I was told at least. You seem smarter than that, though.

He taps the end of his cigarette.

TRUCKER (cont'd)  
You go to school?

She drops her hand from the door.

JANE  
Yes.

TRUCKER  
Good. Keep up that education or you'll end up like me.

He puffs his cigarette and looks out to the highway.

TRUCKER (cont'd)  
Care to join?

He gestures to the chair on her side. She hesitates, glancing at the door. Slowly, she takes a seat on her side of the balcony. Car headlights flare as they pass.

TRUCKER (cont'd)  
I've spent lots of years on the road, but I never get sick of this.

JANE  
What do you do?

He takes a sip of his beer.

TRUCKER  
Semi driver.

He nods his head, gesturing toward the highway. She looks out to it.

JANE  
Do you ever get tired of it?

TRUCKER  
Of driving?

She nods.

TRUCKER (cont'd)  
Nah. There's lots out there to see.  
Blessed to be goin' places I ain't  
ever been before.

Jane picks at her fingernails.

JANE  
Do you ever get tired of being  
lonely?

He stops and looks at her.

TRUCKER  
Do I look lonely?

She doesn't say anything. He puffs his cigarette.

TRUCKER (cont'd)  
Sometimes. Job requires peace. Can't  
be alone if you can't be at peace.  
That's what I think at least.

She nods.

TRUCKER (cont'd)  
What do you think, Miss Education?

She looks out toward the road.

JANE  
I think if loneliness is something  
you can get used to than it must not  
be that bad.

He smiles.

TRUCKER  
See. I knew you were smart.

A small smile grows on her face.

JANE  
Do stay out here all night?

TRUCKER  
Sometimes. I like watching the sun  
come up. Best part of the job, I'd  
say.

JANE  
Why's that?

He stops to think.

TRUCKER

My momma used to say that every time  
the sun comes up, something will  
change. I guess I like that.

He puts out his cigarette and grabs his bottle, resting it  
on his belly.

TRUCKER (cont'd)

You ask a lot of questions.

She shrugs and looks down.

TRUCKER (cont'd)

(smiling)

Got any more?

She sits for a moment.

JANE

How did you do it? Being on your own  
for the first time.

He purses his lips and sighs.

TRUCKER

I suppose I just kept chasing that  
itch for freedom. Wanted to see more.  
Wanted an adventure.

He finishes off his beer.

TRUCKER (cont'd)

And it's been an adventure.

They smile at each other.

TRUCKER (cont'd)

You're just at the start of yours.  
How exciting.

She smiles bigger and nods at him politely. She slowly  
stands to go inside but stops at the door and turns to him.

JANE

Do you know if there's free breakfast  
in the morning?

He smiles at her and nods.

TRUCKER

Yeah.

She nods too and heads inside. The door slides shut behind her.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END.