

Endless Story

by

Michel J. Duthin

FADE IN:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

A large hotel room. The windowpane overlooks on high buildings.

In the bed, a MAN in his late thirties wakes up. He yawns. Drowsy, he sits on the verge of the bed. He's fully naked.

On the floor, a pile of masculine clothes. A plastic nametag with a tiny picture of the man where it reads A.A.A. is pinned on the shirt

The man scans the room. Puzzled, he scratches the back of his head and lies back on the bed. He feels the smoothness of the bed, feeling good.

A door opens. A young WOMAN steps out from the bathroom. Wet hair and the bathrobe opens on her frontal nudity, she freezes as she sees the man.

Her first move is to close her bathrobe.

WOMAN

Who... Who are you?

The man turns to her and covers himself with the sheet.

WOMAN

What are you doing in my room?

MAN

Who are you?

WOMAN

This is my room.

MAN

No. It's mine.

They both look confounded.

WOMAN

Who are you?

MAN

My name is --
(confused)
I can't remember.

WOMAN

Get out of my room!

MAN

Wait a minute. How can you be so
sure this is your room?

WOMAN

Because I --
(confused)
I can't remember.

She knots her bathrobe belt and sits on a chair, her hands on her knees. The man keeps looking at her in her every move.

WOMAN

I -- can't either remember -- my
name.

The man sits on the bed.

MAN

Listen. Let's resume the
situation. We're both naked in
the same hotel room. We are
friends apparently.
(he peeks under the sheet)
Very good friends, I must admit.

The woman blushes and smiles.

MAN

You're a very seducing woman.
Suppose this is your bed. You
surely invited me in. I'm sure
you're not insensible.

WOMAN

Well. I'm not.
(she sizes him up)
I guess you're right.

She stands up and walks to the bed. She unknots the belt of her bathrobe. The bathrobe slips and falls to her feet.

The woman slips under the sheet and cuddles up to the man. He caresses her face.

MAN

You smell like heaven.

They kiss. A passionate kiss. The man slides down the front of her body and disappears under the sheet.

MAN (V.O.)

You taste like heaven.

The woman starts to moan.

WOMAN

(in a breath)

Yes...

FADE TO BLACK:

LATER

Both panting and sweating, the man and the woman lie side by side, watching the ceiling. Her hair is a mess.

WOMAN

God. It was good. Very good...

She turns to him, kisses him on the cheek, and gets up. Naked, she grabs her bathrobe and paces to the bathroom.

WOMAN

I'll be right back.

She disappears into the bathroom.

The man closes his eyes.

LATER

The man opens his eyes. Drowsy, he sits on the verge of the bed.

He scans the room. Puzzled, he scratches his crotch and lies back on the bed, hands under his head, feeling good.

The bathroom door opens. The woman steps out. Wet hair and the bathrobe opens on her frontal nudity, she freezes as she sees the man.

Her first move is to close her bathrobe.

WOMAN

Hey! What are you doing in my
room?

The man turns to her and covers himself with the sheet.

MAN

Who are you --

FADE TO:

EXT. HOTEL - DAY

The street is overcrowded. Several people come in and out of a hotel lobby.

By the DOORMAN in uniform who stands there, a large panel announces:

1st AMERICAN AMNESIA ASSOCIATION ANNUAL CONVENTION

FADE OUT: