

Oh, What a Night!

by
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FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Through the window, a magnificent black sky full of millions stars.

On a Latin rhythm, Julie London is singing with her most sensual voice.

JULIE LONDON (V.O.)
(singing)

When marimba rhythms start to
play Dance with me, make me sway
Like a lazy ocean hugs the shore
Hold me close, sway me more
Like a flower bending in the breeze
Bend with me, sway with ease--

The bedroom is huge. A Hollywood scenery. Hot lights, tropical heat, wealthy furniture. From the high ceiling, red satin wall covering fall as waterfall on a king-sized waterbed where a couple is frantically making love in silk pink sheets on the music rhythm.

A large golden fan blows silently sweet air. A large mirror over the bed reflects the couple.

JAMES is in his 40's. Perfect tanned skin, ultra bright teeth, manicured hands. He is closely shaved and his hair combed back. He looks serene, peaceful, quiet.

NATASHA is young and beautiful. The FEMME FATALE, blonde hair, perfectly made. She gently moans under James' carnal assaults.

James rolls back on her side as she keeps caressing and kissing him. James smiles.

CLOSEUP ON HIS CLOSING EYES

A HUM resounds, far away, then closer and closer. It covers the music that fades out.

As the hum is now deafening, music STOPS.

INT. JAMES' BEDROOM - NIGHT

THE FRAME IS IN BLACK AND WHITE

James' eyes open. His dilated pupils scan up and down, left and right.

His hand, not manicured anymore, switches on the bedside lamp. A yellowish light throws huge shadows on the walls.

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As the hum has suddenly ceased, we realize that the bedroom is different: no more waterbed, no more wall covering, no more mirror, no more Natasha. Everything is dirty, sordid. The wallpaper is torn, showing spots of old paintings.

James is lying on a metallic SQUEALING bed (kinda hospital bed), wearing underwear. One the bed foot is missing, replaced by three big books. Facing the bed, the TV set is showing only static. On the floor, by the bed, several B. & B. magazines.

Like a rheumatic man, James sits on the bed. His eyes are tired, his hair greasy, and he has a three-day beard. He is very pale and heavily sweating. The heat looks unbearable to him.

James scans the bedroom.

NOTHING

NO MORE NOISE

Groaning, he switches the light off, sighs, and lies back.

Julie London's voice fades in and the frame starts to get colorful.

Suddenly, the hum is back.

MUSIC STOPS AGAIN

FRAME TURNS BACK TO B/W

James switches the light on. He sits on the bed, scratching his cheek.

THEN, HE SEES "IT"

A MOSQUITO

CLOSEUP ON JAMES' EYES FOLLOWING THE INSECT

The mosquito lands on the wall by the bed, just above a large TICKING ALARM CLOCK.

Quicker than lightning, James' hand hits the wall, and crush the insect. As he takes his hand out, there is a red bloody spot on the wall, mixed with the crushed bug.

Satisfied, James switches the light off. Lying back, he tries to recover his sleep, closes his eyes, looking for his lost dream. He keeps turning around in his too small bed that keeps SQUEALING.

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Furious, James switches the light on, fixes the ceiling for a while, then picks up a porn magazine, pages it through, and throws it back on the floor. He rummages in the bedside table drawer, finds only an empty sleeping pills box.

THE HUM IS BACK

Ready, James freezes. Then, slowly, he gets up, and wanders around the bedroom, looking for the "enemy".

Nothing.

The wooden floor creaks under his feet.

James suddenly shouts in pain, raising his leg. He's just stepped on a wood shard. He leaps onto his bed to take it out.

He lies back and sneaks a glance at the alarm clock: 4:00.

He switches the light off.

CUT TO:

INT. JAMES' BEDROOM - NIGHT (LATER)

In the darkness, a match lights James' face. He is lighting a cigarette. His forehead is sweating. He wipes the sweat off his face and switches the lights on again. By the alarm clock, James takes a tiny fan, switches it on and passes it over his whole body. The fan stops. No more batteries.

Losing his cool, James throws it on the floor.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Naked, the cigarette stuck between his lips, James is standing in a bathtub covered with tarter. He turns the faucet but only a few water drops fall from the shower.

Furious, James hits the water pipes.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT (LATER)

Back into his underwear, James wipes his sweaty face with a napkin and looks at his reflection in the mirror. He rubs his jaws and gives himself a seductive smile.

INT. JAMES 'BEDROOM - NIGHT

James reenters cautiously the bedroom, steps to the curtains, and shakes them.

The mosquito is not there.

James falls onto his bed and looks at the alarm clock:
4:30.

He crosses his arms on his chest and counts sheep on his fingers, trying to sleep. Uselessly.

He puts his head in his hands, desperate.

CUT TO:

INT. JAMES' BEDROOM - NIGHT (LATER)

James is seated on his bed, in the lotus flower posture, trying to relax.

He looks down at his belly as it gurgles.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

James is kneeling in front of the fridge. It is desperately empty, but a beer can. He grabs it, opens the can and gulps.

BACK TO:

INT. JAMES' BEDROOM - NIGHT

James is back in his bedroom, starting to make pushups on the wooden floor. After three, he collapses on the floor, out of breath.

He gets up, annoyed, and-- freezes.

THE HUM IS BACK

CLOSEUP ON JAMES' EYES SCANNING THE BEDROOM

CUT TO:

INT. JAMES' BEDROOM - NIGHT (LATER)

James is standing, immobile, in a corner of the bedroom, "armed" with a telescopic shoehorn. On the watch, he holds his breath and waits. Choking, he coughs.

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THE HUM RESUMES

The makeshift weapon hits a wardrobe, a wall, the curtain.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

The hum gets away from the bedroom.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

James rushes out into a long and dark corridor. He opens every door. Nothing.

He freezes again. The hum resumes on his back, making its way to another room.

INT. ANOTHER BEDROOM - NIGHT

The door slowly opens and squeaks. James enters another bedroom, all on fours, the shoehorn in his hand. The bedroom is dusty and gloomy.

The mosquito looks like to be waiting for James at the back of the room. James gets up and runs, but his foot bumps into a rolled carpet and he falls onto a mattress in a cloud of dust. He stands up, coughing.

The nearby humming looks like having the hiccups like it was splitting its sides with laughing.

James waves angrily the shoehorn in the air, but the hum gets out of the bedroom.

BACK TO:

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

James guardedly steps back into the corridor, brandishing his weapon and freezes.

He paces to a door and smashes it open with his foot.

The john.

INT. TOILETS - NIGHT

James' giant shadow is hurled on the bowl. He abruptly puts the lid down and flushes.

Panting, he sits on the lid.

But the humming resumes.

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James gets up and--

BACK TO:

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

--rushes into the corridor, his face distorted.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

James emerges into a large living room with high ceiling where the hum is now coming from. There lie the remains of certain glorious past: a wobbly piano with missing keys, a broken sofa stuck between bookshelves and a fireplace stuffed with gronk, with a cracked mirror above.

James slams the door behind him and grins a satisfied smile.

No doubt. The mosquito is now doomed.

James' hand pulls several switches. Every naked bulb light. The room is now illuminated with a white blinded light.

Enraged, James hunts his game from the piano to the fireplace, from the sofa to the piano.

VIENNA WALTZ MUSIC

A cloud of dust accompanies every blow he gives. He hampers himself in the curtains and looks like fighting looking for the way out.

THE HUM AMPLIFIES TO BE UNBEARABLE

James cannot take it anymore. He puts his hands on his ears.

Suddenly, he freezes.

HE SEES "IT"

He is staring at the top of the bookshelves.

As a pirate ready to board, James puts the shoehorn between his teeth and starts to climb the shelves.

His fingers slip on the dust.

James nearly falls back but he manages to stand steady.

He is now reaching the top, holding the shoehorn and-- hits.

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CONTINUED:

The weapon breaks, unbalancing James. He tries to grab a shelf full of books, but it breaks under his weight and falls onto him with a CRASH.

Hitting his head, the books precipitate James to the floor where he heavily lands like a sack of potatoes. Every book submerges him.

Lying there, flacked out, his eyes closed, he is sanctimoniously smiling.

Julie London's voice fades in again.

FADE OUT:

AS END CREDITS UNROLL, MUSIC SUDDENLY STOPS, INTERRUPTED BY THE AWFUL--

ALARM CLOCK RINGING

The end