

'BREAKFAST NOT INCLUDED'

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INT. HOTEL SUITE - LOUNGE - EVENING

A plush open-plan HOTEL SUITE overlooking St. Pancras. Floor-to-ceiling windows showcase rush hour life turning to night.

HIM — radiant being; sharp suited; wearing a sullen almost vacant expression, slumps his head on the window.

He studies the STREET — fixating on a **WOMAN** stood alone by the TRAIN STATION, looking a tad forlorn. Maybe she needs saving. Like him. His eyes beg her to look up. To connect...

Until a **MAN** runs in to surprise her from behind. She doesn't need saving. He watches their embrace, their kiss, their own little world evolve... Wishing he were a part of it.

He puts his hands up to the window; a PEN and BUSINESS CARD in one hand, he checks his ROLEX on the other; '6.34pm'.

He pushes himself away from window life and heads to the BAR. To drown any sentiments and put the card on the counter;

INSERT — BUSINESS CARD: '**BRIEF ENCOUNTERS**'

HANDWRITTEN ON THE CARD
Layla. 9pm.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - LOUNGE - NIGHT

He's asleep, wedged in the corner of the couch, in the dark. His head lolls, slipping his right arm off the backrest. Its hand inching a half-full WHISKEY TUMBLER towards collapse.

Inch by inch the accident nears with each head loll, until... the Whiskey spills all over his trousers! The shock bolts him awake — *fuck* — he checks his watch; '7.42pm'

He dials the hotel phone — on answering, his charm kicks in;

HIM
Hi. I have a problem-- Is there any
chance you might be able to clean and
press a pair of trousers within the hour?
To save my arse from embarrassment?

His glorious smile to their response, brightens his being.

HIM (CONT'D)
I'm happy to pay extra--
(waiting... laughs)
Oh--... You're amazing. Thank you.

Phone down — lights on — TROUSERS off, slung by the door.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Music blares on the stereo, as he paces the Bathroom, grooming, avoiding the mirror while he psyches himself up with his warm-up 'zen routine'.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

He carries a SMALL TABLE to beside the BED, puts a BATH TOWEL down to lay out the sex toys from his OVERNIGHT BAG; *CONDOMS, SATIN ROPE TIES, LUBE, VIBRATORS, DILDOS, ANAL BEADS, WHIP* etc. Nothing extreme, but enough not to be vanilla.

Each is placed on the towel with purpose along with the stereos beat. He's starting to get excited. Feel intimate.

He whacks the whip on his hand; but he's not feeling that tonight. He puts it back in his overnight bag.

He tests, feels each toy, by/on himself. Albeit without insertion. For now.

TITLE CARD: '**BREAKFAST NOT INCLUDED**'

INT. HOTEL SUITE - LOUNGE - NIGHT

Sunk into the couch in his shirt and briefs, he plays with his whip, zombified, flipping TV channels.... A knock on the door; **8.35pm** - *his trousers, finally!* - he grabs a cash tip from his wallet and runs to the door...

CONT. -- HOTEL SUITE - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

... opening it to a WIDE-BRIMMED HAT - a flash of BLONDE hair - a green dress - her chin?!--

HIM
Amazing--ARGH!
(PANICKED! WHO-THE-FUCK?!)
You're not--

He slams the door shut as a reflex - runs back into the Suite - turns off the TV; checks the toys; he's ready-- *Wait?...*
WTF?! - He looks back at the door - Who?--

Another knock... Rolex; she's early. And he has no trousers! He creeps back to the door's peephole - *is that 'HER'?*

He squeezes his eyeball to the glass trying to see under the brim of her hat-- She bangs on the door, making him jump.

He takes a quick 'zen' breath and opens the door;

HIM (CONT'D)

Layla?

She lifts her face; her HUGE SUNGLASSES hiding even more.

HER

Oui.

- *She's French?! She can't be?* -

HIM

But, you're-

HER

-tôt.

She brushes past him into the Suite.

HIM

You're what?

She is French! Then she can't be-- WHAT?!

He closes the door - following after her, dumbstruck.

She throws her coat on the couch - sits on its backrest, her back to the Bedroom, and him - to play with her phone.

She snatches a look back at him.

HER

Avez-vous besoin d'une minute?

HIM

I'm--I'm not sure, we--

(re: St.Pancras, The Eurostar)

Oh, you came on the train?-

HER

-je ne reste pas la nuit.

She throws the phone in her HANDBAG, looks out at the view.

HIM

(translating in AWFUL FRENCH)

Ne reste, la nuit-- But Gloria said overnight was-

She looks back at him; it's a definite, cold NO.

HIM (CONT'D)

-no, ok... But I'm, er--

Her black-void-sunglasses look down to his briefs. His eyes follow hers.

HIM (CONT'D)
I'm not wearing any pants-- Trousers.

HER
Donc?

HIM
Donc? Sorry, I'm not very good French--
You're blonde!

HER
Pouvez-vous seulement dire ce que vous voyez?

HIM
I see you, yes. But I can't--
(grabs his phone, searching apps)
Trans--la--tion-

HER
(in ENGLISH, with French accent)
-you can only say what you see?

HIM
Oh, me? I should explain-

HER
-tu es normalement?
(He has no idea what she means!)
This is normal for you?

HIM
Of course not-- I--... No.

He runs into the BATHROOM. To hide. Throwing her flow.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

He paces back and forth, avoiding the mirror's stare. His mind racing in disbelief.

HIM
(to Himself)
Where the fff... ff... ff... f-- Fuck?

He looks to his TIE and JACKET hanging on the towel rack.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - LOUNGE / BEDROOM / BAR - NIGHT

LOUNGE: She chugs on an e-cigarette. Nervous. Lowering her glasses, her shield, to scan the Suite; plush, nice bed, sex toys?!... She creeps forward to inspect his armoury.

Why is she even here? - She grabs her coat, heads for the door as the toilet flushes - *Shit!* -

She dumps her coat - resumes her perch - pockets the e-cig - waving the smoke away-

-as he comes out of the Bathroom, wearing his jacket and tie, and a HAND TOWEL wrapped around his waist. He struggles to hold it together and still look cool.

She stares back, giving him nothing... An awkward beat.

HIM

Erm... That's the bathroom. In there. If you need a-

(spotting the sex toys)

-shit!

(motioning to the Bar)

How about a drink?

HER

D'accord.

She heads to the Bar; he rushes to hide the sex toys.

HIM

According, yes. No, that's not-

HER

-boire.

HIM

Whatever. It's all there--

BEDROOM: Panicked, he whips off his hand towel to cover the sex toys - way too small! - He bundles all the toys up into the hand towel and fumbles around to hide them.

Before grabbing the bath towel from the bedside table to wrap around his waist.

BAR: She's pouring a whiskey. He watches her. Still unsure. A deep breath; a recognisable echo of his '*zen routine*'.

He slides to the Bar just as she downs her drink and slides away to the window, leaving him with the bottle.

He steals glances at her as he lines up 2 fresh drinks. But she hides behind her hat. Studying the view.

In perfect synergy, she steals a glance back at him as he looks away. Her cold demeanour slips for a brief second, exposing her nerves, as she watches him ice their glasses.

HIM (CONT'D)
This isn't really me.

HER
N'est-ce pas-- *This is the idea, no?*

She tilts her hat away as he brings over their drinks. She takes hers - her hat brim the wall between them - their reflections in the window the way around.

They drink in silence. Studying the view. Reflections.

HIM
I should apologise.

HER
S'il te plaît, arrête.

HIM
I thought you were someone else.
(turns to her hat)
I'm sorry.

She stands firm. No give.

HIM (CONT'D)
I made a mistake.

She tilts her head to him - the closest they've been - the heat obvious, blossoming his smile; she turns back to the view to hide hers.

His smile fades... To regret.

HIM (CONT'D)
There's so much I want to say.

His hand traces up her back, a centimetre away from the touch he wants, but won't risk, firing a shiver up her spine.

She flinches turning to him, exposed; catching him off-guard - both vulnerable, both breathless.

He raises a hand to her sunglasses, in reverence;

HIM (CONT'D)
Can I?

She doesn't say no. He takes off her glasses - IT IS HER!

HER
(in NON-ACCENTED ENGLISH)
I didn't come for that.

His spine shivers.

HIM
I knew it was you.

Their eyes lock, drawing their lips together...

--A KNOCK AT THE DOOR! - terrified, she breaks away to hide in the Bathroom.

More knocks.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

She leans back against the door, furious with herself.

HER
(to Herself)
Oh God... No. No... No... No, no. No,
ok... ok... Ok, no!

Each 'no' is an evolution of panic - '*I'm an idiot!*' - '*leave now*' - '*how do I escape?*' - '*too late now*' to her refusal to let him win, to defiant determination.

She notices his overnight bag in the mirror.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - FRONT DOOR / LOUNGE - NIGHT

He fumbles for a tip from his wallet, guarding the door so she can't see in.

MAID (O.C.)
Would you like a turn-down service?

HIM (O.C.)
No, no turning away--down. Thanks.

He closes the door, unwrapping his dry-cleaned trousers; rushing to put them on in the corridor, out of sight... He struggles with his BELT BUCKLE; it's a bugger to close.

LOUNGE: He heads to the Bar, to drink more - *what does he do?* - he looks back to the Bathroom - *where is she?*