

TIGER, TIGER

by

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BLAKE (mid 30's) and CARLOS (mid 30's) stroll down the sidewalk, side by side. Both men are well-dressed and confident... hunters on the prowl.

BLAKE
Tonight's trophy?

CARLOS
(playful)
You mean, other than-

Blake cuts him off with a look, all business. Carlos produces a small PEWTER TIGER FIGURINE.

BLAKE
Appropriate.

CARLOS
Standard rules?

Blake nods. He takes out his CELL PHONE and snaps a pic, examining the image quality.

BLAKE
The woman must be picked up in the designated location, the picture must be taken during sex, and you must give me the trophy when I win.

CARLOS
Not tonight, my friend. Tonight belongs to The Carlos.

Blake puts his phone away and snatches the figurine from Carlos. He admires the animal in the moonlight.

CARLOS (cont'd)
Tonight's location?

Blake indicates the hotel across the street. Carlos scoffs.

CARLOS (cont'd)
A hotel bar? Where's the challenge?

BLAKE
Not the bar, Carlos. The lobby.

Carlos nods in appreciation. Blake pockets the tiger.

CARLOS

Game on.

2 INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

2

The lobby is dimly lit. Frank Sinatra wafts from hidden speakers, while the BABY GRAND PIANO sits unattended.

A few people mill about, their hushed conversations taking place in their own little worlds.

Blake and Carlos enter their hunting ground.

Carlos spies a WOMAN leaving the hotel bar. She stumbles, obviously tipsy, and laughs at herself.

Carlos smooths his shirt and BEELINES toward her.

BLAKE

Amateur.

Blake takes his time, surveying the entire lobby. He observes each conversation with careful attention.

Then he sees her.

Standing alone is MIRANDA, a gorgeous young woman of no more than 25. She turns left, then right, confused, brushing her hair out of her eyes. A doe in the wild.

BLAKE (cont'd)

Perfect.

Blake swings by the concierge's station and grabs a MAP of the city. He plots an intercept course for the young woman.

Carlos stands near the piano, moving in on his inebriated target. Blake positions himself where can watch Carlos.

Blake unfolds the map and buries his face inside. He and Miranda bump into one another. Their apologies overlap.

BLAKE

I'm terribly sorry. Are you okay?

MIRANDA

Oh, God. I'm such a klutz.

BLAKE (cont'd)

No, please. It's my fault. I'm all turned around. This is my first time in the city, and-

(CONTINUED)

MIRANDA

Me too!

Right where he wants her. Now for the mock disappointment.

BLAKE

Too bad. I was hoping you could help me find what I'm looking for.

Miranda notices the map for the first time.

MIRANDA

Oh. Sorry.

Miranda is even more stunning up close. The way her hair hangs over her eyes. The way she keeps brushing it aside, only to have it fall right back in place. So innocent...

Focus, Blake. Back to the task at hand.

BLAKE

I'm Blake.

MIRANDA

Miranda.

BLAKE

So, your first time in the city, too? Let me guess. Actress?

MIRANDA

Me? No, nothing that exciting. I've spent my whole life in a little town in Ohio. I just needed something to happen.

BLAKE

Tell me about it.

Blake meant it as a colloquialism, but Miranda accepts it as an invitation. She speaks with a passion that Blake finds mesmerizing.

MIRANDA

All of my friends did the small town thing: graduate, get a job, get married, and have kids. But I couldn't. I have goals and dreams. I want adventure. I need to find someone who really gets me, but all the guys I knew only wanted the same thing.

(CONTINUED)

Blake glances at Carlos. The drunk woman drops something, bending over to pick it up. Carlos gawks at her rear end, biting his knuckles.

MIRANDA (cont'd)
I just got tired of pretending to
be someone I wasn't.

Something clicks inside Blake. Is that... conscience?

MIRANDA (cont'd)
So what are you looking for, Blake?

BLAKE
I'm here visiting an old friend. We
get together every now and then
to... well, you know. We were
supposed to meet up later, but-

Miranda's hair falls over her eyes again. Blake reaches in and tucks it behind her ear.

BLAKE (cont'd)
Miranda, would you like to have
dinner with me?

Miranda smiles, flattered.

MIRANDA
I'd love to.

Blake notices Carlos slip into a side hallway with the drunk woman, his hands all over her.

BLAKE
Fantastic. I'll be right back.

Confusion crosses Miranda's face as Blake slips away.

3 INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - NIGHT

3

Carlos and the drunk woman kiss, wrapped up in each other's arms. Blake turns the corner just in time to see the woman pull away and VOMIT all over Carlos' shirt.

Carlos pulls back, disgusted. The woman mumbles and apology and stumbles away. At the high point of his frustration, Carlos notices Blake walking toward him, all smiles.

Carlos hangs his head in defeat.

(CONTINUED)

CARLOS
Seriously, man? Already?

Blake produces the tiger figurine from his pocket. He hands it to Carlos.

BLAKE
Keep it.

Blake turns to go, leaving a very confused Carlos behind.

4 INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

4

Miranda opens her purse. She takes out her CELL PHONE and snaps a pic, examining the image quality.

The phone RINGS in her hand. She answers it.

MIRANDA
Hello?

MIRANDA'S FRIEND (O.S.)
Just wanted to give you the
heads-up, girlfriend. Your winning
streak ends tonight.

Miranda sees Blake appear from the side hallway. She turns, her voice shifting from INNOCENT to SEDUCTIVE.

MIRANDA
I hate to disappoint, but it looks
like you lose again. I'll send you
pictures in just a few.

Miranda hangs up. She returns the phone to her purse, shifting a small PEWTER TIGRESS FIGURINE out of the way.

She closes her purse as Blake appears at her side.

BLAKE
Shall we?

Miranda slides her arm into the crook of his elbow.

MIRANDA
Let's go.

FADE TO BLACK