

INT. LENA'S ROOM AT THE RADISSON - NORTH HOLLYWOOD

Lena pauses in her meal, giving Arthur a smirk. She gestures with a fork at the perfection of the soulless suite.

LENA

Don't you love hotel rooms? They're clean, they're all different; but always just enough alike so you never have to feel uncomfortable.

ARTHUR

Like people from San Francisco.

Lena pets his hand, drinking from the 2-liter bottle.

LENA

Were you being deep there? Just give me a hand signal or something to let me know.

She offers him a bite of the salad.

ARTHUR

Not too big on deep?

LENA

I'm deep on big.

He COUGHS despite himself. Art pulls himself together, looking into her eyes and seeing the game she's playing—maybe. Art takes her fork and sets it down.

ARTHUR

You must have been pretty mad at Jack when he finally dumped you.

LENA

Look, being with Jack was like sleeping with a really nice ad for cologne. I loved him, but he was a little too perceptive to ever love himself.

ARTHUR

Which should mean what?

LENA

I was happy back then, but I felt guilty all the time. Now I feel good about myself but I'm miserable. Jack was the same. He would have spent any amount if he thought it might fix something.

Arthur leans forward, trying to intimidate. Lena takes off her heels, ignoring him.

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ARTHUR

What happened in France?

LENA

You'll never find it.

Art's a bit shocked. He pulls back as Lena comes around the tiny dinette to stand before him.

ARTHUR

You admit it exists?

She places his hands on her hips as Arthur tries to figure out what's going on.

LENA

Not necessarily. But it's 20 years ago, you'll never find it, is what I'm saying. And I have a name with the sisters. I don't need you digging up my sordid past.

Her Capri pants slide down her hips...

LENA (CONT'D)

I'd be stuck with a room full of shampoo.

The pants drop to her knees, just her thong visible now.

And the PHONE RINGS.

Lena waddles over to pick it up, kicking her pants across the room. Art meanwhile, tries to push down his raging hard-on. He stands, smelling his breath.

He tries to act casual, moving over to lay on the bed.

She hangs up, looking nonplussed.

LENA (CONT'D)

It's some sort of special delivery.

ARTHUR

No?

He follows her to the door as Lena grabs her pants.

LENA

Ring me up after the Communist Menstruation Conference.

ARTHUR

When? Give me a time!

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LENA

You'll see. *Red Scare Imagery from The Invasion of the Body Snatchers.*

ARTHUR

But what about D.O.L.?

Lena scoots out the door with a box of shampoo.

LENA

Or you can just wait here.

ARTHUR

D.O.L.? Lena?

She's gone.

Arthur turns back to the room with interest as a WOMAN appears in the open doorway behind him.

A MYSTERY WOMAN in a shiny cocktail dress. She's angry, sharp jawed, and cold.