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INT. HOTEL ROOM - LATE EVENING

SANDY, confident and attractive personal trainer, leads BETH, 20s to 30s (an adventure-lover who is slightly high) in.

BETH

I'm sorry, I hope I'm not keeping you up. I just had no desire to waste the last night here by going to bed.

SANDY

That's alright. You're welcome to hang out with me. Since you guys all made plans before me, I got stuck all by my lonesome.

BETH

I'm sorry. That was so rude of us, of me...of whoever was in charge.

SANDY

I'm fine.
(beat)
Come on in. Get comfortable. Did you want some wine?

BETH

Can you mix that with...what's the name?...never mind, can't remember.

SANDY

What did you take at Paul's?

BETH

I...can't...remember.

SANDY

I thought everyone was just drinking.

BETH

Yes, well...Tanya thought it was time I tried something more influenzing...influencing...is that a word?

Beth takes some wine from Sandy.

SANDY

I think I know what you mean.

Beth stares.

SANDY (CONT'D)
Are you alright?

BETH
Yes. I'm sorry. I'm just really tired.

SANDY
Oh, well, why don't you go to bed?
You so won't offend me, I promise.

BETH
(forcing herself alert)
Like I said, I really don't want to waste this night. We don't even have to do anything tomorrow except fly home!

SANDY
I know. It is a little depressing. This has been such a great conference.

BETH
What's your dream, Sandy?

SANDY
Well, my business takes off and I am THE personal trainer for only one or two mega celebrities. You know, the kind of trainer that can put out zillions of DVDs and internet workouts because she makes Jessica Alba look like that, 'and you can, too...for only \$19.95.'

BETH
(laughs)
So, you want to manipulate, poor, unsuspecting, slightly overweight women who want an impossible body type?

SANDY
No, that is so wrong! ...I'd be happy to include men.

BETH
Tell me what you got out of the conference.

SANDY

Well, believing in myself and my destiny, most importantly...that sounds corny, doesn't it?

Beth, lays down, her head extremely heavy on her shoulders.

BETH

Not at all.

Sandy looks at Beth, not sure if she's asleep. She moves in closer to check.

BETH (CONT'D)

(suddenly, startling
Sandy)

Well, maybe the "destiny" part.

SANDY

Shit, Beth, you scared me. I thought you were -

BETH

I'm not asleep. I can't waste --

SANDY

I know. Last night and all.

(beat)

Don't you ever get away at home?

BETH

You're so pretty.

SANDY

Thank you. You're so wasted.

BETH

No, you are.

SANDY

So are you.

BETH

No. Not like you, I'm not. Your hair is so different than everyone else's. You're so in shape. You ran every morning this week.

SANDY

So did you.

BETH

Not like you. You're healthy.
You're not...high. And the
details. I don't have details.
Like these rings.

Lying down, Beth fumbles to pick up Sandy's hand.

BETH (CONT'D)

I don't think about the small
stuff. Tell me about these rings.
I know there's a story for each
one, isn't there?

SANDY

Yes, but you won't remember in the
morning.

Beth softly strokes Sandy's fingers.

BETH

Yes, I will.

SANDY

Just like I'm quite sure you won't
remember hitting on me, either.

BETH

I'm not hitting on you. I just
think you are beautiful...and this
stuff just really makes me want to
kiss...I really want to kiss...

Beth pulls Sandy's hand to her mouth and runs her lips over
the rings.

SANDY

I can tell.

Beth cuddles the hand. Her movement slows as --

BETH

I...just...really.....
want....to kiss.....

she falls asleep and snores. Sandy sits for a moment and
then gently removes her hand from Beth's grasp. She takes a
last look at her hand.

SANDY

Beautiful, huh? Thanks, Beth.