

EVERLASTING IMAGE

By

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final draft

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FADE IN:

INT. THE BATHROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE UP JEANQUÁL FACE

The face of a top-model. Slicked back dark auburn hair. Perfectly arched dark eyebrows resting above his mysterious deep blue eyes. Confidence overflows from his still face, slowly licking his cherry red lips.

JEANQUÁL (V.O.)

(French accent)

Everyone has a beginning. When you enter their life, you're in the middle. So technically, you don't care if it carries on, or how it ends because you don't know the beginning. That's the case for most. The beginning is a must in my book. I need to know the beginning, so I'll know how to treat the woman who deserves my love.

BACK TO THE SCENE

Jeanquál is resting inside of an old-fashioned cast iron tub, soaking in a milk bath.

Both of his hands are resting on the sides of the tub, slowly stroking them down.

Although the candles placed around the room are the only source of light, you can tell the bathroom is fancy.

JEANQUÁL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The taste of a woman's breath coating your mouth is indescribable. Her eyes tasting every inch of your body is breath-taking. And the texture of her lips speaking upon her life...

(Deep breath, passionate sigh)

...It makes you jealous you weren't her first, but you'll drink the glory of knowing you're her last. This is why I have to know the beginning of a woman's story. Sex is nothing more than a mere electrical shock you can survive. Storing her beginning like white blood cells is an orgasm most men will never experience.

He slowly stands up from the tub.

The milk is dripping down his chiseled hairless body.

He stands there for a few seconds before stepping out of the tub.

As he walks across the floor, the milk falls slow and smooth as his movements, approaching the sink.

Remaining with the same still face, he stares at his reflection, rubbing the milk across his body in a provocative way.

JEANQUÁL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I've had my share of women of all races, bathing in the joys of their happiness. But what I love the most, is the everlasting image I seared in them. They'll forever have me etched on their souls.

He walks out of the bathroom.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. THE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Coming down the dim hallway, he passes various paintings on the wall before coming to a stop at his bedroom door.

He grabs the knob and slowly turns it, opening the door.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. JEANQUÁL BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Stepping into the all-white room, the only pieces of furniture are his king size bed with baby blue sheets, a wall mirror off to the side, and a mirror covering the entire ceiling.

With the same confidence in his walk, he moves towards the bed, pulling the sheets back.

He gets under the covers, and then places them over the lower half of his body.

Getting comfortable in the bed, he places his hands behind his head, and then looks up at the mirror.

JEANQUÁL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

It's hard finding the perfect piece.  
Just when you think you did, you'll  
see one that's better within seconds.  
I feel the same way about women. They  
say there's no perfect woman, but  
that's not true. The key is to find  
the one who believes she's perfect for  
you, and then have her prove why.  
Until then...

(Deep breath)

...All I can do is wait for her to enter  
my life.

INT. JEANQUÁL OFFICE - MORNING

The room is all-black.

The drapes are open on the windows allowing the sun to come  
in, and get somewhat of a view of the city.

There's a glass table in the middle of the room surrounded by  
burgundy chairs.

His desk is made of glass, with his nameplate, phone and  
laptop resting on it.

Hanging on the walls are various paintings, each speaking  
differently with vibrant colors and designs.

Jeanquál is standing in front of one of the paintings in deep  
thought wearing a lavender suit.

JEANQUÁL (V.O.)

All a woman truly wants is love. But  
you can't love every woman the same,  
nor can you make love to them the  
same. Women are exactly like art. You  
have those who stand out vibrating an  
aura seeking love. You have those who  
only want a night of fun. Then you  
have the ones you would consider  
plain, but the meaning behind them is  
deeper than what you would expect.

(Scoffs)

It makes me wonder why certain men get  
mad when women turn them down. Why not  
accept she turned you down because the  
approach isn't what she was looking  
for? In the same breath. I don't care  
why women turn other men down. I just

know if I see a woman I want, I can accommodate her to get what I need.

Jeanquál moves towards his desk, and then takes a seat beginning to look at something on his laptop.

His secretary MAGGIE comes in.

She's a fair skinned woman with long brown hair pulled back in a ponytail and blue eyes.

She walks over to Jeanquál's desk, and pauses, staring at him with lust in her eyes.

Jeanquál continues looking at whatever he's looking at on his laptop.

JEANQUÁL

Yes?

MAGGIE

Your client said he'll be arriving at 1:00 instead of 3:00.

JEANQUÁL

Thanks for the reminder, but he already phoned me with the information.

MAGGIE

Oh. Oh, okay, well...I was just reminding you.

JEANQUÁL

Thank you.

Maggie continues staring at him.

As if he can feel her eyes on him, he looks up from his laptop.

JEANQUÁL (CONT'D)

Is there anything else?

MAGGIE

Can I ask you something?

JEANQUÁL

Shoot.

MAGGIE

Do you not find me attractive? Or do you think I'm not good enough for you?

JEANQUÁL

(Soft laugh)

Have you ever heard the phrase "If you have to ask, you shouldn't be in the establishment?"

MAGGIE

What does that have to do with what I just asked?

JEANQUÁL

Well, it's the same thing. If you have to ask a man those questions, then more than likely you're not his taste, or you're unattractive. But when it's pertaining to you and me. Yes, you're my type. And yes, you're very attractive. I just know you're missing what I look for in a woman.

MAGGIE

And what would that be?

JEANQUÁL

What would you gain from going on a date with me, and we possibly end up sleeping together?

MAGGIE

The sleeping with you part is the furthest thing on my mind. I'm just---

.

JEANQUÁL

You're telling a lie. If sleeping with me wasn't part of your goal, you wouldn't have asked those questions.

Maggie takes a deep breath of frustration, sighing with anger.

JEANQUÁL (CONT'D)

My point. Maggie, I'm sure there's plenty of men who would love being with you. But...I'm not that man. Don't take offense. Just reevaluate your approach.

With no further words, Maggie makes her way out of the room.  
Jeanqúal snickers, returning back to his laptop.

JEANQÚAL (V.O.)

See what I mean? Maggie is what I would call a vibrant painting. Standing out above the normal seeking the attention she believes she deserves. But...she wouldn't appreciate the life changing effect I would have on her life. I forgot to speak about these women. These are the ones who only care about themselves, but swear they want love. A trap most men fall into thinking he's getting over on her, not seeing she already got over on him by looks and body alone.

(Laughs)

Most confuse finding companionship through sex. Me personally...I believe companionship is found through "trust" which ties everything else in a relationship into one. That's one of the keys to leaving the everlasting image I've been telling you about.

CUT TO:

INT. THE MALL - AFTERNOON

Jeanqúal is sitting alone at a table eating some Chinese food with a beverage beside his container.

As Jeanqúal continues eating in peace, he begins scanning the women walking around.

JEANQÚAL (V.O.)

Look at the lovely flowers. They've been picked already, but they've never had proper nurturing. You can tell by a woman's walk and talk if my words are not true.

(Sighs)

I wish I could have them all. That's every man's dream, although the majority of them lie about it. Even with me saying those words, I just lied if you've been paying attention. I can't submit my love to every woman I pick up if she's not willing to

accept the change I'll bring in her  
life.

Feeling full, he wipes his mouth, and then gathers up his  
trash before standing up to throw it away.

After emptying his trash, he turns around and sees WOMAN.

A voluptuous Caucasian female with red box braids wearing a  
crop top and skimpy shorts.

WOMAN

How are you doing today?

JEANQUÁL

Good as any other human walking  
around. And yourself?

WOMAN

I feel the same way. I just noticed  
you from afar, and I had to speak.

JEANQUÁL

Really? Why is that?

WOMAN

A handsome man. Well dressed. Eating  
alone. I can tell you need a good  
woman in your life.

JEANQUÁL

What makes you think I'm not married,  
and my wife is in one of the stores  
shopping?

She looks at his hand for a wedding ring.

WOMAN

Where's your ring?

JEANQUÁL

Would it make a difference if I was  
wearing it or not?

WOMAN

Of course it---.

JEANQUÁL

It wouldn't. I highly doubt you  
noticed if I was, or wasn't wearing a  
ring from afar.



(Laughs)  
I do give you credit for trying.

Jeanquál walks off laughing.

He continues making his way through the mall, observing the women with a smirk.

He comes to a designer suit store, and he shrugs his shoulders deciding to enter the store.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. THE DESIGNER SUIT STORE - CONTINUOUS

Jeanquál enters the store with his cocky demeanor knowing if there's any women in the store, all eyes will be on him.

Doing a quick survey of the room with his eyes, he adjusts his tie, and then makes his way towards the suits.

JENNIE the slim Caucasian cashier with long blonde hair and a porcelain face of perfection with green eyes is standing behind the counter.

Catching a glimpse of Jeanquál, she likes what she sees.

She adjusts her clothes, and then comes from behind the counter making her way over towards Jeanquál.

As Jeanquál scans through the suits, he pauses on a navy blue one.

He begins feeling the fabric, processing in his mind if it's worth buying.

Jennie comes up behind him.

JENNIE  
That would look perfect on you.

Jeanquál removes his hand, but keeps his eyes on the suit.

JEANQUÁL  
What makes you say that?

JENNIE  
Broad shoulders. Thick arms. Nice height going with the rest of your physique. Why wouldn't it?

Jeanquál releases a soft snicker, but remains looking at the suit.

JEANQUÁL

That's what makes you believe this would look good on me? You haven't fully registered what my face looks like, but you can say this is perfect for me? Are you trying to sucker me in with your "Sells pitch" or can you truly stand on the words you just spoke?

JENNIE

Apparently I've seen the front, and that's why I'm over here. Does that answer your question?

Jeanquál turns around looking at her with a slight smirk.

JEANQUÁL

You caught me off guard with that response. Well to be perfectly honest, I don't believe it would look good on me because it's cheap.

JENNIE

Cheap? This is a 8,000,00 suit.

JEANQUÁL

And this one is 20,000,00 custom made.

JENNIE

20,000,00? So, why are you---

JEANQUÁL

I like to see the competition. But on a better note, 9875 brink road. My name is Jeanquál.

JENNIE

(Stunned)

Jennie. "Jeanquál." Is that French?

JEANQUÁL

Yes.

JENNIE

Very nice. But, are you giving me your address?

JEANQUÁL

Cutting straight to the point. You said you weren't giving me a sales pitch. So it's obvious you would like for me to make you dinner, or go out.

JENNIE

Loving the cocky attitude. You either think I'm easy or this is just your natural personality.

JEANQUÁL

Cocky and confidence are two completely different things. If I thought you were easy, I would've suggested you meeting me at a cheap motel.

He rubs one of his fingers down the side of her face.

JEANQUÁL (CONT'D)

Dinner will be ready by eight. Don't come no later than 8:05. Wouldn't want the food to start getting cold.

JENNIE

(Blushing)

You trust giving some random woman your address? What if I'm a serial killer, or have some of my friends rob you?

JEANQUÁL

Serial killers don't expose who they are. And if you tried to have me robbed, it's clear I know where you work, Jennie. So, I look forward to seeing you later. You can tell me more about yourself when you arrive.

Jeanquál walks off.

Jennie stands blushing.

CUT TO:

INT. JEANQUÁL DINING ROOM - NIGHT

We come in on the table.

There's a fancy candle resting in the middle.

A bottle of champagne, champagne glasses, and a bowl of sliced strawberries.

There's a plate of salad on the side of their meal which consists of medium rare lamb chops, squash and asparagus.

BACK TO THE SCENE

It's a small circular table with two navy blue chairs sitting across from each other.

A fire is crackling in the fireplace off to the side, with an oil painting hanging above it.

The chandelier hanging above the room is dim, barely allowing us to see the oak-wood painted room, with navy blue sheer drapes closed on the windows.

Footsteps are heard.

JENNIE (O.S.)

This is a lovely home. What do you do?

JEANQUÁL (O.S.)

Homes don't have genuine beauty. They change the moment the owner sees a flaw or something old. I'm an art consultant.

The two come into the room.

Jeanquál is wearing a plum button up shirt with the slacks to match.

Jennie is wearing a fitted black dress with costume jewels embroidered on it.

JENNIE

That explains why you have all of the paintings.

JEANQUÁL

I change them at the end of every month. As I said, you always need something new to look at.

The two walk to the table.

Jeanquál pulls Jennie's chair out allowing her to sit.

JENNIE

Is that why you invited me to your house? Something new to look at, thinking you'll possibly get me in your bed.

Jeanquál picks up the champagne bottle pouring her a glass, and then he places it back down.

JEANQUÁL

Would you like a strawberry?

JENNIE

Clever way of avoiding my question. Yes, I'll have one.

JEANQUÁL

I never avoid anything. Manners come before satisfying what a person wants to know.

JENNIE

Oh really?

Jeanquál uses some tongs to remove a strawberry from the bowl, and then places it in her champagne.

JEANQUÁL

Yes.

JENNIE

(Takes a sip)

Hm.

Taking the champagne bottle, Jeanquál walks down to his seat and pours a glass.

He places the bottle down, and then places a strawberry in his glass.

Finally taking his seat, he locks his eyes on Jennie.

JEANQUÁL

So, tell me? What man made you start believing the only thing men want from women is sex?

JENNIE

Why can't I naturally feel this way?

JEANQUÁL

No woman naturally feels all men are

the same. She either has father issues. She was taught this method of thinking since she was a child, and it carried on into her adult life. Or...even if she's been with one man, or had her fair share. One of them created these thoughts. Now...

He cuts a piece of his lamb chop, and places it in his mouth chewing in bliss.

JEANQUÁL (CONT'D)

...Which is it?

Jennie is impressed by his way of thinking.

JENNIE

Well...he wasn't my first love, but he was my first.

JEANQUÁL

Not only did he take your delicate flower, he took your once sane view of men.

JENNIE

That's a polite way of putting it.

JEANQUÁL

Agreed. I know how you feel. My first love tarnished me, but I didn't allow it to consume me with negative thoughts about women.

JENNIE

What did it create inside you?

JEANQUÁL

It heightened my desire to help women who are seeking love. It also helped with how my approach should be with every woman I encounter.

JENNIE

Hm. Do, tell.

JEANQUÁL

Let's exchange stories while we eat. As I said in the store, you don't want your food getting too cold.

Jennie blushes before she begins eating her food.

Time goes by.

INT. JEANQUÁL DINING ROOM - AN HOUR LATER

Their champagne glasses, the bowl of strawberries and the champagne remains.

JENNIE

I must say, you're an interesting man, Jeanquál.

JEANQUÁL

Not as interesting as you, Jennie. I'm glad we had our talk. My first thought about you was not far off from what I was thinking.

JENNIE

What were you thinking?

JEANQUÁL

You were a woman seeking true pleasure for once in her life. But now I know, you want true love as well as being satisfied. That way you can finally understand what love is.

JENNIE

I like where this is going. Why do you believe I've never been satisfied?

JEANQUÁL

You were probably close, but it fell to the wayside right when you were about to reach it.

JENNIE

What makes you say that?

JEANQUÁL

After listening to your stories, it's clear you tried reaching this experience with the wrong man.

JENNIE

Let me guess. You're the right man?

JEANQUÁL

I'm just Jeanquál. A man showing you a

lovely evening. I can pose a question,  
and that will give you the answer  
you're seeking.

JENNIE

What's the question?

Jeanquál takes a sip from his champagne.

JEANQUÁL

Do you know what ignites a man's loins  
to sleep with a woman?

JENNIE

(Seductive laugh)

A man's loins? Didn't expect to hear  
that one.

JEANQUÁL

You won't expect the actual answer  
once you respond.

JENNIE

Aside from seeing a beautiful body,  
and five minutes of his own enjoyment  
which in his mind is taking hours? No.  
No, I can't say I know the answer.

JEANQUÁL

The everlasting image of his orgasm  
he'll leave in her eyes.

She takes a sip.

JENNIE

I--I'm sorry, what did you say?

JEANQUÁL

The everlasting orgasmic image from a  
man etched on the back of a woman's  
eyes. That's what he desires when he  
thinks about sleeping with her.

JENNIE

That's a hard one to swallow. Men love  
more than one position, so...how will he  
leave his image if the position isn't  
missionary?

JEANQUÁL

That response will forever leave you



blinded from finding out. I say this because...

(Takes a sip)

There was a question you should have asked first.

The two keep their eyes locked on each other.

JENNIE

...What should I've asked first?

JEANQUÁL

How does a man know he'll make a woman have an orgasm at the exact moment he reaches his?

JENNIE

...How does he know?

Standing up from his chair with his eyes still locked on her, he moves towards her with his fingertips barely touching the linen as he moves.

Once he reaches her, he places a comforting hand on her shoulder.

With the other hand, he gently places it under her chin making her look up at him.

Looking up into his eyes, a tear prepares to fall, and he quickly places a finger under her eye halting the process.

JEANQUÁL

The moisture in her eyes. That's why I couldn't allow the teardrop to fall. Every drop coming from a woman's body should be conjoined with the man she's sleeping with. As far as the positions, well...

He stands her up, and then steps behind her.

Holding on to her waist, he nestles his face against her neck as she closes her eyes.

JEANQUÁL (CONT'D)

...Any man can mount a woman from behind and continuously give her repeated thrusts, listening to the sound he enjoys the most, believing her moans are genuine.

His grip tightens, but remains passionate, slowly moving his hands up her sides, stopping underneath her breast.

JEANQUÁL (CONT'D)

A woman can straddle down on a man, looking down on him as if she's conquering him while her warmth takes over. Her image can be etched on the back of his eyes, but at the moment his eyes are closed enjoying the sensation.

Moving his hands up across her breasts, he cuffs them just enough to gain a moan from her, and then he continues up to her shoulders.

He massages them for a moment, and then glides his hands down her arms to her hands, clutching them, softly kissing on her neck.

Releasing one of her hands, he turns her around, and then grabs hold to her waist, while keeping the other hand clutched.

JEANQUÁL (CONT'D)

The two positions I just named can be flipped to the desires of the people engaging in sexual deeds. A woman can ride a man sideways, backwards, and truthfully if you're standing up, she's still considered riding. A man can have a woman on her knees, on the side or laying flat on her stomach, and it's still considered the doggystyle position. But when it comes to the missionary position...

Lowering his head to her ucipital mapilary, he sticks his tongue out just enough for the tip to touch it.

He begins trailing it up as she leans her head back.

When he reaches her chin, he applies a soft kiss.

Bringing her head back up, they lock eyes.

She tries to kiss him, but he moves back.

JENNIE

What's wrong?

JEANQUÁL

I can't kiss you now. Kissing you now will ruin the pleasure of placing you in missionary, which I haven't explained yet.

JENNIE

You also said, you can't let the wetness from a woman go to waste. So, what are you going to do about the dampness in my panties?

JEANQUÁL

A delicatessen I would enjoy before we engaged. But considering I don't see a pantyline or signs of a thong...well, I hope none of my pleasures fell on the chair. Now...shall I continue? Or are we ending this night with a mere kiss and good conversation?

JENNIE

...Do you promise to fulfill all of what you're saying?

JEANQUÁL

Only if you climax with me, holding back the urge of releasing early because it feels so good.

JENNIE

(Seductive moan)

I can do that if you deliver.

JEANQUÁL

It's already delivered. My entrance inside of you will open the package you've been yearning for.

JENNIE

Why can't we do it right here? Let's see if your words can be validated.

JEANQUÁL

The dining room is meant to eat meals you'll either work off, or go to sleep full. Consuming a woman can only be performed in the bedroom because her essence will fill you up as her body constricts around you without restraints.

He gives her a delicate kiss.

JEANQUÁL (CONT'D)

Then a man can watch as the image  
sears on the back of her eyes before  
going to sleep.

He grips her left thigh, lifting it up so it's properly  
resting on his waist.

JENNIE

So...what do you wanna do to me?

JEANQUÁL

I can only do what you allow me to do.

JENNIE

We should be heading to your room so  
you can place me down on your bed.

JEANQUÁL

In other words, we shouldn't be down  
here wasting time.

JENNIE

Exactly.

JEANQUÁL

Follow me.

Releasing her thigh, he walks off towards the spiral  
staircase heading upstairs.

She follows behind him.

As they walk up the stairs, she's admiring the various  
paintings on the wall.

JENNIE

These are some nice pieces.

JEANQUÁL

They're decent. It's the value that  
makes them stand out, not the creation.

JENNIE

So, if you don't like the work, why  
did you buy them?

JEANQUÁL

They inspire me with the piece I'm

creating.

JENNIE

I would love to see it.

Reaching the top of the stairs, he pauses at the first door that's already open.

JEANQUÁL

In due time.

He extends his hand forward into the room.

JEANQUÁL (CONT'D)

Shall we?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. THE BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The room is all-black lit by roman candles placed around the room.

There's more paintings on the walls, and a king size bed covered with black satin sheets.

Jeanquál is taking his shirt off following behind Jennie as she approaches the bed.

She prepares to sit on the bed, and he quickly grabs her hand, turning her around.

JEANQUÁL (CONT'D)

It's not proper for a woman to just lie down on the bed. She should be properly stimulated, and then the man should place her down on the bed.

JENNIE

Let the stimulation commence.

They engage in a passionate kiss.

She's digging her nails into his back, while he's placing his hands under her dress, caressing her thighs.

The deeper they get into it, he lifts one of her legs up on his waist.

She kisses him deeper, hopping up wrapping her legs around him.

While holding her up, he begins kissing on her neck, increasing her moans, and grip on his back.

JEANQUÁL

Are you ready for me to lay you down?

JENNIE

(Moaning)

Yes. Yes.

He places her down, and then gets down on his knees.

Placing one of her legs on his shoulder, it causes her to grab hold of his head.

Just when she thinks she's about to receive some oral pleasure, he places the other leg on his shoulder, and then lifts her up just enough to slam her forward on the bed.

Her scream echoes throughout the room because she was impaled by the sharp spears he had placed under the sheets.

As she slowly dies, Jeanquál looks on with a smile, slowly leaning down in her face.

When she coughs up some blood, some of it lands on his face, which he delightfully licks off.

Jeanquál gives her a kiss, and then pulls back smiling.

JEANQUÁL

Your pitiful search for love ends now,  
my dove. My love will be the last  
thing you remember before your soul  
moves on with a piece of me with you.  
But don't worry...

We move in closer on her dead eyes, staring at his image.

CUT TO:

INT. JEANQUÁL BASEMENT - NIGHT

Still looking into Jennie's dead eyes as we pull back, we see a collage of different irises glued onto some easel paper forming a woman.

Jeanquál is sitting in front of the easel naked, adoring his creation.

JEANQUÁL (V.O.)

My beautiful women joined together  
creating my masterpiece. The desire  
they had for me remains in their eyes.  
And even while in death...I'm the only  
image they'll forever see.

As we pull back to get a better view of the room, we see  
various women cemented on the walls with their eyes missing.

JEANQUÁL (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
I love you all.

FADE TO BLACK:

END CREDITS