

EVERLASTING IMAGE

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FADE IN:

INT. THE BATHROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE UP JEANQUÁL'S FACE

Perfectly arched dark eyebrows, mysterious blue eyes, slicked back auburn hair...the face of a top model.

Reeking of confidence, he slowly licks his cherry red lips.

JEANQUÁL (V.O.)

(French accent)

Everyone has a beginning. You enter their lives 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 people. I need to know the beginning, so I'll know how to treat the woman who deserves my love.

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

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 about her life...

(Deep breath, passionate sigh)

It makes you jealous you wasn'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.

He slowly stands up from the tub and the milk drips down his chiseled hairless body.

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

Approaching the sink, he stares at his reflection, rubbing the milk into his skin in a provocative way.

JEANQUÁL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I've had my share of women, bathing in the joys of their happiness. But leaving my everlasting image seared into their souls is what matters.

He leaves the bathroom and walks down the dim hallway, passing various paintings on the wall before coming to his bedroom door, walking in.

Stepping into the all-white room, the only furniture is his king size bed, a wall mirror and a mirror covering the entire ceiling.

He lays down on the bed and gets under the cover, placing his hands behind his head.

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. 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 you have her prove why.

INT. JEANQUÁL OFFICE - MORNING

The room is all-black with the drapes open allowing the sun to come in, getting a somewhat view of the city.

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 colored suit.

JEANQUÁL (V.O.)

All a woman wants is love. But you can't love every woman the same, nor can you make love to them the same. Women are like art. You have those who vibrantly stand out seeking love. You have those only worth 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 you're not 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 takes a seat. His secretary MAGGIE comes in.

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

She walks over to Jeanquál staring at him with lust in her eyes.

JEANQUÁL (CONT'D)

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.

JEANQUÁL (CONT'D)

Is there anything else?

MAGGIE

Can I ask you something?

JEANQUÁL

Shoot.

MAGGIE

Do you find me attractive?

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 asked?

JEANQUÁL

Well, it's the same thing. If you have to ask a man that question, more than likely you're not his taste. But since it's pertaining to you and me, yes, you're my type. Yes, you're very attractive. You're just 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

Sleeping with you 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 the question. Maggie, I'm sure there's plenty of men who would love being with you, but...I'm not one of the men. Don't take offense. Just reevaluate your approach.

With no further words, Maggie makes her way out of the room. Jeanquál snickers.

JEANQUÁL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

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 those 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 using just her looks and body.

(Laughs)

Most confuse finding companionship through sex. Me personally...I believe companionship is found through "trust" tying everything else in a relationship into one.

CUT TO:

INT. THE MALL - AFTERNOON

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

As Jeanquál continues eating, he scans the women walking around.

JEANQUÁL (V.O.)

Look at the lovely flowers. They've been picked, but they haven't been properly nurtured. You can tell by a woman's walk and the way she talks if you don't believe me.

(Sighs)

I wish I could have them all. That's every man's dream, although the majority of them lie. 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 if she's not willing to accept the change I'll bring.

Gathering his trash, he stands up and throws it away. When he turns around he sees WOMAN, a voluptuous Caucasian in her mid twenties with red box braids wearing a crop top and skimpy shorts.

WOMAN

How are you doing today?

JEANQUÁL

Good as anybody else. 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 would notice if I was 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.

Coming to a designer suit store, he shrugs his shoulders walking inside.

JENNIE the slim cashier with long blond hair and a porcelain face of perfection standing behind the counter catches a glimpse of Jeanquál and 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.

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 matching 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 my face, but you think 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 spoke?

JENNIE

Apparently I've seen your face. Does that answer your question?

Jeanquál turns around looking at her with a slight smirk.

JEANQUÁL

Well to be perfectly honest, I don't believe it would look good on me because it's cheap.

JENNIE

Cheap? This is an 8,000 suit.

JEANQUÁL

And this one is twenty, custom made.

JENNIE

Twenty-thousand? So, why are you---

JEANQUÁL

I like to compare. On a better note, 9875 brink road. My name is Jeanquál.



JENNIE

(Stunned)

"Jeanqúal." Is that French?

JEANQÚAL

Yes.

JENNIE

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

JEANQÚAL

Cutting straight to the point. You said you weren't giving me a sales pitch. It's obvious you'd like me to make you dinner.

JENNIE

Loving the cocky attitude.

JEANQÚAL

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

(Caresses her face)

Dinner will be ready by eight. Don't come later than 8:20. Wouldn't want the food to start getting cold.

JENNIE

You have that much trust to give a random woman your address?

JEANQÚAL

I know where you work, Jennie, so I look forward to seeing you later. You can tell me more about yourself when you arrive.

Jeanqúal walks off. Jennie stands blushing.

CUT TO:

INT. JEANQÚAL DINING ROOM - NIGHT

A bottle of champagne, one fancy candle, champagne glass and a bowl of sliced cherries are some of the things on the table.

In front of each chair there's a plate of salad on the side of their meal which consists of medium rare lamb chops, squash and asparagus.

A fire is crackling in the fireplace with an oil painting hanging above it. 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. I'm an art consultant.

The two come into the room. Jeanquál is wearing a plum button up shirt with the slacks to match and 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.

The two walk to the table and 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 and pours her a glass.

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 a person's needs.

JENNIE

Oh really?

Jeanqúal uses some tongs to remove a strawberry from the bowl, and place it in her champagne.

JEANQÚAL

Yes.

JENNIE

(Takes a sip)

Hm.

Taking the champagne bottle down to his seat, Jeanqúal pours him a glass.

He takes his seat and then locks his eyes on Jennie.

JEANQÚAL

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?

JEANQÚAL

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...

(Cuts a piece of lamb chop)

Which is it?

JENNIE

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

JEANQÚAL

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

JENNIE

That's a polite way of putting it.

JEANQÚAL

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 of you?

JEANQUÁL

It heightened my desire to help women seeking love. It also helped how I should approach 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 to get cold.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JEANQUÁL DINING ROOM - 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're a woman seeking true pleasure for once in her life. But now I know, you want true love as well as being satisfied.

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)

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 left in her eyes.

JENNIE

(Takes a sip)

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

JEANQUÁL

The everlasting orgasmic image of 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 have asked you 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 on the table.

Once he reaches her, he places a comforting hand on her shoulder and with the other, he gently places it under her chin making her look up at him.

A tear prepares to fall, and he quickly places a finger under her eye, haltering 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 her by the 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 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 a man, looking down at him as if she's conquering him with her warmth. 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 make her moan before continuing 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 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...

He applies a soft kiss on her neck. 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.

JENNIE

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

JEANQUÁL

A delicatessen I'll enjoy before we engage. But considering I don't see a panty line or signs of a thong... well, I hope none of my pleasure stained 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.

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 yearn.

JENNIE

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

JEANQUÁL

The dining room is meant to eat meals. 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.

(Delicate kiss)

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

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.

JEANQUÁL

Follow me.

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

(Extends his hand)

Shall we?

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 the 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, causing 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 on her eyes and we see Jeanquál smiling. Pulling 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.) (CONT'D)

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 basement, 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