

SLEEPING BEAUTY

Written by

Romas Zabarauskas

INT. LISBON RESTAURANT - NIGHT

MIKAS, in his mid-thirties, rugged man, dressed in a white jumper, sits by the table with a glass of wine, alone, irritated.

SANDRA, same age, a confident woman, dressed in a white T-shirt and a black jacket, comes to the busy restaurant, talks to the RECEPTIONIST.

Mikas sees Sandra and waves, forces a smile. Sandra returns a fake smile and approaches him. Mikas stands up.

MIKAS

Hi...

SANDRA

Hi.

Mikas tries to hug Sandra but she holds back and extends her hand. He reluctantly shakes her hand, they sit down.

MIKAS

You're really here to embarrass me.

SANDRA

What the fuck is wrong with you?

MIKAS

What, you can't hug?

SANDRA

Dude, I have boundaries -

MIKAS

Gesus, yeah sure you do.

SANDRA

What the fuck is wrong with you, you can't shake hands with a woman?

MIKAS

You - how can you - of course I can, but you're not just any woman, we were together for twelve years.

SANDRA

Emphasis on we **were**. Don't make me regret this.

Middle aged WAITER comes, gives the menu to Sandra.

WAITER

Hello, how are you -

SANDRA
I'll have the same thing he's having.

Waiter nods and leaves. Sandra looks through the menu.

MIKAS
How was your book launch?

SANDRA
You could have come if you wanted.

Mikas chuckles.

MIKAS
Nah I'm good.

SANDRA
(sarcastic)
Not your cup of tea?

MIKAS
Nude Hezbollah fighters? No, not my
cup of tea. Fuck, Sandra.

Sandra puts the menu away.

SANDRA
What, you think it's too gay for you
to look at nude men?

MIKAS
I don't think - what the fuck, I
didn't say that -

Waiter arrives and fills Sandra's glass.

WAITER
Are you ready to order?

MIKAS
Yes -

SANDRA
No, not yet.

Waiter raises his eyebrow, hesitates for a moment, then
leaves.

SANDRA (cont'd)
It's art, it's a universal
experience. You don't have to be
attracted by men to enjoy it.

Sandra raises her glass, Mikas joins her, they cling and drink some wine.

MIKAS

Yeah wow it's so universal that you went to Lebanon and fucked some terrorists.

SANDRA

Oh my God for fuck's sake.

MIKAS

You think you're so progressive - you're not, you're just chasing clout.

SANDRA

What so now **you are** progressive? You're gonna outwoke me here?

MIKAS

No, but I never tried to be progressive.

SANDRA

Well you redpilled after our divorce. If you would have been so dumb back then, I would have left you myself.

MIKAS

Yeah, cause it would damage your brand.

Sandra hesitates, smiles.

SANDRA

You're so predictable. You couldn't stand my success in Lithuania, you got scared like a little man-baby. And so you left for Portugal. Not because you'd like the culture here, just because it's cheap - almost as cheap as in Vilnius.

MIKAS

It's actually cheaper.

SANDRA

Wow, well good for you. And you went full macho -

MIKAS

Full macho, what the fuck are you talking about?

SANDRA
I see your socials -

MIKAS
I thought you blocked me -

SANDRA
I did block you, but I still see it -
let me finish - you went full macho
even though the only reason you were
even able to do all this is that you
got rich off our divorce.

MIKAS
You're the one obsessed with the
working class, it's not my fault my
family wasn't rich.

SANDRA
You know well I cut off my family and
live off my art for years.

MIKAS
And you know that I built that house,
you know I did it.

SANDRA
You built it with my money -

MIKAS
I made all the work!

Waiter comes back, interrupting their quarrel.

SANDRA
I'd like to have the Francesinha.

MIKAS
Cozido.

WAITER
Very good...

Waiter nods, smiles, and leaves.

MIKAS
Why did you invite me to meet?

SANDRA
Well I knew you're in Lisbon, so...

MIKAS
Right.

SANDRA

Why did you agree to it?

MIKAS

I don't know... I made an app for electricians last year, and it's been a success. I wanted to share this.

SANDRA

Wow. Well that's... cute.

MIKAS

Why are you so mean to me?

Sandra empties her glass in one go.

SANDRA

Look, I've got some weed, let's smoke and have fun. You can show me your place if you want.

MIKAS

What the actual fuck Sandra, I don't smoke weed.

Sandra stays silent, looks to Mikas' eyes. He's confused, hesitating.

Sandra takes off her wallet, leaves cash on the table.

SANDRA

You're coming?

MIKAS

Alright fine.

Sandra stands up.

INT. MIKAS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sandra is riding Mikas, all while smoking a blunt.

Windows are wide open, party noises heard from the outside. The room is filled with smoke, lit by a bright moon and street light.

Mikas touches Sandra's torso. Sandra throws the blunt outside of the window, takes Mikas' hands and puts them above his head, continuing to fuck.

INT. MIKAS' BEDROOM - MORNING

Mikas is sleeping in bed, naked.

Sandra, dressed up, silently removes the cover of her photo camera, and takes a picture of Mikas.

INT. GALLERY - DAY

TITLE
MONTHS LATER

Packed gallery opening. GUESTS are mingling, drinking wine.

Photos of sleeping nude men hung across the small white space.

Sandra is chatting with a GALLERIST in the backdrop of a large photography of Mikas - his face isn't visible in detail, contrasted by the sun. He sleeps holding a pillow in an awkward pose, lying on his side, hunched over.

A MAN in his sixties, dressed in a suit, is intrigued by the photograph. He turns to Sandra and her Gallerist.

MAN
What's it called?

SANDRA
Sleeping beauty.

The Man giggles.

THE END