

MATTERHORN

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EXT. ZERMATT MAIN STREET - NIGHT

Spencer walks toward us, crunching in the snow, hunched against the cold. Most of the street is empty. White heat emanates from his mouth.

INT. MONTE ROSA HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

The lobby is deserted. It's late. Spencer walks to the front desk and blithely crosses behind.

He reaches to take a KEY on a heavy brass fob out of the box. Checking to see no-one is watching. Then, casually comes back around the desk and goes to the elevator.

INT. MONTE ROSA HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

The room is dark as the key RATTLES lightly in the lock. The door is quietly opened, allowing in a crack of light.

Spencer closes the door. The sitting room is almost black. He picks his way among the furniture and silhouetted objects to the bedroom door.

INT. MONTE ROSA HOTEL SUITE BEDROOM - NIGHT

Spencer enters the bedroom. A GLOW from a street lamp seeps through the shutters. In the slats of light, we can just make out the shapely contours of a female lying in bed.

SPENCER

Sorry. Business. They kept going over  
the same points... Location. Buildings.

Spencer takes off his clothes, dropping them onto the carpet.

SPENCER

I kept excusing myself, but it went  
on forever.

His NUDE body stands in the stripes of light from the shutters. He slides under the sheets, sliding up to the female contour, slipping his arms under the sheets, kissing her neck.

She comes suddenly awake, but not like Sleeping Beauty. This one SCREAMS! The contour jumps up in the bed.

VERONIQUE

Jesus! Who the hell are you?!

Spencer jumps as well.

SPENCER

Kensit?

The contour reaches to switch on the LIGHT, revealing Veronique, in a very minimalist penoir.

VERONIQUE

(furious)

No, it's bloody not...Kensit! Get out of here! Before I have you arrested.

Spencer pushes back in the bed in shock and disbelief.

SPENCER

I'm... I'm sorry... I must have the wrong room.

VERONIQUE

You bet you do! I don't know what your game is, but it's over! You have two seconds to get out of here, before...

She reaches under the mattress and pulls out a GUN. A GLOCK 7mm AUTO.

VERONIQUE

...before I kill you.

SPENCER

Hey, come on! Wait a minute! Put that...

She presses the gun to his forehead. He looks at it cross-eyed. It's a smallish gun, but looks very deadly.

VERONIQUE

You don't have a minute.

SPENCER

Alright! Alright! I'm going.

He shoves back and climbs out of bed. He stands up, completely naked (out of frame), but doesn't realize for a moment.

SPENCER

Just be careful with that! Okay? I thought this was someone else's room. It was a mistake.

Veronique just stares at him, past the gun.

SPENCER

Wait a minute...they moved her to 309!

VERONIQUE

This is room 306. I guess you have made a mistake.

She keeps pointing the gun at him, but her eyes drift to his mid section.

Spencer suddenly realizes he's naked. He grabs for the end of the sheet, pulling it to cover himself.

VERONIQUE

Do you know what the punishment is in Switzerland for rape?

SPENCER

Rape? Come on. It was an honest mistake. ...Look, I don't know about you...but I'm starting to see the humor in this. This situation.

VERONIQUE

I'm afraid it's passing me by.

SPENCER

Look, could you put the gun down.  
(it's pointing at his  
crotch)  
Or at least point it somewhere else.

VERONIQUE

No, I don't think so.

SPENCER

What kind of gun is that? I don't think I've seen one quite like it.

VERONIQUE

It's a Lady Glock, 7mm. It has plastic parts, so I can take it through airports in my make-up case.

SPENCER

Wow. That's serious. Lady Glock, huh?

He struggles with her for the sheet a bit, trying to cover more of himself.

SPENCER

Why don't you check at the front desk? Spencer Kendrick. They know me. They'll tell you I'm not a third story man.

She cracks a slight smile, starting to take a perverse pleasure in his predicament.

VERONIQUE

I'm sure you've seen your share of hotel bedrooms...

SPENCER

You're starting to enjoy this, aren't you?

Veronique reaches to the bedside phone and dials the desk, not taking her eyes off Spencer.

VERONIQUE

Yes. Von Stellen. 306. Is a Spencer  
Kendrick a guest of the hotel?  
(listens, amused)  
Oh, yes? Thank you.

She hangs up. She looks at him. Checking him out, up and down,  
maybe like a hungry cat sizing up a mouse.

VERONIQUE

They do know you. Very well apparently.

SPENCER

Okay, then. I'll just get dressed and  
go. We'll pretend this never happened...

He starts to turn away, but Veronique suddenly KICKS out with  
her foot, hitting him in the GROIN.

With a GROAN, Spencer doubles over, sinking to the floor on  
his knees.

SPENCER

Shit! What'd you do that for?

Veronique swings herself around, leaning on her elbows, close  
to his face, letting the gun fall limp in her hand.

VERONIQUE

Let's just say I'm disarming a  
potential rapist.

Spencer looks at her confused. She looks back at him for the  
longest moment, meeting his eyes, a tense silence.

Finally, Veronique grabs his hair. She pulls him to her and  
KISSES his lips.

SPENCER

(more confused)  
What was that for?

VERONIQUE

I don't know... Maybe I just have a  
soft spot for a man on his knees.

SPENCER

Are you crazy?

VERONIQUE

That's not really a question you ask  
of a crazy person, is it?

She plants another sucking kiss on him. As they make out, his  
hands slide up to the strings of her peanoir. But a moment later  
he finds the Glock pressed to his temple. He stops.

SPENCER

Problem?

INT. MONTE ROSA HOTEL HALLWAY - NIGHT

The door of Veronique's room opens and Spencer steps into the hall, NAKED, holding his clothes in front of himself.

Veronique looks out the door with the Glock. She smiles.

VERONIQUE

Try me for brunch. I prefer sex in the afternoon, anyway.

She closes the door. Spencer looks around and starts to quickly dress. But pauses. He can't help an amused grin.

FADE TO:

EXT. ZERMATT MAIN STREET - MORNING

Spencer jaunts along the sidewalk in a happy mood, WHISTLING.

He stops in front of a JEWELRY STORE, the window filled with Piaget watches and sparkling diamond and emerald jewelry.

INT. ZERMATT JEWELRY STORE - MORNING

WOLFGANG, the elder jeweler, long a local fixture, attends as Spencer steps to the counter.

WOLFGANG

May I help you?

SPENCER

Yes. I want something for exactly five thousand francs.

WOLFGANG

Man? Or madame?

SPENCER

Madame...of course. How about that one?

He points to a diamond bracelet. Wolfgang goes to a case and takes it out, looking at it through his jeweler's glass.

WOLFGANG

Yes. I can let you have this for five thousand francs.

Spencer takes a roll of money from his pocket and lays it out on the glass counter.

WOLFGANG

This is a very nice piece. She must be very special to you.

SPENCER

Just a thank you to a friend.

WOLFGANG

I should have friends like you.