

Perfect Understanding

By

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INT. LIVING ROOM OF A CHIC APARTMENT - EVENING

A plush sofa dominates the room and several candles glow in the darkness

SIMONE, a spitfire in her late twenties, rushes through the room. She briefly rummages through a closet and grabs her coat.

REEVES, a lean, handsome man in his thirties walks in and leans against the door from the bedroom.

REEVES

Simone, I don't think you understood me.

An incensed Simone reaches into the closet pulls out a shirt and wings it at him.

SIMONE

Oh no, I understood you perfectly.

She thrusts on her coat.

SIMONE

You think we should see other people, and that's because you are a dirty, rotten, black-hearted, douche bag with the soul of a four-day-old turd.

She rushes to the door and opens it.

Reeves still leans nonchalantly but his hands move nervously.

REEVES

(quietly)

Actually, it's because I'm an intelligence agent, and I could endanger you if we're seen together too often. But your version is much more colorful.

He moves toward the sofa, sits, and runs his fingers through his hair.

SIMONE

(shocked)

Wait! You're on the job? Seriously?

(CONTINUED)

REEVES

(sighs)

And, it's not lost me on me that  
now that I've told you, I've put  
you into even more danger.

Simone slowly walks back into the room. Her gait changes and becomes more provocative.

SIMONE

CIA?

Reeves nods.

Simone laughingly throws herself into his arms.

SIMONE

Well, CIA, meet FBI.

She looks deeply into his eyes.

SIMONE

But thanks for being concerned  
about me.

They kiss.

THE END.