

(Name of Project)

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FADE IN:

1 INT. LAVISH BEDROOM - DAY - CLOSE UP

1

Intimacy coordinator

Gypsy violins play softly in the background as a pair of strong male hands slick with oil move sensuously over a woman's buttocks, kneading her cheeks and tracing the tan line of a thong bikini.

The camera pulls back to reveal a thirty-ish blonde on a portable massage table set up between a king size bed and a cozy seating area that opens onto a patio and pool.

To the right and behind her, a bottle of Slivovitz sits on a coffee table. Shattered remains of two glasses glitter in front of a fireplace. A tin of Beluga caviar is empty, cracker crumbs and a tiny caviar spoon litter a plate.

Safety hazard - safety on standby

The camera swings round to reveal the masseur. Working his magic on the brandy-languid blonde is HANS, a young, more virile Fabio type whose untamed mane of hair is held back with a ragged, sweat-soaked cloth. He is naked to the waist, his chest and arms gleaming, his abs and pecks rock hard. He wears a pair of simple black peasant pants that cost a small fortune before they were tailored to hug his every nuance and curve. He is barefoot at the moment; a pair of exquisitely crafted ox-blood boots stand by the door. Draped over a chair would be a rough peasant shirt if rough peasants wore shirts of the finest Egyptian cotton.

HANS

(softly insinuating tone)

Is this how you like it?

The blonde moans unintelligibly into the pillow as HANS works his long fingers into her barely formed muscle groups.

HANS

(with a sensuous smile)

And does this please you as well?

Intimacy coordinator

She moans again as he digs a knuckle into her buttocks.

HANS

(murmuring seductively)

I take you beyond ecstasy, Beauty, yes? Tell me how much you like it.

She mumbles something else unintelligible into the pillow.

He is marginally distracted and straightens up, continuing to dig his knuckle into a soft fleshy buttock with one hand as he pulls a cell phone out of his pocket with the other.

In one smooth motion he scans the caller ID, smiles, flips it open and speaks in the same sensuous voice.

HANS  
Tell me how much.

As the voice squeaks on the other end, HANS drops all pretense of sensuality in a blink.

HANS  
**HOW** MUCH???

The voice squeaks again.

HANS  
(scanning the naked body)  
Give me twenty minutes.

The voice squeaks again.

HANS  
Make it five.

Might need a stunt director here?

He hangs up. With one brisk movement he slaps the pliant blonde on the buttock and flips her upright on the table. As he speaks he casually places her purse beside her while he moves back and forth getting dressed.

HANS  
I must leave you, Beauty. The party, it is over. An old friend may not live to see the morning sun. I must fly to her, but...  
(pause... brokenly)  
...I have no money. I do not know where to turn.

He turns and stands expectantly. The blonde is already dating the check.

HANS  
(matter-of-fact tone)  
If you leave it blank, Beauty, I will not have to beg upon the streets.

The blonde signs with a flourish and hands him the check.

HANS  
And a few dollars for cab fare?

She rummages in the purse and hands him a wad of twenties.

HANS

So beautiful and so wise. Cab  
drivers never have change. You have  
saved me, Beauty.

(kissing the palm of her  
check signing hand)

The life of a gypsy, it is, how do  
you say it, Touch and Go.

2

INT. LAVISH FOYER - DAY

2

HANS tips the cab driver lavishly after he leans HANS'  
massage table and duffel bag against the wall.

As HANS steps through the doorway into a whirlwind of party  
preparations, every head turns. He tosses his hair and  
everyone sighs.

HANS

(murmuring with a smile)

I love America.

VERONICA GABLES approaches. She's a late thirties Beverly  
Hills blonde in a very brief black tennis skirt. A peek-a-boo  
black t-shirt is emblazoned with a rhinestone logo. After air  
kisses and rubbing herself catlike against him, she prattles  
briskly while leading HANS to the kitchen.

VERONICA

...so Harvey says we'll split the  
profits straight down the middle -  
70/30 after costs - and we'll both  
be stinking rich. Not that I'm not  
already stinking rich, but...

Difficult shot - discuss with camera crew before

HANS loses interest when he simultaneously catches sight of  
his reflection in a fully mirrored wall and the admiring  
glances of several of the party prep crew.

As he walks he examines his muscles, flexing slightly and  
sighing gently as if burdened with a great sorrow, causing  
the six women and four men watching his every move to sigh  
gently right along with him.

VERONICA CONT'D

...with my brains on top of your  
body we'll turn heads.

HANS and his audience wonder if they've heard correctly and  
decide they haven't when VERONICA continues in the same vein.

VERONICA

I'll be even richer and you'll be  
the last word on the party circuit.  
(she segues for no  
particular reason)  
It's a harsh world out there, Hans.  
It's no place for someone who can't  
look at the truth without needing  
rose-colored glasses.

She looks bleak at the thought, unconsciously pulling a pair  
of rose-colored sunglasses from the top of her head and  
settles them on her nose with a 'that's better' smile.

Watch for reflection

VERONICA

If you can't cut the mustard you're  
better off washing your hands and  
throwing in the towel before things  
get messy and someone gets hurt.

While HANS looks marginally unfocused for a split second and  
actually glances at his hands, VERONICA spots the small, dark-  
haired florist who is putting the finishing touches on a  
massive floral arrangement.

VERONICA

(outraged tone)

Felipe... Didn't I specifically  
tell you I wanted orchids?

PHILLIP, who isn't remotely Hispanic, takes a calming breath  
and replies in a thick, upper class British accent.

PHILLIP

Madam, these are orchids.

VERONICA

(standing her ground)

These don't look anything like the  
arrangement you did for Zoey  
Fleishman last week, Felipe. Hers  
were white. These are pink.

HANS and PHILLIP and the party prep team stare as one at the  
massive arrangement of white orchids and then turn and stare  
at VERONICA. After a slight hesitation, PHILIP speaks.

PHILLIP

Perhaps if Madam took off her  
sunglasses...

She does, sees the difference and smiles.

VERONICA

That's *much* better, Felipe. You see how smoothly things go when we work as a team?

PHILLIP

(undaunted by the madness)  
Thank you, Madam. May I remind you once again that my name is Phillip, not Felipe?

VERONICA

(wagging a coy finger)  
You shouldn't be ashamed of your culture, Felipe. You should embrace it.

PHILLIP

Madam, I embrace it at every opportunity... when I return to England at Christmas each year.

She considers this for a moment.

VERONICA

...Okay then.  
(to Hans rolling her eyes)  
You can't get good help, you know?

PHILLIP

(through clenched teeth)  
If I might remind Madam that I am standing *right* here?

VERONICA

(continues, ignoring him)  
It's like they're always right *there*, you know? Under foot.

3

INT. LAVISH KITCHEN - DAY

3

VERONICA leads HANS into the kitchen, picking up two glasses of champagne off a tray and handing one to him.

VERONICA

So the party tonight is in honor of my dear departed Lewis, may he rest in peace. Harry says a send-off like this will snap me out of my suicidal depression.

She tosses back half the champagne and sighs.

VERONICA

And since we're launching our business at the same time, we can write off the whole thing as a start up cost.

She finishes the glass and places it on the counter with a satisfied smile.

VERONICA

I could drink this stuff all day, couldn't you?

HANS takes a sip and nods. It's very good champagne.

HANS

Mrs. Gables, I wish to tell you how sorry I am for your loss-

VERONICA

Hans, please.

(places her hand on his arm and absently fondles his muscles)

Call me Veronica. When you call me Mrs. Gables, I feel like you're talking to my mother.

HANS blinks once and moves on.

HANS

I massaged him just last week. For a man in his mid-to-late-eighties, he seemed very fit. We have never spoken about his death, you and I.

VERONICA

You mean, like, spiritually or to each other?

HANS

Uh... both.

VERONICA

(nodding in disbelief)

Tell me about it. Last time I asked Dr. Mersky, he said Lewis could hang on indefinitely, unless something unexpected came along.

HANS

And that was?

VERONICA  
The three-fifteen from Oxnard.

She sips at another glass of champagne and sighs.

VERONICA  
So tragic, but a blessing all the same. Lewis was having a hard time remembering the little things... That I always get jewelry the first Tuesday of every month; where he kept the key to his safety deposit box; the combination to the house safe; why I need a masseur, a personal trainer and a spiritual advisor on call round the clock.  
(sniffs)  
If I told him once I told him a thousand times, look to the right before you step out into traffic, but did he listen?

HANS thinks for a very brief moment.

HANS  
Apparently, yes.

VERONICA plays the last bit back and her smile is bittersweet.

VERONICA  
You see how love can work miracles?  
(briskly, all business)  
So we've got six hours before the guests arrive. With hair, facial, make up and wardrobe, I can just fit you in.  
(she grins wickedly)  
Can you handle me, big boy?

HANS tosses his hair as he flexes his deltoids.

HANS  
Just watch me.

4

INT. VERONICA'S BEDROOM - EARLY EVENING

4

With his elegant ruffled shirt open to the navel and his cropped tuxedo jacket draped over a nearby chair, HANS is seated at VERONICA'S desk. Her laptop is open and he's scrolling through VERONICA'S address list.



Behind his massage table a young woman straightens the pillows on a four poster bed. Off to one side another clears away the remains of a buffet supper from a balcony table overlooking the ocean. Both women look hungrily at HANS.

VERONICA's voice can be heard coming from the en suite bathroom.

VERONICA  
...and every one of those names is absolutely A-list.

HANS  
They will tell their friends, yes?

VERONICA emerges, wrapped in an enormous fluffy towel.

VERONICA  
A-list people don't have *friends*, darling. Friends have such tedious expectations. That whole sharing thing, I mean really. It's so all about *them*, you know?

She shakes her head in wonderment as she walks to a painting, moves it aside to reveal a wall safe, opens it and pulls out a jewelry box which she places on the desk beside HANS.

VERONICA  
They'll tell their enemies who will move heaven and earth to have you, which means your fees will go up.  
(smiling happily)  
Envy is such a practical tool.  
(practical now)  
Everyone will want you on retainer. They get a tax write off and we get a solid foundation to build on.

An extremely gay hairdresser bustles out of the bathroom to give last minute touches to VERONICA's hair while she chooses earrings, pendant and bracelets. He breaks stride at the sight of HANS and places his hand on his heart as he licks suddenly dry lips. Reluctantly, he remembers his job and tears his eyes away.

VERONICA  
Harvey's got everything set up. You'll get weekly checks so you don't have to think about money. You'll have the guest cottage here on the grounds, naturally.

Jewelry chosen, she returns the box to the safe and slides the painting back into place. She walks back to the desk and puts on her earrings.

VERONICA

You'll keep your tips, of course.  
Every month we'll get together and  
see how fat the bank account is.

She holds up a diamond pendant and HANS gets up to fasten it around her neck. As he moves into place, he brushes against the hairdresser who nearly faints at his touch.

HANS

And tonight?

VERONICA

Tonight is all about Lewis, Hans.  
Everyone is here to remember him.

Waves fingers to prevent her mascara from running as imaginary tears threaten.

Properly chastened, HANS kisses her neck.

HANS

Forgive me.

VERONICA

I'm in a very fragile place right  
now. My therapist says it's about  
managing denial.

(practical again)

Harvey says it's about managing  
deniability.

(beat)

I'm with him. They get no more than  
ten minutes with you and no funny  
stuff or their A-list asses are out  
the door.

HANS

If they offer me money?

VERONICA looks at him as if he has two heads.

VERONICA

You take it! Whoever heard of  
refusing a gift?

(shakes her head)

Sometimes I think I know you and  
then other times I just don't  
know...

VERONICA walks into the walk-in closet to get dressed, speaking over her shoulder as she goes.

VERONICA

Trust me: We're going to be the next big thing. It would take some kind of unnatural disaster to mess it up for us. Am I right?

HANS is transfixed by her statement and a look of panic comes into his eyes. He closes them.

CUT TO:

5 INT. A PERSIAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

5

HANS is surrounded by admirers. A belly dancer performs in the center of the dance floor. While the crowd applauds, a short, swarthy man in a mismatched waiter's tux puts down his tray and joins her. She laughingly welcomes him.

Seconds later, a resounding slap is heard. The laughter and music instantly stop. HANS turns from his fans and sees the belly dancer with tears in her eyes, one man comforting her and three others moving in on HABIBI who tries unsuccessfully to present himself as the picture of innocence.

HABIBI points from himself to HANS and the astonished crowd follows his moves. HANS closes his eyes as if seeking inner strength and sadly nods his head.

CUT TO:

6 INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

6

Impeccable in his tux, HANS escorts a wealthy woman out of the elevator across the lobby. His head inclined to catch every word she utters, they make their way toward a party of wealthy patrons waiting by the door.

From the lounge across the lobby a scream is heard followed by shattering glass. HABIBI is escorted from its depths by hotel security. Before he can be hustled out the back door, HABIBI points from himself to HANS. All eyes turn. Once again HANS closes his eyes and sadly nods his head.

CUT TO:

7 INT. LARGE BANQUET HALL - NIGHT

7

Nimble waiters carrying large trays move swiftly through the wedding guests packed into too many round tables for the size of the room. Everyone is too busy drinking the free booze to pay attention to the food. The noise level is off the charts.

HABIBI saunters casually along the periphery. The unlikely Romeo is blissfully unconcerned that his uniform is stained, his hair is uncombed and his habit of scratching his private parts and smelling his fingers afterwards is a turn-off for the women he sidles up to

Spying a shy woman who is listlessly poking at her salad, HABIBI scratches, sniffs and makes his signature move.

HABIBI

Let me take you away from all this,  
Baby. You and me, we will make the  
Heaven's move, Yes? No?

WOMAN

(shrinking from him)  
What? N-no! I mean- HELP!

RICHARD, the catering manager, takes HABIBI firmly by the arm and hustles him through the swinging door into the kitchen.

8 INT. CATERING KITCHEN

8

As the door swings closed, we see that RICHARD has HABIBI backed up against a wall with one hand on his chest while he shakes a finger in his face.

RICHARD

Did I tell you 'one more time and  
you're off the books'?

HABIBI nods and gives him a wink.

HABIBI

You want to pay me under the table.

RICHARD barely manages to restrain himself. He speaks through clenched teeth.

RICHARD

I want to kill you with my bare  
hands and bury you in cement.

HABIBI  
And the refund for my uniform?

RICHARD's voice is dangerously close to breaking.

RICHARD  
You got six kinds of crud on this  
suit in two days and you want a  
refund? I'll give you a refund!

He pulls back his fist.

WOLFGANG BLITZ, the catering company owner, closes one hand  
on RICHARD's fist and places the other in a calming motion on  
his manager's shoulder. The suave German has made a career of  
soothing ruffled feathers.

WOLFGANG  
Vat Richard means iss your refund  
and paycheck are ready. My sister,  
Grindl, will take good care of you.

GRINDL looks like a linebacker in drag. Her 280 pound frame  
is a solid mass of muscle. As she moves through the busy  
kitchen, the workers part. She reaches HABIBI and, just as we  
expect to see her flatten him, she simpers girlishly.

GRINDL  
Yu unt me Habibi, ve mak muzik, ya?

9 INT. LARGE BANQUET HALL - SECONDS LATER

9

HABIBI is ejected from the kitchen with GRINDL in tears in  
hot pursuit, rolling up her sleeves. HABIBI picks himself up  
off the ground as GRINDL closes in. HABIBI points to himself  
and then to HANS, who at that moment is dancing with the  
Bride. All heads turn. The bride steps back as the groom  
steps forward. HANS closes his eyes and sadly nods.

CUT TO:

10 INT. LAVISH BEDROOM - EARLY EVENING

10

HANS opens his eyes and shudders. He moves quickly to the  
window and peers through the curtains. Seeing nothing to  
alarm him, he answers VERONICA's rhetorical question with a  
hopeful smile.

HANS  
Yes, Beauty. You are right.

HANS cell phone rings at that moment and he jumps. Taking it out of his pocket he scans the caller ID and takes a deep, calming breath before he answers.

HANS  
Where are you?

11 INT./EXT. SPLIT SCREEN - VERONICA'S BEDROOM/CITY STREET 11

HABIBI is being chased by an angry mob. He waves down three taxis before one stops. He piles in and locks the door.

12 INT./INT. SPLIT SCREEN - VERONICA'S BEDROOM/TAXI BACK SEAT 12

Angry fists pound on the windows and angry voices yell at the cabbie, who pulls out into traffic.

HABIBI speaks into the phone as the mob fades from view.

HABIBI  
Is it time for a change of scenery?

HANS  
I think you are right.

HABIBI  
What?

HANS  
I agree. Where do you want to go?

HABIBI stares suspiciously at the phone before he replies.

HABIBI  
I chose the last time.

HANS  
You choose every time.

HABIBI  
Let me get back to you.

HABIBI closes his phone with a thoughtful look and the split screen closes.

13 INT. VERONICA'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

13

HANS closes his phone with a confident smile and moves away from the window as VERONICA emerges from the walk-in closet.

She is poured into a glittering black strapless floor-length gown whose hip-high slit provides considerable latitude. Her hair is artfully tousled as though she's just come from a most enjoyable romp.

HANS whistles as VERONICA strikes a pose for him.

HANS  
You are a vision.

VERONICA  
(nodding)  
Being a widow totally works for me.

VERONICA notices HANS' transformation. He has left his ruffled shirt open, draped his bow tie under the collar and put on his cropped tuxedo jacket. The effect is a cross between Spanish flamenco and Chippendale's and it gives VERONICA a moment's pause.

HANS  
And this... it works for you too?

VERONICA  
(grins, linking arms)  
Too bad we're already running late.

14 INT. LAVISH FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

14

As VERONICA makes her grand entrance with HANS in attendance, the crush of elegant party guests is hushed. Even among jaded A-list glitterati, VERONICA clearly holds the winning hand.

When they reach the bottom of the staircase, air kisses and groping hands accompany soft cooing compliments and clichéd condolences.

As a waiter serves the champagne, VERONICA raises her glass.

VERONICA  
To Lewis.

The guests raise their glasses and echo her toast.

VERONICA  
There were times when I wondered if  
Lewis was going to live forever.  
(she's briefly horrified)  
But he didn't.  
(cheerfully)  
And as I look back I remember the  
truth of his words: It's so easy to  
forget to pamper yourself.

The completely self-absorbed crowd nods enthusiastically, though it has no idea what she's talking about.

VERONICA

If it takes a tragedy to remind us  
to live life to the fullest then  
Lewis didn't die in vain... and I  
haven't invested a bundle to get my  
new business off the ground for  
nothing.

(with a flourish)

Say hello to Hans the Gypsy Masseur  
everyone. Wait till he gets his  
hands on you!

HANS smiles and raises his glass. As everyone raises theirs, a woman screams and the sound of a resounding slap is heard.

WOMAN

Get your hands off me, you pig!

The crowd parts. A bitchy brunette with more angles than curves is confronting HABIBI, who is still wearing the soiled waiter's tuxedo.

HABIBI

You like it rough, Baby? That is  
good for me too. Wait until we are  
alone and I slap you a little, yes?

He leans effortlessly away from the glass of champagne she hurls at him and waves happily to HANS.

HABIBI

It is good what we have here.

He scratches and sniffs without thinking.

THE CROWD

(collectively)

Ewwwww

HABIBI

Why do you want to leave?

VERONICA is on the brink of having HABIBI thrown out on his ear when his words register. She turns to HANS.

VERONICA

You want to leave?

HANS

No!



HABIBI  
So you lied to me on the phone?

VERONICA  
You KNOW this creep?

HANS  
(nodding)  
I cannot tell a lie.

HABIBI walks over to stand on the other side of Veronica. In the exchange that follows, she pivots from one man to the other and back again, listening to HABIBI and accusing HANS.

HABIBI  
Sure you can. You do it all the time. You did it this afternoon.

VERONICA  
You were with me all afternoon.

HABIBI  
Why does it always have to be about you? He lied to me on the phone.

VERONICA  
When were you on the phone?

HABIBI  
Stay with the tour, honey. He was on the phone with me this afternoon

VERONICA hits the wall. She turns on HABIBI.

VERONICA  
That's it. I'm not your honey and Hans was never on the phone you. Richard, throw this creep out.

RICHARD, the catering manager, moves forward with evident pleasure. HABIBI's eyebrows go up in surprise.

RICHARD  
With pleasure, Mrs. Gables.

HABIBI  
It is a small world.

RICHARD  
And yours is gonna get a whole lot smaller, pal.

As Richard rolls up his sleeves and steps forward, HABIBI takes a step back and lands on VERONICA's foot.

VERONICA  
OUCH! Get off me, you pig!

From the edge of the crowd we see GRINDL approaching.

GRINDL  
Liebling, Grindl is coming!

VERONICA can't believe her eyes as GRINDL tramples guests to reach HABIBI before RICHARD throttles him.

VERONICA  
Who the hell is that cow??

WOLFGANG steps forward.

WOLFGANG  
Ziss cow iss my sister, Mrs.  
Gables. A sousand pardons.

VERONICA  
That's the worst thing about  
family, isn't it Wolfie? You give  
and give and they keep coming back  
for more.  
(turns to Grindl)  
It's all right, dear. No one is  
going to harm a single greasy hair  
on your boyfriend's head. Run along  
now. Let the grown ups go on with  
their party.

While HABIBI calls out imploringly for HANS to intervene, GRINDL wraps a protective arm around him and drags him off to the kitchen with WOLFGANG close behind.

VERONICA  
And they say improvisation is a  
lost art. Let's hear it for our  
brave little acting troupe.

As everyone laughs at her joke and more champagne makes the rounds, VERONICA gives HANS a nudge. He leans in to hear her above the noise of the crowd.

VERONICA  
(smiling to guests)  
This had better be good.

HANS closes his eyes briefly and sighs.

15 INT. VERONICA'S MASSAGE STUDIO - LATER

15

HANS tells his story to VERONICA, who sits perched on a stool while a succession of party guests enjoy their ten-minute sessions with HANS. HANS never forgets to make appropriate moves to make his subjects feel special. VERONICA interrupts him periodically to keep the flow of guests moving, making sure no one overstays their welcome or steps over the line.

HANS

I came to this country to get rid  
of a curse.

(to a well preserved 50+  
client on the table)

You will forgive me for telling my  
sad story. It is a weakness with  
gypsies all over the world.

VERONICA

It must have been terrible for you.

HANS smiles and VERONICA motions 'get on with it'.

HANS

When I was young, life was good. I  
had money, houses, cars, women...  
and then one day, the gypsies came.

CUT TO:

16 EXT. HANS' ESTATE - NIGHT

16

HANS looks across a vast property and sees a number of small  
campfires illuminating several wagons and pitched tents.  
Music and dancers can be seen and heard.

CUT TO:

17 INT. VERONICA'S MASSAGE STUDIO - SAME TIME

17

VERONICA

But you are a gypsy.

HANS

I am ashamed to tell you I hid the  
truth of my birth from everyone.  
But the gypsies knew. They always  
know.

(sighs longingly)

(MORE)

HANS (cont'd)  
The Gypsy Queen had a daughter  
named HATAR.

CUT TO:

18 EXT. THE GYPSY CAMP - NIGHT

18

An old woman steps down from a wagon and stares across the fire into the night toward HANS. A young girl rushes out of one of the tents. She is beautiful, innocent and at the same time, sensuously hypnotic. She stares into the darkness for a moment and then walks away.

CUT TO:

19 INT. VERONICA'S MASSAGE STUDIO - SAME TIME

19

HANS  
In that moment, I was lost.

His new client is a bouncy tennis type who has become putty in his hands.

HANS  
Is this good for you, Beauty? You must tell me if I make you happy or sad. I am here to serve only you.

His client moans softly and HANS gives a thumbs-up to VERONICA, who ticks off another name on the list.

HANS  
I had everything a man could want.. except love. When I saw that gypsy girl, I knew I must have her. I went to their camp every night.

CUT TO:

20 EXT. THE GYPSY CAMP - NIGHT

20

HANS brings gifts that join a growing pile. He is greeted by the old woman who walks through them and turns up her nose while the girl, HATAR watches from the tent. HANS is invited to test his strength against his rivals: arm wrestling, knife throwing, bareback horse riding. Each time he wins. The gypsy music plays on and the dancers dance.

CUT TO:

21 INT. VERONICA'S MASSAGE STUDIO - SAME TIME 21

HANS  
One day a message came. I had  
passed all their tests. That night  
we were wed.

CUT TO:

22 EXT. HANS' ESTATE - NIGHT 22

HANS and HATAR are married by a gypsy with everyone drinking  
and dancing and cheering.

CUT TO:

23 INT. VERONICA'S MASSAGE STUDIO - SAME TIME 23

HANS  
We were truly happy... but alas,  
old habits die hard and I strayed.

VERONICA  
Jennie, darling, I hate to  
interrupt, but your time is up.

The current client, a jazzy redhead, clamps an iron hand on  
HANS' wrist.

JENNIE  
I'll give you \$5,000 to let me stay  
for another 10 minutes.

VERONICA  
Jennie, you naughty thing, you know  
the rules. Now hustle your buns.  
Chelsea Vickers is waiting right  
outside that door.

JENNIE sighs and gives in. She gazes deeply into HANS' dark  
eyes and slips him the \$5,000 as she pulls on her robe and  
disappears into the adjoining bathroom.

VERONICA  
(whispering)  
Hook, line and sinker. And keep the  
money she slipped you.  
(normal tone)  
Oh Hans, I'm sorry.  
(MORE)

VERONICA (cont'd)  
 I know you wanted to keep working  
 with her, but we have so many  
 people who want to see you tonight.

She hops off her stool and goes to the door. When she yanks  
 it open, the angular brunette who was attacked by HABIBI is  
 caught off guard with her ear pressed to the door.

VERONICA  
 Chloe! Make yourself at home.

HANS  
 I hope to make you forget the shock  
 and the pain. Is this good for you?

HANS works her shoulders with warm oil as she settles down on  
 the table. In seconds she's as limp as a noodle.

VERONICA  
 Hans is telling me the story of his  
 life, Chloe. I hope you don't mind.

She murmurs into the pillow and HANS picks up the tale.

HANS  
 I broke the one vow I swore never  
 to break. I betrayed my true love  
 in a moment of weakness. To make it  
 worse, my lover had pictures that  
 revealed every shocking detail.

VERONICA and CHLOE exchange glances and then look away.

HANS  
 My bride saw those pictures. In  
 that moment the love died and a  
 raging fury took its place.

CUT TO:

24 EXT. HANS' ESTATE - NIGHT

24

HANS' wife stares defiantly at him and tosses the pictures on  
 a small table. As he falls to his knees and begs his  
 forgiveness, she laughs cruelly and holds out one hand with  
 the fingers open wide. He stares at it in terror.

CUT TO:

25 INT. VERONICA'S MASSAGE STUDIO - SAME TIME

25

HANS  
For my betrayal, all that I long  
for will slip through my fingers  
until the end of days.

VERONICA  
That's a terrible curse!

HANS  
(laughing bitterly)  
That is just the punishment. The  
curse is much worse.

CUT TO:

26 EXT. HANS' ESTATE - NIGHT

26

HANS' wife raises her other hand and suddenly sticks out the middle finger. When he looks confused, she picks up a bucket of pig swill and dumps it on his head. The light dawns and he shudders. She nods triumphantly and walks out the door without looking back. He remains kneeling before the fire, pig swill dripping from his shoulders as her silhouette grows smaller and smaller in the distant campfire light.

CUT TO:

27 INT. VERONICA'S MASSAGE STUDIO - SAME TIME

27

VERONICA  
She dumped pig swill on your head  
and you understood?

HANS  
(nodding)  
Her brother, Habibi. He is a gypsy  
prince. He is worth millions, but  
will never see his inheritance  
unless...

CHLOE and VERONICA are mesmerized.

VERONICA/CHLOE  
...unless?

HANS  
Unless he marries.

The two women shudder simultaneously.

VERONICA  
Oh... My... God.

CHLOE  
I mean, it's one thing to sell  
yourself...

VERONICA  
Exactly.

CHLOE  
Not that anyone would.

VERONICA  
No no.

CHLOE  
But Habibi...

The two woman try as hard as they can.

VERONICA/CHLOE  
...EWWWWWW!

HANS closes his eyes for a moment and sighs.

HANS  
Until he finds that special woman I  
must protect him from himself.

VERONICA has an inspired thought.

VERONICA  
Wait! What about Brunhilda, or  
whatever her name is?

HANS laughs bitterly.

HANS  
Do you think my gypsy girl is as  
foolish as that? Habibi must love  
his woman equally in return!

VERONICA and CHLOE are thoroughly impressed.

CHLOE  
And I thought I was a bitch!

VERONICA  
(laughing)  
No kidding! Time's up.



CHLOE  
What?

VERONICA  
(tapping her watch)  
Ten minutes. You know the rules.

CHLOE is furious. She turns to HANS, who shrugs helplessly.

CHLOE  
(slapping money into his  
outstretched hand)  
That's a nasty habit you've got,  
Hans, landing a new curse before  
the old one's worn off.

She sweeps out of the room as the door opens and a sweet,  
gentle creature with enormous doe eyes and a fluffy aura of  
pale brown hair peeks her head in.

CELESTE  
Am I too early, Vee?

VERONICA rushes over and hugs the woman.

VERONICA  
Lessie, it's never too early for  
you!  
(to Hans)  
This is my baby sister, Celeste.  
Darling, this is Hans.

CELESTE extends a soft and gentle hand. When HANS takes it,  
it's as if he's struck by lightening. She removes her hand  
from his grasp and quietly climbs up on the table.

HANS stares in wonder from his hand to her unremarkable  
figure and scratches his head. He takes his position at the  
table and rubs warm oil on his hands.

HANS  
You must tell me how you like it,  
as I work. I am here only to serve.

He places his hands on her shoulder blades and bursts of  
steam explode from her skin. He jumps back in wonder.

CELESTE  
Mmmm... that feels good. So  
soothing and cool.

HANS blinks and looks at VERONICA, who is counting names on her list and hasn't noticed. He places a towel on Celeste's back and continues. Veronica looks up.

VERONICA  
What's with the towel?

HANS  
It is one of many techniques. Shall I continue the story?

VERONICA  
There's more?

HANS  
Ah yes. When Habibi and I left my country, it was as my wife had said. Happiness slipped through my fingers and Habibi brought scandal to both of us.

CUT TO:

28 VARIOUS - NIGHT

28

HANS lies on a therapist's couch. As he tells his story, she bursts out laughing and he leaves.

In a private club. HANS works as a bartender surrounded by beautiful women who flirt with an older, balding waiter.

On the street, HANS is begging. A woman spits in his hand.

CUT TO:

29 INT. VERONICA'S MASSAGE STUDIO - SAME TIME

29

HANS  
That's when I thought of America. I told Habibi, if ever a man could find happiness, it would be here. So we came as soon as we could.

CUT TO:

30 VARIOUS - NIGHT

30

HANS lies on a different therapist's couch. As he tells his story, the new therapist bursts out laughing and he leaves.

In a private club HANS works as a bartender surrounded by beautiful women who flirt with an even older, balding waiter.

On the street, HANS is begging again. A woman just like the other, only wearing different clothing, spits in his hand.

CUT TO:

31 INT. VERONICA'S MASSAGE STUDIO - SAME TIME

31

HANS

But I did not give up. From the moment I saw you, I knew. It is you who will change my life. It is you who will find the woman to melt the heart of Habibi. It is you who will help me break free of my curse.

VERONICA's eyes fill with tears and CELESTE starts to cry. At that moment the door slams open. HABIBI rushes in, wild eyed.

HABIBI

Save me, bitch! Attila the Hen is after my ass.

VERONICA bristles, then realizes HABIBI is talking to HANS. She makes a move to speak and then realizes CELESTE is sitting up and staring in wonderment at HABIBI.

CELESTE

(she speaks softly)  
Hello there. I'm Celeste.

On hearing a woman speak, HABIBI's normal reflex is to scratch and sniff. His hand is already en route to his nether regions as he turns and registers CELESTE for the first time. For some reason, his hand stops half way. He looks as if he's about to bow from the waist.

HABIBI

Hey, Baby, I--

For some reason, he can't seem to finish the sentence.

HABIBI

How's about a good--

HANS is absolutely fascinated. VERONICA forgets her numbers.

HABIBI

You and me, we--

HANS and VERONICA exchange glances. HANS starts to smile.

HABIBI

I am Habibi. It is an honor.

CELESTE takes his hand shyly and he blushes like a girl.

VERONICA beckons to HANS. After locking the door to the hall, they leave by the internal connecting door.

32

INT. VERONICA'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

32

Once inside her bedroom, HANS quickly opens and pours champagne for them both. They raise their glasses in a silent toast and drink.

VERONICA

You know what this means?

HANS

(pacing excitedly)

It means the curse is lifted; and you and I will be rich; and Habibi will marry the love of his life.

VERONICA

Mmmyeah, all that too, of course.

HANS

All that too? What else is there?

VERONICA

There's Godfather Carlos Vendetta, the Mafia Don of Dons.

HANS looks puzzled.

VERONICA

Celeste's husband.

HANS

Well, shit.