

THE SPONSOR

Idea & Written

by

Sophie von Rheden

LOGLINE

A West Berlin countess must track down a valuable oil painting while grappling with the disappearance of her East German lover, whose sudden reappearance years later as a British duke and sponsor of her son turns her life upside down.

Premise

I am a secret code waiting to be cracked.

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BLACK

NARRATIVE (V.O.)
 (changes between
 multi languages)
 THE UNITY OF GERMANY, THE FALL OF
 COMMUNISM, PEACEFUL REVOLUTION,
 IRON CURTAIN FALLS.

SUPERIMPOSE: WEST-BERLIN 22. 12. 1989

QUICK PHOTOMONTAGE FROM A ARCHIVE:

THE BRANDENBURG-GATE AROUND THE TURN, A SYMBOL OF DIVISION
 AND REUNIFICATION OF THE COLD WAR.

IMMIGRANTS CROSS THE BORDER --- EN MASSE.

BORDER OFFICIALS STAND AT THE CHECKPOINTS BETWEEN WEST- AND
 EAST GERMANY TOGETHER.

FADE IN:

EXT. WEST-BERLIN-WALL - LATE AFTERNOON

ON THE TOP OF THE CROWDED BERLIN WALL, WE REVEAL BETWEEN
 THOUSANDS OF CURIOS AND CELEBRATING VISITORS:

ANNA-MARIA COUNTESS OF KALKSTEIN, NICKNAME ANNMA (18), RED
 TURTLENECK AND PARKA.

The West-Berlin art-student capture with her handy-cam the
 historical moment.

THEN ---

--- Annma is pushed down the wall on the chest of an EAST
 GERMAN COMRADE (28) in the East part.

His arms wrap her tide with both hands.

RICHARD (O.S.)
 (In German/subtitled)
 Frohe Weihnachten Fräulein and
 welcome to East Berlin! I am afraid
 you chose the wrong direction to
 reach the West.

Annma blows her 80's style brunette perm out of her cute
 freckled face. We follow her gaze as she checks her camera.
 Then she lingers his vibrant, crystal blue eyes.

ANNMA
 How about putting me down?

He gulps for air, glaring into her almond green eyes.

TIME-CUT TO THE WEST PART OF THE WALL:

EXT. BERLIN-WALL - EARLY EVENING

PICKAXE NOISES FROM WALL HACKING.

A GRAFFITIED WALL WHERE THE PICKAXE HAS JUST KNOCKED DOWN A BRICK, WHICH FALLS ON THE RUBBLE.

A YOUNG MAN (mid twenty) picks it up.

He sells it to Annma, who gives him five German marks.

RICHARD

You want?

RICHARD tosses a Cabinet GDR cigarette into his mouth.

ANNMA

Uh... Welcome to the West and thank you for saving me earlier.

RICHARD

(clears throat)

May I?

ANNMA

Well, uh ... it depends.

Richard gives Annma a hearty hug. We linger on Annma's surprised glance and her pleasant expression.

RICHARD (O.S.)

Thank you for this.

Richard peeks at his stone over her shoulder.

RICHARD

(in German/subtitled)

Uh, the A stands for -ARRIVED-? You must know that I speak English.

ANNMA

(in German/subtitled)

Why would a OSSI speak English?

RICHARD

(Russian/subtitled)

(BEAT)

I can't tell you how much you look like her.

ANNMA

UH? What did you just say? You look more like a caviar spy with your western brands.

Richard hunts for a wall stone.

RICHARD

Uh, I said. My name is Richard
and I want to find one with an R.

We pan over the rubble of the wall for an R in the graffiti.

ANNMA

(In German/subtitled)

I am Annma.

Annma also seeks for a readable R. Suddenly she throws herself over the debris like over a rummage table at a garage sale, picking up a chunk that a girl was about to grab.

RICHARD (O.S.)

So you chose the A because you
want me to remember you, Annma?

Annma smiles and holds the trophy out to Richard.

ANNMA

Is that not a reason to remember
me? I thought you might be better
at spying than we're in West
Germany.

RICHARD

Let's forget certain key words of
the past.

He wipes gently the dust from it.

ANNMA

Would you like to take a first dip
in my material world?

RICHARD

(chokes)

Where you want me to dip in?

Annma's eyes raise wide open, biting her lips.

ANNMA

UH ... KADEWE?

RICHARD

(chuckles)

Oh, you mean THE STORE OF THE WEST
with six floors and a size of six
soccer fields.

He raises his shoulders with a happy smile.

ANNMA

Did you expect less in a
capitalistic world?

RICHARD

I suggest that you try first an
real East German sausage.

ANNMA

You can hardly wait for a real
reunification of East and West.

RICHARD

Oh, no no. I mean we go to Alexander
Platz in the East, where you eat
an Goldbroiler or an Ket-sausage.

ANNMA

Goldbroiler? Ket-sausage?

PEDESTRIANS with German GDR/flags parade around.

RICHARD

We imported the first breeding
chickens from an American farm
that flew in via Bulgaria. They
no longer had their power, and we
kept the name. They are one of
the most popular GDR meat products.

ANNMA

(BEAT)

In the cookbook my mother brought
from the East Block, written by
our former family cook, this
goldbroiler has yet to appear.
One of her recipes calls for eggs
in mustard sauce with potatoes.
Fred liked it very little, but it
was our favourite family dish.

RICHARD

(BEAT)

Oh, this recipe sounds eerily
familiar. After all, eggs and
mustard were easy to buy and were
part of the standard repertoire of
every GDR canteen or household. I
agree with your boyfriend.

ANNMA

Freddy? He is my elder brother.

TIME-CUT TO THE EAST-PART

EXT. ALEXANDERPLATZ/EAST PART - CONTINUOUS

O YOU JOYFUL/INSTRUMENTAL/RUHMMENTAL

SQUARE WITH THE HIGH TELEVISION TOWER OF THE GDR

A NEON SIGN: CURRY-SAUSAGE & CRISPY CHICKEN

In front of the Grill stand ANNMA and RICHARD queuing in an endless line.

BEAT: When Richard takes his scarf off, we discover a little de facto Union-Jack and a horse-head-pin on his English Barbour.

He puts his scarf around her neck, reminding his gaze on her eyes. White clouds come out as he breathes.

ANNMA

(BEAT)

You have manners like a gentleman.

RICHARD

(interferes)

Can you imagine that on November 4, I was demonstrating on this square with about 500,000 others?

ANNMA

Uh-uhf, that's impressive.

RICHARD

How can your eyes be a copy of a woman I am in love with?

ANNMA CHOKES HEAVY.

TIME-CUT:

INT. SNACK-BAR - CONTINUOUS

CROWD LAUGHING, INDISTINCT GERMAN CHATTER, CLATTERING OF DISHES.

Cold light. Cigarette smoke.

SOUND FROM THE JUKEBOX GETS LAUDER

PUB LANDLORD (O.S.)

(East-German accent
with subtitle)

One Goldbroiler and Ket-sausage.
with fries. Beer and coffee.

RICHARD'S HAND HOLD GDR-GERMAN-MARK TO PAY WITH.

ANNMA turns her 80's style CAM.

A SEA OF MIXED WEST- AND EAST GERMAN FLAGS.

ANNMA (O.S.)

Is it that why you are so splendid
with a West-Berlin Girl because
you are married?

RICHARD

(grins, shaking
his head)

This ket-sausage are our GDR hot dog. It was developed in the late 1970s. As the crowds around Alexanderplatz became too much for the restaurants, a solution was sought to feed them in a grill canteen.

ANNMA

I wonder if you could help me to find a work of art.

RICHARD hands grabs a paper napkin with a wondering gaze.

TIME-CUT TO THE WEST-CITY:

WHAT THE GERMANS CALL KU'DAMM IS THE NICKNAME FOR THE FAMOUS KURFÜRSTENDAMM SHOPPING BOULEVARD IN THE WESTERN PART OF THE CITY.

INT. ANNMA'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

(RADIO sound of searching a channel)

RADIO

(German voice fades)

The chain through the Baltic States
for their independence ...

Putting two small Berlin stones together,
we discover a whole red heart, which
contains A & R.

Through the open car window.

CROWD CHATTER

BERLIN CITIZENS

(in German with
English subtitle)

Let's grab a curry sausage, dude.

FADING VOICES

ANNMA

Ouch, my big toe hurts from walking
around. How many times did we
cross from one to the other side?

RICHARD takes off his windbreaker as we take a quick look at his six-pack under his black turtleneck and jeans. Then he takes off one of Annma's boots. Her toe shows blood.

ANNMA

Where exactly you are from?

RICHARD

I am from a village nest.

ANNMA

(BEAT)

My mother's cow-village is in the former North-Saxony-Anhalt. Well, I heard they changed the name. County whatever. It has an old palace which is maybe the only attraction in this nest.

RICHARD

(BEAT)

This is where my district is. Magdeburg. Grandma worked in an old palace for a noble family. However, they had to leave, when the Russians expelled them.

ANNMA shoots with wide open eyes and raised eye-brows up.

He is talking about her family, but they have no idea of their relationship.

ANNMA

What is the name of the family?

RICHARD

No interrogation please. For an East-German comrade it feels like a hearing of the STASI. Let's celebrate this unique night.

Without hesitation, ANNMA throws herself on top of him.

Her mouth is open as she presses her forearm firmly against his throat.

ANNMA

Stasi? You must be kidding me.

We linger on both faces from close. -- hot crackling --

RICHARD

(hoarse whispering)

You are pressing on my living muscle!

(he points on his zipper)

There are better ways to take my breath away.

RICHARD'S gaze betrays a hint of infatuation. His lips invite a kiss, but she doesn't even blink.

She bursts into a loud laugh and throws herself back as he grabs her and turns her upside down. His lips are wide open. Mouth gaping, he lingers on hers.

He reaches between her legs.

They both move strongly together. He grabs her hair with one hand. The other hand clasps hers.

Their noses touch and brush against each other.

FOGGED CAR WINDOW AND OA FINGERTIP-PAINTED HEART THAT READS
A & R.

CRESCENDO OF HEAVY MOANING

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WEST-BERLIN/ FRIEDENSALLEE - CONTINUOUS

INTERCUT:

ANNMA

Why does he take so long to pee?

Annma stands shivering by the meter-high Christmas tree. A mulled wine truck drives by, offering hot drinks.

RICHARD

Why isn't she here as we had agreed?

LIKE A FLYING SLEIGH PULLED BY A REINDEER, WE FLY LIKE SANTA CLAUS OVER THE HUGE CHRISTMAS TREE, WHERE BOTH ARE WAITING, SNEAKING AROUND THE TREE, BUT ON OPPOSITE SIDES, WITHOUT SEEING EACH OTHER.

THEN --- THEY GO AGAIN IN OPPOSITE DIRECTIONS ---

ANNMA

(shouts after the
truck)

WAIT, WAIT!

IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION RICHARD IS CARRYING TWO COFFEE CUPS WITH A FEW HURRIED STEPS. THEN AGAIN TO ANNMA.

ANNMA MAKES HER ROUNDS WITH TWO HOT WINES IN HER HAND.

ANNMA (V.O.)

I, the complete idiot, spent my
last Mark on his hot wine. What
did I expect from a one-night stand?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WEST-BERLIN/FRED'S APARTMENT - CHRISTMAS EVE

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC: HOLY NIGHT, SILENT NIGHT

INSERT: Two days later

ANNMA in a red dress squats in front of the Christmas-tree. Repeatedly she watches the fall on the camcorder.

ANNMA
 (whining)
 Holy shit, fucking night

RICHARD (V.O.)
 (In German/subtitled)
 FRAU GENOSSIN, you choose the wrong
 direction to reach THE WEST.

On the running camcorder we catch a glimpse of Richard.

INAUDIBLE

Annma desperately and violently cries, surrounded by a
 mountain of Kleenex flying all around her.

FRED (22), fatherly, dark suite, holds the brick against
 her and takes the CAM as she acts even more dramatically.

ANNMA
 (sobbing)
 (BEAT)
 What did he mean by falling in
 love with someone in another
 century? He must be insane.
 (yelling)
 Then he said:
 I am a secret code waiting to be
 cracked.

ANNMA pulls out a bunch of Kleenex and blows her red nose.
 Red-eyed she cleans her green running mascara.

DISSOLVE TO THE EAST-PART:

INT. EAST-BERLIN/RICHARD'S APARTMENT - CHRISTMAS EVE

RICHARD, red teary eyes, white t-shirt, jeans, is lying on
 the floor in front of the portrait, leaning against a moving
 box marked "London. Beer cans all over.

RICHARD TO HIMSELF
 (sad, low voice)
 NO surname,
 (he throws a can)
 NO further information
 (another can flies)
 NO dates at all
 (he crashes one)
 Why did she have to sneak away?
 (shoots it away)
 I know one thing for sure is.
 (pause)
 She is totally cute, wild, hot,
 adorable as well as brutal.

He dries his tears and sobs. Then he storms straight up.

RICHARD
 (sniffles startled)
 What when she becomes pregnant?
 Will my child be raised without
 his dad like me? No, no!

He turns to the portrait, picks up the sketchbook, and falls silent.

HE FLIPS THROUGH IT AND STOPS AT A POEM.

HANS WINTERGRÜN (V.O.)
 (reading voice)
*Our love and your life is like the
 cherry blossom. It shines in all
 its splendour for a long time.
 How can something so beautiful
 blossom and then die so quickly?*

HE FLIPS FURTHER AND LINGER ON HER GREEN EYES. HIS FINGER WIPE GENTLE ABOVE HER FACE, A DRAWN COPY OF ANNMA.

RICHARD TO THE PORTRAIT
 (half whisper)
 Promise me you'll lead me to Annma.

Richard sits up and leans his head between his two hands.

RICHARD TO HIMSELF
 (sniffles)
 Mom ... Grandma. Merry Christmas.
 Mr. Arthur, Merry Christmas.
 Merry Christmas, Annma, where ever
 you are.

JUMP CUT TO THE WEST-CITY:

INT. WEST-BERLIN/MATERNITY-CLINIC - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: One year later

HYSTERICAL PANTING

ON THE OBSTETRICIAN'S CHAIR, ANNMA (19) SWEATS WITH HER LEGS SPREAD.

She grabs her BROTHER FRED's (21) hand, wearing a hospital gown, as THE OBSTETRICIAN enters.

THE MIDWIFE PULLS OUT OF HER A LITTLE BABY-BOY.

BABY SCREAMS

Annma, looking exhausted, leans her head back in relief as Fred hands her the baby.

ANNMA
 (whispering)
 How cute is my little Max.

ON THE WRIST OF THE BABY A SMALL, LIGHT BLUE RIBBON WITH
THE NAME: MAXIMILIAN VON KALKSTEIN.

FRED
Congratulation, Sis. Max is so
beautiful.

ANNMA
Look, Max, he is your godfather.

The obstetrician and the midwife congratulate.

JUMP CUT FOWARD:

INT. RUNDOWN HOUSE/NARROW-STAIRCASE - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: PALMA SANTA CATALINA 2011

ANNMA, hair casual pinned up, summer look, drags gasping a
huge suitcase up a steep stone-stair.

She reaches the crummy first floor when a giant cockroach
appears, what she forces to jump back.

ANNMA
(screams disgusted)
WHAT THE HELL IS THIS? A FUCKING
RAT-HOLE WITHOUT A LIFT. HOW COULD
YOU BOOK FOR ME SUCH A SHABBY PLACE,
FREDDY? He MUST BE OUT OF HIS
MIND.

Her suitcase flies back and knocks a STRANGER'S board-case
down the stairs.

With a GUITAR OVER HIS SHOULDER and a HOOD OVER HIS HEAD,
the tall ASIAN (35) glares open-eyed at HER open suitcase.

It reveals: Bratwurst in a vacuum. Nestled between hot bras
and panties lies her BERLIN WALL STONE WITH THE LETTER R.
Art books. A German-language Palma city guide.

Annma scans HIS open board case curiously.

Over his shirts, she finds Kimchi in a vacuum, white, black,
and toasted sesame seeds.

She tosses back his dried anchovies and yellow and green
wasabi paste when she discovers a beautiful, crafted wooden
handle.

He falls on one knee and puts the sweet rice back with a
soft smile.

ANNMA
(glares at him)
Sweet Rice?
(MORE)

ANNMA (CONT'D)
 (to herself in
 German with subtitle)
 MR. SWEET RICE must be a chef.

JI-HOO
 (in Korean with
 subtitle)
 She must like my wok.

Annma gathers her stuff madly together.

SWEET RICE observes her and stifles his laughter.

She hands him his Korean travel guide of the Balearen.

He nods with a thankful, smart smile.

ANNMA (O.S.)
 (under steam)
 Fred, you're a dead man!

Annma peeks sheepish on his POP-ART HOOD which shows K-POP.
 In his hand a book: *NO MUD NO LOTUS*--- by Thich Nhat Hanh.

JI-HOO
 (Korean subtitled)
 (BEAT))
 In South Korea we say: *The bird
 prefers a simple branch than a
 golden cage.*

ANNMA
 GOLDEN CAGE? If there was a bronze
 one, I wouldn't even know what it
 felt like.
 (whispers in German
 with subtitle)
 As if he would know.

FROM ABOVE, THE CHUBBY LANDLAD LOOKS DOWN IN DISGUST, WITH
 HER HAIR IN CURLERS AND A SMOCK.

HOUSEOWNER TO HERSELF (O.S.)
 Again this LOST TOURIST.
 (yells in Mallorquin
 subtitled)
 THIS IS NOT NUMBER 6. IT'S 61,
 BUT THE ONE IS MISSING. YOURS IS
 ON THE BEGINNING OF THIS STREET.

Intense eye-exchange. Both fall into bubbling laughter.

ANNMA
 Uh-huh! HI, I am Annma.

JI-HOO
 My Name is Ji-hoo.
 (MORE)

JI-HOO (CONT'D)
 (slowly pronounced)
 PARK JI-HOO.

INITIAL LETTERS > P.B.G. < ON HIS SUITCASES.

ANNMA
 Then, why do you have these
 initials? Uh, sorry.
 (to herself)
 Why do I ask? Maybe it's from his
 girlfriend.

She pulls her luggage up and he follows her with his suitcase
 to Street-Number 01.

ANNMA
 Which floor you are?

Annma presses her finger on the lift button.

JI-HOO
 Uh, wait...fifth, apartment 4

ANNMA
 Oh, like me. I guess you are here
 to work in a Restaurant. I can't
 cook at all or rather bad.

INT. LIFT - DAY

ANNMA peeks on his guitar-bag and than at the indicating
 floor numbers which shows '2'.

JI-HOO
 I hope you like music, so that you
 won't get bothered by my guitar.

She brushes her nose with her finger and linger on the '3'.

ANNMA
 (chuckles)
 If the walls are so thin like the
 lift is slow ...

JI-HOO
 (chuckles)
 ...than it feels like making love
 to a virgin.

Both blow out in laughter when the Lift opens.

Before they can gather their stuff together the door closes
 and lift them further up to the next level.

GIGGLING SOUND

As they both hunched over laughing, each turning to a corner,
 the door slowly opens.

CARLOS BLANXART (45), cosy type, brown wavy hair, enters.

His broadsided but not tall type is covered with a T-shirt that shows the gay rainbow colours in all their amplitude.

He fills the entire lift. Mouth open, he stares at Ji-hoo, while Annma stands in the corner as if banished behind him.

CARLOS
(in Catalan
subtitled)
Hola, I am Carlos y live in the
penthouse if you need a hand.

Ji-hoo passes his hand to ANNMA and pulls her out.

JI-HOO
We are Annma and Ji-hoo. Nice to
meet you Carlos. We get out here.

CARLOS
(clears throat)
Uh-huh, sorry I didn't see you.

Ji-hoo gathers also Annma's luggage and puts it out.

ANNMA
Bye

CARLOS opens the door again with a gesture.

CARLOS
Saturday? Benno Larsson, the
Swedish Tennis star who just won
Wimbledon brings his friend Richard.
So join us. I mean it. Apartment
A+B. Uh and welcome to my house.

The door shuts. Annma glares at Ji-hoo with a wondering gaze and both smile in awe.

JUMP CUT FORWARD TO 2019:

EXT. ROOF-TERRACE - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: PALMA 2019

ANNMA (O.S.)
(in German)
Uh-huh... you did? What about
your new sponsor? Did you say
Lord? Lord what?
(curious)
Can't hear you! Max? What the hell
is that noise?

HELICOPTER WHIRRING COMES NEARER

FROM THE BACK OVER THE ROOF APPEARS A PRIVATE HELICOPTER.

Her red floppy hat threatens to take off. Awnings flutter.

MEGAPHONE VOICE

LORD RICHARD

(shouts)

WHAT A BEAUTIFUL SIGHT?

ANNMA

(to Ji-hoo)

WHO ... is this pretentious idiot?

THE REAL-ESTATE QUEEN looks out over the sea.

AMONG THE DAZZLING SUPER-YACHTS STANDS THE ROMEO&JULIET.

JI-HOO (O.S.)

(Korean-American
accent)

We are surrounded by fake money
and fake people, fake products.

ANNMA

As long as you are not fake.

THE TALL, RAIL THIN SILHOUETTE JI-HOO CHILLS ON A SUN-BED.
HIS BLACK ASIAN HAIR HIDES UNDER A PEAKED CAP, DARK-BLUE
SHIRT AND WHITE SHORTS. BLUE SUNGLASSES.

JI-HOO hides his face into his open palms covering it.

JI-HOO

Carlos comes back this night, right?
I wonder how much kilos he lost?

ANNMA

Thanks to our friend I am what I
am. I remember when he entrusted
me this building and the one in
Portixol to take care of them.

JI-HOO

That's how you became familiar
with the real-estate-business.
Benno asked me to play for his
guest until one day they booked me
officially for bigger events.

ANNMA

In all this years we never met
Benno's always busy friend Richard.

FROM AFAR: SUPER-YACHT ROMEO&JULIET/HELICOPTERDECK

HELICOPTER-ENGINE STOPS.

ANNMA POINTS THE BINOCULARS OVER THE YACHT-HARBOR AND SPOTS HER FRIENDS YACHT.

ANNMA

We know that this is no fake-money.

JI-HOO (O.S.)

However. I mean this kind of people who throw their money which they don't even have. Money owed.

ANNMA

You mean all these Yates with the flag of the caiman islands?

SPANISH GUITAR STRUMMING

JI-HOO PLAYS WITH HIS ACOUSTIC-GUITAR.

JI-HOO

Sorry that you have to go alone this evening. I mean I will be there earlier than you.

THE YACHT OF ANNMA'S FRIEND BENNO, ROMEO&JULIET.

REVEAL: LORD RICHARD EARL OF DUDLEY (58), casually chic, sexy, black thick-rimmed glasses.

THE HEAD and HEIR of A.G.E. ARTHUR GROUP EDITORIAL.

ANNMA dedicates BENNO a birthday song. LORD RICHARD listen over the speaker-phone.

MUSIC BEATS UP: HAPPY BIRTHDAY BABY/TONY CHRISTIE

BENNO

(deep smart voice
with Swedish accent)
Are you okay my friend?

REVEAL: HOST BENNO LARSSON(60).

THE EX-TENNIS-STAR LAND HIS GREY-BLUE EYES ON LORD RICHARD'S EYES.

LORD RICHARD

(German accent)
---and there are special days once in a lifetime--- HAPPY BIRTHDAY my friend and thanks for letting me have fun with the LADY IN RED.

BENNO

(curious)
How many birthdays have we spent together?

(MORE)

BENNO (CONT'D)

I remember that you gave me a horse saddle after I graduated, because you had caught up with me.

LORD RICHARD

I understood quickly that your passion was not the same than mine.

Benno attends Annma who still stays in the line.

BENNO

(whispers in awe)

Sorry, darling. You can't make you an idea the mouthgasm he still is!

ANNMA (O.S.)

(appalled)

Uh-huh ... uhm, WHO is HE ? ...

BENNO

(whispers)

I've got to go. See you tonight.

INT. SUPER-YACHT ROMEO&JULIET - DAY

LORD RICHARD follows a CREW-MEMBER ONE in his 40's, as he pulls his suitcase.

CREW, CATERING- AND FLOWER-SUPPLIERS ORGANIZE THE GALA.

INDISTINCT CHATTER, AUDIBLE AUDIO TEST FOR THE LIFE MUSIC

AND SUDDENLY TWO BASKETS FULL OF SPANISH FANS. EACH FAN SHOWS THE FIRST NAME OF EACH GUEST. A AT THE FRONT:

LORD RICHARD CHOOSE THE FAN WITH ABIGAIL

REVEAL: LOLITA (mid 30), Equatorial Guinea, adorable.

The chubby, cute crew-on-board maid drags a portrait.

ON HER TIPTOES SHE SPIES OVER THE LORD'S SHOULDER, WHO HOLDS A FAN WITH THE NAME #ANNMA IN HIS HAND.

LORD RICHARD

(mumbles)

ANNMA? NO WAY ... impossible.

EXT./INT. JAGUAR - DAY

A FINE POLISHED LIGHT BLUE JAGUAR.

LORD RICHARD

(BEAT)

Um, where did you store the PORTRAIT and THE SKETCHBOOK which I brought once to London?

UTTER SILENCE

CHAUFFEUR WINFRED (63). EARL ARTHUR OF DUDLEY (70s), CHAIRMAN OF A.G.E. = ARTHUR GROUP EDITORIAL, grey shaken hair, walrus beard, exchange eyes through the rear-view mirror.

THE SKETCHBOOK, WHICH THE OLD LORD ARTHUR SECRETLY PUSHES MORE UNDERNEATH HIS UPPER THIGH.

LORD ARTHUR

(grunts to himself)

Finally I got rid of this fake copy from Wintergrün. What did he think, that his poor grandmother or mom would leave him a real one?

(to Richard)

Did you meet your new polo-player? How was his name?

The car rides along the west-coast road where Palm-trees swipe fast along the window.

RICHARD (O.S.)

(BEAT)

You mean the German, Maximilian von Kalkstein?

LORD ARTHUR (BEAT)

Did you meet him in Berlin? I heard he is a crack and a good looking young man. Do we know about his background?

RICHARD

We have next week a board conference, where I present our new team-player. Polo is the ideal solution for marketing and branding. Max is a high level game player and he attracts the media press.

LORD ARTHUR

Did she prepare the presentation and prizes?

RICHARD

Laura, the assistant of Abi is still in maternity. However, Abi takes care of it. She has a good marketing-team.

LORD ARTHUR

I want to meet this polo-player. What was his surname again?

THE CAR, NOW FROM OUTSIDE, DRIVES OFF THE ROAD.

RICHARD (O.S.)
Maximilian von Kalkstein, Dad.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SUPER-YACHT ROMEO&JULIET/SALON - DAY

Shrug. LOLITA leans the PORTRAIT on the door frame.

LOLITA
Chauffeur Winfred gave me this
gift with a folder from Lord Arthur.

LOLITA hands it over. We don't get to see the portrait.

BENNO
Thank you, Lolita.
(to himself)
He must be insane. THIS can't be
a real Wintergrün? I have to
talk to Annma.

BENNO takes his phone and marks a number and squats in front
of the portrait.

BENNO
(to himself)
Why does she remind me on Annma?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ANNMA'S-PENTHOUSE/LIVING - DAY

ANNMA (red fluffy jumpsuit) gives an interview.

With the back to us stands a FEMALE JOURNALIST (39) neat,
short dyed red hair, who scans curious the huge bookshelves.

ANNMA (V.O.)
Poker faces exist not only in
movies, gambling tables, and in
politics. This is now my moment.

The JOURNALIST grabs a frame.

INSERT: THE FIRST PHOTO

MAX (about one year old) peeks out of a pram. In his
background we discover an old East-German run-down castle.

INSERT: THE SECOND PHOTO

IN BERLIN, IN FRONT OF A PRIMARY SCHOOL, MAX (7) HOLDS THE
HAND OF HIS GODFATHER FRED, WHO CARRIES HIS SCHOOL CONE.

INSERT: THE THIRD PHOTO

THE AWARD-WINNING GERMAN POLO PLAYER (28) MAX VON KALKSTEIN RECEIVING THE GOLD MEDAL FROM HIS NEW SPONSOR. (WITH HIS BACK TO US)

EDITOR (O.S.)

(proud)

Don't tell me HE is your son? Max is our boss favorite. The ARTHUR GROUP is proud to sponsor him.

ART-BOOKS. AUCTION-CATALOGUES. BERLIN HISTORY BOOKS. MARTIAL-ART VHS VIDEOS. MOTORBIKE- AND POLO MAGS.

En masse -VON KALKSTEIN INTERNATIONAL REALTY MAGAZINES-.

ANNMA nips from her coffee-mug without any sign of noticing.

EDITOR 1

Our boss says that his parents did a fabulous job, because he always is so down-to-earth.

ANNMA

(clears throat)

Uh-huh, is that so? I guess, uhm, they did. I am also proud of my nephew, who boasts of nothing.

Her hands claws fiercely at her book on her lap.

EDITOR 1

Countess of Kalkstein, why did you choose the title for your novel - *Romance Made In Germany*- ?

We don't get to see the photo which Annma shows.

ANNMA

My poor great grandaunt died in the blossom of her life.

EDITOR 1

Whoa, you are a replica of her. This captive almond-green-eyes.

Annma grabs tide the Berlin-Wall-Stone.

ANNMA

(clears throat)

YEAH? ... somebody told me once the same ... Uh-huh, isn't it crazy?

- - - then she takes out an art-book of a shell.

ANNMA (O.S.)

I became an expert of this artist.

INSERT: BOOK-COVER-TITLE: *WINTERGRÜN'S FEMALE RIDERS*

ANNMA (O.S.)

He was a student when he painted
my ancestor a century ago. My
mother begged us to get it back
for sentimental reasons. However,
when I worked at Sotheby's - - -

BEAT:

PAINTING OF THE OLD GERMAN MASTER
WINTERGRÜN: A LADY IN HER SIDE-SADDLE IN
MIDDLE OF A WILD FLOWER MEADOW.

ANNMA

(pause)

Eighteen million five hundred pounds
was once paid at an auction.

EDITOR 1

Oh, right, you studied art. Why
did you change to Real-Estates?

ANNMA

The artworks I'm looking for are
from our former family castle.

THE EDITOR puts her ice-tea-mug down next to a Ensaimada.

ANNMA

(BEAT)

My grandfather gave it to his female
cook, before the Russian expelled
my family from their properties.
Could you find out about her?

Annma's little finger wipes gentle over her lower lip.

SUPERIMPOSE: A PHOTO OF A PUBLIC CEMETERY (GERMAN LETTERS)

IN LOVE YOUR GRANDSON AND SON RICHI.

*RENATE BRAUER NÉE SIEVERT. BORN 14TH OF MAY 1909, DIED
26TH OF OCTOBER 1986. SABINE BRAUER, BORN 22. JUNE 1934,
DIED 26TH OF OCTOBER 1986.*

EDITOR ONE

Both on the same day?

ANNMA

(BEAT)

Uh-huh. Sad to say, yes. However,
obviously there must be a grandson.

They exchange wondering looks. SILENCE.

ANNMA

My brother and me never find out
about this RICHARD BRAUER.

ANNMA SQUEEZES THE BERLIN-WALL-STONE TIDE.

EDITOR 1

That's why you chose A.G.E., because we have the largest numbers of print running and international reach?

ANNMA

Uh-huh. No trace of him in the Internet, no social media. So I decided to write about Wintergrün's love story.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PALMA-AIRPORT/ARRIVAL - DAY

VOICE OVER: SPANISH ANNOUNCEMENTS AIRPORT

GENTLE SPANISH GUITAR.

ARRIVAL DOOR OPENS.

BETWEEN THE COMMON TOURISTS, UNSEXY BAGGY SHORTS, CROCKS AND CLOCKS, WHITE SNEAKERS, TUBE-JEANS.

JI-HOO, guitar-bag over his shoulder.

EXT. PARK/HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

FOUR TOUGH-LOOKING GUYS in black suites are spying around.

JI-HOO is like frozen in his camouflaged VW-KUBELWAGEN. Coming up slowly. With a genuine sense of relieve he smiles.

Uneasily he turns around, as if someone is watching him.

EXT./INT. BLACK MERCEDES - DAY

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD:

We get to see only a camera who shoots photos from JI-HOO.

INT. KUBEL-CAR - DAY

JI-HOO looks through his rear-view-mirror, pouring nervously a water-bottle and heads off.

MUSIC FADES. MAIL-BOX JUMP ON.

ANNMA (V.O.)

Hi it's Annma's private phone.
Please leave your message.

JI-HOO

(on the phone)

Hi, Currywurst!

(MORE)

JI-HOO (CONT'D)

I'm back from Seville, where I
picked out our gift for Benno. I
leave it in the Club del Mar. Are
you home?

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. COASTAL ROAD - DAY

LORD RICHARD meets HIS EMPLOYEES from THE HORSE-MAGAZINE.

RONNY (O.S.)

You still keep it. Amazing.

THE THREE GLARE AT HIS FORMER GDR TROPHY SPORT ETS 125 BLACK
MOTORBIKE.

Ronny carefully brushes his hand over it as if it were the
boob of a beautiful woman.

LORD RICHARD TO EDITOR 2

(in German)

Camera and micros off?

(chuckles)

Let's air our hottest secrets.

Lord Richard pats EDITOR 2 (three day beard, average tall)
aka RONNY (58).

RONNY

(BEAT)

RICHI ... uhm... I I ...

LORD RICHARD

(to Ronny)

Since WHEN you are loss for words?

REVEAL: NORBERT (51), blond top beard, slouchy ass. T-shirt
with fist shut the camera off and gathers his stuff together.

CAMERAMAN

(half whispering

to Ronny)

How much did he fork for his title?

RONNY pushes him aside.

RONNY

(whispers back)

Are you completely mad? Did you
forget who he is? HE is A.G.E.

ARTHUR GROUP EDITORIAL. OUR BOSS.

Norbert records secretly.

RONNY

Do you remember the meatballs your
grandma made for you and me?

Lord Richard remains quiet.

MELLOW MUSIC

RONNY

(BEAT)

That particular day in 1986... I I
mean... that ... that 23TH of
October, ... uhm... when your
grandma came with your mommy...

Lord Richard pats gentle his shoulder and looks down.

LORD RICHARD

(clears throat)

It was a fucking, unlucky accident.

He still sits on a rock and his deep gaze falls on Ronny.

LORD RICHARD

We both are here, because my grandma
disapproved that I came with them.

Lord Richard scratches his mole on his forehead.

LORD RICHARD

Forgive me Oma, but you were such
a stubborn fathead.

(lowers voice)

And this all because of this
artworks of the Saalfeld Family.

RONNY

Which artworks?

LORD RICHARD

The Count Oma cooked for.

Lord Richard lit a cigaret and hands one to Ronny.

RONNY

The half village and my whole family
worked for the Count in generations.

(to Richard)

Danke, however I don't smoke anymore
since we part. You always rolled
the cigarettes for us, and you
also lit them. So there was no
reason for me to smoke after that
service was taken away.

Lord Richard seems with his thoughts somewhere else.

LORD RICHARD

He entrusted to OMA an oil-portrait
with a sketchbook. I guess he was
hoping to come back sooner or later
and get the Wintergrün stuff back.

RONNY

(chuckles)

The green-almond-eyed beauty of Wintergrün? The sketchbook was like a porn mag for you. You were totally into her.

NORBERT RECORDS HIM SECRETLY.

LORD RICHARD

(blows out laughing)

Not so loud. What if somebody hears us?

(half whispering)

You remember when grandma chased after me with a skimmer?

BOTH run the tears out of laughter.

RONNY

I I knew you were obsessed, but this is too much.

LORD RICHARD

(whispers chuckling)

Oma brought all the meatballs to you because of my sin.

RONNY takes his baseball cap off and shakes gentle his head.

LORD RICHARD

(keen grin)

You laugh. Do you know what it meant to have a woman 24 hours glaring at me? Temptation pure.

NORBERT crushes a beer can, when they chuckle again.

CAMERAMAN TO HIMSELF

HOW can our boss be from the East?

LORD RICHARD squints over at NORBERT and then turns to RONNY

LORD RICHARD

You remember when Oma worked in our soldiers barrack kitchen. Whoa, she was really a character. The soldiers all stood at attention.

RONNY

(grins)

... and we. Even your mom.

RICHARD

I guess that's why I fancy woman with rough manners.

POTENTIAL MOTORCYCLE SOUND COMES CLOSE.

A HONDA TYPE SLR 650 STOPS RIGHT NEXT TO LORD RICHARD.

JI-HOO TAKES OUT HIS PHONE AS A NOVEL SLIPS OUT OF HIS POCKET AND FALLS ON THE FLOOR.

Lord Richard observes THE BIKER.

JI-HOO
(on the phone)
... can you hear me? Hello?
I have handed all in. Annma?

LORD RICHARD freezes in shock.

LORD RICHARD TO RONNY
I could swear there was NO other
Annma in the ENTIRE world.

RONNY
(curios. BEAT)
Who is Annma?

LORD RICHARD
(gushes)
Do you believe in fate? I must
sound like a romantic idiot.

RONNY
We met today. Isn't it a kinda?

LORD RICHARD
(BEAT)
She has exact the same character
like Oma and the eyes of the
Countess. Isn't it strange? She
woke such a emotion in me.

INAUDIBLE CONVERSATION

RONNY
Spoken as a journalist. This story
is the true one. Heard-wrenching.

LORD RICHARD DISCOVERS THE NOVEL.

SUPERIMPOSE: ROMANCE MADE IN GERMANY

INSERT: THE BLURB ON THE BOOK-COVER:

ANNMA (V.O.)
--- Once there was an artist, who
painted a German aristocrat in the
tender age of her prime, when he
felt deeply in love with her.---

LORD RICHARD TO HIMSELF
(wondering)
Von Kalkstein ? I've got to ask
Max. Might he know the author?

Itching on his birthmark he stares at the biker and continuous reading the book blurb:

ANNMA (V.O.)
 ---Hans Wintergrün was an unknown art-student before he became a valuable old German Master of his epoch, who made out of pure love my great grandaunt immortal---

LORD RICHARD TO HIMSELF
 (stammers)
 ... NO WAY ... wait a moment.

ANNMA (V.O.)
 ---Sometimes late at night I think about it and wonder what Hans hides in this letter for my great grandaunt?---

JI-hoo speaks on the phone.

JI-HOO TO ANNMA
 Of course, Currywurst. He will find you.

He snatches the novel from LORD RICHARD'S hands, when a crumpled piece of paper falls to the floor.

POTENTIAL MOTORCYCLE SOUND GETTING SHARPER.

LORD RICHARD
 (flustered)
 HEY . . . How can this jerk disappear like breath on the mirror?

He picks up this piece of paper, which we don't get to read.

RONNY
 (intrigued)
 Did you call your Editorial because of the mysterious Mr. Arthur?

RONNY AND LORD RICHARD WALK ALONG THE SEASIDE.

LORD RICHARD
 Well and here I am with my new ID.

RONNY
 I was always jealous when your dad sent you all these expensive clothes. Do you have still his old photo?

LORD RICHARD
 I never had another.
 (MORE)

LORD RICHARD (CONT'D)
 We thought it was his modest nest,
 but it was his office in Berlin,
 in the British sector, which he
 sent me on purpose so as not to
 attract attention.

LORD RICHARD grabs strong NORBERT'S upper arm.

LORD RICHARD
 (pointed)
 Go ahead. Delete this.

RONNY frowns startled his forehead.

NORBERT
 (stammers)
 SIR? ... Uhm...

LORD RICHARD
 Don't mess with me. We are not
 under the STASI anymore where the
 State Security Service wiretap
 people without permission.

LORD RICHARD deletes all the records and pushes him aside.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BERLIN/POLO-CLUB - AFTERNOON

A CAMERA-TEAM FROM THE HORSE MAGAZIN FILMS THE CELEBRITY, A
 GERMAN PROFESSIONAL POLO-PLAYER, WHO GALLOPS TOWARD US.

CELL PHONE: GASP. CONTACT: DADDY COOL TEXT-MESSAGE

LORD RICHARD (V.O.)
 Talk ONLY about the trophy. I
 don't want to find out anything
 private from the Leipzig horse
 mag, that I don't know from you
 first. Please take care.

The dashing, tall MAXIMILIAN COUNT ZU KALKSTEIN (28), is
 the number ONE in his team and the proud of A.G.E.

His GROOM (38) takes his polo-mallet, gloves and helmet.

MAX dismounts from his horse, which takes THE GROOM over.

MAX
 (in German/subtitled)
 Hallo, wow did it go? You like
 horses, don't you?

RONNY SPOTS HIS MOLE ON HIS FOREHEAD AND STEPS SHOCKED BACK.

RONNY
 My grandpa was a groom.

AUDIBLE HORSE HOOVES ON THE COBBLESTONES.

MAX

Where and for whom?

RONNY

Uh, it was in the former GDR district Magdeburg. Well, nowadays it's called Northern-Saxony-Anhalt.

MAX

Oh, this is where my grandma comes from. My mom promised me to visit it ones. However, she lives in Palma and is always busy.

RONNY

Oh, she does? I met there your new Sponsor.

MAX

Oh, he is the most un-British and unpretentious lord I have met. Maybe because I never met one.

RONNY

You have not only a sharp eye for horses.

Max wipes his mole and seems to feel uncomfortable.

Ronny tosses a inspecting gaze on NORBERT, who is drinking a coke and talking to a groom.

RONNY

(half whisper)

Uhm, I would like to know what is you father doing? You only told me about your busy mother in Palma.

Max pauses and brushes his hair back.

MAX

Danke, I am afraid we have to stop here. I have an appointment, bye.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BRITISH AIRLINE/FIRST CLASS - EARLY EVENING

SUPERIMPOSE: SOME HOURS LATER

ABI'S GREEN-GREYED-EYES FOLLOW THE UNDERGOING SUN.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT 1 (O.S.)

Your seat-belt Madame!

REVEAL: ABIGAIL ELAIN GOLDSTEIN (55): Brunette long hair, suntan. Neat. Light summer fabrics, high heels.

ABI, VIZE CEO of A.G.E. LONDON, snatched herself the heir.
She comes to present her new partner to her bestie ANNMA.

She checks her WhatsApp and hits gentle her Iphone over her
lab with an unquiet gaze.

THE STEWARDESS offers her a glass of wine. ABI lift unnoticed
her table and fixes it.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LORD RICHARD'S HOTEL ROOM - EVENING

LORD RICHARD, slightly tanned, well-toned body, just showered
marks a number from a handwritten note.

ANNMA (V.O.)
Von Kalkstein International Realty!
Please leave a message after the
beep and I will call you back.

Startled he hangs up and throws the phone on his bed.

He jumps into his white shirt and summer-tuxedo.

TIME-CUT

EXT. PALMA - CLUB DEL MAR/YACHT HARBOR - EVENING.

HUSTLE AND BUSTLE IN THE MAIN ENTRANCE.

Through the security we follow a LADY IN RED with a short
satin dress.

Her elegance distracts not only THE CHECKER, who forget to
pull up the barrier, glaring after her.

LIMOUSINES ARE AT A STANDSTILL AND HONK.

TWO MOTORBIKES pass by (both white SMOKING), when ANNMA is
noticed by ONE BIKER through his rear-view-mirror.

ANNMA FIGURES OUT A TROPHY SPORT ETS 125 BLACK MOTORBIKE.

ANNMA
(mumbling in
German/subtitled)
ZSCHOPAU? I crossed with this
showpiece, but where ?

THE BADGE: MOTORCYCLE FACTORY IN THE GDR.

LORD RICHARD comes to stop. His eyes follow Annma's red
open rhinestone high heel sandals from YVES SAINT LAURENT.

ABI TO LORD RICHARD
HI, Darling

ABI wears black sunglasses to a one-shoulder-black-jumpsuit.
LORD RICHARD still scans ANNMA from afar.

LORD RICHARD
Mhm... my favorite smell of hope,
which remains me always on you.

ABI
(blinking eyelashes)
On me ?

AFFECTIONATELY ABI CARESSES OVER HIS SUIT.

LORD RICHARD
Um ... yours?
(gets close to Abi)
What do you use?

ABI
(offended)
You still don't know?

A few meters ahead. Annma briskly makes her way through a
crowd of TOURISTS.

TOURIST ONE
... what's going on? Any famous?

Annma focus through her Ives Saint Laurent black sunglasses.

ANNMA TO HERSELF
Is this fuss all for Benno's
birthday?

Abi and Lord Richard are meandering through the turmoil.

ABI TO LORD RICHARD
Do I have to be afraid that someone
might take you away from me?

LORD RICHARD gets close to her ear.

LORD RICHARD
(whispers)
... always be on guard.

ABI beats on his chest.

EXT. SUPER-YACHT ROMEO&JULIET/RED CARPET - NIGHT

LIMOUSINES, PAPARAZZI, GUEST, SPECTATORS.

THE FESTIVELY ILLUMINATED YACHT ROMEO&JULIET IN ITS SPLENDOR.

CROWD CHEERING

GERMAN PRESS ONE
(in German/subtitled)
Countess of Kalkstein over here!

Sensuously slow ANNMA struts across the red carpet like a sparkling star and disappears inside the Yacht.

INTERNATIONAL PRESS TWO
LORD DUDLEY, LORD DUDLEY.

ABI TAKES LORD RICHARD'S HAND. BANG. FLASHBULBS HAIL.

INTERNATIONAL PRESS THREE
Mrs. Goldstein over here.

When JI-HOO (open white summer-jacket with MAO collar) wants to escape on board, CARLOS holds him back.

CARLOS (54) MULTI-COLOURED CONFETTI SUIT.

BOAT PEOPLE ONE
GUAPOS, come with us.

A GAY GROUP from a sailing boat are all excited about them.

JI-HOO notices some STRANGE, SHADY GUYS watching over him.

GANGWAY

CARLOS
YOU are the hottest man on earth.
How can you not take your helmet
off? WHO wants to see ME?

CARLOS eyes lashes flashes every second.

JI-HOO
(chuckles)
CARLOS, YOU look stunning.
Honestly! I didn't even recognise
you.
(whispers to Carlos)
I have to entertain today and make
some money.

JI-HOO takes off his helmet and shakes his black Asian hair.

GIRL (O.S.)
JI-HOO, the Singers ask for you.

Carlos sheepishly sips from his champagne and turns to a WAITRESS who offers a basket full of Spanish fans.

JI-HOO
I've got to go. See you.

Carlos pats girlish a fan on his chest, then he covers his lips and rolls his eyes toward Ji-hoo.

CARLOS
(to Ji-hoo)
Don't work too hard.
(MORE)

CARLOS (CONT'D)
 (to himself in
 Catalan with
 subtitle)
 Life can be fair. I have the money
 and you have therefore an
 outstanding type and style.

UPPER-DECK/SKY-LOUNGE

SUPERIMPOSE: One hour later

OVERLAPPING SHATTERING GLASSES, INTERNATIONAL CHATTER

A female PHOTOGRAPHER chase STARLETS AND STARS. Black
 jacketed WAITERS pamper the GUESTS.

TWO LIVING PUTTI frame the Champagne fountain. LORD RICHARD
 grabs a glass for ABI and a beer for him.

LORD RICHARD TO ABI
 Chin chin

BANG BANG ... a FIREWORK draws two big hearts into the sky.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY BENNO

CROWD CLAPPING

BENNO'S eyes land on CARLOS.

BENNO
 Princess, the second heart is for
 you. Look at you. I have to be
 careful, that nobody grabs you
 away from me. Why would you get
 thinner and thinner, when I love
 your curves so much?

CARLOS eyes fill with tears. He lowers his gaze.

BENNO'S MASTER BEDROOM

SUPERIMPOSE: Half an hour later

BEAT: Out of the oil-portrait smiles the
 innocence from the country, countess
 Sophie-Luise zu Saalfeld.

SHE SITS LADYLIKE ON A HORSEBACK IN THE GRUNEWALD FOREST
 OUTSIDE BERLIN. A BLUE SILK-DRESS WITH A WHITE COLLAR
 UNDERLINES HER ELEGANCE.

BENNO turns THE PORTRAIT towards the wall, when he finds an
 YELLOWED ORIGINAL ENVELOPE OF THE ARTIST behind the canvas.

A MEN'S FIST KNOCKS GENTLE AND OPENS THE DOOR.

CARLOS (O.S.)
(knocks gentle)
Hola

THE ENVELOPE: OLD SEAL AND H. WINTERGRÜN AS SENDER.

Benno leaves the envelope on the table and paces over to CARLOS. He grabs his cheeks and kisses him.

BENNO
Princess, lets go back to our Guest.

HALLWAY

ANNMA
Benno, many many happy returns.
Hi, Carlos. I always wanted to
know who your stylist is?

ANNMA looks out for a ladies-room. They hug gentle.

BENNO
Thanx darling. Use my one.

CARLOS
(whispers to Benno)
I see you both at the pool, darling.

Annma scans admire-ring the wall and remains on a huge photo which tell a story about a tennis legend.

BENNO (O.S.)
(proud)
Come and see this!

CABINET

A TEAK-WOOD CABINET WITH A MULTIPLES TENNIS-TROPHIES AND PICTURES FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD AND ALL THE CUPS.

ANNMA
Oh, I I am utmost speechless.

BENNO leads ANNMA through his life as a tennis-pro.

ANNMA
I am afraid I have to find a bath.

BENNO
Come here along.

ANNMA
Um, Benno, tell me about this
daredevil pilot this morning.

INDISTINCT CHATTER

BENNO

I had to practice a lot of tennis and joint a lot of tournaments, so I did my extra rounds until we studied together. I didn't goof off because of him, of course not.

BOTH WALK ALONG THE AISLES.

GUESTS and CATERING cross with them their path.

ANNMA

YEAH? So he went also to Oxford.

BENNO

Mmm... We couldn't be more unequal. I'am a nouveau riche and bourgeois. He is old English sterling and old nobility. I love tennis. He horses. I love man, he loves woman.

ANNMA

Uh-huh.

LOLITA hurries with an Ice-bucket through a door.

BENNO

To be exact. He loves only one.

ANNMA

How is the lucky one?

BENNO

When he was completely heartbroken in the campus we met for the first time. However, he talked only to his horses and raved about his extinguished flame.

POOL-AREA

BENNO

We arrived. Uhm, I called you the other day because of an ...

ANNMA'S hands wave to BENNO meanwhile she bounces with her back into the ladies-restroom.

BENNO

Uhm... I'll be off then.

LADIES-RESTROOM

THE PARTITIONS RATTLE

TOILET-CABIN

ABI holds her fingertip on RICHARD'S mouth.

LADIES-RESTROOM

ANNMA comes out with a boomed smile. She washes her hands and puts cold water on her cheeks. Hair and make up still perfect.

THROUGH THE MIRROR SHE PEEKS ON THE TOILETTE DOOR.

CROWED GIGGLES AND WHISPER

With a warm smile she glares at her perfume, which label shows signs of age, she sprays herself and exit.

TOILET-CABIN

LORD RICHARD

The scent killer of hope

ABI

(BEAT: whispering)

She has an old-fashioned use and fills it into a vintage flacon.

LORD RICHARD

How do you know?

LORD RICHARD fiddles still with her zipper.

ABI

I want to convince her to use a different perfume to forget a guy, who dumped her three ages ago. It was a gift from him.

LORD RICHARD

(BEAT)

FUCKING IDIOT, however its fragrance is evidence of excellent taste.

ABI

Did you fix and close it properly?

LORD RICHARD

I am admittedly better at opening.

ABI turns around and puts both arms around his neck.

LORD RICHARD

You shouldn't disappoint your vintage soulmate. Let's go.

LORD RICHARD takes her arms down and opens the door, which Abi closes again, swallowing him impatiently.

CORRIDOR

ANNMA looks for something in her clutch.

ANNMA TO HERSELF

I must have left my fan.

She rushes back to the indoor-pool-area.

LADIES-REST ROOM

SEXY WHISPER

TOILET-CABIN

ABI and LORD RICHARD half screw.

LORD RICHARD

Uh, we meet at the bar. I I am
not in the mood. How often I have
to tell you.

ABI puts her hand over his mouth and looks up.

LADIES-RESTROOM

ANNMA gets in, when the partition wall wobbles suspiciously.

ANNMA's rattles at the closed door. She goes to the next
open door. Her fan is on the water cistern.

Obviously, slightly buzzed and having fun, she bombards the
neighbouring toilet with loo paper-rolls when a man's shoe
shoots back the rolls underneath.

SUDDENLY A UTTER SILENCE

ANNMA TO HERSELF

(chuckles silently)

Shall I peek over the wall?

She leaves most inspired spraying all over her scent.

OPEN-DECK

JI-HOO forms a heart with his two hands and whispers into
the micro. ANNMA smiles from afar and forms a heart back.

JI-HOO

(Korean/ subtitled)

Love you, CURRYWURST.

ANNMA

(flirts in German
with subtitle)

I love you too, SWEET RICE.

THREE COLORED POPPY BACKGROUND SINGER SING IN CHORUS.

JI-hoo glares at her with a deep connection. Annma is turned
on and turns sheepishly to the other side.

SHE observes TWO MAN, who stands with their back to her.
LORD OF DUDLEY and his son LORD RICHARD.

ANNMA TO HERSELF
(wondering)
Who is this STALLION?

BENNO follows CARLOS with languorous looks.

JI-hoo leaves the microphone to one of the FEMALE SINGERS.
He joins Annma and follows her eyes.

JI-HOO
What are you looking at, Currywurst?
Uhf, this guy is the one who
devoured your book blurb.

JI-hoo discovers THREE BODYGUARDS and ducks down slightly.

ANNMA
(astonished)
Yeah? Uh-huh...

JI-HOO
(laces the shoe)
I I was talking to you on the phone.
(observing those
suspicious strangers)
He got really angry when I snatched
your novel from him.

ANNMA
What interest could he have?

JI-hoo looks for something in his white tuxedo pockets.

JI-HOO
I must have lost the note which I
found here this morning.

SAME MOMENT

We drift our curios gaze on LORD RICHARD, who pulls the
note half out. The WAITER'S name-tag shows Ivan.

WAITER
SIR, your ordered a beer?

LORD RICHARD
(Russian subtitled)
Oh, exactly. Thank you.

The WAITER pulls his shoulders up and heads off. LORD RICHARD
shakes wondering his head and puts the note back.

BENNO
(eye-blinks)
GOLDSTEIN, will you dance with me?

BOTH push themselves inside the crowded dance floor.

(Rock'n Roll Music beats up)

BAR

It's hard to get into the packed bar. Exuberant atmosphere.

INDISTINCTIVE CHATTERS, LAUGHTERS

BENNO

(kidding)

I can't express my gratitude that
you all came to join my 30th
birthday.

Crowd laughing, hand clapping and whistles

ANNMA

You look like thirty.

GUEST

(crowd cheering)

HAPPY BIRTHDAY BENNO.

BENNO

My the starry night highlight.

BENNO hugs ANNMA.

CARLOS

(sweet)

Doesn't she look sublime ?

He puts his arm around ANNMA.

ANNMA

YOU both are our sparkling stars.

BENNO and CARLOS toss a briefly kiss on Annma's cheek.

LORD RICHARD tries to see THE WOMAN, who speaks warmly, but ANNMA is invisible hidden. He and ABI move off.

JI-HOO intones HAPPY BIRTHDAY with Benno's new guitar.

CROWD SINGING

JI-hoo takes the guitar off and hands it to Benno. Annma hands the guitar-bag to him.

JI-HOO AND ANNMA

Handmade in Seville. As you could
listen the acoustic can't be better.

BENNO

Thank you guys. The sound is so
good because you are an artist.

(MORE)

BENNO (CONT'D)

But with your lessons I can only get better. I hope I will hit it like I hit my tennis-balls ones.

JI-HOO

I hope not. This is a classic guitar and not a e-guitar.

Benno hugs both tide with a smile.

BENNO

I messed already up guys. You see. However, I do fine.

OPEN-DECK

THE DANCING SPACE IS OVERLOADED.

The other part has all kind of abundant buffets, where HARUTO is the chef.

After he shoot a photo he tabs something in his Phone.

CARLOS

What about a bite? I am starving.

CARLOS scans all this yummy hors d'oeuvre.

BENNO TO CARLOS

Lets swoop the buffet and fill your sweet big mouth, princess.

BENNO puts a canapé in his mouth.

CARLOS

... Bitch ...

Benno goes to LORD RICHARD, who plays with ABI'S jewellery-chain, which falls elegant over her sun-tanned-back.

BENNO TO ABI

I would love to show our friend a portrait I was given as a gift.

(to Lord Richard)

Do you have a second?

We drift over to Carlos and Annma on the opposite site.

CARLOS

Are you alright ?

ANNMA

(confused)

I see already ghosts. I guess I had too much Vodka.

ANNMA glares distracted at this couple and devours greedily THE BLINI WITH CRAB-SALAD wrapped by CARLOS.

TIME-CUT

HALLWAY

ANNMA flees down the hallway. One hand on her stomach and the other on her mouth, when she bumps in to LORD RICHARD.

She apologizes by grabbing his arm and continues running until their hands meet. Slow motion on their hands.

They both continue their way.

BENNO'S MASTER-BEDROOM

Over the king-size-bed a huge portrait of the TWO PEKINESE.

The portrait of her ancestor leans upside down against the wall, which LORD RICHARD comes to inspect.

BATHROOM

ANNMA throws up. LORD RICHARD waits at the half open door and wipes his mole.

GROSS VOMITING NOISE. WC FLUSHES

LORD RICHARD TO HIMSELF
... Will she be okay?

HALLWAY/BEDROOM

LORD RICHARD TO LOLITA
Please take care of this Lady. I
think she needs help.

ABI
DARLING ?

He looks behind him as he walks. He rubs his birthmark, because he forgot that he should look at something for Benno.

LORD RICHARD TO HIMSELF
(reflective)
This fragrance drives me nut?

ABI plays with her Spanish fan and flirts with him.

ABI
I was looking around for my
girlfriend. Where might she hide?

LORD RICHARD
(He shoots a look)
Does your friend have a name?

BENNO'S MASTERBEDROOM

ANNMA, death pale, glassy sickly look. Hand on her stomach.

LOLITA
 (concerned)
 SEÑORA, are you not well? Your
 husband was very worried and said
 I should take good care for you.
 The white tuxedo suits him.

ANNMA
 (stammers inwardly)
 Oh, is that so?

LOLITA looks at Annma pityingly and takes her two hands.

ANNMA hangs like a heap of misery in the chase-along next
 TO THE PORTRAIT, where she puts her hand over. LOLITA is
 about to turn the portrait over when ANNMA chokes.

LOLITA
 Look SEÑORA. Maybe this elegant
 Lady makes you feel better?

ANNMA paces again to the bath and reaches only the door.
 She throughs out like a fountain across the floor.

TIME-CUT:

HELICOPTER-DECK

BENNO and CARLOS. Half screw.

SOUND OF FAST UPCOMING FOOTSTEPS

BENNO
 PRINCESS, hurry.

Dressed up they sit in the helicopter and talk.

LOLITA
 SIR, please take GERMAN LADY to
 hospital. SHE is very ill.

BENNO
 Get mi Andy. Quick.

CARLOS
 (sobs in Spanish)
 MI REY, what happened to her?

Both hold and caress one of Annma's hands.

KITCHEN

LOLITA
 (shouts nervously)
 DID SOMEBODY SEE ANDY? ANDY?

All hell breaks loose in the kitchen. Nobody listens to
 LOLITA, until she thrills through her fingers. Everyone
 stands there startled. Instant silence.

LOLITA
 (yells desperate)
 IT'S AN EMERGENCY. MR. LARSSON
 ASKED FOR HIM.

CHEF COOK HARUKA
 He has his day off, sweetie.

Lolita runs through the aisles and bumps into LORD RICHARD.

LOLITA
 (pleading)
 Your wife needs urgently to go to
 the hospital, but we have no pilot.

LORD RICHARD looks startled.

LORD RICHARD
 (startled)
 Mrs. Goldstein?

LOLITA
 Shall I'll call the ambulance?

LORD RICHARD
 Where is she?

LOLITA
 In the helicopter.

Time-Cut

HELICOPTER-DECK

LORD RICHARD leaps on the helicopter, when his face darkens.
 He glances startled in Annmas direction with wide open eyes.

His LADY IN RED, as white as a sheet, shows swollen lips.
 He throws his tuxedo-jacket over her legs.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HOSPITAL/HELIPORT - NIGHT

AMBULANCE SIRENS WAIL. HELICOPTER ENGINE STOPS.

LORD RICHARD grabs ANNMA which face shows swollen spots.

EMERGENCY-RECEPTION

Bustling hall.

CARLOS and LOLITA run with hurried steps.

NIGHT VIGIL
 YES?

NIGHT VIGIL (40S) BRITTLE TYPE, HANDS HIM A PIECE OF PAPER.

LORD RICHARD
 (breathes shakily,
 yells impatient)
 I I NEED A DOCTOR
 (to Carlos)
 Do you know her surname? HUH, you
 better fill this in.

A MALE NURSE (40s) takes Annma in a wheelchair, when her phone chimes.

LORD RICHARD takes her bag and her phone.

CU: Phone display: SWEET RICE, 15 lost calls.

LORD RICHARD
 SWEET RICE? Who the fuck is this?

LORD RICHARD hands to CARLOS her stuff. Carlos and Lolita watch him going away, when Carlos finds her Berlin-wall-stone and the vintage fragrance.

CARLOS
 What is this, a flea-market? Where
 is her Insurance card?

Carlos studies the stone. We see LORD RICHARD coming back.

CARLOS TO HIMSELF
 (investigating)
 R ? Shouldn't it have an A ?

Carlos grabs astonished a photo of Annma with Max out.

CARLOS
 (BEAT)
 This photo looks pretty private.

Lord Richard grabs the foto of CARLOS hand.

LORD RICHARD
 This is my polo-player Max. Why
 would she have a photo with him?

CARLOS
 Don't tell me you are sponsoring
 him? How is he?

LORD RICHARD
 I wonder how Annma is? Will she
 be okay?

CARLOS leaves her items on the desk, looking for her ID. Lord RICHARD grabs open mouthed the Berlin-wall-stone with R. He is frozen. His gaze stick to the souvenir.

JUMP-CUT TO THE YACHT:

EXT. YACHT ROMEO&JULIET/HELICOPTER-DECK - NIGHT

DISTANT MUSIC AND INDISTINCT CHATTERING

BENNO

Is it that bad?

LORD RICHARD

(sighs worried)

They mentioned a blood pressure shock. A overreaction of her immune system or something like that.

LORD RICHARD and BENNO walk down the spiral stair.

BENNO

Thank you my friend! I guess you need urgently a drink.

LORD RICHARD

Tell me. How did you meet her?

A COUPLE strolls past them, GIGGLING. BENNO breaks a smile.

BENNO

Mhm. I went with her to see a palace for a viewing before I bought this floating one. As we walked through the old town, my wallet was stolen.

A SCATER-PUNK came straight at me and struck as her legs whirled wildly around him like a whirlwind. She was as accurate as my backhand in my prime. This jerk immediately dropped my purse. Since then we are good friends. Take care. She is powerful in martial arts.

LORD RICHARD

Anna-Maria? What else?

MENS-RESTROOM

BENNO and LORD RICHARD make piss next to each other.

BENNO

Better ask her partner in crime.

EMOTIONAL MUSIC PLAYING

LORD RICHARD

Her partner in crime?

LORD RICHARD looks at him quizzically and hides away.

JI-HOO comes out.

JI-HOO TO HIMSELF
 (half whispering)
 When CURRYWURST finds out the real
 me, will she be shocked?

LORD RICHARD'S look betrays that he distrust him.

LADIES-REST-ROOM

LORD RICHARD TO HIMSELF
 CURRYWURST? Does he mean her?

THREE CHICKS(30s) stumble buzzed into the ladies' room.
 The girl from Ipanema stretch her glittery dress.

GIRL 1
 (tipsy)
 Have you been waiting for us?

LORD RICHARD
 Shouldn't you be asleep by now?

ABI shows up. Outraged she turns on her heels and bumps
 into a full tray, which rattles around the hallway.

LOUD GIGGLING ECHOES through the ladies-room

LORD RICHARD
 ABI! ... ABI wait.

JUMP CUT TO:

HOSPITAL-EMERGENCY

CARLOS hangs on hold exhausted with tired eyes and yawns.

CARLOS TO HIMSELF
 (yawning whisper)
 Maybe she is in the surgery.

He becomes aware of an unbearable snoring and knocks gentle
 on the back of his seat. A kind of DARK MOB, hard to tell
 where the back and where the front is, yawns like a lion.

CARLOS
 (can't trust his
 eyes)
 LOLITA?

TIME CUT:

EMERGENCY-RECEPTION

CARLOS
 (worried to death
 in Catalan/subtitled)
 Uhm... por favor
 (sobs)
 la SEÑORA ZU. Anna-Maria zu ?

CARLOS sweats. His fingers tap nervously on the counter.

TIME CUT:

MEDICAL-ROOM

A LITTLE ROOM WITH COLD LIGHT.

DOCTOR JAVIER ROIG. (in his 50's) capable, sits on the other side of the desk.

ANNMA (slight swollen face) waits for the results.

ANNMA

I feel much better since you pumped out my stomach. To much alcohol I guess? How embarrassing.

NURSE

Here are all her analyses.

NURSE (around 30) with open lab-coat.

DOCTOR ONE

(checks)

With this analysis you shouldn't drive a car. However, you have an anaphylaxis, a shellfish allergy. We put you an emergency injection of epinephrine. We find crustaceans. You had a severe allergic reaction and could have died.

(recipe)

Take this over-the-counter antihistamine. You've have to be extremely careful.

ANNMA

(wonders)

Sure, sure! Uh-huh! In fact I never eat fish. I didn't bring tonight any antihistamine and my emergency adrenaline injector, because I am used to control myself.

DOCTOR ONE

Sometimes a mini trace is enough.

THE DOCTOR brings ANNMA to the door.

JUMP CUT TO:

REELING

ANNMA TO CARLOS

(Spanish/subtitled)

Mil gracias amigo! Sorry that I spoiled your night.

(MORE)

ANNMA TO CARLOS (CONT'D)

(to Lolita)

Thank you so much for your good
care. What would I have done
without you?

TWO GUYS (mid 50), pretty bottled, stand at the railing
with their backs to us and pee into the sea.

LOLITA

(whispers)

You should not thank me.

ANNMA

Señor Blanxart? Of course I do.

LOLITA shakes her head with a grin.

ANNMA

Is there one more ?

JI-HOO comes running straight.

ANNMA

Is it him?

LOLITA shakes again her head and rushes off.

LORD RICHARD watches them from a distance. ANNMA sprays
herself from head to toe with her perfume.

She walks toward Lord Richard and embraces him. Whispering
something in his ear, he wraps her tide.

LORD RICHARD

Don't go, please. I was so afraid.

ANNMA

I'll be back. I have to see Benno.

TIME-CUT:

POOL-DECK

THE ROMEO&JULIET LEAVES TO A LITTLE BAY.

JI-HOO exchange with ANNMA a warmly hug.

HARUTO hides and listen their conversation.

JI-HOO

CURRYWURST! Sorry, that I didn't
come because of my work tonight.
I can't leave you not a moment
alone and you get almost killed.

JI-hoo takes her face between his hands and stares at her
in shock as Haruto snaps secretly a photo of them.

Then he takes a strand of hair from her face as we see Haruto is still photographing both and sending the shots to someone.

ANNMA
Pour me a drink!

Ji-hoo gets her a bottle of water.

ANNMA
WATER?

JI-HOO
I am sure he gave you medicine.

ANNMA
(offended)
SWEET RICE! I need a drink!

LORD RICHARD forms a twist and bites his lips.

THREE COLORED SINGERS intone life on stage.

Lord Richard sinks to his knees in despair and sighs.

Ji-hoo walks with a sexy move to the rhythm away and turns twice around to ANNMA. Her face regains life.

LORD RICHARD TO HIMSELF
I should tell her

GUEST ONE
Sorry is this place free?

Lord Richard jumps up and glares on this guy.

ANNMA
I I am afraid ...

Annma sits on a romantic candle lit table and looks at him.

ANNMA TO HERSELF
Tea?

LORD RICHARD TO HIMSELF
TEA?

Lord Richard whispers to a Waiter who nods respectfully.
THE WAITER hurries to Annma's table.

ANNMA TO THE WAITER
(BEAT: surprised)
COFFEE? The Brandy must be for
the gentlemen who?
(The guest left)

SHE scans the place. Lord Richard hides from view.

WAITER
 (looking out for
 Lord Richard)
 Um ... both is for you Madame.

Her eyes shine. She pours the brandy into the coffee.

ANNMA TO HERSELF
 (Déjà-vu)
 I never had this since that night.

Proudly Lord Richard bobs up and down with a bright grin.

LORD RICHARD TO HIMSELF
 Let's find his profile.

He scrolls through his phone to investigate about Ji-hoo.

ABI (O.S.)
 (apologising)
 Sorry that I behaved so childish,
 because of this drunken chicks.

ABI lift her heels, pats his shoulders and kisses his lips.

LORD RICHARD
 Can you hold on? Stop it.

ABI
 (seducing)
 C'mon, let's dance.

TIME-CUT:

LORD RICHARD TAKES HIS CLOTHES OFF.

He jump with a header into the sea.

Carlos (full orange body swimsuit) glares mouth open and follows with a ass bomb.

We drift to Annma and Ji-hoo, who sing with the three BACKSTAGE-SINGERS.

JI-HOO
 (sings to Annma)
 ---You are my love light, this I
 know --- and I never let you go --
 You my all, you're part of me---

THE SPACE BREAK INTO APPLAUSE

Ji-hoo bows to Annma and to ALL GUEST. Dripping from top to bottom comes Benno along.

BENNO
 COUNTESS, what about a full moon
 swim ?

BENNO
What about a swim Arthur?

LORD ARTHUR
(smug)
You honestly want me to steal the
show from everyone?
(he stretches
himself cocky)
We won't spoil their mood.

INDISTINCT CHATTER FADES

BAR

ABI WEARS LORD RICHARD'S TUXEDO-JACKET OVER HER SHOULDERS.

MUSIC BEATS UP

LORD RICHARD grabs the bottle from THE BARTENDER (40s)

LORD RICHARD (O.S.)
What shall I do? Tell her?

LORD RICHARD STOPS WITH THE BOTTLE OVER HIS GLASS.

Abi takes his jacket and puts it over her shoulders. She looks like after a lost battle. Runny eye make-up.

Lord Richard lit a cigarette and handle it to ABI.

ABI
YOU love me ... don't you, darling?
Do you think she will give us her
blessing, if I tell her that we
are going to get married?

ABI hangs next to him. Her gaze betrays that she is longing for his answer and attention.

However, Lord RICHARD seems not to be seduced by her.

ABI
Uhm, where is my German friend? I
haven't seen her in all night?

Lord Richard rises up and teeters on his heels.

LORD RICHARD
The night is getting interesting.

ABI
I told you it will be a surprise.

CARLOS pours himself ice cubes into a glass of water.

LORD RICHARD
Your friend seems to avoid you.

Abi's eyelids hang like Swedish iron curtains. CARLOS hands her the water over.

ABI
 (stammers drunk to
 Carlos)
 Is this for me? Awww, you think I
 had to much drinks.
 (to Lord Richard)
 Darling, why don't you kiss me?

PHOTOGRAPHER
 Mrs. Goldstein and Lord of Dudley.

ABI LOOKS WARMLY TO RICHARD, BUT HE TURNS AWAY.

LORD RICHARD
 Take this fucking camera off.

She glares at ABI and turns gleefully her LENS on her.
 LORD RICHARD covers the LENS with his hand.

LORD RICHARD
 I said NO, what is a good enough
 reason to leave us.

ABI BENDS LIKE A WILTED FLOWER OVER THE TABLE. -- THUD --

As the PHOTOGRAPHER points at her, SOMEONE pushes his foot
 under the camera and hits it away.

LORD RICHARD wobbles.

IMPRESSED HE GLARES ON THE ELEGANT BLACK HIGH HEELED SANDAL
 WHICH LAND IN HIS HAND AND ...

ANNMA HURRIEDLY PULLS HER SPANISH FAN TO HER FACE.

LORD RICHARD drops on one knee in front of her. Both glare
 speechless on his counterpart and stay like this for a while.

PHOTOGRAPHER
 MILORD, uhm... the sandal.

ANNMA
 (cynically)
 MILORD?

Under the eyes of Ji-hoo and Abi he puts her the missing
 sandal on and lingers over a little scar on her big toe.

LORD RICHARD
 (irritated)
 I didn't expect you coming again
 flying. It remains me when you
 took the short-cut to East-Berlin
 flying from the wall into my arms.
 (MORE)

LORD RICHARD (CONT'D)
 (he wipes over the
 scar)
 You hit it again.

(MUSIC BEATS UP) -Give me the simple live- (min.0:55 sec.)
 Harry Ruby/ by Steve Tyrell

JI-HOO
 So you are the reason why she isn't
 able to open her heart to nobody?

Lord Richard turns around to Ji-hoo and they turn away.

LORD RICHARD
 Are you sure?

JI-HOO
 What about Abi?

BENNO (O.S.)
 Abi was never in his heart. It
 was always her. However Dude. I
 had no idea, that it was Annma.
 Don't tell me that she was the
 one, which you lost because of a
 simple pee for the next decades?

CARLOS
 Whoa, this causes me a goosebump.

ANNMA COMES CLOSER AND ENTERS INTO THE CIRCLE.

ANNMA
 Your pattern causes me a goosebump.
 What are you gossiping about?

LORD RICHARD STEPS CLOSER TO HER AND GASPS FOR AIR.

LORD RICHARD
 Can we talk?

Benno puts his arm around Carlos and tells Ji-hoo with his
 gaze to follow them.

They walk off.

ANNMA glares at Richard and sighs.

LORD RICHARD
 Let's go somewhere and grab a drink.
 Annma, I I can't believe that I
 meet you again and here in Mallorca.
 Where have you been? What happened?

Both walk along the aisle and come to stop at the railing.
 They stare at each other in silent. His eyes gaze longingly
 at her lips, which slowly approach. They kiss each other.

ABI WATCHES THEM AND VOMITS IN A FLOWERPOT.

Annma and Lord Richard hurry to help her, when she sinks to her knees. Ji-hoo comes running and grabs gentle her back.

JI-HOO
(to Annma)
Leave her to me.

ABI
Richard is mine. You have no right
to take him away from me, Annma.

JI-HOO
Abi, I'll bring you to your Hotel
or where are you staying?

ABI
Leave me alone and take her with
you.

ANNMA lift ABI up.

ANNMA
Abi darling, where have you hide
all night? Why did you drink that
much and where is the man you told
me you wanted present me as your
future husband?

ABI
I thought we are friends. But you
are a whore. A fraudster. A heart-
breaker. Leave me alone.

Abi cries desperate and lies drunk in Annma's arms.

ANNMA
(whispers to Ji-
hoo)
Please take her to her apartment,
will you?

BENNO
I call you a car.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PALMA-STREET-LEVEL - NOON

Next day

JI-HOO rides his motorbike. It's scorching hot.

FRAMED BY THE CATHEDRAL AND THE SEA HIS EMPTY DEPOSIT BLINKS.
HE PUSHES THE BIKE ASIDE. HE PICKS UP THE PHONE.

JI-HOO
(CONT'D; BEAT in
Korean/Subtitled)
I am absolutely fine. I am save.
He won't find me here. Don't worry
too much. I'll see you tomorrow.

He hangs up.

ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE STREET, A BLACK LIMOUSINE,
BLACKED REAR WINDOWS.

Two ASIATIC TYPES, black suits, spy on Ji-hoo and shoot
photos.

INT. BLACK LIMOUSINE - SAME MOMENT

ASIAN CHAUFFEUR
(in Korean/subtitled)
SIR, what shall we do? ...

PURSUER 1 (O.S.)
(deep firm voice
in Korean/subtitled)
This good-for-nothing lose the
control about a simple deposit.
How can I ever expect him
moneymaking? I've seen enough.

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. ANNMA'S APARTMENT/TERRACE - NIGHT

JI-HOO PLAYS ON HIS GUITAR.

IN FRONT OF HIM A ICE-TEA.

ANNMA wraps herself into a bath-towel, puts up her feeds
and nips from her red wine.

JI-HOO
(grins)
We should have done a Korean
Barbecue with bean sprout salad,
which is your favorite. Now that
you got used to wasabi seeds.

JI-hoo puts his guitar down and takes her foot for a massage.

ANNMA
I was quite surprised how well you
cook. Who showed it to you? Your
Mom? Or a girlfriend?

Annma glares at him curiously.

ANNMA
SWEET RICE? What's the matter?

JI-HOO (O.S.)
You worked always until late and
then you learned for Spanish.

ANNMA
Uh-huh. You gave guitar lessons
and brought me dinner with your
hard earned money. You have always
pitied me. I was convinced that
you were a chef. You even bought a
blender to make gazpacho for me.

Ji-hoo gets quiet. With a thoughtful gaze he makes
compression on Annma's calves.

JI-HOO
(stammers)
I I have to tell you something.
Well, actually I should have
confessed to you a long time ago.

Ji-hoo flinches as the doorbell rings.

ANNMA gets up.

JI-HOO
(hasty nervous)
--- DON'T --- DON'T OPEN IT.

JI-HOO JUMPS UP AND HUGS HER DESPERATELY IN FRONT OF THE
DOOR OPENER COVERING THE MONITOR.

Annma glares in confusion.

Door keeps ringing. Ji-hoo glares at the video monitor.

JI-HOO
(relieved)
PIZZA delivery?

ANNMA
After dinner, I confess first.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BERLIN-POLO-CLUB - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: BERLIN, a few days later

HORSES GASPS

MAX hands over to his UNCLE FRED (50) the horse-magazine.

FRED TO MAX

(grunts kindly)

You know how to tees me, son. I hate if you roll all kind of news papers or magazines up. Brrr...

LORD RICHARD comes in riding-cloth and looks hot.

MAX

(thrilled)

Oh, what a surprise. You are here.

Lord Richard offers Max a pleasant smile.

FRED, thinning hair, rounder face, slight belly, fatherly, puts his green glasses on to study the man, who is not only as tall as his nephew, also is bobbing in unison with him.

FRED

(amused)

We had not the pleasure.

Lord Richard throughs a quick look on his polo-shirt, which fit perfectly with his beige trousers and penny-loafer.

LORD RICHARD

(keen smile)

Oh, what an honor. Father and son look great in the partner-look.

MAX stifles a smile and interferes.

MAX

(to his uncle)

May I present to you my sponsor, Lord Richard Earl of Dudley!

(he points on A.G.E.)

(to Lord Richard)

My Godfather Fred zu Kalkstein.

Lord Richard and Max brush their hair back in sync and they both have a small birthmark in the same place on their foreheads. Fred frowns in irritation.

FRED

Oh, um... I usually don't wear his shirts. However, we have to pick up his mother from the Airport, and I thought it might look cooler. Why don't you join us for dinner?

BEAT: We focus on Lord Richard who is up-rolling a horse magazine, which makes Fred rise up his brows.

LORD RICHARD (O.S.)

I am afraid I can't. I have to be back in London this night.

(MORE)

LORD RICHARD (O.S.) (CONT'D)
My father gives a dinner-party and
wants to make an announcement.

FRED
Let me take you than to the airport,
when we pick up my sister.

MAX
So if you can't meet my father you
should at least meet my mom. Isn't
it what Earl Arthur asked me when
we met? Words can never say as
much as a real impression.

LORD RICHARD pats slight the magazine on his shoulder.

LORD RICHARD
Deal. You mother must be a wise
woman.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. AIRPORT BERLIN TEGEL - AFTERNOON

GERMAN ANNOUNCEMENTS OVER LOUD SPEAKER

LORD RICHARD STAYS WITH FRED AT THE ARRIVAL DOOR.

MAX CHECKS THE ARRIVAL MONITOR: PALMA DELAYED

FRED
(in German subtitled)
Your German is immaculate! WHY?

LORD RICHARD
(German/subtitled)
Danke

FRED looks unquiet on his watch.

FRED
Your teacher must have come, where
my mother comes from.

LORD RICHARD hides his magazine: East-German horses.

LORD RICHARD
(confused)
So not THAT perfect as you said. I
guess I can't deny my roots, even
though I had an English mentor.

FRED
(wondering)
I am afraid I don't quite follow.

THE LORD joins them to a Snack Bar until ANNMA arrives.

LORD RICHARD
It's a long and complicated story.

MAX
Can I take a peek on the magazine?

THE WAITRESS comes and our gaze falls on the three beers.

FRED (O.S.)
My mother comes from a insignificant
backwater. ... PROST ...
(chuckles)
Max always pushes ME to take care
for our family affairs. Sometimes
he sounds like an old man. I wonder
if he got this streak from his
biological father, his life giver?

MAX
(surprised)
Thanks god, that mom can't hear
you, what concerns my life giver.

THE LORD tosses his head back and blows out laughing. FRED
eyes him in wonder and studies every movement of him.

LORD RICHARD
(chuckles)
LIFE GIVER? I love your humor.

He hands MAX the rolled up magazine and smirks.
Simultaneously they caress their moles

LORD RICHARD
My mother did this. Sorry for
this horrible habit, what my father
drives always nut. Because Winfred,
uhm, iron every morning the papers,
because of the printer's ink. Now
his has a double job.

MAX
(to his uncle)
You don't say anything?
(to the Lord)
He hates it, if I do that.

Fred observes both in silence.

LORD RICHARD
Who gave you the keen power of
observation? Is it your mother's
or perhaps your life-donor's
ability?

Max points with his forehead to his UNCLE.

MAX
This is my uncles heritage.

Lord Richard and Max stand in front of each other.

FRED TO MAX
 Stay here and finish your beer.
 Tell mom where you are. I'll be
 back in a minute.

Fred joins Lord Richard to the departure hall.

TEGEL AIRPORT/DEPARTURE HALL

FRED
 Uh my nephew, uhm... as I mentioned,
 has NO father.

LORD RICHARD
 Oh, he died ?

FRED gets close to his ear. LORD RICHARD listens intently.

INAUDIBLE CHATTERS

FRED
 (loud)
 I DON'T HAVE OWN CHILDREN. YOU?

LORD RICHARD
 (In German/subtitled)
 Not that I know. Auf Wiedersehen.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BRITISH AIRWAYS/FIRST CLASS - EVENING

LORD RICHARD READS HIS HORSE MAGAZINE AND ... PAUSES.

LORD RICHARD TO HIMSELF
 (in German/subtitled)
 WHAT a selfish peace of garbage.
 HOW can this bastard leave a
 pregnant woman and disappear?

He sips thought-sunken on his wine.

TIME CUT:

LORD RICHARD EXIT UNDER THE AUDIENCE OF THE BOARD-CREW.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TOWNHOUSE/GRAND HALL - NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE: LONDON BELGRAVIA

OPULENT MANOR ENTRANCE WHERE SERVANTS DO THEIR JOBS.
 BUTLER WINFRED TAKES THE BOARD-CASE AND HIS COAT.

LORD RICHARD speeds up the imposing staircase, past the
 portraits of his ancestors, the line of the Earls of Dudley.

LORD ARTHUR (elegant classy) glares angrily after him.

LORD ARTHUR (V.O.)
 (BEAT grumpy)
 Not even the German punctuality
 Sabine was able to teach him.

LORD RICHARD'S MASTER-BEDROOM

ABI'S eyes (elegantly clad) catch the Berlin-wall-stone.

ABI
 (besotted)
 The A betrays that this must be
 for me, right darling?

LORD RICHARD jumps into his dark dinner jacket.

ABI
 It looks if one part is missing.

He struggles with the cufflinks, which shows the earl-crown.

LORD RICHARD
 I wonder what he wants to announce?

When he turns around Abi plays with his stone.

LORD RICHARD
 (freak out)
 WHAT the hell... don't touch it.

ABI
 (surprised)
 You startled me. I guess you are
 nervous because he announce our
 marriage, darling.

CHIMNEY-SALON

We spot the most In Vogue high society.

BUTLER WINFRED
 (whispers discretely)
 Milord, may I recall you, that you
 have to take your medicine.

DINING-SALON

FINE SOCIETY with a aristocratic tone around the oval table.

REVEAL: The distinguished-looking LADY CHARLINE PHILIPPA
 CAVENDISH (28), beaming, dark blond hair.

The OLD EARL OF DUDLEY offers her a pleasant smile and ask
 all to sit down.

Through the huge chandeliers HER MOTHER LADY CAVENDISH,
 who's dinner partner is LORD ARTHUR, observes LORD RICHARD.

ABI TO LORD RICHARD
 (whispers offended)
 Who will sit on my place?

ABI peeks on her dinner-partner's name card.

INSERT: DR. ALBERT JOHNSON

ABI
 (whispers mad)
 WHY does everybody in this house
 care more about others than me?
 You spoke today only about this
 polo player.
 (BEAT)
 He is only a player. NOT your son.

RICHARD TO ABI
 (whispers back)
 HE is A.G.E., that means our NUMBER
 ONE PLAYER.

LORD RICHARD peeks on the name next to him.

LADY CHARLINE

Lord Richard gets up and takes *LADY CHARLINE*'s chair back.

LORD RICHARD
 (with all his charm)
 Um, I am Richard
 (hand-kiss)
 Please

Lord Richard and Lady Charline are sharp-eyed by her parents.
 THE EARL stands up and clinks with his fork at the glass.

LORD ARTHUR
 (clears throat)
 LADIES AND GENTLEMEN. I waited
 for this moment since the Berlin
 wall was build up at '61.

SILENT VOICES

We linger on the attend faces.

LORD ARTHUR (O.S.)
 Well ... mhm ... when in 1991 this
 bastard stood with a portrait of a
 young lady in the door. Richard
 came of age on a farm, well, I
 will not say like a unkempt animal.

CROWD LAUGHING

LORD ARTHUR (O.S.)
 Thanks god, that I just came with
 my faithful companion Albert by,
 (MORE)

LORD ARTHUR (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(glares on Dr.

Johnson (72))

when Winfred told him that we don't
buy anything and shed him. Albert
said: "*Arthur, he looks like you
in that age.*" Don't doubt - I looked
much better.

CROWD LAUGHING

Lord Arthur dabs his forehead with a white handkerchief.

LORD RICHARD TO ABI

(whispers)

What is he up to?

LORD ARTHUR

He didn't look like a thug.
However, I always pampered him far
too much and sent him fine clothes.

Lord Richard nods charming and swipes on his birthmark.
Lady Charline glares shy at him and than over to HER MOTHER.

LORD ARTHUR

He spoke English straight away,
thanks to the literature I sent
him frequently. My years of patient
waiting were recompensed. YOU are
my cup of tea and I don't want you
to do the same mistake like me.
So I want to announce that, uhm
(his face goes
ashen)

--- WINFRED ---

BUTLER WINFRED hurries over and helps him to sit down.
LORD ARTHUR runs the cold sweat down his face.

WORRIED FACES. HALF WHISPERING, INDISTINCT CHATTER

LORD RICHARD

(startled)

FATHER ... DAD ... DOCTOR JOHNSON!

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. BERLIN/FRED'S VILLA - AFTERNOON

SUPERIMPOSE: NEXT DAY, 12th. of September

FRED, CHRIS, ANNMA and MAX are sitting around a table.

CROWD SINGING IN GERMAN WITH SUBTITLE

HAPPY BIRTHDAY LIEBER MAX ... HAPPY BIRTHDAY DEAR MAX!

MAX blows the birthday candles of a 29 on his cake out.

MAX
 (joyous in German
 with subtitle)
 Danke aunty for your yummy black
 forest gateau. It would have been
 much easier if I would have invited
 you all out.

Chris puts her hand on Max arm and talks close to him.

CHRIS
 (soft voice)
 However, you invited us already to
 a fabulous lunch at Borchers and I
 thought here we are more private.
 Look the fuss you caught. All
 this young girls. Where do you
 invite all your friends this night?

MAX
 I rented the Hamilton bar.

ANNMA
 Honey, reach your mom your plate.

Annma holds the knife, which points at CHRIS.

FRED
 Mmmm, carrot cake. Is this Renate's
 recipe? I want this one.

Annma hands FRED the plate and peeks on Max phone.

SUPERIMPOSE: CONTACT: DADDY COOL

Annma snatches his phone, which rings and rings. She holds
 it away and Max tries to catch it.

ANNMA
 (chuckles)
 DADDY COOL?

Max stands up and rocks excitedly with his heels. He tickles
 his mom. When it stops ringing, Max stops rocking his heels.

ANNMA
 (cynical)
 Fred, I I mean. You are sure that
 you got it all under control, right?

Annma's looks irked at FRED and points her head to MAX.

PHONE VIBRATES

DADDY COOL (V.O.)
 I called to wish you a very happy
 birthday. I guess you are enjoying
 a big peace of cake with your mom.
 (MORE)

DADDY COOL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Thanks for inviting me. You can be
 proud of all your achievements.
 Next time I won't miss your round
 birthday. With best regards.
 Xxx R.

Max flashes a shy, warm smile.

FRED TO MAX
 (inquisitive)
 ... Won't you tell us who
 encouraged you so much?

Annma's Phone rings

MAX
 Hold on? ... let me guess. It's
 Ji-hoo, right?

Fred drops a gift in front of MAX from his sponsor.

MAX
 (thrilled)
 From Daddy cool?

ANNMA
 (to Fred)
 WHO is DADDY COOL?

Max opens his MOTHER'S envelope and ALL glare at him.

MAX
 (in German/subtitled)
 Danke, this is far too much.

ANNMA
 I thought first something for your
 loft. But since you like riding,
 this is only on water. Will you
 visit me from now on more often?

Max hugs tight and long his MOM.

CHRIS
 We were not quite sure ... and
 thought you might need a new sofa
 for your apartment, but then ...

Fred pats his shoulder, but MAX grabs first the other folder.
 Chris and Fred exchange looks. MAX bobs under the table.

MAX
 (thrilled he wipes
 his mole)
 WHAT? ... a voucher for the London
 shoemaker Lobb for riding boots?
 They must cost him a fortune?

Annma chokes on the coffee on the mention on "LOBB". Fred puts his spectacles on, to read it with his proper eyes.

ANNMA
WHO is this peacock?

Judging Max sparkling eyes he is totally into it.

Phone dings:

BORJA FUSTER (O.S.)
(BEAT)
Hi, can you talk? This morning a client offered me an WINTERGRÜN.

Annma drops almost her glass of champagne.

ANNMA
(overjoyed)
... are you sure?

BORJA
Sorry, I've got to go.

PHONE HANGS UP

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LONDON TOWNHOUSE - AFTERNOON - ONE WEEK LATER

BUTLER WINFRED SEES DR. JOHNSON OFF AND CLOSE THE DOOR.

LORD RICHARD STAYS ON THE ROOFED STAIRS, SMOKING.

DOCTOR JOHNSON
I know your dad since we were together in the British Sector in West-Berlin, where I met your mom.

LORD RICHARD
You ... you met her?

THE DOCTOR nods, tips gentlemanlike his hat and leaves.

LORD RICHARD
(shouts after him)
WHY DID HE LEAVE US THAN BACK?

The doctor comes back.

DOCTOR JOHNSON
(BEAT)
One day your mother came back to the Berlin BRITISH SECTOR. She was determined NOT to leave your grandma behind, as she would never leave her roots in East Germany.

Lord Richard extinguishes his cigarette (handmade boot)

LORD RICHARD
I had no idea that my father ever
wanted my mom to follow him.

DOCTOR JOHNSON
(BEAT: reveals a
secret)
YOUR FATHER didn't even know that
she was pregnant with you, what
she confessed, when it was too
late and the wall was build up.
Your father did never forgive her,
but he never gave up on you.

Lord Richard scribbles an A with a stone on the step.

LORD RICHARD
(soft voice)
Sometimes I hated Mister Arthur.

BUTLER WINFRED comes rushing out of breath. Words fail
him. Lord Richard jumps startled up.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TOWNHOUSE/LORD ARTHUR'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

SAD MUSIC FADES IN

LORD RICHARD races up the stairs. His face goes ashen.

LIKE PARALYSED HE STAYS AT HIS FATHER'S KINGSIZE BED. HE
FALLS TO HIS KNEES IN TEARS AND GRABS HIS FATHER'S HAND.

LORD RICHARD
(mournful)
NO ... NO ... don't do this to me.
Mom couldn't even imagine the pain
you must have gone through. I I am
so sorry dad. So sorry ...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WILDMOOR-CASTLE - THREE DAYS LATER

SUPERIMPOSE: 23.09.2019 COUNTY OF DUDLEY.

RAIN PATTERNING, ROILING CLOUDS

BLACK LIMOUSINES spilling over the colourful autumn foliage.
A black-clad HIGH SOCIETY, hundreds of black umbrellas over
the funeral march. The Mausoleum hides in the park.

LORD RICHARD'S eyes are in mourning. His pain is palpably
etched on his face. He receives the condolences.

Flanked by ABI, BENNO and CARLOS, are LORD and LADY CAVENDISH
with daughter LADY CHARLINE.

LORD RICHARD
 (quite voice)
 Thank you kindly, Max.

Lord Richard gestures a brief embrace to MAX. DR. ALBERT JOHNSON, BUTLER WINFRED, MAID MARY inaudible whisper.

FRED
 (clears throat)
 My condolences your grace.

Both move on.

ANNMA eyes from afar a magnificent palace. She whispers half hidden in the endless queue of condoling vips.

ANNMA ON THE PHONE
 (voice mail for
 Max)
 I am on a funeral from a client, I
 call you in a mere moment.

Hangs up.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WILDMOOR-CASTLE/GRAND-HALL - AFTERNOON

INDISTINCT CHATTER

MIGHTY FLOWER ARRANGEMENTS FLOOD THE MAIN FOYER LIKE HUGE CHANDELIERS ALL OVER.

INSERT: *IN COMMEMORATION AND GRATITUDE. YOUR POLO TEAM.*

TWO RHODESIANS AND A WEIMARANER LIE SPRAWLED ON TWO OLD CHESTERFIELD SOFAS.

MAIN-SALON

RAIN PATTERING ON THE BIG CASTLE WINDOWS

LORD RICHARD GLARES SILENTLY INTO THE BLAZING FIREPLACE.

BUTLER WINFRED offers BENNO a cigar.

GENTLE PIANO MUSIC

ABI
 Who could have guessed that the
 old devil would leave us so
 suddenly?

BENNO
 I am glad that he was able to enjoy
 my birthday until dawn. You couldn't
 tell that he was suffering.

CARLOS (more meagre) pulls an old leather stool next to LORD RICHARD and pokes at the embers with a stick.

CARLOS
 (clears throat)
 You are never prepared when you
 loose somebody. Not even at our
 age. Now we are almost all orphans.

MAID MARY delivers tea and cognac on a silver plate. DR. JOHNSON enters, circled by the two Rhodesian.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PALMA/STREET-LEVEL - LATE AFTERNOON

EXCITING MUSIC BEATS UP

JI-HOO sales his Honda.

ONE OF TWO GUYS HANDS THE CASH TO HIM AND THEY LEAVE WITH THE MOTORCYCLE.

EXT. PUERTO PORTALS - CONTINUOUS

JI-HOO strolls through the glamorous yacht-harbor.

He counts at a corner some coins for an ice-cream, when he sees TWO CAMOUFLAGED BODYGUARDS.

INT. TAXI - CONTINUOUS

JI-HOO sits at the backseat. Arriving in Palma, he looks cautiously through the car window and checks the situation.

HE HANDS HIS CREDIT-CARD OVER.

TAXIDRIVER
 (in Spanish,
 subtitled)
 This is declined.

JI-HOO
 (in Spanish,
 subtitled)
 Can you try it again?

HE HANDS A SECOND ONE OVER AND OPENS A BIT THE WINDOW.

TAXIDRIVER
 Also declined

JI-HOO
 IMPOSSIBLE. It must be your card
 reader. They always worked.

JI-hoo hands cash over, from what he got for his Honda.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LONDON/CAB - NIGHT - SAME MOMENT

ANNMA is on the backseat.

ANNMA

(yawns)

ABI. Can we have dinner tonight?

BATTERIE BLINKS ... EMPTY. PHONE OFF.

DISSOLVE TO

INT. WILDMOOR-CASTLE/MAIN-DINING - NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE: COUNTY OF DUDLEY

LORD RICHARD

(touched)

... you came. I am so thankful!

BENNO and CARLOS share a "FUCK YOU" intense glare

LORD RICHARD

(proud)

May I introduce you to Fred Count
zu Kalkstein and his nephew Max.
I guess you all know him anyway.

FRED and dream-boy MAX shake hands with ALL PRESENT.

ABI

(perplexed)

Good evening. I am Abigail
Goldstein. But please call me
Abi. Do you happen to know Countess
Anna-Maria zu Kalkstein?

FRED CHOKES. CARLOS BURSTS INTO THE CONVERSATION WITH PHOTOS.

CARLOS

(surprised)

I am a great fan of you. Where did
I just see a private photo of you?
(shakes hands)
Well, look yourself. You look like
Earl Arthur.

CARLOS GRABS ALL THE FRAMES HE CAN FIND.

BENNO

(convinced)

Certainly you saw it in a magazine.
Our handsome celebrity booms the
society news. He is a Rip-off of
Richard, when he came to Oxford.

ALL GLARE AT LORD RICHARD WHO THREATENS TO BLUSH.

FRED STARES LIKE HYPNOTISED ON THE FOTOS.

CARLOS
(excited)
I I mean when he was a young.

ABI
(smiles softly)
He has something from you darling.

ABI STARES AT MAX AND THAN AT LORD RICHARD, WHEN BOTH STARTS WIPING SIMULTANEOUS OVER THEIR MOLES WITH A KEEN GRIN.

BENNO
(dead-safe)
Who could tell us would be his mother, don't you think?

Fred swallows and looks insecurely into the round.

LORD RICHARD
(distracts)
Max, do you know a Anna-Maria von Kalkstein, who wrote a novel? What was the title of the book again? Well, the story was about Wintergrün. Um ... did you hear about him? My fav artist.

MAX
(BEAT also distracts)
Look at this OLD SKETCHBOOK. Doesn't it look like ... ?

Butler Winfred interferes.

BUTLER WINFRED
Gentlemen, please follow maid Mary. Dinner is served.

BUTLER WINFRED SNAPS POLITE FROM MAX THE SKETCHBOOK.

ABI
(glares mad)
Anna-Maria?
(clears throat)
Don't you remember her, darling?

FRED AND MAX EXCHANGE LOOKS. LORD RICHARD SEEMS CONFUSED.

UTTERLY SILENCE.

THOUGHTFUL FACES.

CARLOS
Why isn't Annma here? I mean she is Abi's bestie.

BENNO
 (whispers to Carlos)
 Princess, you know why?

RESTROOM

CARLOS opens his belt. They hug and kiss.

BENNO
 WHOA, this belt suddenly fits you.

MAIN DINING ROOM

ABI
 (commanding)
 WHY is the table set for eight?
 Mary, you can take this.

MARY (old school) confirms first with LORD RICHARD

LORD RICHARD
 I am expecting one more guest.

INDISTINCT WHISPERING CHATTER.

PRYING EYES.

WHO will take place between the Lord and the young Count?

LORD RICHARD NIPS THOUGHT-SUNKEN ON HIS WINE.

ABI TO RICHARD
 Darling, are you okay?

DOOR CHIMES

BUTLER WINFRED
 (lowers voice)
 MILORD, your visiter arrived.

LORD RICHARD CLOSES A BOTTOM OF HIS JACKET AND MARCHES OUT.

FROM AFAR WE HERE A HALF-WHISPER.

LADY (O.S.)
 Sorry for my delate. My renewed
 condolences your grace.

We get to see only Lord Richard through the door.

LORD RICHARD
 (half whispering)
 Thank you. Please come in.

BUTLER WINFRED takes her coat.

ALL EYES ARE FIXED CURIOUSLY ON THE GULL-WING-DOOR, WHICH BUTLER WINFRED OPENS AND THE MOONLIGHT SHINES THROUGH, WHEN WE SPOT LADY CHARLINE.

INDISTINCT WHISPER

JUDGING ABI'S FACE SHE SWALLOWS JUST A FAT TOAD.

ABI TO HERSELF

What is this? A beauty pageant?

LORD RICHARD hold of her arm. FRED kisses her hand. LADY CHARLINE is charmed and tosses MAX a flirting gaze.

FRED

It's a pleasure to meet again.

MAX follows the old school manners of his uncle.

HE PEEKS SEDUCING INTO LADY CHARLINE'S EYES.

MAX

... a pleasure.

Politely he suggests a kiss on LADY CHARLINE'S back of hand.

BENNO watches ABI, when she empties her glass in one go before THE HOST has raised his glass.

CARLOS

(glee to Benno)

Max behaves like a young Lord.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOTEL-ROOM - DAWN

SUPERIMPOSE: LONDON, HOTEL HILTON PARK LANE

A plate eaten up and a bottle of wine drunk out on a tray.

LOUD SNORING

In a kingsize bed lies ANNMA and stretches her body.

She searches her red glasses between the auction- and the latest *zu-Kalkstein-real-estate-catalog* on her bed.

BATH

A coffee-to-go cup in the sink. Disgusted looks ANNMA at the many cigarette butts inside.

ANNMA TO HERSELF

(with toothbrush)

HOW can my phone be dead? Hell, my flight to Palma.

THE CHARGING CABLE HANGS LOOSELY IN THE SOCKET.

She gathers her stuff.

With hurried steps she talks to her SECRETARY and burst out.

ANDREA (V.O.)
I booked for 11.45 You'll make it.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LONDON/AIRPORT/GATE - DAY

INDISTINCT AIRPORT NOISE IN ENGLISH

ANNMA checks her phone. She swipes: --- FIVE PHOTOS, countless missed calls and text-messages.

FRED (V.O.)
SIS, look at these photos. Daddy
Cool is unbeatable. AND ... Max
has my fullest blessing for the
first love he has finally found.

INSERT: PHOTOS CANNOT BE LOADED. YOUR DATABASE IS FULL

ANNMA TO HERSELF
What the hell is he talking about?
His FIRST LOVE with THIS JERK?
WHY is my database full? AND why
does NOBODY answer me? FRED, YOU
are dead already AND HE TOO.

Eight messages from JI-HOO, which we do not get to see.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BRITISH-AIRWAYS/BUSINESS CLASS - CONTINUOUS

ANNMA'S ANGER IS ALL OVER HER FACE.

SOMEONE slides into the next seat and bumps into her arm. She is just about to swear like a trooper and holds promptly her breath.

ANNMA
(surprised)
ABI? Oh, holy shit.

ABI LOOKS LIKE SOMEONE ON THE RUN AND STARES INTO SPACE.

ABI
(like apathetic)
I I have no luck.

ANNMA
Happen something in the editorial?

ABI GLARES TEARY-EYED THROUGH HER CHICK GLASSES AT ANNMA.

ABI
(disillusioned)
I need some days off in a Hotel.

ANNMA
Hotel? Why? Is your flat rented
out, than come to my place.

She shakes gentle her head and tears up.

SNAP INTO FLASHBACK:

INT. UPPER FLOOR/HALLWAY - NIGHT

LAST WEEK AT BELGRAVIA-TOWNHOUSE

DR. JOHNSON
Sorry that I couldn't tell you
before, that the Earl is terminally
ill. He forbade me.

LORD RICHARD wobbles and grabs THE DOCTORS arm.

ABI TO LORD RICHARD
Darling, are you okay?

BUTLER WINFRED TO MAID MARY
(demanding)
QUICKLY, get some water.

LADY CHARLINE offers LORD RICHARD a brandy. ABI seems not
to be amused.

LORD RICHARD
Not necessary, thanks. I I am fine.

TIME-CUT

UPPER FLOOR-HALLWAY

ABI hurries along the corridor and listen a conversation.

BUTLER WINFRED TO DR. JOHNSON
What shall I tell Lord and Lady
Cavendish?

DR. JOHNSON
About?

Abi stays silently and utter concentrated behind a column.

BUTLER WINFRED
Didn't they come explicit for the
announcement of his engagement?

Abi sexually stimulated at the thought, she hotly embraces
the marble column and kisses it as if it were his lordship.

ABI TO HERSELF

(in awe)

--- YEAH --- YEAH --- YEAH ---

(excited)

I see all the cover-title in New
York spreading over the globe,
Lady and Lord of Dudley. Shall I
tell it my Fiancée?

Abi sets euphorically lipstick in front of a golden-framed
huge wall-mirror. She checks her hair with a booming smile.

DR. JOHNSON

Lord and Lady Cavendish will
understand, that the health of
Lord Arthur comes first.

ABI TO HERSELF

(into the mirror)

I am SO sorry for the Cavendish.

ABI'S LIPSTICK IS FROZEN BETWEEN HER FINGERS ... SUDDENLY
SHE APPEARS HIGHLY TENSE PRICKING UP HER EARS.

DR. JOHNSON

Lady Charline is still young to
give us an heir and has to wait a
few days more to get engaged with
our Lord.

ABI SLIDES TERRIFIED, LEANING ON THE WALL, TO THE GROUND.

ABI TO HERSELF

(startled)

Lady Charline? Richard's Fiancée
? How dare to humiliate me in front
of the London Society.

ABI RUSHES DOWN THE STAIRS AND RUNS OUT OFF THE HOUSE.

BACK TO NOW ON A DIFFERENT FLIGHT:

INT. AIRCRAFT/BUSINESS CLASS - DAY

In the plane UNCLE FRED stores his coat.

INDISTINCT PASSENGER CHATTER

MAX

(in German/subtitled)

Did you switch your phone off?

FRED

(in German subtitled)

Richard must be a real fan of you,
when he invited Charline only for
you. Does she like you too?

MAX fasten his seat-bell.

FRED
 (in German subtitled)
 WHY it feels so familiar with him?

Max puts with a confused face the polo magazine down.

MAX
 (in German subtitled)
 I can't follow. What do you mean?

FRED
 (in German subtitled)
 Mhm, nothing. Just a feeling.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FINCA-CAN NADAL - MORNING DAYS LATER

CRICKETS CHIRPING

SUPERIMPOSE: MALLORCA, SANTA MARIA

ANNMA flips the yellow press under an old olive-tree,
 meanwhile waiting for her Architect, who brings a new client.

*INSERT: POLO PLAYER VON KALKSTEIN PAID HIS LAST RESPECT TO
 HIS SPONSOR LORD RICHARD OF DUDLEY FROM A.G.E.*

ANNMA
 UH-HUH? HE ... he is his Sponsor?
 (pause)
 WAIT, then he must be Daddy cool.
 (shocked)
 This makes all no sense. Don't
 tell me that Fred was there too?
 Was he? NO WAY...

*INSERT: THE OPEN MAGAZINE SHOWS: CASTLE WILDMOOR. MAX WITH
 LORD RICHARD AND ABI.*

A LAND-ROVER IS COMING ALONG THE PALM-LINED AVENUE.

Annma jumps up and gets herself together.

MIGUEL (O.S.)
 May I introduce you to the Earl of
 Dudley. Uhm, this is Mrs. zu
 Kalkstein.

THE LORD CATCHES A GLIMPSE OF THE OPEN PAGE, WHICH ANNMA
 HASTILY KICKS WITH A FOOT TO THE SIDE.

THE ARCHITECT (48) obese, is like air for both.

MIGUEL
 Shall we go to the horse stables?

ANNMA GRABS THE EARL BY HIS WRIST AND DRAGS HIM BEHIND THE HUGE TREE.

MIGUEL

What the hell?

ANNMA'S ASTONISHED LOOK REVEALS THAT SHE IS WONDERING HOW CALM HE REMAINS, WHEN HE CLOSES JOYFUL HIS EYES AND TAKES A DEEP BREATH.

LORD RICHARD (half whispering)

She didn't change at all.

ANNMA

Um ... I just were wondering if YOU are sponsoring my nephew?

LORD RICHARD

Get more precise, because I sponsor a whole team.

Annma struggles for words, when MIGUEL interferences.

MIGUEL

Sorry, but I have to go soon to a construction side in Santanyi. Shall we continue?

LORD RICHARD

(pointy)
Yeah, sure sure.

ANNMA

UH-HUH ... of course.

INT. FINCA CAN NADAL/HORSE-STABLE - CONTINUOUS

THE OLD STABLE IS LIGHT-FLOODED AND HAS A TOUCH OF DECADENCE.

PHONE DINGS.

MIGUEL

I'll got to take this, sorry.

MIGUEL walks outside.

LORD RICHARD

(revels)
I guess my guy will love this.

ANNMA

(mad)
HUH? YOUR GUY, is that so?

LORD RICHARD

(thrilled)
YES. That's what tempts me most, when he is still unbridled young and hot-blooded.

ANNMA FIGHTS HIM ON THE FLOOR AND SITS ON TOP OF HIM. HER ARM IS ON HIS THROAT.

ANNMA
(pissed of)
Don't move even an eyelash if you
don't want to be dead meat.

LORD RICHARD turns ANNMA around. Intense eye exchange.

LORD RICHARD
(soft)
I told Mary to set an extra place
for dinner with all other friends.

MIGUEL HIDES BACK IN THE DOOR.

MIGUEL TO HIMSELF
What's going on?

Annma pushes him off, strokes her jeans and cleans herself.

ANNMA
Did you find replacement? Besides,
I just happened to be in the area.

THE LORD GRINS AND SITS HAPPILY ON THE CLOBBER-STONE.

MIGUEL enters like a kind of invisible, what is difficult.

MIGUEL
(clears loud throat)
MMM ... IT LOOKS IF YOU ALL-READY
FEEL LIKE HOME. SHALL WE GO OVER
TO THE MAIN BUILDING ... UM ?

TIME CUT

EXT. FINCA-CAN NADAL - CONTINUOUS

At a flower roundel we meet SEÑOR FÚSTER (61, small and gaunt) who holds an old hose.

SEÑOR FÚSTER
(croaks intrigued
Mallorquin/subtitled)
Bon dia.

LORD RICHARD
(friendly)
You must be the guard.

ANNMA
(pinched lips)
Huh... HE is the owner.

LORD RICHARD react quickly and stretches his hand to Flora.

With authentic village manners, FLORA (56, cosy round) presses a smack on their cheeks.

LORD RICHARD
You have a wonderful finca

ANNMA
(whispers)
HUH, SHE is the guard.

ANNMA forces a smile.

FLORA
(giggles)
The ideal place for your children.

LORD RICHARD
(to Annma)
Can we talk for a moment?

ANMMA
(to the others)
Please excuse us.
(to Lord Richard)
How can I help you?

Both stroll and MIGUEL stays with the owner.

LORD RICHARD
I actually need All this not. I
came to see you.

ANMMA
Here I am.

LORD RICHARD
Can we just leave and talk? It is
more a private matter. I like
this place a lot. However, it All
depends on the person I love.

ANMMA
(clears throat)
Then you should bring the person
you love and decide. I am sorry,
but I have to head back to the
office. Don't hesitate to call
me, when the woman or man you love
will be able to come here with
you.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOTEL ST. REGIS-MARDAVALL-SPA - LATE AFTERNOON

GENTLE MEDITATION MUSIC

ABI spent some days in this luxury establishment to relax
after what DR. JOHNSON aired in London.

MASSEUSE ROSA
 (soft voice)
 Thank you Mrs. Goldstein.

She tips the MASSEUSE and heads off to the pool area.

INDOOR POOL

ABI closes her eyes. Opens them and puts her glasses on.

ABI TO HERSELF
 (in shock)
 HOW can he afford it?

JI-HOO (bathrobe) heads for the pool.

ABI takes a magazine and observes him from a lounge as he swims countless laps.

WHEN ADONIS EMERGES FROM THE POOL WITH HIS DIVING GOGGLES AND SWIMMING CAP, ABI SWALLOWS AND COVERS ASHAMED HER FACE.

ABI TO HERSELF
 (baffled)
 Uh? This swimsuit from Hermes is the newest collection.

AN ELDER LADY comes by and kisses him the forehead.

ABI TO HERSELF
 (revolted)
 OMG ... no way.

BOTH LEAVE. ABI FOLLOWS THEM THROUGH ALL THE HOTEL.

ELEVATOR DINGS.

BOTH GET IN. ABI HIDES BEHIND A FASHION MAGAZINE. JI-HOO STAYS WITH HIS BACK TO HER.

JI-HOO
 (in Korean/subtitled)
 Why didn't you take a massage?

AMERICAN LADY
 (in American)
 I can't wait that you give me an Asian massage, sweetheart. Let's take first a shower and then you can pamper this old Lady a bit.

ABI STANDS PRESSED AGAINST THE WALL. TENSE, SHE BITES HER LOWER LIP AND BARELY BREATHES FROM BEHIND THE MAGAZINE.

AMERICAN LADY
 Later I'll treat my handsome boy to a fine restaurant and I want you to wear your new Rolex. I am glad that the swim-suite fits you.

ABI PEEKS OUT UNDER HER MAGAZINE AND HER EYES LITERALLY FALL OUT. THE LADY HAS HER ARM AROUND HIS HIP.

JI-HOO

(in American)

You have no idea how I've longed
desperately for your loving hugs.

She embraces him tenderly and kisses him on the cheek.

Abi hides again, shakes her head violently.

AMERICAN LADY

(BEAT)

How could you live a single day
without money, my poor thing?

Abi closes her eyes with gritted teeth in disgust.

AMERICAN LADY

The credit cards I gave you are
unlimited. Spend as much as you
want, darling boy.

JI-HOO

Spending the night with you tops
it all off. I was really longing
for that and I missed you so much.

Abi's mouth stands wide open. She has a kind of internal screaming spasm and squeezes her eyes shut.

ELEVATOR STOPS

Abi peeks after them. They head arm in arm toward the most expensive suite. She heads back to the Spa.

LOBBY/BAR

INSERT: ONE HOUR LATER

ABI, appropriate elegant, spies over a drink the elevators over her laptop and writes an round-mail to the gang.

ELEVATOR DINGS

THE RICH LADY and her POOR SUITOR are exquisitely dressed.

EXT. LIMOUSINE - CONTINUOUS

TWO GUARDS (not from the Hotel) bow to both of them, open the car and follow in another black Mercedes.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. VON KALKSTEIN REAL-ESTATE/CONFERENCE-ROOM - EVENING

KEYBOARD NOICE

ANNMA AND HER LAWYER TONI FÚSTER ARE SITTING ON A OVAL TABLE.
Utter concentration.

ANDREA (38) changes the coffee mugs and brings more water.

ANNMA
(resolutely)
Well, finally it is signed.

THE ATTORNEY deposit a check.

ANNMA congratulates him and shakes hands.

PHONE BEEPS

ATTORNEY
(gloat)
I call before we go to the notary.

ANNMA
Thank you.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PALMA-STREET-LEVEL - NIGHT

LORD RICHARD grabs a TAXI and heads off.

LORD RICHARD
(to the taxi driver)
Hotel Bendinat please

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TAXI - CONTINUOUS

ANNMA sits in another taxi.

PHONE BEEPS: Text arriving

SUPERIMPOSE: ABI: DON'T GET SHOCKED.

HIGHLY STARTLED ANNMA DUMPS HER BAG ON THE BACKSEAT AS HER
TALISMAN FALLS TO THE FLOOR.

She pays and exit.

BOTH TAXIS STAND NEXT TO THE OTHER ON THE TRAFFIC LIGHTS.

However, each is attending deeply his WhatsApp.

TIME-CUT

INT. HOTEL BENDINAT/RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

LORD RICHARD greets ABI briefly.

ABI
 (offended)
 I didn't expect you to be on the
 island. Shouldn't you be preparing
 your engagement?

TWO BODYGUARDS stop them.

GUARD ONE
 Sorry, but you can't go further!

ANNMA WATCHES THE LOVEBIRDS FROM ACROSS THE RESTAURANT,
 WHEN JI-HOO PUTS A BISCUIT INTO THE ELDER LADY'S MOUTH.

Her friend pulls the hand towards him. ANNMA tosses her
 handbag and whirls the TWO BODYGUARDS out of the way.

GUARD ONE TO JI-HOO
 (bows ashamed in
 Korean/subtitled)
 SORRY SIR!

JI-HOO
 (surprised)
 CURRYWURST? Huh, this is
 unexpected.
 (he eyes the others)
 WHY you are all here?

ANNMA IS FLANKED BY LORD RICHARD AND ABI.

ABI
 (ice cold)
 You are quite proficient in scumming
 your closest friends, aren't you?

JI-HOO
 I am afraid I got caught. It was
 quite a challenge.

ANNMA
 (gloomy)
 Quite a challenge?

THE LADY STARES ACROSS THE TABLE ON HER SUITOR, WHEN SHE
 STANDS UP WITH A SCOFF.

THE AMERICAN LADY
 (kind American
 accent)
 DARLING, offer champagne to your
 Guests, which are your friends.

LORD RICHARD veers his view to ANNMA, who closes her eyes
 and bites her lip.

ABI TO THE SPINSTER
 It's disgusting that you' re playing
 around with him.

LORD RICHARD TO THE LADY
 (gentleman like)
 Excuse us for disturbing your
 dreamy tête-à-tête, Madame, with
 this handsome fortune hunter.

THE BODYGUARDS INTERVENER. JI-HOO GESTURE THEM AWAY.

THEY BOW DEVOTED AND MOVE BACKWARDS.

He holds the gaze on ANNMA, snips his finger and a big bottle
 of Taitinger comes flying.

ABI
 (cold to Ji-hoo)
 WHOA. I am impressed.
 (in shock to Annma)
 Your poor SWEET RICE darling doesn't
 hesitate to use her unlimited credit
 card as if it would be his own.

ANNMA IS FROZEN. LORD RICHARD TAKES A SEAT NEXT TO HER.
 ABI STANDS WITH FOLDED ARMS AND LOOKS DOWN AT THEM.

THE AMERICAN LADY
 (firm, soft voice)
 First I have to present myself. I
 am Shirley Wilson.

LADY WILSON takes tenderly her fingers between JI-HOOS'

THE PRESENTS are a kind of: HOW CAN HE? Shooting looks
 circle. Annma's eyes flashing a look of shuddering.

LADY WILSON
 (soft)
 I am proud to present you my only
 big love of my life.

Ji-hoo smiles shyly. His gaze falls sheepishly on Annma.

LADY WILSON
 This pound guy with the most
 exquisite voice in the world
 (squeezes his chin)
 His real name is BO-GUM.

ALL seem completely disorientated.

ABI
 (gaping mouth)
 O-kay, SO this is your official
 name for a suitor profile, right?
 (pause)
 BO-GUM. I I once had a crush at
 my Bar mitzvah on the little Master
 Be-gum. However, he was from the
 richest families of South Korea.

Annma tears freaked her eyes wide open.

ANNMA AND LORD RICHARD
(simultaneous)
Bar mitzvah in the Hamptons?

LORD RICHARD TO ABI
So, you also are a kind of secret
code that it has to be cracked?

Annma get's close to BO-GUM. With teary eyes she glares
deep into his eyes, looking for an answer.

ANNMA TO BO-GUM
(teary soft voice)
SWEET RICE, for me you were my
first friend and neighbour, my
chef, my confidant, my favorite
musician, my soul-mate. Why did
you never find a moment to tell
me? WHAT AM I TO YOU? Was I so
mistaken?

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. AIRPORT-PALMA - NIGHT

CARLOS queues on the taxi stand. He drops his pills into
his mouth, pours water and eats a huge sandwich.

CARLOS TO HIMSELF
(broken)
WHAT I am supposed to do?

SOMEBODY WHISPERS IN HIS EAR.

BENNO (O.S.)
(chuckles)
PRINCESS, what are these drugs
fore?

CARLOS HIDES THEM IN HIS POCKET.

BENNO
Are they supposed to help your
depression because Ji-hoo dig an
old women?

CARLOS
(clears throat)
Taxi!

INT. TAXI - CONTINUOUS

CARLOS
I wonder why Annma and Abi gathered
us here together?

BEAT: Carlos steps on something. He looks down on the floor and picks it up. Then stores the stone in his pocket.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOTEL BENDINAT/RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

TIME-CUT

CARLOS

Bodyguards?

CARLOS AND BENNO STAY AT THE ENTRANCE.

They listen attentively to what this WOMAN talks about to THEIR FRIENDS.

SHIRLEY

(proud to Ji-hoo)

So, now that you know that his real name is BO-GUM you should also get to know who he is.

CARLOS

(his mouth agape)

HUH? BO-GUM ? ...

... And our curious eyes pan back again to the table.

BO-GUM TO ANNMA

CURRYWURST listen. Sorry, I couldn't tell you my real name.

BO-GUM kisses ANNMA the hand. LORD RICHARD goes in between.

LORD RICHARD

BO-GUM? What else?

BO-GUM TO ANNMA

(glares deeply at her eyes)

Park, as I told ... you, CURRYWURST.

LORD RICHARD scrolls anxiously his phone.

BO-GUM TO ANNMA

CURRYWURST, I beg you, don't hate me for who I am. What ever you will hear now, I am your sweet rice. Your green wasabi seal, your bean-sprout. What ever you want me to be.

ANNMA STIFLES A SMIRK. LORD RICHARD SCRATCHES HIS MOLE. HE SHOOTS AN UNCOMFORTABLE LOOK TO ANNMA AND PIPES UP.

LORD RICHARD

(clears throat)

FUCK IT.

(MORE)

LORD RICHARD (CONT'D)

(Like a pit bull
to Abi)

ABIGAIL ... in what situation you
put us? We have to stop here.

(turns to Mrs.
Wilson)

MADAME, we have deeply to apologies.

THE BODY-GARDS BOW THEIR HEADS AND LOOK DOWN BASHFULLY.

ABI

(all anxious)

C'mon. WHAT do you mean?

LORD RICHARD

(shaken)

BO-GUM is Mrs. Wilsons' son.

A ASTONISHED MURMUR CIRCLES.

ANNMA AND ABI

(simultaneously)

SON?

WE pan to CARLOS and Benno

BENNO

SON?

CARLOS

Abi must be out of her mind.

A BIG CLANG.

ALL at the table turn back to Carlos and Benno.

BO-GUM

WHEN did you arrive?

CARLOS

(Spanish/subtitled)

MIL PERDON, SEÑORA.

Carlos hugs her gentle.

SHIRLEY

(glad)

You must be Carlos? My son speaks
a lot of you.

Carlos blushes and glares shy at BO-GUM and then to Benno.

CARLOS

BO-GUM?

BO-GUM

(grins)

HOW long had you been listening?

BENNO

(whispers to Carlos)

Don't get your hopes up. He still likes only women, even if you are now closer to his thin type.

CARLOS

(whispers back)

... spoiler

Abi is in awe.

SHIRLEY

Chairman Park froze all my sons accounts. He forces his heir to get married with another heiress of a money-thirsty mama.

ANNMA HAS FALLEN SILENT. LORD RICHARD GRABS A DRINK.

BENNO

Chairman Park?

CARLOS

Heir?

ALL SIT WITH MRS. WILSON'S AND BO-GUM AROUND THE DINNER TABLE. TAPAS, VINE AND CHAMPAGNE EN MASSE.

ABI

(jealous)

I had no parents to watch over me, like you protect and pamper him.

BO-GUM TO ABI

(chuckles)

YEAH... we both hid in your parents boathouse in the Hamptons and you kissed me for the first time.

Lord Richard chokes heavily on his champagne.

SHIRLEY TO ABI

You had only eyes for my son and not for an boring old mother.

Abi falls to SHIRLEY'S knees and grabs her hands. Annma's eyes exhales sharply. Carlos sweats with teary eyes.

ABI

(sobs pleading)

I I am awfully sorry and deeply ashamed.

(her head sinks deeper)

Can you forgive me?

LORD RICHARD has a handkerchief ready, but hesitates. He looks at Annma silently with a longing gaze like the need to hug her or simply hold her hand.

THE BUTLER offers Kleenex. Annma gratefully accepts.

CARLOS TO HERSELF
(in Catalan/subtitle)
How can he be the richest man of
South Korea?

The Butler hurries over with: Caviar. Iberian ham. Champagne.

SHIRLEY
(thrilled)
I enjoy meeting all his friends my
son desperately needs. I don't
know how long it will take his
father to whisk him away to Seoul,
but for the moment. Chin chin

CROWD CHEERING. CHIN CHIN

Annma has an irritated eye-exchange with SWEET RICE. LORD RICHARD glares at Abi and shakes his head.

The Butler offers Annma salmon tartar.

BO-GUM jumps up and parts the dish from her.

Carlos runs the sweat. He takes the handkerchief out and finds Annma's talisman, which he hides back.

CARLOS TO ANNMA
Do you miss something?

Annma glares at SWEET RICE and than at Lord Richard with a deep longing gaze.

ANNMA
(to Carlos)
Me? WHY?

ABI
(interferes)
Are you honestly still missing
this idiot you lost thirty years
ago? Marry him, your Sweet Rice.

Lord Richard wipes thought sunken his mole when a violent coughing fit assaults him.

LORD RICHARD (V.O.)
HE is SWEET RICE? And she is who?
CURRYWURST? Are they fucking me?
I am your Goldbroiler and WE ate
together KETWURST.
(MORE)

LORD RICHARD (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 (half whispers to
 Annma)
 You can't marry him. Don't do it.

ANNMA GLARES IN IRRITATION AT LORD RICHARD.

BO-GUM pipes up.

BO-GUM
 (thrilled loud)
 I can't believe that you all are
 here and I finally can be myself.

Confused she grabs a tapas. Bo-gum snaps it out of her hand.

BO-GUM TO ANNMA
 (anxious)
 Sorry, I I shouldn't have ordered
 anything with fish.

Shirley smiles at her son. Lord Richard glares concerned.

Carlos seems to check the situation and interferences.

CARLOS TO ANNMA
 Where is your talisman?

ANNMA TO CARLOS
 In my bag, why?

CARLOS TO ANNMA
 Why don't you check?

Annma gets her big bag from one of the chairs and checks.
 Carlos grins. The others stay intrigued.

ANNMA
 (startled)
 In thirty years I didn't lose it.

CARLOS TO ANNMA
 (reassuring)
 I found it in the taxi.

Carlos is just at the point to show it.

LORD RICHARD GLARES WITH EXPECTATION, WHEN FOUR MORE BLACK-
 CLAD GUARDS BUILT A CIRCLE AROUND ALL OF THEM. ONE OF THEM
 IS HARUTO, THE COOK.

BO-GUM LOOKS STARTLED.

Three GUYS (40s) who followed him permanently around.
 Shirley steps in front of her son.

PURSUER 1 (O.S.)
 (firm voice in
 Korean/subtitled)
 How long you thought you'll hide
 in Europe?

Out of the shadows appears a respectable Asian (70s) light
 summer-suite, gentleman, who walks on a crutch.

BO-GUM
 (in shock in
 Korean/subtitled)
 DAD?

EYE EXCHANGE, BETWEEN FATHER AND SON.

CHAIRMAN PARK
 (deep clear voice)
 Ladies and gentleman, as you can
 see I had an hip surgery and my
 son has to take responsibility.
 (orders the guards)
 Take him.

Haruto avoid eye contact with Benno.

Bo-gum stops her gentle. He bows to his father and falls
 down to his knees. Haruto steps back and lowers his head.

BO-GUM
 Sorry Dad to make you worry. Don't
 blame mom for it. I begged her to
 come here and yes, I'll go voluntary
 home. But let me at least chose
 the woman I love and not Min-Young.

CHAIRMAN PARK
 Who is the woman you love?

Bo-gum jumps up and want to grab Annma's hand, when Lord
 Richard pulls her over on his side.

CHAIRMAN PARK
 (to his wife)
 What a useless dreamer
 (to Bo-gum)
 Son, you can't even defend what
 you love. You run out of money,
 out of petrol with your motorcycle.
 I wonder how you'll gonna run the
 biggest industrial Music and TV
 imperium of South Korea?

Bo-gum remains calm and smiles soft to Annma.

BO-GUM

(to Annma)

CURRYWURST, you know how much I love you as my friend and what you mean to me. I I always wanted to confess to you ...

(lowers his lashes)

that I love ... another woman. I thought she might get married with somebody else. However, I see that this man eyes with you.

(turns to Abi)

ABI, I love you! I always did.

ABI

(muzzled)

HUH ... WHAT?

BIG WIDE EYES MAKE THE ROUND. MOUTHS STANDING OPEN.

Bo-gum falls startled with closed eyes on his knees, if he could feel already the crutch on his back.

BO-GUM

Forgive me, father. I I will go with you and marry a Korean heiress of your choice.

Benno shakes his head and shoots a despising look at Haruto.

The chairman gesture the guards back.

CHAIRMAN PARK

Mr. Larsson, I am sorry. I sent you my personal chef and guard. I had to protect my son.

SHIRLEY

(to Haruto)

UH-HUH, I should have known it.

CHAIRMAN PARK

(to Abi)

Your father and I agreed on your marriage, when you were five, ABI.

ALL gossip in shock. Abi sits down, when Bo-gum shoots up.

BO-GUM

HUH? Is that true, MOM?

SHIRLEY

Abi disappeared right after the accident. We wanted her to come with us and offer her a save home.

ABI
 (stammers in shock)
 A friend of my mom took me in.
 Mom arranged all, even an account
 in Switzerland. Jil moved to
 London, and put me in an boarding
 school. Well, you know the rest.

SHIRLEY TO ABI
 The late Jil Sutherland?

ABI
 YEAH ... the late Jil.

Annma observes Lord Richard and vice versa. Both betray a certain satisfaction. We hold on their cheeky eye exchange.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STREET-LEVEL - NIGHT

INAUDIBLE CHATTER

ANNMA AND LORD RICHARD ARE ENTERING IN A TAXI TOGETHER.

INT. TAXI - CONTINUOUS

LORD RICHARD close the taxi door.

LORD RICHARD
 Anchorage Club please

ANNMA gazes at him with a keen grin.

ANNMA
 ANCHORAGE CLUB?

LORD RICHARD
 It was my dads place.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LORD RICHARD'S APARTMENT/BEDROOM - NIGHT

LORD RICHARD stands showered wrapped in his towel and reads a note he found, when his towel slips off.

LORD RICHARD (V.O.)
 (BEAT:)
*ANNMA is my sun, which has its
 fixed place. Regardless of all
 the storms, her warm rays shine
 again and again even beyond the
 thick clouds*

INSERT: SIGNATURE: RICHARD, BERLIN 1990

HER HANDS WRAP FROM THE BACK HIS TORSO.

ANNMA (O.S.)

Did you write this? Let me see.

LORD RICHARD

No way.

Before he can hide the scribbled paper note he gets bounced to the ground.

ANNMA sits nude on top of him and lingers her gaze on the note.

Her torso falls toward his nose with teary eyes.

Their mouth part. They kiss deeply and she brushes her hands over his face and hair.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BERLIN STREETLEVEL - DAY

INSERT: SOME DAYS LATER

MAX

Let's grab a bite at my sponsor's favorite place.

ANNMA

Borchers? Käfer? Paris Bar?

MAX

(chuckles)

HUH ... surprise.

Mother and son (formal dressed up) stroll and stroll through Berlin Mitte, there former East-Berlin district.

ANNMA

You should have brought your horse if you make me run so far in new high heels.

MAX

Like my great great grandaunt? Do you have any news about the portrait?

ANNMA

Unfortunately not. All tips are invalid. I'm afraid it's in the private possession of an oligarch. Nobody in the museums knows anything about this treasure.

MAX

However, let me invite you to a goldbroiler.

ANNMA
 (melancholic)
 Did you just say GOLDBROILER?

ALEXANDERPLATZ

SNACK BAR: CURRY-SAUSAGE & CRISPY CHICKEN

ANNMA
 I missed this so much. Mhm, it
 was yummy and I ate much to far.

ANNMA glares at the place and discovers a pinned photo of
 the former Landlord, which keeps his grand-daughter (20s).

MAX
 (grins)
 My sponsor surprises me every time.

Max cleans his hands and looks on the phone.

MAX
 (full mouth)
 Mhm... they are on their way to
 the cemetery. Let's rush!

ANNMA
 (chuckles)
 You should definitely have brought
 your horse today.

TIME-CUT

BERLIN PUBLIC-CEMETERY

IN THE WARM AFTERNOON LIGHT STAND FRED, MAX, ANNMA AND CHRIS
 HANDS FOLDED IN FRONT OF A GRAVE.

SUPERIMPOSE:

*COUNTESS THEDA VON KALKSTEIN, BORN COUNTESS ZU SAALFELD.
 DATE OF BIRTH: 22.05.1929 - DATE OF DEATH: 02. 10. 1985*

*COUNT FRIEDRICH DANIEL VON KALKSTEIN DATE OF BIRTH:
 04.09.1926 - DATE OF DEATH: 15.02.1983*

ANNMA
 (in GERMAN/subtitled)
 I remember when I had only a little
 money and I had to decide between
 a wreath for Mom's funeral or the
 second hand baby carriage from our
 neighbour.
 (to Max)
 I decided to invest in your live.
 From there on I wanted to struggle
 hard for us.

Fred and Annma place together the large autumn-coloured flower arrangement at the graves.

MAX

(In German/subtitled)

... and then I'd never followed you to Palma. I am so sorry mom.

Max hugs his mom from the back.

ANNMA

I should have come back. I also was an egoist.

(turns to Fred and Chris)

However, I can never pay back what you did for us, not even with the monthly support.

FRED

(thoughtful)

You both worked so hard, that you passed the point of no return. But hey, not all families are as close as ours, despite the distance.

CHRIS

We were also a bit selfish. Max was a very welcome gift for us. But we know very well who his heart belongs to.

THE FOUR HUG WARMLY.

PARKING AT THE PUBLIC-CEMETERY - SOME MOMENTS LATER

ANNMA

I told Max before, that I don't have any hopes to find out about the portrait and the Sketchbook. I follow since ages the art-collections and catalogues, Museums included, without a trace.

FRED USES THE REMOTE CONTROL OF HIS CAR.

CAR DINGS

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FRED'S CAR - SAME MOMENT

FRED

The poor Brauers died. Who knows in which neglected attic it is mouldering. And what if the son gave it to the spear waste?

ANNMA

Why should he know who Wintergrün is. He sees a Girl and that's it.

MAX

Any person who has a degree of education knows about it's value. Or he must be a real ignorant.

ANNMA FASTEN THE SEAT-BELL ON THE BACKSEAT.

ANNMA

Uhm, I met an interesting man.

ALL

You met a man?

ANNMA

Mhm, a really great guy.

MAX

Mom, we spent the whole day together and you mention him now?

FRED

Sister, I am so utmost happy for you. However, why didn't you tell us before. We are All on fire.

CHRIS

What about Sweet rice?

INAUDIBLE CHATTER

DISSOLVE TO

INT. BENNO'S TOWNHOUSE/LONDON - NIGHT

BENNO, EVENING CAFTAN, PREPARES DRY MARTINIS.

Dinner is set romantically up for two.

THE PEKINESE, ROMEO (blue-), JULIET (pink ribbon), look pityingly at LORD RICHARD, who remains silent.

BENNO

(to Lord Richard)

How are you my sweetest Lord on earth? Are you okay?

Lord richard kicks a little pitted ball across the floor. JULIET scatter and disapprove with a huff.

LORD RICHARD

Chin Chin.

(He sips on the drink)

You're making me nervous.

(MORE)

LORD RICHARD (CONT'D)
Did you arrange a date for me like
you tirelessly did in Oxford?

BENNO
Since you have always been my horse
whisperer I arranged a date with
an elegant horse lady.

LORD RICHARD LEASHES THE DOGS.

LOLITA WATCHES HIM WITH A SMART GRIN.

LORD RICHARD
HORSE-LADY? I'll better take your
doggies for a walk.

Lord Richard does not let go of the dog leash. Lolita asks
shyly with her gaze. When they start barking he gives in.

BENNO
(silent voice)
What if the fire cannot be revived?

LORD RICHARD
What, how do you know?

LOLITA heads off, pulled by the dogs

Benno and Lord Richard stroll with their drinks over to the
fireplace, staring silently into the glow.

LORD RICHARD
Bulletproof love survives.

BENNO
Then you shouldn't hesitate to
confess to her.

TIME-CUT:

LORD RICHARD
--- may I?

Lord Richard knocks at a little door.

BENNO
HUH, give me a second.

LOLITA
(calling)
SIR, A COFFEE OR A DRINK?

BENNO
Serve my friend an Gin and Tonic.
He will need it.

LOLITA comes with a Gin and Tonic and a Cognac.

BENNO

Since I know the backstory, which you told me the other day, Carlos recovered the work before it ended in an auction.

THE PORTRAIT LEANS ON LOLITA'S FLOWERED UNIFORM. STARTLED HE JUMPS UP AND GETS TRIGGERED.

LORD RICHARD

I can't believe it. Why did he take this away from me?

(pause)

You can't even imagine what this means to me. I can't express my gratitude that you offer me to take it back.

BENNO

Are you sure? I am relieved.

LORD RICHARD

(He exhales deep)

Of course I've get you another.

BENNO

(chuckles)

The owner should dig deep if you had the decency to keep it since your childhood to compensate for the stress it caused. The piece is worth an unimaginable fortune.

LORD RICHARD

For me, the price has no top, but out of sentimental reasons.

BENNO

Might your dad rest in peace.

LORD RICHARD

I've never told dad about the backstory and the importance. Probably he was jealous, that I had any memories with my past.

Lord Richard shoots a scaring look at it and seems to search something. He turns the portrait upside down.

LORD RICHARD

(frantically)

Is he in the kitchen?

BENNO

WHAT?

LORD RICHARD

Winfred! Did he loose it?

BENNO

Loose what?

LORD RICHARD

The letter!

Lolita looks up through lowered lashes and hands it to him.

BENNO

Lolita saved it for you ...

LORD RICHARD TO LOLITA

Like you saved the German Lady?

Lolita blushes and smiles humble.

BENNO

Might it be a love confession?

THE DOOR CHIMES.

LOLITA

SEÑOR BLANXART, Sir.

BENNO

(whispers)

Darling

THE DOOR BELL CHIMES AGAIN.

LOLITA

Mrs. Von Kalkstein.

Lord Richard is frozen. Lolita watches both anxiously.

BENNO

(grins)

My lovely Annma. Thanx for joining
us for a drink.

ANNMA strides to Lord Richard who hold the painting.

LOLITA, SWEETER AND CHUBBIER THAN EVER, PEEKS WITH HER TRAY
FROM AFAR AND HER LOOK BETRAYS THAT HER HEART BEAT FOR THEM.

ANNMA

(thrilled)

Great grandaunt Sophie-Luise, where
you come from?

ANNMA SINKS DOWN IN FRONT OF THE PAINTING AND HER HANDS
GENTLY GLIDE FROM A DISTANCE OVER THE FACE.

LORD RICHARD

(in German/subtitled)

Great grandaunt Sophie-Luise
Countess zu Saalfeld and Sachsen
Anhalt is your ancestor?

LORD RICHARD FALLS NEXT TO HER ON HIS KNEES.

LORD RICHARD TO ANNMA
(half whispering)
Shall we open it together?

ANNMA GLARES SPEECHLESS ON THE FOLDER AND THAN AT HIM.

ANNMA
Why do you have it?

CARLOS REACHES FOR BENNO'S HAND.

ANNMA GLARES CONFUSED AT LORD RICHARD TELLING HER THE STORY.

INAUDIBLE CHATTER

SOME MOMENTS LATER

ANNMA
Do you know what I did to find out
about you? I just can't believe
that your are Renate's grandson.
I am so sorry for the loss of your
Grandma and your mom.

LORD RICHARD
Annma, you can't imagine what this
means to ME, that I found you.

ANNMA
I'll have to thank. OMG, you really
defended it over All these years.

BENNO
Oh happy day. What a blessing.
Chin chin.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RICHARD'S APARTMENT/BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

SUPERIMPOSE: TWO DAYS LATER ON MALLORCA-ANCHORAGE CLUB

The early sun rays fall on the bed, where ANNMA sits nude
under a white sheet and her gaze betrays happiness.

PHONE CHIMES

LORD RICHARD steps out of the bath. A towel is wrapped
around his hips.

LORD RICHARD
Let it ring, don't pick it up.

His towel slips to the ground and he falls into the bed.

ANNMA sits above him. Her lips part and she brushes smoothly
his nose. Then she kisses him with a wide open mouth.

He grabs his backside as she pushes against him. They moves slowly back and forth. Passionately she leans her head back, when he wipes with both hands her boobs.

MOANING GETS FASTER

They gaze at each other. Their lips part. They sweat.

PHONE CHIMES AGAIN

Half hour later

ANNMA pics the phone up and leads it to her ear.

ANNMA
 (in German/subtitled
 into the phone)
 Ex ... excuse me ...
 (raises her voice)
 WHAT? What happened?

Her face darkens.

ANNMA
 (flustered to
 Richard)
 I'll have to go, Darling. OMG,
 what I am supposed to do?

Annma storms up, jumps into her dress and rushes off.

LORD RICHARD
 (shouts after her)
 I hope it's nothing serious, when
 you leave me back like this?
 (V.O.)
 This woman drives me nut. How can
 I love her, when she is so mean.

PHONE RINGS.

Lord Richard picks it up.

LORD RICHARD
 (happily)
 What a surprise, Fred. How are
 you my friend? The polo-club called
 me? Why? Uhm ... wait?
 (he checks the
 call-list)
 Did something happen?

He jumps into his clothes and the door hits close.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BERLIN / PUBLIC HOSPITAL - NIGHT

ANNMA hurries with nervous steps through the aisles.

HOSPITAL-ROOM

MAX lies with an oxygen mask in the bed. FRED sits with CHRIS on his side. ANNMA stands on the other side.

INDISTINCT CHATTER

TIME-CUT

SUPERIMPOSE: NEXT MORNING

Gentle, quick knock. We discover an winded, unshaved LORD RICHARD who bounces into the room at about 06:30 a.m.

FRED
 (half whisperer in
 German/subtitled)
 Oh, Guten Morgen. Uhm, may I
 introduce you to my wife. Chris,
 this is Max's sponsor Lord Richard.

LORD RICHARD
 (whispers back in
 German/subtitled)
 Guten Morgen, Frau von Kalkstein.
 How is he?

FRED
 Uhm... the doctor will come anytime.
 My sis went to get some coffee. I
 should call her to bring one more.

LORD RICHARD
 Oh, don't worry. I am perfectly
 fine. I got to leave this in his
 table. I'll be back in a minute.

Lord Richard leaves something what we don't get to see.

SUPERIMPOSE: FIVE MINUTES LATER

ANNMA BOUNCES IN WITH THREE COFFEE TO GO AND SOME CROISSANTS.

ANNMA
 (in German/subtitled)
 Did the doctor come?

FRED HIDES WHAT LORD RICHARD LEFT BEHIND.

CHRIS
 Nope.

FRED TO ANNMA
 Give me your talisman in case that
 he awakes and you are in the bath.

Annma pours a shot into her coffee, leaves the wall-stone and disappears to the bath.

Fred nimbly puts something together with a satisfied expression and exhales deeply.

Fred sits on Max bed-edge.

FRED
 (wistful to the
 sleeping Max in
 German/subtitled)
 We'll miss you badly, but from now
 on you belong to your parents.

LORD RICHARD BURST IN.

DOCTOR TWO
 (in German/subtitled)
 Guten Morgen. Well, I just talked
 to his sponsor about his grade of
 a work-related accident. His
 protégé has nothing to fear. Nobody
 of you. He had a concussion and
 he'll be fine.

FRED
 (brashly)
 You mean you talked already to his
 father, like it should be.

DOCTOR 2
 (irritated)
 I am sorry, it's a misunderstanding.

FRED
 No no, his sponsor is his father.
 What matters now is our nephew.

LORD RICHARD SCRATCHES IRRITATED AND HALF FAINT HIS
 BIRTHMARK. FRED GIVES HIM FROM ANNMA'S COFFEE WITH SHOT.

DOCTOR 2
 (started)
 Herr von Kalkstein are you alright?

HE LOOKS INSIDE HIS EYES.

CHRIS TO FRED
 Look, what you've done. He's fallen
 in shock. And WHY you confuse the
 doctor? Where is anyhow his mother?

FRED TO LORD RICHARD
 (in German/subtitled)
 This is a dandy tip from my
 grandparents former cook in saxony
 Anhalt. Coffee with brandy
 (pause)
 Brother in-law. This brings you
 up again, you'll see.

We focus to MAX who moves his fingers.

Annma just want to come out of the bath, when she sees Lord Richard and hides startled back.

ANNMA TO HERSELF

What is he doing here? OMG, I've forgotten that he got informed as his sponsor. How crazy is this?

Fred knocks on the bath.

ANNMA TO HERSELF

(stammers half
whispering)

What shall I do? What shall I do?

FRED

Sister? Are you okay?

BATH

ANNMA opens a crack the door and eavesdrops.

DOCTOR TWO (V.O.)

(in German/subtitled)

We can take the oxygen mask off.
Auf Wiedersehen. Bis Morgen.

HOSPITAL-ROOM

FRED

(in German/subtitled)

Danke Herr Doktor.

(eye-blink to Chris)

We should go now too.

(to Lord Richard)

Call us when he wakes up.

LORD RICHARD

(irritated)

... Why would you go now?

FRED and CHRIS exit, when they see MAX bending his finger.

LORD RICHARD grasps his hand. Fred smiles through the door.

BATH

ANNMA literally explodes.

She sprays her scent as if electrified.

HOSPITAL-ROOM

LORD RICHARD

(to Max)

Your uncle must have a deep wish
to make me your father.

ANNMA (O.S.)
 (clears throat)
 Uhm, hey darling.

STARTLED HE SHOOTS UP AND HIS GAZE FALLS IN A KIND OF SHOCK.

ANNMA
 Why do you take possession of
 everything that has to do with me?
 ABI, THE PORTRAIT AND NOW HIM?

LORD RICHARD
 Why do you come out from there?

ANNMA
 What do you think? It's a bath.

LORD RICHARD
 I mean, why would you be in the
 bath of my polo-player, darling?

ANNMA
 And why would you be with my son?

LORD RICHARD
 (whispers)
 SSSS... SON? YOUR SON?

UTTER SILENCE

WE FOLLOW THEIR FROZEN GAZE AND ZOOM AT THE BERLIN-WALL-
 STONES. PUT TOGETHER THE FORM SHOWS A RED HEART WITH A&R.

THEIR EYES ARE FLOODED WITH TEARS. AS IF HYPNOTISED, THEY
 LOOK UP THROUGH LOWERED LASHES AT EACH OTHER.

MAX (V.O.)
 (mumbles)
 Mom?

BOTH REFOCUS STARTLED ON MAX AND LEAN HALF OVER HIM.

MAX
 (sleepy voice)
 Oh, thank you for visiting me, but
 you shouldn't have bother yourself.

ANNMA
 Daddy Cool shouldn't have come?

MAX BLUSHES SLIGHTLY AND SMILES SHY.

MAX
 MOM!
 (to Lord Richard)
 Sorry, sometimes she can be funny.

LORD RICHARD
 (keen grin)
 I recall it quite well.

MAX
 (perplex)
 How would you if you never met her
 before?

LORD RICHARD
 (clears throat)
 Max, I will that you know, that I
 am just that perplex as you will
 be now. However, I don't know if
 I am that cool, but yes, obviously
 I am your dad.

MAX SHOOTS THEM A LOOK IN DISBELIEVE.

MAX
 What do you mean?
 (pause)
 ... with ... you are my dad?
 (to her)
 Mom, you are so embarrassing. Why
 would you tell him, that I call
 him daddy cool ...

A TEARY-EYED LORD RICHARD HOLDS TO HIM THE STONES.

MAX SHOOTS WITH WIDE OPEN EYES FROM THE HORIZONTAL AND
 REMAINS HIS GAZE QUITE ON THE STONES. ---

--- AFTER A WHILE OF SILENCE, THEN:

HE PLOPS BACKWARDS INTO THE PILLOW, HIS HANDS GO TO HIS
 FACE AND THEN HE KICKS AWAY HIS DUVET LIKE A FREAKING CHILD.

MAX
 I lost my high bet with Uncle Fred.
 However, I told him it would be
 impossible, because my father is a
 East German comrade.

ANNMA
 I have to admit that there are
 missing several puzzle, even for
 me to understand, why Richard Brauer
 is now MILORD.

MAX
 The Comrade Brauer you looked all
 this years after,
 (pauses)
 is you? I I am completely lost.

LORD RICHARD GRINS KEEN AT HER.

MAX GULPS FOR AIR.

LORD RICHARD
 (verge of tears to
 Max)
 We have time and you will find out
 everything. Believe me.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. WEST-BERLIN/ ANNMA'S CAR - NIGHT 1989

ANNMA sits on top of RICHARD. Both moaning heavily. They
 come together, completely sweaty in her narrow Volkswagen.

RICHARD
 (in German/subtitled)
 I lost the condom somehow.

ANNMA
 (speedy moaning)
 ... not yet. I am quite close.

Annma throws herself aside and covers giggling her face.

ANNMA AND RICHARD
 (simultaneous)
 REUNIFICATION KID?

Both blow a loud laughter.

BACK TO 2019:

INT. HOSPITAL-ROOM - NIGHT

MAX
 REUNIFICATION KID? Should I be
 thankful for my missed childhood
 with both of you?
 (pauses)
 ... why should I be happy NOW to
 have parents? Give me a reason.

SURPRISED EYE EXCHANGE BETWEEN ANNMA AND LORD RICHARD.

LORD RICHARD
 My mom took away my years with my
 father out of pure selfishness.
 However, this case is different.
 We had not the same choice like my
 parents had.

INAUDIBLE CHATTER

LORD RICHARD PUTS HIS ARM AROUND ANNMA'S SHOULDERS. MAX
 LISTEN CAREFULLY WITH A SHEEPISH GRIN, MEANWHILE HIS PARENTS
 KEEP TALKING AND TALKING.

AFTER A WHILE:

LORD RICHARD

I wish father would have known
that you are his grandson.

MAX

At least we had the chance to meet.
However, I can't believe that Renate
is my great grand granny. And
that you carried all this time the
portrait and the Sketchbook with
you around. What a weird story.

ANNMA, TEARY EYES, CLEANS HER NOSE. LOST IN THOUGHTS SHE
STROKES HER LOWER LIP WITH HER LITTLE FINGER.

ANNMA

(sniffles)

Sorry, that I rushed away with my
car, when I should have been waiting
for you. It's All my fault for
being so impatient.

MAX AND LORD RICHARD

(simultaneous grin)

Where does this sentimental,
empathetic streak come from?

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SUPER YACHT ROMEO&JULIET - AFTERNOON

SUPERIMPOSE: IBIZA, A MONTH LATER

EMPTY BOTTLES OF CHAMPAGNE, PINOT NOIR AND IBERIAN HAM.

MULTI-CULTI FRIENDS dance in free-style. Late summer fun.

ANNMA, COLOURED BIKINI, COFFEE MUG. LORD RICHARD, SWIM SHORT,
CHILL TOGETHER ON A ULTRA-COMFORTABLE SUN BED.

CARLOS, BARCA PEAKED CAP, ROUND SUNGLASSES, WAITS PATIENTLY
IN HIS KAFTAN, THAT JULIET LEAVES FROM HIS PLACE.

BENNO

(firm)

I count to three ...
ONE ...

BENNO (ROLAND-GARROS PEAKED CAP, TENNIS-SHIRT, BERMUDA)
GLARES AT ROMEO WHO REST LAZILY ON CARLOS LOEWE-BATH-TOWEL.

BENNO

(affable)

TWO ... THREE ---
(repeat patiently)
THREE.

LOLITA grabs Juliet.

BENNO
I just wanted to bribe her with a
ice-cube.

Benno flirts with Carlos. ROMEO mounts JULIET horny.

Lord Richard kisses Annma on her shoulder, who holds a nap.

BENNO TO CARLOS
(whispers sad)
Why do you refuse chemo, PRINCESS?

They fall silent for a moment.

CARLOS
(sobs)
Let's get married.

BENNO
(rises soft his
voice)
Are you proposing to your King
just like that?

Benno takes his tennis racket and hits ball after ball into
a huge net overboard to release his sadness until exhaustion.
Carlos stops and hugs him as he bursts into tears.

AN HOUR LATER

LORD RICHARD and ANNMA jump with a header into the water.
CLOSE-UP: ANNMA looks with a burning gaze at him.

ANNMA
I love the sun-set

LORD RICHARD
Then why you are glaring at me?

Annma submerges him.

BENNO AND CARLOS WATCH THEM FROM THE RAIL.

BENNO
She doesn't seem to miss Bo-Gum.

ANNMA AND LORD RICHARD PLAY LIKE TWO JOYFUL DOLPHINS. HE
TURNS AROUND AND KISSES HER INTENSIVE LONG.

HELICOPTER NOISE COMES NEARER

The helicopter loops over them and Lady Charline pilots it.

MEGAPHONE

MAX
Mom, Dad, you better get prepared
to become soon grandparents.

LORD RICHARD AND ANNMA SPEED AGAINST THE SUNSET.

INT. HELICOPTER - SUNSET

A HAPPY FRED AND CHRIS ON THEIR BACKSEATS.

MAX (CO-PILOT) SHOOTS A BRIDE SMILE DOWN.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. YACHT ROMEO&JULIET/BEDROOM - NIGHT

HEAVY PANTING

ANNMA sits on LORD RICHARD and falls exhausted on his chest.

LORD RICHARD
(chuckles)
You resonate like the old organ
pipes in our former parish in the
Magdeburg district.

ANNMA jumps up and pushes him into the pillow. She leans her hands over his shoulders and breathes like a hot mare.

Erotic eye exchange. Lord Richard pushes his finger in her mouth, fingers her tongue, when ANNMA bites him.

LORD RICHARD
AUTSCH.

GENTLE DOOR KNOCKING

Both are frozen and silently giggling.

BENNO (O.S.)
(through the door)
Hej, let's grab a drink.

ANNMA hurries into the bath.

SHOWER NOISE

LORD RICHARD, WRAPPED SHEET, CRACKS A SMILE THROUGH THE DOOR. TWO SUN BURNED FACES OF BENNO AND CARLOS. HE GRABS ONLY THEIR BOTTLE AND CLOSES THE DOOR IN THEIR FACES.

He tosses the linen and head under the shower with two glasses of freezing Champagne.

JUMP CUT FOWARD TO 2020:

INT. HOTEL ADLON ROOM - MORNING

SEVERAL ALARM CLOCKS RING. HURRIED REPEATED DOOR KNOCKING.

MAX
(In German/subtitled)
Guten Morgen. Are you awake?

SUPERIMPOSE: BERLIN, MAY 2020

MAX
 (in German/subtitled)
 Mom, what the hell are you doing?
 Your hairdresser is waiting outside.

ANNMA
 (yawns)
 Not without my coffee.

MAX bounce dressed up as a groom into the room. His father, dashing Cut, follows him behind.

MAX
 Dad, you can't be here. Mom, dad
 is already dressed up.

LORD RICHARD
 (chuckles)
 Your mom looks exactly as stupidly
 beautiful as she did when she fall
 from the wall straight into my
 arms.
 (he points out the
 window)
 Which was here. Over there.

We follow his pointing finger through the open window over the square where our gaze lands on the Brandenburg Gate.

MAX
 (shouts in
 German/subtitled)
 And for this reason you marry here
 and now, ONLY, if Mom, gets into
 shape and you dad leave. PLEASE!

TIME-CUT:

INT. SANCT-JOHANNIS-EVANGELICAL-CHURCH/ALTAR - MORNING

WEDDING MARCH

FRED walks ANNMA, radiant pretty in white, down the aisle.

LORD RICHARD STANDS WITH HIS GROOMSMEN MAX AND BENNO.

ABI and BO-GUM stand on Annma's side. She gets their consent and turns to THE EVANGELIC PRIEST(60s) next Lord Richard.

PRIST
 (In German/subtitled)
 ... now remains faith, hope, love;
 However, love is the greatest of
 these...

INDISTINCT WORDS OF THE PRIEST LOWER

IN THE PEWS: FRED, CHRIS AND CHARLINE. CARLOS SOBS.

MRS. WILSON (FASCINATOR), CHAIRMAN PARK. A CUTE KOREAN
BABY-BOY IN THE ARMS OF THE KOREAN NANNY (40S).

DR. JOHNSON, AND RONNY.

IN THEIR BACK:

MAID MARY, THE BUTLER, THE CHAUFFER, LOLITA.

AND THEN IN FRONT OF THE ALTAR:

ANNMA AND LORD RICHARD

LADY ANNMA

(half whisper)

Don't you dare to disappear again,
Milord.

LORD RICHARD

(half whisper)

It all depends on your punishment,
Lady Dudley.

FADE TO BLACK: