

# **CANNIBALS**

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INT. THE LIVING AREA OF A ONE-BEDROOM APARTMENT - NIGHT

A throng of recent college graduates is partying to celebrate completion of their studies.

There is a banner on the wall which reads 'Stanbridge University graduates to take the world by storm!'

FREDERIC, a gorgeous hunk and HOLLY, an alluring young lady, step away from the crowded dancing area and go into the hall.

CUT TO:

INT. THE HALL OUTSIDE THE APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

FREDERIC

What does your future hold?

HOLLY

Long term or short term?

FREDERIC

You know what Keynes said?

HOLLY

Who?

FREDERIC

This important economist. 'In the long run we'll all be dead.'

HOLLY

Not too interested in the 'long run'.

She takes FREDERIC by the hand and leads him off.

CUT TO:

INT. FREDERIC'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

The front door opens and the lights go on.

FREDERIC lives in a spacious and well adorned studio with all the bells and whistles of modern life. He enters with HOLLY.

In an instant, HOLLY begins to remove her clothing.

FREDERIC approaches, then caresses her hair and face.

FREDERIC

Slow down.

HOLLY decelerates.

FREDERIC engages in a slow and highly erotic removal of her and his clothing as nature takes its course.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FREDERIC'S APARTMENT - LATE MORNING

FREDERIC and HOLLY are in bed together.

HOLLY wakes and begins a seduction of her bed-partner.

FREDERIC stirs, wakes and is less than game.

FREDERIC  
Good morning. What time is it?

HOLLY  
Doesn't matter.

FREDERIC  
It does.  
(He looks at the clock by  
the bed)  
Oh fuck!

HOLLY turns up the erotic heat. FREDERIC remains unresponsive.

FREDERIC (CONT'D)  
That's not what I mean. I have a lot to do today. Didn't know it was so late.

HOLLY  
What can you possibly have to do today?

FREDERIC  
Stuff that has to do with the long term.

HOLLY  
You mean like what that guy you mentioned last night said...when we'll all be dead?

FREDERIC  
Have a job interview in the late afternoon and need to finish preparing for it.  
(MORE)

FREDERIC (CONT'D)

Let's hook up tonight! Help me celebrate my new job.

HOLLY

What do you want me to do right now?

FREDERIC

Do you want to stick around here while I'm doing interview research?

HOLLY

Doesn't sound like much fun.

FREDERIC

Exactly. I think I should be alone right now. We'll talk later.

HOLLY

Are you kicking me out?!

FREDERIC

You can stay. I'm just not gonna give you much attention.

HOLLY

Oh, so you want to be alone.

FREDERIC nods in the affirmative.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

You're like Garbo.

(Continuing in her best efforts Garbo imitation)

I want to be alone. No! I know who you're like. Carly Simon sang about guys like you.

(She continues in song)

***You're so vain. I bet you think this song is about you--***

FREDERIC

Thanks.

HOLLY

Why the hell are you thanking me?!

FREDERIC

Comparing me to Warren Beatty?

HOLLY

C'mon Frederic. I'm so horny!

FREDERIC  
And I'm responsible.

HOLLY  
I know.

FREDERIC  
What?

HOLLY  
You're responsible for me being  
horny.

FREDERIC  
Sorry about passive responsibility.  
What I mean by being responsible  
is I take care of the things I have  
to take care of when I have to.

HOLLY  
Like last night? You aren't  
responsible. You're an asshole.

HOLLY begins to dress, very quickly.

FREDERIC  
No. I'm a nice guy with a lot on  
his plate. You're a lot of fun  
but...nothing ever seems to last.

HOLLY  
What is it with you and things  
lasting? Everything is immediate,  
its now.

FREDERIC  
I'm more than a pretty face. More  
than a bed partner.

HOLLY  
I know. You're also a stuck up  
asshole! Goodbye!

HOLLY haughtily exits, loudly slamming the door.

FREDERIC  
Goodbye Holly. God these women...

FREDERIC takes some material out and begins to study.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PROGRESSIVE SEARCH PARTNERS - DAY

In the reception area outside an office sits ASHLEY, a 20 year old with a healthy libido.

FREDERIC enters and approaches which turns ASHLEY on.

ASHLEY

There must be something I can do for you!

FREDERIC

I hope so.

ASHLEY

Ooh, just tell me what you want.

FREDERIC

I have an appointment with Viktoria Avantis.

ASHLEY

She can wait.

FREDERIC

I'd prefer she didn't. I have an interview with her.

ASHLEY

Are you a candidate she's trying to place?

FREDERIC

No. For the job to work here.

ASHLEY

Omigod! Like you may be working here!? With me?! I'm Ashley!

She extends her hand. FREDERIC shakes it.

FREDERIC

Being late for my appointment won't help.

ASHLEY

You better get in there then!  
(Calling over the intercom)  
Oh god, Viktoria, he's here.

VIKTORIA (o.s.)  
God is here? Does he have an  
appointment?

ASHLEY  
He says he does.

VIKTORIA (o.s.)  
Is his name Frederic?

ASHLEY  
Are you Frederic?

FREDERIC  
Yes.

ASHLEY  
Frederic it is!

VIKTORIA (o.s.)  
Send him in.

ASHLEY  
Viktoria gets to have all the fun.  
You can go in. Goodbye Frederic.

FREDERIC  
Thanks. See you on the way out.

ASHLEY  
OK!

CUT TO:

INT. VIKTORIA'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Big and boisterous, VIKTORIA AVANTIS is at her brilliantly  
polished desk in a large corner office.

Her workstation represents the absolute state-of-the-art in  
technology.

A large dollar sign hangs behind her with a multitude of  
flashing red lights, currently off.

FREDERIC enters and the lights begin to flash wildly, as they  
will do every time FREDERIC enters VIKTORIA'S office.

VIKTORIA  
Oh god, yes!

VIKTORIA'S tongue hangs from her mouth like a drooling dog.

FREDERIC  
Um...are you thirsty?

VIKTORIA  
Thirst hunger...its all about  
consumption!

FREDERIC  
Ms. Avantis--

She makes an exaggerated gesture, sternly pointing her finger  
at FREDERIC.

VIKTORIA  
Call me Viktoria!! My maid calls  
me 'Ms. Avantis'.

FREDERIC  
Yes Viktoria.

VIKTORIA  
Sit down young man.

FREDERIC and VIKTORIA sit.

She seethes with a muted, primal and mercenary energy that  
her limited power of decorum restrains.

FREDERIC  
Thank you.

VIKTORIA  
Gorgeous...well-presented...well-  
mannered too!

FREDERIC  
Wouldn't the world be a nicer place  
if people were more courteous?

VIKTORIA  
...I guess good manners can take  
you far. But that's not enough.

FREDERIC  
Agreed.

VIKTORIA  
I give incentives. You show your  
ambition.

ASHLEY enters.

ASHLEY  
Show it to me Frederic!

VIKTORIA  
What?!

ASHLEY  
I gotta see it!

VIKTORIA  
What! His ambition?!

ASHLEY rapidly steps to FREDERIC, then is all over him.

ASHLEY  
That and every other part of him!

FREDERIC  
Ashley, there is a time and a  
place.

ASHLEY  
I know. When and where!?

VIKTORIA  
Do you think you could possibly  
give me a few more moments alone  
with Frederic?

ASHLEY'S activity with FREDERIC subsides.

ASHLEY  
That's why she's the boss!

ASHLEY exits, slamming the door loudly.

CUT TO:

INT. VIKTORIA'S OFFICE RECEPTION AREA - CONTINUOUS

ASHLEY engages in exaggerated eavesdropping of VIKTORIA and  
FREDERIC'S meeting.

VIKTORIA (o.s.)  
Where were we?

FREDERIC (o.s.)  
Talking about ambition. I know a  
thing or two about what people  
want.

VIKTORIA (o.s.)  
And what's that?

FREDERIC (o.s.)  
You need me to tell you?

VIKTORIA (o.s.)  
I want to hear it from you.

CUT TO:

INT. VIKTORIA'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

ASHLEY pokes her head in the door.

ASHLEY  
Oh Viktoria, don't you want to see  
it...to touch it!?

VIKTORIA  
Stop eavesdropping on us!

ASHLEY'S head disappears and the door closes with a loud  
slam.

FREDERIC  
She seems--

VIKTORIA  
She is. On the computer she's god  
so I put up with her shenanigans.  
You were going to tell me about  
what people want.

FREDERIC  
Do you want an academic or--

VIKTORIA  
No no my boy. Its not so complex.  
Everybody wants the same thing.  
Filthy lucre...money, and lots of  
it. That's why you're here. We  
'headhunters' get piles of it  
putting people in jobs where they  
get piles of it too!...You are a  
thinking man's cannibal, aren't  
you?

FREDERIC  
Cannibal? Well, I do get  
sustenance.

(MORE)

FREDERIC (CONT'D)

Maybe you're 'headhunters' but I've got to tell you that headhunters, you know, like the ones in the 'wilds of Borneo', they don't eat their victims. Just keep the head, like a trophy! Studied Anthropology at Stanbridge and wrote my graduate thesis on those that dine on human flesh.

VIKTORIA

Then you may have an edge over the competition. But you listen and you listen good. Learning and knowledge don't mean squat! I don't care where you went to school, how smart you are or what you know. Show me you can do this job and I'll make it worth your while!

FREDERIC

If you hire me you will.

VIKTORIA

Now you're talking. How do I make it worth your while?

ASHLEY pokes her head in the door.

ASHLEY

I'll tell you how we can make it worth his while!

VIKTORIA

Ashley if you keep this up--

ASHLEY

I'm sorry Viktoria, but its not me that has something to 'keep up'.

ASHLEY'S head disappears and the door closes with a loud slam.

FREDERIC

You were telling me how you were going to make it worth my while.

VIKTORIA

I will my dear boy.

FREDERIC

OK, how? I know this. I'm well connected.

VIKTORIA  
The little Stanbridge University  
upstart thinks he's well connected.

FREDERIC  
That's right. Its not what you  
know, its who you know.

VIKTORIA  
I like what I hear. You're hired.

FREDERIC  
That was easy. When do you want me  
to start?

VIKTORIA  
Tomorrow.

FREDERIC  
You haven't made me an offer.

VIKTORIA  
With the current economy in its  
worst shape since the great  
depression nobody's hiring anybody  
now. Start tomorrow and it will be  
worth your while. You'll get an  
offer letter by email soon and I  
expect to see you tomorrow in the  
AM.

FREDERIC  
I look forward to it. Thank you.

FREDERIC and VIKTORIA rise and they shake hands.

FREDERIC exits VIKTORIA'S office.

CUT TO:

INT. VIKTORIA'S OFFICE RECEPTION AREA - CONTINUOUS

ASHLEY joyously receives FREDERIC as he stops at her desk.

FREDERIC  
I got the job and start tomorrow!  
See you then.

ASHLEY  
Omigod. And the day after and the  
day after and the day after...

ASHLEY'S reiterative comment continues, in diminuendo, into the scene transition.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE OPULENT LIVING AREA OF THE KHOMATI HOME IN TEHRAN - DAY

AZAR, mid 20's and dressed in traditional Iranian clothing sits with her father.

He speaks in a deep and booming voice to which AZAR is rapt.

MR. KHOMATI

Azar, you will find your twin sister and bring her back to us from those filthy sinners in the West!

AZAR

(Quintessentially subservient)

Yes father. I am commanded!

CUT TO:

INT. 'ENTANGLEMENTS', AN URBAN BAR - NIGHT

SANAZ is AZAR'S twin sister and has broken with her Iranian family since she came to the USA six years ago to study.

Now an exotic and highly alluring westernized Iranian lady, she is being hit on by Luther at 'Entanglements', a trendy bar.

Luther, a handsome young man who exudes superficial charm. has just bought a round.

He pays the bartender and joins Sanaz. He drinks Scotch on the rocks. SANAZ drinks red wine.

SANAZ

It was so different and...so exciting.

LUTHER raises his glass.

LUTHER

To our country's gain and Iran's loss.

(MORE)

LUTHER (CONT'D)

(SANAZ takes the cue and  
they click their glasses)  
I can't imagine seeing you in all  
that clothing you probably wore.

SANAZ

I could never understand it. So  
much of the country is a sun-  
drenched dessert and woman are  
running around in robes and veils  
and...so much clothing! My  
country's politics...captive of  
Muslim fanatics! Human rights,  
hah! The reformers, Mousavi,  
Rafsanjani... forgotten and  
scorned. I don't want to go back.  
I prefer comfort. No veil or  
Chador for me. But my visa expires  
soon. I have to get a green card.  
Oh Allah, am I sinner?

LUTHER

Are you?

SANAZ

What?

LUTHER

Are you a sinner?

SANAZ

That's my business.

LUTHER

Very discreet. Is that an Iranian  
trait?

SANAZ

A good trait, Iranian or otherwise.

LUTHER

Agreed. I look at you now and...

SANAZ

You look at me now and what?

LUTHER

Growing up in Iran must've been  
hard for you.

SANAZ

Why do you think I wanted to come  
here?

LUTHER  
I've gotta tell you this. I keep  
thinking about...all that clothing  
coming off.

SANAZ  
What?!

LUTHER  
...Like the robe and the  
veils...you wore all that?

SANAZ  
Yes.

LUTHER  
Well, I gotta say I would love to  
see it all coming off.

SANAZ  
Excuse me Luther. It already has.  
I dress a little differently now.

LUTHER  
And you dress real good.

SANAZ  
And you would love to see it all  
come off, yes?

LUTHER  
Don't tempt me.

SANAZ  
I won't.  
(She rises)  
I have to go.

LUTHER  
Oh no you don't.

SANAZ  
Oh yes I do.

LUTHER  
Why?

SANAZ  
Because there's someplace else I  
have to be.  
(She finishes her drink)  
Thanks for the drinks.  
(MORE)

SANAZ (CONT'D)  
 (Upon exiting)  
 Goodbye.

CUT TO:

QUIETLY AT FIRST, AND OVER A BLANK SCREEN, A VOICE ENGAGED IN MUSLIM PRAYER IS HEARD. THIS CRESCENDOS INTO A LITANY OF MALE AND FEMALE VOICES RECITING MUSLIM PRAYERS. THEY ABRUPTLY CEASE.

CUT TO:

INT. JOHN F. KENNEDY INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

Dressed to the orthodox Muslim extreme, AZAR is at passport control.

Surveying AZAR'S passport, DENNIS, the immigration officer, is less than welcoming.

DENNIS  
 From Iran! Fleeing a fascist state.

AZAR  
 I must meet my sister.

DENNIS  
 Really!!?

AZAR  
 Yes.

DENNIS  
 Don't fuck with me. You're a Muslim fanatic terrorist like all the rest.

AZAR  
 Oh how you don't understand! Allah is a god of peace. Those terrorists, they pervert the Koran. Please, this is my Visitor's Visa.  
 (Indicating such in her passport)  
 I am not here to blow things up. I have to see my sister. My father ordered me! Oh, please understand!

DENNIS  
 Why?

AZAR  
Must I fall to my knees and cry  
uncontrollably?

She does exactly that.

AZAR'S curious crying idiosyncrasy manifests in voluminous tears such that the immediate area becomes inundated.

DENNIS  
Oh god, shut off the water works!

AZAR continues to cry, the most melodramatic sobbing in human history.

AZAR  
Oh please let me in!

DENNIS  
Oh hell. You don't look like much  
of a threat. No carry-on bag to  
pack all you liquefied explosives.  
You can pass.

AZAR passes through immigration, the next on line approaches the passport control booth.

DENNIS (CONT'D)  
But she might have checked bags.  
Omigod, bombs in the baggage!

Now thoroughly soaked, DENNIS makes a frantic exit from his booth, much to the chagrin of the person who had been after AZAR on the line.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PROGRESSIVE SEARCH PARTNERS - DAY

It is the beginning of the workday. ASHLEY is first to arrive.

One might think the tautly fitting clothes she wears would suffocate her, yet her very shapely figure is certainly on display.

She sits at her post, takes out a mirror and make-up to perform the most assiduous application of make-up in feminine history.

Thus she does not see FREDERIC who has just quietly entered.

FREDERIC  
It used to be mud.

ASHLEY turns, sees FREDERIC and emits a piercing scream.

FREDERIC (CONT'D)  
You see, millennia ago, your female  
ancestors made themselves up with  
mud.

ASHLEY  
Ugh! With mud?!

FREDERIC  
That was then, this is now.

ASHLEY  
I do like to look good. I do look  
good...  
(She rises.)  
Don't I?!

FREDERIC  
You look very good.

ASHLEY  
So, what are you going to do about  
it?

FREDERIC  
Ashley, don't you think we should  
maintain a professional  
relationship?

ASHLEY  
You mean I have to pay you?

FREDERIC  
(He laughs.)  
If you like.

ASHLEY  
What do I get?

VIKTORIA enters.

VIKTORIA  
Good morning Frederic...Ashley.

ASHLEY  
Why?!

VIKTORIA  
What? Is something the matter?

ASHLEY  
Ask Frederic! I'm going to the  
ladies room!

ASHLEY exits.

VIKTORIA  
What is she talking about?

FREDERIC  
Being Professional. Everybody has  
something to sell.

VIKTORIA  
They taught you good at Stanbridge!  
Come into my office. Gotta make an  
early call I want you to hear.

FREDERIC  
OK.

They enter VICTORIA'S office.

CUT TO:

INT. VIKTORIA'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

VIKTORIA sits behind her desk, FREDERIC at a seat in front of  
VIKTORIA'S desk.

The lights on the dollar sign flash.

VIKTORIA  
Watch, listen and learn.  
(She makes a call on her  
land-line)  
Sanaz Khomati please. Hello Sanaz,  
This is Viktoria Avantis of  
Progressive Search Partners...yes  
Mr. Ostrow works for me. He tells  
me that *Risk Management Week* ranks  
you as one of the best consultants  
in the market so we have to talk!  
(A beat as she listens)  
Of course. We'll work with you to  
get that. You'll be very happy  
to have one of our client's names  
on your business card. Can you  
come by later this afternoon?  
(MORE)

VIKTORIA (CONT'D)

Excellent! We'll see you at 5:30 then. Goodbye.

(She hangs up)

Sanaz Khomati is the first name out of everybody's lips when they talk about risk-management talent. She wants a new home and we're gonna find her one. She gets a great job, we get a huge fee and our client gets the best risk-management pro there is! Everybody's happy.

FREDERIC

She should talk to *Willstein-Gray*. They're my client.

VIKTORIA

Did you just mention *Willstein-Gray*...your client?!

FREDERIC

Yes.

VIKTORIA

You started less than an hour ago and you're already talking about *Willstein-Gray* as your first client?!

FREDERIC

I told you I was well connected. Marshall Willstein and his family are very close, personal friends.

VIKTORIA

He never takes my calls!

FREDERIC

He will now.

VIKTORIA

*Willstein-Gray*! OK. You're well connected...but do you have the killer instinct.

FREDERIC

Last time I looked I was an animal.

VIKTORIA

And...?

FREDERIC

A human animal. Why shouldn't I have the killer instinct? I'm a carnivore and here we're cannibals, aren't we...the civilized kind.

VIKTORIA

Will you stop with all this college boy talk? Spur Clement!

FREDERIC

Clement?

VIKTORIA

You'll meet him soon. He was a cannibalistic success...once. You and *Willstein-Gray* will burn a fire under his ass!

A knock is heard.

The door opens and in comes CLEMENT.

His paunch leads the way as he trudges in with the gait of a weary soldier.

FREDERIC

You can be none other than Clement!

CLEMENT

You're well informed.

FREDERIC leaps out of his chair to greet CLEMENT and makes an exaggerated extension of his hand to shake with CLEMENT.

CLEMENT shies from this flurry of activity.

FREDERIC

I look forward to working together. They call me Frederic.

CLEMENT

Congratulations.

FREDERIC

I like the name too.

CLEMENT

Do you like the name Sanaz?

FREDERIC

It resonates. Sounds Persian.

VIKTORIA

Oh no my dear Frederic. She's from Iran.

FREDERIC

Same thing. Iran was once Persia

VIKTORIA

Whatever. Only the now matters. Persia's the ancient world, isn't it?

FREDERIC

Why should we care about Edo then?...now Tokyo.

VIKTORIA

I don't do any business in Japan.

FREDERIC

But you do business in New Amsterdam.

VIKTORIA

What?

FREDERIC

New York was founded by the Dutch as New Amsterdam.

VIKTORIA

Will you stop trying to impress me with what you know? I told you once and I'll tell you again! Learning, knowledge, intelligence don't mean squat.

CLEMENT

Viktoria, he's right you know. Iran was once called Persia.

VIKTORIA

Who asked you?

CLEMENT

Nobody, but--

VIKTORIA

Will the two of you shut up! I don't care about Persia and ancient history. The only thing that matters is the immediate, the now. Enough about the Middle-East.

(MORE)

VIKTORIA (CONT'D)

I don't give a rat's ass about that  
guy stealing their election. I  
don't care!

CLEMENT

What the hell does it mean?

VIKTORIA

I will not pay 5 dollars a gallon  
for gasoline!

CLEMENT

Use Mass-Transit.

VIKTORIA

(With indignant pride)  
Ride the subway! Never!

CLEMENT

What about this new guy you just  
hired? Didn't tell me anything  
about it.

(To Frederic)

Who are you?

(With exasperation, as if  
to the whole world)

Who is he!?

FREDERIC

(With great condescension)  
What, are you deaf?

CLEMENT

What it buster!

FREDERIC

I will tell you again, this time  
very slowly so you better  
understand and remember.

**FREDERIC!!**

VIKTORIA

Now now boys. Play nice.

CLEMENT

Who is this guy?

VIKTORIA

Can't you hear! FREDERIC!

CLEMENT

Why is he here?

VIKTORIA

Clem, we need some new blood.

CLEMENT

I hate it when you call me Clem!  
Why do we need new blood?

FREDERIC

It helps with anemia. Tell me what  
your working on. Maybe I can help.

CLEMENT

That's none of your business.

CLEMENT abruptly exits, slamming the door loudly.

VIKTORIA

One good thing about Clem. Believe  
it or not, he understands the  
rocket science of risk-management.  
He was once everybody's first call  
when they wanted to hire somebody  
who was a wizard in risk-management  
consulting for institutional  
investment portfolios.

(She continues in song)

*Those were the days my friend, we  
thought they'd never end. But they  
did and now you're hired.*

FREDERIC

I see.

VIKTORIA

Spur Clement. We'll be back on top  
again!

There is a loud knocking at the door.

CLEMENT then storms in and closes the door with a loud slam.

CLEMENT

Life at Progressive Search is  
'...nasty and brutish', right  
Viktoria?!

FREDERIC

But it isn't so 'short' anymore.  
At least not like it was in Hobbes'  
time. Amazing you can quote the  
political thinker Thomas Hobbes.

CLEMENT

You think you have a monopoly on  
classical knowledge, college boy?

FREDERIC

Have you read his Magnum-Opus  
'Leviathan'?

CLEMENT

Magnum-Opus?

FREDERIC

Magnum-Opus, Latin for 'great  
work'...for Hobbes 'Leviathan'.

VIKTORIA

You speak Latin?

FREDERIC

Not very much.

CLEMENT

...I'm not as dumb as I look. Its  
all about the state of nature  
Viktoria, isn't it? Right college  
boy. The state of nature?

VIKTORIA

Clement, in the state of New York,  
you're only as good as your last  
placement. How long has it been?  
If you're interested in the state  
of nature maybe you should work for  
the National Park Service.

CLEMENT

Viktoria, maybe you haven't  
noticed, but we're in the worst  
economy since the depression.  
(He continues with extreme  
pride)  
But it doesn't matter. My client,  
*Hogan-Meade* will hire Sanaz so fast  
it'll make your head spin!

FREDERIC

(He laughs hysterically)  
You do work for *Hogan-Meade*?

CLEMENT

They--

FREDERIC

What a joke! They're a bucket shop! My client, *Willstein-Gray* is the gold standard in Institutional Investment Risk-Management consulting.

CLEMENT steps up to FREDERIC and goes into a boxing stance.

CLEMENT

Did you just say *Willstein-Gray*?!  
Put 'em up!

VIKTORIA rapturously observes the contemptuously tinged competition of FREDERIC and CLEMENT.

VIKTORIA

Wonderful! I love it!

CLEMENT

What the hell do you want?!

VIKTORIA

I want a feeding frenzy over Sanaz. Appetite, appetite, appetite. This is so much fun!

CUT TO:

INT. VIKTORIA'S RECEPTION AREA - CONTINUOUS

SANAZ enters and approaches ASHLEY.

The two women eye each other warily.

SANAZ

Good Morning. I have an appointment with Ms. Avantis and Mr. Ostrow.

ASHLEY

Who are you?

SANAZ

Sanaz Khomati.

ASHLEY'S calls over the intercom.

ASHLEY

Sanaz Khomati is here.

VIKTORIA (o.s.)  
Send her in.

CUT TO:

INT. VIKTORIA'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

VIKTORIA is at her desk, facing FREDERIC and CLEMENT, both seated with a chair between them for SANAZ.

CLEMENT  
Its like we're a headhunting  
tribunal.

FREDERIC  
I suppose. There are three of us.

VIKTORIA  
From Iran, she's probably used to  
tribunals.

ASHLEY enters with SANAZ.

CLEMENT  
Good morning Sanaz.

SANAZ  
Clem, Miss Khomati to you.

CLEMENT  
Please don't call me Clem

SANAZ  
Oh yes, I forgot. Its more  
efficient though. One less  
syllable then Clement.  
(Her attention becomes  
riveted on the resident  
Adonis, FREDERIC)  
Who are you?!

CLEMENT  
Don't concern--

FREDERIC  
I'm Frederic.

He steps forward and takes SANAZ'S hand.

The shake of their hands and unceasing eye-contact indicates  
a compelling mutual attraction.

ASHLEY storms about, frustrated by the attention SANAZ pays to FREDERIC and his response.

FREDERIC (CONT'D)  
A pleasure.

SANAZ  
Likewise.

ASHLEY  
Sanaz, will you please--!

SANAZ  
(ASHLEY'S behavior and  
volume distract SANAZ  
from FREDERIC for an  
instant)  
Miss Khomati to you.

FREDERIC  
(Still locked in eye  
contact with SANAZ)  
Yes Ashley. Miss Khomati to you.

VIKTORIA  
Ashley, please leave us.

ASHLEY  
I don't like the way--

VIKTORIA  
Now!

ASHLEY exits, slamming the door loudly.

CLEMENT  
Sanaz--

SANAZ  
Miss Khomati to you!

VIKTORIA  
Of course Miss Khomati. There is  
so much that we are going to be  
able to do for you.

SANAZ  
(Her gaze still locked on  
FREDERIC)  
You better.

CLEMENT  
*Hogan-Meade* will.

FREDERIC  
Certainly *Willstein-Gray* will!

SANAZ  
Somebody better. Like getting me a Green-Card. My visa expires soon and I'm not going back to Iran. Do you understand?

FREDERIC  
(With gentle sarcasm)  
What if you were a nuclear weapons expert? You'd get in real good with Ahmadinejad.

SANAZ  
He's a fanatic. I don't think so. With Rafsanjani...Khatami, women could be sexy. Mousavi has the election stolen and it's back to the robe and veil.

FREDERIC  
Welcome to America.

SANAZ  
Thank you!

SANAZ and FREDERIC are still locked in intense ocular communication as an extended moment of silence passes.

CLEMENT  
Sanaz...um, Miss Khomati...earth to Miss Khomati...Hey Miss Khomati!

SANAZ  
(Ignoring Clement)  
Tell me more about *Willstein-Gray*. I've heard--

CLEMENT  
This is business. Everything you've heard about them is a lie. Sanaz...oops, I mean Miss Khomati! There is no truth, only perception. What is yours? Hey, Miss Khomati!

SANAZ  
What?!

CLEMENT  
Did you hear what I said.

SANAZ

Oh yes, you were saying something about perception. Mine is very sharp.

FREDERIC

Don't believe anything you hear about *Hogan-Meade*.

CLEMENT

Miss Khomati, your perception, not as sharp as you think. Don't believe anything you hear from Freddy about *Willstein-Gray*.

FREDERIC

Please don't call me Freddy!

CLEMENT

Never call me Clem. Mr. Ostrow to you!

FREDERIC

Haven't called you anything yet, Mr. Ostrow. I could think of a few choice things to call you now. But answer me one question. Does *Hogan-Meade* pay retainers?

CLEMENT

That's none of your business. I have to call Will Hogan.

FREDERIC

Ask him to pay a retainer.

VIKTORIA

Will the two of you take this outside? I want to talk to Miss Khomati alone.

CLEMENT and FREDERIC exit, the rancor between them rising as they leave the office.

VIKTORIA (CONT'D)

Don't mind my boys. This is how they play.

CUT TO:

INT. PROGRESSIVE SEARCH PARTNERS, VIKTORIA'S OFFICE  
RECEPTION AREA - CONTINUOUS

CLEMENT and FREDERIC argue violently as ASHLEY can only think of protecting her beloved office PC.

Breakable items are smashed as CLEMENT and FREDERIC battle.

ASHLEY

Stop fighting! This is an office!

FREDERIC

Money up front. A retainer.  
Understand?

CLEMENT

How long have you worked in this  
business?

FREDERIC

Long enough. This is my first day.

CLEMENT

Then what the hell do you know?

FREDERIC

Know Marshall Willstein real well.  
Spend the summers at his place in  
Amagansett. His son and  
I...buddies, were college  
roommates. Has *Hogan-Meade* ever  
paid you a retainer?

CLEMENT

When they want to hire somebody I  
am always their first call.

FREDERIC

Is that so? As am I with Marshall  
Willstein and they'll pay me money  
up front.

CLEMENT'S mobile ring-tone (*O we O*, the song of the guards of the Wicked Witch of the West from *The Wizard of Oz*) is heard.

CLEMENT

Shut up. Its my mobile!  
(He answers the call, it  
being from Will Hogan)  
(MORE)

CLEMENT (CONT'D)  
Hey Will, I'm a little busy right  
now. I'll get back to you in a  
minute.

CUT TO:

INT. VIKTORIA'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The sounds of the battle between FREDERIC and CLEMENT resound  
throughout VIKTORIA'S office.

SANAZ  
What kind of a search firm do you  
run here?

VIKTORIA  
I'm the headhunter. You're the  
candidate. I ask the questions.  
We'll do right by you.

SANAZ  
You only care about doing right by  
yourself. If it does right by me--

VIKTORIA  
Listen to the upstart Muslim  
telling me how to run my business.

The dissonant sounds of breakable items heard outside the  
office begin to subside.

SANAZ  
If I go back to Iran, radical  
Muslims will kill me!

VIKTORIA  
Then you will not go back to Iran.  
If radical Muslims kill you I won't  
earn a fee.

SANAZ  
I like the way you think.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PROGRESSIVE SEARCH PARTNERS, CLEMENT'S WORKSTATION -  
CONTINUOUS

CLEMENT'S mobile telephone is a little on the fritz  
inhibiting conversation with WILL.

CLEMENT

She's the best. Will, can you hear me? You keep breaking up. Let me call you on my land line.

(He clicks off on his mobile and makes a call from his land line.)

I have to change my god damn mobile service provider.

WILL (o.s.)

Did you just use the lords name in vain!?

CLEMENT

...Oh hello Will, I didn't hear you pickup. Sorry. But this is much better. Like I was trying to tell you before my telephone stopped working, she's the best. You really should think seriously about it.

WILL (o.s.)

I did it once. You seem to forget. Got a visa for that wacko Mentoyamamoto.

CLEMENT

Well, I don't--

WILL (o.s.)

Mentoyamamoto, the Japanese nut case. I sponsor him for his visa. That sicko you recruited for us, remember?! He losses billions of dollars and commits ritual suicide in the middle of the work day!

CLEMENT

These things happen. A shamed Japanese--

CUT TO:

INT. WILL HOGAN'S OFFICE. - CONTINUOUS

HOGAN'S office, less than cutting-edge in design and functionality.

WILL, middle-aged, short, portly and on his land-line with CLEMENT.

WILL

He committed Hari-kari,  
disemboweling himself on like my  
most important client's trading  
floor. They're still finding the  
fucker's blood on their Bloomberg  
terminals.

CLEMENT (o.s.)

We did give you a 100% refund.

WILL

Wouldn't have if he waited more  
than 90 days to do the bloody  
deed.

CLEMENT (o.s.)

A 90 guarantee is the industry  
standard. You got your refund.

WILL

Right, after a six month delay with  
no interest.

CLEMENT (o.s.)

You seem to forget the computer  
systems breakdown we had in our  
accounts payable department.

WILL

Yeah, because you were running  
obsolete software! What is your  
problem?

CLEMENT (o.s.)

You know we're not an IT shop.  
That's not what's important. Sanaz  
is. Well, she prefers to be called  
Miss Khomati. She will solve all  
your problems. Just solve hers and  
get her a Green-Card.

WILL

I go Mentoyamamoto a visa. Its not  
cheap, takes forever and he kills  
himself.

CUT TO:

INT. PROGRESSIVE SEARCH PARTNERS, CLEMENTS WORKSTATION -  
CONTINUOUS

CLEMENT sits in a hunched fashion as the call continues.

CLEMENT

This isn't about the  
(he begins to say god damn  
but catches himself)  
...refund.

WILL (o.s.)

No its not about the refund! She's  
Muslim and from Iran. I'll have  
the NSA, the CIA, the FBI, The  
Department of Homeland Security all  
snooping around because she's an  
undercover terrorist who wants to  
topple Western Capitalism. That I  
don't need.

CLEMENT

You do need Sanaz. She's the best.  
Read her profile in *Risk-Management  
Week*.

WILL (o.s.)

Find me an American so I don't have  
to worry the Department of Homeland  
Security. She's Muslim, will  
probably have to make a pilgrimage  
to Mecca exactly when I need her to  
make an important client  
presentation.

CLEMENT

Just meet her. She's nothing like  
that.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE PLEASURE PALACE HOTEL - NIGHT.

The Lobby of this 'Rent by the Hour' accommodation defines  
bad taste.

AZAR, still dressed in her Muslim ideal, is checking in for  
the room she reserved over the Internet.

Processing her is LIBIDREE. A short Latin lady in her twenties and clad in a tight and skimpy black outfit, she is the desk clerk.

LIBIDREE

Damn, what are you wearing? Must get hot in there.

AZAR

But your clothes, they...they show so much. That is sin!

LIBIDREE

To each his own. You can dress like a freak if you want.

AZAR

What I wear is the finest Iranian clothing! How can you not like it?!

LIBIDREE

I'd never wear it. Anyway, welcome to the Pleasure Palace Hotel. While staying here your pleasure is our business. But you have to pay up-front. \$100 an hour.

AZAR withdraws a wad of bills that would eliminate the US budget deficit.

AZAR

I hope this is enough.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. *WHOLE FOODS* SUPERMARKET - DAY

FREDERIC browses.

The attention of multitudes of heterosexual lady and homosexual male shoppers becomes riveted on him as he strolls through the store.

This distracts the shopping such that FREDERIC'S wake becomes littered with debris due to a plethora of shopping cart collisions behind him.

AZAR is also shopping.

She and FREDERIC encounter each other.

FREDERIC

Wow! Hello!

AZAR doesn't have a clue about how to react to being spoken to by a strange man.

FREDERIC (CONT'D)

Hey, I know you. What the hell are you wearing?

AZAR

Why does nobody like my clothing!?

FREDERIC

Don't you remember? Before, in the office a few hours ago? When I have eye contact with somebody like I had with you, you'd remember.

FREDERIC places his hand on AZAR'S shoulder.

To this she responds as if mortally threatened.

AZAR

(frantically)

Allah, I am being touched by a strange man! What do I do?!

FREDERIC

What is the matter with you? I did forget your name. Sorry. I'm terrible with names. Its Persian...like with a z...or something.

AZAR

You mustn't touch me! Only my father and brother may!

FREDERIC

Sound pretty incestuous. I'm Frederic. Don't you remember!!?

AZAR

Hello Frederic. Remember what? My name is Azar. There is a 'z' in the name...and there is one in Sanaz. You must know my sister! There is a 'z' in her name!

FREDERIC

Holy shit! Sanaz is your twin sister!

AZAR

Yes. My identical twin. She was so spicy. Maybe it was her 'spice'...I mean she was never satisfied. Then a University Scholarship in America and she was gone. I haven't seen her since. Thank you Allah!

FREDERIC

Running into Sanaz's identical twin in *Whole Foods* is pretty amazing...! But how is Allah involved?

AZAR

Meeting you is Allah's will. You can bring me to Sanaz!

FREDERIC

Yes. I think that is is a good thing. Thank you Allah.

AZAR

Do you worship Allah?

FREDERIC

Worship...a relative concept. Don't think much about Allah, but if he has something to do with meeting Sanaz...

HOLLY is shopping at *Whole Foods* also.

She spies FREDERIC and approaches him.

HOLLY

What, are doing fieldwork for your PhD in seduction...how to meet, then bring home an orthodox Arab woman and fuck her brains out?!

FREDERIC

Probably a lot more exciting than when I fucked your brains out Holly!

HOLLY storms away, FREDERIC having made an enemy for life.

HOLLY  
What an asshole?!

AZAR is in disturbed wonder, having never seen a woman talk to man like that.

FREDERIC  
I'm really sorry you had to see that. Please don't tell your sister anything about this.

AZAR  
Allahu Akbar. You know my sister. How do you know her?

FREDERIC  
We work together...in a way. She is so good...at her work I mean!

AZAR  
When we were little girls she always had to understand everything...always wanting things she wasn't supposed to have.

FREDERIC  
You and Sanaz, twin daughters of the same mother...but not twins. Unbelievable!

AZAR  
You have to take me to her

FREDERIC  
(FREDERIC withdraws a business card, handing it to AZAR)  
You can contact me here.

AZAR  
Thank you. Tell me what you know of Allah. You seem--

FREDERIC  
If Allah has anything to do with you and your sister, Allah's pretty good.

AZAR  
Allah has everything and is everything! Yes! You understand. He has everything to do with me, Sanaz, you! Allahu Akbar.

She bows.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PROGRESSIVE SEARCH PARTNERS, CLEMENTS WORKSTATION - DAY

CLEMENT is on the land line telephone.

CLEMENT

Its not something he likes to do.

CUT TO:

INT. THE GLISSMAN, HAAS TRADING FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Frenetic activity defines the trading floor of this Top 5 global financial institution.

CUT TO:

INT. AN OFFICE WITH GLASS WINDOWS ASTRIDE THE TRADING FLOOR - CONTINUOUS.

SANAZ is speaking with CLEMENT on her mobile phone.

SANAZ

Permanent-residence status. I have the best INS lawyer in the world. I just need him to sponsor me.

CLEMENT (o.s.)

You won't commit ritual suicide...

SANAZ

What?

CLEMENT (o.s.)

What is the most money one of your clients has lost?

SANAZ

Don't be ridiculous. What is this about ritual suicide? I'm not Japanese.

CLEMENT (o.s.)

Thank god.

SANAZ

Which one? Allah Jesus Siva Buddah  
Jehovah?

CLEMENT (o.s.)

(He withdraws some cash)  
No. Greenbacks.

SANAZ

Not 'greenbacks'. Green-Card. If  
Will Hogan sponsors me for one I'll  
talk to him.

CUT TO:

INT. PROGRESSIVE SEARCH PARTNERS, CLEMENTS WORKSTATION -  
CONTINUOUS

Here, CLEMENT physically manifests the deceit and insincerity  
of his next few lines.

CLEMENT

...He does what he has to do.

SANAZ (o.s.)

Then I will look forward to his  
sponsorship.

CLEMENT

...So do we.

SANAZ (o.s.)

In all fairness, I haven't heard  
great things about *Hogan-Meade*.  
Have about *Willstein-Gray*.

CLEMENT

Don't believe anything you hear and  
half of what you read.

SANAZ (o.s.)

Do you know *Risk Management Week*?

CLEMENT

Of course.

CUT TO:

INT. AN OFFICE WITH GLASS WINDOWS ASTRIDE THE TRADING FLOOR -  
CONTINUOUS

SANAZ  
Do you read it?

CLEMENT (o.s.)  
Yes...well, so much of it is--

SANAZ  
Two months ago it featured  
*Willstein-Gray* and ranked them #1!

CLEMENT (o.s.)  
Half of what you read.

SANAZ  
Which half.

CLEMENT (o.s.)  
You're a big girl. You can figure  
it out.

SANAZ  
And I shouldn't believe anything I  
hear, right?

CLEMENT (o.s.)  
Exactly.

SANAZ  
Then why should I believe you?

CLEMENT  
Will Hogan wants to be back on top.  
You'll get him there.

SANAZ  
All things being equal, even though  
I'm not sure they are, its all  
about permanent-residence status.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE LOBBY OF THE PLEASURE PALACE HOTEL - DAY

AZAR sits among a few others who appear less than reputable.

Among them is, Bernice, a middle aged woman waiting for her  
tryst partner.

BERNICE

Why do they make you dress like that?

AZAR

What is the matter with my clothing?!

VENUS, a beautiful African-American prostitute enters with JOHN, a john.

The make a bee-line for AZAR.

VENUS

My friend John, he's always wanted a threesome with a Muslim lady. Come with us.

AZAR

I don't understand.

VENUS

What, are you really Arab?

AZAR

No. I am from Iran. I must call somebody.

A very rattled AZAR exits the hotel and stands on the street in front of it.

Now free from distraction, she speaks while she makes her call.

AZAR (CONT'D)

It is Allah's will that I find Sanaz.

CUT TO:

INT. PROGRESSIVE SEARCH PARTNERS, FREDERIC'S WORKSTATION - CONTINUOUS

FREDERIC is doing online research.

A selection from Rossini's *The Barber of Seville* is heard, his mobile ring-tone.

He answers.

FREDERIC

Hello.

AZAR (o.s.)

Hello. May I speak to Frederic?

FREDERIC

That's me.

AZAR (o.s.)

It is Allah's will

FREDERIC

What?

AZAR (o.s.)

Allah's will that I have met you.

FREDERIC

This must be--

AZAR (o.s.)

Yes. Azar.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE ROAD OUTSIDE THE PLEASURE PALACE HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

AZAR on her mobile phone.

FREDERIC (o.s.)

Hi Azar.

AZAR

When can we meet?

FREDERIC (o.s.)

I like that. When there is something you've gotta do you do it!

AZAR

Yes. I must. With your help, please! To find Sanaz.

FREDERIC (o.s.)

Of course. You don't how much fun I am having with you both!

AZAR

But Sanaz is--

FREDERIC (o.s.)  
I know. So are you.

AZAR  
I am nothing like Sanaz.

FREDERIC (o.s.)  
Wrong.

AZAR  
I only look like her.

FREDERIC (o.s.)  
Exactly. Except the way you dress.

AZAR  
My clothes again! I wish I could  
just take them off and forget it!

FREDERIC  
You can do that any time you like.

AZAR  
Can I come to your office?

CUT TO:

INT. PROGRESSIVE SEARCH PARTNERS, FREDERIC'S WORKSTATION -  
CONTINUOUS

Their conversation continues.

FREDERIC  
To take your clothes off?

AZAR (o.s.)  
Oh no. Tell me when you will see  
Sanaz again. I haven't seen her in  
many years.

FREDERIC  
You might be surprised. Did she  
run away?

AZAR (o.s.)  
No. She was taken.

FREDERIC  
Doesn't seem like the type who  
would let herself be taken.

AZAR (o.s.)  
If only Allah had taken her.

FREDERIC  
Where?

AZAR (o.s.)  
Where he willed her to be?

FREDERIC  
Where is that? Who took her?

AZAR (o.s.)  
You did.

FREDERIC  
Me?

AZAR (o.s.)  
You world did.

FREDERIC  
She didn't come here against her will.

AZAR (o.s.)  
To come to your sinful world is against Allah's will.

FREDERIC  
You're here.

AZAR (o.s.)  
My father ordered me! To obey my father is Allah's will. Yours is a world of sin. I will only do what I have to then go home.

FREDERIC  
Let me get this straight. To come to my 'sinful' world is against Allah's will. To obey your father is Allah's will. So by obeying your father, which is Allah's will, you come here which is against Allah's will, right?

CUT TO:

EXT. THE ROAD OUTSIDE THE PLEASURE PALACE HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Their conversation continues.

AZAR

It is very complex. I don't have time to explain it. Please understand! I have to find my sister!

FREDERIC (o.s.)

OK. Come by the office tomorrow morning.

AZAR

When?

FREDERIC (o.s.)

We have a meeting with her at 11.

AZAR

How do I get there?

FREDERIC (o.s.)

Go to the address on my card.

AZAR

Your card?

FREDERIC (o.s.)

Yes. Remember that card I gave you when we met at *Whole Foods*?

AZAR

Oh yes. I have it right here. But I have never been to New York before. How do I get there?

FREDERIC (o.s.)

Show the driver my card when you get in the taxi

AZAR

But...when I ride in a taxi I always go with a male relative who talks to the driver.

FREDERIC (o.s.)

Unbelievable! Okay, when you see one of those yellow cars with a light on the roof drive by, raise your hand. It should stop. Dammit, it better stop! Get in the taxi, show the driver my card and tell him to take you there.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. AN AVENUE ON MANHATTAN'S LOWER EAST SIDE - DAY

On her way to the gym, SANAZ totes a small pack.

The *Prince Kalender-Lento* section of Rimsky-Korssafoff's *Schehezerade* is heard, SANAZ'S mobile ring-tone.

She stops, puts down the pack and takes the call.

SANAZ  
Sanaz Khomati.

CLEMENT (o.s.)  
Hi Sanaz.

SANAZ  
Who is this?

CLEMENT (o.s.)  
Clement

Her call waiting tone is heard.

SANAZ  
It is Miss Khomati to you. Hold a  
moment. I have another call.  
(She clicks CLEMENT off to  
take the other call)  
Hello.

FREDERIC (o.s.)  
Hi Sanaz.

SANAZ  
Is this...

FREDERIC (o.s.)  
Yes, its Frederic.

SANAZ  
Hi!

FREDERIC (o.s.)  
Hi Sanaz!...who is Azar?

SANAZ  
Azar?!

FREDERIC (o.s.)  
Do you have an identical twin? Met  
this girl who looks exactly like  
you...except how she dresses.

SANAZ

This is unbelievable! Azar is here?!

(Her call waiting tone is heard)

Hold on Frederic. Another call.

(She takes the other call)

Hello.

CLEMENT (o.s.)

(Playing the 'ass-kisser to the max)

Miss Khomati, its Clement.

SANAZ

This is getting ridiculous. Can I ever get to the gym today?! Can you give me a little time? I have something urgent on the other line.

(She clicks CLEMENT off and returns to FREDERIC)

Frederic, you met Azar, my twin sister?!

FREDERIC (o.s.)

...except for how you dress.

SANAZ

Why is she here?! I don't believe it. Haven't seen her in six years. She probably never stops saying 'Allah'.

FREDERIC (o.s.)

Did say it a few times.

SANAZ

What does she want?

(Her call waiting tone is heard and repeats before she will respond to it)

Oh, he's calling again. Why can't he leave me alone?

FREDERIC (o.s.)

Listen Sanaz, *Willstein-Gray* is a well managed quantitative-risk think tank.

SANAZ

(With sarcasm)

I know. But what about Azar? One moment.

(MORE)

SANAZ (CONT'D)

(She clicks FREDERIC off  
to take CLEMENT'S call)  
Clement, for me to speak to *Hogan-*  
*Meade* they must be prepared to  
sponsor me for permanent-residence  
status. Its that simple. Now let  
me go to the gym!

CLEMENT (o.s.)

You're the best. If *Hogan-Meade*  
wants you its part of the deal.

SANAZ

OK. I'll talk to them. Goodbye.  
(She clicks off CLEMENT  
and returns to FREDERIC)  
Tell me more about your 'well  
managed quantitative-risk' think  
tank client.

CUT TO:

INT. FREDERIC'S APARTMENT - DAY

FREDERIC comfortably lounges at home while talking to SANAZ.

FREDERIC

I think you're...special...I mean  
that when these guys know when  
something is...special, like you  
they do what has to be done! With  
this in mind, I think Green-Card  
sponsorship is a no-brainer.

SANAZ (o.s.)

Everything I've read about them...I  
do look forward to meeting them.  
But, this thing with Azar! What  
does she want?

FREDERIC

It's a huge coincidence.

SANAZ (o.s.)

What? She would always do this.  
Show up at the worst possible time!

FREDERIC

Fate that she chose to shop at  
*Whole Foods*. Met her there,  
thought it was you in a very  
strange outfit. You have to see  
her.

SANAZ (o.s.)  
I Should do that. Now will I ever  
get to the gym? Are we done?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WILL HOGAN'S OFFICE - DAY

WILL and CLEMENT are meeting.

WILL  
I'm just not interested. Its so  
expensive.

CLEMENT  
She said she'll pay for it.

WILL  
And it will take forever,  
especially with a Muslim from Iran.  
She sounds desperate.

CLEMENT  
Wouldn't you be?

WILL  
I don't need a Green-Card.

CLEMENT  
Exactly.

WILL  
I could marry her.

CLEMENT  
Fine. Marry her. She is very  
sexy! I don't even care if you  
invite me to the wedding. Just pay  
the fee promptly please.

WILL  
Mrs. Hogan wouldn't like that very  
much.

CLEMENT  
Why wouldn't she like it if you  
paid the fee promptly? How the  
hell does she think we earn a  
living!?

WILL

What, are you some kind of idiot!? I don't think Mrs. Hogan would like it very much if I married a beautiful, exotic Muslim woman more than half my age!

CLEMENT

She's very Americanized. Sponsor her for permanent-residence status!

WILL

She's got the best immigration lawyer, right? What does she need me for? She gets what she wants herself, maybe I'll hire her. I will not go through all the crap I have to get her the Green-Card.

CLEMENT

Maybe somebody else will. Maybe *Willstein-Gray*. You don't want her working for *Willstein-Gray*, do you?

WILL first emits a loud and blood curdling scream, then speaks.

WILL

Did you just say *Willstein-Gray*!?

CLEMENT

Yeah. *Willstein-Gray*.

WILL

What, are you a fucking two-timer, recruiting her for them too?!

CLEMENT

Not me. This slick college-boy we just hired is. Spinning tales of Green-Cards and *Willstein-Gray*.

WILL

What the hell is your boss doing?

CLEMENT

Playing the game. Will, do you want the best? Haven't you seen her profile in *Risk Management Week*?

WILL

If she's so good why doesn't her current shop jump through all the permanent-residence status hoops and get it for her?

CLEMENT

How should I know?

WILL

Because you're a recruiter!  
(He continues with  
insinuation)  
You know the marketplace, don't you?

CLEMENT

(With a slight bit of  
indignation)  
Of course!

WILL

(With sarcasm)  
I'm relieved.

CLEMENT

I know this. I don't hit you up for retainers and you get results.

WILL

Got results! Getting me Sanaz without all the Greed-Card bullshit is results.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE CITY STREETS OUTSIDE AN ELECTRONICS RETAILER - DAY

Iranian music provides the soundtrack throughout this scene.

AZAR strolls past an electronics shop and spies a scene of the Muslim faithful being called to prayer on one of the televisions displayed.

She falls into a Muslim prayer crouch and begins to pray.

The sight of one dressed to the extreme of Muslim orthodoxy in a Muslim prayer crouch greatly disturbs the others in the vicinity.

One runs to a nearby police officer and brings him to the scene of what has become a large commotion.

The police officer begins to question AZAR who blankly stares at him while shaking her head 'no'.

The police officer handcuffs her and leads her away.

CUT TO:

INT. VIKTORIA'S OFFICE - DAY

FREDERIC sits alone waiting for the staff meeting VIKTORIA had called to begin as the lights on the hanging dollar engage in their 'FREDERIC flash'.

CLEMENT stumbles in.

CLEMENT

Who do you think you are you son of a bitch?

FREDERIC

Starting that again?

CLEMENT

If you insist.

FREDERIC

Perhaps you recall that I am Frederic. 'That which we call a rose by any other name would still smell as sweet.'

CLEMENT

Now you're a fucking botanist.

FREDERIC

I do like to watch things grow.  
(He continues with heavy  
condescension)  
Grown anything lately?

CLEMENT

I don't like your tone.

FREDERIC

Oh, I'm sorry.  
(He takes a deep bow, then  
continues with a quint-  
essentialy patronizing  
tone)  
Grown anything lately?

CLEMENT  
None of your business.

FREDERIC  
Yes it is.

CLEMENT  
Sanaz is none of your business.

FREDERIC  
Wrong! Miss Khomati is very much  
my business.

CLEMENT  
I don't think so!

With contempt, CLEMENT propels the hanging dollar sign at  
FREDERIC as VIKTORIA enters.

VIKTORIA  
Never throw my money around like  
that! It is an important work of  
art!

CLEMENT  
That's what they say. Art is  
money.

VIKTORIA  
Wrong Clement, money is art.

FREDERIC  
May I put my two cents in?

CLEMENT  
Two cents?! Not very artistic.

CUT TO:

INT. PROGRESSIVE SEARCH PARTNERS, VIKTORIA'S OFFICE  
RECEPTION AREA - CONTINUOUS

SANAZ enters and approaches ASHLEY.

ASHLEY  
Oh, its you.

SANAZ  
That's right. Do you remember my  
name?

ASHLEY speaks into the intercom.

ASHLEY  
That Irani girl is here.

CUT TO:

INT. VIKTORIA'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

FREDERIC  
You're gonna love this. Send her  
in Ashley.

SANAZ enters and makes a beeline for FREDERIC.

SANAZ  
Hello!

CLEMENT  
Miss Khomati, you have to--

FREDERIC  
She doesn't have to do anything.  
This isn't Iran.

SANAZ  
Praise Allah and the rest of them  
that this isn't Iran.

CLEMENT  
Praise Allah and the rest of them  
that this is America! There are  
things you have to do to be a good  
American.

FREDERIC  
And what does she have to do?

CLEMENT  
Talk to *Hogan-Meade*.

FREDERIC  
Yeah. She should. She'll get all  
the facts and make the smart career  
decision that going to work for  
*Hogan-Meade* is a mistake. That  
*Willstein-Gray* is the gold  
standard.

SANAZ  
The important color is green.

FREDERIC

That *Willstein-Gray* is the gold standard is green...as in card.

VIKTORIA

Clement, what does *Hogan-Meade* say about this residency she has to have?

CLEMENT

...the residency issue will be dealt with.

VIKTORIA

There you go Miss Khomati. Green everywhere.

VIKTORIA opens a little shelf in the hanging dollar sign, withdraws authentic counterfeit US currency and throws it about.

Those in the room begin a crazed acquisition of the perceived largess.

VIKTORIA (CONT'D)

Don't try to spend it. Counterfeit won't get you very far.

They all begin to drop the mis-perceived largess, the office now awash in US currency green.

SANAZ

Frederic, where is my sister?

FREDERIC

That's what's worrying me.

CLEMENT & VIKTORIA

Your sister?!

SANAZ

Who I haven't seen in six years...who is my identical twin...who I don't want to see because I know what she wants. She's a sweet girl but so...she and I were always so different. She was happy to stay in Iran but I had to leave. I'm not going back. I can't wait around either. A noon presentation at Cross-Border Financial group.

CLEMENT

How could you have a twin sister?

FREDERIC

God, you are such a dope! Before the fertilized ovum implanted into the uterus, it split into two identical ones.

VIKTORIA

Thanks for the biology lesson. Miss Khomati, why is she here?

SANAZ

She's not and I will be late.

SANAZ hurriedly exits as the others stand around in a stunned, uncomfortable silence.

It is broken by FREDERIC'S mobile ring-tone.

FREDERIC

Hello.

AZAR (o.s.)

It is Azar. I am jail

FREDERIC

What?!

CUT TO:

INT. A CELL IN FARNOT MAXIMUM SECURITY PRISON - CONTINUOUS

AZAR is in her jail cell, wearing a black and white striped prison outfit with a ball & chain attached to her ankle

AZAR

I am in jail.

FREDERIC (o.s.)

Oh my god!

CUT TO:

INT. VIKTORIA'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

VIKTORIA

Frederic, what is it?

FREDERIC  
She's in jail.

CLEMENT & VIKTORIA  
(In unison)  
Who's in jail?

FREDERIC  
Sanaz's twin.  
(Continuing to AZAR)  
What happened?

AZAR (o.s.)  
I didn't have my visa.

FREDERIC  
(In a mockingly Nazi-  
Gestapo voice)  
Where are your papers?! God, its  
like the fucking Gestapo.

AZAR (o.s.)  
I was on the street. There was a  
television in a shop showing the  
Muslim Faithful who were being  
called to prayer.

FREDERIC  
And you're very faithful.

CLEMENT  
What are you talking about?

VIKTORIA  
Faithful to what?

FREDERIC  
Allah.  
(Continuing to AZAR)  
Dressed to the Islamic nines you  
started praying to Allah on the  
street in this crazy city outside  
an electronics store! Oh my god.

AZAR (o.s.)  
A commotion started and one of your  
police arrested me because I didn't  
have my visa.

FREDERIC

(To the others)

She gets arrested because she was praying to Allah and didn't have her visa! There's gotta be something in the constitution about this.

AZAR (o.s.)

I'm so scared.

VIKTORIA

Frederic, what is going on?

FREDERIC

This Iranian girl has had like every constitutional right violated!

CLEMENT

But she's from Iran.

FREDERIC

Like 70 millions other people.

CLEMENT

Why should she get protected by our constitution?

FREDERIC

Because she's a human being!

(Continues to AZAR)

Where are you now?

AZAR (o.s.)

In jail.

FREDERIC

Get me an address.

VIKTORIA

What are you going to do?

FREDERIC

I don't know. After I get an address I have to call Sanaz.

CLEMENT

You have nothing to say to Sanaz!

CLEMENT menacingly approaches FREDERIC.

FREDERIC puts the palm of his free hand on CLEMENT'S forehead, the force of which stops CLEMENT in his tracks.

He seems to run in place with his arms flailing about.

FREDERIC continues to speak on his mobile, resting his mobile in the other hand.

FREDERIC  
Wrong! I have a lot to say to her.

AZAR (o.s.)  
They tell me I am in a holding cell  
at Farnot prison. 544 West 54th  
Street.

FREDERIC  
OK. Somebody will be there soon.

He clicks off AZAR and makes another call.

CLEMENT, unable to make progress beyond FREDERIC'S strong and outstretched arm, retreats.

SANAZ (o.s.)  
Why are you calling me? I'm about  
to make a presentation.

FREDERIC  
Then why did you answer?

SANAZ (o.s.)  
...Because it was you.

FREDERIC  
Sanaz, something crazy has  
happened. Azar is in jail.

SANAZ (o.s.)  
What?! Azar's been arrested?! Oh  
my god?

FREDERIC  
Don't think it was Allah's will.

SANAZ (o.s.)  
Agreed...But I can't leave now.

FREDERIC  
I can.

SANAZ  
What are you--

FREDERIC  
I'll take care of it. It seems  
like Azar is the victim of  
religious persecution.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. AN INTERROGATION ROOM AT FARNOT MAXIMUM SECURITY PRISON  
- DAY

ABRON, a totally grey and near retirement law officer, is  
questioning AZAR.

ABRON  
You really expect me to believe for  
a minute this little story about  
your 'twin sister'?

AZAR  
Oh please, you must?!

AZAR begins to cry and a small deluge hydrates this immediate  
vicinity.

ABRON  
What the hell is this? Some kind  
of terrorist trick?

A voice is heard over the intercom.

OFFICE VOICE (o.s.)  
There is somebody here who says he  
is the terrorist's American  
guardian.

ABRON  
This I gotta see. Send him in.

FREDERIC enters, carrying a large briefcase.

He speaks to AZAR with the absolute maximum of melodrama.

FREDERIC  
Oh dear Azar! How could I...when  
did I lose you? Officer, her  
father instructed me to be her male  
guardian while she visits her  
sister Sanaz here in New York.

AZAR

You see sir. I am here to see my sister!

ABRON

So where were you when she was praying to the god that took down the Trade Center on 9/11?

FREDERIC

She must have been whirled up in that mass of humanity on the streets and I lost her.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS IN A NAMELESS URBAN CENTER - DAY

The screen is filled with images depicting the extreme of excessive urban over-population.

It is accompanied by the Beatles refrain 'All the lonely people. Where do they all come from?'

CUT TO:

INT. AN INTERROGATION ROOM IN FARNOT PRISON - DAY

ABRON

The little Muslim is now in jail, an illegal alien praying to her barbaric god!

FREDERIC

(Heavy sarcasm)

Thank god, our god not theirs, that you aren't on the Supreme Court.

ABRON

In our 'god we trust.'

FREDERIC

Like I said, thank our god you're not on the Supreme Court.

ABRON

Huh?

FREDERIC withdraws a US Supreme Court decision case book from his briefcase.

He flips through some pages, comes to a passage and reads.

FREDERIC

'Congress shall make no law respecting the establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof.' The Establishment Clause from the US Constitution. Isn't that what's been done here?

(He flips through a few more pages)

My god, think of Engel v. Vitale, The United States Supreme Court, 1962.

(He reads)

'The establishment Clause thus stands as an expression of principle on the part of the founders of our constitution that religion is too personal, too sacred, too holy to permit it unhallowed perversion by a civil magistrate.' This is a federal case and you're in way over your head. Let the girl go!

ABRON

No visa, she goes nowhere.

FREDERIC

Azar, where is your visa?

AZAR

I heard some many wonderful things about the freedom in this country. I didn't think I would have to carry it around with me. It is in the dresser of my hotel room.

FREDERIC

No we're getting somewhere. Give me the keys to your room.

There is a string around AZAR'S neck from which hang the keys.

She removes it and hands it to FERDERIC.

ABRON

They didn't confiscate your 'necklace' why they booked you?

FREDERIC  
(Dripping with sarcasm)  
Your meticulous arrest procedure  
mirrors how well you follow the  
rule of law and the constitution.

FREDERIC reads the tag on the key while ABRON speaks.

ABRON  
The weak always fall back on the  
constitution to cover their ass!

FREDERIC  
(To AZAR)  
Pleasure Palace Hotel?! What kind  
of place is that?

AZAR  
I booked it on the Internet.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE PLEASURE PALACE HOTEL ENTRANCE FACADE - NIGHT

FREDERIC approaches the door.

CUT TO:

INT. THE PLEASURE PALACE HOTEL - NIGHT

FREDERIC enters, LIBIDREE at the reception desk.

She sees him and swoons.

He steps to the reception desk as LIBIDREE gathers herself  
together and rises.

Sitting in a scattered fashion in the lobby are both men and  
women engaged in different stages of negotiation prior to  
retiring to a room to consummate their erotic transactions.

LIBIDREE  
Hello! I hope you want a room!

FREDERIC  
(He withdraws the key AZAR  
had given him)  
I need to get into this one. What  
kind of hotel do you run here?

LIBIDREE

The best kind. We rent by the hour.

FREDERIC

That Muslim girl rents a room in a whorehouse.

LIBIDREE

A whorehouse?! Our guests are responsible adults who do as they please, in private, behind closed doors.

FREDERIC

And money changes hands.

LIBIDREE

It always has to if something is gonna happen.

FREDERIC

(Indicating the key he holds)

I need to get into this room.

LIBIDREE

Of course you do. And with me. What a hunk!

FREDERIC

...thanks.

LIBIDREE

(Her speech drips of need and sexual desire)

I know what I need. And you?

FREDERIC

Will you please take me to this room?

LIBIDREE

That can be arranged.

FREDERIC

Arrange it!

LIBIDREE

Ooh, I like when you're demanding. So strong! May I have the key?

(Frederic hands her the key)

(MORE)

LIBIDREE (CONT'D)

You want to do it in the Arab  
terrorist's room?

FREDERIC

The girl is not a terrorist.

LIBIDREE

We don't have to worry about her.  
Its just you and me now.

LIBIDREE takes FREDERIC to the elevator. They get in and the  
doors to the car close.

A moment later a loud police siren is heard amid the swirl of  
police lights.

The vice-squad enters, led by CLAUDE, dressed in  
plainclothes.

CLAUDE

Everybody put your hands behind  
your back. This is a bust!

CUT TO:

INT. A ROOM AT THE PLEASURE PALACE HOTEL - NIGHT

LIBIDREE is all over FREDERIC. He fends her off.

FREDERIC

I have to find something.

LIBIDREE

(She caresses her inner  
thighs and crotch)

What you're looking for is right  
here!

FREDERIC opens a drawer and withdraws AZAR'S passport with  
her visa attached.

FREDERIC

Got it!

LIBIDREE

Oh no you don't big boy.

A commotion is heard outside the room, then a loud knocking  
at the door.

CLAUDE (o.s.)

Open up. Police. This is a raid.

FREDERIC  
Oh shit. Your little brothel is  
being raided!

FREDERIC desperately surveys the scene and spies a window.  
He tries to open it. Its locked.

He smashes the glass and exits through the window.

In a moment, the door to the room is kicked open, Claude and  
a few other officers entering.

LIBIDREE  
Hello. There must be something I  
can do for you.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FARNOT MAXIMUM SECURITY PRISON GROUNDS - NIGHT

A group of armed Italian-American men are engaged in the  
placement of explosives to facilitate the escape of an  
incarcerated Mafia Don held in the prison.

VITO  
We bust Don Carmelo out of the  
joint then we gotta track down that  
stoolie who testified and put him  
there!

SAL  
The Antonioni crime family ain't  
gonna take too kindly to that.

CARLO  
So what Sal!

VITO  
First things first Carlo. Set the  
explosives for demolition tomorrow  
morning. We'll deal with the rat  
later.

CUT TO:

INT. AN INTERROGATION ROOM AT FARNOT MAXIMUM SECURITY PRISON -  
DAY

FREDERIC sits alone.

The door opens and AZAR is forcibly pushed in while dragging the ball & chain.

ABRON follows.

FREDERIC  
No more violation of your  
constitutional rights!

AZAR  
I don't understand.

FREDERIC  
Didn't think you would.  
(To ABRON)  
Look pal, here's her visa. Let her  
go.

FREDERIC assertively extends his hand holding AZAR'S passport with visa attached.

ABRON takes it and surveys the document.

ABRON  
OK. So the terrorist has a visa.  
Just like those other terrorists on  
9/11 did.

FREDERIC  
The girl's a terrorist like Martin  
Luther King's a racist. You're  
holding her visa. What else do you  
need?

ABRON  
Wouldn't you like to know. Who did  
she vote for?

FREDERIC  
Huh?

ABRON  
The election where that Anti-  
Semitic, nuclear weapons fanatic  
stole the Iranian presidency.

AZAR  
I voted for Mousavi!!

ABRON  
So. Who'll pay her bail?

FREDERIC

What are you talking about ? She hasn't been indicted... hasn't even committed a crime!

ABRON

She's Muslim.

FREDERIC

OK. So who's next on your hit list, Mohammad Ali? What religion are you?

ABRON

That's none of your business! Listen pal. You're here, you pay the bail.

FREDERIC

You take credit cards?

ABRON

Cash only.

FREDERIC

(Mockingly )

Aren't we in a cashless society!

ABRON

Not in jail.

A huge explosion is heard, the prison break fomented by VITO, SAL and CARLO the night before commencing.

EXT. THE GROUNDS OF FARNOT MAXIMUM SECURITY PRISON, NOW IN RUINS - CONTINUOUS

FREDERIC

You OK?

AZAR

Yes. What happened?

FREDERIC

I'm not sure. A huge explosion and we're now free.

AZAR

It was Allah!

FREDERIC

If you insist.

AZAR

I do! Thank you Allah!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. VICTORIAS'S OFFICE - DAY

VIKTORIA and CLEMENT are meeting.

CLEMENT

This Green-Card thing? Will Hogan won't do it. Hey, without it *Hogan-Meade*'ll hire her in a second. Probably pay a huge premium over whatever *Willstein-Gray* will.

VIKTORIA

I like to hear about clients paying big premiums!

CLEMENT

Especially 30%!

VIKTORIA

Piece of cake. We just tell her that when *Hogan-Meade* hires her she'll have her green card. She has the best INS lawyer in the world, right? She'll get it herself, easily paid for by Hogan's 30% salary premium. More money for her, *Hogan-Meade*'s pleased and we get a bigger fee!! Everybody's happy.

CLEMENT

Not the Hot-Shot college boy you just hired.

VIKTORIA

I'm not worried about him. He's gonna do just fine!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE RUINS OF THE FARNOT MAXIMUM SECURITY PRISON - DAY

FREDERIC and AZAR and walking as rapidly as AZAR'S restraint of ball & chain will allow.

She stops.

AZAR  
Please, can we slow down? I'm  
dragging a ball & chain.

FREDERIC  
OK. Hold on.

FREDERIC surveys the immediate vicinity and finds a large  
rock.

He lays the chain down on a hard surface and repeatedly slams  
it until it breaks.

FREDERIC (CONT'D)  
Thank god--

AZAR  
Allah!

FREDERIC  
Whoever...blessing me with the  
Sanaz and Azar gauntlet.

AZAR  
I don't understand.

FREDERIC  
Nothing. Forget it.

AZAR  
It was Allah!

FREDERIC  
OK. It was Allah. Listen, I gotta  
get to my office. You're coming  
with me. Guess what. Sanaz'll be  
there.

CUT TO:

INT. VICTORIAS'S OFFICE - DAY.

SANAZ and VIKTORIA are talking.

SANAZ  
From what I hear, it sounds like  
I'll have a Green-Card if and when  
I start with *Hogan-Meade*.

VIKTORIA  
I don't expect you won't.

SANAZ  
You say they'll beat any offer from  
*Willstein-Gray* by 30% and I'll have  
permanent-residence status?

VIKTORIA  
How many times do I have to tell  
you? You'll have gotten the card  
and be making 30% more than at  
*Willstein-Gray*!

CUT TO:

INT. PROGRESSIVE SEARCH PARTNERS, VIKTORIA'S OFFICE  
RECEPTION AREA - CONTINUOUS

FREDERIC and AZAR appear at ASHLEY'S post.

ASHLEY makes a call over the intercom.

ASHLEY  
Our new boy is here with...oh what  
is Miss exotic foreign woman's  
name?

(Continuing to AZAR)  
How did you get out of Viktoria's  
office without my seeing you? And  
you changed your clothes. For  
god's sake--

AZAR  
Allah's sake!

ASHLEY  
Whatever. What the hell are you  
wearing?

AZAR screams.

AZAR  
These are not my clothes.

ASHLEY  
You're wearing them.

FREDERIC  
Ashley, this is Sanaz's twin  
sister.

VIKTORIA (o.s.)  
Ashley, send them in.

CUT TO:

INT. VIKTORIA'S OFFICE - DAY

FREDERIC enters with AZAR.

He brings her to stand facing SANAZ.

SANAZ  
Oh my god--

AZAR  
Allah!

SANAZ  
Allah then.  
(The have a tentative  
embrace)  
Azar, why are you here? Where did  
you get your outfit?

The clothing thing is driving AZAR nuts.

AZAR  
Sanaz, everybody keeps making fun  
of my clothing. What is the matter  
with how I am dressed? These  
aren't even mine.

SANAZ  
Why are you dressed like you're in  
a 'Keystone Cops' movie?

AZAR  
What is a 'Keystone--

SANAZ  
It's not important.

AZAR  
Sanaz I was in jail!

VIKTORIA is fuming.

VIKTORIA

Look, the two of you are not going to pull our heartstrings with some family reunion right now! Sanaz has a lot she has to do.

CUT TO:

INT. PROGRESSIVE SEARCH PARTNERS, VIKTORIA'S OFFICE  
RECEPTION AREA - CONTINUOUS

Carrying the ball & chain that had been a restraint on AZAR, ABRON enters.

He approaches ASHLEY, puts down the ball & chain withdraws his ID as well as a photograph.

He shows both to ASHLEY.

ABRON

Department of corrections. We had a suspected Arab terrorist in our custody who escaped. You seen this girl?

He shows the photo to ASHLEY.

ASHLEY

(Indicating VIKTORIA'S  
office)

She's in there.

ABRON makes his way toward the office door, about to enter.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

You can't go in there now. They're in a meeting.

ABRON

My ass I can't! You'll thank me.

CUT TO:

INT. VICTORIA'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

ABRON enters as ASHLEY'S voice is heard over the intercom.

ASHLEY (o.s.)

I told him he couldn't go in but he just did!

ABRON

No minor prison break is going to--

VIKTORIA

Who the hell are you and what right do you have--

ABRON

Every right! Someday you people will be grateful to us for what we do to protect you!

(Approaches SANAZ)

There you are, Muslim fanatic! No minor prison break is going to stop me from tracking down this illegal alien terrorist and having her deported.

SANAZ

Really? What INS authority do you have?

ABRON

That's enough lip out of you!

SANAZ

I have every legal right to live and work in this country...

AZAR taps ABRON on the shoulder.

He turns to face AZAR directly, then comments.

ABRON

Huh. Now two twin terrorists? You have your safety in numbers.

AZAR

My twin sister. I told you all about her.

FREDERIC

Can't you leave them alone! They haven't done anything.

ABRON

YET!

CUT TO:

INT. AN AUDITORIUM IN CITY HALL - DAY

A fantasy plays out in ABRON'S mind.

He is being feted by the mayor, given the key to the city for his brave act to prevent terrorism.

In an isolated area of the stage stand SANAZ and AZAR, both in the retro black/white stripped prison outfits with a ball & chain attached to their ankles.

MAYOR

The people of the city are grateful to you for preventing these twin Muslim fanatics from terrorizing us all.

ABRON

Thank you Mr. Mayor. 'If you see something, say something' isn't enough! We must always be totally vigilant to stop every one of these Arab terrorists in their tracks!

Wagner's *Ride of the Valkyries* is heard. It is ABRON'S mobile ring-tone.

CUT TO:

INT. VICTORIA'S OFFICE - DAY

ABRON'S ringing mobile telephone interrupts his reverie. He answers.

ABRON

Yes sir.  
 (He listens, his facial expression becoming frantic)  
 Yes sir!  
 (He clicks to hand up)  
 I must return to the prison. It's become a riot.  
 (Continuing to SANAZ and AZAR)  
 Don't think you're getting off that easy. I'll be back!

ABRON exits in a frantic rush.

AZAR  
It is Allah's will.

SANAZ  
Oh, will you shut up about Allah.

AZAR  
Baba was right. You are such a  
sinner. Ask your friend Frederic.  
He knows all about Allah.

FREDERIC shrugs.

CUT TO:

INT. PROGRESSIVE SEARCH PARTNERS, VIKTORIA'S OFFICE  
RECEPTION AREA - CONTINUOUS

MARSHALL WILLSTEIN enters.

The tall, svelte, dignified and middle-aged Managing Partner  
of *Willstein-Gray* approaches ASHLEY.

MARSHALL  
Hello. I have a meeting with  
Viktoria Avantis and Sanaz Khomati  
and--

ASHLEY  
Your name sir?

MARSHALL  
Marshall Willstein.

CUT TO:

INT. VIKTORIA'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

ASHLEY (o.s.)  
Marshall Willstein is here.

VIKTORIA  
Send him in please.

MARSHALL enters.

He and FREDERIC shake hands in an exaggerated male-bonding  
manner.

FREDERIC  
Hello Marshall.

MARSHALL  
Hello Frederic.

FREDERIC  
Is Buffy well?

MARSHALL  
Very well. You know, her handicap  
is now 73.

FREDERIC  
Marshall, this is--

VIKTORIA jumps between MARSHALL and FREDERIC.

She subjects MARSHALL to a hyperbolic client/vendor patronage  
while cutting off and upstaging FREDERIC.

VIKTORIA  
Hello Mr. Willstein. Viktoria  
Avantis.  
(She continues in a manner  
that redefines 'brown-  
nosing')  
Progressive Search Partners with  
you for your progress.

MARSHALL is a little taken aback by the very assertive  
behavior of VIKTORIA.

MARSHALL  
...Yes, hello. Marshall Willstein.  
(They shake hands.)  
Frederic tells me that if I want to  
hire risk-management talent for  
institutional investment portfolios  
I should do it here.

VIKTORIA  
You can't do better! This is  
Progressive Search!

She makes an affected gesture toward SANAZ and AZAR who now  
stand next to each other.

MARSHALL  
Very Progressive. Are they  
identical twins? Do I get two for  
the price of one?

VIKTORIA  
 (With some venom)  
 Of course not!

MARSHALL  
 Why is one dressed like she's in a  
 jail run by 'The Three Stooges'?

FREDERIC  
 ...An Iranian fashion statement?  
 Azar is the twin sister of Sanaz.  
 (Bringing Marshall to  
 Sanaz)  
 Marshall, this is Sanaz Khomati,  
 somebody for whom I...um, I mean  
 you will have great interest.

She steps forward to take MARSHALL'S hand.

MARSHALL  
 (To FREDERIC)  
 Is there someplace where we can  
 speak to Sanaz in private?

FREDERIC  
 The--

VIKTORIA  
 (Sharply cutting FREDERIC  
 off)  
 Or course. Please, take her into  
 the conference room.

VIKTORIA strides to the conference room door and opens it  
 with a flourish.

MARSHALL  
 (To SANAZ)  
 Come with me to discuss this  
 further.

CLEMENT  
 Hey Sanaz! You haven't met my  
 client Will Hogan yet. He'll be  
 here soon...coming for no other  
 reason than to see you.

SANAZ  
 He'll have to wait.

MARSHALL  
 (To CLEMENT)  
 Listen you putz!  
 (MORE)

MARSHALL (CONT'D)

Will Hogan is a bum and *Hogan-Meade*  
a bucket shop

(Continuing to SANAZ)

I've read your profile in *Risk  
Management Week*. What's this  
little problem your having with  
immigration?

He takes her by the hand to lead her into the conference  
room.

SANAZ

Just one moment please Mr.  
Willstein.

(Continuing to AZAR)

You always show up at the worst  
possible time!

AZAR

But I haven't seen you in six  
years.

SANAZ

You have no idea of the great  
things Allah is doing for me right  
now! It is Allah's will I meet  
with this man.

AZAR

Allah's will?

FREDERIC

Come this way please.

MARSHALL, FREDERIC and SANAZ enter the conference room as  
FREDERIC continues to ASHLEY.

FREDERIC (CONT'D)

Ashley, could you please bring us  
some coffee?

ASHLEY

If you insist.

ASHLEY gets the coffee urn, 3 cups and follows the others  
into the conference room.

CUT TO:

INT. THE CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS.

FREDERIC, MARSHALL and SANAZ takes seats around the dark and  
well-polished wooden desk.

ASHLEY puts the coffee in the center of the table and distributes cups to the others, the placement of SANAZ'S made with some ill-will.

FREDERIC

Thank you Ashley.

(ASHLEY lingers, provoking  
FREDERIC)

Thank you Ashley. You can leave us.

(ASHLEY slams the door  
upon her exit)

Sanaz, *Willstein-Gray* is the gold standard because they have a profound sense of the green.

SANAZ

My favorite color.

MARSHALL

I like it too.

SANAZ

Good to have a boss you agree with.

MARSHALL

Good to have an employee you agree with.

SANAZ

Do we agree on the most important thing?

MARSHALL

I will sponsor you for permanent-residence status.

SANAZ

But there is something I must ask you both. That woman Atlantis... Avantis...whatever. Anyway, she told me that *Hogan-Meade* will pay me 30% more than anything you can come up with. And I'll have the card.

MARSHALL

I see. Well, *Hogan-Meade's* best days are behind it. I can't believe they'll be able to pay such a premium. I am convinced any money differential will favor us And Hogan sponsoring you for a Green-Card?

(MORE)

MARSHALL (CONT'D)

That's about as likely as a member of Hamas converting to Judaism. You are being played.

SANAZ

I did come here a modest girl from Iran. Have learned a lot about this Western practice of 'being played'. I think I must speak to Mr. Hogan.

FREDERIC

You should and you'll have the chance to soon. Apparently he is on his way here now to see you.

MARSHALL

I'm not sure I want to be here when that happens. But we'll deal with it. I have my legal people drawing up an offer letter now. You should have it soon.

CUT TO:

INT. VIKTORIA'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS.

VIKTORIA is haranguing AZAR.

VIKTORIA

You don't get it do you? You sister is very valuable. Of all the times for you to visit, you have to do it right now?! Sanaz doesn't need the distraction.

AZAR

My father ordered me.

The trio enters from the conference room.

VIKTORIA

Oh your father ordered you. I never listened to mind. Look where I ended up.

AZAR

Where?

VIKTORIA

'Where' what?

FREDERIC  
 (To AZAR, indicating  
 VIKTORIA)  
 This is what we call an  
 entrepreneur. They make things  
 happen.

AZAR  
 Then Allah must be the greatest  
 (She struggles with the  
 word 'entrepreneur')  
 ...entrepreneur of all!

FREDERIC  
 Whatever the lord's name, creating  
 the world is a pretty amazing feat  
 of entrepreneurship.

AZAR  
 The lord's name is Allah!

FREDERIC  
 'That which we call a rose...'

CUT TO:

INT. PROGRESSIVE SEARCH PARTNERS, VIKTORIA'S OFFICE  
 RECEPTION AREA - CONTINUOUS

WILL approaches ASHLEY.

WILL  
 Hi. Will Hogan here to see Clement  
 and some other people.

ASHLEY  
 Just a moment.  
 (Calling on the intercom)  
 Will Hogan is here.

CUT TO:

INT. VIKTORIA'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS.

VIKTORIA  
 Send him in.

MARSHALL  
 (Sarcastically ominous)  
 Uh-oh.

VIKTORIA  
Something the matter Marshall?

MARSHALL  
You'll see.

WILL enters VIKTORIAS'S office.

He sees MARSHALL and confronts him.

WILL  
When I heard you were talking to  
Sanaz Khomati I could only think of  
one thing. Kicking your ass!

MARSHALL  
How could a bum like you possibly  
offer her anything of interest?

WILL charges MARSHALL and they begin a fight to the death  
that carries on through the ensuing dialogue.

CLEMENT  
Get him Will!

VIKTORIA  
Client's have fought over  
candidates before, but--

SANAZ  
Nice to be wanted?

FREDERIC  
Isn't Marshall great?

CLEMENT  
Shut up college boy! Watch Will  
kick his ass!

VIKTORIA  
Now now boys. This has to stop.  
We are civilized people.

MARSHALL  
Sometimes civilization gets  
complicated.

WILL  
It doesn't matter. Sanaz--

MARSHALL topples WILL, then raises his arms in a gesture of  
triumph.

WILL squirms beneath MARSHALL who hold him down with one foot on his chest.

SANAZ

What doesn't matter Mr. Hogan?  
It's not about the money.

WILL

How could it not be about the  
money? That's all there is.

SANAZ

Really?

MARSHALL takes his foot off WILL'S chest and walks to the other side of the office.

MARSHALL

With thinking like that...

CLEMENT

You are all so naive!

FREDERIC

Wrong Clement. If she were so  
naive she'd fall for more of your  
bullshit.

SANAZ

Dement...Clement whatever your name  
is I don't need the money. You  
probably don't know this...the  
Khomatis are one of the ten richest  
families in Iran.

CLEMENT

Well whoop-de-doo.

AZAR

Sanaz, Baba is not very--

SANAZ

I told you once Azar, I'll tell you  
again. This is business. You  
don't understand.

WILL and MARSHALL now stand in opposition.

Between them is FREDERIC, preventing them from rushing each other.

MARSHALL and WILL are both gushing animosity.

FREDERIC

You don't know Sanaz very well, do you Hogan!? You think its just a little cash that will 'buy' the Iranian risk-management wizard.

WILL

Bullshit! Anything can be bought!

FREDERIC

With thinking like that it is no wonder *Hogan-Meade* is a second rate bucket shop!

WILL

Watch it punk!

MARSHALL

Listen Hogan. Guys like you will never understand that money isn't the only way to compensate. For Sanaz, the most important compensation is permanent-residence status. A bum like you is never going to sponsor her for it.

WILL

I don't need to! She's got the best INS lawyer in the world and is taking care of it herself.

SANAZ seizes everybody's attention with the forceful delivery of her next comment.

SANAZ

What am I hearing!?!?

CLEMENT

Don't believe anything you hear.

SANAZ

I know that now.

(Continuing to WILL)

Mr. Hogan are you or are you not going to sponsor me for a Green-Card?

WILL

I don't have to. You're doing it yourself. Isn't she Clement?

FREDERIC

Hey Clement, you are absolutely right. She shouldn't believe anything she hears...especially from you!

CLEMENT

Shut up college boy!

WILL

No. You shut up. You told her I'd sponsor her for a Green-Card and you told me she was getting it herself? You are such an idiot! What did you think would happen when you were confronted by your lying?

CLEMENT

Everybody lies. Who cares about a little deceit. It lubricates commerce. She gets herself the residence thing, you get the best institutional risk-management pro there is and, like you told me, you'd pay a 30% premium over Willstein so we earn a bigger fee. Everybody's happy.

WILL

Well, I'm not very happy being lied to.

SANAZ

Neither am I.

AZAR

Sanaz, what is happening?

SANAZ

Allah is working his marvels.

AZAR

Really?

MARSHALL

You know something Hogan? Any money you pay her I'll beat. How's that, Clement? You're being lied to by your client. There's no way this bum can offer better monetary compensation than us!

(MORE)

MARSHALL (CONT'D)

And she'll be sponsored for permanent-residency too. Seems like a lay-up.

SANAZ

Mr. Hogan, no Green-Card, forget it.

MARSHALL

Sanaz, I have to tell you something very important.

SANAZ

What Mr. Willstein?

MARSHALL

Call me Marshall. I'm not going to pay you any basic salary.

SANAZ

Now you're lying! Didn't you just say you would beat anything Hogan pays me?

VIKTORIA

What, are you nuts? How can you not pay her a basic salary?

MARSHALL

Something else I'm not going to pay is your fee.

VIKTORIA

Nuts! You are absolutely nuts! See you in court.

MARSHALL

I don't think so.

(He withdraws an envelope and places it on the desk. While he speaks, VIKTORIA frantically gets the document out of the envelope and reads it)

Yes, do take a look at our contingency search agreement. Your fee is determined by a percentage of the basic salary only. We are not liable for any fee on a guaranteed bonus or money paid up-front.

VIKTORIA

You are ridiculous...not paying her any basic salary!

MARSHALL

That's right.

VIKTORIA

You are nuts!

MARSHALL

That's right. I'm nuts. Also ecstatic that I won't have to pay a fee to a second rate bucket shop run by liars and crooks because Sanaz gets no basic salary.

SANAZ

Marshall, let me get this straight. From what I hear, Will Hogan isn't going to pay me an amount 30% greater. It will be an undefined amount greater. As much as I hate to say it, I will imitate Ms. Atlantis...Ms. Avantis or whatever her name is.

VIKTORIA

The name is Avantis, bitch!

SANAZ

With all that's happened, I wonder who the 'bitch' is? Marshall, are you nuts'? How can I realistically consider working for you if you pay me no base salary? I may be from a rich family but...they aren't very happy I left Iran. Why do you think they sent me sister after me?

MARSHALL

You see Sanaz, we pay bonuses on a quarterly basis. Unlike *Hogan-Meade*, *Willstein-Gray* is extremely profitable.

WILL

Our numbers are none of your--

MARSHALL

Hogan, you guys are fast becoming a joke in the business.

(MORE)

MARSHALL (CONT'D)

Sanaz, we are making money hand over fist. You'll only add to it. On a quarterly basis you'll get huge bonuses. I'll even guarantee them. Whatever Will Hogan says he can pay you will be a drop in the bucket compared to the bonuses I guarantee. And I'll sponsor you for permanent-residence status. Here's a good faith gesture. You'll get a nice check on day-one.

(Continuing to VIKTORIA)

Sanaz will earn no base salary, only be paid in quarterly bonuses and the up-front signing bonus. No base salary, you get no fee.

FREDERIC

That's great Marshall. You tie up everything real nice, except for me. How do you think I get paid?

VIKTORIA

You don't! Your fired. How could you do this? Bring me a client who we recruit for successfully and gets out of paying me a fee!

MARSHALL

Frederic, leave this den of thieves and go out on your own. *Willstein-Gray* will be your first client. Sanaz your first placement. I'll pay your fee on the guaranteed bonuses and the signing bonus.

FREDERIC

Hey Sanaz...I wonder if there's anything I can do to speed up the immigration process?

SANAZ steps up to FREDERIC and strokes his chest.

SANAZ

I wonder?

AZAR

Sanaz, is this all Allah's doing?

SANAZ

What do you think?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE AIRPORT - DAY.

FREDERIC and SANAZ are bidding goodbye to AZAR at the point where people with boarding passes can proceed to the Passport Control.

AZAR

I am still so confused...but something makes me think that all of this has been Allah's will. I will have to go home and tell that to Baba.

FREDERIC and AZAR embrace.

FREDERIC

I guess since I'm not a strange man anymore I can touch you now.

AZAR and FREDERIC part. AZAR then embraces SANAZ.

SANAZ

I never thought I would say this but, Azar, I am pleased to see you again.

FREDERIC and SANAZ take each other's hand as they AZAR proceed to Passport Control.

AZAR

I will try my best to make Baba understand.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FREDERIC'S APARTMENT - NIGHT.

FREDERIC and SANAZ are making love in his bedroom.

In another part of the apartment the television is on, tuned to CNN.

NEWSCASTER

CNN breaking news. An Iranian International Airways flight bound for Tehran has been hijacked by a radical Christian terrorist, the Reverend Jerry Smith.

(MORE)

## NEWSCASTER (CONT'D)

His church, 'Swans of the Lord', released the following statement: 'The lord our god, acting through our spiritual leader Reverend Jerry Smith, demands the release of all practicing Christians that are held in filthy Arab prisons. If our demands are not met, this divinely diverted plane will crash into the King Fahd Koran Printing Complex.'

END