

TITEL:

THE SPONSOR

Writer:

Sophie von Rheden

LOGLINE

After the ambitious countess stumbles into a dashing fellow who is in possession of the treasured portrait she seeks, she blows her chance to retrieve it, which leads to a considerable chaos.

Premise

I am a secret code waiting to be cracked.

ACT ONE

BLACK: (Noise of pickaxe and wall hacking)

We embark with a PHOTO-MONTAGE around the turn in Germany.

SUPERIMPOSE: #BERLIN 22. 12. 1989

ANNMA (V.O.)

My brother and I were born in a divided West-Berlin during the Cold War. We are thrilled that our little city island in East Germany is now a free gateway to a open East, where our parents have their former roots.

FADE IN:

EXT. WEST-BERLIN-WALL - LATE AFTERNOON

(crowd cheering beats up)

BERLIN CITIZENS

(in German)

OPEN THE GATE! OPEN THE GATE

WE CUT WIDE: Security zone of the symbolic Brandenburg Gate.

ANNMA (18) parka, red turtleneck, jeans, boots, stands on the overloaded wall with a HAND-HELD-CAMCORDER.

ANNMA (O.S.)

With this historical documentary I'll make sure that this Christmas will be a happy one for Fred since our parents died and also thank him for this CAM for my graduation.

SHE turns her CAM (80th style) in SLO-MO to the east-part. EXTREME-ZOOM on a sea of mixed flags from the FRG and GDR.

ANNMA INTO THE CAM

(touched)

Mom, I wish we could go all together and find Renate and this art-works.

ANNMA gets pushed and crashes right onto SOMEBODY'S CHEST on the Pariser Platz at the East-part.

RICHARD (O.S.)

(in German with subtitle)

FRAU GENOSSIN, you choose the wrong direction to reach THE WEST.

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We don't get to see the hopeful BRIGADE-OFFICER (28).

(Music beats up:) WIND OF CHANGE /SCORPIONS

CLOSE UP: ANNMA blows her perm (80 style) out of her face and gazes startled at her cam and then up at her lifesaver.

ANNMA
(embarrassed in
German)
... Merry Christmas ...

The busy life around them freeze. We swipe on his vibrant crystal-blued-eyes which blind us, when he gulps for air.

CLOSE UP: Obviously entranced by her almond-green-eyes the hopeless romantic COMRADE RICHARD remains his eyes on hers.

RICHARD (V.O.)
(BEAT, in awe)
She is a replica of the countess.

ANNMA
(cheeky)
How about you let go of me?

RICHARD (V.O.)
(wondering)
Heaven sent you. You live.

ANNMA (V.O.)
(mad)
Has he seen a ghost ... ?

Annma flees horrified back to the West-Part.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WEST-BERLIN/ANNMA'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

ANNMA TO HERSELF
(indignant)
HOW embarrassing. I I am so ashamed.

SOMEBODY bounces uninvited in the passenger seat.

COMRADE RICHARD (O.S.)
(teasing)
Shouldn't you thank me?

The dashing COMRADE, black turtleneck, jeans, takes off his windbreaker as we glance briefly at his six-pack.

RICHARD
(naughty)
Are you done? Don't hesitate to
throw yourself over me.

by Sophie von Rheden

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Not hesitating ANNMA throws herself over him. HOWEVER, she presses open-mouthed her forearm firmly against his throat.

ANNMA
(pissed of)
Do you want to become dead meat?

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

RICHARD
(hoarse whispering)
You're pressing on my living muscle,
(he points on his
zipper)
(pause)
There are better ways to take my
breath away.

RICHARD'S gaze betrays a glance of infatuation. His lips invite to be kissed, but she doesn't even bat an eyelid.

--- devouring or thrashing? ---

ANNMA
(hard manners)
You don't need to wag your dick at
all, because I won't let you.

She stifles her laughter as she moves back to her seat.

RICHARD
(BEAT: coughs)
Is this like you welcome an East-
German brother?

ANNMA, raised eyebrows, glares on his handmade boots.

ANNMA
(in German)
Uh-huh... OSSI.
(raises mad her
voice)
Don't fool me.

SUPERIMPOSE: (Subtitle) EAST-GERMAN CITIZEN

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BERLIN-WALL - CONTINUOUS

(pickaxe noises from wall hacking)

We zoom out of the hole in the graffiti painted wall. The pickaxe has knocked a brick which falls onto the rubble.

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A YOUNG MAN picks up the stone and sells it to ANNMA and another to RICHARD for FIVE DEUTSCHMARKS each.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ANNMA'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Fogged up car windows. Fingertip painted heart shows A & R

RADIO

(German voice fades)

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

BEAT: Two small Berlin-wall-stones. Put together we discover an entire red heart which contents A & R.

RICHARD

(BEAT intrigued)

How can you tell that my boots are
expensive like you said before?

RICHARD observes ANNMA'S finger which runs over the hand seam. We hold on the British seal.

ANNMA (V.O.)

(perplexed....BEAT)

He's like a secret code to me.
What we call an elite cobbler is
perhaps just an ordinary cobbler
in the East? However, LOBB?

ANNMA

My brother still dream with those.
I imagined communists differently.

RICHARD

(BEAT)

WHO tells you that I am a communist?

This is not a question. It's an answer.

ANNMA

Uh-huh, a CAVIAR SPY.

RICHARD gets a loud laugh out of it and shows photos.

RICHARD

(BEAT)

Look. This is Mr. Arthur, who
sent me this boots.

ANNMA

UH-HUH, and why would this Mister
sent those to you?

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#INSERT SEPIA PHOTO: Mr. Arthur (40s), small office with nicoteened wallpaper, sits on a humble table and writes.

RICHARD

I'll explain it another time.

RICHARD wants to put the left over of a curry sausage into her mouth, but Annma presses her lips tide together.

ANNMA

(exhales satisfied)

I prefer a hot coffee with a brandy.

We witness both cluelessly talking about the same person.

HE opens for her the brandy-flack and puts it in her coffee.

RICHARD

(in disbelieve)

My grandma LOVED this combination,
because her employer loved it. She
wrote for him a cookbook as a gift.

However, Annma does not attach any importance to it.

ANNMA

(BEAT: ignores)

Uh-huh. Actually it's a heritage
of an old friend's cookbook.

ANNMA warms her hands on a coffee-to-go with shot.

RICHARD TO HIMSELF

(shakes is head)

... it sounds so familiar.

INTER-CUT: #SACHSEN-ANHALT 1986. SKY-BLUED-TRABBANT.

REVEAL: RICHI (24) humble country look. Riding boots.

RICHI

(shouts after the
car)

Wait, MOM ... wait!

RICHARD'S MOM SABINE BRAUER (58) drives the car. GRANNY
aka OMA RENATE BRAUER (77), grey wool coat, sits next to
her with (coffee-thermo and two little flacks of brandy)

OMA RENATE

(grunt in German)

I take your meatballs to Ronny,
because you don't deserve them.

RICHI

I'll can take you there!

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OMA RENATE

(BEAT to Richard)

Do what I told you and bring the portrait of the Countess to the roof gable. Cover it both with an old sheet. Don't look ever on it.

(to her daughter

Sabine/his mother)

I regret that I ever promised the Count of Saalfeld to take it into custody. LORD knows if it will ever return to its family.

RICHI represses a keen smile as they head off.

DISSOLVE BACK TO 1989:

INT. WEST-BERLIN/ ANNMA'S CAR - NIGHT

PEDESTRIANS with German GDR/flags parade around.

RICHARD

(butterflies)

It felt as if I had landed on a foreign planet, when I entered at this HUGE STORE ... um... KADEWE?

ANNMA shuts the window and nods.

ANNMA

(with full mouth)

Mhm ... mmm

Cleans her mouth. CU on RICHARD'S lascivious look.

ANNMA

(jumpy)

Uh-huh, ... the store of the West.

BEAT: Richard pulls half out --- CU: THE SKETCHBOOK

Annma is distracted with her chicken sandwich. SO he puts it back and kneels on the carseat in front of her.

RICHARD

(hands a gift)

Do you accept an humble farmer?

Richard loses himself in her cute face.

ANNMA

(embarrassed)

I I can't accept this killer scent.

Richard vaporize her all over with Chanel.

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EXT. BERLIN/ FRIEDENSALLEE - CONTINUOUS

CROWDS OF PEOPLE are blithely pushing their way through the city. In the midst of them, TWO LOST SOULS.

ANNMA
(desperate)
Why does his pee take so long?

(dramatic sad music crescendo)

ANNMA stands shivering by the meters-high Christmas tree. A mulled wine truck drives by and offers hot drinks over.

ANNMA
(shouts)
Wait, wait!

With a few hurried steps she stops at the wine truck.

We pan over to RICHARD, who runs with two coffee mugs several laps around the Christmas tree. However, Annma just left.

RICHARD
(breathless)
Why isn't she here as we had agreed?

CRANE PERSPECTIVE: We follow Annma doing her rounds with two Glühwein in her hand, on the opposite side to Richard.

HOWEVER, they both hold the same pace, in the same direction.

ANNMA (V.O.)
I should have known it. Me, the complete idiot, spent my last Mark for his hot drink. What is there to be left from a one-night-stand?

When BOTH come to a stop, they change direction at the same time. Annma's desperate howl is swallowed by all the noise.

With disappointed expressions, they walk in the opposite direction and finally lose each other forever.

JUMP CUT TO:

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

(Instrumental music: Holy night, silent night)

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

ANNMA
(sings whining)
#Holy shit# #Screaming night#

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

On the running camcorder, we catch a limited glimpse of Richard's windbreaker pocket. The sketchbook clearly peeks out of his jacket and the Union Jack sticks to the pocket.

(Inaudible)

We see Annma desperately and violently crying.

FRED (22), fatherly, dark suite, holds the wall-stone to her and takes THE CAM, when she acts even more dramatically.

CUT FORWARD:

WE EMBARK WITH A MONTAGE: SHOTS OF A SOPHISTICATED MALLORCA.

THIRTY YEARS LATER. #PALMA 2019

REVEAL:

ANNA-MARIA COUNTESS ZU KALKSTEIN (48). Nickname ANNMA.

EXT. PALMA/ANNMA'S ROOF-TERRACE - DAY

TITLE: THE SPONSOR

With the back to us we spot ANNMA in a red bikini. Sun-tanned, well-toned, she talks on the phone.

ANNMA (V.O.)
I remember well the first time I
came to Palma with another newcomer.

INTER-CUT: PALMA, SANTA CATALINA

INT. RUNDOWN HOUSE/NARROW-STAIRCASE - DAY 2011

ANNMA (41) hair casual pinned up, summer look, drags gasping a huge suitcase up a steep stone-stair. As soon as she reaches the crummy first floor we pan to a giant cockroach.

She jumps back with a screech. GASP. Her suitcase flies back and knocks a stranger's board-case with 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 curiously HIS open board-case. Over shirts--- Kimchi in vacuum. White, black and toasted sesame seeds. She tosses back his dried anchovies, yellow and green wasabi paste. When she discovers a beautiful crafted wooden handle.

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Her hand glides sensual over the handle looking out under a short. Loud thud. She hastily withdraws her hand, when he falls next to her on one knee. He puts the sweet rice back.

ANNMA
(glares at)
Sweet Rice?
(to herself)
MR. SWEET RICE must be a chef.

JI-HOO
(gentle smile)
I can lend you anytime my wok,
once we find each our apartment.

Annma gathers her stuff madly together. MISTER SWEET RICE observes her and stifles his laughter. She hands him his Korean travel guide of the Balearen. He nods thankful.

ANNMA (O.S.)
(under steam)
Fred, you're a dead man! How could
you book for me such a place.

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
(softly)
In South Korea we say: # *The bird
prefers a simple branch than a
golden cage* #

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

HOUSEOWNER TO HERSELF (O.S.)
(moody)
Again this LOST TOURIST.
(to them)
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.

BEAT: CU: INITIAL LETTERS < P.B.G. > on his suitcases.

JI-HOO
My Name is Ji-hoo.
(slowly pronounced)
PARK JI-HOO.

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SNAP BACK TO REAL-TIME:

ANNMA (O.S.)
(in German)
Why would the auction-house call
you?
(pause)
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 a private helicopter appears over her terrace.
Her red floppy hat threatens to take off. Awnings flutter.

(Megaphone voice)

LORD RICHARD
(German accent)
What a beautiful sight?

ANNMA
(wonders)
WHO? ... is this pretentious idiot?

THE REAL-ESTATE QUEEN looks out over the sea. Among the
dazzling super-yachts we discover THE ROMEO&JULIET.

The helicopter lands on it.

INT./EXT. SUPER-YACHT/HELICOPTER-DECK - CONTINUOUS

Helicopter-engine stops.

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.

(Music beats up:) #HAPPY BIRTHDAY BABY/ TONY CHRISTIE

*There is a special day for every one #that comes but once
a year #and for you my love the day of days is here.*

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

BENNO
(deep smart voice)
Are you okay my friend?

REVEAL: HOST BENNO LARSSON(60), Swedish ex-tennis-star.
His grey-blue eyes land on LORD RICHARD'S eyes.

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LORD RICHARD

(German accent)

... #and there are special days
once in a lifetime# ... HAPPY
BIRTHDAY my dearest friend and
thanks for letting me have fun
with the LADY IN RED.

BENNO

(curious)

How many birthdays have we spent
together? 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. PALMA/SUPER-YACHT - DAY

LORD RICHARD follows a CREW-MEMBER #1(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 along
the hallway. One high-heel-pumps looks out of her uniform.

On her tiptoes she spies over the Lord's shoulders, who
holds a fan with the name #ANNMA in his hand.

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LORD RICHARD
(mumbles)
ANNMA? NO WAY ... impossible.

EXT./INT. JAGUAR - DAY - PALMA

We follow an fine polished light blue Jaguar.

LORD RICHARD
(BEAT)
Um, where did you store the PORTRAIT
and THE SKETCHBOOK which I brought?

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.

Close-up to 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?

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 of three.

#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

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We see the award-winning GERMAN POLO PLAYER (28) receiving the gold medal from HIS 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.

CLOSE-UP: Art-books. Auction-catalogues. Berlin history books. Martial-art VHS videos. Motorbike- and Polo mags. En masse "ZU KALKSTEIN INTERNATIONAL REALTY MAGAZINES".

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

EDITOR 1

(clears throat)

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 zu 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

(enchanted)

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.

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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 - - -

#INTERCUT TO PAST:

INT. BERLIN/SOTHEBY'S - DAY

#SUPERIMPOSE: 2009

ANNMA (38), neat trouser-suit, joins as an employee an
auction and accepts the offer per phone from a client.

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

AUCTIONEER #1

More offers? LAST OFFER for
WINTERGRÜN'S FEMALE RIDER.

(pause)

Eighteen million five hundred
pounds. SOLD. CONGRATULATION
JAMES.

CUT BACK TO PRESENT:

INT. ANNMA'S-PENTHOUSE/LIVING - DAY

EDITOR 1

Oh, you studied art. Why you
changed to real-estates?

ANNMA

(BEAT ignores)

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

My grandfather gave it to his cook
Renate, before the Russian expelled
my family from their properties.

EDITOR 1

(curios)

Could you find out about the cook?

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

#INTERCUT TO PAST:

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EXT. STREET-LEVEL - DAY 1991

SUPERIMPOSE: NORTH-SAXONY-ANHALT, END OF JULY

ANNMA (19), pony-tail, summer-dress, pregnant (almost eight month) Brother FRED (22) talks to someone in the village.

(Inaudible voice exchange)

We pan to THE MAN (late 70s), sorrow in his face, who walks his dog. He shakes gentle his head and heads off.

FRED TO ANNMA

Let's ask at the Inn and you can rest a bit. You must be exhausted.

JUMP-CUT:

EXT. VILLAGE SQUARE - CONTINUOUS

BOTH stand with their backs to us in front of the godforsaken inn. ANNMA supports her pushed through back with her hands.

JUMP-CUT:

EXT. FARM - CONTINUOUS

FRED goes to ask an OLDER WOMAN, who comes from the farm.

(Inaudible voice exchange)

ANNMA sits on a stone in front of the farm from FAMILY BRAUER. She plays with her Berlin-wall-stone.

Fred comes back to Annma.

FRED

Let's go.

ANNMA

(hopeful)

Where? What did she say?

JUMP-CUT:

EXT. PUBLIC CEMETERY - CONTINUOUS

THE SIBLINGS park next to a TROPHY SPORT ETS 125 black motorbike, which has a badge of Zschopau. ANNMA lets her fingers glide over it and seems absent.

ANNMA

(sensual)

Motorbike history. What a jewel.

(weak voice to

Fred)

Why didn't you tell me?

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THEY reach with a weary pace the grave-place, where we discover fresh flowers on the black granite gravestone.

ANNMA
(breaking voice)
Might her daughter Sabine brought
these? Maybe she is still around?

The grave is neat. FRED wipes over the inscription as tears come to their eyes. Both keep silence.

SUPERIMPOSE: (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.#*

We pan our camera few meters away. A fine YOUNG MAN (29) throws the old bunch into a special bio bin.

(Motorcycle noise fades)

CUT BACK TO PRESENT 2019:

INT. ANNMA'S-PENTHOUSE/LIVING - DAY

EDITOR 1
Both on the same day?

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

EDITOR 1
(wonders)
The one who left the flowers?

They exchange wondering looks.

ANNMA
Uh-huh. 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 runs and international reach?

ANNMA
Uh-huh. No trace of him in the
Internet, no social platforms.
(MORE)

by Sophie von Rheden

ANNMA (CONT'D)
So I decided to write about
Wintergrün's love story.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SUPER-YACHT ROMEO&JULIET/NINAS'S SUITE - DAY

(Music beating up) STAY FLO, SOLANGE

REVEAL: NINA LARSSON (60) busty, blond, doll face.
Rhinestones T-shirt, pink wet-look-hot-pants.

NINA (O.S.)
(chirpy)
Romeo, my darling, come to mommy.

NINA lifts one of her two long-haired Pekinese up. Small
gentle knock on the door.

NINA
This must be our birthday-gift.

Shrug. LOLITA leans the PORTRAIT on the door frame and
pulls the high-heel-pumps out of her striped pink uniform.

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.

NINA
Why only one Manolo Blahnik?

LOLITA
(wonders)
I I must have lost the other.

NINA
(mad)
Did you also loose your mind?

NINA
(to Lolita)
Tell Mr. Park that I've hired three
backup singers for him.

NINA
(to Lolita)
Uhm... his fee and for the girls
is over there. Give it to him.

Lolita nods.

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BENNO (O.S.)
LARSSON, THIS can't be a real
Wintergrün! NEVER!

NINA
Yeah, I guess. Let's ask Annma.

BENNO
Better you ask Richard first.

NINA
Sure, sure!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PALMA-AIRPORT/ARRIVAL - DAY

(V.S.) (Announcements airport, indistinct chatters)

(Gentle Spanish Guitar) Arrival door opens.

Find between the COMMON TOURISTS, unsexy baggy shorts, crocks
and clocks, white sneakers, tube-jeans.

Our gaze glides up. A tall, rail thin silhouette. Black
Asian hair. Peaked cap, blue sunglasses, blue shirt.

REVEAL: PARK JI-HOO (45) Guitar-bag over his shoulder.

EXT. PARK/HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

(Spanish guitar 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.)
This is the private mailbox from
Annma. Please leave your message.

by Sophie von Rheden

JI-HOO
(Korean-American
accent)
Hi! I'm back from Seville, where
I picked out our gift for Nina. I
leave it and Nina's car 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 TROPHY SPORT ETS 125 black motorbike.

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), who lives in Leipzig, on his shoulder.

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, (disgust expression) records secretly.

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RONNY

(touched)

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

Lord Richard (melancholy gaze) remains quiet.

FLASHBACK:

EXT. BRAUER'S PEASANT FARM - DAY #SEPIA SEQUENCE

(GENTLE MUSIC) YOU RAISE ME UP by JOSH GROBEN
(from Min. 1:30/ second verse)

*#You raise me up # #so I can stand on the mountains #
#you raise me up to walk on stormy seas #*

SUPERIMPOSE: #EAST-GERMANY, NORTH-SAXONY-ANHALT, 70th

(Time-lapse montage)

EXT. FARM-YARD - MORNING #1967

Chickens, goose, cats, two farm-dogs circle around. MOTHER
SABINE (40s), (humble country clothes, green rubber boots),
guide cute RICHI (5), who sits on a pony.

*#I am strong# #when I am on your shoulders#
#You raise me up to more that I can be #*

INT. FARM-KITCHEN - DAY #1972

GRANDMA RENATE (60s), floral-kitchen-smock, plucks a chicken.

GRANNY RENATE

(East-German dialect)

RONNY didn't leave a meatball.

Richi's plate is half full. Both in a cute age of ten.

RICHI

(in German)

I will find a girl like the
countess, so I can't get fat.

GRANNY RENATE

(sighs)

Nothing like fluff. And you RONNY?

He chokes and dries his mouth with his sleeve.

RONNY (O.S.)

A cook, like you Frau Brauer!

RICHI

Suck-up.

by Sophie von Rheden

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INT. FARM/RICHI'S ROOM - EVENING #1977

Patterned wallpaper (70s) Youth room, sparse Eastern Bloc. Trophies, medals, horse posters. English literature.

RICHI TO HIMSELF
(keen grin)
Wintergrün, I guess you had your
fun painting her.

#INSERT: A drawing of the Countess who lies entirely nude on a horseback a hundred years ago. Her pure body gleams like a white swan, her green-almond-eyes shine bright.

RICHI sits on his bed with the Sketchbook.

We linger on her and at the end in his sexual excited gaze.

BACK TO PRESENT 2019:

EXT. COASTAL ROAD - DAY /COLOR SEQUENCE

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

SNAP TO FLASHBACK: #SEPIA SEQUENCE

SUPERIMPOSE: #EAST-GERMANY/SAXONY-ANHALT 1986

RONNY (V.O.)
(hesitate)
She made that much because she
thought that I would come over.
But I had house-arrest.
(clears throat
BEAT)

EXT. FARM-YARD - DAY

OMA RENATE (77) (grey wool-coat, hair-knot, swollen legs) gets into the run-down blue trabant.

(Drizzling)

RICHI'S MOM (53) fights with the windscreen wipers.

RONNY (24) (short hair, humble look) stands with two big glass-tubber, which he got from RICHI'S GRANNY.

RONNY waves after their car, when it turns onto a country highway. A GERMAN GDR SHEPHERD (dark pigmentation)whimper begging for the meatballs.

by Sophie von Rheden

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RONNY
(irksomely in German)
Take off already.

Squealing truck tyre - - - CRANG - - - BANG - - -
Violent noise of an accident.

We drift with the camera between the truck, which pushes
the vehicle brutally against a thick oak tree and RONNY ...

- - - - - Then: abruptly dead silent - - - - -

- - - RONNY stands in rigor mortis - - -

SLOW MOTION:

The meatball-glass-containers clatter on the ground. He
storms out to the road. Grey smoke. Jet flame.

EXPLOSION - - - END

BACK TO PRESENT 2019:

EXT. PALMA, DIQUE D'EL OESTE - DAY

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
From the Count Oma cooked for.

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

by Sophie von Rheden

LORD RICHARD

He entrusted to OMA an oil-portrait
with a sketchbook. I guess he was
hoping to come back soon or later.

RONNY

(chuckles)

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

NORBERT records secretly all.

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

(mad)

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.
Woah, 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 a rough manners.

(O.S.) 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
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
(touched)
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
(MORE)

ANNMA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*the tender age of her prime, when
he felt deeply in love with her.#*

LORD RICHARD TO HIMSELF
(wondering)
zu 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 he will find you.

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

(O.S.) 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.

(Inaudible chatter)

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

RONNY

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

LORD RICHARD

I never had another. 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? ... what are you talking about?

LORD RICHARD

(cold)

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 FEW DAYS LATER

THE CAMERA-TEAM 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.

(Gentle Music) NO MATTER WHAT boyzone/ALBUM: WHERE WE BELONG

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

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

by Sophie von Rheden

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MAX
(in German to Ronny)
How did it go? Do you like horses?

RONNY spots his little birthmark on his forehead.

RONNY
(irritated)
Um, my grandfather was a groom.

Audible horse hooves on the cobblestones

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BRITISH AIRLINE/FIRST CLASS - EARLY EVENING

(GENTLE MUSIC BEATS UP: HIGHWAY TO HELL by CARLA BRUNI)

SUPERIMPOSE #SOME HOURS LATER

ABI's green-greyed-eyes follow the undergoing sun.

#Living easy, loving free
#Season ticket on a one way ride
#Goin' down party time
#My friends are gonna be ... there too
#I'm on the highway to hell

FLIGHT ATTENDANT 1 (O.S.)
(polite)
Your seat-belt Madame!

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

ABI, VICE CEO of A.G.E. LONDON, snatched herself the heir.
Whom she is going to surprise with her new dating-partner?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LORD RICHARD'S HOTEL ROOM - EVENING

(Same music continuous)

#No stops sign, no speed limit
#Nobody is gonna slow me down

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

ANNMA (V.O.)
Zu 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.

by Sophie von Rheden

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#Like a wheel, gonna spin it
#Nobody's gonna mess me around

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 of the YACHT-CLUB.

(Same music continuous)

We follow through the security a LADY IN RED, (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.

In SLO MO pass TWO MOTORBIKES (white SMOKING) by, 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)
ZSCHOPAU? I crossed with this
showpiece, but where ?

We hold close on 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
(purrs like a tomcat)
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
(clears throat)
Um ... yours?
(gets close to Abi)
What do you use?

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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 their birthday?

Behind her, Abi and Lord Richard are meandering through the hustle and bustle. They come to stop.

ABI TO LORD RICHARD
Must I be afraid, that somebody
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 - CONTINUOUS

LIMOUSINES, PAPARAZZI, GUEST, SPECTATORS.

The festively illuminated ROMEO&JULIET in its splendor.

(crowd cheering)

GERMAN PRESS #1
(in German)
Countess zu Kalkstein over here!

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

INTERNATIONAL PRESS #2
LORD DUDLEY, LORD DUDLEY.

ABI takes LORD RICHARD'S hand. BANG. Flashbulbs hail.

INTERNATIONAL PRESS #3
Mrs. Goldstein over here.

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

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REVEAL: CARLOS BLANXART (54), cosy type, multi-colored confetti suit. Catalan old money heir. Bon vivant.

BOAT PEOPLE #1
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.

INT./EXT. YACHT - CONTINUOUS

CARLOS
(hoarse)
YOU are the hottest man on earth.
How can you not take your helmet
off? WHO wants to see ME, a little
fat meatball ?

CARLOS eyes lashes flashes every second.

JI-HOO
(chuckles)
You honestly don't look if you
doesn't want to be noticed!
(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 to hard.
(to himself)
Life can be fair. I have the money
and you have therefore an
outstanding type and style.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. UPPER-DECK/SKY-LOUNGE - ONE HOUR LATER

(overlapping shattering glasses, chattering voices)

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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

Cheers

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

#HAPPY BIRTHDAY NINA# #HAPPY BIRTHDAY BENNO#

(Crowd clapping)

BENNO'S eyes lands on CARLOS.

INT. NINA'S SUITE - CONTINUOUS

NINA (silver long dress) paces into her bedroom and kicks the silver satin pumps off. ROMEO scatters back.

NINA

(sobs)

Bloody new pumps, ouch.

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.

NINA

You don't have this problems anymore. A hundred years ago you certainly had enough others, right?

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

CLOSE UP: A colored fist knocks gentle and opens the door.

LOLITA

(gentle)

Sorry Madame

NINA

Here comes your food, darlings.

CU: THE ENVELOPE: Old seal and H. WINTERGRÜN as Sender.

NINA leaves the envelope on the table and paces off.

ANNMA looks out for a ladies-room.

by Sophie von Rheden

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INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT CONTINUOUS

ANNMA
(cheerful)
NINA, many many happy returns.

They hug gentle.

NINA
Thanx darling. Use my one.

The walls tell a story about a tennis legend. ANNMA stands in front and admires the champion.

BENNO
(proud)
Come and see this!

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.

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.

ANNMA
(smiles)
YEAH? So he went also to Oxford.

BENNO
(jokes)
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.

by Sophie von Rheden

ANNMA
(chuckles)
Uh-huh.

BENNO
To be exact. He loves only one.

ANNMA
YEAH? How do you know?

BENNO
Nina presented him to me in the
Campus, when he was completely
heartbroken. She really hoped he
would open himself to her. However,
he talked only to his horses and
raved about his extinguished flame.

EXT. POOL-AREA - CONTINUOUS

BENNO
We arrived. I'll be off.

INT. LADIES-RESTROOM - CONTINUOUS

ANNMA bounces into the ladies-restroom.

(the partitions rattle)

INT. TOILET-CABINE - CONTINUOUS

ABI holds her fingertip on RICHARD'S mouth.

INT. LADIES-RESTROOM - CONTINUOUS

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.

INT. TOILET-CABINE - CONTINUOUS

LORD RICHARD
(whispers)
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?

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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.

INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

ANNMA looks for something in her clutch.

ANNMA TO HERSELF

I must have left my fan.

She rushes back to the indoor-pool-area.

INT. LADIES-RESTROOM - CONTINUOUS

(Sex whispering)

INT. TOILET-CABINE - CONTINUOUS

ABIGAIL and LORD RICHARD half screw.

INT. LADIES-RESTROOM - CONTINUOUS

ANNMA gets in, when the partition wall wobbles suspiciously.

(sexy, erotic Music beats up): BARRY WHITE/ COME ON

#You're a freak, sweet freak# #You like to play# #Hypnotic, erotic, sexy little games you like to play.#

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

by Sophie von Rheden

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Obviously, slightly buzzed and having fun, she bombards the neighboring 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.

(frantic moaning crescendo) We pan inside.

INT. TOILET-CABINE - CONTINUOUS

Whispering panting. Hard fuck.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OPEN-DECK - HALF AN HOUR LATER

JI-HOO
(whispers into the
micro)
Love you, Currywurst.

JI-HOO forms a heart with his two hands. ANNMA smiles from afar and forms also a heart TO him.

ANNMA
(flirts)
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 gentleman devoured
your book.

JI-HOO discovers THREE BODYGUARDS and ducks down slightly.

by Sophie von Rheden

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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

CAMERA drift on LORD RICHARD, who pulls the note half out.

WAITER
SIR, your ordered a beer?

LORD RICHARD
Oh, exactly. Thank you.

LORD RICHARD puts the note back and takes the beer.

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

BOTH push themselves inside the crowded dance floor.

(Rock'n Roll Music beats up)

We cross the place to another corner.

EARL ARTHUR
(clears throat)
Isn't it a glorious full-moon-night?

ANNMA
Sir ... ?

LORD OF DUDLEY (classic black tuxedo. Tight high legs. Small
black bow. Lacquer pumps) drags on his pipe and coughs
when he looks into ANNMA'S green almond eyes.

#An hour later

by Sophie von Rheden

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INT. SUPER-YACHT/BAR - CONTINUOUS

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

(indistinctive chatters, laughters)

BENNO
(deep voice)
The starry sky rises.

NINA surprises with a different gleaming light blue evening dress, Dolce & Gabbana stiletto heel sandals.

(Crowd applauds and whistles)

BENNO TO NINA
(Toast)
HAPPY BIRTHDAY to my only and
sweetest twin. I am her one minute
elder brother, what makes me always
want to take care for her.

NINA
(loud)
Happy Birthday to my only and
handsome big bro. Love you darling.

GUEST
(crowd cheering)
HAPPY BIRTHDAY to NINA and BENNO

BENNO
Uhm... the starry night highlight.

BENNO hugs ANNMA.

NINA
(sweet)
Doesn't she look sublime ?

She puts her arm around ANNMA, who points on NINA.

ANNMA
YOU are our sparkling star, Nina.

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 NINA'S NEW GUITAR.

(crowd singing)

JI-hoo takes the guitar off and hands it to Nina. Annma hands the guitar-bag to her.

by Sophie von Rheden

JI-HOO AND ANNMA
Handmade in Seville. As you could
listen the acoustic can't be better.

NINA
(thrilled)
Thank you guys. The sound is so
good because you are an artist.
But with your lessons I can only
get better.

Nina hugs both tide.

EXT. OPEN-DECK - CONTINUOUS

The dancing space is overloaded. The other part has all
kind of abundant buffets, where HARUTO is the chef. He
tabs something in his Phone, after he shoot first a photo.

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 ...

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

NINA 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

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INT. HALLWAY - AFTER AN HOUR

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.

INT. NINA'S MASTER-BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

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 for Nina.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

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?

INT. HALLWAY/BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

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

ABI
(wondering)
DARLING ?

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

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?

INT. NINA'S SUITE - CONTINUOUS

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

by Sophie von Rheden

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?

TIME-CUT

EXT. HELICOPTER-DECK - NIGHT

BENNO and CARLOS. Half screw.

(Sound of fast upcoming footsteps)

BENNO
(commands)
PRINCESS, hurry.

Dressed up they sit in the helicopter and talk.

LOLITA
(pleads)
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.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

LOLITA
(shouts nervously)
Did somebody see Andy? ANDY?

by Sophie von Rheden

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

LOLITA
(desperate)
It's an emergency. Mr. Larsson
asked for Andy.

CHEF COOK HARUKA
He has his day off, sweetie.

LOLITA TO HERSELF
I have to find Mrs. Larsson

Lolita runs through the aisles and bumps into LORD RICHARD.

LOLITA
(plead)
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

EXT. HELICOPTER-DECK - CONTINUOUS

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.

by Sophie von Rheden

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INT. HOSPITAL-EMERGENCY-RECEPTION - CONTINUOUS

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,
inpatient)

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.

CARLOS finds her little Berlin-wall-stone and the vintage
fragrance. He shakes giggling his head.

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)

Why would she have a private photo
with him? He is to young for being
siblings. Maybe a nephew.

We follow Lolita's gaze. Lord Richard turns and exit.

DISSOLVE TO:

END OF ACT ONE

by Sophie von Rheden

ACT TWO

EXT. YACHT/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.

INT. SECOND-DECK/HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

LORD RICHARD

Tell me about her.

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

BENNO

Mhm. We went with her to see a palace for a viewing before we bought this floating one.

EXT. SMALL LANE/OLD-TOWN - DAY 2015 INTERCUT

BENNO (V.O.)

As we walked through the old town, my wallet was stolen.

We see a SCATER-PUNK coming straight up and hitting BENNO, when ANNMA'S legs spin around like a whirlwind.

BENNO (V.O.)

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.

BACK TO NOW:

INT. MENS-RESTROOM - CONTINUOUS

BENNO and LORD RICHARD make piss next to each other.

LORD RICHARD

Anna-Maria. What else?

by Sophie von Rheden

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BENNO
Better ask her partner in crime.

(Emotional music playing)

LORD RICHARD
(appalled)
Her partner in crime?

LORD RICHARD looks at him quizzically and steps closer.

BENNO
(lowers voice)
Our attractive musician. We don't
know much about him. He's exemplary
discrete, well educated and popular.

TIME-CUT

LORD RICHARD goes back 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.

INT. LADIES-REST-ROOM - CONTINUOUS

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:

INT. HOSPITAL/EMERGENCY/WAITING-ROOM - NIGHT

CARLOS hangs on hold exhausted with tired eyes and yawns.

by Sophie von Rheden

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

INT. HOSPITAL-EMERGENCY-RECEPTION - CONTINUOUS

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

CARLOS sweats. His fingers tap nervously on the counter.

TIME CUT

INT. HOSPITAL/MEDICAL-ROOM - CONTINUOUS

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 I
(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.

(MORE)

DOCTOR I (CONT'D)

(recipe)

Take this over-the-counter antihistamine. You've have to be extremely careful where and what you eat.

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 I

Sometimes a mini trace is enough.

THE DOCTOR brings ANNMA to the door.

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. SUPER-YACHT - NIGHT

ANNMA TO CARLOS

(weak voice)

Thank you so much and sorry that I spoiled your night.

(to Lolita)

I feel really sorry, that I made you also come.

LOLITA

(whispers to Annma)

You should thank your survivor.

ANNMA

Señor Blanxart? Of course I do.

LOLITA shakes her head with a grin.

ANNMA

Is there one more ?

EXT. OPEN-DECK - CONTINUOUS

JI-HOO comes running straight.

ANNMA

Is it him?

LOLITA shakes again her head and rushes off.

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

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EXT. POOL-DECK - LATE NIGHT

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 onstage.

#Never Knew Love Like This Before# by STEFANIE MILLS

Lord Richard sinks to his knees in despair and sighs.

I never knew love like this before # Now I am lonely never
more # Since you came into my life ...

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 #1
Sorry is this place free?

Lord Richard jumps up and glares on this guy.

by Sophie von Rheden

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.)

(apologizing)

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:

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SLO MOTION: 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 Nina, to Annma and to ALL GUEST. Dripping from top to bottom comes Benno along.

BENNO

COUNTESS, what about a full moon
swim ?

LORD ARTHUR TO HIMSELF

Countess? How can this lady look
like somebody from another century?
I guess I shouldn't have mixed my
medicine with Whisky.

(impelled to Benno)

Uhm, this Lady is exactly who?

LORD ARTHUR eyes the green olives and grabs some almonds.

BENNO

(chuckles)

Um, Richard interviewed me already.

LORD ARTHUR

Oh did he? Unfortunately, she
will not be able to give me a
grandson, otherwise he would have
my full blessing.

BENNO

It seems you've got the same taste.
What about a swim Arthur?

LORD ARTHUR

(smug)

Although I would steal the show
from everyone.

(he stretches
himself cocky)

We won't spoil their mood.

(Indistinct chatter fades)

by Sophie von Rheden

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INT. YACHT/BAR - LATE LATE NIGHT

ABI wears LORD RICHARD'S tuxedo-jacket over her shoulders.

(Music beats up)

#LOVE REALLY HURTS WITHOUT YOU# by BILLIE OCEAN

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

NINA (O.S.)

(tipsy)

The interesting men are all taken.
All free ones are not of interest.
When there is finally a bonbon, he
is one hundred percent gay.

Lord Richard stops with the bottle over the glass.

Abi takes the jacket and puts it over Nina's low cut neckline, who looks like after a lost battle. Nina, runny eye make-up, plugs the jacket away and tries to sit up.

NINA

(tipsy)

Make sure that HE loves you! DOES
he? I swear he doesn't ... Gustav
at least didn't.

Lord Richard lit a cigarette and handle it to ABI.

ABI

YOU DO ... don't you, darling?

ABI sits next to him, waiting for his answer.

ABI

(distract)

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

Lord Richard gets up and teeters on the heels.

LORD RICHARD

The night is getting interesting.

ABI

I told you it will be a surprise.

LORD RICHARD

Your friend seems to avoid us.

Nina's eyelids hang like Swedish iron curtains.

NINA

(stammers drunk)

Our friend is getting restless.

by Sophie von Rheden

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 NINA 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.

Nina bends like a wilted flower over the table. -- THUD --

As the PHOTOGRAPHER points at NINA, 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 ...

Our gaze lift up from toe to head on HER. Annma hurriedly
pulls her 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
(half whispering)
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)
C-O-U-N-T-E-S-S ... A-N-N-M-A
(he wipes over the
scar)
You hit it again.

INTER-CUT:

INT. CAR - BERLIN 1989 SEPIA SEQUENCE

ANNMA
(stubborn)
Ouch! Always on the big, left toe.
This is an martial arts injury.

CUT TO PRESENT:

by Sophie von Rheden

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INT. FIRST DECK/CORRIDOR - TWILIGHT

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

LORD RICHARD
(unquiet)
Dad? DAD!

LORD RICHARD wears his tuxedo shirt half open and no jacket.

LORD ARTHUR continues without turning around and waves backwards. He takes a step closer to reach out his father.

INT. JAGUAR - CONTINUOUS

WINFRED addresses LORD ARTHUR with whispered intensity.

CHAUFFEUR WINFRED
(BEAT: polite)
... your medicine SIR ...
(to Richard)
Good morning, MILORD. Mhm

LORD RICHARD holds his father the car door open.

LORD RICHARD
(irritated)
Medicine?

CHAUFFEUR WINFRED
(stammers)
... did I say medicine?

LORD ARTHUR
(grumpy)
It's against a hangover.

LORD ARTHUR holds a cigar in his hand and coughs.

LORD RICHARD
(chuckles loud)
Can I've one too?

Lord Richard squats slightly. His eyes shine.

LORD ARTHUR
(distracts)
HOW many times I have to repeat
myself. You are not Richard Brauer.

Lord Richard runs with his fingertip over his birthmark.

LORD RICHARD
I call you tomorrow. Night night

by Sophie von Rheden

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INT. AUCTION HALL/RECEPTION - MORNING

SUPERIMPOSE: #BARCELONA, some days later.

(indistinct chatters)

CARLOS
(inpatient)
Why does it take so long?

BORJA makes no attempt to apologies for his delayed.

BORJA
(exhales sharply)
What do you have this time?

Borja fixes the wrapped painting and rolls his eyes. BOTH marching the hallway down. CARLOS can hardly catch up.

CARLOS
(from the puff)
Why didn't you come at my barbecue?

Borja stops and shoots a look at Carlos who smiles.

BORJA
(annoyed)
MACHO, you don't even know what it means to be swamped with work.

Carlos face darkens.

INT. AUCTION HOUSE/ BORJA'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

CARLOS
(pleads)
It MUST go into the autumn auction.

BORJA
(applied)
What's the hurry?
(hesitates)
And what the hell are you doing?

CARLOS
Like what?

BORJA
Everything your grandfather bought through my father's auction, you sell out. WHY?
(points at him)
... to afford those fumbles?

CARLOS
(sensible low voice)
Why would you turn down a deal?

by Sophie von Rheden

BORJA
(annoying)
When are YOU going to built a family
and take responsibility?

CARLO'S eye expression betrays a certain sadness.

CARLOS
THIS is a Wintergrün from good
friends, who asked me a favor.

BORJA
(frozen)
Can't be. Are you sure?

Carlos exit like a proud king and blinks scoffing at him.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PALMA-STREET-LEVEL - NOON

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)
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 we spot 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)
SIR, what shall we do? ...

PURSUER 1 (O.S.)
(deep firm voice)
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 APT./TERRACE - NIGHT

JI-HOO plays on his guitar. In front of him a ice-tea.

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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 fave. 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.

INT. FINE APARTMENT HOUSE/DOOR - MORNING 2011 INTERCUT

We discover JI-HOO (35), casual look, who deposit a wrapped apricots ensaimada on ANNMA'S elegant door-handle, along with cut-out ads for real estate agents.

BACK TO PRESENT:

ANNMA (O.S.)

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.

by Sophie von Rheden

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
(clears throat)
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 interferences.

MAX
(to his uncle)
May I present you to 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
(joking)
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. 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.

LORD RICHARD pats slight the magazine on his shoulder.

LORD RICHARD
Deal.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. AIRPORT BERLIN TEGEL - AFTERNOON

LORD RICHARD stays with FRED at the arrival door.

MAX checks the arrival monitor: PALMA DELAYED

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

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LORD RICHARD
(charming)
Oh, is it? ...

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 the camera focus 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.

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.

(Gentle Music) TITLE: CRAZY/CARLA BRUNI& WILLIE NELSON

by Sophie von Rheden

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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

(smiles)
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.

INT. TEGEL/DEPARTURE - CONTINUOUS

FRED

(clears throat)
... um ... my nephew, um... as I
mentioned ... has NO father.

LORD RICHARD

Oh, he he hasn't ... ?

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

(Inaudible chatters)

by Sophie von Rheden

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FRED
(curios)
I don't have own children. You?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BRITISH AIRWAYS/FIRST CLASS - EVENING

LORD RICHARD reads his horse magazine and ... pauses.

LORD RICHARD TO HIMSELF
(Concerned)
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.

INT. LORD RICHARD'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

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
(awestruck)
It looks if one part is missing.

by Sophie von Rheden

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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.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TOWNHOUSE/CHIMNEY-SALON - CONTINUOUS

We spot the most In Vogue high society.

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

INT. TOWNHOUSE/DINING - CONTINUOUS

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.

by Sophie von Rheden

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,
(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)

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

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

MAX
(joyous in German)
Thank you 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)
But you invited us already to a
fabulous lunch at Borchers and I
(MORE)

CHRIS (CONT'D)

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.
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?

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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
(happy)
MOM, 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:

by Sophie von Rheden

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

DR. JOHNSON finish his visit. BUTLER WINFRED sees him off and close the door.

LORD RICHARD stays outside 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

(surprised)

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

(shocked)

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.

INT. TOWNHOUSE/LORD ARTHUR'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

(music comes up) -WATCH OVER YOU-/ by ALTER BRIDGE

*#And who is gonna save you# #When I'm gone?#
#And who'll watch over you# #When I'm gone? #*

LORD RICHARD races up the stairs. His face goes ashen.
Like paralyzed 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 pattering, roiling clouds)

BLACK LIMOUSINES spilling over the colorful 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, NINA and CARLOS, are LORD and LADY
CAVENDISH with daughter LADY CHARLINE.

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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.

INT. WILDMOOR-CASTLE/MAIN-SALON - CONTINUOUS

(rain pattering on the big castle windows)

LORD RICHARD glares silently into the blazing fireplace.
BUTLER WINFRED offers BENNO a cigar.

(gentle piano music)

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

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

by Sophie von Rheden

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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
lose 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 and followed by TWO GENTLEMEN.

NINA TO BENNO
This horse-lady on the portrait
fits perfectly here, bro. What's
wrong with it, that Lord Arthur
sent it for our birthday? Look.
They are all horse-pros.

Butler Winfred feels like "Shit I got caught". He rushes with the gentlemen's coats over his arm off.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PALMA/STREET-LEVEL - LATE AFTERNOON

(exciting music coming 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.

#FLASH INTER-CUT MONTAGE of THESE GUYS who followed him:

INSERT: Airport Palma, Streets of Palma, birthday gala.

BACK TO NOW

INT. TAXI - NIGHT

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)
This is declined.

by Sophie von Rheden

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JI-HOO
(wondering)
Can you try it again?

He hands a second one over and opens a bit the window.

TAXIDRIVER
(clears throat)
Also declined

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

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

EXT. LONDON/CAB - NIGHT - SAME MOMENT

ANNMA is on the backseat.

ANNMA
(tired)
ABI. WHERE are you? I try all
these days to reach you ... did
you get my hundred messages?
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?

by Sophie von Rheden

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 hypnotized on the fotos.

NINA

CARLOS, drink less and eat more.
How can you be so skinny since our
birthday and say that Max look
like a deceased old man. Should I
be worried?

CARLOS

(excited)

I I mean when he was a young.

Carlos looks down at himself, frightened. NINA glares at
the photo and takes the chin of MAX.

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?

(MORE)

LORD RICHARD (CONT'D)

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 interferences

BUTLER WINFRED

(clears throat)

Gentlemen, please follow maid Mary.
Dinner is served.

Butler Winfred snaps polite from Max the Sketchbook.

ABI

Annma-Maria is my best friend.
Ask me about her. Well, Richard.
You met her on the birthday. You
were quite amazed.

Fred and Max exchange looks. Lord Richard seems confused.

UTTERLY SILENCE. THOUGHTFUL FACES.

NINA TO BENNO

(half whispering)

I don't know what is off, But this
secret code has to be cracked.

BENNO TO NINA

(whispers back)

I guess the key to all is our friend
Annma. This puzzle drives me nut.
But as you said. I am more worried
about somebody else?

Carlos comes closer to them and gossips too.

CARLOS

And why isn't she here, with her
life-savior, the hot pilot? I mean
she is Abi's best friend.

BENNO

(whispers to Carlos)

Princess, what is your secret?

INT. RESTROOM - CONTINUOUS

CARLOS open his black Jacket and the holes in his belt are
three times tighter than usual. BENNO followed him.

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BENNO (O.S.)
WHOA, you make me jealous. The
belt I brought you years ago from
Stockholm, which never fit on you.
It's not because you are fucking
24 hours with a new lover, or?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WILDMOOR-CASTLE/MAIN DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

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.

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.

INT. WILDMOOR-CASTLE/MAIN DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

ALL EYES are fixed curiously on the gull-wing-door.

BUTLER WINFRED opens it and the moonlight shines in.

(Indistinct whisper)

by Sophie von Rheden

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Judging ABI'S face she swallows just a fat toad.

NINA TO HERSELF
(cynical)
What is this? A beauty pageant?
(to Abi)
Didn't I warn you, darling?

LORD RICHARD takes hold of LADY CHARLINE'S arm.

BENNO
(displeased)
LARSSON, stop it.

NINA takes a little mirror out and checks herself.

NINA TO ABI
It was only a question of days.
YOUNG, FRESH with EXTRA NOBLE BLOOD.

FRED kisses her hand. LADY CHARLINE is charmed.

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
(joy)
... 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)
Max behaves like a young Lord.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOTEL-ROOM - DAWN

#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.

by Sophie von Rheden

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INT. BATH - CONTINUOUS

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.

CLOSE UP: The charging cable hangs loosely in the socket.

She gathers her stuff and talks to her SECRETARY.

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

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LONDON/AIRPORT/GATE - DAY

(Indistinct Airport noise)

ANNMA checks her phone. She swipes: --- 5 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.

#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.

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.

by Sophie von Rheden

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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
(half whispering)
Not necessary, thanks. I I am fine.

TIME-CUT

INT. UPPER FLOOR/HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

ABI hurries along the corridor and listen a conversation.

BUTLER WINFRED TO DR. JOHNSON
(clears throat)
What shall I tell Lord and Lady
Cavendish?

by Sophie von Rheden

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:

INT. AIRCRAFT/BUSINESS CLASS - DAY

In the plane UNCLE FRED stores his coat.

by Sophie von Rheden

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(indistinct passenger chatter)

MAX

Did you switch your phone off?

FRED

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

(exhales)

WHY it feels so familiar with him?

Max puts with a confused face the polo magazine down.

MAX

I can't follow. What do you mean?

FRED

Mhm, nothing. Just a feeling.

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. AIRPORT - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE #BARCELONA

CARLOS gets just down from the Airplane and pics a call.

CARLOS

(splutters)

I I am right on my way

Carlos grabs a taxi.

TIME-CUT

INT. PRIVATE-CLINIC - DAY

Tense music playing

CARLOS feels like "SHIT"

(elevator dings)

TIME-CUT

INT. LOBBY-MEDICAL-CENTER - CONTINUOUS

THE FEMALE ASSISTANT (mid 40) pushes a bottom of an Intercom
system. CARLOS wipes the sweat from his forehead.

ASSISTENT 1

Mr. Blanxart arrived.

by Sophie von Rheden

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INT. ONCOLOGIST - CONTINUOUS

ONCOLOGIST (55) capable, sits over some analysis.

CARLOS
(startled low voice)
--- something wrong with the last
blood values? Um ...

ONCOLOGIST
(no eye contact)
We double-checked everything.
However, they have deteriorated
drastically since the last time.

CARLOS wipes the sweat from his forehead.

ONCOLOGIST
(speaks clearly)
You can't avoid chemo anymore.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FINCA-CAN NADAL - MORNING #A FEW 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.

*#POLO PLAYER ZU KALKSTEIN paid his last respect to his
sponsor Lord Richard of Dudley from A.G.E..#*

ANNMA TO HERSELF
(breathless)
UH-HUH? HE ... he is his Sponsor?
(pause)
WAIT, then he must be Daddy cool.

ANNMA TO HERSELF
(shocked)
This makes all no sense. Don't
tell me that Fred was there too?
Was he? NO WAY...

#CU at the open magazine: CASTLE WILDMOOR. We discover MAX
with LORD RICHARD and ABI.

We pan to a Land-Rover coming along the palm-lined avenue.
Back to Annma, who jumps up and get herself together.

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

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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
(clears throat)
Shall we go to the horse stables?

Annma grabs the EARL by his wrist and drags him behind the huge tree.

MIGUEL TO HIMSELF
(disoriented)
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 (V.O.)
She didn't change at all.

ANNMA
(clears throat)
Um ... I just were wondering if
YOU are sponsoring my nephew?

LORD RICHARD
(lost)
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.

BEEP, PHONE DINGS.

MIGUEL
I I'll got to take this, sorry.

MIGUEL walks outside.

by Sophie von Rheden

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.

#INTER-CUT: SEPIA SEQUENCE

INT. BERLIN/CAR - NIGHT 1989

ANNMA (18, looks like a wet poodle). Her forearm presses firmly against RICHARD'S (20, DASHING SEXY) throat.

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

BACK TO WHERE 2019

EXT. FINCA MALLORCA-CAN NADAL - CONTINUOUS

LORD RICHARDS 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
(wondering)
What's going on?

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

ANNMA
(firm)
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)
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.

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.

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INT. HOTEL ST. REGIS-MARDAVALL-INDOOR POOL - CONTINUOUS

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)
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.

by Sophie von Rheden

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
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.

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

ELEVATOR STOPS

(Gentle Music comes up) PRETEND, Hugh Coltman

#You gonna be pretending just like me,
#The world is mine, it can be yours, my friend,
#So why you don't pretend?

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

INT. LOBBY/BAR - EVENING ONE HOUR LATER

(Same music continuous) PRETEND, Hugh Coltman

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:

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

(Keyboard noise)

ANNMA, LORD RICHARD'S ATTORNEY, SEÑOR FÚSTER and his LAWYER TONI FÚSTER are sitting on a oval table. Utter concentration.

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

LORD RICHARD glares from the open window at ANNMA, who sits concentrated over the options contract.

ANNMA
(resolutely)
Well, time to sign.

LORD RICHARD signs the option-contract, his ATTORNEY deposit the check. ANNMA congratulates. ALL shake hands.

PHONE BEEPS: LORD RICHARD get's a strange hint.

LORD RICHARD TO HIMSELF
(gloat)
What I expected.

LORD RICHARD
(apologizing)
Sorry, something urgently came up.
I've got to go. My attorney will
take care of the rest.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PALMA-STREET-LEVEL - NIGHT

LORD RICHARD just wants get into a TAXI, when ANNMA grabs it from him and heads urgently off.

LORD RICHARD
(taken by surprise)
Hey, is this how you treat your
customers?
(chuckles)
She'll never changed. I am lost
more than ever in her heart.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TAXI - CONTINUOUS

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.

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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
(in American)
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)
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?

We drift on the Lady who stares across the table on her
suitor, when she stands up with a scoff.

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

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

ALL seem completely disorientated. Only Abi, who can't spread her shit over him quick enough.

by Sophie von Rheden

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 neighbor, 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?

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CARLOS
(clears throat)
Taxi!

INT. TAXI - CONTINUOUS

NINA
How can you loose weight eating
nonstop this kind of junk-foot?

CARLOS
(concerned)
You mean I lost weight?

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

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOTEL BENDINAT/RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

TIME-CUT

NINA TO CARLOS
(whispers awestruck)
Bodyguards?

CARLOS, BENNO and NINA 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.

We pan back to the entrance.

CARLOS
(his mouth agape)
HUH? BO-GUM ? ...

... And 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.

WE show Nina, with Carlos and Benno still at the entrance.

NINA
(chuckles half
whispering)
It looks like a big dig competition.

by Sophie von Rheden

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.
(bites his lip.
DEEP BREATH. 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.

SILENCE. THE BODY-GARDS glare to their feeds.

ABI
(all anxious)
C'mon. WHAT do you mean?

LORD RICHARD
(shaken)
BO-GUM is Mrs. Wilsons' son.

There circles a astonished murmur.

ANNMA AND ABI
(simultaneously)
SON?

WE pan to Carlos, Benno and Nina.

NINA
SON?

BENNO
SON?

CARLOS TO NINA
(sweats)
Abi must be out of her mind.

A big CLANG.

ALL at the table turn back to Carlos, Nina and Benno.

BO-GUM
WHEN did you arrive?

CARLOS
(happy)
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

NINA
(chuckles loud)
This is all insane. Abi, how
embarrassing is this, really.

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.

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BENNO
Chairman Park?

CARLOS TO NINA
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
(soft voice)
We saw at the airport of New York
what happened on your way back.

ABI SNAP TO FLASHBACK 1986:

EXT./INT. NY/CNN BROADCAST-STUDIO - NIGHT

In the back of the ANCHORMEN a live-video.

(siren wailing in distance fading)
Flashing sirens-lights. Rain. Windy.

ANCHORMAN I (Prelap)
Chairman Aron Goldstein is dead.
Caused by a helicopter crash.

WE ZOOM INTO THE LIVE-VIDEO: POLICE. AMBULANCES. FIRE
BRIGADE. PARAMEDICS RUSHING AROUND.

ANCHORMAN I (V.O.)
Lately, the wealthy businessman
was financially drowned because of
stock market speculation.

INTER-CUT: Life Video: DOCTORS are reanimating a GIRL (14)

ANCHORMAN II
Coming back from the Hamptons, the
victims included his wife Elain
Goldstein and his two pilots. ---

by Sophie von Rheden

ANCHORWOMAN

We have just received the joyful news that the resuscitation attempt of their daughter ABIGAIL ELAIN has been miraculously successful.

BACK TO NOW 2019

INT. HOTEL BENDINAT/RESTAURANT - NIGHT

RICHARD TO ABI

That's why you never get on a bird. Sorry, I had no idea.

BENNO

Sorry to hear that.

SHIRLEY nods and smiles warmly at ABI.

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 eyes exhales sharply. Carlos sweats and sighs touched.

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.

NINA TO HERSELF

(in awe)

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)

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Annma has an irritated eye-exchange with SWEET RICE. NINA glares at Abi and shakes her head.

The Butler offers Annma salmon tartar.

(music beats up) BONNIE TYLER/TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE HEART

BO-GUM jumps about the dish and part it 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 a Lord Richard with a deep longing gaze.

ANNMA

(wondering)

Me? WHY?

ABI

(interferes)

Are you honestly still missing
this idiot you lost thirty years
ago? Marry him, Sweet Rice.

Lord Richard wipes thought sunken his mole as 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 Currywurst.

(half whispers to

Annma)

You can't marry him. Don't do it.

Annma glares in irritation at Lord Richard. We linger on their eye-exchange. 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.

by Sophie von Rheden

Carlos seems to check the situation and interferes.

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.

Be-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)
How long you thought you'll hide
in Europe?

Out of the shadows appears a respectable Asian (70s) light summer-suit, gentleman, who walks on a crutch.

BO-GUM
(in shock)
DAD?

We hold onto the 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.

Nina and Benno are totally in shock. Haruto avoid eye contact with them. It is clear that he has betrayed Bo-gum. He just wants to grab him, when Annma steps in front of them.

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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
(modestly)
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.

BO-GUM TRIGGER TO A FLASHBACK:

EXT. SEOUL SKYLINE/SOUTH KOREA - DAY 1995

Buzzing Financial- and Business District.

EXT. MUSIC&TV-PRODUCTION/TOWER - CONTINUOUS

CHAIRMAN PARK (47) MRS. WILSON (41) executive style, black limousines. BODYGUARDS opens the back-doors and bow.

THREE MORE BLACK CARS follow. DRIVER opens the back door. Polished shoes gets out of the limousine. PARK BO-GUM (19) (short styled hair, dashing suite, white shirt, tie) follows his father, escorted by four guards.

SECURITY-GUARDS, CHAUFFEURS, PERSONAL-SECRETARY bow at them.

INT. BUILDING/HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

ALL EMPLOYEES bow when THE FAMILY enter.

INT. CONFERENCE-ROOM - CONTINUOUS

SHAREHOLDERS stand up. The room break in standing ovation for CHAIRMAN PARK and applaud to welcome the future HEIR.

BACK TO 2019:

INT. HOTEL BENDINAT/RESTAURANT - NIGHT

CHAIRMAN PARK
Who is the woman you love?

BO-GUM jumps up and takes ANNMA'S HAND, when LORD RICHARD grabs her hand and pulls her over.

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.
(MORE)

by Sophie von Rheden

CHAIRMAN PARK (CONT'D)

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.

NINA

(to Haruto)

What a fraudster. I hope the
finder's fee was worth it, to
deliver my friend out.

(to BO-GUM)

Nobody of our respectable friends
can give you the future heir, right?

(to the Chairman)

Is it possible in your culture to
adopt one? I guess yes, but you
think, why should I? Well, I am
totally with you. Look at him. I
think he has the male power to
fill a classroom by his own. What
if we find him a surrogate mother?

Bo-gum falls startled with closed eyes on his knees, if he
could feel already the crutch on his back.

BO-GUM

(submissive)

Forgive me, father. I I will go
with you and marry a Korean heiress
of your choice.

Nina shakes her head and shoots a despising look at Haruto.

THE CHAIRMAN gesture the guards back.

CHAIRMAN PARK

Mrs. and Mr. Larsson, I am sorry.
I sent you my personal chef and
guard. I had to protect my son of
which he was totally unaware.

SHIRLEY

(to Haruto)

HUH, you are quite something. 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.

ANNMA

Why you laugh?

When he looks a moment away she drizzles him with her scent
and hastily hides the flacon. Her gaze brightens.

LORD RICHARD

(keen grin)

Well ... Time to reshuffle our
cards, don't you think?

DISSOLVE TO:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

LORD RICHARD stands showered in front of a mirror.
He reads the note he found and 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

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BERLIN/STREET - DAY

#SOME DAYS LATER

MAX

Let's grab a bite at my sponsor's
fave.

ANNMA

Borchers? Käfer? Paris Bar?

MAX

(chuckles)

HUH ... more exclusive.

Mother and son (formal dressed up) stroll and stroll through
Berlin Mitte until they reach Ku'damm.

ANNMA

You should have brought your horse
if you make me run so far in new
high heels.

MAX

(keen)

Like my great great grandaunt? Do
you have any news about the
portrait? However, let me invite
you to a goldbroiler, where you
can tell me all quietly.

ANNMA

(melancholic)

Did you just say GOLDBROILER?

SNAP INTO FLASHBACK:

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EXT. WEST-BERLIN/STREET-LEVEL - NIGHT

(jukeboxes) BONNIE TYLER/TOTALY ECLIPSE OF THE HEART

Superimpose: #1989 SNACK BAR: CURRY-SAUSAGE & CRISPY CHICKEN

ANNMA(18) stomps freezing from one leg on the other, when RICHARD(28) takes his lambswool scarf off and puts it around her neck, glaring deeply into her eyes.

RICHARD

Better?

Annma pulls him apart, when he gets a bunch of pound sterling out of his wallet.

ANNMA (V.O.)

How could I've ever imagined that this cocky idiot would like such a place, where I took him on purpose to get rid of him?

PUB LANDLORD

(Turkish accent)

Next one

ANNMA

(in German)

One chicken-sandwich, coffee and a little brandy to go.

RICHARD

For me double portion fries and a Goldbroiler.

ANNMA TO RICHARD

Goldbroiler? What's that?

BACK TO 2019:

EXT. BERLIN/STREET - CONTINUOUS

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.

by Sophie von Rheden

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. Stupid blister
because of the new Jimmy Choo.

TIME-CUT

EXT. BERLIN PUBLIC-CEMETERY - AFTERNOON

FRED, MAX, ANNMA, CHRIS stand with folded hands.

Discover the STONE CROSS. SUPERIMPOSE:

#Countess Theda zu Kalkstein, born Countess zu Saalfeld.
#Date of birth: 22.05.1929 - #Date of death: 02. 10. 1985#

#Count Friedrich Daniel zu Kalkstein Date of birth:
04.09.1926 - #Date of death: 15.02.1983#

ANNMA
(in GERMAN)
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
neighbor. 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-colored flower
arrangement at the graves.

MAX
(chuckles)
You did all this effort for me and
then I'd never followed you to
Palma, because of my egoism. I am
so sorry mom and you begged me so
often.

Max hugs his mom from the back.

ANNMA (O.S.)
I should have come back. I also
was an egoist. Although I payed
monthly for your child support
(turns to Fred and
Chris)
I can never pay back what you did
for us.

FRED

(thoughtful)

You both worked so hard, that you passed the point of no return. But hey, not all families are as close as we are, despite the distance.

CHRIS TO FRED

We were also a kind of selfish. Since we wanted to have a child and couldn't. Max was for us the most welcome gift. However, we know very well where his place is and to whom his heart belongs.

THE FOUR hug warmly.

EXT. PARKING PUBLIC-CEMETERY - SOME MOMENTS LATER

ANNMA

(resignedly)

Honestly? I don't have any hopes to find out about the portrait and the Sketchbook. I follow since ages the art-collections and catalogues without a trace.

FRED uses the remote control of his car: Ding.

TIME-CUT

INT. 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?

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 of a BMW.

ANNMA

I gave up martial art when I was pregnant with you. There was nothing better for me than to study art.

DISSOLVE TO:

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INT. NINA'S LONDON HOME - NIGHT #A WEEK LATER

NINA (new silver-haired-look) prepares dry martinis. Dinner is set romantically up for three.

(Up-beating soul) River Deep, Mountain High

Her Pekinese, ROMEO (blue-), JULIET (pink ribbon), look pityingly at LORD RICHARD, who remains silent and moves through the sea of candles into the next living room.

NINA

(to Lord Richard)

Well, darling. Dinner couldn't be held at ANNABEL'S because of the game-changer Abi. So we thought that my home is the ideal place for a special reason.

LORD RICHARD kicks irritated a little pitted ball across the floor. JULIET scatter and disapprove with a huff.

LORD RICHARD

(wondering)

Chin Chin. You're making me nervous. Did you arrange a date for me like you tirelessly did in Oxford?

NINA

(chuckles)

Since you have always been our horse whisperer we have arranged a date with an elegant horse lady.

Lord Richard leashes with a deaf ear for Lolita the dogs.

LORD RICHARD TO LOLITA

(unquiet)

I'll better take them out.

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 and Benno stare silently into the final glow.

LORD RICHARD

(silent voice)

Bulletproof love survives.

BENNO

Then you shouldn't hesitate to confess to her.

by Sophie von Rheden

LORD RICHARD
Wait ... how do you know?

NINA trots in her evening caftan barefoot over to them.

NINA
What are these secrets about?

BENNO
(whispers in SWEDISH)
LARSSON, our friend is hungry.

NINA
(keen)
He must be desperately hungry.
(close to Lord
Richard)
How do you prefer it? Hot sex as
an appetizer or for the dessert?

He violently splashes his drink all over. Benno brings his hands to his face in a gesture of embarrassment.

BENNO
(to Lord Richard)
You should be afraid. She never
changed.

Lord Richard behaves like a shy high-school-boy

TIME-CUT:

THE three finish the dessert.

Benno leaves. Lord Richard follows him to Nina's atelier.

LORD RICHARD
(curious)
... may I?

BENNO
HUH, give me a second.

NINA
(calling)
Coffee and drinks are waiting.

Lord Richard's seems not to wish to stay alone with the horny slut. Nina looks back over her shoulder and giggles.

LOLITA
We are back.

Lord Richard smiles relieved at Lolita.

NINA

(soft voice)

It's nothing what I painted.
However, your dad made to us this
too generous birthday-gift.

BENNO

We know now about your backstory,
which you told us the other day
and we recovered the work before
it ended in an auction.

The portrait leans on LOLITA'S flowered Uniform. Startled
he jumps up and gets triggered.

FLASHBACK:

INT. EAST-GERMANY/RICHI'S-ROOM - DAY 1979

A PORTRAIT leans on the flowered paper-wall.

RICHI (10) corduroy trousers, lumberjack shirt, squats in
front of the young countess who shines from the painting.

His MOTHER SABINE (41) steps in and smiles.

MOTHER SABINE

(tender)

I wish her family was back, so we
could give them, what they entrusted
to grandma.

His Mom sits beside RICHI on the floor. The Sketchbook
propped open on his lap and both flip through the drawings.

RICHI

I want to marry once a girl with
her green almond eyes, mom.

BACK TO 2019:

INT. NINA'S LONDON HOME - NIGHT

LORD RICHARD

(shocked)

I 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 I can't express my
gratitude that you offer me to
take it back.

NINA

Are you sure? We are 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.

NINA
The great Earl Arthur 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
WHO?

LORD RICHARD
Winfred! Did he loose it?

NINA
Loose what?

LORD RICHARD
The letter!

Lolita looks up through lowered lashes and hands it to him.

NINA
Lolita saved it for you ...

LORD RICHARD TO LOLITA
Like you saved the German Lady?

Lolita blushes and smiles humble.

NINA
Might it be a love confession?

The door chimes.

NINA
Lolita, hurry.

BENNO TO NINA
Do we expect somebody else?

NINA
Mmmm ... Who knows?

LOLITA
SEÑOR BLANXART, Madame.

BENNO
(whispers to Nina)
I love you sister.

ALL glare concerned at CARLOS (haggard), who lost wight, when the door bell chimes again.

LOLITA
Mrs. zu Kalkstein, Madame.

Lord Richard is frozen. Lolita watches both anxiously. Nina eye-blinks with Benno, who shakes smiling his head.

BENNO TO NINA
(grins whispering)
Matchmaker

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 over her face with a distance.

LORD RICHARD
(in German)
Great grandaunt Sophie-Luise?
Countess zu Saalfeld and Sachsen
Anhalt? You know her?

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.

by Sophie von Rheden

ANNMA (V.O.)
What is going on? Why does HE
have my grandparents good?

Carlos motionlessly reaches for Benno's hand. Benno glares wondering at his thinner hand and than worried at him.

Annma stares confused at Lord Richard, when her phone chimes.

ANNMA
(like in trance)
Ex ... excuse me ...
(raises her voice)
WHAT? What happened?

ANNMA'S face darkens.

ANNMA
(flustered)
I I'll have to go. ... so so sorry.
OMG, what I am supposed to do?

BENNO
I called my driver.

Annma spreads a kiss and storms off.

LORD RICHARD
(preaches)
I hope it's nothing serious, when
she has to rush back to Palma.

Phone rings. Lord Richard picks it up.

LORD RICHARD
(happily surprised)
Fred, are you in London? The
polo-club called you? Why? Uhm
... wait?
(he checks the
call-list)
Did something happen to Max?
(shocked to all)
They need me urgently in Berlin.
(to Winfred)
Bring the portrait and drop me at
the Airport. I call you guys.

The three freeze in wonder.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BERLIN-HOSPITAL - NIGHT

ANNMA hurries with nervous steps through the aisles.

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INT. HOSPITAL-ROOM - NIGHT

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

INT. BERLIN-HOSPITAL - 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)
Oh, good morning. Uhm, may I
introduce you to my wife. Chris,
this is Max's sponsor Lord Richard.

LORD RICHARD
(whispers back)
How is he? Hello Madame.

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 I am fine. I
just had one to go. Um, 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.

#Five minutes later

ANNMA bounces in with three coffee to go and some croissants.

ANNMA
(curios)
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.

by Sophie von Rheden

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Fred sits on Max bed-edge.

FRED
(wistful to the
sleeping Max)
We'll miss you badly, but from now
on you belong to your parents.

THE DOCTOR comes in with Lord Richard.

DOCTOR 2
(in German)
Good morning. Well, I just talked
to his sponsor about his grade of
a work-related accident, that his
protégé has nothing to fear. Nobody
of you. He had a concussion and
he'll be fine.

FRED
(brashly)
You talked first to his father you
mean, like it should be.

DOCTOR 2
(irritated)
Uhm, I 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
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.

by Sophie von Rheden

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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 shell I do? What shell I do?

FRED
Sister? Are you okay?

INT. BATH - CONTINUOUS

ANNMA opens a crack the door and eavesdrops.

DOCTOR 2 (V.O.)
(to the Nurse)
We can take the oxygen mask off.
(to the family)
I'll be off then. See you tomorrow.

INT. HOSPITAL-ROOM - MORNING

FRED
Thank you doctor.
(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.

INT. BATH - CONTINUOUS

ANNMA literally explodes. She sprays her scent as if electrified and causes him to succumb to it until he hangs his head in a faint and sobs loudly.

INT. HOSPITAL-ROOM - CONTINUOUS

LORD RICHARD TO HIMSELF
What's going on? I feel so deeply in love and your uncle must have a deep wish to make me your father.

by Sophie von Rheden

ANNMA (O.S.)
(clears throat)
If you swoop over him you are
mincemeat.

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
(weak voice)
Why do you come out from there?

ANNMA
What do you think? It's a bath.

LORD RICHARD
(surprised)
I mean, why would you be in the
bath of my polo-player?

ANNMA
(harsh)
And why would you be with my son
and play Daddy cool?

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 hypnotized, 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 come.

ANNMA
(clears throat)
Daddy Cool shouldn't have come?

Max blushes slightly and smiles shy.

by Sophie von Rheden

MAX

(mad)

MOM!

(to Lord Richard)

Sorry, sometimes she can be funny.

LORD RICHARD

(keen grin)

... I 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 like you will be. However, I don't know if I am that cool, but yes, I am your dad.

Max shoots them a look in disbelieve.

MAX

(irritated to him)

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 FATHER 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:

He plops backwards into the pillow, his hands go to his face and then he kicks away his duvet like a freaking child.

MAX

(impressed)

I lost my high bet with Uncle Fred. He's so convinced. But I told him it would be impossible. Mom said my father was from East Germany.

ANNMA

I 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,

(MORE)

MAX (CONT'D)

(pauses)

is you? I I am completely lost.

Lord Richard grins keen at her. Annma gulps for air.

ANNMA

(mad)

That's absolutely exaggerated.
Maybe when I was pregnant or or
when you where just born ...

LORD RICHARD

(in German)

HUH, is that so?

Annma grabs to the coffee which is empty.

ANNMA

(startled)

Will my friends ever forgive me?

LORD RICHARD

(verge of tears)

Darling, I counted every single
second that this moment would come.
Why should we care now for others?

Max, half out of the bed, carries the tube of infusion.

MAX

(keen)

When you didn't even care to use a
condom, mhm.

Annma and Lord Richard exchange an embarrassed keen grin.

FLASHBACK:

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

(excited moaning)

I can't pull it out. Come down
quick.

ANNMA

(speedy moaning)

... not yet. I am quite close.

RICHARD

I I lost the condom somehow.

Annma throws herself aside and covers giggling her face.

by Sophie von Rheden

ANNMA AND RICHARD
(simultaneous)
REUNIFICATION KID?

BACK TO PRESENT 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.

Shocked eye exchange between ANNMA and LORD RICHARD.

LORD RICHARD
(regretfully softly)
HUH... my mom took away my years
with my father out of pure
selfishness. I lost all these years
with you because of ...

SNAP INTO FLASHBACK 1989:

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

RICHARD red teary eyes, white T-shirt, jeans, lies on the
floor in front of the portrait leaning against a moving box
marked with London. Dozens of empty beer cans lie around.

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)
What I know for sure is.
(pause)
She is totally cute, wild, hot,
adorable as brutal.

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

RICHARD
(sniffles startled)
What when she really becomes
pregnant? Will my child raise up
without his dad like me? No, no
... I have to find her before.

He turns to the portrait, takes the Sketchbook and falls in silent. He surfs through it and stops on a poem.

HANS WINTERGRÜN (V.O.)
*Our love and your life is like the
cherry blossom. It shines in all
its glory for quite a while. How
can something so beautiful blossom
and then die in short order?*

RICHARD
Hans must have been consumed by
pain when he lost you forever.

RICHARD TO HIMSELF
Obviously he has something erased.
(to the portrait)
Let's find Mr. Arthur. Why do you
think he left mom and me? Promise
me you'll lead me to Annma.

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

RICHARD TO HIMSELF
(sniffles)
Mom ... Grandma. Merry Christmas.
Mr. Arthur, Merry Christmas.
Merry Christmas, MY LOVE.

BACK TO NOW 2019

INT. HOSPITAL-ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

MAX
So she lead you to us?

LORD RICHARD
(chuckles)
I wish father would have known,
that you are his grandson.

MAX
At least we had the chance to meet.

ANNMA, teary eyes, cleans her nose. Lost in thoughts she strokes her lower lip with her little finger.

ANNMA
(sniffles)
Sorry, that I I rushed away with
my car, where I should have been
waiting for you. So so sorry.

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.

(Music beats up) I'am coming out. Diana Ross.

MULTI-CULTI FRIENDS dance in free-style. Late summer fun.

ANNMA, colored 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.

NINA, blue haired, silver swim-suite, grabs Juliet.

BENNO
LARSSON, I just wanted to bribe my
niece with a ice-cube.

Benno flirts with Carlos. ROMEO mounts JULIET horny. Lord
Richard kisses Annma over all her face 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
(romantic voice)
I love the sun-set

LORD RICHARD
(grins)
Then why you are glaring at me?

Annma submerges him.

Benno, Carlos and Nina watch from the rail how Lord Richard waits anxiously for Annma's re-appearance.

NINA (O.S.)
She doesn't seem to miss Bo-Gum.

We hold on Annma and Lord Richard, two joyful dolphins.

CARLOS (O.S.)
Any notice from Seoul?

BENNO (O.S.)
Annma misses, if, the old Ji-hoo,
her Sweet-rice.

Annma appears behind Lord Richard and hugs him from behind. He turns around and kisses her intensive long.

CARLOS (O.S.)
Like we all do.

BENNO (O.S.)
You better don't, PRINCESS.

Doggies barking to their feeds.

CARLOS (O.S.)
Do you see Juliet? He is jealous!

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NINA
(analyzing)
I wonder if Abi ever loved Richard
as she always pretended?

(Helicopter noise comes nearer)

The helicopter loops over them and Lady Charline pilots it.

(Megaphone)

MAX
Mom, Dad, did you ask my permission
to ride my jet ski? Every half
hour I'll charge you a hug. Ah,
and I hope you better get prepared
to be soon grandparents.

Lord Richard and Annma speed against the sunset. Benno hugs
Carlos from behind. Nina cuddles Romeo. Lolita Juliet.

INT. HELICOPTER - SUNSET

We spot a happy FRED and CHRIS on their backseats.
Max (co-pilot) shoots a bride smile down.

FADE OUT:

EXT. BARCELONA/BLANXART MAUSOLEUM - DAY #END OF SEPTEMBER

FINAL CREDITS: (Gentle music) Everybody Hurts by R.E.M.

NINA and LOLITA flank the heartbroken BENNO on CARLOS'
FAREWELL who wears a wedding ring and a red rose.

Followed by LORD RICHARD. LORD MAXIMILIAN and LADY CHARLINE
(pregnant). ANNMA'S arm is hooked to BO-GUMS', short hair,
(TWO BODYGUARDS). ABI comes to appear next to Lord Richard.

ALL FRIENDS hold a white rose.

INT. HOTEL ADLON ROOM - MORNING

(Several alarm clocks ring)

SUPERIMPOSE: BERLIN, MAY 2020

Hurried repeated knocking on the door.

MAX
(behind the door)
Mom, Mommy. Are you awake?

ANNMA looks like a zombie who had a terrible daydream. She
hits her head and tries to get something out of it. Then
she wobbles to the door as if in a trance and opens Max.

by Sophie von Rheden

MAX
(inpatient)
Mom, what the hell are you doing?
How can you oversleep at your
wedding? Uncle Fred is showing
your friends around. Come on,
your hairdresser is here.

ANNMA
(half whispering)
Which one of my Friends?

MAX
Dad, there you are. Look mom, dad
is already dressed up.

LORD RICHARD bursts out laughing and is head over heels in
love. Max glares at him and covers his face in disbelief.

LORD RICHARD
(chuckles)
You look just like you did the day
we met ... watch, Max. Here your
mom fell into my arms and looked
as stupidly beautiful as she does
right now.

ANNMA regains consciousness and kicks him to the floor,
when Max close smirking his eyes.

TIME-CUT:

INT. CHURCH/ALTAR - DAY

(Wedding march) Dress-code: CUT, Cocktail, hat or fascinator

FRED walks ANNMA, radiant pretty, down the aisle where LORD
RICHARD stands with his groomsmen MAX and BENNO.

ABI and BO-GUM are on Annma's side. She gets their consent
and turns to the priest with Lord Richard.

In the pews we discover NINA (blue dyed, fascinator) LOLITA
(hat). CARLOS (sobs) MRS. WILSON (hat) and CHAIRMAN Park.
FRED, CHRIS and CHARLINE. Two NANNYS take care of little
SWEET RICE and little CURRYWURST.

LADY ANNMA (V.O.)
Don't you dare disappear again.

LORD RICHARD (V.O.)
(seductively)
It all depends on Milady's
punishment.

FADE TO BLACK: