

Release Technique

by
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INT. APARTMENT - EARLY SPRING - EVENING

Extreme close-ups of a beautiful female body receiving a massage from sensitive, powerful male hands. Candlelight flickers as soft, relaxing music plays.

Oil is poured on hands and placed on the body. The hands start on the back, with long slow strokes. LISA, 35, speaks in hushed, velvety tones.

LISA
Slower. Slower. Good.

INT. APARTMENT - MINUTES LATER

The man is now on the other side of the massage table.

LISA
There. Right there. More. More.

He uses his elbow and she breathes out a deep sigh.

INT. APARTMENT - MINUTES LATER

The man puts more oil on his hands and then massages down the length of her arms - out to her fine hands. We can see the enticing side of her bare chest. She has a dancer's body and silken skin.

LISA
Too deep.
(he adjusts)
Good.

INT. APARTMENT - MINUTES LATER

He finishes the other arm, which he places at her side.

INT. APARTMENT - MINUTES LATER

He lifts the towel and begins work on the right leg.

LISA
Tickles. Too light.

He adjusts. She relaxes into it with a sigh.

INT. APARTMENT - MINUTES LATER

He works on the left leg all the way up to between her legs. Her sleepy eyes open, suddenly very alert.

LISA

(terse)

Brad. What're you doing?

BRAD, 33, cute and tall, stops what he's doing.

BRAD

I thought you'd like a little-

LISA

Stop it.

We pull back to see the rest of the room. It's an extremely cluttered, tiny, New York studio apartment. The massage table is jammed in right next to the bed.

BRAD

Come on, don't you want to-

LISA

You always try and turn everything into sex. I asked for a massage. Just give me a massage.

BRAD

I'm sorry, I thought-

LISA

You never listen to me. Can't you just do what I ask for once?

BRAD

It's not like I was putting leaches all over you.

LISA

And then you exaggerate. You don't listen. You do something I don't want and then it's my fault.

BRAD

I can't believe you're turning this into an argument.

LISA

I'm turning this-

The door buzzer buzzes. Lisa glares at him.

BRAD

I ordered some Chinese food just before you got here so we'd have something to eat when we're done.

Brad buzzes up the delivery guy.

LISA
You knew it would interrupt the
massage.

BRAD
I didn't want to stop in the
middle of the massage to call.

There's a knock at the door. Brad goes to answer it.

LISA
I'm not dressed.

BRAD
He's not coming in.

LISA
He can see right in.

Brad opens the door to reveal, the Chinese DELIVERY GUY.

DELIVERY GUY
(thick accent)
Hello. Twenty-five, thirty-nine.

BRAD
Just a sec, let me grab my wallet.

He goes to his jacket and starts digging around for it. The Delivery Guy looks in the room and sees Lisa, sitting on the massage table attempting to cover herself with the towel in the glow of the candles. He smiles at her.

DELIVERY GUY
Hello.

LISA
Hi.

Brad turns on a bright halogen light. Lisa cringes.

BRAD
Sorry. Oh, here it is.

He takes a look inside his wallet.

BRAD (CONT'D)
Shit.

LISA
Brad. This happens every-
Gives her a 'not in front of the guy' look.

BRAD

Where's your wallet?

Lisa gets up, grabs her clothes and bag and walks past Brad and the Delivery Guy to the bathroom.

BRAD

Lisa. Lisa, I didn't have time.

LISA

You have lots of time. I just don't know what you do with it.

She slams the bathroom door. The Delivery Guy watches.

BRAD

I'm constantly looking for work.

LISA (O.S.)

(yells through door)
Looking. Not working.

BRAD

That's not true. What about "Fox and Sox"?

DELIVERY GUY

The Dr. Seuss book?

Brad gives an, 'Are you part of this conversation' look.

BRAD

It made a great post-modern opera.

She pokes her head out of the bathroom.

LISA

It was crap.

She shuts the door again and returns to yelling.

LISA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

You have a beautiful voice. Why don't you perform in something people want to see?

BRAD

I perform in what excites me and what excites me are things truly new and that means avant garde.

DELIVERY GUY

Like Philip Glass?

Lisa sticks her head out of the door.

LISA
Don't bring up Glass.

BRAD
Minimalist punk.

DELIVERY GUY
Philip Glass?

BRAD
Yeah, fucking Philip Glass.

PHILIP GLASS (O.S.)
Thank you!

INT. AUDITION ROOM - FLASHBACK

PHILIP GLASS, 67, sits at an audition table. Brad is being pulled out of the room by a LARGE SECURITY GUARD.

BRAD
Wait, let me finish! I'm very versatile. I sing 'post-minimalist' too!!!

Mr. Glass puts his head down in his hands, embarrassed.

INT. BRAD'S APARTMENT - RESUMING TO PRESENT

LISA
He'll regret not casting you, but you have to get out there again. Use your talent to make some cash.

BRAD
I am not doing a cruise.

Lisa ducks back in the bathroom to finish changing.

LISA (O.S.)
It's 'The Spirit of New York'. And it's just a few hours at a time. Cindy did it and made two hundred a night with tips.

BRAD
Serve drinks and sing show tunes?

DELIVERY GUY
I love show tunes.

BRAD
I'd rather slit my wrists.

Lisa comes out dressed.

LISA
Don't you enjoy making people
happy with your singing?

DELIVERY GUY
I do. Wanna hear a tune?

BRAD & LISA
No!

DELIVERY GUY
Then how about paying me now?

LISA
Yeah, Brad, how about paying him?

BRAD
Lisa!

LISA
Brad, I'm a modern dancer, but I'm
realistic. I can't make a living
at it, so I have another job to
pay my bills. But I'm not going
to pay your bills anymore.
(sighs, frustrated)
I love you, but if you can't get a
job, this isn't going to work.

The Delivery Guy stares on, just feet away.

BRAD
OK. I, I just need a little time.

LISA
You've already taken two years of
my life. I'll give you one more
month. Do some real work. Make
some money. It's not that hard.

She leaves, pushing by The Delivery Guy. Brad, just
stares after her. Suddenly, The Delivery Guy begins
singing in an operatic voice.

THE DELIVERY GUY
I GET NO KICK FROM CHAMPAGNE.
MERE ALCOHOL DOESN'T THRILL ME AT ALL

Brad slams the door in his smiling face.

THE DELIVERY GUY (O.S.)

You pay me now?

INT. BRAD'S APARTMENT - AN HOUR LATER

Brad opens the door to see NATE looking at him with a wry smile. Nate is 27, gay, a bit wise, a bit of a queen and reluctant to admit he likes Brad as much as he does.

NATE

Papa's here and he's gonna make everything better.

EXT. BRAD'S APARTMENT - MINUTES LATER

Brad and Nate sit on the window sill with their feet on the fire escape. Brad's well into smoking a joint.

NATE

I hate to ask, but what have you been doing for money lately?

Brad coughs up a storm and hands the joint back to Nate.

BRAD

Borrowing shamelessly from my parents.

NATE

Seriously?

Nate takes a drag and flicks the joint away.

BRAD

No. It's been with great shame.
(beat)

I turn thirty-five next month and I have nothing to show for my time on this earth. I just want to do something I'm great at. I don't even care if it's opera anymore.

NATE

But you're so committed to it.

BRAD

I don't even remember why. If I could do something I'm great at and make a living, I don't care what it is, I'd do it.

NATE

What does Lisa do for cash?

BRAD

Massage therapy.

NATE

You could do that.

BRAD

I'd have to go back to school to get certified. It'll cost thousands and take a year to-

NATE

You don't need to get certified.

BRAD

I'm not talking about that kind of massage.

NATE

I wasn't either. Listen, no one ever asks to see your certificate. Just show up looking confident and give a good massage. Women enjoy being touched by a man who's got sensitive hands. You play the piano, right?

(Beat)

Or maybe you'd prefer to go back to that piano bar.

INT. PIANO BAR - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Brad, looking miserable, plays the piano in a crowded, smoky room, playing "I Get a Kick Out of You" as a drunk old queen hangs on him and sings along.

INT. BRAD'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Brad shudders at the memory.

BRAD

I don't even have a table.

NATE

What's that?

Nate points to the massage table Lisa left there.

BRAD

That's Lisa's-

NATE

No, no, no. That, is a sign from God! Here's the plan: Focus on mature Upper East Side ladies. Flirt shamelessly and maybe you could even give them a little happy ending. Think of the tips. Then you can bring me the finest weed from Humboldt County.

They both start laughing and suddenly stop.

BRAD

No. It's wrong in diverse ways.

They burst out laughing again.

INT. JODI'S KIDDIE CARE - MORNING

Brad, looking toasted from last night, puts up a flyer.

INT. EQUINOX GYM - MINUTES LATER

Brad puts up another flyer in a high class gym.

INT. DEAN & DELUCA - MINUTES LATER

Brad tacks up another flyer to a corkboard in a fancy grocery. SANDY, an attractive woman, 41, carrying a shopping basket, takes him by surprise.

SANDY

Where did you study massage?

BRAD

Uh, California.

SANDY

I used to live in Mill Valley.

BRAD

I was up in Northern California.

SANDY

Mill Valley is Northern California

BRAD

Of course. I meant...really Northern. Humboldt County!

SANDY

Humboldt County?

BRAD

Folks know how to relax up there.

SANDY

So I've heard.

She gives him lingering smile in a flirtatious pause.

SANDY (CONT'D)

So, can you do me this afternoon?

INT. SANDY'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

Sandy's Upper East Side flat is decked out in old money. THE DOORBELL RINGS. Sandy is dressed in a sexy satin robe. She opens the door to see Brad, nervous as hell.

SANDY

Hello again. Come on in.

BRAD

Thanks.

He walks in with the big massage table slung off his shoulder. A cat comes up to nuzzle against his leg.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Hey, what a cute little guy.
What's your name?

As he leans over to pet the cat, the massage table swings around and slams into Sandy, nearly knocking her over.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Oh, God. I'm so sorry.

SANDY

That's OK.
(she recovers)
Right this way.

They walk into the apartment. The cat scurries by again.

BRAD

This is a fantastic place.

Brad turns around, looks up, checks out the ceilings. As he turns, he bumps a side table and knocks over a very expensive vase which falls to the floor and shatters.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Oh, God, I'm so sorry. I was-

SANDY

Don't worry. That was a piece of
shit my husband bought in Papa New
Guinea. I hated it.

They get to the room where they'll do the massage. It's
very dark and intimate and decked out in lit candles.

SANDY (CONT'D)

Here we are.

Brad smiles nervously. Sandy smiles back seductively.

INT. SANDY'S APARTMENT - MINUTES LATER

Brad has set up the table and oils nearby.

BRAD

I'll leave the room for a minute
and you can get settled.

SANDY

That's alright.

She disrobes, proudly displaying her well-maintained
goods as she slinks onto the table. Brad is so stunned
he forgets not to look.

SANDY (CONT'D)

Enjoying the show?

BRAD

I'm sorry, I...Why don't we start?

Brad reaches for the oil. As he does, the cat brushes up
against his leg. He looks down, knocks over one of the
bottles. The top pops open and spills directly on the
cat who meows and then runs out of the room.

SANDY

Nibbles, leave us alone. My turn
for a petting.

Brad has grabbed the bottle before it completely emptied.
He puts the squirt cap back on. But not too tightly.

SANDY (CONT'D)

So tell me Brad. Do you have a
girlfriend?

Brad's taken off guard at the moment he squirts the oil
over her back. The top comes off and all the oil left in
the bottle splashes on her back.

She shrieks as he frantically spreads it around her entire back in brusque strokes.

BRAD

Don't worry. It's an old Ayurvedic technique I learned in India. 'Oil splash therapy'. By saturating the pores, it allows for greater re-laxation. I should've warned you.

He slows down. Crises averted.

SANDY

India? That's wonderful. Did you go to Mysore when you were there?

BRAD

Let's stop speaking and focus on the breath. Just breathe as I touch you.

SANDY

Mmmmm. That I can do.

She smiles and relaxes. He digs into the massage with long strokes on her back. He starts working her harder.

INT. SANDY'S APARTMENT - MASSAGE ROOM - MINUTES LATER

BRAD

OK, if you could flip over for me.

He lifts the towel and doesn't look. She flips over. She's got bedroom eyes fixated on him.

SANDY

I've really been working my inner thighs at the gym recently. Could you focus your attention there?

He begins to work her inner thigh. Nibbles returns, sits on her haunches and stares at Brad. He notices.

SANDY (CONT'D)

Yes, that's good. Oh, that's very, very good.

She breathes more and more deeply and then faster and faster. She starts moaning quietly. He looks concerned. He's also staring at the cat who's staring back at him.

BRAD

Am I going too hard?

SANDY

No. Keep going. I'm really tight down there. Higher. Yes, there.

The cat purrs as its eyes widen. Brad keeps going and going until her body tenses up, her back arches, she lets out a big sigh and then becomes extremely relaxed. He pauses for a moment. He's not quite sure what just happened. He massages down her legs more gently. She smiles, satisfied. Brad notices the cat's gone. He looks down and sees the cat nuzzling against his leg.

INT. SANDY'S APARTMENT - MINUTES LATER

Brad zips up his table and hoists it on his shoulder. Sandy comes back into the room wearing her robe again.

BRAD

You know, we never discussed my rates beforehand and-

She hands him two hundred dollar bills. Brad looks.

BRAD (CONT'D)

And that'll be fine.

SANDY

No, that was wonderful. I'm going to tell all my friends about you. Same time next week?

INT. NATE'S APARTMENT - MINUTES LATER

Nate is looking through *Backstage*. His phone rings.

BRAD

You're brilliant.

NATE

That was quick. How much you make?

EXT. STREET NEAR BRAD'S APARTMENT - INTERCUT

BRAD

(on his cel)
Two hundred.

NATE

Damn, girl. You give her a happy ending?

BRAD
I wasn't trying to-

NATE
You did! You dog!

BRAD
It was an accident and it's not going to happen again.

NATE
At two hundred bucks a pop, it better happen again, and in the future, I deserve a cut. It was so my idea.

Brad is on his block and sees a man exiting his building.

BRAD
Oh, shit.

NATE
What?

BRAD
My landlord. Shit.

EXT. ALLEY NEAR BRAD'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Brad ducks into an alley - his back against the wall.

NATE
What's wrong?

BRAD
I haven't paid my rent.

NATE
Haven't the parents-

BRAD
No. The parents haven't.

Brad peers around the corner and sees his landlord, MR. ZINMAN, 55, talking with a his SUPER, 69.

NATE
It's only the sixth. It's not-

BRAD
Shit! It's April already?

NATE
I guess you're two months behind.

Call waiting beeps in.

BRAD
 Could you hold on a sec?

NATE
 Bye. Tell Lisa I said hi.

Brad switches over.

INT. LISA'S APARTMENT - INTERCUT

Lisa's sweaty after finishing her yoga practice.

BRAD
 Hey.

LISA
 Hey.

BRAD
 I'm really sorry about yesterday.

LISA
 Me too. You know I love you, but-

BRAD
 No. You were right. And I'm
 changing. I'm going to work my
 ass off and I'll be rolling in
 cash by the end of the month.

Brad looks to see if his landlord's gone. Nope.

LISA
 Brad, you don't need to be rich.
 I just want to spend the rest of
 my life with someone who holds up
 his end of things.
 (beat)
 I know I shouldn't say things like
 that, but-

BRAD
 No. I do too. I won't disappoint
 you. I've already started working.

She smiles. Lisa takes a candle to the bathroom, lights a stick of nag champa and starts running a bath.

LISA
 You go back to your old temp
 agency?

BRAD
No.

LISA
Caterer?

BRAD
Nope.

Brad peaks around the corner again. They're still there.

LISA
You called The Spirit of New York?

BRAD
I still have my dignity.

LISA
(beat)
So what are you doing?

BRAD
It's hard to talk about.

LISA
Brad?

BRAD
It's gonna be a surprise.

LISA
Whatever. Listen, I left my table
at your place and I need it back.

Suddenly, call waiting BEEPS.

BRAD
Could you hold on a sec? I've got
another call.

Lisa waits unhappily. Brad clicks over.

INT. BETTY'S APARTMENT - INTERCUT

BETTY, 44, shy, scared plain looking.

BRAD
Hello?

BETTY
Hi. Is this Brad?

BRAD
Yes.

BETTY

My name's Betty. My friend Sandy said you give a really...special massage.

BRAD

Well, I don't-

BETTY

Can you see me tomorrow?

BRAD

Can I call you back? I've got someone on hold.

BETTY

That's OK. I understand.

He switches back.

INT. LISA'S APARTMENT - INTERCUT

BRAD

Hey.

LISA

So when can I get my table?

BRAD

I'm going to be running around all tomorrow looking for work.

LISA

I thought you said you had a job.

BRAD

It's a freelance thing, so I have to be out there looking-

LISA

How about the day after tomorrow?

BRAD

(flirtatious)
You'd have to see me.

LISA

I'll risk it, but you're on probation. We're not having sex.

Brad's landlord, walks by him at that moment.

BRAD

We don't have to have sex!

Zinman hears this, stops, turns and stares at Brad who finally sees him, turns pale, smiles and holds up a finger to wait.

BRAD (CONT'D)
Listen. I gotta go. I'll call
back. OK. Bye.

Brad hangs up.

EXT. ALLEY NEAR BRAD'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

BRAD
Mr. Zinman. Hi. You're probably
wondering about the rent. I'm
having a little cash flow problem.
But I can actually give you the
first part of the rent right now.

Digs out the two hundred dollar bills. Zinman eyes the cash suspiciously, but grabs it from him.

MR. ZINMAN
That takes care of the late fees.

Brad gapes. He completely forgot about that.

MR. ZINMAN
When can I expect the rest?

INT. BRAD'S APARTMENT - MINUTES LATER

Brad paces his small apartment and talks on the phone.

BRAD
I'll be able to pay you back by
the end of next month. No. I
have a job. I just told you. I-
(listens)
No.
(listens)
No.
(listens longer)
No. Mom!
(listens)
OK. Love you too. Bye.

Long Beat. Brad makes up his mind. He dials the phone and then plasters on a big fake smile.

BRAD (CONT'D)
Betty? How's tomorrow at two?

INT. BETTY'S APARTMENT - THE NEXT DAY - AFTERNOON

Brad walks through Betty's huge apartment, following her to a back room. Brad sees a prominent picture of her with her husband and two kids.

BRAD

You have some cute kids.

BETTY

(forlorn)

Thank you. That picture's years old. My youngest just left for college last fall.

BRAD

That's great! Now you and your husband can cut loose and travel.

He doesn't realize she's on the verge of tears.

BRAD (CONT'D)

You've got money and experience and he looks like an adventurous kinda' guy.

BETTY

That's how I like to remember him.

A beat as Brad fills in the blanks.

BRAD

He...

BETTY

He died last year. Mountain climbing in the Andes.

BRAD

I'm so sorry.

BETTY

Yes, well...

She continues on to the room for the massage.

BETTY (CONT'D)

Is this room alright?

BRAD

Again, I'm really sorry. I-

BETTY

I'd prefer we not talk about it.

Brad nods. Awkward pause.

BETTY (CONT'D)
I've never done this before.

BRAD
It's OK.
(laughs it off)
No experience necessary. Just lie
there and I'll do all the work.

Betty is still terrified. She gulps.

INT. BETTY'S APARTMENT - HALF AND HOUR LATER

Brad is mid-massage. The lights are dim, but no candles.

BRAD
If you could flip over.

Brad lifts the sheet, doesn't look...and they've
completed the task successfully.

INT. BETTY'S APARTMENT - MINUTES LATER

Brad massages her legs. Betty lifts her head and looks
to see what he's doing. She lays her head back down.
She looks up a second time. She gets up her nerve.

BETTY
You can go ahead and touch me.

BRAD
I am touching you.

BETTY
I mean, you can 'touch me', touch
me.

Brad doesn't get it. She spreads her legs a little.

BETTY (CONT'D)
I'm ready.

BRAD
(finally gets it)
Mrs. Miller, I- I'm a Certified
Massage Therapist.

Betty looks stunned and mortified.

BETTY
But Sandy said-

BRAD

No! I. I'm sorry if she gave you the impression that-

BETTY

You should go.

BRAD

No. No, let's finish the massage.

BETTY

I'd really like you to leave.

She gets up from the table covering herself with her sheet. Brad looks at her and sees a little teenager, fragile and scared, underneath.

BRAD

Mrs. Miller. I'm really sorry.

She can't even speak she's so worked up. He gives in.

BRAD (CONT'D)

I'm sorry to put you through that. I needed to be sure you weren't...

Brad draws a complete blank in the middle of the lie.

BETTY

I wasn't what?

BRAD

(suddenly confident)
Mrs. Miller, I work with a very select clientele and there's been a crackdown on massage that goes beyond, well, certified therapeutic techniques. I needed to be sure that you were not an undercover agent.

BETTY

Me?

BRAD

They use beautiful women as their agents, so I had to be careful. But now I can see you're legit. So, if you'd like to hop back on the table, we can ramp up to the-

Betty leaps back on the table, and spreads her legs wide.

BRAD (CONT'D)

...grand finale.

Brad's surprised, but then gets to work. Betty squeaks.

EXT. BRAD'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Brad puts down the heavy massage table and flops down on the bed. He picks up his phone and checks his messages.

VOICEMAIL

You have eleven new messages.

WOMAN #1

Hi, my friend Betty said you have hands of gold. I was-

He hangs up. Stunned.

The old 40's tune "Come On 'A My House" (I'm gonna give you candy) starts for the following day-long MONTAGE.

INT. OUTSIDE WOMAN #1'S APARTMENT - NEXT DAY - MORNING

The door opens to greet Brad with an expectant lip-biting, attractive WOMAN #1, 41, wearing a robe showing off her remarkable cleavage.

INT. OUTSIDE WOMAN #1'S APARTMENT - LATER

The door opens to let him out with a blissed-out, tussle-haired goddess, WOMAN #1, waving good-bye.

INT. OUTSIDE WOMAN #2'S APARTMENT - DAY

WOMAN #2, late 30s, slim, blonde and naughty, wears a bright red satin robe and opens the door like Santa's come to give her a Christmas present.

INT. OUTSIDE WOMAN #2'S APARTMENT - LATER

WOMAN #2 is no longer a tight ball of energy. She has bedroom eyes and holds her robe closed with one hand as Brad slips out. With her free hand she reaches for Brad and gives him a grasping lingering touch goodbye.

INT. OUTSIDE WOMAN #3'S APARTMENT - EARLY AFTERNOON

WOMAN #3, 40s, widely built, opens the door with a scared smile and a homely house robe.

INT. OUTSIDE WOMAN #3'S APARTMENT - LATER

WOMAN #3 hugs Brad and nearly smothers him.

INT. OUTSIDE WOMAN #4'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

WOMAN #4, 30s, with huge blond hair and too much make-up opens the door and looks Brad up and down - satisfied.

INT. OUTSIDE WOMAN #5'S APARTMENT - LATE AFTERNOON

WOMAN #5, 30s, scrawny, very pale, raven hair and blood-red lipstick, wearing nothing but a black lacy negligee, grasps the side of the door and waves as Brad leaves.

MONTAGE ENDS.

EXT. SIDEWALK OUTSIDE A NICE APARTMENT BUILDING - EVENING

Brad's on his cel phone walking to his next gig.

BRAD

I'm really sorry. Can we make it tomorrow night? I'm working late.

INT. DANCE STUDIO - INTERCUT

Lisa's sitting on the floor, putting her shoes on.

LISA

You are? Great. Where?

BRAD

I'm doing door-to-door kinda work.

LISA

Like Avon?

BRAD

I'll explain tomorrow. I'm running late. Love you. Bye.

INT. CHERYL'S APARTMENT - AN HOUR LATER

Cheryl Hoffman, 42, is on the table, on her back in the living room. There's no door separating them from the main hallway. Candles flicker and music plays as Brad begins the special part of the massage. Brad's tired.

She starts moaning. He hears the front door open. He backs off. She grabs his hand and keeps it where it is.

CHERYL

Keep going.

Her son, MARVIN, 14, enters the hallway and passes by, barely noticing them on the way to his room.

MARVIN

Hey, mom. What's for dinner?

CHERYL

Lasagne. It's in the oven. Turn it on to four hundred, set the timer for an hour and start chopping the salad.

Marvin tromps back past them to the kitchen.

Brad breathes a sigh of relief. Marvin starts chopping. The door opens a second time. Brad pulls back again. She gives him a look of "Don't you dare stop".

Her husband George, 51, walks in. Brad's terrified.

MARVIN

Hey, Hon. Massage? Excellent. Is he any good?

CHERYL

Very.

GEORGE

You making my old lady relaxed?
(Joshing)
The better job you do, the less I have to deal with, so dig in.

BRAD

Yes, sir.

GEORGE

I'm George. George Hoffman.

George offers his hand for a shake.

BRAD

Uh, my hands are covered in a bit of...oil.

GEORGE

I've got to wash my hands before I eat anyway.

CHERYL

Brad. Be polite.

Cheryl stares at him. Reluctantly, Brad retracts his left hand from his business and awkwardly shakes.

BRAD

Brad. Brad Weiss.

George rubs his hands together and with a big smile...

GEORGE

So. What's for dinner?

EXT. NATE'S APARTMENT - LATER

Brad barges into Nate's apartment.

BRAD

I need an office. A-S-A-P. I had six massages today, but the outcalls are getting too weird.

NATE

Six? You just started yesterday.

BRAD

Word of mouth. You were right. Any ideas for an office?

NATE

Do I get a cut?

BRAD

Ten percent if you can find a place by tomorrow.

NATE

You serious?

BRAD

Sure.

Beat.

NATE

Remember that internet start-up I worked at a few years ago?

BRAD

Yeah?

NATE

It went belly up, but I still have keys. I could set it up tonight.

BRAD

Awesome. Be my business manager and I'll give you fifteen percent.

NATE

Twenty.

BRAD

Fifteen, and you have to handle everything - a receptionist, interior design.

NATE

Marketing and human resources. I got it covered.

BRAD

And we need a name.

NATE

Maybe something hi-tech to throw off the Vice Squad.

BRAD

The Vice Squad?

EXT. WEST TWENTY EIGHTH STREET - EARLY MORNING

Brad walks to the new office as he checks his messages.

BRAD (V.O.)

Hi, you've reached RTT - Release Technique Technologies. You can-

He keys in his code on his cel.

VOICEMAIL (V.O.)

Mailbox, full.

He hangs up as he nears the entrance where he sees a dozen women lined up. He goes straight to the buzzer and hits it. WOMAN #6, 40s, approaches him.

WOMAN #6

Excuse me, are you Brad?

BRAD

What? Uh, no. Sorry.

NATE (O.S.)
Brad is that you?

WOMAN #6
You are Brad!

BRAD
Nate. Buzz me in.

WOMAN #6
Did you get my message? Sandy
told me about you.

The other women realize it's Brad and crowd around, push forward and yell questions at him, until he's backed against the door.

BRAD
Nate. Now! Buzz me in now!.

The door buzzes in. They push him back through the door and he slips in and slams it shut behind him.

INT. MESSAGE OFFICE - STAIRWAY - CONTINUOUS

He walks up a stark staircase and opens a door to-

INT. MESSAGE OFFICE - WAITING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

There are chairs along two walls and a big reception desk behind which a woman is standing with her back to Brad, taking off her coat.

BRAD
Excuse me, could you could wait
outside with the rest?

JENNY turns to look at him. She's a stunning, 25 year-old redhead. She's got the flair of an old-fashioned tough cookie and talks at a brisk clip.

JENNY
Do you type ninety words a minute,
cut a fine figure checking people
in and slam through Quickbooks
like a whore on crack sucks ~~d*ck?~~

The last word is bleeped out.

BRAD
What?

JENNY
 'Cause if you don't, I think you
 want me to stick around.

Nate enters from the makeshift massage area.

NATE
 Hey, Brad. You meet Jenny?

BRAD
 Jenny?

JENNY
 That would be me.

BRAD
 (to Nate)
 Who's Jenny?

JENNY
 Again, that would be me.

NATE
 She's our receptionist.

JENNY
 And accountant.

BRAD
 You're an accountant?

JENNY
 I'm here to cook your books.

NATE
 Buddy, I don't know what you did
 to these women, but this crowd
 outside is amazing.

Nate looks out the window at the throng.

BRAD
 My voicemail's full too.

Jenny opens her laptop, takes out her cel and dons a
 headset.

JENNY
 I'll start taking those messages
 down and lining up your calendar.

BRAD
 (quietly to Nate)
 Does she know what we're doing?

Jenny still overhears.

JENNY

You think I'd be here if I didn't?

BRAD

I wouldn't think you'd be here if-

JENNY

Brad. I know there are some women who even when they have a lover would rather pay for the attention they desire before disturbing the murky waters of their own dysfunctional relationship. In fact, I applaud you for providing a much needed and rarely offered service in the tradition of the Nineteenth Century American Medical Association which recommended regular genital manipulation of female clients for the treatment of "hysteria." And though I know you're not an MD, the AMA has ceased to endorse this process, so who else is going to take up the reins? By working here I feel I'm making a contribution to women's empowerment. However, you seem to be fond of secrets, and it's one thing not valuing truth and openness in your personal relationships, but in this office I demand complete honesty. You can let your romances flounder in a sea of lies, but with me, I expect you to be forthright. Got it, Mr. Boss Man?

Brad's speechless.

NATE

On the nose darling. As always.

(He air kisses her.)

He's completely whipped by this hottie little dancer whom he's told nothing of his new vocation.

JENNY

Dancer. Erotic?

BRAD

Modern.

JENNY

Euch! Pretention without the tips. The only thing worse than modern dance is avant garde opera.

There's a big silence. She gets it and starts laughing.

JENNY (CONT'D)

Nate, you have to tell me these things. What, you were in the last Philip Glass opera?

NATE

Not a good subject. They had a bad run-in last year.

JENNY

I'd like to see that. You and Glass going at it - perhaps mudwrestling.

INT. MUDWRESTLING RING - FANTASY

Philip Glass flips Brad over in the mud in a crushing move. He stands to take in the cheers from the crowd as Brad lies there convulsing.

INT. MASSAGE OFFICE - WAITING ROOM - RETURN TO PRESENT

They shake the image out of their heads.

JENNY

Are we going to let these ladies in or what? I'll sign up the first eight for today and-

BRAD

Eight?

JENNY

You've got a staff to pay now - no slacking off. I'll schedule the rest of them over the course of the week. You just go back there and get your magic fun fingers warmed up.

Stunned, Brad wanders back to the massage area. Nate goes over to Jenny and gives her a knowing look.

JENNY (CONT'D)

Yeah, OK. He's cute.

Nate doesn't say a word and goes to let the women in.

INT. OFFICE - WAITING ROOM - MINUTES LATER

The room is filled with women. MRS. MARTHA ANDERSON, 50, fat, badly dressed and unattractive, sits nervously alone in a chair next to the reception desk. Jenny sits typing. Martha digs through her purse for make-up, pulls out some lipstick, opens it. Decides not to put it on. Puts it away. Jenny notices how nervous she is.

JENNY

(quietly)
You look great.

MRS. ANDERSON

What?

JENNY

You don't have to worry about how you look, but you look great.

MRS. ANDERSON

Oh. Thank you. You're a dear.

Mrs. Anderson continues fussing with her make-up.

JENNY

Brad really listens. Just tell him what works for you.

MRS. ANDERSON

That's nice.

JENNY

He's cute too, which doesn't hurt.

Mrs. Anderson forces a smile, but then has to hold back the tears.

MRS. ANDERSON

It's been so long I...I...

Jenny stands and comes over to her. The others try not to stare. She starts crying. Jenny wants to hold her, but it's awkward.

MRS. ANDERSON (CONT'D)

I've been married for almost twenty years. At a certain point you just let these things go. You're still young. You don't know.

Brad enters. Mrs. Anderson tries to collect herself.

BRAD

OK. Who do we have next?

JENNY

This is Mrs. Anderson.

MRS. ANDERSON

Martha. You can call me Martha.

BRAD

Hi, Martha. It's a pleasure to meet you.

Mrs. Anderson stands shyly. She approaches him gravely.

MRS. ANDERSON

I wanted to let you know that if it doesn't work out, it's OK.

BRAD

Martha, if you're not fully satisfied, you'll get a full refund...and I don't do refunds.

Brad smiles. Mrs. Anderson gets it, then smiles and walks with him toward the massage area.

INT. LISA'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Lisa lies on her bed in something comfortable and sexy.

LISA

Lucky for you, I haven't needed my table yet. My last two appointments canceled.

INT. OFFICE - MASSAGE AREA - INTERCUT

BRAD

That stinks. What happened?

LISA

I don't know. Mrs. Anderson is pretty reliable.

BRAD

Martha?

LISA

Yeah. Did I mention her before?

BRAD
Of course. How else would I know
her name?

INT. OFFICE - WAITING ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Brad barrels in. Jenny and Nate were mid-conversation.

BRAD
Call Mrs. Anderson and tell her
she shouldn't see her regular
massage therapist as long as she's
coming here.

JENNY
Why?

BRAD
Also, never give out my last name.

JENNY
Ah, the lies begin, just as
business is getting brisk.

BRAD
It can't get any busier than this.

NATE
It could get busier if I got a few
more massage tables.

BRAD
How? I've only got two hands.

NATE
That's a problem I intend to fix.
I made a new business plan because-

JENNY
I logged a hundred and five
appointments today.

BRAD
A hundred and-

JENNY
You can't do more than eight a
day, which means the quickest you
could get through this group would
be...thirteen days.

NATE
And most of these women have
requested weekly appointments.

JENNY

Some daily.
(gives him a look)
Good job!

BRAD

You're missing a fundamental
point. I only have two hands!

NATE

We'll start hiring.

BRAD

Hiring who?

NATE

New masseuses.

JENNY

Masseurs!

BRAD

And where would I find these
masseurs?

JENNY

How about your old massage school?

BRAD

Cute.

NATE

If we're going to meet demand, we
have to expand.

BRAD

Rhyming doesn't make it a better
idea.

NATE

Brad, you should be having fun.
We're doing great. You're doing
great. But we can make it even
greaterer.

BRAD

My clientele comes to see me. I
provide a unique service.

JENNY

Unique? In three days I could
train Nate to get a woman off
better than you.

NATE

That was part two of the plan.

BRAD

What?

NATE

I could begin taking clients.

BRAD

Nate! You're gay! They'll know you're gay the minute you say hello.

NATE

Perfect. They'll feel safe around me.

Brad realizes how serious they are.

BRAD

This is crazy.

JENNY

If Release Technique Technologies is going to reach its maximum potential, you're going to have to let go and stop micromanaging.

BRAD

We're a three-day-old, illegal business, squatting in an abandoned office. I'm not worried about our quarterly reports underperforming expectations.

JENNY

Ooo. I love it when you get all economic on me.

BRAD

I don't even know who you are!

NATE

Brad, we need more men working the tables.

BRAD

This is not a casino. Even if it were a good idea, which it isn't, I don't have time to train you.

JENNY

Of course not. I will.

BRAD

No, you won't. If anyone's going to train Nate, I'm going to.

Brad looks like he can't believe he just said that.

JENNY

We're going to need more masseurs than just Nate.

NATE

It's taken care of.

INT. OFFICE - TRAINING AREA - NEXT EVENING

Brad strides through the hallway of the Massage Area into the "Training Area" ready to teach. This is a semi-enclosed, old conference room off the hallway. We roll down the hallway passing six small offices converted into massage rooms each with a new table in it.

Nate and four other men restlessly wait. PAUL, 35, big, deep black and beautiful. CHRIS, 29, Asian, slender and quick-witted. ANDREW, 33, chiseled Clark Kent good looks. ED, 25, short, blonde and excitable. Brad approaches the easel at the front of the room.

BRAD

Hey everyone. Thanks for coming on such short notice.

(beat)

This is a job like no other you'll ever have. Now, it's not just about what you do with your hands, but let's start with the technical details. I know we've all seen this before, but when was the last time we took a really close look.

He unveils a two foot by three foot labelled photo of a vagina. The room erupts in groans and shrieks of horror.

PAUL

Oh, my God!

ANDREW

(to Nate)

You didn't say we had to look at it!

NATE

Brad. Brad. Take it easy. One step at a time.

Brad finally takes a look at who's in the room.

BRAD

Nate. Can I talk to you?

INT. OFFICE - WAITING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Brad takes Nate by the shoulder and looks him dead in the eye. Jenny listens in as she works at the computer.

BRAD

(confounded)

Nate. They're gay. They're all
GAY!

NATE

These guys are really talented.
They're some of the best piano
players on Broadway. You should
see what their fingers can do.

BRAD

Nate, we're not putting on
Anything Goes.

JENNY

Though this bunch sure could if
they wanted to.

BRAD

Jenny!

NATE

You think we can't do the job
because we're gay?

BRAD

Yes. My God, yes! You. They
lack the experience, aptitude and
inclination necessary to do the
job. Those people-

NATE

Don't you "those people" with me!

BRAD

Your friends are not qualified!
It's like hiring an Amish guy to
fix your car. It's a foreign
fucking universe! I can't teach
you guys how to do this!

JENNY

I could.

NATE

Give'em a chance. One of them's
not even gay - yet.

JENNY

Is that the cute blond?

That gets Brad's attention.

NATE

He's mine, honey. Let the
conversion begin.

They look back to Brad who's not budging.

JENNY

I guess we're going to have to
start turning people away.

Beat. Brad gives in.

BRAD

This is a terrible idea.

Jenny and Nate smile. They know they've won.

INT. BRAD'S APARTMENT - STAIRWAY - LATE NIGHT

Brad and Lisa are walking up the stairs.

LISA

If I had a key I could have been
waiting inside for the last hour.

BRAD

I'm sorry. Things at work took
longer than I expected.

LISA

So what do you actually do at RTT?

BRAD

It's complicated. Databases and
stuff.

LISA

And stuff? You're not qualified-

BRAD

I have skills you don't know
about. I got a job, I thought
that'd make you happy.

INT. BRAD'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

The moment they enter, Brad corners her in the dark hallway and seductively pushes her against the wall.

LISA
We're not having sex.

BRAD
Not even hot make-up sex?

He tries kissing her neck.

LISA
Not until you have a real job.

She pushes him away, turns on the light and walks inside.

BRAD
I have a real job.

LISA
It sounds sketchy.

BRAD
It's entrepreneurial.

LISA
You need something that will consistently pay the bills.

He throws a roll of cash at her. She looks at it.

LISA (CONT'D)
These are hundreds.

BRAD
Does that get my full privileges restored?

He flops on the bed.

INT. OFFICE - WAITING ROOM - NEXT DAY

Brad ushers out the last massage, Martha, who looks thinner, younger and happier every time she comes in.

MARTHA ANDERSON
Tomorrow - same time.

BRAD
See you then.

MARTHA ANDERSON

Bye, Bradley!

She leaves and Brad collapses on a chair.

JENNY

How'd it go last night?

BRAD

It was rocky at first, but she warmed up a little after she saw the money I was making.

INT. BRAD'S APARTMENT - LAST NIGHT - FLASHBACK

LISA

(furious)

Where did you get this? Are you dealing drugs?

(a wary look)

Did Nate get you into this?

INT. OFFICE - WAITING ROOM - RETURN TO PRESENT

JENNY

I meant with the guys.

BRAD

Oh, right. Terrible. I told you. They're hopeless. We have another session tonight, but...

INT. OFFICE - TRAINING ROOM - EVENING

Paul, Chris, Andrew, Nate and Ed sit looking like they're in detention. Brad uncovers a melon with a hole in it.

BRAD

Here's the first thing you need to know about the vagina.

Paul raises his hand.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Yes?

PAUL

Do we have to use that word?

CHRIS

You want to use the 'C' word?

PAUL
What about labia?

ED
That's just part of the vagina.

PAUL
Look at mister know-it-all hetero.
Just because you've poked a few
hoo-has.

NATE
Hey Paul, cool off.

ED
At least I know what to do with a
hoo-ha when I see it.

BRAD
OK. That's it. I'm canceling
your appointments for tomorrow.

NATE
No! No, keep them. We'll be good.

Nate gives Paul a look. Paul pouts.

INT. LISA'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Lisa comes home to find a bouquet of flowers. She opens
the note and out comes a key.

INT. BRAD'S APARTMENT - LATE NIGHT

Brad enters his apartment to find candles flickering. He
makes his way to the bed where Lisa is sprawled in a
revealing negligee.

BRAD
Hello.

LISA
Hey you late-night-working stiff.
I thought you'd never come home.

BRAD
I had a special training session.
I guess you liked the flowers.

LISA
And the key. The key was the key.

He kisses her gently. She pulls him onto the bed.

EXT. CAFE - DAY - NEXT MORNING

Lisa's getting advice over coffee with her friend CYNTHIA, 35, a smart-looking, impatient lawyer.

CYNTHIA

So you're not having sex with him?

LISA

Nope.

INT. BRAD'S APARTMENT - FLASHBACK - THE NIGHT BEFORE

Lisa and Brad are in the thick of loud ,sweaty sex.

EXT. CAFE - DAY - RETURN TO PRESENT

CYNTHIA

That's gotta be rough for you too - abstaining as well.

LISA

I can't even begin to tell you.

INT. BRAD'S APARTMENT - FLASHBACK

Lisa is on top riding Brad like a cowboy.

EXT. CAFE - DAY - RETURN TO PRESENT

CYNTHIA

But you're right. He's got to be doing something illegal to have that kind of cash.

LISA

I've tried asking him directly, but he's evasive.

INT. BRAD'S APARTMENT - FLASHBACK

Lisa's on her back with her legs over her head.

LISA

What do you do at your job!?

BRAD

Think about getting you off.

LISA
All day long?

BRAD
It helps me with my work.

EXT. CAFE - DAY - RETURN TO PRESENT

CYNTHIA
How long did you last?

LISA
A week. Almost. But I'm gonna
really hold out the next three.

CYNTHIA
You don't think he has a real job.

LISA
It just doesn't all add up.

CYNTHIA
Call him at work and see who
answers.

INT. OFFICE - WAITING ROOM - SIMULTANEOUSLY

Sandy, Betty, Cheryl, Woman #1 and Woman #2 are waiting.
The men stand by the wall and raise their hand when Jenny
'calls' out their name in a silent scene underscored.
Each woman stands and heads over to her masseur.
Finally, they all march out of the waiting room.

INT. OFFICE - MASSAGE AREA - MINUTES LATER

Brad walks up and down the halls listening to each door
to see how the massages are going. It's strangely quiet.

Paul sticks his head out the door. He sees Brad, who's
facing the other way.

PAUL
(whispers)
Brad. Brad! Brad!!!

BRAD
(finally hears him)
What?

PAUL
I don't think it's wet enough.

BRAD

It? Keep giving her the regular
massage a while longer. If it's
still dry then use some lube.

Paul leaves. Andrew comes out from his door - terrified.

ANDREW

Brad! Could you come help me?

Nate bolts out of his door, nearly slamming into Brad.

NATE

You were right. I can't do this.

BRAD

Get back in there and finish.

NATE

Please don't make me go back.

ANDREW

I was asking Brad something!

Paul re-enters the hallway. Can't do it. Andrew enters
the hallway. Can't do it. Chris sneaks into the hall.
Finally, Ed does too. They all look at each other.

BRAD

Ed? You're straight!

ED

I don't usually spend too much
time on this part. Y'know?

INT. OFFICE - WAITING ROOM - LATER

Brad enters. Awkward pause.

BRAD

That was a disaster.

JENNY

They all seemed happy enough when
I told them their next massage
would be free. Could be worse.

Brad's phone rings. He sees who it is.

BRAD

Hey, babe.

(listens)

Why do you want my work number?

(listens)

(MORE)

BRAD (CONT'D)

I'm out a lot so the best way to reach me is on my cel. Fine. Hold on.

(to Jenny)

What's your number?

She stares at him unhappily. Not offering the number.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Please. I'll so owe you.

INT. OFFICE - WAITING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The phone rings loudly.

JENNY

(perky)

Good afternoon, RTT, how can I help you?

(listens)

Brad what? I don't see that name.

(Brad freaks)

I don't think he works- Oh, wait.

Here it is. He must be new. He

wasn't in the main directory.

I'll forward you.

She hands him her phone - not happy. He smiles meekly.

BRAD

Hey, babe.

INT. OFFICE - TRAINING ROOM - MINUTES LATER

The boys are assembled and look ashamed. Brad walks in.

BRAD

OK.

He looks at them all and has no idea what to say.

BRAD

I'll be right back.

INT. OFFICE - WAITING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

BRAD

Please.

JENNY

No way.

BRAD

They're not going to get this 'til they can train on a real woman.

BRAD (CONT'D)

You were right. I need you. We can do this together and we should expand. It's crazy, but this may be the best thing I've ever done. I love building this business and making people happy. Please.

JENNY

I have conditions.

INT. OFFICE - TRAINING AREA - MINUTES LATER

Brad and Ed are on one side of an office divider. On the other side, Jenny lies on a massage table, propping herself up on her elbows with her skirt hiked up. Brad sits near the divider, but never looks over. Paul, Andrew, Nate and Chris stare at Jenny's legs.

She opens them in a dramatic gesture and the boys gape.

PAUL

(clinging to Nate)
Lord, God Almighty.

CHRIS

Jesus!

ANDREW

OK. OK. OK.

Nate can't even look. Jenny closes her legs.

JENNY

Forget it. Deal's off.

She gets off the table and begins to leave.

BRAD

Would you guys calm down! Jenny. Stay! Please.

JENNY

Weren't you just looking at one of these?

ANDREW

Touching. Not looking.

JENNY

Well, you're going to have to look
AND touch so get it together.

NATE

Brad, I don't know-

BRAD

Do I have to come over there?

EVERYONE

No!!!

BRAD

Then let's get down to business.

Jenny eyes the guys then opens her legs again.

JENNY

OK. We're in position.

They all stare.

PAUL

(to Nate)

Told you she doesn't dye her hair.

BRAD

OK. Who wants to go first?

Silence.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Oh, come on guys.

PAUL

Andrew had a girlfriend. He
should go first.

They all push him forward.

ANDREW

That was ten years ago.

PAUL

You said you had sex with her.

ANDREW

Once! In the dark! She got on
top. I closed my eyes and tried
to imagine Brad Pitt.

NATE

Brad Pitt with a vagina?

PAUL

That word!

BRAD

Andrew! Let's go. Now!

He puts both his hands up her skirt.

JENNY

Just one hand is enough, dear.

ANDREW

Right.

Embarrassed, he removes one.

BRAD

OK. Now remember that traditional massage is important to establish trust and generate a relaxed and intimate relationship. Only then will the woman be prepared to open herself physically and emotionally enough to climax.

JENNY

Of course, sometimes women just want to get fucked.

BRAD

Well, we don't offer those services here.

NATE

Thank God.

BRAD

Let's focus! Now, the first thing to keep in mind is that you only need a very light touch.

JENNY

But as things get more intense a stronger touch is necessary.

BRAD

Sure, as things go along. It's like changing weather conditions, you have to keep checking the radar. OK, let's just start with one finger on the upper part of-

JENNY

I prefer two fingers.

Brad's displeased at being contradicted again.

BRAD

Another thing you'll find is that every woman is different. The more questions you can ask, the better you'll be able to serve your client.

JENNY

But a lot of women don't feel comfortable making requests, so you have to be able to improvise rather than pressuring them to tell you what they want. What every woman really wants is for you to know exactly what to do without her telling you.

ANDREW

How the hell do you do that?

ED

I've been trying to figure that out for years.

BRAD

Jenny, we're not up to advanced work. I just want to get them through the basics.

ANDREW

So do I use one or two fingers?

JENNY

Two.

BRAD

(simultaneously)
One.

JENNY

I like two.

BRAD

I dated a girl who could only cum when she put both hands on and pulled as hard as she could! But I want to start by teaching them some normal techniques.

Jenny closes her legs, hops off the table and pokes her head over the partition where Brad is.

JENNY

Are you saying I'm not normal?

BRAD

No, I'm saying-

JENNY

Cause I've been using my gear for almost twenty years. How long have you had a one?

PAUL

Dang girl, you started young.

JENNY

I enjoyed climbing rope in gym.

ED

You got off from climbing ropes?

JENNY

You have a problem with that?

ED

No. That is so cool.

JENNY

Brad, I've had far more experience-

BRAD

You've only known one variety. I've had a breadth of experience.

JENNY

But very little depth in your breadth.

PAUL

Oo. Zap!

NATE

Truce guys. Truce. Can we please get back to the lesson?

Jenny gives him a tough look then goes back to the table.

JENNY

Two fingers. Got it? Let's go!

ANDREW

Yes, ma'am.

JENNY

And don't call me ma'am.

He starts. He looks at her to see if he's doing alright. She looks him in the eye - very seriously.

JENNY (CONT'D)

Here's the most important thing
you need to know about touching a
woman in her most private place.

After a pregnant pause, she her snaps her legs closed and makes a biting sound. Andrew screams and tries to pull his hand out. Everyone else starts screaming too. Jenny laughs hysterically. Ed peeks over while Brad leans back into and slides down the partition.

INT. OFFICE - WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

Nate's the last to leave except Brad and Jenny.

NATE

'Night, guys. Don't worry. We'll
be fine tomorrow.

Jenny collapses in her chair. Exhausted, Brad slides himself down on a chair near to her.

BRAD

I think they're getting it.
(beat)
Thanks.

JENNY

I don't know if they're ready.

BRAD

We'll find out soon enough.

Brad looks at her while she's not looking at him.

He looks down at his hands and rubs them. She looks at him and he doesn't see. He stops rubbing. He breathes in like he's about to speak. She looks away.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Do you want to...uh. Do you want-

Beat.

LISA

What?

He stands.

BRAD

Do you want to turn out the lights
when you leave?

The tension's still there.

JENNY

Sure.

BRAD

Thanks.

JENNY

Sure.

BRAD

See you tomorrow.

He leaves. Jenny sits there looking after him.

EXT. LISA'S APARTMENT - AN HOUR LATER

Brad, with another bunch of flowers, hits the buzzer box.

LISA (V.O.)

Hello?

BRAD

Hey, it's me!

LISA

What are you doing here?

BRAD

Last night went well, so I thought
we should keep up our hot streak.

AN OLDER WOMAN approaches the door to the building.

LISA

You came over here just to have
sex with me?

The woman stares at Brad as she let's herself in.

BRAD

No.

LISA

'Cause we're not having sex.

BRAD

Could we talk this over upstairs?

The woman, now inside, stares at Brad like he's a rapist.

LISA

No. Because then you'll just try to have sex with me.

BRAD

Could we just talk about this in private?

Beat. She buzzes him in.

INT. LISA'S APARTMENT - MINUTES LATER

Brad's sitting on the bed. Lisa's pacing.

LISA

Last night was a mistake and it won't happen again.

BRAD

Last night was wonderful.

LISA

You give me your key and you think everything's fixed?

BRAD

I've never done that before and I wasn't the one who decided to have sex last night.

LISA

What does that mean?

BRAD

I'm a guy. You're my beautiful girlfriend. I always want to have sex with you.

Lisa's on the verge of tears.

LISA

Is that all our relationship is?

BRAD

No. I love you.

LISA

It doesn't seem like it.

BRAD

I do. You've always stood by me. You took me back when you didn't have to. I'm sorry I strayed last year. I don't know how many times I can say I'm sorry, but I love you. You make me a better person.

He goes to hold her. She brushes him away.

LISA

Sex is still the problem. It's good that you stopped having it with other people.

BRAD

It was just once.

LISA

And you never will again.

BRAD

Never.

LISA

Still, our sex blinding us to what our relationship really is. We need to start over and go back to dating like we've just met. Then we can see what we really have.

BRAD

You really think that's what we need?

She nods yes.

BRAD (CONT'D)

OK. Want to have dinner with me on Saturday?

Lisa musters a smile, wipes away her tears and nods and gives him a big hug.

INT. OFFICE - WAITING ROOM - DAY

Women sit waiting including: ANASTASIA, 21, blonde, stunning and well-dressed, COLLEEN, 26, Goth with piercings, baggy clothes and a hood, Martha, looking even more vital and beautiful, and NANCY, 75, wearing a sparkling sequin dress, who stands at the reception desk.

NANCY

Do you have senior discounts?

JENNY
I'm sorry, we don't.

NANCY
Will medicare will cover this?

JENNY
We only take cash.

NANCY
Oh, ho. I understand. No
problemo. One last question,
dear. The colored gentleman?

JENNY
Paul?

NANCY
Could I try him? He reminds me of
a boy I knew in the war.

JENNY
I'll see what I can do.

NANCY
Thank you, sweetie.

Nancy sits. Martha who's sitting by Jenny, continues.

MRS. ANDERSON
Anyway, I told him, if he's not
going to give me the pleasure I
deserve, I'm leaving. I'm gone.

JENNY
Martha!

MRS. ANDERSON
And I did. Yesterday. Moved in
with a girlfriend and I couldn't
be happier. I've never felt so
free in my entire life.

JENNY
Are you sure that's the best thing-

MRS. ANDERSON
Jennifer, this is the best choice
I've made in twenty years.

Brad enters with Nate, Paul, Ed, Chris and Andrew.

MRS. ANDERSON (CONT'D)
Hello, Bradley.

BRAD

Hi, Martha.

MRS. ANDERSON

I know I'm signed up with you, but
can I try out Nathaniel? I hear
he knows 'The Thing'.

BRAD

'The Thing'?

Nate nods yes, he can do 'The Thing'.

BRAD (CONT'D)

OK. Go for it.

She hops up and exits with Nate who tries to look brave.

JENNY

Nancy would like to see Paul.

Nancy gives Paul a wicked smile. Paul isn't sure he's
ready for this. Jenny gives him a wink for confidence.

ED

(whispers to Brad)
Give me the blonde.

BRAD

Who else do we have?

JENNY

Anastasia.

Confused a woman so beautiful is here, Brad comes over to
her, and speaks quietly, but the others can still hear.

BRAD

Hi. I just wanted to make sure
you knew we give a special massage-

ANASTASIA

Release technique. I know.

BRAD

OK. I just didn't imagine you...

ANASTASIA

I...?

BRAD

I was just trying to figure
out...I mean, I assume-

ANASTASIA

Just because I can get laid any time I want doesn't mean my boyfriend spends any time focused on just my pleasure? Y'know?

BRAD

Got it. I think you'd do well in a session with...Andrew.

Ed grabs his arm and yanks him back for a chat.

ED

(whispered)

I'll give you anything you want.

Brad gives Ed a withering look. Ed looks over at the only person left - the Goth Girl.

ED (CONT'D)

Oh, no.

Brad shoots him a look to shut up.

ANDREW

(To Anastasia)

Come here sweetie.

Andrew takes her by the hand and looks in her eyes.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

You are an absolute goddess. Do you know that? A goddess.

Anastasia smiles as she heads in with Andrew.

JENNY

And this is Colleen.

Colleen is hunched over, extremely shy and nervous.

BRAD

Hi, Colleen. This is Ed. He'll be taking care of you today.

Ed stares furiously at Brad. Brad gives him a look to just deal. Finally, Ed goes over to Colleen.

ED

Come on.

Colleen, more nervous than before, stands and follows Ed. The waiting room is now emptied. Brad turns to Jenny.

BRAD
Five minutes, then let's see how
our boys are doing.

INT. ED'S MASSAGE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Colleen is backed into the corner, standing on the far
side of the massage table, looking trapped.

COLLEEN
I'm not taking my clothes off.

ED
You have to.

They stare each other down.

COLLEEN
I'm going!

ED
No. Wait. C'mon. It's OK.

She looks scared, confused and angry.

COLLEEN
So we'll do it with my clothes on?

INT. MASSAGE OFFICE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Brad and Jenny creep along listening through the doors.
No sounds yet. Jenny shrugs at Brad.

INT. ED'S MASSAGE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

COLLEEN
You're not seeing me naked.

ED
How about we turn off the lights?

COLLEEN
Yeah?

ED
Yeah.

COLLEEN
(sensing a trick)
No candles.

ED

No candles.

COLLEEN

None of that crappy music either.

ED

Whatever music makes you happy.

INT. OFFICE - MASSAGE AREA HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Jenny and Brad stop at different doors. Jenny hears a little moan and gives Brad a thumbs up. Brad gets to Ed's door. Suddenly Liz Phair's "Extraordinary" comes blasting through and we hear loud moaning erupt. Both are surprised. The song continues through the MONTAGE.

INT. OFFICE - MASSAGE AREA - LATER - MONTAGE BEGINS

The boys exit their rooms one by one - greeting each other with high fives. They walk down the hallway with a swagger forming a phalanx with Nate at the head of it. Stunned and satisfied women emerge from the doors behind them.

The boys burst through the main door into the waiting room where expectant women leap to their feet.

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT - EVENING

Brad pulls out Lisa's chair. She smiles at him, hopeful.

INT. OFFICE - WAITING ROOM - EVENING

Jenny, completely alone, counts the cash.

EXT. LISA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Lisa gives Brad a hug good night.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

The waiting room is full with new women as well as regulars like Sandy, Betty and Cheryl. All look noticeably happier and glowing the more they come.

EXT. BRAD'S APARTMENT - DAY

Brad hands a stack of cash to his landlord.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Colleen shows up wearing tighter clothing and loses the black make-up and even the piercings. Every time Ed sees her, his face lights up. She starts smiling too.

INT. OFFICE - WAITING ROOM - EVENING

Jenny counts the cash. Brad crashes down in the chair next to her. She looks at him while he's not looking at her. He looks at her while she's not looking at him. Nate puts in a new phone system and watches both of them.

INT. JOYCE SOHO REHEARSAL SPACE - NEXT DAY

Lisa is in a dance rehearsal doing a sensuous trio with a woman and a man. She's a beautiful dancer. Brad shows up at the door of the studio again with flowers.

INT. OFFICE - WAITING ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Paul unzips Nancy's fancy dress. She loves it. Martha drags Chris into the massage room. The door slams closed. Andrew gives Anastasia a present. She turns on the vibrator and smiles.

INT. JOYCE SOHO REHEARSAL SPACE - MINUTES LATER

Lisa spots Brad. The dancers finish their routine and she comes over to Brad and gives him a big sweaty hug.

INT. OFFICE - WAITING ROOM - EVENING

Jenny counts the cash. Brad waves goodbye and leaves her alone. She stops counting and hits the desk in anger.

EXT. FANCY SUSHI - EVENING

Brad pays the bill in cash. Lisa eyes him suspiciously.

EXT. LISA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Lisa gives him a sensuous kiss on the cheek. Lisa goes inside happy. Brad turns to leave looking troubled.

INT. OFFICE - WAITING ROOM - NEXT DAY

Andrew gets a whack on the ass goodbye from Betty. Nate gets a smothering hug from Martha. Ed gets a shy wave from Colleen.

MONTAGE ENDS

INT. OFFICE - WAITING ROOM - SUNSET - TWO WEEKS LATER

Jenny's typing away as though she's been at the computer the whole time. Nate is decorating. Brad escorts out his last client, good old sexy Sandy, who gives him a very sensual kiss on the cheek. Jenny notices. She's had it. Sandy leaves with a little wave.

JENNY

We can't continue like this.

BRAD

What are you talking about?
Things are going great.

Jenny stares at him.

BRAD (CONT'D)

What?

NATE

I think Jenny needs an assistant.

JENNY

I don't need an assistant!

Jenny looks at Nate. Looks at Brad. She's can't find the words.

BRAD

What? What's wrong?

Beat. She can't tell him. She gives up.

JENNY

I'm going home.

She leaves. Beat.

NATE

What's going on with you two?

BRAD

Nothing.

NATE

Why not?

Brad's phone RINGS. They know it's Lisa without looking. Brad stares at Nate and doesn't answer the phone.

INT. JENNY'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Jenny's alarm goes off. She hits snooze and tries to go back to sleep, but her eyes are wide open.

INT. OFFICE - WAITING ROOM - LATER

Nate's at Jenny's desk.

BRAD

Where's Jenny?

NATE

Don't know, but Nancy's here and she wants to talk to you and Paul.

INT. PAUL'S MASSAGE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Nancy's wearing another glittery formal dress and a hat. Brad enters as Paul protests.

PAUL

(pained)

But you were married when we met.

NANCY

Brad, I'm glad you're here. I was just explaining to Paul that I hadn't had sex with my husband Henry for the last twenty years.

INT. NANCY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

There are two separate beds. Nancy gets out of hers.

NANCY (V.O.)

But yesterday, I got up the nerve.

Nancy gets into bed with her 79 year old husband, HENRY.
He's stunned, but then he begins to enjoy it

NANCY (CONT'D)

I told him I wasn't going to take
no for an answer.

INT. PAUL'S MASSAGE ROOM - PRESENT

NANCY

(To Paul)

And then I showed him "The Thing".

PAUL

You did not show him "The Thing"!

Brad looks to Paul for an explanation. He gives none.

NANCY

Now he can't keep his hands off
me. We're like crazy kids. And I
have you to thank. But now it
feels like cheating if I see you.
I'm so sorry, Paul.

PAUL

That's OK, Nancy.

They hug.

PAUL (CONT'D)

I'll miss you.

NANCY

You don't need to. I was hoping
there was some way I could make
myself useful around here.

BRAD

Talk to Jenny when she gets in. I
think she'd love some help.

Nancy kisses Brad on the cheek and then leaves.

BRAD (CONT'D)

(to Paul)

"The Thing"???

Paul just smiles.

INT. OFFICE - WAITING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Nancy is walking around the waiting room with a tray of brownies, freshly baked. Anastasia and half a dozen other women fill the room to capacity.

Jenny is at her desk. Colleen enters the waiting room. Ed's right behind her. She stands erect in her tight tank top revealing her heretofore hidden buxom nature.

ED

Practice that new move.

COLLEEN

It's so much better when you're doing 'The Thing' at the same time.

ED

But you gotta practice at home.

COLLEEN

I'm getting better, aren't I!

ED

Yeah, yeah. See you next week.

Colleen exits. Jenny gives Ed a look. Ed comes over.

JENNY

Getting personally involved?

ED

Hey. I'm a professional.

JENNY

A professional what?

ED

(beat)
Why don't you ever have a message?

JENNY

What about Colleen?

ED

She's a customer. The question is, doesn't the wait staff at this joint get to eat the best meals from the kitchen for free?

JENNY

The wait staff knows what goes on
in the kitchen and prefers to
fast.

ED

Oo. We're not that bad. Come out
for drinks with us, get to know
the boys and you'll see.

JENNY

While you guys are out having fun,
someone has to do the books.

ED

Let me buy you a drink and you can
tell me all about your misery.

Jenny smiles, not tempted, but enjoying the attention.

JENNY

Thanks, I believe it's bad form to
share one's misery.

ED

If you decide to let your misery
have some company, it's a standing
offer.

She brushes him off with a wave of her hand. He leaves.
Brad enters passing by Ed.

ED

Hey, Mr. Boss Man.

Brad gives him a queer look, then continues to Jenny.

BRAD

Where have you been?

JENNY

I wasn't feeling well.

BRAD

Why didn't you call?

JENNY

Sorry.

Nate enters from outside with GLORIA, 31, a sprite with a
pixie haircut. Anastasia sitting patiently notices her.

NATE

Brad, I'd like you to meet Gloria.

BRAD
 (to Jenny)
 I thought Anastasia was my last
 appointment today.

GLORIA
 Actually, I'm here for a job.

Brad's confused.

NATE
 We still need more hands on deck
 and she doesn't need any training.

BRAD
 Nate. I don't care if she has
 skills. None of our clientele
 will want her to work on them.

ANASTASIA
 I would...Sorry, Brad.

BRAD
 Fine. Gives me the afternoon off.

GLORIA
 I have the job?

BRAD
 Nate, get her set up.

NATE
 Done. On the way here I even
 taught her 'The Thing'.

GLORIA
 I can't wait to try that out.

Nate, Gloria and Anastasia head off in back.

BRAD
 (to Jenny)
 Do you know what "The Thing" is?

JENNY
 I guess you're not the master
 anymore.

Jenny goes back to typing.

INT. OFFICE - WAITING ROOM - EVENING

Ed approaches Jenny in the empty waiting room.

ED
Drink?

JENNY
Bye.

ED
Call me if you change your mind.

JENNY
Bye, Ed.

Ed exits. Jenny stops working for a moment. Brad enters and Jenny starts typing again. Brad sits near Jenny.

Beat.

BRAD
So. How's Nancy working out?

JENNY
(unenthusiastic)
Great. She suggested we give frequent customer discount cards.

Forced laugh from Brad.

BRAD
And Gloria?

JENNY
Anastasia certainly seemed satisfied with her work.

Brad nods. He massages his aching hands. Long pause.

BRAD
I'm sorry if I haven't acknowledged you for all the work you've done. This operation wouldn't exist without you. I think you're fantastic and you know, I just realized that I don't know anything about you.

JENNY
You never asked.

Beat.

BRAD
How did you meet Nate?

JENNY

I was an audition monitor for everything he was auditioning for.

BRAD

You sing too?

JENNY

Yeah, but I still have to pay the rent.

BRAD

You don't have to do this. There's always The Spirit of New York.

JENNY

I hear the tips are great.

BRAD

Not my kind of music.

JENNY

I forgot. 'Mr. Avant Garde.'

BRAD

I used to do the old standards.

JENNY

What happened? Mr. Cole Porter too happy for you?

BRAD

I have no problem with happy.

JENNY

Uh huh.

BRAD

And there's plenty of melancholy Porter as well.

JENNY

Cole Porter is nothing but a musical happy ending.

BRAD

He was just hiding how he was really wretchedly miserable.

JENNY

Are you kidding?

BRAD

He was gay and married and while he may have loved his wife, the other love he felt was impossible to express at the time. He was despondent about it.

JENNY

Despondent? Prove it. Sing me a despondent show tune.

BRAD

You're tricky.

JENNY

Come on. You just don't want to admit I'm right.

Beat. Brad, gets up and walks to the middle of the room and clears his throat.

BRAD

(operatically)
EVERY TIME WE SAY GOODBYE-

JENNY

(stopping him)
Whoa. Hey. Stop. You don't need to perform. Just sing it to me.

BRAD

I was.

JENNY

Come over here.

He sits down beside her. She faces away from him.

JENNY (CONT'D)

You don't have to perform for me.
Just sing.

He leans into her and begins quieter, but still too loud.

BRAD

EV'RY TIME WE SAY GOODBYE

JENNY

Shh.

BRAD

I DIE A LITTLE,

He sings very quietly in a pretty tone. She smiles.

BRAD (CONT'D)
 EV'RY TIME WE SAY GOODBYE
 I WONDER WHY A LITTLE,

She closes her eyes. Strings enter the score.

BRAD (CONT'D)
 WHY THE GODS ABOVE ME
 WHO MUST BE IN THE KNOW

She leans her head back into him and he sings right into her ear.

BRAD (CONT'D)
 THINK SO LITTLE OF ME
 THEY ALLOW YOU TO GO.

She takes his hand.

BRAD (CONT'D)
 WHEN YOU'RE NEAR
 THERE'S SUCH AN AIR
 OF SPRING ABOUT IT,

He's nearly kissing her neck.

BRAD (CONT'D)
 I CAN HEAR A LARK SOMEWHERE
 BEGIN TO SING ABOUT IT,
 THERE'S NO LOVE SONG FINER,

JENNY
 Shhh..

BRAD
 BUT HOW STRANGE THE CHANGE
 FROM MAJOR TO MINOR...
 EV'RY TIME WE SAY GOODBYE.

They linger about to kiss. She whispers.

JENNY
 You do like singing show tunes.

BRAD
 Only the sad ones.

JENNY
 It wasn't sad.

BRAD
 Yes it was. I win. What's my
 prize?

He leans in for a kiss.

The phone RINGS LOUDLY. They freeze. The phone continues to RING. And RING. Brad gets his cel, hits a button and puts it back down. But the mood is broken.

JENNY

You can't do that to me again.

BRAD

I thought it's what you wanted.

JENNY

I want a lot more. I can't.

BRAD

Jenny.

She gets up to leave.

JENNY

I can't.

She grabs her coat and leaves Brad there.

INT. LISA'S APARTMENT

Lisa and Brad lie on the bed together. Lisa is very playful. Brad is distant.

LISA

It's your birthday in just two days.

BRAD

I know.

LISA

I've got a present I think you'll really like.

BRAD

Oh.

LISA

It's something you haven't had for quite a while.

BRAD

You don't say.

LISA

I really appreciate the space you've been giving me lately. It makes me want you all the more.

BRAD

You were right. We needed the space.

LISA

But I think we've had about all we need at this point.

Lisa gives him a small but sensual kiss. Brad accepts it, but doesn't reciprocate the passion.

EXT. OFFICE - THE NEXT DAY (WED.) - SUNRISE TO DAY

The sun hits the office at a low slant and time speeds to a normal light of day. A man walks in the office.

INT. OFFICE - WAITING ROOM - MORNING

The waiting room is full of women. MR. ANDERSON, 61, is at the front desk threatening Jenny. Ed protects her.

MR. ANDERSON

Who the hell's in charge here?

ED

It's time for you to leave!

Brad rushes in.

BRAD

(strong)
Can I help you?

MR. ANDERSON

I want a massage and this woman has refused to give me an appointment!!!

BRAD

Well, sir, we don't-

JENNY

Brad, this is Mr. Anderson.

BRAD

I'm sorry Mr. Anderson, I'm sure you understand this is-

MR. ANDERSON

I don't understand a damn thing.

JENNY

This is Martha's husband.

Brad gets it. Nate, Paul, Chris and Andrew watch the confrontation from the doorway.

MR. ANDERSON

(tearing up)

I haven't seen her so beautiful since we first met. She said it was the massages she got here. I thought if I got them too...

BRAD

We cater to women exclusively.

MR. ANDERSON

I'd do anything get her back. Please.

BRAD

I'm sorry. We can't.

Looks around. Begins to get it.

MR. ANDERSON

What the hell goes on back there?

He tries to barge into the massage area, but Paul and Ed stop him and push him back.

PAUL

You need to leave now, sir.

Mr. Anderson looks up at Paul and knows he can't win.

MR. ANDERSON

Well this is something.

BRAD

Mr. Anderson, if you think-

MR. ANDERSON

Oh, I get it. And I can't wait to tell my friends on the force.

Mr. Anderson storms out.

BRAD

Mr. Anderson. Mr. Anderson!

Brad forces a smile to the rest of the women waiting and watching. Then he looks at Jenny with despair.

INT. MRS. ANDERSON'S FRIEND'S APARTMENT - MINUTES LATER

Mrs. Anderson is on the phone in a small, nice apartment.

MRS. ANDERSON

He was bluffing. He doesn't know
anyone important there anymore.

INT. OFFICE - BACK ROOM - INTERCUT

Brad paces. Jenny stands nearby. Ed is with her. Nate
stands just beyond them.

BRAD

Any more? You're sure there's-

MRS. ANDERSON

There's nothing to worry about.
He's just full of hot air.

(beat)

Did he say anything about me?

Brad doesn't even know how to respond. Nate watches Ed
and Jenny and gets something's up.

INT. OFFICE - WAITING ROOM - EVENING

Brad falls in his chair near Jenny. The office is quiet.
He looks at her while she's not looking. He looks away.
She looks at him, sad. He looks back at her, but she's
still looking at him.

JENNY

(whispering)

Surprise.

BRAD

(whispering as well)

No more surprises today.

JENNY

You'll like this one.

BRAD

Why?

JENNY

It's a Happy Birthday surprise.

BRAD

My birthday's tomorrow.

JENNY

I know. I've been planning this
for weeks, but you're busy with
Lisa tomorrow.

BRAD
How'd you know-

JENNY
We know these things.

BRAD
Are we royal now?

JENNY
We've always been, you just haven't noticed.

BRAD
Why are we whispering in an empty office?

JENNY
Who said it's empty?

BRAD
Looks empty.

JENNY
Looks like you're wrong. Looks like it's going to be a real-

EVERYONE
Surprise!!!

This time the lights come on and clients and staff come out from everywhere. Party favors emerge from every corner as does cake and music. Brad is overwhelmed.

Brad is swept up in the festive crowd. For a short while Jenny watches him looking happy getting hugs and kisses. Then she quietly puts on her coat and leaves.

Brad looks for Jenny, but doesn't see her. He notices Ed leave. Now, everyone's having a good time, but Brad. Nate puts another drink in his hand and toasts. Brad downs the drink.

EXT. OFFICE - NEXT MORNING

Brad looks hung over. He enters from outside.

INT. OFFICE - MESSAGE AREA - THE NEXT MORNING (TH.)

Brad heads straight to Jenny's desk.

JENNY

There you are. You're late.
Brad, this is Karen.

KAREN HANSEN, 34, tough, but nervous, goes to shake.

BRAD

(ignoring Karen)
Where did you go last night?

JENNY

I had an audition.

BRAD

For what?

JENNY

None of your business.

BRAD

You didn't have an audition.

JENNY

Yes I did. I need a new job.

BRAD

Why?

JENNY

I'm quitting.

BRAD

What?

JENNY

I can't be around you.

BRAD

Jenny.

JENNY

Someone else can cook your books.
Someone else is.

KAREN

Uh. This is my first time here.
I was wondering, do you give full
service?

BRAD

(snaps)
Go in back, get settled and I'll
be there in a minute.

KAREN

I'd like to know what I'm getting into first.

BRAD

(harsh)

You'll be getting an ecstatic relaxation. You will leave your body and return to it a different woman in sixty minutes. Now, go to room number one, get undressed and I'll be there in a few.

Karen's petrified now, but she goes in back. Brad stares at Jenny even more upset.

BRAD

We'll talk about this later. You're not quitting.

INT. OFFICE - BRAD'S MASSAGE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Karen aka "OFFICER HANSEN" is on her cel phone.

OFFICER HANSEN

I have no idea how they get so much business when they treat people like that.

INT. VICE SQUAD UNDERCOVER VAN - MOMENTS LATER

JOEY, 30, a flat-heeled goofball and DETECTIVE JOHNSON, 42, a serious man on a mission are wearing headsets and sitting in a van packed with surveillance equipment.

DETECTIVE JOHNSON

Hansen. You need to make him say what he's doing explicitly for it to stand up in court.

OFFICER HANSEN

How? You heard his description.

DETECTIVE JOHNSON

Ask him to do a play by play as he's giving you the massage.

OFFICER HANSEN

I didn't think I'd actually have to go through the whole massage. The plan was to get him to describe-

DETECTIVE JOHNSON
Well, you failed.

OFFICER HANSEN
But-

DETECTIVE JOHNSON
Follow through, Hansen.

OFFICER HANSEN
But-

DETECTIVE JOHNSON
This should be a slam dunk. If you can't get him to talk and he starts the 'happy ending' we'll be there in a ninety seconds after you say "I haven't felt like this since I was a little girl".

OFFICER HANSEN
You're sick.

Brad knocks on the door.

OFFICER HANSEN (CONT'D)
Just a minute.

She begins to undress.

INT. OFFICE - MESSAGE AREA - MOMENTS LATER

Brad's outside the message room on his cel with Lisa.

BRAD
Of course I'm looking forward to seeing you tonight.

INT. LISA'S APARTMENT - INTERCUT

Lisa slides on thigh highs.

LISA
Don't be late.

BRAD
One more client and I'm done.

INT. OFFICE - MESSAGE ROOM - THIRTY MINUTES LATER

We're mid-massage. Hansen hears moaning through the walls. She's already on her back.

OFFICER HANSEN
 Could you tell me what you're-
 Oh my God!

INT. VICE SQUAD UNDERCOVER VAN - INTERCUT

The boys are listening in, ready to pounce.

BRAD (V.O.)
 Is that alright?

OFFICER HANSEN (V.O.)
 Yes. Yes, that's fine. Just like
 that. Oh! Oh! I haven't felt
 like this since. Since. I. What
 are you doing?

INT. OFFICE - MASSAGE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

BRAD
 Tell me if this is too-

OFFICER HANSEN
 Oh! My! God!

INT. VICE SQUAD UNDERCOVER VAN - LATER

Hansen, a new woman, slides open the door and steps in.

DETECTIVE JOHNSON
 What the hell happened in there?

JOEY
 We were waiting for the signal.

OFFICER HANSEN
 Sorry, fellas. He's legit.

JOEY
 What?

OFFICER HANSEN
 I don't know if it was Thai, or
 shiatsu or what, but, they sure
 know how to treat a lady.

JOEY
 We heard every sound in that room.
 You're telling me he wasn't-

OFFICER HANSEN

He was doing his job, the way a man ought to. Something you know nothing about.

Joey launches himself at her. Mike holds him back.

INT. MESSAGE OFFICE - WAITING ROOM

Brad enters. Jenny and an older woman are in the room.

BRAD

Finished!

JENNY

Actually, we have one more woman on standby. She's been here since two.

BRAD

No way. I have to go home and change before my birthday dinner.

JENNY

I think you want to see her.

MRS. GLASS, 50s, sits there patiently.

BRAD

(turns to her)
I'm sorry Ms...?

MRS. GLASS

Glass.

BRAD

Yes, I'm sure Jenny can set you up with something later this month.

MRS. GLASS

Isn't there anyway-

BRAD

I'm sorry, Mrs.-
(beat)
Not, Glass as in Mr. Glass. I mean is he THE Mr.- Your husband's a composer?

MRS. GLASS

Yes.

BRAD

Of opera?

MRS. GLASS

Yes.

BRAD

Avant garde opera?

MRS. GLASS

Yes. But he still has clumsy fingers I'm afraid.

Beat.

BRAD

Mrs. Glass. It will be a pleasure to serve you. Step right in.

Brad flashes Jenny a smile of sweet revenge behind Mrs. Glass' back as she enters the massage area.

INT. OFFICE - WAITING ROOM - LATER

Brad escorts a smouldering Mrs. Glass to the door.

MRS. GLASS

I'll be sure he makes time to see you. Come by tomorrow morning.

Brad kisses Mrs. Glass' hand. She waves toodle-oo as she leaves. Brad turns to Jenny.

BRAD

I just got an audition for Philip Glass' new opera. What time is it? God. I gotta run.

JENNY

I won't be here tomorrow.

BRAD

Jenny please don't leave. Stay through the weekend at least. It's our busiest time. I can't get through it without you.

JENNY

Then this is the last weekend.

BRAD

Thank you. Thank you. We'll talk about it more tomorrow. OK? I gotta run. See you tomorrow.

He dashes out.

INT. CAB - MINUTES LATER

BRAD

(on his cel)

Lisa, I'm running late and I'm stuck in traffic, but I have some fantastic news. I can't wait to tell you. See you soon.

INT. TRIBECCA GRILL - CONTINUOUS

Lisa is on her cel tapping her fingers on the table.

INT. CYNTHIA'S LAW OFFICE - INTERCUT

CYNTHIA

He knows you're putting out tonight and he's an hour late?

LISA

Yes.

CYNTHIA

You're right. He's seeing someone else.

LISA

God, Cynthia. I don't want to start over with someone new. It's too hard. I can't be single again.

CYNTHIA

Baby. Know what you need? There's this massage place I heard about. It's full service massage.

LISA

Cynthia! I may be desperate, but-

CYNTHIA

No, it's really first class. All the men are gorgeous and they really know what they're doing.

LISA

Have you been?

CYNTHIA

No, but my friend Jordan went. If they're for real, who needs Brad?

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Brad gets out of his cab and races down the street past bumper to bumper traffic in the pouring rain.

EXT. TRIBECCA GRILL

Lisa gets in a cab.

INT. OFFICE - WAITING ROOM - MINUTES LATER

The phone rings. Jenny's in a bad mood.

JENNY

What?

INT. CAB - INTERCUT

LISA

(on her cel)

Is this, the place where, uh...Can I get a massage tomorrow?

INT. LISA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Brad's outside the door. He knocks again.

BRAD

Please let me in.

LISA

I can't believe you stood me up tonight.

BRAD

I'm sorry. Let me explain.

The door opens a crack with the security chain still on.

LISA

Brad, it's over.

BRAD

But I have a job. In fact, I just might have a new job.

LISA

What's the new job? Another mystery company that pays in cash?

BRAD

I've got a great shot at the leading role in Philip Glass's newest opera. The audition's tomorrow. I was sweettalking the casting director tonight. That's why I was late. I tried calling.

LISA

What about your real job?

BRAD

I've been working for this moment for years.

LISA

I'm happy for you Brad, but IF you get the job, when it's over, then we're back to the way things were before and I can't do that.

BRAD

I can go back to my old job.

LISA

No job would let you take that much time off! And no job would pay you that kind of money in cash. I know you're lying to me. Are you seeing someone else?

BRAD

No. Lisa! Please.

LISA

I'm done.

BRAD

Let's sleep on it. Let's get some rest and meet tomorrow and talk.

Lisa considers the request.

LISA

I have an appointment at three.

BRAD

We'll meet after that. And I'll explain everything about the job. I promise. It'll all make sense. Lisa, please.

LISA

OK.

BRAD

Good. Good. Could I maybe have a
little birthday kiss?

She hesitates, but opens the door and steps to him. It's a little kiss, but full lips. It grows. It turns into a very passionate kiss, then she pushes him away.

LISA

OK!

BRAD

Let's get married.

LISA

What?

BRAD

Let's get married. I don't know
why I haven't asked you before.

LISA

It's a terrible idea.

BRAD

But-

LISA

Good night, Brad.

She slams the door shut.

INT. AUDITION ROOM - MORNING

Brad finishes singing his audition.

MR. GLASS

Why haven't I ever seen you
before? You're fantastic. The
part's yours.

Brad just smiles as Mrs. Glass in the back of the room winks at him. She then takes Mr. Glass' hand. They've got their mojo back. Brad takes a quick look at the clock on the wall and he realizes he's late.

INT. OFFICE - WAITING ROOM - DAY

Jenny eyes Lisa as she checks in Sandy is standing waiting to check in right behind her. Betty, Martha, Anastasia, and Colleen are all waiting, sitting down.

JENNY
You seem familiar.

LISA
First time here.

JENNY
If you'll have a seat, Florence,
I'll call you when we're ready.

LISA
Who exactly will I be seeing?

JENNY
Your lucky day. You get the
founder.

SANDY
Why does she get Brad?

LISA
His name's Brad?

Brad opens the door and sees Lisa. She doesn't see him.
He freaks out and slams the door shut. Everyone looks at
the just slammed door.

INT. OFFICE - MESSAGE AREA - CONTINUOUS

Brad gets out his cel phone and dials.

BRAD
What is she doing here?

INT. OFFICE - WAITING ROOM - INTERCUT

Lisa and Sandy are still standing by Jenny's desk.

JENNY
Why are you calling me? Why don't
you just come out here?

BRAD
Was this your idea?

JENNY
Was what my idea? Listen, you're
already fifteen minutes behind. We-

BRAD
Why is Lisa out there?!

Jenny gets it. She looks up at Lisa with Sandy.

JENNY
I'll be right in.

Jenny hangs up and hurries into the massage area.

INT. OFFICE - MASSAGE AREA - MOMENTS LATER

Brad is frantically pacing the hall.

JENNY
She made a reservation last night
under a fake name. I didn't know.

BRAD
Oh, God.

JENNY
She's your next client.

BRAD
Oh, my God.

JENNY
Calm down. Paul can cover for you.
(she calls out)
Paul!

BRAD
No! I don't want Paul touching
her! I don't want her in here at
all. How did she find out?

JENNY
I don't think she knew you worked
here.

BRAD
I've been celibate for a month and
she's coming here to get off?

No sympathy from Jenny.

JENNY
What do you want me to do?

BRAD
I don't know. Tell her I got food
poisoning and reschedule. Please,
just get rid of her for me.

JENNY
You know. This is my last day
here. I think I'll let you do
your own lying from now on.

She leaves as Paul comes over to see what's wrong.

BRAD
Jenny, please. I-

INT. OFFICE - WAITING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

She walks back to her desk.

SANDY
Jenny! We had a question for you.
What's Brad's last name?

The phone RINGS. And RINGS. People look toward Jenny.
She doesn't answer it. She's just stewing.

SANDY (CONT'D)
Jenny?

The phone continues to RING.

MARTHA
Jenny? Are you going to get that?

Everyone looks at Jenny.

INT. OFFICE - MASSAGE AREA - CONTINUOUS

Brad hangs up. Paces back and forth.

INT. OFFICE - WAITING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lisa begins to catch on. She stands up and goes to
Jenny's desk. People begin to sense something's up.

LISA
I'd like to see Brad now.

JENNY
Brad's not going to be able to see
you. Paul will be your masseur.

Lisa heads toward the massage area door. Paul opens it
from the other side, enters, shuts the door and blocks it
with his body. She looks up at Paul who's a foot taller.

PAUL
I'm sorry, ma'am you can't go in
there unaccompanied. I'm Paul.
Brad's not feeling well so I'm
going to be your-

LISA

You have three choices: let me by, get Brad out here in sixty seconds or I can call the cops.

PAUL

Why don't we sit down and talk about what kind of massage you'd-

LISA

I'd like Brad to come out. I want to make sure he's alright.

(screaming)

Brad! Are you alright?

PAUL

Ma'am, you'll have to settle down, or I'll be forced to remove you from the premises.

He grabs her forearm.

EXT. OFFICE STREET CORNER - CONTINUOUS

A fully armed VICE SQUAD rushes the door of the building.

INT. OFFICE - WAITING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

LISA

Take your hands off of me.

He lets her go. Lisa takes out her phone and dials.

INT. OFFICE - MASSAGE AREA - INTERCUT

Brad's phone RINGS LOUDLY. He tries to quiet it unsuccessfully, sees Lisa's name and answers.

LISA

Let's have sex, right now.

BRAD

(casual)

Whoa. Hey. What's up? Thought you had a meeting.

LISA

I did too, but there seems to be a delay, so I thought we should get together and have sex right now.

BRAD

Wow. A good night's sleep really worked, but I'm a little busy.

LISA

Busy? After a month of not sleeping with me, I thought you'd jump at the chance.

BRAD

How about tonight? I've got work right now.

INT. STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

The vice squad storms up the stairs.

INT. OFFICE - WAITING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

LISA

Work? Is that what you call what you do with all these women?

BRAD

What are you talking about!?

LISA

Brad, I head the phone ring when I called and now I can hear you talking through the door.

Silence. Brad is so caught. Everyone is speechless. On the security monitor shows the Vice Squad in position.

INT. OFFICE - WAITING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The door opens. Lisa looks at Brad with complete condemnation.

BRAD

Lisa, I started all this to have a good job, and make a living. I started this because of you..

LISA

Me! You've been screwing all these women for ME? Thanks.

INT. STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

The team leader gives a silent three count.

INT. OFFICE - WAITING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

BRAD

I don't have sex with anyone. Starting this business has been amazing for me and all the women I've been helping and people I've been working with. Not being able to share that with you has been what's been tearing us apart.

LISA

What's been tearing us apart is you're still an unfaithful, lying bastard.

BRAD

You're blowing things out of proportion. You make me sound like a criminal.

The Vice Squad barges in guns ablaze. Mass confusion. Detective Johnson and Joey enter as well.

DETECTIVE JOHNSON

Everyone down! You're all under arrest!

JOEY

Down now! On the ground! Flat on your stomach! Put your hands behind your head and do not move.

People begin to lie down.

BRAD

Who the hell are you? This is a massage therapy center!

SWAT LEADER

No talking.

He shoves Brad to the ground.

DETECTIVE JOHNSON

Well, Mr. Weiss if this is a massage center...Where's your certificate?

His face pressed to the ground, Brad sees Nate give a shrug. Lisa and Jenny are on the ground next to Brad.

BRAD

Jenny. Are you OK?

LISA
 What about me? Who is she? Is
 she your little hussy?

BRAD
 Lisa. You don't-

JOEY
 Quiet!

Joey drops his knee straight into Brad's back. The pain.

INT. JAIL - MEN'S HOLDING ROOM - EVENING

The jail door slams shut. Brad is at the front of the cell peering out through the bars. He hears the women nearby, down the hall, but can't see them.

BRAD
 Jenny!?

LISA
 Brad?

BRAD
 Lisa?

INT. JAIL - WOMEN'S HOLDING ROOM - INTERCUT

Lisa and Jenny have come to the front of the bars to hear Brad's voice. They're inches from each other.

JENNY & LISA
 (simultaneously)
 Brad?

Lisa gives Jenny a withering glance.

BRAD
 Jenny?

Lisa lunges for Jenny. Brad hears a scuffle.

BRAD
 Jenny, are you OK?

She is not OK. It's a knock-down drag-out cat-fight. All the regular RTT ladies are there and they're cheering Jenny on. Guards rush past Brad to the women's cell to stop the fight. They drag away Lisa past Brad.

INT. COURTHOUSE - THE NEXT DAY

Every client they've had is in the gallery. Brad is on trial with Jenny, Nate and the other massuers. Jenny has a puffed-up lip, but Lisa standing behind her has black eye. Brad's in the witness stand finishing his testimony.

BRAD

Your honor. You've heard all the evidence against me and I want you to know, I'm here today taking complete responsibility for everything that went on at Releaste Technique Technologies. I'm the only one here who should be on trial. It was my idea, and my design. I roped everyone else in without telling them all the ramifcations of their actions. But you've also heard to day from dozens of the women my company has served. And all I can say is that if giving women pleasure is a crime, then I'm guilty. If boosting their confidence so they become more successful in life is against the law, then put me away. And if the happiness I've brought to the world was in contradiction to the constitution of this great nation, then throw away the key.

The entire courthouse stands to give Brad a standing ovation. He accepts the applause as the judge hammers his gavel to restrain the crowd's enthusiasm.

INT. AUDITION/REHEARSAL ROOM - EVENING

Philip Glass shakes his head as he reads a letter. A tear comes to his eye and he hits the desk in anger.

BRAD (V.O.)

Mr. Glass, it is with profound regret that I cannott accept the role you have so graciously offered me, but I have received another opportunity I simply cannot refuse.

INT. JAIL - CONTINUOUS

We pull back to see Brad in a bright orange jumpsuit.

BRAD (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I hope at some point in the future
we may work together, but that day
will have to wait. Til then.

Brad and Jenny talk through the bars.

JENNY

Three months in county and a
year's probation is really pretty
good all things considered.

BRAD

Will you wait for me?

JENNY

Idiot.

She leans through the bars and kisses him.

JENNY

And when you get out, I'll get you
a job where I'm working now.

BRAD

It's a good thing 'cause I've been
banned from ever being allowed a
real massage therapy certificate.
I feel terrible that all the other
guys are out of work now. I don't
know what they'll do.

JENNY

They'll find a way to get by.
They're pretty resourceful.

BRAD

Always the optimist.

JENNY

Because things always work out.

She leans through the bars and kisses him.

BRAD

You really think the guys'll be
OK?

JENNY

They know 'The Thing'. They'll be just fine.

Brad smiles and kisses her once more.

INSERT TITLE: Three Months Later

INT. NEW OFFICE - MASSAGE AREA - ONE MONTH LATER

Women moan with pleasure in a candlelit room.

INT. NEW OFFICE - TRAINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Nate and Paul give a lecture to a group of straight and older men (including Mr. Anderson) and their partners. Nate points with a laser to a large photo of the vagina.

INT. NEW OFFICE - FRONT DESK - CONTINUOUS

Anastasia is at the reception desk on a call.

ANASTASIA

Good afternoon, Happy Ending Release Resort and Training Center, educating men and women for women's pleasure.

INT. NEW OFFICE - MASSAGE AREA - CONTINUOUS

The advanced group is being taught by Andrew. They're working on a live subject - Sandy - who's loving it.

ANASTASIA (CONT'D)

We have advanced training with live models taught by a select group of professionals.

INT. NEW OFFICE - FRONT DESK - CONTINUOUS

Anastasia listens and Gloria comes up behind her and gives her a lingering kiss on the neck. Anastasia playfully pushes her away and goes back to her call

ANASTASIA (CONT'D)

We also have couples sessions.

In another room, Colleen, lies buck naked, as she and Ed lead a couples session on the floor with mats.

ANASTASIA (CONT'D)

We're so good, Women come here to learn about how to pleasure women.
 (Anastasia listens)
 Brad was our founder, but he no longer works here. He's moved on.

INT. BACKSTAGE

Brad and Jenny slide on stage and begin to sing. They're dressed in sequined outfit and they smile like crazy.

INT. SMALL STAGE - CONTINUOUS

JENNY

I GET NO KICK FROM CHAMPAGNE.

BRAD

MERE ALCOHOL DOESN'T THRILL ME AT ALL.

BRAD & JENNY

SO TELL ME WHY SHOULD IT BE TRUE.
 THAT I GET A KICK, OUT OF YOU.

We pull back further to see a they're on a dinky little stage with people all about giving drinks to patrons.

BRAD

I GET A KICK EVERY TIME I SEE YOU
 STANDING THERE BEFORE ME.

JENNY

I GET A KICK, THOUGH IT'S CLEAR TO
 ME, YOU OBVIOUSLY DON'T ADORE ME.

Brad spins Jenny to him in an embrace and they kiss. The chorus comes on led by a beaming Chinese Delivery Guy.

CHORUS

I GET NO KICK FROM A PLANE.
 FLYING SO HIGH, LIKE SOME GUY IN THE
 SKY IS MY IDEA OF NOTHING TO DO.

BRAD & JENNY

BUT I GET A KICK OUT OF YOU.

We pull back further. We're in the cabin of a ship. We pull out the window so we see Brad and Jenny inside and we see the Spirit of New York pull out of the harbour.

END.