

#### 4 Sinuously Yours

Marlene expects to get the latest and greatest massage experience at the country club, but her soon-to-be ex-husband has something else in store for her. It will be an experience she never forgets.

FADE IN:

INT. GREEN HILLS COUNTRY CLUB FRONT LOBBY - AFTERNOON

MARLENE ZACKERMAN, a darkly tanned woman with platinum hair cut in a severe bob, walks into the lobby talking loudly on her cell phone. She steps up to the reception desk.

RECEPTIONIST

Good afternoon, ma'am. How can I--

MARLENE

(interrupts)

Marlene Zackerman. I've got an appointment for a massage with Scott.

MARLENE continues listening to the person she's talking to on the cell phone.

RECEPTIONIST

(polite smile)

Ah, yes. I see you are booked for our Thai Sn--

MARLENE

(interrupts and waves her fingers dismissively)

That's fine. My husband made the appointment. Val, you would not believe the shoes I bought. Five hundred dollar snakeskin pumps with a four-inch heel. I'm going to wear them to dinner tonight.

RECEPTIONIST

(smile more forced)

Mrs. Zackerman, I need you to sign a release.

MARLENE

(gives an annoyed look)

Can't you see I'm on the phone? Give me a pen. Sorry about the interruption, Val. Some people have no manners. For the price Charles pays for membership here, you would think they would hire a better class of worker.

The RECEPTIONIST, clearly insulted but trained to remain polite, hands MARLENE a pen. MARLENE doesn't look at the

paper and scratches her signature before thrusting it back at the RECEPTIONIST.

MARLENE

I'd better go, Val. Charles booked a massage for me here at the club. I think he might be ready to reconcile. After he called me an evil, money-grabbing snake in the grass, he's lucky I took his phone call.

(pauses as she listens to Val's response)

I know, right? I can't believe he said it either. They do have the most divine spa here though, and I deserve a treat after the the way he talked to me. I should make him buy me that necklace I've been eyeing. If he thinks a massage is enough to win my forgiveness, he's sadly mistaken. My forgiveness doesn't come cheap. (pause) I'll call you this evening.

(disconnects the call and drops the phone into her purse)

INT. GREEN HILLS COUNTRY CLUB PRIVATE ROOM IN SPA - MOMENTS LATER

MARLENE lies face down on a massage table. A sheet covers the lower half of her body. Flute music with the sound of running water in the background is piped into the dimly lit room. Candles flicker and cast shadows on the wall. The door opens, and SCOTT, the masseuse, walks in with a wooden box in his hand that he sets down in the corner. SCOTT is dressed in black and clearly takes pride in his muscles and his appearance.

SCOTT

(ingratiating simper)

Good afternoon, Marlene. So good to see you again. You look absolutely gorgeous, darling.

MARLENE

(lifting head to glance up)

(MORE)

MARLENE (CONT'D)

It's been too long, Scott. My shoulders and back are killing me after this morning's workout. I hope you've got the magic touch for me today.

SCOTT

Your husband called me personally and asked for our latest massage package. You're our very first client to try it, lucky girl.

MARLENE

Charles might just make up for his ridiculous behavior if you can get the knots out of my back.

SCOTT

You're in for the massage of a lifetime. It's sinfully sensuous.

SCOTT rubs his hands together to warm them then lays them on MARLENE'S head. He gently massages her scalp before moving to her neck.

MARLENE

It feels phenomenal, Scott. I'm going to miss the feel of your hands on my body.

SCOTT

You can book a session with me anytime, sweetheart. You know I love dishing the dirt with you. You are my absolute favorite client.  
(rolls his eyes at his own obvious lie)

MARLENE

(sighing deeply)

If Charles goes through with this divorce, I won't be able to afford to come see you.

SCOTT

I'm sure your divorce attorney will get you a nice settlement. I knew the first Mrs. Zackerman, and she walked away with a very pretty nest egg. You need to get her attorney to hook you up.

MARLENE

I would if I hadn't signed that damned prenup. That greedy bitch made Charles so angry that he insisted I sign one before he even bought me a ring. Now I'm up the proverbial creek without a legal loophole.

SCOTT

(Clucks in sympathy)

I'm sorry, darling. Prenups are a bitch.

MARLENE

It's not like I had a full-blown affair or anything. It was a little afternoon delight with the golf caddy. You know the one. The new guy with the accent.

SCOTT

Serge? Oh my god! He is super hot. He looks so damn fine in his caddy pants. I'd do him myself if my man wasn't such a jealous ogre. So you milked Serge's snake, huh? Interesting. You know the first Mrs. Zackerman dabbled with the tennis pro and Mr. Zackerman was pissed. They had a screaming match in the front lobby. It was like watching an episode of Jerry Swinger's afternoon talk show.

MARLENE

(snorts)

I have more class than her. Serge was cute. Not fifteen million dollars out the door cute though. Charles must be in a forgiving mood if he booked me this massage.

SCOTT pumps some massage lotion into his hands and smooths it onto MARLENE'S back. He massages her lower back.

MARLENE

(petulant)

I don't know what's so special about this massage. It feels like it always does. Charles paid for me

(MORE)

MARLENE (CONT'D)

to try the latest and greatest and this is just...blah. If this is my last one for awhile, I want it to be unforgettable.

SCOTT

(gives an annoyed look  
MARLENE can't see)

Hold on, darlin'. I'm warming up your skin to prepare it. It's important that your flesh be warm and slightly oiled before we begin or this special technique won't work.

MARLENE

My girlfriend got a cupping massage. She said it hurt. I don't do pain...well, not usually, but if the jewelry is right...

(Giggles)

SCOTT leans down and opens the box. He pulls a snake out and places it across MARLENE'S back. Grabbing a second one from the box, he places it across her back, too.

MARLENE

(moans)

Oooh...I don't know what you just did, but I'm liking your hand and arm action. It's hitting all the right spots.

The snakes on MARLENE'S back begin to move and writhe their way down towards her waist.

MARLENE

This feels amazing. It's almost orgasmic it feels so good. Where did you say you learned this?

SCOTT

Thailand. It's the latest in massage technique. They do facials with snails, too. It makes your skin feel heavenly.

MARLENE

(Shudders)

I don't do snails. No escargot. No frogs, lizards, or wiggly things. I don't care if it makes me look like

(MORE)

MARLENE (CONT'D)

a Kartackian. I don't like creepy  
crawlly.

SCOTT

(lips pursed in mock  
dismay)

Oh. Charles said you love animals.

MARLENE

I do. I have a show poodle named  
Simone Bouffantier, and she is my  
best friend.

SCOTT

(hesitantly)

Charles gave me the impression that  
you liked more...uh...exotic  
animals.

MARLENE

Charles is such a joker. He thinks  
poodles are exotic because they're  
French. My goodness, Scott, your  
hands are getting a little frisky.  
We're friends but not that good of  
friends.

(giggles)

SCOTT reaches down and moves one of the snakes back up from  
MARLENE'S rear end to her shoulders. It twists slowly  
upwards.

SCOTT

Better?

SCOTT begins to rub MARLENE'S lower back as the snakes work  
on her shoulders. One of the snakes works its way to  
MARLENE'S neck and flicks its tongue at her ear.

MARLENE

(giggling)

Oh! That's a little bold, Scott. I  
didn't think you swung your clubs  
my way. Wait? How do you have three  
hands? Um...Scott? What are you  
doing?

SCOTT grabs the snake from MARLENE'S neck. As he pulls it  
up, MARLENE turns her head, opens her eyes and comes  
face-to-face with the python in SCOTT'S hands.

MARLENE

(squealing)

Oh my god! Oh my god! Oh my god!

SCOTT

Calm down. You don't want the snake to get too excited.

MARLENE

Why do you have a snake in your hand? I hate snakes!

SCOTT

It's the new massage technique I learned. Your husband said you would love it. He said you loved snakes all over you. Said you can't get enough of snakes. His exact words were "the bigger the snake, the more my wife likes it."

MARLENE

(stuttering)

That asshole! I hate snakes! I can't believe you put that thing on me.

(she starts to sit up,  
then freezes)

Wait! Is there a snake still on me?  
Get it off!

SCOTT tries to pull the other snake off of MARLENE, but the first snake has wrapped itself tightly around his arm and he can't get the second snake to let go.

SCOTT

(in a soothing voice)

Just relax and give me a minute. I need to put Lucy in her box before I can get the other one.

MARLENE

(frozen in fear)

You named your snake?

SCOTT

Of course. Doesn't every guy name their snake?

MARLENE

I'll sue. I won't need to worry about a divorce settlement. I'll

(MORE)



MARLENE (CONT'D)

own you and this whole damn country club by the time I'm done. Get that damn snake off of me!

SCOTT puts the first snake in the box and returns to pull the other snake off of MARLENE.

SCOTT

I don't understand. Your husband swore you would love this massage. He said he wanted it to be an experience you'd never forget.

MARLENE

(Teeth chattering)

If you don't get that snake off of me, I'm going to pee myself. I really, really hate snakes. Charles knows how much I hate them!

SCOTT

(wide-eyed in mock apology)

I'm so sorry. Your husband told me you loved big snakes. He said you had an almost unnatural affinity for any kind of snake. In fact, he wanted to know if I had an anaconda, but I only have ball pythons.

SCOTT unwinds the second snake from around MARLENE'S waist. As soon as she is free from its grip, MARLENE wraps the sheet around her and jumps up from the table. She runs screaming hysterically out of the room.

SCOTT

(calling after her)

What? No tip?

(looks at snake)

Good thing Mr. Zackerman paid me double. I guess my snake didn't satisfy her after all.

FADE OUT.