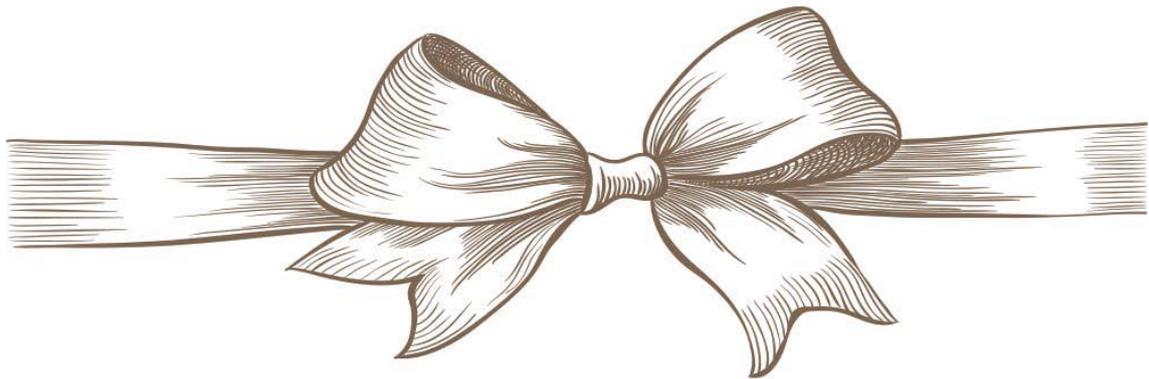


The JI Advent Calendar proudly presents

THE PERFECT PRESENT



A Jemma screenplay
for Christmas time

Villa Bergmann - hall - late afternoon

The doorbell rings. Jenny pushes the buzzer. She greets Emma, who comes walking up the stairs, in the hallway. Welcome kiss. Emma lifts up a paper bag.

Emma

(happy)

It's perrrrfect.

Jenny

(pushy)

How - what - where? Tell me, already.

Emma

I've just been downtown. I've finally found a Christmas present for Hotte.

Emma pulls out a box from the bag. The text on it says: Bake your dream girl. It contains a ready-mix and a baking mould in the shape of a pin-up girl.

Jenny

Wonderful. Really wonderful. That fits Hotte. Wait. We must have some wrapping paper somewhere. Probably.

Jenny turns to go but Emma holds her back.

Emma

(grinning)

Forget the wrapping. We'll use the mould ourselves.

Jenny

You want to send him the finished cake to Las Vegas?

Emma

He'll never be able to manage on his own ... with cake or women.

Jenny

But airmail can take days. By the time Hotte gets the dream girl, she'll be dry as a desert.

Emma

(dismayed)

Oh. I hadn't thought about that. Okay. Plan B. I'll be back in an hour.

Downtown Cologne - at twilight

Several scenes in fast motion like in an old silent movie, with typical background music.

Emma hurries through the city on her rickety three-gears-bike scaring up a flock of pigeons. At a red traffic light Emma waits beside a sporty bike courier. She overtakes him at the start and speeds on with a ducked head.

Emma brakes at a crosswalk. Long break. An old woman with a wheeled walker crosses the street, then a group of women with strollers, a man on crutches, a group of Asian tourists, a grandpa with a cane and finally a little boy pulling along a Tigerente (an iconic little wooden toy duck on wheels).

Finally Emma rides on. Exhausted she parks her bike at a bike rack in the pedestrian zone, pushing over the other bikes which fall down like dominos. Embarrassed, Emma picks all of them up again.

A zigzag course follows: Emma disappears into a shop on the left side, leaves it again, enters the next one on the right side, and so on. Finally, she comes out of a shop with a broad, happy smile.

Villa Bergmann - hall - evening

The doorbell rings again. Jenny welcomes Emma on the stairwell. With glowing cheeks Emma pulls a small item out of her bag.

Emma

(happy)

Tadaa. What do you see?

Jenny

(enchanted)

My dream girl.

Emma

I mean, in my hand, Jenny.

Jenny

A cookie cutter made of stainless steel.

Emma

(impatient)

Yes. That too. But look closer. It's a dog. What does that remind you of?

Jenny

Hairs. Fleas. Poop bags.

Emma

(rolls eyes)

And how about candle light and necromancy - with me?

Jenny

Oh. Right. You're walking down memory lane.

Emma

Exactly. Dr. Mops (Mops = pug) is red.
I'll bet you anything, Hotte will get it
immediately. I've bought food coloring.
And cookies have a better shelf-life
than cake.

Jenny

One second. You really want to give him
edible pugs (*NOTE: the plural "Möpfe" can
also mean "boobs" in German*) for Christmas?

Emma only now realizes the possible double entendre of Mops/Möpfe
(pug/boobs). Her eyes widen in horror and she blushes.

Emma

I ... er, I ... will go out again and buy a fir.
For cookies.

Jenny

Emma, leave it. The shops will be closing
soon anyway. Pugs/boobs are great for Hotte.
But ... Emma, I can't bake to save my life.

Emma

But I can. Trust me. This'll be great.

Close-up of Jenny. Dimples are shown. In her eyes there is a dreamy
sparkle.

#Flash-forward# vision of Jenny

In the kitchen, Jenny follows Emma's every movement. Emma has rolled
up the sleeves of her plaid shirt and dumps ingredients into a
mixing bowl. A cloud of flour raises up. Lovingly, Jenny wipes the
white traces from Emma's face. Both beam at each other. Emma feeds
Jenny some dough. Both happily kiss each other on the cheeks. Jenny
puts her hands on the handles of the rolling pin. Emma embraces her
from behind and puts her hands on top of Jenny's. They start rolling
out the dough as a team. (Dreamy sigh ...)

Villa Bergmann - kitchen

Jenny opens the fridge and examines the contents.

Jenny

Great. What do we need for the dough?

Emma draws out her smartphone and taps on the display several times.

Emma

The recipe says: Four eggs, 200 grams ...

Jenny

Stop. I'm sorry. We don't have eggs.

Emma

Impossible. You always have some for breakfast.

Jenny

(sighs)

If Frau Beschenko comes in the morning, brings eggs and serves us eggs - yes.

Jenny closes the fridge.

Emma

(panicky)

And now? What now?

Jenny takes Emma's hand and squeezes it softly.

Jenny

(calm)

Hey ... We'll simply go to your place and do the baking there.

Emma

Can't. My little brother is sick with fifth disease at the moment.

Jenny

Oh. He really screams here whenever a virus is around, doesn't he? Then we'll just have to postpone the baking.

Emma

(crestfallen)

Then we can just forget about it. The present has to go into the mail tomorrow so it will arrive for Christmas Eve.

Jenny

Let's dial down the pressure a bit. Okay? Hotte will understand if he has to go without for once.

Emma

He's my best friend.

Jenny

Exactly. Text him and tell him ... We'll visit him. Sometime. Soon.

Close up on Jenny. Her eyes show love of adventure.

#Flash forward# Vision of Jenny

Several scenes in Las Vegas. Jenny and Emma are wearing sunglasses and backpacks. They are leaving the airport. Someone honks the horn. They turn their heads and see Hotte sitting behind the wheel of an old Pink Cadillac. The top is down and the writing on the side proclaims: Drive your dream - cars for rent.

Sightseeing tour through Las Vegas in the daytime. Jenny and Emma are sitting slightly elevated in the backseat. They show each other details that they are discovering. Finally they raise their arms in the air and cheer towards the heavens.

Las Vegas in the evening. Jenny and Emma are posing for a selfie in front of a small illuminated Eiffel Tower before Hotte photobombs their motive. Everyone laughs and horses around.

In the casino. In celebration of the day Jenny and Emma are wearing tuxedos. They marvel at their surroundings. Emma points to a gambling table. Then she proudly points to her earrings and her bracelet - to cards and dice. Jenny laughs and taps Emma on the nose.

Finally, together they pull down the lever of a one-armed bandit. One after another the symbols appear - three hearts. Coins start pouring from the machine. Jenny and Emma don't care. They make goo-goo eyes at each other while tightly holding hands.

(Dreamy sigh ...)

Villa Bergmann - living room

Emma sits sadly on the sofa, her head in her hands. Hesitatingly, Jenny starts stroking her neck to console her.

Emma

(desperate)

It's nuts. There has to be a present we can find.

Jenny

Stefan probably has some good wine in his wine cellar.

Emma

And if the glass bottle breaks during shipping?! Too risky. We need something else.

Jenny

Then let's go. We'll look around.

Jenny pulls Emma over to Stefan's desk. There she opens a drawer.

Jenny

Here, we've got ... ballpoint pens with the Harani logo.

Emma

(shocked)

Oh my god! Is that really ...

Emma bends down to pick up a piece of clothing.

Jenny

(chiding)

Emma, now don't be so uptight. That's just a lace bra. Nothing more.

Emma

Does it belong to Schmidt-Heisig, do you think?

Jenny

No idea. Just smell it.

Emma

(shocked)

No way!

Emma drops the bra like a hot potato and backs away. Jenny rolls her eyes, picks the bra up again and takes a quick sniff.

Jenny

Schmidt-Heisig. No doubt. This scent ... wouldn't this be something for Hotte?

Emma

(confused)

Her perfume?

Jenny

Her bra.

Emma

(outraged)

I'm not giving Hotte used underwear for Christmas.

Jenny

But his imagination would run completely wild. Schmidt-Heisig is hot.

Emma

Jenny, she's our principal.

Jenny

So? She's definitely attractive. And Hotte is into blondes. Okay. And into brunettes. Into anything, really.

Emma

(exasperated)

This doesn't get us anywhere.

Villa Bergmann - Ben's room

Jenny turns on the light. Emma is standing behind her, looking dubiously over her shoulder into the room.

Emma

And what exactly ... are we looking for in here?

Jenny

Whatever we can find. If Ben likes it, I'm pretty sure Hotte will like it, too. For example, does Hotte already own ... a surfboard?

Emma

(irritated)

Las Vegas isn't near the ocean.

Jenny

You're right. So we better concentrate on Ben's mountain bike.

Emma

Do you know how many stamps I would have to put on that? Forget it!

Jenny walks over to the shelves next to the window and looks through them.

Jenny

What do you think about ... the waving lucky cat?

Emma

(shakes head)

Too cheesy. Plus, it's lacking any connection to anything. If it had been "Dr. Cat is gold" back then, then ... maybe.

Jenny

We also have a toy car. A Mini-Mustang.

Emma

Too risky. What if that ends up reopening old wounds? Hotte once wrecked a car. Did you know that?

Jenny

(frustrated)

Jeez. You really stonewall every idea.

Emma

I just know Hotte.

Jenny

Alright. Then you suggest something.

Emma

(pensive)

Ben doesn't happen to have an old issue of the YPS comics?

Jenny

Just a sec. We'll know in a moment.

Jenny lies down on her stomach. Her head disappears under the bed, while her hands pull out item after item. Boxer shorts. A travel guide for Australia. An empty Kölsch beer bottle. Condoms. And so on. Then Jenny appears again and joyously shows Emma a square piece of paper.

Emma

That isn't an issue of YPS.

Jenny

(triumphantly)

But it's the perfect gift

Emma

(reads)

Ben, our night together was incredibly hot. Kiss, Caro

Jenny

We'll cut away the name Ben.

Emma

And what exactly is Hotte supposed to get out of this crumpled post-it?

Jenny

Whatever. Frame it. Hang it over the bed. He had a crush on Caro for ages. And nobody in Las Vegas knows that he always struck out with her.

Emma

(resigned)

Ho boy. Presents are so complicated.

Emma sinks down on the bed. Jenny steps in front of her and pulls her up again by her hands.

Jenny

(softly purring)

Hey ... don't despair. At least the two of us have hit the jackpot in the love department.

Emma

(swallows)

Er ... Jenny?

Jenny

Emma?

Emma

(nervous)

You do realize where we are right now,
right?! I mean, Ben's room. White sheets.
You know. I'm getting ... flashbacks.

Jenny

(grinning)

That's what I'm speculating on.

Jenny's head moves closer to Emma as if in slow-motion. What follows is ... ♥ the perfect first time reloaded. Completely spontaneous ♥ (wind machine included, of course.) Afterwards, high and happy Jenny and Emma cuddle under the shared blanket exchanging playful kisses again and again.

Emma

If you knew how happy I am right now.

Jenny

Even though we don't have a gift for
Hotte?

Emma gives a start. She sits up, fishes on the floor for her jeans and takes her smartphone out of her pocket. Then she snuggles back up to Jenny and raises the phone.

Emma

And now remember the three golden rules
and smile, smile, smile. For Hotte.

Jenny

You want to send him a selfie of us?
Now?

Emma

Nonsense. Not until Christmas Eve,
of course. Because, Jenny, the two
of us, you and me ...

Jenny

Really terribly, awfully in love in flowery
bed sheets?!?

Emma

Yes. Honestly? Nobody could imagine anything
better for Christmas. Right?!

The End