

CHARLOTTE AND THE CAMEL'S TOE

A Screenplay

by Helio J Cordeiro

Copyright © 2006
Helio J Cordeiro
hjcordeiro@hotmail.com

FADE IN:

EXT. SAHARA DESERT - DAY

Hot sun in the sky.

Sand dunes. Gusts of wind blows the sand which leave snake like patterns across the desert.

SUPER: SAHARA DESERT CIRCA 1942

A BEDOUIN ARAB, His face covered by a traditional head dress, a leather satchel on his shoulder, mounted on a magnificent black stallion horse, climbs a sand dune then comes to a halt.

A gun shot, the sound echoes and bounces off the sand canyons in the desert.

The Bedouin Arab suddenly falls from the horse.

He rolls down the slope of a sand dune and stops in a heap at the bottom. The bags slides down then nestles next to his dead body.

A sudden whips if wind blows the flap on the satchel open which sparkles, rays of gold reflections beam in the sunlight.

An mysterious figure's legs dismounts from a camel then trudges on the sand then stops at the dead body.

A hand picks up the satchel.

A pair of hands then opens the satchel to reveal:

A golden Camel's Toe, which sparkles brilliantly in the bright sunlight.

EXT. AGADIR - DAY

A crowded city.

An open market, many Arabs sell their wares on market stalls, some argue over price, Women with their faces covered their eyes peek out the front. Many animals about the market, horses, camels, goats and the occasional elephants.

SUPER: AGADIR, MOROCCO

A black car, two small red flags, each bears a black swastika in a white circle, mounted on each wing, the flags rustle in the light wind. The car slowly drives through the throng of people and animals.

EXT. HOTEL - DAY

The black car stops in front of a Moorish building.

Above the Hotel door a sign reads: AGADIR HOTEL.

A GERMAN SOLDIER gets out from the black car and rushes to opens the back door.

He raises his arm in a Nazi salute.

GERMAN SOLDIER
Heil, Hitler!

Colonel HELMUT GRUBBERBRUKER, a tall Nazi officer, about 45, he wears a civil black suite coat and carries a black leather briefcase. He climbs out of the car and returns the salute.

HELMUT GRUBBERBRUKER
Heil, Hitler!

Colonel Grubberbruker steps inside the hotel.

INT. HOTEL - DAY

Colonel Grubberbruker moves toward the reception desk. A Moroccan CONCIERGE in his early 30s, dark skinned, black mustache, he wears a red Fez hat on his head, a white coat, white shirt and black tie. The concierge smiles.

CONCIERGE
(Moroccan accent)
Herr, Colonel Grubb... err... Brrruu!

COLONEL GRUBBERBRUKER
(German accent)
Grubberbruker!

CONCIERGE
Yes, of course. Please, welcome to our hotel.

COLONEL GRUBBERBRUKER
You have booked my room?

CONCIERGE
Yes, yes, Mine Führer..

COLONEL GRUBBERBRUKER
Don't be insolent! And my guest?

CONCIERGE
(handing the keys)
Yes, Sir... I mean, the nice lady is waiting in your room... Room thirteen. Have a good stay, Herr Colonel!

Ignoring the Concierge, Colonel Grubber steps away from the reception and marches across the hotel lobby.

CONCIERGE

(shouts)

Hey, I love your Wagner's ring, Herr
Colonel!

Colonel Grubber stops in his tracks for a moment and clicks his boot heels together.

COLONEL GRUBBERBRUKER

Schweinehund!

Colonel Grubberbrucker moves to the stairs at the end of the Hotel lounge. He passes an Arab man, Jaffar, who sits in a large comfortable chair and reads an open newspaper.

The Arab man looks up from behind his newspaper and glances towards the German officer.

Colonel Grubberbrucker climbs the stairs.

The Arab man folds his newspaper, rises from his chair and leaves the hotel.

INT. ROOM THIRTEEN - DAY

The door opens and the colonel Grubberbrucker enters.

A beautiful sexy looking woman, CHARLOTTE HEN, in her 30s, blues eyes, dark hair, in a skimpy low-cut top and black skin-tight trousers she lays down provocatively on the bed.

She holds a champagne glass in one hand and in another a cigarette-holder.

COLONEL GRUBBER

Fräulein, Charlotte Hen.

CHARLOTTE

(French accent)

Colonel, Helmut Grubberbrruu...

COLONEL GRUBBERBRUKER

Grubberbrucker!

CHARLOTTE

Oui, Mon Colonel.

Charlotte rises from the bed and glides sensually towards to Colonel Grubberbrucker.

Grubberbrucker places the black briefcase on the floor then attempts to grabs Charlotte but she slips way from his arms.

CHARLOTTE

I've something for you, Herr
Colonel...

COLONEL GRUBBERBRUKER

I know...

He unties himself and gets his suit coat off...

COLONEL GRUBBERBRUKER

And what do have for me, Fräulein?

CHARLOTTE

The Camel's Toe.

Colonel Grubberbruker glances down at Charlotte.

Charlotte's shapely feminine crotch protrudes through the black skin-tight trousers.

Colonel Grubberbruker smacks his lips and his mouth waters.

COLONEL GRUBBERBRUKER

I love French camel's toe...

Charlotte lifts her glass and downs the last drop of Champagne, then draws on her cigarette.

CHARLOTTE

Not mine, Herr Colonel!

Charlotte flicks the cigarette out through the open window.

The sound of an Arab man shouts in the street outside.

ARAB MAN (O.S.)

Imshee!

Charlotte shrugs her shoulders.

CHARLOTTE

No, not French! I'm Belgian, Herr Colonel. Like Hercule Poirot...

COLONEL GRUBBERBRUKER

Oh, I'm sorry. I thought Poirot was French?

CHARLOTTE

No, Belgian! I refer to the golden powerful amulet. Not the other thing, you know...

COLONEL GRUBBERBRUKER

Oh, yes, I know... Where is it?

CHARLOTTE

Did you bring the money and the passport?

COLONEL GRUBBERBRUKER

Yes. Wait a minute...

Colonel Grubberbrucker lifts the black briefcase, places it on the bed and opens the case.

Inside the open briefcase is filled with stacked hundred dollar bills, an American Passport lays on top of the money.

Charlotte glares at the open briefcase, she is amused.

CHARLOTTE

Wow! Don't you just love that green?

Charlotte takes the brown leather satchel opens it and pulls out the Golden Camel's Toe, it sparkles and shines in the sunlight.

She hands the Camel's Toe to the Colonel, her other hand remains inside the bag.

Colonel Grunnerbrucker looks down to the prize in his hand.

COLONEL GRUBBERBRUKER

Good, very good. Beautiful piece, Fräulein. The Führer will be pleased.

CHARLOTTE

So will Eva Braun , Her, Colonel... Whoever possesses this amulet will have long life and virulent sexual power... It won't be hard to have a healthy sexual life, you understand?

COLONEL GRUBBERBRUKER

Like I am now? I'm very hard for you. Steifen haben, Fräü....

Colonel Grubber turns around and faces Charlotte.

Charlotte aims a pistol, a silencer screwed on the barrel, directly at his groin.

CHARLOTTE

I'm sorry, Colonel nothing personal...

COLONEL GRUBBERBRUKER

Hey, Fräulein, look at what you've done...

The Colonel's male member stands proudly erect inside his trousers the bugle sticks out like a small tent.

Charlotte is amazed at what she sees.

CHARLOTTE

Mon Dieu!

COLONEL GRUBBERBRUKER

You are right!

(MORE)

COLONEL GRUBBERBRUKER (CONT'D)

I've only held this amulet for a few moments and I'm Steifen haben, very hard! Don't waste this golden opportunity, my dear. I'm hard but I'll be gentle...

Colonel Grubberbrucker waddles towards Charlotte.

Three gun shots in rapid succession. BAM! BAM! BAM!

Colonel Helmut Grubberbrucker, hits three times in the chest, falls dead, the Golden Camel's Toe clasped tightly in his hand.

Charlotte blows down the gun barrel, white smoke fills the air.

CHARLOTTE

You piece of shit! You wanted the the other camel's toe, huh? Adieu, you bastard German pig!

Charlotte bends down and pries the Golden Camel's Toe from the Colonel's hand.

She takes one last look at the Colonel's dead body as it lays on the floor then she spits on the dead man.

CHARLOTTE

Now you're whole body will be hard and not just your cock!

Charlotte places the golden Camel's Toe inside the brown satchel and closes the flap. She closes the lid on the briefcase and exits the room.

The Colonel's body lies motionless on the floor, his ass sticks up in the air, obviously his stiff cock forces his dead body up in the shape of a small mountain.

EXT. HOTEL LOUNGE - DAY

Charlotte climbs down the stairs and makes her way across to the reception.

RECEPTION DESK

Charlotte glances around the reception, she has a worried look on her face. She rings the reception bell on the counter. Ding.

The Concierge appears.

CONCIERGE

Mademoiselle?

CHARLOTTE
I'd like to close my account.

CONCIERGE
What, right now? But there's someone
here to see you..

The Concierge points behind Charlotte.

Charlotte has a confused look of her face.

CHARLOTTE
Who?

CONCIERGE
A gentleman, over there.

CHARLOTTE
Oh, no! Shit!

A guy, RALPH BRAGNAHAH, in his 40s, tall, good looking, very strong type, he wears a brown worn leather jacket. Ralph approaches Charlotte..

RALPH
Hi, Charlotte.

CHARLOTTE
Oh, Hi.. errr... Ralph Bragnahah...
Ha ha ha...

RALPH
Surprised?

CHARLOTTE
No, no... You always here, there and
everywhere. Mainly here...

The Concierge passes Charlotte her Hotel Bill.

CONCIERGE
Your receipt, Mademoiselle. I hope
you visit our hotel again.

Charlotte grabs the receipt and makes for the exit. Ralph rushes after her both completely ignore the Concierge who waffles on in the background.

CONCIERGE (O.S.)
Bon voyage! Toujours l'amour! J'aime
Toulouse Lautrec!

EXT. AGADIR HOTEL - DAY

A taxi cab parked at the curb outside the Hotel. Charlotte climbs into the taxi, the briefcase and satchel in both hands.

Ralph follows Charlotte.

The briefcase, a black swastika emblem stamped into the leather.

Ralph runs towards the taxi.

RALPH
Wait, Charlotte!

Charlotte peers through the taxi cab open door.

CHARLOTTE
It's over, Ralph... We don't have
anything more to say to each other.
I'm sorry.. bye...

RALPH
No, we have...

Ralph pulls a gun out of his coat and points the barrel straight at Charlotte.

RALPH
Out of the car! Now, bitch!

The Taxi driver looks terrified, and motions to Charlotte to get out of his taxi.

TAXI DRIVER
Imshee! Imshee! Imshee!

RALPH
I think we'll take a walk. And I'll
take the bags if you don't mind...

Charlotte passes the bags to Ralph then climbs out of the taxi and onto the sidewalk.

CHARLOTTE
You son of bitch!

Ralph grabs Charlotte by the arm and drags her, they disappear through the crowded street.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Ralph and Charlotte enters at deserted alley except for an old truck parked at the end of the alley.

Ralph opens the truck door and starts the engine.

RALPH
Get inside, quickly!

Charlotte hesitates for a moment.

Ralph points his gun at her.

Charlotte sneers then opens the other door and climbs into the truck.

The truck speeds off down the alley.

The dust settles and an Arab Man, Jaffar, the man from the hotel, watches the truck drive away.

The truck turns a corner at the end of the alley, dust flies out from the tracks.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

It is dusk.

Sand and dust flies from the tracks made by the truck as it races down the open road.

Up ahead the truck passes a long caravan of Bedouin Arabs riding their camels.

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

Ralph sits close to an open fire which crackles in the night air.

Charlotte looks upset, in a mood and she paces back and forth.

Ralph lifts a bottle of beer, flips the lid and takes a long gulp of the cold amber liquid.

RALPH

Hey, sit down. Rest a while,
Charlotte.

Charlotte doesn't answer, she continues to pace back and forth.

Ralph takes another long swing from the bottle of beer and then offers the bottle to Charlotte.

RALPH

Here, have a drink. And while you're
at it, give me the camel's toe!

Charlotte takes the bottle of beer from Ralph and slugs down the drink.

CHARLOTTE

No! Never!

RALPH

C'mon, I held it in my hand once
before...

CHARLOTTE

Because I was so full--
(MORE)

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

(relaxing)

I was in love with you!

RALPH

So, let me have it again...

Charlotte unbuttons her trousers.

CHARLOTTE

Okay, but this is the last time...

RALPH

Hey, hey! Stop! Not that one! I meant the golden camel's toe, mon chéri!

CHARLOTTE

Oh, I thought you meant--
(annoyed)
You bastard thief!

Charlotte moves towards the satchel bag. She opens the satchel and brings out the golden Camel's Toe. Her other hand remains inside the satchel.

Ralph aims his gun directly at Charlotte.

RALPH

Give it to me, slowly... One wrong move and I won't hesitate to shoot you!

Charlotte slowly moves her hand away from the satchel then passes the golden amulet to Ralph.

Ralph takes the golden amulet, he looks and admires the golden Camel's Toe which sparkles and shines in the red and yellow firelight.

CHARLOTTE

You thought I'd sell it to the Nazis, didn't you?

RALPH

No! You're a very smart, woman...
Oh god! Look at it...

CHARLOTTE

What?

Ralph suddenly gets a hard on and he points to his crotch area.

RALPH

Look, I'm all horny. I'm very hard.
I'm really hard!

Ralph's cock is very hard and sticks out in the front of his trousers.

CHARLOTTE

Mon Dieu!

The fire's flames climb high and flicker into the desert night air.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

The smoking remains of a previous night fire.

Ralph is soundly asleep, a half-smile on his face, the empty bottle of beer at his side. He slowly wakes and grapples for the beer bottle. He looks at the empty beer bottle.

RALPH

She drugged me, that little bitch!

Ralph lets out an almighty scream.

RALPH

Fuck!

Two Bedouin Arabs mounted on camel look down at Ralph. One Arab holds a rifle and it points directly at Ralph.

BEDOUIN #1

Good morning!

RALPH

Who are you?

Ralph looks to the ground for the satchel. He looks up towards the Arabs

RALPH

Where is the... Where is she?

An empty desert, only sand blows in the calm breeze.

BEDOUIN #1

The woman in the truck shot at us when we tried to steal her... Well, she stole my brother's horse.

RALPH

What happened to the truck?

BEDOUIN #1

It's abandoned on the road... Run out of gas!

RALPH

That little bitch!

BEDOUIN #1

She told us you had a black briefcase
for us.

Ralph appears surprised. He looks down to the ground.

The black briefcase lays on the ground but no satchel.

RALPH

Ha ha!, That bitch!

BEDOUIN #1

Hand over the briefcase! Slowly, if
you please...

Ralph picks up the briefcase approaches the two Arabs and
hands the briefcase to one of the Arabs.

BEDOUIN #1

(laughing)

This foreign motherfucker thought we
are full, Bin!

The Bedouin #1 opens the briefcase.

Inside the briefcase filled with 100 Dollar Bills neatly
stacked.

BEDOUIN #1

Fuck me! There's a lot of U.S.
Dollars here! We can have buy more
camels and wives!

(Looking up)

Hey, where's the American gone?

An empty Desert, no sign of Ralph, he has disappeared.

The two Bedouin Arabs have an annoyed look on their faces.

Under the camel's belly, Ralph on his knees and he cuts the
strap that holds the saddle.

A cut and a rip sound. The two Bedouin Arabs fall off the
camel and onto the desert sand with a bump.

Ralph moves in quick and grabs the rifle. He points the
rifle at the two Bedouin Arabs.

RALPH

Move it!

EXT. DESERT - ROCKS - DAY

Ralph ties a large knot into a rope around 2 pairs of hands.

Ralph ties the Two Bedouin Arabs to a rock.

Ralph mounts the camel.

RALPH

Bye, idiots!

Ralph on the camel and it rides into the desert.

The two Bedouin Arabs, hands tied together and tightly tied to the rock shout expletives towards Ralph.

BEDOUIN #1

Imshee!

BEDOUIN #2

Ba Fa Gouille!

EXT. DESERT - DAY

The hot sun beats down and shimmers on the distant horizon.

In the distance, Charlotte and the Horse as they trek through the desert sand.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

Ralph is riding when he notices the truck abandoned and stops.

RALPH

(looking around)

Where is she?

EXT. DESERT - DAY

Charlotte, a leather satchel on her shoulder, mounted on a magnificent black stallion horse, climbs a sand dune then comes to a halt. She dismounts and takes a look around.

An empty desert of sand dune.

Charlotte opens the satchel and takes out the golden Camel's Toe.

The Golden Camel's toe, glistens in the bright sunlight

Charlotte places the golden amulet back into the satchel.

She mounts the horse and rides slowly away across the desert.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

Charlotte, face covered by a traditional head dress, a leather satchel on his shoulder, rides the black stallion horse, climbs a sand dune then comes to a halt.

A gun shot, the sound echoes and bounces off the sand canyons in the desert.

Charlotte suddenly falls from the horse.

Charlotte rolls down the slope of a sand dune and stops in a heap at the bottom. The bags slides down then nestles next to her dead body, the satchel flap opens and reveals the Camel's Toe, it glistens in the hot desert sun.

A moment later, a camel arrives and stops close the dead body.

Ralph dismounts from the camel. He moves toward the body. A hand picks up the bag, opens it and lifts out the golden Camel's Toe!

EXT. DESERT - ROCKS - DAY

Two Bedouin Arabs tied up on the rock.

Bedouin #1 tries to wriggle free the rope.

BEDOUIIN #1
American idiot! He thought he got
the real camel's toe...

BEDOUIIN #2
You are very smart woman...

BEDOUIIN #1
Merci, Jaffar...

The two Bedouin Arabs escape from the rope and pull down their head dress to reveal their identity.

It is Charlotte and the Arab Jaffar from the hotel.

CHARLOTTE
We need to go back to the truck.
Maybe Ralph thought it didn't have
any gas...

JAFFAR
What about your sister?

CHARLOTTE
Don't worry, Jaffar the rifle is
loaded with blanks. Our agents are
monitoring Jacqueline right now and
will rescue her.

JAFFAR
The Belgian Secret Service will become
proud of you two, Mademoiselle.

CHARLOTTE
Oui, and the real camel's toe is
safe with me!

Charlotte opens her pants to reveal a blue Camel's Toe.

CHARLOTE
And now, back to the Museum of Cairo.

Charlotte fastens her pants where she hides the Camel's Toe.

Jaffar appears confused for a moment then turns to Charlotte.

JAFFAR

Ralph and the Colonel were wrong!
They thought the real camel's toe
was golden...

CHARLOTTE

Yes, men's ambitions, Jaffar. Gold,
it makes them crazy!

JAFFAR

What about Ralph's erection?

CHARLOTTE

What stimulated his erection wasn't
the camel's toe, but a man's
imagination, Jaffar. C'mon, let's
go...

Charlotte and Jaffar wrap their head-dress around their heads
and tramp off into the distance across the hot desert sand.

FADE OUT:

THE END