

THE MISADVENTURES OF A MASSEUR NAMED: WAX-ON CHONG

Written by

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INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

MOVE IN ON iPad.

The screen FLASHES alive and a *FaceTime* message POPS up. The face of a powerful gorilla, RUFF RUFFSKIN, 45, EXPLODES on the screen. His huge head is covered in thick black hair. His eyes pierce the screen. He licks his lips and has long, fang-like yellow teeth.

He SCREAMS.

RUFF  
I want massage! I want massage,  
NOW!

A large, bald featherless wing covers the screen.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

WAX-ON CHONG, 23, a young featherless duck, with smooth white skin, ice-blue almond eyes, and a wingspan almost quadruple the size of a "normal" duck, sits at a table across from his landlord, MRS. LATCHKEY, 55.

She is a little hard of hearing, and wears huge hearing aids attached to each side of her head.

She has wire-rimmed spectacles perched on her beak, and beautifully rich, forest green feathers flowing from her elegant frame.

They drink tea directly from the teacups by dipping their beaks, SUCKING noisily, then lifting their heads back and up, GARGLING the tea back like another might rinse with *Listerine*.

This exchange repeats throughout the scene, when appropriate.

Wax-On covers his iPad with his featherless wing.

WAX-ON  
(to himself)  
Oh, no, not you again.

His startled wing SMASHES a WAITER with a full tray of drinks, sending him ZOOMING back through the swinging kitchen door.

MRS. LATCHKEY  
What did you say, my dear boy? What  
was that awful noise?

Wax-On is silent.

Wax-On's almond eyes widen into huge circles and his white skin grows a rosy shade of pink.

His enormous, featherless wings FLUTTER uncontrollably, KNOCKING over a table behind him, SPILLING food over the two startled PATRONS.

His deaf, blind landlord does *not* notice.

MRS. LATCHKEY (CONT'D)

You know, Wax-On, you are almost two weeks behind on your rent. How are you planning on coming up with the money, my featherless friend?

Suddenly, the upside down phone VIBRATES wildly.

CLOSE ON iPad.

The screen, again, FLASHES with a FaceTime message of the gorilla, Ruff.

Ruff SCREAMS:

RUFF

I said, I want massage! Answer me!

Wax-On's wings FLAP down onto the iPad, SMASHING it somewhat, MUFFLING the sound, which becomes filled with breaking up STATIC.

A PUFF of smoke rises from the smashed iPad.

MRS. LATCHKEY

(less polite)

Wax-On, what is that awful sound?

Wax-On struggles to eradicate the sound, which is still STATICALLY SCREAMING with the Gorilla's demands.

He finally grabs it with one of his extra long wings, and like Frisbee, FLINGS it from the table.

It FLIES right into the waiter who has just swung back through the kitchen door with a new tray of drinks.

The iPad KNOCKS the waiter in the head and he collapses, unconscious, the drinks CRASHING to the ground.

Wax-On BREATHES a sigh of relief.

MRS. LATCHKEY (CONT'D)

Now, where were we? Oh, yes my money! What's your plan, dear boy?

Wax-On is silent, except for a deep INHALE, and then EXHALE through his beak.

WAX-ON

Well, Mrs. Latchkey, I think I've found a interesting job possibility.

Mrs. Latchkey smiles.

MRS. LATCHKEY

Oh, really, Wax-On? Tell me more!

Wax-On blushes again, and uses his wingspan to surround the table to give them privacy.

WAX-ON

Well, Mrs. Latchkey, all the *kinks* are not completely worked out yet, but it's a job where I think I might just be able to utilize my, uh, *rather large* wingspan.

INT. WAX-ON CHONG'S STUDIO - DAY

The studio is simple with hard wood floors.

There is one small window, looking out on a beautiful live oak tree; a wooden bed, with white bedding; a bedside table with a lamp; a massage table, under the window, with white linens; and a small wooden desk, with a matching wooden chair, and a standing lamp next to that.

Wax-On stands in front of the mirror in his studio, staring at his reflection.

His ice blue eyes sparkle from the sunlight shining through his small window.

His two pink feet stand firmly on the wood floor, like he is practicing yoga.

His iPad, with cracked screen, BEEPS with a *FaceTime* message from his father, 60, MR. CHONG.

He is covered with gray feathers and weighs nearly 300 pounds.

CLOSE ON iPad.

MR. CHONG

Son, it's your old man. Why can't you get a suitable job like your older, feathered brother? Call me back!

Wax-On turns the phone off.

WAX-ON

Sorry, dad, but I'm not feathered like my brother the quack. I don't want to be a doctor, anyhow. I'm *different*. I've got to find my own way.

Slowly, he stretches out one of his bald wings.

Muscle by muscle, ligament by ligament it swiftly, POPS into place, releasing out from his torso foot by foot, SMASHING over a lamp in the process.

WAX-ON (CONT'D)

Darn it.

He stares at his right, fully developed, wingspan.

With a smile of satisfaction, he lifts his left appendage, and repeats the same stretching, releasing movement with that particular wing.

The left gargantuan wing this time CRACKS his small window.

WAX-ON (CONT'D)

This is getting ridiculous! I can't even afford *this* place, let alone a *bigger* one.

Next, his outstretched wings FLUTTER.

WAX-ON (CONT'D)

(his voice vibrating)

Here we go!

The FLUTTER is slow at first; each muscle and ligament becomes subtly electrified.

The FLUTTER morphs into a tepid VIBRATION, which grows more and more vibrant.

Suddenly, the room starts to pick up this VIBRATION and everything begins softly SHAKING and RATTLING: lamps, the massage table, his bottles of lotion, and even his perfectly made bed.

WAX-ON (CONT'D)

(proudly)

All right, Wax-On, save it for your  
*very first client.*

Abruptly, his iPad comes alive and SCREAMS another FaceTime message.

This time, from Ruff, the gorilla.

ZOOM IN on iPad.

RUFF

I'm here! Ready for massage! Want  
to feel good!

Wax-On stares at the screen.

His beak TREMBLES.

WAX-ON

You can do this, Wax On.

His wings quickly retreat into his body.

This FLOODS the room with a powerful wind, causing the white sheets on his massage table to lift high into the air, then fall like a leaf from a tree back into perfect place on the leather and birch table.

INT. STUDIO HALLWAY - DAY

CLOSE ON round peephole with a distorted view (*like a carnival fun-house mirror*) of the gorilla, Ruff.

His massive head appears two sizes larger than his body, but as he shifts his center of gravity, there are moments where his belly catapults to an engorged size, while his hairy head shrinks to the size of an egg.

He LICKS his teeth, SPITS, and SCRATCHES his hairy arm pits and adjusts his crotch.

His bulbous index finger BUZZES the door over and over again.

INT. WAX-ON CHONG'S STUDIO - DAY

Wax-On stands on his tiptoes.

He peers through the small peephole of the front door of his studio, which has many locks.

Every time the buzzer buzzes an intrusive BUZZ, his wingspan shoots out SLAPPING against the walls of the hallway to the front door.

The sheet rock CRACKS.

WAX-ON

Here goes nothing.

He removes the chains and bolts from the door, one by one.

With the last bolt removed, he slowly opens the door handle and it menacingly CREAKS open.

Ruff, the gorilla, RAMS through the door like a bulldozer.

He SMASHES Wax-On and his wings behind it.

As the door SWINGS shut, to reveal Wax-On, he is crumpled and appears dizzy.

Ruff twists around and stares at Wax-On.

RUFF

So, bald duck, am I going to get  
massage or *what*?

Wax-On shakes off the mild concussion, bolts the door, and cautiously moves closer toward Ruff.

He points to the direction of the massage table, perfectly laid out with pristine, white flowing sheets.

Ruff frowns with a vengeance.

RUFF (CONT'D)

No way! That table will go down  
like a house of cards. Bed!

The gorilla removes his Dickey work pants to review dirty boxer shorts.

Wax-On fights a look of disgust, but remains polite.

WAX-ON

Well, sir, that is actually my  
personal--

Before Wax-On finishes, the gorilla jumps, and in one massive belly FLOP, lands on the bed.

The rolls of his bulbous, blubbery stomach seep out in all directions from being SMASHED onto the mattress.

His back is covered in long, thick, black hair.

His skin is thick, hard, black, and callused.

His fingernails and toenails look like yellow bark from a tree and are crusted with goo and tar.

When he breathes, it is more of a WHEEZE.

WAX-ON (CONT'D)

Okay, I guess the bed is fine.

Wax-On INHALES, his shoulders shrug.

His lungs FILL with air.

His wings, tight to his body, VIBRATE with nervous energy.

WAX-ON (CONT'D)

Let's begin.

RUFF

(winking at Wax-On)

Gruum-pph! Ready bony duck!

Wax-On stands at the foot of the bed, just in front of the gorilla's massive head.

Suddenly, his wingspan expands to full capacity, looking like beautiful origami.

First, they stand erect out to the right and left.

The gorilla notices.

RUFF (CONT'D)

(with pleasure)

Gruum-pph!

Next, Wax-On's bald wings move inward, cupping around the entire gorilla, making what appears to be a featherless cocoon.

Soon, the VIBRATION of Wax-On's ligaments and muscles begin. The VIBRATION grows in intensity.

The gorilla begins to VIBRATE as well.

Slowly, the room begins to VIBRATE: lamps shake, bottles of lotion fall from the table, and a window cracks.

Wax-On's wings move in all directions: up and down, back and forth, and round and round.



Some are small subtle moves, some are incredibly pronounced. The wings are dancing around the gorilla's massive frame, encapsulating him in a wild fury of contact.

The friction of Wax-On's wings and the gorilla's skin creates a smoke-like mist that WHIRLS around the two creatures, almost like a tornado, or a hurricane and their bodies are the eye of the storm.

Wax-On's wings begin SUCKING up the mist very slowly, but very efficiently.

The gorilla begins to look less rough, less massive, and less angry.

RUFF (CONT'D)  
(like a big kitten)  
Puuuuurrrrrrrr.

His eyes soften.

The hard creases in his epidermis flatten out.

He sleeps.

RUFF (CONT'D)  
Puuuuurrrrrrrr.

Wax-On finishes the job.

His wings return tightly to his body, causing another SURGE of wind.

The white sheet from the massage table lifts from the table and twists like a tornado, then floats down, falling perfectly onto the sleeping gorilla.

INT. WAX-ON CHONG'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Night falls.

Wax-On stares at the gorilla who sleeps.

RUFF  
Puuurrrrrrrrrr.

Suddenly, there is a KNOCK on the door.

Then another.

MRS. LATCHKEY (O.C.)  
Wax-On, what is going on in there!  
Open this door!

The KNOCK at the door awakes Ruff.  
He jerks awake and sits straight up.  
He sheepishly looks around the room.  
He rubs his eyes like a child.  
Then, he sees Wax-On and smiles, slyly.  
He winks, for the *second* time.

RUFF

I gotta get home to the wife.  
Remember, *discrete!* You got it,  
bald duck?

Ruff jumps up.  
He shoves on his dirty Dickey's and pulls out a wad of  
ripped, crumpled one-dollar bills.  
He throws the bills at Wax-On's feet, and BARGES toward the  
door.  
Mrs. Latchkey KNOCKS again from the outside.  
Ruff ignores the sound.  
He RIPS the door open without removing the chain, which  
causes it to BREAK.  
He BARGES through, flattening Mrs. Latchkey to the ground  
like a pancake.  
He turns to look at Wax-on.  
Ruff doesn't even notice that he is standing on Mrs.  
Latchkey.

RUFF (CONT'D)

I see you next week, bald duck!  
More massage.

He LAUGHS menacingly.  
Wax-On crosses to the door.  
He counts the money in his wings.  
He frowns.

WAX-ON

But wait my fee is *one hundred*  
dollars. This is only...

The gorilla ZOOMS down the hall before Wax-On can finish.

Mrs. Latchkey PLUMPS up and slowly starts to rise, shaking  
her head.

One of her hearing aids hangs from her head.

It is broken and SMOKING.

Her thick glasses are cracked and her beak is smashed.

MRS. LATCHKEY

(alarmed, with a speech  
impediment because of her  
smashed beak)

Wax-On, are you alive? Was there a  
burglary? What was all that noise?  
And someone very hairy just sat on  
my face!

Wax-On looks at the money in his hand.

WAX-ON

No, Mrs. Latchkey, I wasn't robbed.  
But bananas! That gorilla sure did  
stiff me!

Mrs. Latchkey looks at Wax-On with a frown.

Her beak POPS back into place.

MRS. LATCHKEY

Did you say, *gorilla*?

Wax-On's wings FLAP nervously.

Then, he reaches forward, bashfully, with his wing filled  
with money.

But, instead of paying her, his outstretched wing sends Mrs.  
Latchkey FLYING down the hall, once again, landing on her  
bill, with a SMASH.

The *gorilla's* bills FLUTTER down the hallway after her.

WAX-ON

What a mess! Crumpled *bills*  
everywhere!