

REMOTELY CLOSE

written
by

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EXT. MIDTOWN, NEW YORK CITY, USA - DAY

GLIDING ABOVE the *bustling* domain of the city mouse.

A helicopter *whirs* by. Road and rail *vroom* and *screech* below. A river ferry's horn *blares*. Pigeons fly past going to...

A window, one of too many to count. They perch but inside-

INT. PATRICK'S OFFICE, OFFICE TOWER - CONTINUOUS

-the CITY MOUSE is at the top of his game with not so much as a paperclip out of place. This is PATRICK KOZLOWSKI (39).

He's a New Yorker in body and spirit. Yankees, Knicks, and Rangers autographed TEAM BANNERS hang above framed diplomas.

He's full of energy, pacing with his fancy smartphone.

PATRICK

Yes! Swoop in with that counter-offer they can't in their right freakin' mind refuse and you got them, you *made* it your game!

(listens for a sec)

...yeah, yeah... great. Ok, my vacation starts in five minutes but *the game* is in two weeks and get this, I got the Giants banner, uh huh, she's pristine and oh so beautiful...

(listens)

...YES! Golden box seats *and* the completion-

(turns to banners)

-of this collection. Wouldn't turn forty any other way. See you there.

He ends the call. Twirls the phone while *snap*-pointing with his other hand to the Yankees banner.

PATRICK

You also made it your game with the Babe *and* made the Sox-

(joke spits)

-whine about it for a century.

He laughs. Sits down proud. *BZZZ!* His phone lights up with a text message: "*Game time?*" He's texting back in a flash.

PATRICK

Freakin' A right, it's always game time.

He scoops up a satchel and duffel bag, soars out the door.

INT. LOBBY, OFFICE TOWER - MINUTES LATER

Patrick zooms out of an elevator while on a video chat. He's talking and weaving through the rhythm of the lobby.

PATRICK

...y-yes Jessie Sweet, tomorrow lunch
I got your favorite table but
tonight I *have to* see my folks.

INT. JESSICA'S BEAUTY SALON - SAME TIME

JESSICA SUGARMAN (36, "Jessie Sweet") is in a stylist's realm with Gauguin-themed tropical decor. And some pirate flags.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

It's been a really busy month.

Jessica takes a moment, nods. The beauty salon buzzes. Behind her, the shop banner: "*Pretty Sweet by Jessica*"

JESSICA

...but you *got* the table at Dorsia?

INTERCUT: PATRICK / JESSICA

PATRICK

Yes I did.

JESSICA

Ok, Patty Cakes, see you tomorrow.
Be ready for a surprise.

Patrick is intrigued, waves an anxious WAITING MAN over.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Uh uh... tomorrow. Pick me up in your
'president suit' if you want to
hear it.

Patrick smiles, a real refined charmer. Jessica air smooches, taps the screen for a cute filter effect.

END INTERCUT

The call ends. Jessica turns back to the salon, sees a tall man in a nice grey suit, among others, in the waiting area.

Prepping her stylist materials-

JESSICA

Ok handsome, you're on.

The man smiles getting up.

INT. LOBBY, OFFICE TOWER - SAME TIME

Patrick is stopped with the waiting man, ANDREW MANN (31), who's shown him a ton of papers in a big file folder.

PATRICK

Whoa, check out the new portfolio.
Well done, Mann. Now, you're *sure*
you can handle all this?

Andy is prepared as well as his folder.

ANDY

Of course. I handle these on my own
the next two weeks. Send you email
updates. Call *only* if death is
knocking. Send unprompted updates
to the Empress as she expects and
getting her that is the key.

PATRICK

Right on. You'll go from Andy Mann
the handy man to Mr. Andrew Mann
with a corner office even quicker
than I did. C'mon.

Whoosh! They're out the revolving door to-

EXT. STREET, MIDTOWN - MINUTES LATER

-a *bustling* sidewalk. Now they're sipping large iced teas.

PATRICK

You know why we call you the 'handy
man?'

He laughs reveling in the punchline- *ringtone!*
Patrick's phone: "*Empress Palpatina*" is calling...

PATRICK

Ah! The Dark Side, she *definitely*
doesn't know I'm going upstate?

ANDY

Your watchful eye is over the
little guy. Like always.

Patrick, deep breath... answers:

PATRICK

Yes, Mrs. Solstein-Roberts?

He listens, nods along with polite affirmatives all while
weaving through rhythm of the sidewalk and a crosswalk.

Looming above as they're on the crosswalk, a billboard:
"Solstein-Roberts Properties - Your Place in Our City"

Andy has less finesse, keeps the folder from spilling.

PATRICK

...yes, Ma'am. I showed it to Mann,
 we went over it listing by listing,
 then again, *then* he did it solo.

(smiles wide, listens...)

Of course, I'll gladly swoop in if
 need be but I'm sure I'll see you
 in two weeks with Mann handing in a
 nice bunch of closed deals.

They reach the other side of the street. Andy has heard
 everything, nods to Patrick with a thumbs up.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

...yes, have a good weekend, Ma'am.

The call ends. They pass a tourist map in front of-

EXT. POSH HEALTH CLUB, MIDTOWN - CONTINUOUS

-a large metal-glass building: *"EQUINOX"*

PATRICK (CONT'D)

You are ready for the portfolio,
 Mann but how about for game time?

Andy, deep breath. They go through a revolving door- *whoosh!*

INT. VOLLEYBALL COURT, POSH HEALTH CLUB - MINUTES LATER

Whoomp! Patrick spikes a volleyball. It's bounced up...
Spiked back! Thump! Andy bounces the ball off wild.

PATRICK

Oh, Mann! You gotta shape up!

GAME MONTAGE: a 4 on 4 match. Patrick is one of the better
 players. He schools a struggling Andy. Still, it's all fun.
 The others are all pretty good, clearly this a pastime.

Another spike... at Andy... angled arms, he bounces the ball...
Slam! Patrick spikes for the winning point. Andy gets up.

PATRICK

Mann my man! In the end, you can
 get the job done!

Andy is sweating, breathless, glad it's over. Nods.
 Patrick gives him a hearty pat as they leave the court.

EXT. POSH HEALTH CLUB, MIDTOWN - MINUTES LATER

Patrick and Andy exit the revolving door with the others.

PATRICK

Catch you in two weeks at the *big* game! Yeah, see ya.

The others walk off. Patrick and Andy are by the tourist map.

ANDY

Hey so, why am I the 'handy man?'

PATRICK

(laughs)

Oh yeah... because you don't have a girlfriend, just your 'handy.'

Andy droops, hates the joke.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

But in all seriousness, we've all been there. Me too. The secret...

(boiling pause)

...open commitment. It gives you experience *and options*. So find one, stay flexible, until then-

Patrick indicates "*You are here*" on the map, it's just below the middle of the rectangular shape. Andy looks on glum.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

-you are here, roughly 40-45% of the way up which puts you at the comfortable but replaceable spot of mediocre. So move on up! I did. Work better and... screw more.

(tapping the folder)

This is your chance. Whoa!

Patrick, ever full of energy, "*whistles*" hailing a cab. Andy now has a tinge of hope. The cab pulls up.

Tapping "*You are here*" while boarding the cab-

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Don't get stuck. But we just saw that in the end, you *can* get the job done, Mann my man! Later.

Thump! Patrick closes the door, the cab *vrooms* off. Andy... curls a bittersweet smile, looks to the folder... nods.

INT. PASTRY SHOP, BROOKLYN HEIGHTS - LATE AFTERNOON

Patrick has a gift-wrapped merlot, gazes along the display... and up to a pretty lady employee. They share a smile.

PAULINA (PRE-LAP)
Commitment to one, Patrick.

INT. LIVING ROOM, NICE APARTMENT - HOUR LATER

On the couch, PETER and PAULINA KOZLOWSKI (both mid 60s). Opposite them in middle of the love seat, a tense Patrick.

PAULINA (CONT'D)
It's about time, don't you think?
When I was your age, you were in
junior high for Pete's sake.

PETER
Not *only* my sake.

PAULINA
It's not a joke, at this point,
like any kid, he needs to be pushed
into doing his homework. It's *late*.
You're almost 40. You have a nice,
very capable lady, runs her own
salon, more than I had, so where's
the house and my- *our* grandkids?

Trying hard not to scoff-

PATRICK
Mooooom... please. I brought the wine
so you could chill.

On the coffee table: the half-done merlot and pastry set.

PAULINA
Weekend's almost over, Patrick!
You've been successful now be
responsible! Darn it, look at him!

She's fighting a tempest. Drains her wine glass- *gulp!*

INT. KITCHEN, NICE APARTMENT - LATER, EVENING

Out in the living room: Paulina snoozing on the couch.

PETER (O.S.)
Experiences *not* transactions.

At the table, Patrick is digesting a long conversation.

PATRICK

We've had *many* of both, dad.

PETER

You need a good view of where you are *in life* before some options close off for good.

(looks off at something)

Way back when, I suggested a ski trip and mom, I don't know, the way she reacted. So happy, like it was something else. And you know what? It was. Next day, I got the ring. Then at the top of Hunter Mountain...

He's looking at a FRAMED PHOTO: a young Peter and Paulina on a sunny mountain. Paulina proudly showing a glistening ring.

PETER (CONT'D)

...began the longest and happiest chapter of my life. The moment is where I start each day... with her. It all started by getting out of the daily grind, despite New York never really being boring but *that's* an experience. Not lunch, a game, or pirates at the water park. You got two weeks, you can be back for the big game but try to go with your gut *and heart*.

Patrick stares blank... looks down at his empty wine glass.

INT. LIVING ROOM, NICE APARTMENT - MINUTES LATER

On the couch, Patrick sits by Paulina, holds her hand.

PATRICK

I'll *really* think about it.

Paulina still fights the tempest, it's not just the wine. She nods, gives a weak "...ok..." Patrick hugs her.

PATRICK

Goodnight, mom. You too, dad.

They share a quick bro hug. Patrick leaves-

INT. HALLWAY, APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

-shuts the door. Takes a few steps, hears his mom's "*sobs*."

Off his torn look...

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING, BROOKLYN HEIGHTS - MOMENTS LATER

A cab approaches. Patrick lets it go... begins to walk down the street of nice stone buildings and lit store fronts...

...it's all a blur... *sounds* far off... his eyes are at infinity... the totality of his life careens through his head...

Patrick looks up to-

EXT. BROOKLYN HEIGHTS PROMENADE - LATE EVENING

-the glittering MANHATTAN SKYLINE... a ferry's horn *blares*...

CROSSFADE:

MANHATTAN SKYLINE WALL DECOR

O.S. SOUNDS FADE IN: *slow music... clanking... chatter* and-

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT - NEXT DAY, LUNCH HOUR

-a stylized banner: "Dorsia." Velvet. Steak. \$500 wine.

In a CORNER BOOTH: Patrick - "president suit" dark blue with a red tie in Windsor - and Jessica in a dress to impress.

Over hefty salads, their wine glasses *tink!*

PATRICK

(sips and-)

You know, I've been thinking, maybe we could pitch a change up.

He goes into his inner pocket...

JESSICA

Patrick... have you been cheating?

(boiling pause)

And looking at my stuff? Because you read my mind.

She goes to her bag... lays out a folder with... two tickets, an itinerary, and a garish brochure that she flips open showing-

-a tropical paradise: beaches, boats, bars. Swimming, hiking, dining. All in a romantic spin for a couple's vacation.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

The golden love birds package in Tahiti. From 3 hotels, we can go on 8 day trips, for a total of 9 days of pure paradise. There are only 389 of these available yearly.

(MORE)

JESSICA (CONT'D)

3, 8, and 9 are lucky numbers in Pacific Islander culture.

Curveball. Jessica waits with a big smile for Patrick's take.

PATRICK

Wow... now that's something. I was actually going to propose... Nantucket.

He yanks out a much smaller brochure also with tickets.

JESSICA

You know what they say: great minds think alike. We can do Nantucket later, it's so close-

PATRICK

-closest I'll ever get to Red Sox Nation but it's also close to home. Less traveling, less chance for shakeups, still very nice.

JESSICA

But *this* is once in a lifetime. 9 days, 11 with travel time, your big game is in 14, I *have* thought of that. And it's the *tropics*. The real exotic far from everything tropics. Gauguin's inspiration!

Patrick sees - *feels* - her ear to ear smile.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

You usually go with your gut, but what's your *heart* say?

"*Heart*" stirs Patrick... he nods. They're eye to eye.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Flight's tomorrow morning.

PATRICK

Ok... I have to iron out some things...

Both smile wide as two steak dinners arrive *sizzling*-

INT. PASSENGER CABIN, TOUR PLANE (AIR KING) - NOON

-*humming* and *whoomp!* A bout of turbulence. Beyond the window, clouds whip away to endless blue with some dotting isles.

JESSICA

Wow! Patrick look!

He's on a tablet running through messages from Andy.

PATRICK
Yeah, just a sec...

He re-reads his last typed message, sends it.

JESSICA
(scoffs, turns cute)
Patty Cakes, you said you were done
with that.

PATRICK
Yeah, sorry... oh! That *is* nice. So
Gauguin was here?

JESSICA
And pirates!

PATRICK
What? Is this like the Caribbean?

EXT. NEARING TAHITI, THE PACIFIC - SAME TIME

The tour plane - "*Air King*" - is tiny on a mass of blue as it heads to a huge busy island: Tahiti. Another smaller plane is approaching the island from a different direction.

Air King pilot, DAVID KING (45), speaks on the *intercom*:

DAVID (O.S.)
*Ok people, we're approaching the
promised vacation land, a land of
coconut milk and beach honeys but-*

INT. PASSENGER CABIN, AIR KING - SAME TIME

David glances into an interior mirror, sees his passengers.

DAVID (CONT'D)
-this place also brings a lot of
fun for the couples among us. And
everyone gets to fly with the King!

He loves his job as much as himself. Jessica laughs at that last joke, turns to an unimpressed Patrick.

JESSICA
What? He's funny... kinda handsome.

PATRICK
Total douchebag.

He puts his arm around her... they both look out the window...

PATRICK

All I want is here... and out there.

Patrick sees ocean... some islands... and the smaller plane with-

I/E. FLOAT PLANE (THE ERNE) - SAME TIME

-pontoons, an erne mascot and banner: "*The Erne.*"
Cheerful passengers gaze out, snap photos. The pilot is-

-the COUNTRY MOUSE vividly orating, wearing a USAF cap with a scratched Red Sox smiley pin. This is CHRISTINA COLLINS (38).

CHRISTINA

Last chance for photos of this one
of a kind ocean wonderland, were
almost back at base- whoa!

She banks the plane to pass seagulls. An expert smooth move.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)

Can't be a spaz with all of these
birds but no worries folks, it just
means they like you!

She's a Bostonian, seemingly always upbeat. Her passengers
are having a blast so she loves her job. She looks at-

-TWO PHOTOS, tucked aside, laminated: she as the leader of a
C-17 crew and in USAF uniform with her parents.

A somber veil drops on her face... seconds later, she's back:

CHRISTINA

Alright folks, hold tight, the
landing's the most important part.

Ahead, she recognizes David's plane, scoffs playfully and...
grips the control yoke tight taking a deep breath.

EXT. AIRPORT, TAHITI - MINUTES LATER

The Erne lands in a water zone with other sea-based aircraft.
Nearby on the tarmac, Air King is disembarking passengers.

Jessica leaps out, Patrick in tow. She's ecstatic, squealing.

EXT. TARMAC, AIRPORT - MOMENTS LATER

Patrick places a second big suitcase into a shuttle cart,
sits going to his tablet. The cart begins moving.

Jessica looks around... taking in everything... but him.

INT. PATRICK'S OFFICE, NYC - LATE AFTERNOON (EST)

Andy is at the desk typing. Annoyed, excited, and nervously talking to himself. The big file folder is open nearby.

ANDY

Yes, yes, I'll do it all or stay mediocre. But who's upstate and could just log in remote?

He stabs the Enter key: send. Then looks around amused.

ANDY (CONT'D)

But it's my chance to work here.
Yeah... I could *totally* work here.

He now has a confident smirk until... *ba-ding!* An email from... "*Empress Palpatina*" and now off his curious look...

EXT. SHUTTLE CART ROUTE, AIRPORT, TAHITI - AFTERNOON

JESSICA

Patrick!

Startled! He sees her glare, stashes the tablet.

PATRICK

Sorry, just wrapping up- yeah, done. Sorry. Now Gauguin and something about pirates?

JESSICA

(*"tsk-tsk"*)

You're on vacation with *me*. Enjoy it like it's a Rangers game.

PATRICK

(arm around her)

No, it's more than that.

He zones into the beauty around them as the cart continues. The airport *bustles* and there... another cart, a pretty face-

-Christina. Eyes locked... awkward, irresistible. She smiles. Patrick... a nerd seen by the star cheerleader... smiles back-

-quickly turns to Jessica, sees her being smiled at by David in yet another cart. Now he startles her.

PATRICK

And *you're* on vacation with me.

Jessica plays it cute, rests on his shoulder. Patrick looks straight ahead and there... a majestic hotel with huge windows-

INT. LOBBY, MAJESTIC HOTEL - MINUTES LATER

-behind them, Patrick and Jessica pass a fancy restaurant, he glances in, rushes to follow her up the stairs and sees-

INT. HALLWAY BALCONY, 2ND FL, MAJESTIC HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

-a particular section of the hallway serving as a balcony for a large ATRIUM with a huge reflecting pool behind the lobby.

PATRICK

Wow, feel like taking a dive?

JESSICA

We're here to swim in the *ocean*.

He agrees but is just so impressed with the view... and then... he spots Christina with her cap walking to a bar below.

Jessica is already some way down the hall with her suitcase.

JESSICA

Patrick, come on!

PATRICK

Yeah, hey what's the rush?

He calmly walks off the balcony.

INT. BAR, ATRIUM, MAJESTIC HOTEL - SAME TIME

Christina sits smiling at MOERANI, the jovial bartender who's adjusting a CB radio in one corner with a huge photo collage.

MOERANI

Sam Adams or finally a Long Island?

CHRISTINA

Water. Only those lamenting missed chances drink this early.

(beat)

I still have a flight today.

MOERANI

(prepping the water)

Ok but you definitely got to be here for your birthday.

CHRISTINA

Of course, Moerani, of course.

She gulps the water as a familiar voice approaches:

DAVID

Hey Moe! She bringing you trouble again? Don't bring him trouble, Collins, bring *me* your trouble.

CHRISTINA
In your dreams... Davy.

DAVID
Hey-hey, that's no way to talk to the King... Chrissie. Oh you know I'm the King, you're here drinking a pill in proper Boston style but I got another flight out to Bora.

CHRISTINA
I got it.

DAVID
You got the stragglers that didn't make my plane. My *other* plane.

Ambience. He loves seeing her teeth grinding jealously.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Hey, there can only be one King.

He winks, walks off eyeing other women in the atrium. Christina "*sighs*" turns to Moerani digging for cash.

CHRISTINA
(upbeat again)
Another water, bottled.

MOERANI
That Long Island's waiting for you.

INT. HALLWAY, 2ND FL, MAJESTIC HOTEL - MINUTES LATER

Patrick hauls one suitcase, adjusts a dangling waist pack. Jessica wears a small backpack, holds another one.

PATRICK
Jessie, wait- ah shit.

JESSICA
I really want to start on Bora Bora, later we can go to any room in the package.

PATRICK
Enough traveling, I wanna party, eat, and drink.

JESSICA
Then come on!

She's off down the stairs. Patrick stops, tightens the waist pack, looks inside... a box with... a ring. Deep breath and...

He realizes he's back by the BALCONY... hurries after Jessica.

EXT. DOCKS, AIRPORT - MINUTES LATER

Many amphibious aircraft are parked, planes and choppers.

Christina looks close at the Erne, a veteran plane, sees dents, scratches on the nice paint job. She "*sighs...*" turns to-
-her boarding passengers as her upbeat self again.

PASSENGER

Excuse me, how far is it?

CHRISTINA

160 miles, about 90 minutes.

From the adjacent dock:

DAVID

Hey Collins! I'll race you!

Many more passengers, including Patrick and Jessica, board his bigger seaplane: "*Sea King.*" Christina... has a click!

CHRISTINA

(announcing)

By the way, that's the express plane, Bora Bora in 1 hour. But if you'd like the *scenic* route, down low near some nice islands, you can fly here for 90 minutes.

Curveball. The passengers have stopped... David looks around... some passengers go to the Erne but some opt for Sea King.

CHRISTINA

Look at that! Supply and demand!

David just smirks, turns to his passengers, sees:

JESSICA

Fast, you wanted to go fast.

PATRICK

Yeah, let's go.

He peeks: Christina happily greets tourists but behind her... catching Patrick's eye, a search & rescue chopper lifts off.

I/E. SEA KING, THE PACIFIC - FLIGHT SEQUENCE

Blue everywhere... serene, infinite... the Sea King is a speck. Weaves through splotchy clouds above, dotting islands below.

A large flock of birds approaches one island.

PATRICK
I wonder what's down there.

JESSICA
Ask the other plane... maybe pirates!

The flight continues... over several islands... until... Bora Bora.
A mountainous island surrounded by sandy islets. And there's-

EXT. BEACH, LAGOON RESORT, BORA BORA - AFTERNOON

-an idyllic resort... almost like in Jessica's brochure.

The Sea King touches down in the lagoon.

INT. BUNGALOW, LAGOON RESORT - MINUTES LATER

Whoomp! The door opens, Jessica runs in, leaps onto the bed.
Patrick enters hauling the briefcase, sees her big smile.

JESSICA
We're done traveling. Let's party.
Then we'll eat and drink.

Patrick drops his stuff, himself onto Jessica who's *giggling-*

INT. GRILL RESTAURANT, BEACH SIDE - LATE AFTERNOON

-*sizzling*. Two big fish dinners arrive with wine for Jessica
and a beer stein for Patrick. Wow. They get right to it.

He gives her a bite off his fork. She gobbles it, sips wine.

EXT. BEACH, LAGOON - EVENING

The Sun hides away leaving slowly shrinking bright blue.
Patrick, a hand on his stomach, walks with Jessica.

JESSICA
Wow, it's perfect.

Patrick, "*mmm...*" confuses Jessica... whips an arm around her.

PATRICK
Now it's perfect.

They kiss... but Patrick feels off... his stomach.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
Ugh... maybe the fish was too much of
a good thing... water would be good.

Nearby, they see a beachside bar *bustling-*

INT. COUNTERTOP CORNER, BEACHSIDE BAR - MINUTES LATER

-*music*, classic rock. Screens: local culture or ocean sports.

Patrick and Jessica sit by a corner at the central counter. He gets a water, instantly gulps it down.

PATRICK

Ahhh... great start, huh?

JESSICA

Oh it's ok. Long day today, we still have plenty left. Just don't do fish, you're a steak guy anyway.

Patrick reads the room: a lively dance floor, darts, pool. But they're sitting here. He feels Jessica's disappointment.

PATRICK

Look... I just need some time. Have fun. Yeah, just remember: you are on vacation with me. And tomorrow, walk on the beach, up to the peak...

JESSICA

Oh Patty Cakes... always thinking of me and our time.

Patrick whips around, spots the bartender.

PATRICK

I'll take another water, and she'll have... a Long Island iced tea.

Jessica pinches his cheek, kisses him. The drink arrives and she's off into the crowd... Patrick sees many people including-

-Christina who nails a darts bullseye, proudly collects bets. Then counting the bills... sees Patrick, flashes a big smile.

Patrick is eyes locked... awkward, irresistible. He smiles... a little. Turns away. Gulps water mumbling to himself:

PATRICK

You're here with Jess. You're here for Jess. She's where you are in life. You got the ring. Shape up.

He "*sighs...*" gulps down the rest of his water and... *THUMP!* Just sat down across the countertop corner: Christina.

In her USAF cap, she observes him like he's a specimen. Talk about unexpected and awkward... "*um...*"

CHRISTINA

It's him alright. Definitely him.

Ambience. Patrick is as lost as embarrassed.

...who?
PATRICK

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)
The guy who should just come
up to me and say 'hey, how's
it going?'

PATRICK
...and if I wasn't here with someone,
that's what I would've done.

CHRISTINA
Is this someone with you right now?

She laughs, she's having fun. Patrick's stomach still aches.

PATRICK
*She's around but I had fish at the
grill, it didn't sit well, so I'm
sitting out, for a bit.*

CHRISTINA
Ah, it happens. We've all been
there, me too, but the secret...
(boiling pause)
...you gotta be tough. Especially if
you live around here. I live and
work here, wanna know how I start
my day? Yeah? Active and early. Oh-
six-thirty, 100 jumping jacks, 20
crunches, 30 push ups, 40 lunges,
and a glass of water.

Patrick has been nodding along.

Wow...
PATRICK

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)
Then I take a nap!

She cracks up. Patrick can't help but laugh a little.
Christina extends her hand. Patrick sees her Red Sox smiley.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)
I'm Christina, by the way.

PATRICK
(...shakes her hand)
Patrick... unfortunately Christina,
we are mortal enemies.

Off Christina's curious look...

INT. POOL TABLES, BEACHSIDE BAR - SAME TIME

An impressive shot as the cue ball sinks three solids into three different pockets... loud "whoas" and applause for-

-David standing proud. He collects bets, turns to Jessica.

DAVID

And you, missy, owe me your body.

JESSICA

Ok handsome, you're on. But remember, there's a speed limit.

She's tipsy, still in control. Takes his hand, leads him to-

INT. DANCE FLOOR, BEACHSIDE BAR - MOMENTS LATER

-where she does some impressive salsa spins. David is wowed.

JESSICA

I've danced with as many guys as girls you've flown... handsome.

She flicks his chest laughing, launching into more moves. David joins her, tries to keep up, she slows down for him.

INT. COUNTERTOP CORNER, BEACHSIDE BAR - SAME TIME

CHRISTINA

Broken in 2004! Boom!

Christina gulps a Sam Adams. Patrick has a Brooklyn Lager.

PATRICK

It took a while but I'll hand it to *you people*, you finally did it.

CHRISTINA

And Schilling also whooped you guys in 2001. Thank you Arizona!

PATRICK

Whatever floats your... plane out there, Air Force. Here we got the most wins ever, so sure, I'll hand you some. Call it charity.

He takes a swig... spots Jessica dancing wildly with David.

CHRISTINA

Is that your someone?

Off Patrick's irked look...

INT. DANCE FLOOR, BEACHSIDE BAR - MOMENTS LATER

Jessica spins away from David into...

PATRICK
Jess! Having fun?

JESSICA
Oh! Patrick!

JESSICA (CONT'D)
Yeah... this is David, the pilot.

DAVID
The King!

PATRICK
Even you flyboys and *girls-*
(Christina)
-have a speed limit, right?

DAVID
That's what she said.

PATRICK
Because she's a smart lady. And
this is Christina, from the Air
Force, so shoot him down, will you?

And he's off with Jessica. Christina and David are left in the pulsing crowd. He's undeterred, sighting new targets.

DAVID
Hey, supply and demand, Collins.
And your plane brings a supply of
trouble, so I'll just have to fill
that big demand with my-

CHRISTINA
You're not that big, *prince*
squirming but you know who is?

She skimmers off to two BIG GUYS who were at her darts game. Dances right around and in between them. Flashes a wink at-

-David who just smirks, turns to other ladies dancing.

Some steps away, Patrick and Jessica dance, a fiery pair. Patrick sees Big Guy 1 scoop up Christina, twirl... toss her!

BIG GUYS
Air... *Force!*

Big Guy 2 catches her. Christina wags her finger "*uh uh...*" Then dances swatting their hands away laughing. Game on.

Patrick and Jessica continue: stepping, spinning, and-

INT. BUNGALOW, LAGOON RESORT - LATE EVENING

-tumbling in bed, passion burning until... they're spent.
The best kind of spent. They lay in each other's arms.

From next door, muted passion *rumbles*. They laugh it off.

EXT. LAGOON RESORT, BORA BORA - MIDNIGHT

The beach and bars, still going. The bungalows, mostly quiet.
The big mountain - Mt. Otemanu - looms in moonlight.

INT. BUNGALOW, LAGOON RESORT - SAME TIME

On the couch, Patrick wakes his tablet, checks messages.
Jessica is fast asleep in peace but he's bothered...

An unread message from Andy: *"I'm solving stuff just like you showed me. The Empress hasn't been alarmed."*

Others from his mom: *"So happy you decided on having a real experience. Send pictures! Love you, Patrick. ~Mom & Dad"*

A deep breath, a nod, he looks into his waist bag... the box...
The ring... in the clear moonlight, it glistens like-

EXT. BUNGALOW, LAGOON RESORT - MORNING

-the lagoon under the Sun at a very comfortable hour.

Patrick exits ready for a hike, checks the ring again. Good.
From next door... Christina exits, gulps water. They lock eyes.

PATRICK

Active and early?

She flashes her smile, walks off and... the two Big Guys exit.
Patrick laughs to himself. Jessica steps out to join him.

JESSICA

What's so funny?

PATRICK

Oh, just... it's so nice being here.
Look at that.

Mt. Otemanu in epic sunlit glory across the huge lagoon.

EXT. TRAIL, MT OTEMANU - MID-MORNING

A few descend, some head up including... Patrick and Jessica.

He hands her a water bottle, she happily swigs. They continue
and trees turn to bushes turn to an opening with-

EXT. VISTA, TRAIL, MT OTEMANU - CONTINUOUS

-an amazing view: the resort, the lagoon, and ocean beyond.
A few people are taking pictures in one corner.

Jessica is at her happiest so far, whips out her phone, *snaps* a panorama with the lagoon, resort, and peak.

Patrick digs in his waist bag about to grab the ring box...

PATRICK	JESSICA
Jess-	Patrick! Get pictures of me! On your phone. Yeah, c'mon!

He takes out his phone, *snaps* a series of an ecstatically posing Jessica as more people gather at the vista.

Jessica scrolls the photos, Patrick hides his disappointment at the commotion, the vista is near packed. But there below-

-in the lagoon, boats. On the other side, the Erne is-

I/E. THE ERNE, LAGOON - CONTINUOUS

-speeding up, the pontoons *jiggle* some... liftoff.

Inside, Christina "*sighs*" relieved. The scratched Red Sox smiley on her cap glistens as she turns to her two photos.

The somber veil drops again... seconds later, she's back:

CHRISTINA
Alright folks, here we are on our islands swoop on the way to Tahiti!

The passengers "*cheer!*" She glances at the passing mountain.

EXT. VISTA, TRAIL, MT OTEMANU - CONTINUOUS

The Erne whooshes out into the endless blue as Patrick urges Jessica into a couple selfie in the now dense vista.

PATRICK
One together, c'mon quick!

They stand, almost balance, and... *SNAP* into a...

Cute photo: just over Patrick's shoulder, the Erne.

EXT. BEACH, LAGOON - LATE MORNING

They exit the trail onto a long sunny stretch of beige.
Patrick checks around for privacy and sees-

EXT. FAR SIDE, BEACH, LAGOON - NOON

-a spot at the end of the tree line, the tip of the beach.
He smiles looking all around then to Jessica trudging up.

JESSICA
Patty Cakes, what's the rush?

PATRICK
You're all about rushes.

He holds the ring box in the waist bag, then holds her hand.

O.S. SOUNDS: a *buzzing* starts to build..

PATRICK (CONT'D)
Jess... I...

Damn, this is tougher than he thought. Jessica is intrigued.

PATRICK (CONT'D)	JESSICA
...think- want to...	Patty Cakes, what?

PATRICK (CONT'D)
I want t-

The *buzzing* is suddenly loud! It's... the Sea King with David announcing to his passengers and on a *speaker*:

DAVID (O.S.)
*...and that's the lagoon cruise with
the King! Hey, check out the two
love birds over there!*

Patrick is grinding his teeth. Jessica is amused, waves back to the passengers... Patrick, though majorly irked, also.

The plane heads out to sea and lifts off back to Tahiti.
Finally alone... Patrick double, triple-checks... okay good.

JESSICA
He's kind of annoying isn't he?

PATRICK
Kind of? Anyway...

He digs out the ring box, holds it right... deep breath.

Jessica is gazing out to sea, suddenly she hears a familiar voice in a new tone:

PATRICK (O.S.)
Jessica Sugarman.

Jessica turns... there's Patrick with a little box, a smile and pure hope on his face. Her heart skips a beat.

Stepping up, a business pitch turns into an heartfelt outpour-

PATRICK

I love every minute I'm with you.
Even at the Garden, in box seats,
at a Rangers game, I wouldn't be-
wouldn't *want* to be there without
you, you make it and everything
worthwhile. I want to make the rest-
(kneels... opens box)
-of my life... *our life*. Will you
marry me?

Ambience... a breeze... gentle waves... distant commotion.
Jessica is eyes wide, mouth agape. Steps... back...

She's trying to speak, whatever the word, it's not "yes."
Patrick is still brimming with optimism.

JESSICA

Wha... what are... you doing?

PATRICK

What do you mean? Everything is
amazing, we're in the best place
we've ever been to together, and
I'm proposing to you.

JESSICA

I know... everything is amazing, this
is a great place, so... can... we keep
it at that?

Slash. The cold knife of a "no" in Patrick's heart.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

What's there to change? Or fix?
That'll make *this* better?

PATRICK

I... can't believe this. Of all the
things you could've said: I'm not
ready, I love you just as is, or... I
don't know but this?

JESSICA

Patrick, can you... *not* do this?

Grey clouds are gathering far off on the horizon.

PATRICK

This isn't just me doing something...
it's me going with my *heart*. Like
you said. Like it felt it's finally
right after all these years.

Ambience. Seconds feel like hours in the breeze.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

When you suggested a better trip, I
was sure we'd both turn a new page.

JESSICA

We can... go to Nantucket later.

PATRICK

And then what? And then what, Jess?
Hamptons? Maybe the West Coast or
Nova Scotia? For a change? And for
what, lunch and a walk?

JESSICA

Yeah. I'd like that, with you.

PATRICK

And without me?

Ambience. A bigger breeze... slightly bigger waves.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Right, options.

JESSICA

What?

PATRICK

Oh come on, Jess. You know, I know,
I did, it's what we did. And since
we got here there was...

(mocking)

'The King!'

JESSICA

And who's your uh, pilot chick?

PATRICK

We talked baseball. I didn't dance
with her like I wanted to bang her.

Bitter pill. Jessica turns... walks back down to the resort.
The ring glistens in the box. Patrick fumbles, drops it.

PATRICK

Jess! Sorr- shit...

INT. BUNGALOW, LAGOON RESORT - MINUTES LATER

Whoomp! Jessica enters in a beeline right to the bathroom... *shuts* the door just as Patrick enters. The shower starts.

PATRICK

Jess? Let's talk. Huh? Jessie?

INT. BATHROOM, BUNGALOW - CONTINUOUS

Jessica, still in beachwear, is in the shower eyes far off.

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

Come on, whatever you want to say,
it's ok, just say it. To me.

INT. BUNGALOW, LAGOON RESORT - CONTINUOUS

Patrick is at the door. Hears the shower. And that's it. Tries the door, locked. He's about to swear aloud- no...

He stays chill. Plops down on the couch. Deep breaths. *Boop!* A message from Andy: *"The Empress demands your presence!"*

Just then on his tablet: *ba-ding!* An email. Wide eyes...

The message with formal letterhead: *"Mr. Kozlowski, an urgent matter that your current temp and trainee is unable to..."*

Patrick continues until his eyes turn to saucers.

"...I've let your upstate trips slide as issues were always handled by your well-trained staff, but..."

And now he holds his breath...

"...I need you on a video conference first thing tomorrow..."

Exhales *"...shiiit..."* checking the time, it's... 1:07pm. Online check... EST timezone... it's 6:07pm in New York.

Patrick rummages through his clothes: beachwear, light hiking gear... not a suit or tie in sight... then he looks around.

The bungalow, nothing like an office or upstate NY hotel. Patrick throws up his arms, grinds his teeth, all but swears.

Outside, an approaching plane... through a window, Patrick sees the Erne land in the lagoon. Inside, silence...

PATRICK

Jess?

Ambience. Ear to the door, he only hears the shower running.

PATRICK

Look, I got a message from work. I need to be at the big hotel to rent a suit and do a video meeting *with the Empress*, so I can't pass on this. Jessica?

Patrick mutters "*curses*" of incredulity nearly shaking, looking around, sees the Erne dock outside... fidgets...

PATRICK

I have to go. You know where I'll be. Tahiti, the big hotel. We have 8 days left here. Call, text me.

Hating every last bit of it, he goes out the front door leaving the open ring box on the table...

INT. BATHROOM, BUNGALOW - SAME TIME

Jessica is sitting... her eyes still at infinity... life careens through her head. On her face, water... maybe also tears.

EXT. THE ERNE, DOCKS, LAGOON RESORT - MINUTES LATER

Christina looks close at the pontoons. Her pilot's eye spots all the imperfections on the nice but worn plane.

She looks back out across the lagoon to the sea... grey clouds are approaching as is... Patrick almost in a jog.

PATRICK

Whoa, Air For- Christina!

He's finally close enough to not yell.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

You going to Tahiti again today?

CHRISTINA

I was thinking of waiting.

The clouds... a storm... still far off now with flashes. Patrick puts on his business face digging into his bag.

PATRICK

It's still a ways out but this-
(\$500 cash)
-is right here. There'll be another 500 in Tahiti for a job well done. That is unless you want to fix this old thing with darts winnings.

Christina eyes the money, the storm, her plane and-

I/E. THE ERNE, LAGOON - AFTERNOON

-fires the engine, takes the control yoke, moves out.

Patrick is in the back strapping in with a deep breath.
Christina glances at the two pictures, goes to her radio.

EXT. BAR, ATRIUM, MAJESTIC HOTEL - MOMENTS LATER

Moerani the bartender is on his CB radio.

MOERANI

Chris... after 160 kilometers it
could be seriously *not* ok.

INTERCUT: CHRISTINA / MOERANI

CHRISTINA

Don't spaz, just keep me updated.
I'll go around north if need be.

MOERANI

Yeah... I'm here til you arrive, that
Long Island's already waiting.

CHRISTINA

See you in 90 minutes. Out.

I/E. THE ERNE, BORA BORA - MOMENTS LATER

The pontoons *jiggle*... liftoff. One side of the sky is greying,
but the other side is still beautifully blue.

Christina glances at her pictures, "*mumbles*" reassurances.
Then her radio *crackles*:

DAVID (O.S.)

*Collins! I know you're crazy
dancing but don't be crazy flying!*

Ahead, the Sea King is on approach for a landing.

CHRISTINA

Private charter flight, King.
Supply and demand.

DAVID (O.S.)

*How about keeping the market
competitive? You can't fly when
you're fish food.*

The planes pass close- *whizz!* Almost too close.

CHRISTINA
The dance floor's all yours
tonight. Out.

Patrick has overheard everything, is quite amused.

PATRICK
I also think he's a douchebag.

CHRISTINA
Douchebag? I wish I was that nice.

They don't see each other each smile a bit.

I/E. THE ERNE, THE PACIFIC - FLIGHT SEQUENCE

Clouds encroach the Erne's flight path.

Christina checks her readings, the photos, sees Patrick on his tablet "*muttering*" frustrated.

CHRISTINA
No service between major islands
but you can sit up here for the
\$1000 view. Just strap in.

PATRICK
(packing tablet)
You know your business, Air Force.

He squeezes into the seat, straps in, takes in the view... wow.
Epic clouds with flashing inside over a rippling ocean.

CHRISTINA
Better than New York?

PATRICK
Flatter... the weather's about right.
(spots her photos)
Air Force indeed. Those your folks?

Unexpected ambience. Christina's face has a somber veil.

CHRISTINA
...yeah

Patrick doesn't pry as she checks flight readings.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)
Didn't you... leave *someone* behind?
Back there?

The plane threads through clouds. Below, bigger waves.

PATRICK

Yeah, it... got a little complicated.

Whoomp! Turbulence. The plane shakes, the pontoons *jiggle*. Inside by Patrick, a window latch loosens...

Christina grips the yoke tighter. The radio *crackles*:

MOERANI (O.S.)

Chris! The storm is speeding up and heading northwest to Bora! At you.

CHRISTINA

So I'm going north around it.

MOERANI (O.S.)

Don't take too long. Out.

Patrick "*gulps*" a bit freaked out at the increasing storm.

CHRISTINA

Not *that* much longer. Sit tight-

Whoomp! The window whips back- *whoosh!* The Erne rocks wild. For Christina this is a challenge. For Patrick, pure terror.

Christina is "*shouting*" for him to close it, he barely hears but gets her gist, reaches for the sliding window.

Christina looks to her pictures... coming loose. She pockets her family photo... with one hand on the yoke-

-the Erne flies wild! Christina goes white knuckles on the yoke as Patrick slams the window. He looks back, sees-

-his bag bouncing on the floor. He starts to unstrap-

CHRISTINA

No! You crazy?

PATRICK

My bag!

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)

How about your life?! Sit down!

First time she's seen angry. Patrick sits, checks his bag... it's slid snug into a corner.

The sky... *R-R-RUMBLES*... Christina takes a deep breath... *CRACK!* Lightning - like a blast of flak - *EXPLODES*. Christina sees...

MEMORY FLASHES: a shaking C-17 cockpit... her hands struggling with the yoke... ahead something big... Christina whips around to-

-Patrick, he's afraid in the rumbling, flashing and shaking. There! An island! With a long beach. She banks the Erne.

The pontoons *jiggle*... window latches *ratchet*... the Erne *shakes*... the C-17 crew photo is loosening...

CHRISTINA

The picture! Get it, I need to hold the yoke!

Patrick sees it... can't reach past her... closer... he's got it. *Whoomp!* Turbulence. *Crack!* Lightning. *Whoosh!* The window!

The photo flies off... to the back of the plane by the bag. Christina snaps back forward, sees the beach incoming-

I/E. THE ERNE, LONG BEACH, ISLAND - CONTINUOUS

-thud-thud! The pontoons scrape *jiggling*... ahead... a boulder. Patrick freaks out but Christina sees...

MEMORY FLASHES: the shaking C-17 cockpit... a rough landing... ahead is a large chopper that looks like-

-the boulder. She locks up. A pontoon tears off! The frame sticking out slices into the sand... the Erne whips around-

-jolt stops by the boulder as rain and wind pound away.

Christina zones back in, her military instincts fire up. Patrick is ok, she unfastens "*yelling*" for him to get out.

Christina yanks up his bag. The photo... is gone. She's pissed. She "*yells*" at Patrick to get the hell out. He stumbles onto the beach with her leaping out after him.

They can barely walk in the storm. Patrick yanks Christina's arm pointing to a cave a short climb up. She pushes him on.

I/E. CAVE, LONG BEACH, ISLAND - MOMENTS LATER

Patrick is almost there... Christina on his heels with the bag. He climbs in, takes the bag from her as she scoots up and...

The photo: Christina's C-17 crew... flies out of a side pocket is lost in the endless wind and spray. Christina is crushed.

PATRICK

Come on!

No choice. She glares daggers at him and he feels it as he helps pull her up. They stumble in soaking, out of breath.

They find some dry dirt... plop down across from each other. What... now...? Outside the storm *wails* and *wails*...

FADE TO BLACK:

Drumming water... it's-

INT. BATHROOM, BUNGALOW - LATER, AFTERNOON

-the shower... stops. Jessica steps out, hears wind *howling*.

INT. BUNGALOW, LAGOON RESORT - MOMENTS LATER

Empty. Outside: the Sea King docked in the lagoon.

JESSICA (O.S.)

Patrick?

She's towel dried, still in beachwear. Looks around... sees the open ring box in on the table.

EXT. BUNGALOW, LAGOON RESORT - MOMENTS LATER

Jessica exits. It's getting real choppy. She sees the grill and beachside bar are busy, in fact it's-

INT. FRONT DOOR, BEACHSIDE BAR - MINUTES LATER

-*party time!* It seems the whole resort has gathered here. A familiar voice is announcing via speakers:

DAVID

Ok people, the promised vacation land of coconut milk and beach honeys brings storms... sometimes but I'm from Florida so trust me, we'll get through it.

Jessica and David notice each other. He continues:

DAVID (CONT'D)

Storm lockdown is in 20, so you can pick here or the grill or bring takeout here from said grill.

(they lock eyes)

That mahi-mahi is *really* good.

INT. COUNTERTOP CORNER, BEACHSIDE BAR - MINUTES LATER

Jessica and David plop down. He scoots over to the same side to signal the bartender. She *isn't* wearing the ring.

DAVID

Hey-hey! Two mojitos!

(to Jessica)

So my stubborn rival said she had a 'private charter flight' and I'm guessing someone was on it.

JESSICA

Oh it was Patrick. Must've been.

DAVID

Collins is a... good, she's a *good* pilot, I'll give her that. I'll radio Tahiti when the storm wanes until then... let the forces that be wash away any iniquity, and-
(mojitos arrive)
-cleanse yourself, your soul.

This isn't his first drink. Jessica... smiles. Swigs. Wow.

INT. BEACHSIDE BAR - LATER, EVENING

Jessica and David shoot pool, he helps her line up a shot... boom! She sinks a far ball. Giggles. David hands her a drink.

Then they're on the dance floor going wild, he spins her. The whole bar continues with the storm drowned out by music.

FADE TO BLACK:

PATRICK'S EYES

Tw-tw-twitch open. His head is on a makeshift pillow, it's-

INT. CAVE, ISLAND - MORNING

-a folded shirt. He's alone... sees his backpack by another 'pillow.' Suddenly, he scrambles to it, yanks out the tablet.

PATRICK

Oh shit! C'mon, c'mon! Shit!

The email page can't refresh. The final email from his boss is there read but unanswered. Current time - 5:09... 5:10am.

Patrick freaks out *ta-ta-tapping-hitting* the tablet... nothing. He gives up in despair... the Sun shines in as clouds part.

EXT. CAVE, LONG BEACH, ISLAND - MOMENTS LATER

Patrick peeks out... ocean... beach... pontoon... streaks leading to... the slumped Erne facing the water it wants to reach.

EXT. THE ERNE, LONG BEACH - MOMENTS LATER

Patrick approaches hearing nervous *shuffling* and:

CHRISTINA (O.S.)

Damn it! Why did you take that dumb shit's offer?! Dumb motherfu-

She's hopped out to see Patrick opposite the tilted wing... awkward... she "huffs" it off.

PATRICK
Does the... plane work?

To her this is the dumbest question possible.

CHRISTINA
What the hell does it look like?

PATRICK
Hey, you got a problem, aside from the obvious?

CHRISTINA
Yeah. I got one hell of a problem. It's really stupid, looks like I'm gonna be stuck with it for a long time, and it's *staring me in the goddamn face.*

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)
(to herself)
You just couldn't resist a fat wad of cash.

PATRICK
Hey, what the- I didn't land here!

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)
You made us come here.

PATRICK
I offered you a grand!

CHRISTINA
And money doesn't solve everything, Desk Job.
(to herself)
Rich city snobs.

PATRICK
Yeah, I'm rich. Very rich. I *earned* it. MBA at Columbia, then 15 years of 60 hour weeks and the 9 million people in New York, a *third* eat, sleep and/or work in a place I helped set up. See? I make the world go round while your head's in the freakin' A clouds, *Air Force.* Flew with you once and you *crashed.*

"Crashed" hits a nerve... she yanks out a pouch from the Erne, storms off. Patrick realizes he can't do much alone here.

PATRICK
Where the heck are you going?

CHRISTINA
The hell away from you.

She stomps off disappearing into nearby jungle... and Patrick... is left utterly incredulous. And alone. On the long beach.

EXT. JUNGLE, ISLAND - MINUTES LATER

Christina pushes through thicket into a clearing, reaches into her pouch: a survival kit with, among others, a knife.

Slash! Sla-slash! Vines come down. Rolling them up she spots some older, browner bamboo. *Ker-runch!* She's off with it.

EXT. CLIFF TOP, ISLAND - SAME TIME

A ways down below sits the slumped Erne. Patrick steps up onto a vista, sees the long beach, at least a kilometer.

He turns to... jungle. A lot. The island's far side is unseen.

PATRICK
Freakin' A *fan*-tastic.

He "*sighs*" looking around... sees birds land on a rocky vista deep into the island. In an odd way, it stands out.

EXT. LONG BEACH, ISLAND - LATER, AFTERNOON

At the tree line, Christina erects a bamboo stalk, finishes a decent shelter. She starts to dig a fire pit, sees-

-Patrick by the Erne. He looks to her... caustic eyes meet. She "*huffs*" it off, digs more. The Country Mouse is busy.

Patrick "*mutters*" curses starting to trudge down the long sandy strip flanked by *rustling* jungle and *shooming* ocean.

INT. CAVE, LONG BEACH, ISLAND - LATER, LATE AFTERNOON

Patrick drops his ass onto the shirt pillow. He's sweaty, sandy, and ragged. The City Mouse looks like shit.

Looks to his bag... the tablet: "*No Signal*" Battery: 50%... 49%... He sits... staring... mind everywhere... nowhere -- BUT THEN --

His nose twitches. Not allergies... a scent... smells good. Wow! His stomach *grumbles*, he springs up, shoots a glance outside...

Christina is tending her fire pit, cooking something.

EXT. LONG BEACH, ISLAND - EARLY EVENING

Patrick descends the cliff, looks to Christina's shelter... simple but now anything looks cozier than a cave.

Their eyes meet... awkward, uncomfortable... she indicates a place to sit by the fire opposite her... Patrick proceeds-

EXT. SHELTER, LONG BEACH, ISLAND - MOMENTS LATER

-sits down. It's a place for two. There are two tin bowls, one with MRE New England clam chowder still simmering.

Ambience. Waves *shoom*... the fire *crackles*, then sharply:

CHRISTINA

Never, and I mean *never*, judge my flying. I saved your goddamn life.

She hands him the soup bowl... he takes it, then meekly:

PATRICK

Thanks... (and sorry-)

CHRISTINA

(over)
Shut up and eat.

She puts unused flameless ration heaters (FRHs) in her pouch, whips out a water bottle laying down on her side of the fire.

CHRISTINA

Conserve that. Keep this pouch dry.
Add to the fire before you sleep.
Wake me only if death's knocking.

She turns away from him... eyes still open...

Patrick finishes the soup, licks the spoon and bowl clean. Takes a gulp of water... another... an- no, enough. Half done.

He's tired. Christina is asleep. He gazes into the sunset. Beautiful. The fire weakens. He adds a log, *crackle* and-

-a puff of smoke rises, goes up as-

EXT. ROCKY VISTA VIEW, ISLAND - SUNSET

-a thinning cloud... then it's gone. It's almost as if someone could have seen it. If anyone else were here.

CROSSFADE:

OCEAN WATER

Whipping by as a *buzzing* builds up, it's-

I/E. SEA KING, THE PACIFIC - MORNING

-a familiar plane now flying "the scenic route."

DAVID (O.S.)
 Alright people, the scenic route
 with the King is on! If you can-

At the yoke, David is looking out all around.

DAVID (CONT'D)
 -see anything out there.

Jessica sits by him, blankly stares out into the vast blue.

DAVID
 Hey, you ok?

She just nods with a tiny smile. Ringless.

EXT. SEAPLANE DOCKS, AIRPORT, TAHITI - LATER, MORNING

The airport is busy, like the majestic hotel in the distance.
 The Sea King touches down, turns toward the docks.

INT. ROOM, MAJESTIC HOTEL - MINUTES LATER

Click. The door opens, Jessica enters, sits on the bed.
 David follows hauling her briefcase, sees her glum.

DAVID
 Search and rescue do this all th-
 they're very good at it.

He pats her shoulder. Jessica gives a weak nod.

JESSICA
 Look, I should call... family.

David nods with a smile... exits. Jessica... goes to her phone.

INT. KITCHEN, NICE APARTMENT, NYC - AFTERNOON (EST)

Buzzing... could be the smartphone on either end of the table.
 Peter and Paulina are deep into a crossword and newspaper.

PAULINA
 Yours?

PETER
 Nope, it's yours.

Paulina's phone screen: Patrick & Jessica's couple selfie at
 Belvedere in Central Park with "*Jessica calling.*"

PAULINA
Hello? Jessica? How's the trip?

She listens as her own engagement photo looms behind her... then she and Peter perk up concerned with:

PAULINA (CONT'D)
Oh no...

INT. BAR, ATRIUM, MAJESTIC HOTEL - SAME TIME

Moerani works his bar listening to the CB radio. Search and rescue chatter mentions many things... not the Erne.

DAVID (O.S.)
Moe, what's the radio bringing?

MOERANI
They already found a few boats but not the one missing seaplane. Captain Christina Collins... I tell you, she loves flying more than her own damn self. Or anyone else for that matter.

DAVID
Well I *know* she doesn't love me.

Moerani isn't impressed with the joke.

INT. KITCHEN, NICE APARTMENT, NYC - SAME TIME

PAULINA
We love you like a daughter, Jessica. We wouldn't want you to be alone right now.

INTERCUT: JESSICA / PAULINA & PETER

JESSICA
Mrs. K, it's ok, I'll keep you upda-

PAULINA
If your parents can't be out there at the drop of a hat, we sure as heck can. You hear that, my dear?

Peter is already scrolling online tickets.

PAULINA (CONT'D)
Sit tight, we'll be there asap.

Off Jessica looking at the ring box...

EXT. SHELTER, LONG BEACH, ISLAND - MID-MORNING

Patrick drops a fresh log and some twigs by the fire pit. Looks to the Erne, no change. The ocean, nice but there-

-*splash!* Out of the water, Christina with a speared fish. Patrick is awestruck... approaching: a live Amazonian myth.

Christina holds up the fish, blood drips down the spear.

CHRISTINA

Out here, the menu is what you make it, Desk Job.

PATRICK

Yeah... the *last* time I had fish...

CHRISTINA

You can try to catch a snake there.

The *rustling* jungle. Patrick... just an awkward laugh.

TIME CUT:

Slash! Christina guts the fish. Patrick squirms a bit. She holds up the innards to him. Now he squirms more.

TIME CUT:

The fish *sizzles* on a spit roast. Patrick and Christina sit opposite by the fire now less tense.

PATRICK

And that signal thing is up there?

CHRISTINA

It's the highest point. We'll also get fresh water in the jungle.

The fish is ready. Christina snaps up her knife.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)

It's well done. Here, eat up. Jungle hikes are not easy.

EXT. CLIFF TOP, ISLAND - LATER, MID-MORNING

Patrick points to the far off rocky vista as birds take off.

CHRISTINA

Good job, Desk Job. You did your part yesterday.

Both, a glint of a smile. And they're off into the jungle.

INT. HALLWAY BALCONY, 2ND FL, MAJESTIC HOTEL - SAME TIME

Jessica runs into... David just at the top of the stairs.

DAVID

Hey so no word yet but rest easy,
weather's good and that ought to
bring good news.

She fidgets uncomfortably.

JESSICA

Oh... this was all my idea. Patrick
had this simpler vacation in mind,
which now seems like a good idea
since everything is going wrong.

DAVID

It's not all wrong, people are
looking for... Patrick. He must be
somewhere along or near that route
we flew. Hey look, if you have to
wait, what better place than here?

She perks up slightly happier.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Relax, enjoy here for a bit, I'm
going for a shave and hair cut.

Now Jessica really perks up, a smiling lightbulb.

INT. ROOM, MAJESTIC HOTEL - MINUTES LATER

Jessica lays out her fancy travel beauty pack on the dresser
moving the ring box out of sight.

David sits by the dressing mirror, newspaper under his chair.

DAVID

Do all stylists travel like this?

JESSICA

Only the best, handsome. Well...
you're going to be when I'm done.

DAVID

Oh! I thought I was it already!

JESSICA

More than close enough but now...

Running a hand through his hair, her trimmer starts *buzzing-*

EXT. WATERFALL POOL, JUNGLE, ISLAND - LATE MORNING

-*rustling* in thicket... Christina comes out to sunshine and coconut trees in an idyllic spot. Patrick joins her in-

-the dreamlike ambience... she takes off her pouch:

CHRISTINA

Hold this, wait here.

She's spotted some coconuts, climbs toward them free solo. Patrick is again awestruck, sees her cut a coconut loose-

-launch it down to... *THWACK!* A rock. It bounces off intact. *THWACK!* Another also intact.

PATRICK

Is that how the Red Sox-
(joke spits)
-pitch?

Christina just smiles... springs off the tree! Down to... *splash!* Quiet... for a second he's worried... she surfaces, walks to him.

CHRISTINA

Show me how the Yankees-
(*kerrr-spit!*)
-pitch.

Smiling in his volleyball serve pose, he heaves the coconut down at the rock- *THWACK!* Christina catches it still intact, perks up her eyebrows smiling. Patrick takes the coconut.

PATRICK

Two strikes, oh for two, ok but...
the third time's the *charm*.

THWACK! The coconut bounces up... to Patrick's hands... open. Christina is impressed. He hands her the coconut grinning.

TIME CUT:

They're sitting by the water, munching coconut kernel.

PATRICK

You know in Connecticut, there's
this town, Guilford. Right at the
end of the Munson-Nixon line. Half
of the bars are Red Sox Nation, the
other half... Yankees *Universe*.
(off her look)
Those *are* the official terms.

Christina just shakes her head smiling.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

But Guilford's real nice, it's on the coast. I had coconut there, not like this, at a bodega.

CHRISTINA

A what?

PATRICK

A bodega. You know, a little store.

CHRISTINA

A convenience store? Ok but now, you ready for a swim?

She gets up pointing to a slope across the waterfall pool... high atop it... well above the waterfall, the rocky vista.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)

If you gotta piss, now or after, not in the pool. A parasite could latch on... guess where?

PATRICK

I'm... good for now.

CHRISTINA

Leave this, it needs to be dry.

She places the pouch, flashes her smile... dives in- *splash!*

INT. ROOM, MAJESTIC HOTEL - SAME TIME

Whoosh! Jessica takes off a cold towel from David's face. His is hair much neater, stubble is gone. He feels his face.

JESSICA

Now you look like a king. And can a king treat a girl to lunch?

DAVID

I'm already thinking of dessert.

JESSICA

(wagging finger)
Speed limit, remember.

DAVID

So will it be fish, steak, or surf and turf? The King's got it all.

Off Jessica's widening smile...

EXT. ROCKY VISTA, ISLAND - NOON

Patrick drips with sweat, takes the final step up, drains his water bottle. Christina still has half of hers.

CHRISTINA

More back by the waterfall but now...
the beacon...

She's looking around. They're on the tallest spot on the island whose other side, now seen, is much like theirs.

But here... bushes, bird poop, random scraps... and that's it. Patrick sees disappointment on Christina's face.

PATRICK

So where's the signal thing?

Christina is looking all around: here, out on the island, are there more high points? No... only a slope down to more jungle.

Then suddenly she stops... eyes far off, mind racing.

PATRICK

So, what (do we-)

CHRISTINA

(over)
Quiet.

It is quiet. Too quiet. Patrick realizes just as:

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)

We're on a different island.

PATRICK

So no... signal thing?

Still staring off, she nods. Patrick sinks a bit freaked out.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

So what's the freakin' plan now?

CHRISTINA

There is no plan, Desk Job, there's only improvise and adapt.

PATRICK

What is there to adapt to on an island with a waterfall and coconuts?!

CHRISTINA

Stop spazzing, I (know th-)

PATRICK

(over)
What?

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)
Spazzing, you're spazzing. Acting like you're surprised this isn't Central Park or Bleecker Street.

PATRICK
How I wish but how do we get out of here?

CHRISTINA
I don't know.

PATRICK
Well what about... your improvise and adapt?

CHRISTINA
Start improvising and adapting! And stop being so goddamn useless.

She stomps back down the slope path. After a few seconds:

PATRICK
Where the heck are you-

CHRISTINA
(still walking)
Where the hell do you think?

Patrick "huffs..." follows her.

EXT. WATERFALL POOL, JUNGLE, ISLAND - MINUTES LATER

Christina finishes filling her water bottle at the waterfall. Dives in. Soon Patrick arrives, sees her waving her bottle.

CHRISTINA
Start adapting, Desk Job.

And she's off in flash into the jungle with her pouch.

Patrick looks around... the waterfall! He fumbles his bottle, yanks it up, fills it. Gulps, refills, caps it. Wades in...

Above... way up on the rocky vista, SOMEONE crouches watching Patrick swim across, rinse off, go into the jungle.

The mysterious person - with a mohawk - dashes off leaving just the waterfall's constant *shooming*-

INT. BAR, ATRIUM, MAJESTIC HOTEL - SAME TIME

-*humming* fountains, *music*, the reflecting pool. At the bar...

Moerani serves Jessica and David Long Island iced tea.

MOERANI

Don't you have a flight left today?

David smiles, swigs as Moerani turns to Jessica.

MOERANI (CONT'D)

Be careful with this guy, you'll
wind up in the king's harem.

DAVID

'Harem?' In an Eden immortalized by
Gauguin? Blasphemy.

JESSICA

Oh I love Gauguin.

DAVID

And you're not the only one.

Moerani laughs a little, looks to his CB radio. It's quiet.
His eyes scan the photo collage: events at the bar.

One photo: Christina in a Red Sox jersey with a Sam Adams
giving a thumbs up next to a big "38." Pure joy.

EXT. SHELTER, LONG BEACH, ISLAND - LATER, AFTERNOON

Christina sits glum, eyes far off. Patrick trudges up tired.

CHRISTINA

Look, we have to think on our feet,
that's improvise and adapt. So...
sorry for being a bit of a bitch.

PATRICK

You are a bitch.
(off her death stare)
And I'm an asshole. I agree.

She actually laughs a little. He swigs water, now carefully.

CHRISTINA

Ok, fair enough. You know, my best
friend studied at NYU so I've been
to New York... once and-

I/E. INTERCITY BUS, NYC - DAY - FLASHBACK MONTAGE

I-95... an overpass at the Cross Bronx Express Way... Christina
gazes at a huge city until... the Port Authority Bus Terminal.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)(V.O.)
 -I couldn't fathom just how big
 that place, *your place*, is.

I/E. PORT AUTHORITY BUS TERMINAL - FLASHBACK MONTAGE

Christina weaves through a crowd out onto the street... wowed,
 lost... but there! Her friend waiting... they hug utterly joyous.

PATRICK (V.O.)
 Best friend and you saw each other
 just once in college?

EXT. SHELTER, LONG BEACH, ISLAND - PRESENT

CHRISTINA
 She'd always come to Boston.

PATRICK
 I've been there... also just once.
 A buddy of mine studied at MIT.

I/E. INTERCITY TRAIN, NYC - DAY - FLASHBACK MONTAGE

I-95... the Cross Bronx Expressway underpass... a train speeds
 out of town... Patrick gazes at passing scenery.

PATRICK (CONT'D)(V.O.)
 Passed through Guilford and
 eventually wound up in this-

I/E. INTERCITY TRAIN, BOSTON AREA - FLASHBACK MONTAGE

Boston appears ahead... the train pulls into South Station.

PATRICK (CONT'D)(V.O.)
 -sleepy little place, *your place*.

EXT. SHELTER, LONG BEACH, ISLAND - PRESENT

CHRISTINA
 Boston can be very exciting. But
 what do you miss about New York?

PATRICK
 Everything... college girls... one of
 them became my girl, my *someone*. We
 met when I was in grad school.

CHRISTINA
 Good. Then that's your goal. Here,
 now, everything you do should be
 toward that. Got it? Good.

Getting up, she's caught off guard by:

PATRICK

What do you miss? About Boston?

Ambience. Christina hides profound pain very well.

CHRISTINA

My p... my old job... it's complicated.
Look, I'm getting dinner then
fixing, *trying* to fix the radio
again. You get some firewood.

She yanks up the spear. Patrick watches her march towards the swashing waves that almost reach the beached Erne.

EXT. JUNGLE, ISLAND - MINUTES LATER

Patrick enters from thicket into a clearing. Sees the bamboo Christina broke off earlier and some more browning bamboo.

He tries to bend it, no luck. Kicks it right in the brown. *Crack!* His foot hurts like hell. "*Sighing*" he looks around...

A deep unending green with *rustling*... animal *calls*... a world all by itself. Deep breath, Patrick yanks the bamboo... *snap!*

EXT. LONG BEACH, ISLAND - SAME TIME

Splash! Christina's spear into the water. She ropes it out... no fish. She "*cusses*." Then "*sighing*" she looks around...

Unending blue, above and below. No ships. Clouds far off. Far down the beach, sharp rocks with waves crashing.

EXT. SHELTER, LONG BEACH, ISLAND - LATER, LATE AFTERNOON

Patrick adds to the fire. He's disheveled, shrugs off dirt. Uncomfortable, fidgets sitting. Thirsty, gulps water, spots... a spit-roasting fish. His stomach *grumbles*.

He takes the fish, holds it closer to the fire- *sizzling*... And he *devours it* mouth dripping, tongue licking, "*grunting*." His voracious hunger barely soothed -- BUT THEN --

Booming from the Erne, Christina "*cusses*" slipping out. Heads over to Patrick and... both of them realize...

He's gobbled most of the fish. Patrick: guilty. "*Shit...*"

CHRISTINA

You were planning on ordering me one? Oh yeah, this isn't New York!

PATRICK
Look, I'm sor-

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)
Useless loaded yuppie, thinks
he's all that...

She continues "*ranting*" as Patrick starts seething until:

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)
...and I believed his dumb ass!

PATRICK
And you're so freakin' A perfect,
aren't ya, Air Force? I could've
been on Nantucket: close to home,
beaches just as good, no killer
storms but I'm here! In this place
with zip because you cra-

CHRISTINA
Don't you dare!

Caustic glares clash... trees *rustle*... waves *shoom*...

PATRICK
Crashed. Yeah, you *crashed* here.
Before that you *crashed* on Tahiti,
and before *that* who knows where.
What the heck are you even doing
with your life aside from flying a
shoddy plane, playing darts, and
getting tag teamed?

He laughs. Christina grinds her teeth, something's cut deep...

PATRICK (CONT'D)
You don't even know what you
freakin' A want in life, aren't
even remotely close to committing
to *shit* so you're out here. Lost at
sea, how fitting. But *I* make the
world's greatest city a good place
to live so don't call *me* useless.
(to himself)
Because of this bitch here, I
probably lost my job.

CHRISTINA
Oh your precious job, boo freaking
hoo, I lost mine too. And yeah, I
crashed here... and I crashed before.

MEMORY FLASHES: the shaking C-17 cockpit... a rough landing...
ahead... the large chopper... no control... *CRASH!*

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)
 But unlike this asshole here,
 people got hurt... some died.

MEMORY FLASH: the C-17 crew photo blows away in the wind.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)
 I messed up a pre-flight check,
 wanted to get home for-

From an inner pocket, her family photo.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)
 -my parents' funeral. Another freak
 accident. See I know all about
 commitments. And how they can crush
 you. So I ran away. And sure, now I
 play darts and triple tango but if
 you think *your* life is somehow
 inconvenienced out here, well I'll
 just kindly tell you-
 (erupts)
 -to go fuck yourself!!

She plops down face buried and bawling. Waves *shoom* crashing
 on the sharp rocks... Christina pours out years in seconds...

Patrick sees her scratched Red Sox smiley. Trees *rustle*...

PATRICK
 Look... I'm... I'm s... really sorry.

CHRISTINA
 Oh shut up. You don't know the
 first thing about being sorry. If
 I'd saved them I wouldn't be in
 this place. With you.
 (to herself)
 But mom... dad...

She gazes at her photo weeping... Patrick looks off... "*sighs*..."
 What... now...? There! Coming around the sharp rocks... a boat!

He can't believe it, rubs his eyes. The boat is coming here!

PATRICK
 Hey, um... Air F- Christina...

Yanking out a cracker ration from her pouch-

CHRISTINA
 Just leave me alone for-
 (sees the boat)
 Holyshit.

They forget the argument, hail the boat with wild "*screams!*"
See their odd bit of teamwork but it's all they got now.

CUTAWAY: it's a deep sea fishing boat... a few "*voices*" aboard...

Christina stops... military sense tingling... something's off...
She turns around... sees movement in the jungle... metal glints...

CHRISTINA

Run! Freaking now! Run!

She scoops up her pouch yanking his arm. Patrick is lost...
PIRATES with machetes leap out of the jungle "*shouting!*"

TATTOOS, a lieutenant with Pacific Islander ink, leads them.

Patrick almost pisses himself as Christina drags him on, soon
they're running in step. Adrenaline overdrive. Up the cliff.

PATRICK

Freakin' A pirates?!

CUTAWAY: NOSE-RING, the deep-voiced and menacing leader,
"*shouts*" orders from the boat to those on the beach.

Some pirates wreck the shelter, others go at the Erne.
Still others pursue up to the cliff base then stop...

Seeing this, Christina gets a bad a feeling... turns to face-

EXT. CLIFF TOP, ISLAND - CONTINUOUS

-MOHAWK, the other lieutenant with signature hair, shark
grin, and fist flying right into Christina's face. *THWACK!*

BLACK

FADE IN:

OCEAN WATER

Whipping by as a *rumbling* builds up, it's-

EXT. SEARCH & RESCUE CHOPPER - EARLY EVENING

-rotor-blades. Tahiti roundel. Making a beeline for...

S&E PILOT (O.S.)

(over radio)

*Alright people, last island, this
one can get... well look at that,
it's already getting interesting.*

...the long beach with the slumped Erne.

INT. BAR, ATRIUM, MAJESTIC HOTEL - MINUTES LATER

Jessica, David, and Moerani listen to "chatter" on the CB. David sips a screwdriver. Jessica gulps water, ringless.

*S&E PILOT (CONT'D)(O.S.)
...looks like piracy and that's for
the law. Ok, mark it and let's go,
a new storm's coming. That family's
gonna have to pray an extra day.*

Moerani turns down the radio seeing a worried Jessica.

MOERANI
Christina is ex-Air Force, she's
had survival training.

DAVID
How about a drink?

Ding. Jessica's phone, a message from "Mrs. K: News shows a storm coming. We'll be there tomorrow. Hold tight, dear."

Jessica shakes her head with a small smile, walks off.

INT. HALLWAY BALCONY, 2ND FL, MAJESTIC HOTEL - MOMENTS LATER

Jessica holds the ring box, hides it hearing:

DAVID (O.S.)
Hey Jessica...

She smiles and turns. He's already weaning in.

DAVID (CONT'D)
You ok? Don't worry. Police will
handle that out there. But for now...

They both go into a hug.

DAVID (CONT'D)
...we're here. For now. Just for now.

Jessica smiles like she did at their first meeting.

BLACK

FADE IN:

PATRICK'S EYES

They twitch... open. His stubbly cheek is on bamboo, it's-

EXT. PIRATE CAMP, JUNGLE, ISLAND - EARLY EVENING

-a hold with a rope-lock on the front and solid walls.
His face is bruised- pain stings! Loud *knocking!*

MOHAWK

Wakey wakey, prisoner 2!

He's running a machete along the bamboo bars. Hops to the adjacent hold with Christina awake also bruised. And quiet.

PATRICK

Who are y-?

Thrusting his machete between the bars-

MOHAWK

Hush! No speaking. Unless told.

The dirty machete inches from his face, Patrick complies. Mohawk laughs, is joined by an also amused Tattoos.

TATTOOS

Prisoner 2 woke into tenth minute.

MOHAWK

Was within ten!

TATTOOS

Your bloody watch's broke!

Sudden authoritative *booming:*

NOSE-RING (O.S.)

Everybody's watch is broke. *Except-*

Meters away, up on a boulder he holds a gold timer watch. The camp is at full attention.

NOSE-RING (CONT'D)

-this one and it says 9 minutes 58,
so no double or nothing. Plunder is
even. One sorts, the other gets
first pick. Get to it.

TIME CUT:

Patrick is observing a local ritual: the sorting of plunder as Mohawk and his team sort a hodgepodge of tourists' goods.

Patrick notes: Mohawk double and triple counts food items. Tattoos watches. Christina sees this too... and the rope-lock.

Nose-Ring twirls a machete, turns to Patrick and Christina.

NOSE-RING

When rules are simple, life is fair. And if you accept it won't be easy, you won't be disappointed.

He smiles, winks. Patrick notes again the careful handling of the food items as Tattoos's team now take their share.

Christina sees clouds greying up... hears a "pssst..." It's... Patrick behind a tiny gap in the bamboo wall. He *whispers*:

PATRICK

Christina... shhh... don't believe any bullshit, just improvise and adapt.

She's befuddled as Patrick quickly pretends nothing happened, then catches on. The plunder sharing ritual wraps up.

NOSE-RING

That's it, stash it! And onto-
(points machete)
-the live cargo.

Off his skull grin...

EXT. PIRATE CAMP, ISLAND, JUNGLE - MINUTES LATER

The pirates have gathered by the bamboo hold. Pacing in front of them Nose-Ring relishes in a game.

NOSE-RING

The rules are simple: you each have a choice that you cannot discuss. You either ask to stay or you stay silent. If both ask to stay, you both stay... for 5 months.

Christina is scared, hiding it well. Patrick is also scared... realizes this is an offer... has a click!

NOSE-RING (CONT'D)

If you both stay silent, you both stay... for 1 month. But if one of you asks to stay then...
(boiling beat)
...you get to go while the *other* stays for 2 years.

The pirates are a bunch of shark grins. Christina fidgets, hides her worst fear. Patrick nods with a deep breath.

NOSE-RING (CONT'D)

No discussion! Your decision in... one minute!

He holds up his gold timer, *click! Tick-tick-tick...* all eyes... on the bamboo hold... the jungle *rustles...* machetes are twirled.

Distant waves *shoom...* Christina sees... her pouch on Mohawk... a portable toolkit nearby... doesn't belie anything... *ticking...*

More clouds roll over... Patrick eyes Nose-Ring who smiles... bites hard tack... *crunching...* other pirates too... *ticking...*

Christina, deep breaths... The pirates, big grins... *ticking...* Patrick, calm seeing more hard tack *crunched...* *ticking...*

Nose-Ring looks to his timer... nods -- BUT THEN --

PATRICK

(announcing)

Food for everyone for a year.

Curveball. All stop. *Ticking* too. Curious looks.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Who wants to never go hungry again?

We can make it happen.

Nose-Ring sees his crew's sudden fascination, "*barks!*"

NOSE-RING

That wasn't a choice!

PATRICK

For us no but for you yes. You're good at what you do but you're limited by being forced to split hairs over hard tack.

Christina sees... he's making all this his game...

PATRICK (CONT'D)

You see, my associate and I work for an outdoors food company in Tahiti. We got trail mixes, better than hard tack. Canned stew, very good very hearty. I can also get MREs, you want to eat like Marines?

The pirates are hooked... Christina scans for a move...

PATRICK (CONT'D)

We all have a bit of pirate in us, we're businessmen. And at an office just like at sea, you got to spot and *catch* good things. You've just spotted something. What do you do?

Ambience boils with intrigue. Above: more clouds roll in.

NOSE-RING

How can you make this happen?

PATRICK

First, by consulting with my
associate. Privately.

Off Nose-Ring's slow nod...

EXT. PIRATE CAMP, ISLAND, JUNGLE - MINUTES LATER

Now in the same hold, Patrick and Christina talked hushed.

PATRICK

Are you freakin' A serious?

CHRISTINA

It's *my* improvise (and
adapt.)

NOSE-RING (O.S.)

(over)
Time's up!

Loud *knocking!* Mohawk's machete taps along on the bars as
Patrick sees Christina means business, nods.

Now they both spring up into business mode.

PATRICK

Ok, we just discussed the message
my associate will deliver. With
MREs and trail mix you'll save on
firewood but *one thing* for us...

(boiling beat)

...my associate needs her pouch.

Mohawk holds it suspiciously, glares back at Christina.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Open it, yeah go ahead, there's a
knife, small one, it's yours. The
rest is a compass and hiking gear.

Mohawk *flicks* the knife open. Still in the pouch: the FRHs.

NOSE-RING

What's all this to you?

PATRICK

My associate needs to hike back to
fix our radio, get search & rescue
to our side of the island while
this little village stays as is,
then she's back tomorrow with the
first part of our end of the deal.

(MORE)

PATRICK (CONT'D)

I stay here until then. After that, we can arrange your monthly pick up as officially paying customers. And then you have daily feasts here!

NOSE-RING

Any treachery on your part-

PATRICK

The game plays out like my associate spoke up and I stay-

NOSE-RING

No! You'll be the crew's powder monkey. A lifelong post.

Patrick hides a "gulp..." nods business face still on:

PATRICK

Sure thing.

Fierce grin, Nose-Ring nods. Mohawk undoes the rope-lock...

NOSE-RING

Keeping your word keeps things simple and life fair.
(points machete)
Vista's that way. A storm's coming, oughta get a move on.

Christina steps out... Nose-Ring redoes the rope-lock. Mohawk holds out the pouch...

MOHAWK

What's this in here?

CHRISTINA

FRH, flameless ration heaters. Like my associate said, we have MREs.

...he snags it back, takes out one FRH, stabs the rest with the knife, they leak. Drops the first back in.

MOHAWK

You're due back soon, one's enough.

CHRISTINA

That was going to be a freebie for you... but ok.

Curveball. Christina takes the pouch... *r-r-rumble* from above... rain begins to drizzle... Mohawk, a smug shark grin.

MOHAWK

Things just don't get easier.

Christina, in the corner of her eye, sees the FRHs begin to react with the drizzle... goes to grab them... then IN A FLASH:

CHRISTINA

(throwing)

My thoughts exactly.

Three FRHs fly in the rainy air, reacting, *sizzling*... two land by huts- *thu-thunk*. Nothing. The third, in a puddle- *SPLASH*-

-*POOF!* A magician's trick catching the pirates off guard. Christina trips Mohawk snagging his machete, slashes-

-the rope-lock as the first two FRHs *crackle-snap* by the huts adding to the confusion... *POOF! POOF!* Spreading fire!

Patrick is dazzled, gets Christina's play. They bolt!

Nose-Ring "*barks*" orders, his men are scrambling. Mohawk gets his bearings, sees the prisoners dashing away, snapping up-

-the portable tool kit. Christina shoves it to Patrick-

CHRISTINA

For my plane!

-drops more FRHs that *sizzle* in the rain. Then she dunks one into a puddle. *WHOOSH!* Fire and smoke cover their escape.

Nose-Ring lunges into a hut as the small chemical fires run their course. Soon he exits with an AK rifle, tosses it to...

Mohawk who bolts after the escapees as the storm *RUMBLES*-

EXT. JUNGLE, ISLAND - SAME TIME

-*CRACKS!* Lightning streaks over Christina and Patrick bolting on not much of a trail. She's machete slashing to make way.

She "*yells*" for him to keep up. Tearing through greenery, they don't notice their many little leg scratches.

There! The slope to the island's high point, still far ahead. But here, a trail. They run faster. The storm starts raging.

Somewhere behind... the totally rabid Mohawk runs following footprints and slash marks... as more lightning *CRACKS*.

EXT. SLOPE, JUNGLE, ISLAND - MINUTES LATER

The foliage-dense trail whips Christina and Patrick's faces. The slope is increasing... Patrick slips! Fumbles the toolkit...

It slides back down... he lunges! Grabs it... his ankle: grabbed by Christina, breathless and impressed. Her eyes widen...

CHRISTINA

Come on! Move it!

...Mohawk is approaching, aims. Wind, rain, foliage whipping... no good shot... blind aim- *b-b-bang!*

Branches tear near Christina, Patrick freaks. They scramble!

EXT. ROCKY VISTA, ISLAND - MOMENTS LATER

Christina and Patrick top slope. He goes for the trail...

CHRISTINA

No! Too obvious. Here...

Yanking his arm she goes to the vista edge... some ways below... the waterfall pours out into the pool at the bottom...

PATRICK

Are you freakin' A kidding me?

CUTAWAY: Mohawk "*grunting*" up the wet slope.

CHRISTINA

No, Desk Job, I'm not.

Patrick, incredulity. Christina sees Mohawk top the slope... she grabs Patrick's hand... he sees Mohawk aim... TIME SLOWS...

Adrenaline, AK: both shoot! Shots whizzing by, they leap! Lightning *cracks*-*flashes*-*streaks* in the sky above them...

They fall... eyes meet... awkward, irresistible... their grip tightens... also on the machete and toolbox... and then-

EXT. WATERFALL POOL, JUNGLE, ISLAND - CONTINUOUS

-a double SPLASH! They surface, scramble to stay afloat.

CHRISTINA

The tools! Hold them!

Christina loses the machete and her cap to ensure it.

EXT. ROCKY VISTA, ISLAND - SAME TIME

Mohawk approaches the edge... sees the ripples below... aims...

EXT. WATERFALL POOL, JUNGLE, ISLAND - CONTINUOUS

Distant *shots* and splashes near them! Christina yanks Patrick back toward the waterfall. Her USAF cap floats away unseen.

PATRICK	CHRISTINA
What the f-!	Swim behind it! To hide!

Random shots pepper near them... one grazes Patrick's arm. Swimming with mostly wild kicks, they make their way to-

EXT. BEHIND WATERFALL, CLIFF, ISLAND - CONTINUOUS

-an odd zone. No wind yet *howling* heard. No rain, still wet. They're both breathless, stumbling up onto the cliff.

CHRISTINA	PATRICK
You have it? Do you have it?	...ye... yeah...

Arm in pain, he yanks the toolbox onto the rock. But above... Christina sees a cave, then taking the tools, his arm.

PATRICK
Freakin' hell, I have to piss.

CHRISTINA
Not in there. Parasites, remember?
Let's go. That doesn't look too
bad. It hurt? It will later.

His arm is bleeding. They're climbing crooked and just then... Christina looks back, locks eyes with Patrick... *SPLASH!*

CUTAWAY: surfacing in the rainy waterfall pool... Mohawk.

Christina, military instincts kicked in, speaks hushed:

CHRISTINA
Oh shit, it's him. Come on.

On adrenaline dregs, they scramble up... then at the mouth of the cave, Christina... has a click!

TIME CUT:

Mohawk enters "the odd zone" with hunter's eyes, AK trained... sees the cave... proceeds up wary every step of the way until-

I/E. CAVE, BEHIND WATERFALL, CLIFF - CONTINUOUS

-he sees Patrick breathless against one cave wall.

PATRICK MOHAWK
Whoa! Whoa! I'm sorry, she- Where is she! *Where is she!*

PATRICK (CONT'D)
-ran off, she ran off!

MOHAWK
You both hid under the falls!

Realizing this, Mohawk gets a bad feeling... turns to face-

-Christina springing out from a blind spot by the cave mouth with the toolbox flying right into Mohawk's face. *THWACK!*

Mohawk falls firing a shot, it *r-r-ricochets* into the cave by Patrick. Christina snags the AK, *clicks* the safety.

PATRICK CHRISTINA
Freakin' A shit! What the f-! It's ok, I got it! *Got it.*

Deep breaths. Wind *howls*... the waterfall *shooms*... eyes lock.

PATRICK CHRISTINA
Thank you... You can piss now. Out there.

Off their mutual awkward laugh...

INT. CAVE, BEHIND WATERFALL, CLIFF - LATER, EVENING

Mohawk is out cold. Gagged and blindfolded with shirt rags. Hands, feet bound with a belt. Face, a bloody boxing cut.

CHRISTINA (O.S.)
It'll leave a mark but should stop hurting soon.

She ties off Patrick's arm wound with a shirt rag. He winces. Unexpected ambience. An oddly intimate moment...

PATRICK
Thanks. Are... you ok?
(off her nod)
What about those?

Leg scratches from jungle foliage. He has a little less. She just shrugs at hers.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
Jungle hikes aren't easy.

Christina nods smiling. Patrick too, then he notices:

PATRICK (CONT'D)
Hey, where's your cap?

Missing! Christina goes eyes wide... rummages in her shirt...

Yanks out her family photo. She kisses it, deep breaths, eyes moistening, "mumbling" almost praying:

CHRISTINA
...sorry... I'll never... never lose you...

Patrick is moved. Doesn't know what to do... Christina puts the photo back into the inner pocket, hand still on her heart.

PATRICK
I'm sorry about the other one. It was my fault.

Christina's MEMORY FLASH: the C-17 crew photo blows away...

CHRISTINA
No it wasn't... was no one's fault.
Shit happens. And sometimes it really hurts.

She's looking off. The wind *howls* wild. Thunder *booms*. Patrick sees she's running her mind...

CHRISTINA
I was... in line to join the unit that flies the Presidential limo. Top airlift job in the Air Force. It was largely thanks to my crew.

CUTAWAY: something stuck in dense foliage shifts in the wind... the C-17 crew photo! It's out there... somewhere...

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)
I got the news exactly 4 years ago... a day before my 35th birthday. I turn 39 tomorrow. And look at me. In a cave lamenting missed chances. What... happened...?

Patrick nervously rubs his stubble... Christina rubs her eyes.

PATRICK
I... um... no... I can't...
CHRISTINA (CONT'D)
...what? What?

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)
Just say it.

PATRICK

Look... I just... I've had my ups and downs but you *suffered* things I can't even begin to understand, feel pathetic just comparing the two. I wish I could help but know I can't. Useless loaded yuppie.

CHRISTINA

Look on the bright side, you'll be a husband soon.

"*Husband*" hits Patrick in a weird way.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)

Oh come on... you shot me down, elegantly and gentlemanly, because you brought a lady out to Bora and you're *not* going to propose?

PATRICK

I did... she didn't say yes, didn't want to end it... work came up... it's complicated. Sometimes shit happens and it's just freakin' A dumb.

Now he looks off mind running... has a click!

PATRICK

Birthday tomorrow? Ok... best I can do is a rich city snob in a cave.

He cracks up, tries to muffle it but it just pushes out. Christina can't help but join him until it's...

Tears. Joy. A cave. While a storm whips everything outside.

CHRISTINA

I think you're forgetting... we're mortal enemies.

More laughter. All out. When it finally calms:

PATRICK

My birthday... is in 10 days. The big four-oh. 40.

CHRISTINA

Best I can do is... this one *amazing* little place in New York...

Off Patrick's curious look...

EXT. MCSORLEY'S OLD ALE HOUSE - EVENING - FLASHBACK MONTAGE

A long line... Christina and her friend wait chatting until... they flash flirty smiles to the bouncer letting them in.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)(V.O.)
A bit like Boston but still its own
cool thing. McSorley's.

INT. MCSORLEY'S OLD ALE HOUSE - FLASHBACK MONTAGE

An old era place, modern people. Christina and her friend cheers - *tink!* - with McSorley's signature mugs. Big gulps!

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)(V.O.)
I'd get you one of their double mug
pints. It's the way they serve-

INT. CAVE, BEHIND WATERFALL, CLIFF - PRESENT

PATRICK
Oh I know. So glad you *didn't* say
Times Square. Plus one for you.

CHRISTINA
Thank you but your clam chowder
sucks. It's *red!*

PATRICK		CHRISTINA
Tomatoey. Yours is (creamy.)	(over)	
	Normal.	

Patrick just shakes his head smiling.

PATRICK
Your baseball uniforms are known
for red, ours for white. A little
flip there. But in Boston, that one
time I went there, MIT where my
buddy studied is really nice.

CHRISTINA
That's Cambridge. Yeah, other side
of the river. 'Boston-area' but not
Boston.

PATRICK
So... Harvard University and John
Harvard's Brew House? Cambridge? Ok
but then *definitely* back on your
side of the river, I was on...

Off Christina's curious look...

EXT. BOYLSTON STREET - EVENING - FLASHBACK MONTAGE

Patrick and friends exit a pub tipsy and laughing heading to... a whole stretch of pubs along a pulsing sidewalk.

PATRICK (CONT'D)(V.O.)
 ...your version of Bleecker Street.
 But still its own cool thing,
 Boylston Street. Eventually-

INT. SOUTH STREET DINER - FLASHBACK MONTAGE

Patrick and friends pour in giggling... speed eat tall stacks of pancakes... Patrick finishes first, collects bets.

PATRICK (CONT'D)(V.O.)
 -at 4am, we finished off by the
 station at the South Street Diner.

INT. CAVE, BEHIND WATERFALL, CLIFF - PRESENT

PATRICK (CONT'D)
 Red Sox Nation wasn't too bad.

CHRISTINA
 You didn't say 'Beantown.' Plus one
 for you too.

They lock eyes... smile... are now sitting closer to each other.

EXT. WATERFALL POOL, JUNGLE, ISLAND - SAME TIME

The waterfall sprays wild in the wind... lightning flashes... revealing in muddy a corner... Christina's USAF cap.

INT. CAVE, BEHIND WATERFALL, CLIFF - LATER, LATE EVENING

Christina, now in just a sports top, takes her knife from the snoozing Mohawk. Patrick folds a shirt into a pillow.

CHRISTINA
 Get ready for the world's worst
 alarm clock when he wakes in a few
 hours. Storm should clear by then,
 we'll make a break for my plane,
 attach the pontoon and get the hell
 out of here.

PATRICK
 Maybe they still want those MREs.

CHRISTINA
 I doubt that. Anyway, you actually
 got them? Thought so. Ok now...

He puts the pillow down by another on a dry sand patch.
They lay down... shirtless... awkward... wiggling until...

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)
Here... ok... no... I'm good.

PATRICK
How... ok... wait... this works.

...the closest they've ever been... nudging shoulders, hips... both
sweaty, shaggy haired. Faces bruised. Fatigue encroaching.

PATRICK
My f... *someone* is a stylist. She'll
freak out when she sees me.

CHRISTINA
You could try a whiffle.

PATRICK
A what?

CHRISTINA
A whiffle, a guy's short haircut.

PATRICK
A crew cut? Army, *Air Force* style.

CUTAWAY: the C-17 crew photo stuck in foliage... is blown to... a
nearby tree that... is on the long beach tree line!

Christina nods with a somber glint... has a click!

CHRISTINA
This doesn't count as sleeping
together.

Muffled laughs... ear to ear smiles. After a few seconds:

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)
Now think of something calm to help
you sleep, a military trick.

PATRICK
...before the storm... the \$1000 view
in the plane... that was something...

Fatigue takes over... eyes close... he "*mumbles*" a "*goodnight...*"
that's lost in the stormy ambience.

CHRISTINA
Goodnight.

She digs in her sports top right by her heart, pulls out her
family photo, gazes deep... kisses it, mouths "*goodnight.*"

FADE TO BLACK:

Ding... a tiny phone light. *Shuffling...* bedsheets. A light-

INT. ROOM, MAJESTIC HOTEL - EARLY MORNING

-turns on, the phone screen. Jessica sees a message from
"Mrs. K: we're on the first flight, be in at about 10."

The time - 5:09... 5:10. Jessica *"sighs."* Beside her, David.
 She slips on a shirt, off the bed, goes to the dresser with-

-the ring box. She opens it... *click!* A bedside light goes on,
 makes the ring glisten. David is awake looking amused.

DAVID

That beach the other day. Two love
 birds, one wanted a nest, the other
 doesn't know what she wants.

JESSICA

Don't act like you know me, *random*
 handsome.

DAVID

It doesn't matter what I know, only
 what he knows. Hey no worries, the
 winds sway all these islands.

JESSICA

Whoa, deep. Those winds swayed
 Gauguin, he found love here.

DAVID

He did. But it seems you came here
 with it. But then again what do I
 know? I just work here.

He reaches for his shirt and off Jessica's look...

INT. BATHROOM, ROOM, MAJESTIC HOTEL - MINUTES LATER

Drumming water. The ring box rests on a neatly folded shirt.
 The shower is running, inside...

Jessica with her eyes off to infinity in the *drumming-*

EXT. WATERFALL POOL, JUNGLE, ISLAND - SAME TIME

-*shooming*. The waterfall is steady in nice weather.

In the muddy corner... the Red Sox smiley on Christina's USAF
 glistens in the sunlight.

O.S. SOUNDS: a *"huff..."* a *"grunt!"* Another. And-

INT. CAVE, BEHIND WATERFALL, CLIFF - SAME TIME

-*thrashing!* It's Mohawk still tied up, now an angry beast. Patrick is startled awake! He's alone... suddenly it's quiet...

Christina has the AK trained on Mohawk. They're eye to eye. She *flicks* her knife open, points to her and his face bruise.

CHRISTINA

Fair is fair. But you tried to kill us... we didn't even when we had the chance to kill you.

She *cuts* the mouth gag, *snap*-closes the blade by his face. Mohawk "*sighs*" with relief eyes deep into his captors.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)

Now to keep things fair and simple, let's stay out of each others' way.

She stands... shouldered rifle, knife, a warrior look. Patrick also looks like one by now, holds the toolbox.

Off Mohawk watching them go...

EXT. WATERFALL POOL, JUNGLE, ISLAND - MOMENTS LATER

Christina and Patrick emerge from behind the waterfall into splendid sunlight. They squint to adjust and Christina sees...

Metal glistening... the smiley pin on her cap! She swims to the muddy corner, rinses the cap, looks around...

CHRISTINA

We need to leave a false trail.

Off Patrick's curious look...

TIME CUT:

Christina backs up on sand making a second set of footprints leading into the jungle. Patrick watches in ankle deep water.

PATRICK

Clever move.

CHRISTINA

Let's hope they fall for it. Now, along the side, ankle deep, no tracks. Out before that sand bank.

And they're off. Mission speed.

EXT. PIRATE CAMP, JUNGLE, ISLAND - SAME TIME

Several huts are partly burned like the surrounding jungle.

Nose-Ring watches Tattoos and some pirates with machetes and some guns dash off the way Patrick and Christina escaped.

He then "barks" orders to others to follow him another way.

EXT. AIRPORT, TAHITI - SAME TIME

A tour plane takes off. On the tarmac, more planes and one..

Disembarks passengers including Peter and Paulina Kozlowski. They look around impressed, spot the S&E chopper taking off.

Heading to the carts, they see the majestic hotel.

INT. LOBBY, MAJESTIC HOTEL - MINUTES LATER

Jessica waits by the restaurant. She's wearing the ring.

Tourists enter including... Patrick's parents. Waving them over Jessica sees, ignores David as Patrick's parents approach.

Paulina goes right into a warm hug with Jessica.

INT. HALLWAY BALCONY, 2ND FL, MAJESTIC HOTEL - MOMENTS LATER

Jessica, Paulina and Peter top the stairs talking:

PAULINA

No surprise that Patrick would interrupt anything for that job.

JESSICA

But there was a real surprise.

All stop. Peter and Paulina's eyes bloom at her ring.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

We're not really supposed to be way out here but this wasn't just us doing something, going somewhere, it just felt so right after all these years but then Patrick got that message and-

PAULINA

Oh my dear! I'm so happy! That my son will grow up, *finally*, and with you. But he's still got that job.

PETER

A working man's the way to go. I'm very glad to hear it, Jessica.

They walk off arms in arms... beyond the balcony in the atrium-

INT. BAR, ATRIUM, MAJESTIC HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

-David approaches. Moerani looks up from his CB that's picking up S&E and police "chatter."

MOERANI

Water? Coffee? A bit early for the fun stuff.

DAVID

The fun stuff: alcohol and women. Can't live with them, can't live without them. And can't find a good time for either.

MOERANI

All these years, that's your main insight? You could always commit like to those planes of yours.

DAVID

Planes are honest, Moe, they don't fly off on you. Coffee, I'll commit to that. For the next 10 minutes.

Off Moerani's head-shaking laugh...

INT. ROOM, MAJESTIC HOTEL - SAME TIME

On the neatened bed, Paulina opens a suitcase revealing a folder on top of clothes.

PAULINA

A surprise for *both* of you. Really, a congratulations gift. We know some people at Patrick's company-

She opens the folder revealing a posh furnished apartment.

PAULINA (CONT'D)

-so we found this. High time for you two to live together. It's a great location in Tribeca...

Jessica is enthralled as Paulina continues until:

PAULINA (CONT'D)

...and this can be the baby's room!

JESSICA

I love it, thank you so much Mr.
and Mrs. K.

PETER

Ok but where's Patrick?

Off their *"Oh yeah, that..."*

EXT. LONG BEACH, ISLAND - SAME TIME

Christina and Patrick burst breathless onto the beach, see...

The wrecked shelter, pontoon, and the slumped Erne with waves swashing almost up to it, it's high tide.

CHRISTINA

Ok, tools by the plane, then let's
push the pontoon.

A few deep breaths and back to mission speed.

EXT. WATERFALL POOL, JUNGLE, ISLAND - SAME TIME

Tattoos leading, the pirates rip in from the slope trail...
look around, hear a familiar *"voice"* from behind the falls.

INT. BEHIND WATERFALL, CLIFF - SAME TIME

At the mouth of the cave, Mohawk sees them through the falls.

MOHAWK

Hey! Here! Behind the falls!

Tattoos jumps into *"the odd zone"* with a stern glare.

EXT. WATERFALL POOL, JUNGLE, ISLAND - MINUTES LATER

Mohawk rubs his chafed wrists. The pirates see the footprint sets in the sand. Tattoos isn't quite having it.

TATTOOS

Even if they went that way, that
plane's still their only way out.

MOHAWK

And if they start a fire now,
there's no storm to stop it. Search
and rescue will see it soon enough.
(off Tattoos's glare)
So follow them, I'll wait by that
plane. They're not expecting me.

TATTOOS

They go with you.
(signals 2 pirates)
Don't screw this up.

MOHAWK

Gimme a rifle.

Tattoos nods. A pirate gives Mohawk his AK. Then they're off. Mohawk's team to the plane. Tattoos's following the tracks.

EXT. LONG BEACH, ISLAND - SAME TIME

Christina cuts out a vine from the shelter wreck. Above her... unseen in a tree... her C-17 crew photo.

She jogs to Patrick who is by the Erne with the pontoon.

CHRISTINA

Ok, take this, other side, under
the wing, a make-shift pulley.
Raise it, I'll attach the pontoon.

Patrick lunges into action... loops the vine, acts as a counter-weight... the Erne creaks up, drops. Again... longer but drops.

CHRISTINA

Steady! You're not doing reps in
the gym. A steady long pull, go.

The Erne creaks... lifts up... pontoon lines up... the vine... *snaps!*
The Erne drops! *Whoomp!* Christina just saves her fingers.

Coming back around-

PATRICK

Not a pulley. You need a jack.

His back into the plane pushing... the Erne inches up... *creak...*
He "*grunts...*" his legs bulge, core glistens... arm wound seeps.

Christina is enthralled seeing a live Herculean myth.

PATRICK

Be fixed on me... after we fix... this.

Christina snaps back to it... the pontoon and plane align... she
dives into the toolbox... tire iron, bolts, twist and... secure.

Patrick eases off, drops his ass to the sand "*panting.*"

PATRICK

Got it?

CHRISTINA

Got it.

Locked eyes. Smiles and... *creak*... the pontoon! Holding... barely. Christina tightens the bolts more. Shakes her head.

CHRISTINA

It just needs to hold for take off.
And moving the plane to the water.

She dashes back to the shelter. Only old vines. On the tree! Fresher vines. *Slash! Sl-slash!* Something spirals down...

Her C-17 crew photo! She "*shrieks!*" Brings it to her heart.

PATRICK (O.S.)

Christina! It's that boat again!

Her eyes snap wide... by the sharp rocks, the pirates' boat.

CUTAWAY: Nose-Ring, furious glare, sees his target.

Christina dashes to the Erne pocketing the photo.

EXT. JUNGLE, ISLAND - SAME TIME

Mohawk and his pirates halt "*panting*" at a crude crossing. One way: sunlight from the beach. Another: up to high ground.

EXT. LONG BEACH, ISLAND - SAME TIME

Tattoos and his pirates burst out of the jungle onto a beach. It's one end of the long beach. Far off, some 900 meters...

The Erne! And further... the boat incoming. Tattoos smiles, knows he's got a pincer. Dashes for the kill.

I/E. THE ERNE, LONG BEACH - SAME TIME

Christina finishes tying the vine. Lucky *taps* the pontoon.

CHRISTINA

Ok, push!

Joining Patrick she sees the incoming pirates. Off her look, he turns...

PATRICK

Oh shit!

CHRISTINA

Oh shit!

They scramble pushing... pontoons inch forward... the City Mouse and Country Mouse are now Spartan Man and Amazon Woman.

The Erne tilts down at the high water mark, slips into the wave swash zone sliding easier now.

CUTAWAYS: boat, beach, the pirates' guns *lock & load*.

Patrick and Christina push in ankle deep water. The Erne starts bobbing with the waves. And they're calf deep.

CHRISTINA
When I fire it up, get in.

A distant *crack!* A close by *splash!* Gunfire!

CHRISTINA (CONT'D) PATRICK
Shit! Get in now! Freakin' A shit!

They scramble, leap up into the Erne, pull the doors-

I/E. THE ERNE, NEAR ISLAND - CONTINUOUS

-*shut!* Christina is already strapping in.

CHRISTINA
Buckle up! No! Grab the gun first.

In the back, the AK by Patrick's bag and Christina's pouch.

PATRICK CHRISTINA
Are you (serious?) (over)
Yes! Very!

Oh she is. He goes for the AK as she *fires* the engine.

Ahead, Christina sees the boat moving to block the Erne. Patrick straps in riding literal (almost) shotgun.

CHRISTINA
Slow them down, shoot! C'mon!

Out his small window, Patrick sees the boat... "*oh shit...*" Distant cracks. Shots *whizz* by, shred nearby water.

Patrick is freaking out, Christina handles the yoke, the plane bounces in the waves... all a bit like in the storm.

CHRISTINA
Can you get it done or are you a powder monkey?

He gives her a glare, sticks the AK out... *BANG!* Wild recoil!

PATRICK CHRISTINA
Freakin' A- If your guns can lift a plane they can hold a real gun! Steady! Fire!

The boat is closer, almost in front to block their path.

CUTAWAY: Tattoos reaches their campsite, aims...

EXT. CLIFF TOP, ISLAND - CONTINUOUS

Mohawk scrambles on. Below, sees Tattoos firing. Up here, his aim is better. He aims... tells his pirates:

MOHAWK
Aim for the tail. They'll never
leave without it.

He adjusts his aim to hit *behind* the plane. Fires a burst.

CUTAWAY: Mohawk's shots kick up spray spoiling Tattoos's aim.

I/E. THE ERNE, NEAR ISLAND - CONTINUOUS

Christina is white knuckles on the yoke, throttle up!
Patrick grips the AK, steadier water, better aim... *fires!*

CUTAWAY: Nose-Ring ducks! Shots *hit* the cabin. He fires back!

Shots *p-p-pepper* the Erne, hit the pontoons! Patrick fires single shots, casings bounce in... *click!* Gun's empty.

Christina takes a breath... the boat is almost directly in front... nearing take off speed... yoke shaking...

EXT. PIRATE BOAT, NEAR ISLAND - CONTINUOUS

Nose-Ring springs up. The Erne is coming right at the boat... easy aim now... the Erne starts to take off... he fires!

The Erne is closing fast... the shots hit the damaged pontoon... it comes loose... rockets right for the boat!

The pirates stare fate in the face... leap into the water!
WHOOM! The pontoon plows into the cabin as-

-the Erne zooms over and off into the Pacific.

INT. THE ERNE, THE PACIFIC - CONTINUOUS

Patrick and Christina "*cheer!*" High five! Grip hands... smile. Then see incoming choppers: S&E and the Maritime Police.

EXT. CLIFF TOP, ISLAND - CONTINUOUS

Mohawk sees the Erne fly off. "*Laughs.*" Turns to the pirates.

MOHAWK
They're better pirates than us.

The pirates shake their heads, see the choppers. No sense staying here. Below, Tattoos is fleeing into the jungle.

EXT. PIRATE BOAT, NEAR ISLAND - SAME TIME

Nose-Ring surfaces, sees his damaged boat, floating crew and... the incoming choppers. The police chopper *blares* its siren.

INT. BAR, ATRIUM, MAJESTIC HOTEL - SAME TIME

Moerani, Jessica, Paulina, Peter, and David are at the CB.

*S&E PILOT (O.S.)
Boys in blue caught some pirates!
But our catch, that plane from the
beach yesterday, seems to have
managed quite well considering.*

Everyone perks up "*sighing*" relieved and glad. Moerani smiles at Christina's 38th birthday photo.

*S&E PILOT (CONT'D)(O.S.)
Can't radio 'em but they're
probably heading to Tahiti.*

MOERANI
A round on the house, everyone!

Happiness all around, Moerani takes various orders. Jessica locks eyes with David... they say nothing.

I/E. THE ERNE, THE PACIFIC - MINUTES LATER

Patrick and Christina smile at the ocean expanse.

PATRICK
\$1000 view. No! 2000 now, it's
sunny.

CHRISTINA
I could use \$2000. Look at my
beautiful plane.

It's dirty all over and inside, flying askew with the missing pontoon and the Erne logo has a bullet hole... fuel is leaking.

Christina sees the fuel gauge dropping, taps it.

CHRISTINA
And we're losing fuel.

Sssp-p-p-puff! Smoke streams out from the engine. Their smiles fade. It's another mission.

EXT. TARMAC, AIRPORT, TAHITI - SAME TIME

Jessica, Paulina, and Peter get off a shuttle cart. Head to the docks. They see... in the distance... no sign of the Erne.

I/E. THE ERNE, THE PACIFIC - SAME TIME

The fuel gauge passes 1/4. The plane flies crooked, weak. Christina struggles with the yoke, sees Patrick worried.

CHRISTINA

Remember your goal? Your *someone*.
That's where you're going.

Off his awkward nod-

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)

Don't think how it's complicated,
just... you'll be there soon. To make
it better.

Ambience. The Erne *whoomps!* More emergency lights turn on.

PATRICK

And your goal?

Christina holds the yoke tight. Can't think of anything.
Just as Patrick sees a somber veil falling:

PATRICK (CONT'D)

You'll fix your plane. Airfare,
1000 as promised and you've earned
one freakin' hell of a tip, so
2000. Red Sox season tickets.

Christina smiles at Patrick. Then unseen by him, her eyes belie worry. Deep-seeded worry. She grips the yoke tighter.

EXT. TARMAC, AIRPORT, TAHITI - MINUTES LATER

On the horizon... a tiny dot becomes a trail of smoke, it's... the Erne limping the final mile of a tired journey.

Peter comforts a gasping Paulina and worried Jessica.

I/E. THE ERNE - LANDING SEQUENCE

The fuel gauge is very low. Flying slow, the smoke clouds their view. Christina perks up to see a landing. There!

A spot not too far out, close enough, she turns the yoke. Patrick breathes deep, grips his seat.

CHRISTINA

Alright, hold tight, the landing's
the most important part.

The Erne descends... lower... pontoon inches from the water and...
it's surfing. With one the Erne is off balance -- TURNS!

Towards a parked pontoon chopper! Christina freaks! Sees...

MEMORY FLASHES: the shaking C-17 cockpit... her hands on the
shaking yoke... the parked chopper, uncannily like-

-right in front of her now!

Just as she shoves the throttle, yanks the yoke-

PATRICK

Christina, get us up!

The Erne clears the pontoon chopper by mere inches.

CUTAWAY: the family "gasps" at the docks.

The Erne... a final *sp-p-plutter* of smoke, the engine dies...
leaves the plane in a strange lazy limbo for a few seconds.

Christina's eyes... Patrick's eyes... his hand goes to hers on
the yoke. Grips it tight and with one scared exhale:

PATRICK

Only you can land us!

Eyes forward... this ride is going down... down... water incoming...
Christina flares the Erne's nose and *SP-SP-SP-SPLASH!*

A skipping stone of a tired plane comes to a crooked stop...

Christina snaps off her belt and into her military routine.
Unlike the storm crash: no swearing.

CHRISTINA

Belt!

She springs back, snags their bags. Patrick follows her lead,
unbuckles. Water is seeping in his window.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)

Open the window!
(water pours in)
Now the door!

It opens easy with the evened pressure. They swim out.
Patrick turns back, grabs Christina's arm, she his and-

-they're two tired otters drifting arm in arm. Alive, happy. Together. Just for now. A small boat is approaching.

EXT. SMALL BOAT, NEAR DOCKS - MINUTES LATER

Heading to the docks, Patrick and Christina sit relieved. She looks to the Erne... a half-sunken wreck... a somber veil.

PATRICK

You're a one of a kind pilot. Thank you. I still haven't said thank you. Believe that? Thank you.

CHRISTINA

You're a one of a kind passenger. How's that feel?

His wound, seeping a little. He just shrugs. They lock eyes... smiles... irresistible... nearby anxious "voices!" It's-

EXT. DOCKS, AIRPORT - CONTINUOUS

-Paulina & Jessica waving wildly. Peter at their side. Paramedics also wait by them.

PAULINA

Patrick! Oh Patrick!

JESSICA

Patty Cakes! You made it!

The boat pulls in... family goes to hug, medics calm them saying they need to look over the accident victims.

Patrick helps Christina from the boat but soon their longing eyes get separated by hugs, duty, and chaos.

EXT. THE ERNE, NEAR DOCKS - MINUTES LATER

A tugboat hooks the half-sunken Erne preparing a tow.

EXT. AMBULANCE #1, TARMAC, AIRPORT - SAME TIME

In the back of an open ambulance, a paramedic gives Christina a healthy shoulder pat. She nods, he walks off.

Christina looks to the Erne being slowly towed... glances at her photos: family, crew. Then sees at the other ambulance...

Patrick. Paulina at one side. Jessica in front. Medics at his shoulder. Peter smiling at him. There's a lot of joy.

Jessica notices Christina looking, steps to cover her view.

Christina looks to her photos again, breathes uneasy, holds back sobs, eyes moistening until a tear seeps out.

EXT. AMBULANCE #2, TARMAC, AIRPORT - SAME TIME

Patrick tries to get his bearings with everyone around him. His shoulder is plastered with wound dressing.

PATRICK

That feels great, thank you.

JESSICA

(ruffling his hair)
Now you need a bath and salon service, Patty Cakes.

PAULINA

Patrick, we heard about the big question! I'm so happy!

PETER

Going with your heart gave you quite the experience, huh? And uh... where's your pilot? She saved you!

Click! Patrick stands up looking for... there! Walking off.

PATRICK

Hey! Christina!

She stops. Turns back as her usual upbeat self. Jessica isn't pleased, hides it well.

EXT. SHUTTLE CART ROUTE, AIRPORT - MINUTES LATER

They're all in a moving cart. Patrick straddled by Paulina and Jessica in one row. Peter and Christina in another.

PETER

Well thank you for your service. And for saving our... boy.

He laughs. Others too, a little. Jessica keeps appearances.

PATRICK

Who's hungry? Lunch, drinks on me.

JESSICA

You need to wash up.

PATRICK

I just had a bath and I'm freakin' A *starving*. You guys were enjoying Tahiti but Christina, I owe you a fish, remember? She caught a fish, speared it, roasted it, amazing, then I ate the whole thing.

Only Jessica finds no fun in that. They pull up to the hotel.

INT. LOBBY, MAJESTIC HOTEL - MOMENTS LATER

The group enters. Paulina warmly grabs Christina's hand.

PAULINA

It'll be more than all right if you
join us. It's the least we can do.

Christina nods "ok." A few steps back, Patrick and Jessica...
he wants to say something... can't. Opts for:

PATRICK

Jess... d... do you have your phone? I
need wifi and a video call.

JESSICA

You're on vacation with m- us.

They've stepped up to the group. The restaurant is nearby.

PATRICK

But I told you before I flew off,
something came up and I need to
sort it. Then that's it with work
for our time here. How's that?

(off everyone's looks)

Huh? Ok? Let's grab a seat, order,
and I'll take care of this quick.

INT. TABLE, RESTAURANT, MAJESTIC HOTEL - MINUTES LATER

Patrick flips a menu page, shows the others.

PATRICK

Page 3, fish.

PETER

You've always been one for steak.

PATRICK

I found that when fish is well
made, it's fantastic.

CHRISTINA

You can sort of compromise, the
tuna *steak* is really good here.

PATRICK

Well then, we good on that? Ok.

Agreement all around. He waves for the waiter.

INT. WINDOW, RESTAURANT, MAJESTIC HOTEL - MINUTES LATER

By the far wall, Patrick connects to wifi... video dials Andy, scrambles into his inbox... goes wide eyed surprised.

The video call pops on with a disheveled Andy.

ANDY

Oh, you're also still kicking.

Off Patrick's look with:

JESSICA (PRE-LAP)

So what happened?

INT. TABLE, RESTAURANT, MAJESTIC HOTEL - SAME TIME

Christina hates the callous question... stays calm.

CHRISTINA

There was an accident.

JESSICA

Like out there just now?

CHRISTINA

People died. Some of my crew. I lost my wings. It was my fault.

JESSICA

So what did you do then?

Peter and Paulina are off put by the prying.

PETER

Jessica, maybe it's best not to-

CHRISTINA

I just came here to get away from everything. I can still fly, just not for the Air Force.

JESSICA

Are your parents still in Boston?

Thunk! A cheerful waiter begins placing their salads. Christina grinds her teeth until the waiter leaves.

CHRISTINA

They passed away four years ago.

Dour beat. Christina digs into her salad.

INT. WINDOW, RESTAURANT, MAJESTIC HOTEL - SAME TIME

Patrick is wide-eyed with deep breaths into his video call.

ANDY

*...and getting it done meant 12 hours
of phone calls and that folder-*

INT. PATRICK'S OFFICE, OFFICE TOWER, NYC - CONTINUOUS

Andy is tie off, no jacket, on a couch with a huge coffee. He eyes the folder on the desk, shakes his head *"sighing."*

ANDY (CONT'D)

*-that freaking A goddamn gold mine
of a folder BUT... I got it done.*

INTERCUT: PATRICK / ANDY

Patrick *"sighs"* a world of relief.

PATRICK

Mann my man. In the end, you *can* get the job done. But the Empress, what did you tell her?

ANDY

That you went on your fortieth birthday bash, had this planned for months, training me on this so no matter what happens I get it done. But you freaking A better come back engaged or something.

Patrick smiles his mind sorting a storm.

ANDY (CONT'D)

A traditional love story will help make the Empress happy-er. Loyal long-timers get leeway but some reasons... are better than others.

PATRICK

I still can't believe you slept on my couch, well I slept in a cave. Long story from a very interesting experience, to say the least.

ANDY

Same here. Not the cave part.

Andy is so happy and so very relieved.

PATRICK
 Hey, experiences are good. And
 you're definitely moving up that
 map, Andy Mann.

Off Patrick's smile with PRE-LAP *sizzling-*

INT. TABLE, RESTAURANT, MAJESTIC HOTEL - MOMENTS LATER

-tuna steaks arrive with the cheerful waiter. Patrick too.

PATRICK
 Wow, just in time. Let's eat.

TIME CUT:

Jessica feels upstaged, only she has most of her food left.

PETER
 Patrick, your good friend studied
 in Boston at MIT.

PATRICK
 He did. But that's Cambridge, other
 side of the river, as I was told.

Christina smiles nodding.

PETER
 Bostonian but she knows Bleecker
 Street and McSorely's. Almost a New
 Yorker.

CHRISTINA
 (taps Red Sox pin)
 But not quite.

PAULINA
 Nobody's perfect.

PATRICK
 Mortal rival.

Jessica has been looking for way to join in, jolts at:

DAVID (O.S.)
 Hey Collins! Here you are.

CHRISTINA
 My *other* mortal rival, everyone.

No one sees Patrick gauging Jessica.

DAVID

Alright after a hell of a landing.

CHRISTINA

But you got a monopoly now... King.

DAVID

And you got insurance. *And* I hope that private charter flight brought a good fare, right? All us mortals have faults, the flesh is weak, but piloting isn't one of hers.

Beat. Patrick and Jessica both felt the words meant for them. David points to Jessica's tuna steak.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Exactly what I had yesterday.
Excellent. Enjoy, folks.

A wink at Jessica and he's off. Jessica fidgets. Patrick has read the room. Peter and Paulina have read nothing.

PAULINA

Who was that again?

PATRICK

Another pilot here. He flew us out to Bora and he flew you back here, right Jess? Jess?

JESSICA

(zoning in)
Ye-yeah.

PATRICK

How about coffee? Dessert? Which for you includes a sweet \$2000.
(explaining to others)
1000 for the flight then with a tip and donation to the plane repair fund, 2000 sounds good, right?

Peter and Paulina: "...sure, yeah..." Jessica isn't having it.

JESSICA

That's a bit steep. Flights are part of the travel package.

PATRICK

She went a bit above and beyond by oh you know saving my life.

JESSICA

Our engagement was nearly ruined because she crashed out there. Then here again.

Christina grinds her teeth. Patrick almost snaps.

PATRICK

Jess!

Paulina is about to mediate but suddenly:

CHRISTINA

Thank you for lunch. I should check on my plane, it was hauled off but-

PATRICK

One coffee.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)

-I'll be around. Get back to me with the fare. Anytime.

She's already getting up.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Ok...

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)

Thanks again for lunch.

And she's off. Peter and Paulina keep cheerful appearances. Patrick and Jessica, caustic glares clash and hold as:

PETER

She's so nice but it's such a sad story with her.

PAULINA

I hope she's all right. But kids! Are we calm? Ok... there was the big question so we have a big surprise!

She's puzzled seeing the glares hold and off Patrick's look...

INT. BAR, ATRIUM, MAJESTIC HOTEL - MOMENTS LATER

Christina sits down slumped. Moerani goes eyes wide.

MOERANI

Chris! I was wondering where you were. The hospital said that they didn't have to admit you.

She just sits there... nods, digs in her pocket and:

CHRISTINA

I just had lunch. But you know what...? I'm 39 today.

MOERANI

Yes! Happy birthday! Today, house
has got you covered like last year-
(her 38th birthday photo)
-remember? It was a great time. So
what'll it be?

She plops her photos onto the counter, eyes them deep.

CHRISTINA

I also forgot about them. Just for
a while, yesterday. Nearly lost the
photos. It's never happened before.

Moerani digs for words...

MOERANI

...maybe... it means you're moving on.
Not forgetting just... being at peace
and were probably thinking of
something else.

Christina... looks up from her photos.

CHRISTINA

You know... give me that Long Island.

MOERANI

So you're thinking New York for
this birthday?

He starts mixing the drink as Christina smiles nodding.

MOERANI (CONT'D)

And you're still in demand for
flying. Can you fix up the Erne?

CHRISTINA

Don't know... I really loved that
plane. A little rickety but that
view when flying... a million bucks.

MOERANI

Well... a new drink so maybe a new
plane will also be good.

The drink slides up and off Christina lost in thought...

PAULINA (PRE-LAP)

A new place will also do you good-

INT. STAIRS, LOBBY, MAJESTIC HOTEL - SAME TIME

Walking up, Paulina is ecstatic at their plans, however...
Jessica begins to sense Patrick's unease.

PAULINA (CONT'D)
-and Tribeca is so nice and for
such a nice couple!

PETER
It took a while but you finally got
here after an experience.

Boom! A nerve hits Patrick and Jessica.

PATRICK
Jessica... you *didn't* say 'yes.'

INT. HALLWAY BALCONY, 2ND FL, MAJESTIC HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

They all top the stairs. Patrick halts, eyes hard on Jessica.
All stop. Peter and Paulina are lost.

JESSICA
Patrick... wha... what are you doing?

PATRICK
That's what you said when I showed
you the ring.

His stern eyes meet her guilty stare... the ring glistens.

PAULINA
Patrick, what do you mean? What's
going on?

PATRICK
You said you just wanted to keep
everything as is. That a walk and
lunch is really all we need.

JESSICA
Ok yes, because I was scared but
now I'm not, this is a big thing.
It didn't feel right then, at that
time but *now* it does.

Patrick sees her eyes nervously shift to... David by the front
desk in the lobby who sees them at the top of the stairs.

CUTAWAY: David smiles, waves, walks off toward the main door.

Patrick, eyes back hard on Jessica, nods.

JESSICA
Patty Cakes... I...

PATRICK
Right. Mom like you said, I-

No one notices that he starts inching off..

PATRICK (CONT'D)
-well we had a problem with
commitment. Successful but not
responsible, we didn't do our
homework, I get it. And dad,
experiences not transactions,
right? Well I had one and..

They notice he's edged off, follow him as-

PATRICK (CONT'D)
...I don't know, it was... so happy.
Something else entirely. Way more
than just lunch, there was lunch,
the fish that I messed up but also
pirates! Now they messed things up!
And a waterfall. Oh yeah, we jumped
from a waterfall. In a huge storm.
With pirates shooting at us. And we
slept together, well not together
but we both slept in a cave. A
cave! Believe that? I mean wow...

They're as lost as they're curious edging after him.

JESSICA
Patty Cakes, come here pl-

PAULINA
Patrick, what are you-

PATRICK
...talk about getting out of the
daily grind. Best advice you've
ever given me, dad, thank you.

JESSICA
Patrick, this is about us going
with our heart!

Bump. He's by the balcony railing, snaps a look around-

INT. BAR, ATRIUM, MAJESTIC HOTEL - SAME TIME

-from a ways off sees Christina: oblivious, sulking with her
still full drink... she buries herself in tears not seeing..

Her two photos fall down to the floor -- BUT THEN --

Behind her: Two "screams!" Other concerned "voices!"
She perks up, hears a HUGE SPLASH! Twitches around..

Christina sees others already looking stunned but there...
in the huge reflecting pool: waves swash, ripples drift-

-Patrick *splashes* out! People are befuddled as he clears the
side flashing a big smile right at the stunned Christina.

INT. BALCONY, ATRIUM, MAJESTIC HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Jessica jitters nervously, Paulina and Peter stare utterly
dumbfounded as the drenched Patrick strides over toward-

INT. BAR, ATRIUM, MAJESTIC HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

-the bar stools - almost slips! - sits. Deep breath.
With his biggest smile yet, right to Christina:

PATRICK
Hey, how's it going?

Christina cry-*snorts* a teary laugh. Looking over his dripping
self, Patrick sees her fallen photos.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
I um... oh hey, you dropped these.

He puts the photos on the counter, sees her drink.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
I'll have what she's having.

MOERANI
(laughs)
Coming right up.

INT. BALCONY, ATRIUM, MAJESTIC HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Paulina and Peter, still lost, turn to the twitching Jessica.

PAULINA
What did he mean: 'you didn't say
yes?'

Jessica sinks with no answer.

INT. BAR, ATRIUM, MAJESTIC HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

The drink arrives. Glasses go up:

PATRICK
Happy Birthday.

CHRISTINA
Happy early Birthday.

They laugh. Sip. Spit-take cracking up. Kiss. Wildly kiss.

INT. BALCONY, ATRIUM, MAJESTIC HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Jessica "*shrieks*" freaking out, biting her nails.

JESSICA

Patrick! I meant yes!

Paulina doesn't know what to do... looks to Peter, he shrugs.

PETER

He's going with his heart?

(calls out)

Patrick, is this you going with
your heart?

INT. BAR, ATRIUM, MAJESTIC HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Patrick and Christina kiss in total bliss. Ignore all.

Just for now. Beautiful, precious now.

CLOSING CREDITS