

DREAM INTO ACTION

by

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FADE IN

EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT

The sun has just set over the ocean and the pink streams of light shimmer off the waves to the sound of the water smacking together.

We see silhouettes in the distance: it's a man and a woman... or maybe it's a boy and girl... it's hard to say.

The female figure turns to the male. There's something strange about her voice: we can't tell if she's 15 or 35 years old.

FEMALE

Djago, watch this.

She lifts herself high out of the water and then dives in like a porpoise.

Djago waits for her to come up.

And waits.

Again it's hard to say whether DJAGO is 15 or 35 years old.

DJAGO

Elizabeth?

(beat)

Elizabeth.

Finally she comes up. She's excited that she held her breath that long - she's bursting with joy - now she knows that she can accomplish her goal.

DJAGO

(continuing)

Stop playing around; you're always playing around.

Silence.

Then ELIZABETH turns to DJAGO and speaks more seriously than he has ever heard before:

ELIZABETH

Come with me. It'll be alright.

DJAGO

What are you talking about? They said we could never leave. Ever.

ELIZABETH

All time is one, Djago. Every moment is now.

DJAGO

What...???

And with that she raises herself even higher out of the water and plunges deep down like a dolphin.

DJAGO knows that she's not coming back up and starts to panic.

DJAGO

(continuing)

Elizabeth!!! Elizabeth!!!

DJAGO continues his cries as we...

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL GEORGE V/PARIS - DAY

DJAGO (35) frantically awakes panting and sweating. He looks around to check where he is: it's a suite at the Hotel George V in Paris. He's really nervous. He doesn't know what to do. It appears as if his whole life just flashed before his eyes. He looks at the clock: 9:00 AM.

Suddenly he reaches for the telephone.

INT. DJAGO & ELIZABETH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The ringing telephone wakes up ELIZABETH (32) from her deep sleep. Her actions mirror Djago's as she flicks on the lights, looks around the room, and picks up the phone.

ELIZABETH

Djago?

Start intercut

DJAGO

Elizabeth! God, I just had the weirdest dream. Are you OK?

ELIZABETH

I'm fine... what time is it there?

DJAGO

Nine in the morning. It's midnight there - right?

ELIZABETH

Yeah...

(beat)

We were in the water - right?

Djago is stunned.

DJAGO

Excuse me?

ELIZABETH

We were swimming... in the water, in
this tremendous primordial ocean -
right?

Djago can't believe his ears.

DJAGO

Yeah. How did you know?

ELIZABETH

I told you: we're soulmates. I know
you.

Djago doesn't know what to say.

DJAGO

The water was crystal clear. The sun
was setting and the beach was filled
with white white sand.

ELIZABETH

Like in Saint Andalusia...

DJAGO

Yeah.

(beat)

But... you swam away...

Elizabeth thinks for a beat. She smiles.

ELIZABETH

Uh... I didn't get that far - in the
dream, I mean. You woke me.

(beat)

I promise I'll never swim away from
you again.

There's silence as both of them ponder the dream.

ELIZABETH

(continuing)

Djago, don't get any crazy ideas.
We're flying to Saint Andalusia next
week to get married.

(beat)

This isn't one of those male fear-of-
commitment crises that all men have
right before they tie the not - is it?

Djago reflects.

DJAGO

No, it was just a dream.

ELIZABETH

(beat)

I'm telling you, all of this was made
for you me. All of this was made for
you and me.

This is Djago and Elizabeth's pet phrase; it's from the song
"The Passenger".

DJAGO (stammering)

I know... I was just worried... that
you crashed your car again or
something... I dunno.

ELIZABETH

No, luv: I take the bus now.

Both of them chuckle.

ELIZABETH

(continuing)

Now finish up the deal over there and
get your ass home and marry me! I
love you!

DJAGO

I love you, too.

Both of them smile blissfully.

THE CREDITS ROLL

to the music of "The Passenger" by Iggy Pop (also performed
by Siouxsie and the Banshees) "All of this was made for you
and me. All of this was made for you and me. So let's take
a ride and see what's mine."

MONTAGE OF

1. Excited, Djago dresses in his hotel room.
2. Elizabeth shuts off the lights and goes peacefully back
to sleep
3. Djago exits the hotel and springs onto Avenue George V.
4. Djago gets a croissant and coffee in a cafe on the Champs
d'Elysee.

5. Djago strides down the Champs with a smile on his face and a click in his heels. He's noticed by attractive women but he doesn't return their looks.

6. Elizabeth sleeps blissfully.

7. Djago takes a right at the bottom of the Champs and heads towards the Grand Palais. Djago enters the Grand Palais.

END CREDITS

END MUSIC

INT. GRAND PALAIS/PARIS - DAY

Djago enters the huge convention hall and heads towards his booth. There are almost a thousand computer software salesmen peddling their wares. Djago waves 'hi' to some of his colleagues before making his way to his booth.

Overhead Djago's booth there's a sign that reads

SOFT EARTH WARE

Djago nods 'hi' to JERRY (45) at the neighboring booth which is labeled DESIGNER INSTALLATIONS. Everything about Jerry and his booth screams 'LOSER.'

DJAGO

Morning.

We see a hint of jealousy in Jerry's smile but Djago doesn't notice it.

JERRY

Saint Djago from San Diego -
g'morning.

Djago just goes about his business setting up his display of goods and software programs.

JERRY

(continuing)

Close on the French Satellite Program
yet?

DJAGO

Not yet. I'm meeting with them later
and then with the Minister of the
Interior tomorrow morning.

JERRY

Well, good luck.

He doesn't mean it.

DJAGO

Thanks. Hey, will you watch my booth
between four and six?

JERRY

Sure. No problem.

Jerry's face frowns, "Some guys have all the luck". Djago finishes setting up his booth. He is besieged with potential clients from all countries. The display at the booth almost runs itself but customers still approach Djago to talk to him. Jerry has no clients; he watches Djago fend off customers.

INT. FRENCH SATELLITE COMPANY - DAY

Djago finishes giving his presentation and proposal to a group of French BUSINESSMEN. The Businessmen look genuinely impressed by Djago who is confidently discussing what his software will do for them.

DJAGO

Now gentlemen, our prototypes show that our software will cut the time delay from the satellites to the mainframes down to mere milliseconds. On the commercial level that means that all cell-phone communication would be improved - I know that you've had a lot of customer complaints recently from people who use cell-phones.

Also - and I'm just speculating here - but if you also happen to be using these satellites for military reconnaissance or even laser activity - again I'm just speculating here - then our program will vastly improve the efficiency of your ability to manipulate those satellites and the information that they're giving you. Thank you.

Djago must have had access to some pretty serious reports to "speculate" what the French are really doing with their satellites. There are a lot of raised eyebrows in the room. The French Businessmen are all extremely impressed with how well Djago has done his homework.

MONSIEUR LECLERC

Well, Mister Schafer, I think I speak on behalf of all of us when I tell you that we're all in favor of your proposition.

(off Djago's smile)

All you have to do is meet with the Minister of the Interior and get his

approval.

Djago nods his head confidently.

DJAGO

Thank you, sir. I'm meeting with the Minister tomorrow morning so I hope we can finalize this deal before I leave.

MONSIEUR LECLERC

That sounds good to me. Just impress the Minister and we'll get to work.

The two men shake solidly and smile; it looks like a match made in heaven. All Djago has to do is get a final OK from the Minister. The Businessman walks Djago out of the room.

MONSIEUR LECLERC

(continuing)

And Mister Schafer, let me just tell you that the Minister is a man who doesn't smile much. I wouldn't do anything to get on his bad side or he won't hesitate to go with one of your competitors - even if your software is better - understand?

DJAGO

I understand. And thank you for your advice.

They shake again and Djago exits.

EXT. FRENCH SATELLITE COMPANY - DAY

Djago exits the French Company and turns right down the beautiful Parisian Street. He looks at his watch: 6:00. He does a few calculations in his head and then ducks into the first phone booth that he finds.

INT. ELIZABETH'S FASHION SHOWROOM - DAY

Elizabeth is working in her store. The phone rings and she picks it up.

ELIZABETH

Elizabeth's. How may I help you?

Start intercut

DJAGO

By proclaiming your undying love for me.

Her face breaks into a wide grin. She's obviously heard this line before.

ELIZABETH

We're here to please: I proclaim my undying love for you, Djago. Now come home so that we can spend the rest of our lives together.

Djago smiles. He's obviously heard this before.

DJAGO

I just wanna know one thing:

ELIZABETH

What?

DJAGO

Was all this made for you and me?

ELIZABETH

All of this was made for you and me!

Both of them are ecstatic.

ELIZABETH

(continuing)

So I guess you bowled them over.

DJAGO

Yeah, everything's perfect. I just have to talk to the Minister of Interior tomorrow morning and then we're golden. I'm sure that Williamson will give me another fat raise when I get back and make me Senior VP. It sounds strange, but I can finally feel everything coming together the way it should.

ELIZABETH

Me too. Woo the Minister and then get on the plane and come home. By the time you get here I'll have the perfect evening for us to kick off our last week as fiances.

DJAGO

Jeez, Elizabeth... I dunno... sometimes I feel like the luckiest guy in the world...

ELIZABETH

You are the luckiest guy in the world, Saint Djago from San Diego!

Djago smiles.

DJAGO

I love you.

ELIZABETH

I love you, too!

DJAGO

I'll see you in 24 hours.

ELIZABETH

I can't wait.

Both of them hang up revelling in the love they feel for each other.

EXT. GRAND PALAIS/PARIS - DAY

Djago bounces down the boulevard towards the Grand Palais.

INT. GRAND PALAIS/PARIS - DAY

Djago enters and heads over towards his booth. Jerry from the neighboring booth is looking after Djago's display.

DJAGO

Thanks, Jer. You closing up now?

JERRY

Yeah, let's call it a day. Y'wanna get some dinner.

Djago thinks for a beat.

It's a really long uncomfortable beat - as if he's making the biggest decision of his life, a decision that could shape his entire destiny.

The CAMERA FREEZES on Djago's face.

He's just standing there staring off into space.

Finally Jerry decides to break Djago from his trance.

JERRY

(continuing)

Djago?

(beat)

Djago.

Djago snaps out of it. He speaks incredibly nonchalantly, as if the last thirty seconds of frozen reflection never existed.

DJAGO

Uh... thanks but I'm beat and I need to get a good night's sleep. I'm just going to order some room service and take a bath. I've got that make-or-break meeting tomorrow morning.

JERRY

Right.

Djago starts to close up his portfolios and pamphlets when a stunning woman, BRITTA (28), approaches his counter. She is the most sultry corporate woman that you've ever seen. Imagine a Victoria Secret's model with the class and sophistication of Catherine Deneuve and you still wouldn't even be close.

Jerry does a double-take as she picks up one of Djago's business prospectuses. Djago is too busy packing up to notice her. Finally Jerry catches Djago's attention with a "psst" and motions his eyes towards Britta.

DJAGO

Can I help you?

Britta slowly moves her eyes from the prospectus to Djago's legs, then his torso, then finally his eyes. She just stands there for a moment looking at him as if they were the last two people on earth. Djago notices that Jerry is looking over at them; Djago guffaws nervously.

DJAGO

(continuing)

Excuse me... can I help you?

BRITTA

I heard I should talk to Djago. Are you Djago?

DJAGO

That's me.

She reaches out her hand to shake his.

BRITTA

Britta Deschamp.

(beat)

Well, I wanted to talk to you about one of your programs but... I can see you're closing up so... I'll come back tomorrow.

Britta finally removes her hand from Djago's and turns abruptly to leave. It's a really weird and awkward scene. The way that Britta is looking at Djago is worse than if she were undressing him in her mind - she's practically violating him with her eyes.

She starts to leave; both Djago and Jerry standing there dumbfounded wondering what she wanted.

JERRY

Jesus, Djago, what the hell was that?

DJAGO

I have no idea.

About 25 feet away she turns back and gives another "I-may-be-in-a-suit-but-I'm-not-wearing-any-panties" look. Jerry can't take his eyes off of her.

JERRY

Jesus.

(beat)

Where do I sign?

Meaning, "I'd give my right arm to be with her."

Djago is taken aback but returns to tending to his booth. Djago finishes packing up.

DJAGO

Well, I'll see you tomorrow, Jer.
Last day. Thanks again for watching
my stuff today.

Djago starts to head off then thinks for a second - he tries to be considerate.

DJAGO

(continuing)

Hey, how did your stuff work out?

Jerry is still in his lust-filled daze.

JERRY

What?

Jerry returns to reality.

JERRY

(continuing)

Oh... it was a slower than I expected
but I took a few orders.

DJAGO (sincerely)

Good. Tomorrow will only be better.

JERRY

Yeah. Right. Whatever.

Djago exits.

EXT. GRAND PALAIS/PARIS - NIGHT

Carrying a large dossier, Djago exits the Grand Palais. He looks left, then right, then decides to head left towards the Champs D'elysee.

Not twenty feet from the exit is Britta sitting on a bench

about to light a cigarette. She spots Djago as he approaches her and stands up to greet him. She hands Djago her lighter so that he can be a gentleman and light her cigarette for her. Djago is taken aback.

Britta takes a drag and then looks Djago again in the eyes. It's Paris, dusk, at the bottom of the Champs D'elysee - and it really couldn't be more romantic. Djago fumbles his hands together, unconsciously twirling his engagement ring.

Djago tries to make small talk in order to diffuse the bizarre tension.

DJAGO

Uh... what program did you say you were interested in?

BRITTA

I didn't. I didn't say what program I was interested in.

Britta tries her best - and fails - to play coy.

BRITTA

(continuing)

I just saw you there and had to meet you.

Djago is surprised. This woman is really beautiful. And sexy. And sultry. She's dressed very corporate, yet still she looks like a walking porno movie.

DJAGO

I'm flattered, but I have to tell you that I'm engaged, so...

Britta thinks for a beat.

BRITTA

That makes one of us.

Awkward silence.

DJAGO

You're English is very good. You're American?

BRITTA

No, I'm German.

(sexy)

But whatever I do, I do well.

Britta then reaches out and sensually puts her hand in Djago's.

BRITTA

(continuing)

Very well.

(beat)

No harm in having one drink - is there?

He pulls his hand away from hers.

DJAGO

I don't think it's such a good idea... I'm getting married next week.

BRITTA

All the more reason.

Djago smiles.

DJAGO

I'm flattered, really... but I'm not that thirsty.

Djago walks away. We stay on Britta's devilish smile.

BRITTA (to herself)

Of course you are. You're just a man.

She drops her cigarette to the ground and mashes it out with her heel. This is a woman who doesn't take "No" for an answer.

Not even "No, thank you."

EXT. HOTEL GEORGE V/PARIS - NIGHT

Djago heads toward his hotel. He looks back suspiciously before he enters, checking to see if Britta followed him. He has an uneasy feeling.

INT. DJAGO'S HOTEL ROOM/GEORGE V - NIGHT

Djago enters his room and puts down his dossier. He sits down on the bed and undoes his tie.

DJAGO

Hi Nancy, it's Djago from Paris. Is Williamson around? No? OK, just leave a message that everything is going even better than planned here in Paris and I just have to get the nod from the Minister of the Interior and it's a done deal.

NANCY (O.S.)

Congratulations, Djago! We all knew that you were the only one who could do it!

DJAGO

Thanks, Nancy. I'll be back in San Diego tomorrow night so I'll see you the following morning.

They hang up. Djago starts to get undressed.

INT. BATHROOM/HOTEL GEORGE V - NIGHT

Djago slips into his bathtub which is replete with bubbles. All of the fixtures in the bathroom are brass and porcelain and Djago feels like and appears to be master of the universe as he sinks into the tub. There's a phone on the wall next to the tub and Djago picks it up.

DJAGO

Yes, room service, do you have any of those little bottles of champagne?

VOICE (O.S.)

Oui, monsieur.

DJAGO

And what about caviar?

VOICE (O.S.)

Oui, monsieur.

DJAGO

Good. I'd like one of those cote d'agnea, and a small thing of caviar, and a small bottle of champagne.

VOICE (O.S.)

Oui, monsieur. A toute suite.

Djago hangs up and smiles. He sits back in the tub and closes his eyes in reverie. It looks like he could drift off into a dream. He takes a few deep breaths - almost like a meditation.

It looks like he's asleep. We stay on his face as he slowly drifts off. Everything is perfect. Life is beautiful. There's nothing else that Djago could even dream of asking for. He's just taking this moment to repose and savor the bliss of living a dream.

Suddenly there's a knock at the door. Djago is apparently woken up. He squints - it's too soon for the room service. I mean, he didn't order McDonalds.

DJAGO

Yes? Hello?

A female voice responds from the hallway.

VOICE (O.S.)

Room service.

Djago squints - something isn't right. And plus, he has no desire to get out of the bathtub. He looks around for the complimentary Hotel George V bathrobe - it's out of reach. Djago decides that he's too lazy to get up.

DJAGO

Right - just bring it in, please. I think it's unlocked...

Djago hears the door open and he sits up in the bathtub. He hears the cart being rolled in but he doesn't see anyone yet.

Then... the wheels of the room service cart approach the bathroom door.

Djago looks up to see who's pushing the cart: it's Britta. And she's naked except for a white waiter's coat and an apron. Nobody has ever looked sexier than this woman does right now. Her tan skin is beaming out of the white jacket which barely covers her breasts. Her long flowing hair is hanging down and she's smiling as if she's just won the lottery.

There's only one word to describe her: irresistible.

Djago can't believe his eyes.

DJAGO

(continuing)

How did you get in here?

BRITTA

I'm a woman. I have my ways.

They stare at each other for a moment.

BRITTA

(continuing)

I bet your fiance won't let you do half the things to her that I'll beg you to do to me.

DJAGO

Get out.

She moves around the cart closer to the bath.

BRITTA

I'm your wet dream, Djago.

(beat)

I'm every man's wet dream.

She sits down on the edge of the bathtub.

BRITTA

(continuing)

I'm the fire-breather. I'm the snake.

DJAGO

Get out.

BRITTA

You're already hard. I know you want me.

She picks up the canister of caviar off the room service cart and opens it. She casually lets her waiter's coat drop off of her shoulders. Djago doesn't know what to do. He can't really get out of the bath because he really is hard and he doesn't want to prove Britta that she's right.

DJAGO

I'm asking you to leave.

Britta starts to scoop the caviar out of the container with her hand. She looks down at it and then she starts to smear it on her breasts.

Djago cannot believe his eyes. Her beautiful perfectly round tan breasts smothered with caviar.

She leans forward so that Djago can get a whiff of the caviar dripping down her chest. Djago is slowly becoming mesmerized by the image that is inches from his face. Britta reaches over and grabs the bottle of champagne off the room service cart.

She grabs the aluminum foil wrapper covering the cork with her teeth and gently and seductively twirls the bottle so that the covering is undone and falls into the bath.

DJAGO

(continuing)

Listen, I...

Then she starts to lick the moisture off of the side of the shaft of the champagne bottle. Djago can't believe his eyes.

DJAGO

(continuing)

Listen, I...

She gently puts her index finger over his lips to shush him.

BRITTA

I'm just going to lower the lights.
You don't go anyplace - OK?

Britta glances down at Djago's erection through the bubbles. He's not going fucking anyplace.

BRITTA

(continuing)

You're too afraid to make a
commitment, afraid of what you'll
miss if you settle down, when your
marriage dries up like they all do.

Then she stands and reaches over to lower the lights - and
give Djago a glimpse of her ass. Only the candles from the
room service cart are lighting up the room now.

BRITTA

(continuing)

I'm going to show you something you'd
never see again if you got married,
I'm going to show you pure lust.

Britta then puts the head of the champagne bottle into her
mouth and starts to pry the cork out. Djago has never seen
anything like this before. Nobody has ever seen anything
like this before. This woman is really going to open a
champagne bottle with her mouth. It's almost like something
you'd expect to see in a Bangkok sex shop, but Britta is so
normal and smart looking that she's doing it with class. And
it's not easy, folks. You've gotta have some pretty strong
lips to manoeuvre that cork out of the bottle.

And POP!!!!!!

Britta quickly turns her head to let the cork fly out of the
bottle and across the room.

But she's shaken the bottle so much that the champagne is
bursting out it. There's only one thing to do: stick the
shaft of the bottle back into her mouth and suck out the
champagne until the bottle calms down.

Britta is smiling as she keeps a mouthful of champagne in her
mouth and slowly moves to kiss Djago and let him drink the
champagne from her lips and we...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT

Again we can barely tell that we're looking at the ocean
except for the light of the moon shimmering off of the waves
and the sound of the water smacking together. We see some
forms in the distance: it's a man and a woman... or maybe
it's a boy and girl... it's hard to say.

DJAGO

Elizabeth, watch this.

He lifts herself high out of the water and then dives in like
a porpoise. Elizabeth waits for him to come up.

And waits.

ELIZABETH

Djago?

Finally he comes up.

ELIZABETH

(continuing)

Jesus, this is no time to play
around. Get serious!

Silence.

Then DJAGO raises himself even higher out of the water and
plunges deep down like a dolphin.

Elizabeth knows that he's not coming back up and starts to
panic.

ELIZABETH

(continuing)

Djago!!! Djago!!!

INT. DJAGO & ELIZABETH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Elizabeth wakes from her nightmare.

ELIZABETH

Djago!!! Djago!!!

Elizabeth looks around frantically. She eyes the clock:
12:00 midnight. She reaches for the phone.

INT. DJAGO'S HOTEL ROOM/GEORGE V - DAY

Djago is still sleeping soundly in bed as Britta buttons the
last button on her white jacket and prepares to leave.

She stands at the door for a few seconds and looks back at
her conquest. She smiles and opens the door.

The phone rings and Djago slowly wakes. He's still half
asleep as Britta blows him a kiss then shuts the door behind
herself. Djago finally realizes what's going on and stops
looking at the door. He grabs the telephone.

DJAGO

Hello?

Start intercut

ELIZABETH (frantically)

Djago, Djago... thank God you're
there! Are you OK?

Djago is stupefied, baffled - as if the last twelve hours
were a nightmare from which he has just awakened. He has no
idea what to say to Elizabeth.

DJAGO

... yeah... I'm OK... what's going on?

ELIZABETH

I had that dream... but it was you
who swam away...

Djago looks down at the clock: 9:00.

Djago jumps up out of bed.

DJAGO

Oh my God! I have the meeting with
the Minister of the Interior now and
then I have to close up the booth and
catch my plane!

ELIZABETH

Djago... the dream...

DJAGO

I gotta go - the meeting... I'll be
back in San Diego in less than 24
hours... I'll see you then.

He hangs up.

ELIZABETH

I love you.

She realizes that he has already hung up and she puts the
phone down. Something is wrong. She sits up in bed and
thinks for a moment. Maybe it's nothing. Maybe it's just a
dream. As Freud said, "Sometimes a cigar is just a cigar."

INT. DJAGO'S HOTEL ROOM/GEORGE V - DAY

Djago leaps into his pants, throws on a shirt, grabs his
shoes and his briefcase and rushes out the door.

INT. HOTEL GEORGE V/PARIS - DAY

Djago rushes through the lobby of this exquisite hotel. The
other guests can help but notice him.

EXT. HOTEL GEORGE V/PARIS - DAY

Djago puts on his shoes as he waits for a taxi. The bellhop
opens the taxi door for Djago and he jumps into the car.

INT. TAXI - DAY

Djago falls into the taxi as the door shuts.

DJAGO

The Ministry of the Interior!

Djago pulls a note out of his pocket.

DJAGO

(continuing)

It's on rue Faubourg Saint Honore...

The typical french taxi DRIVER take this opportunity to make a joke: he uses one of the many English lines that he has learned from watching too many American films:

DRIVER (THICK FRENCH ACCENT)

"And step on it" - right?

DJAGO

Yeah.

The taxi speeds off like in a James Bond flic.

EXT. RUE FAUBOURG SAINT HONORE - DAY

The taxi is stuck dead in traffic. Rue Faubourg Saint Honore has been transformed into a parking lot. Djago sweats as he watches the meter and the minutes click away. He looks down at his watch: 9:45.

DJAGO

Shit!

He reaches into his pocket, pulls out a 100ff note, throws it at the driver, and gets out of the car. He looks down at his note again for the street address.

DJAGO (to himself)

245 rue Faubourg Saint Honore.

He looks up at the nearest building to find a street address.

DJAGO'S POV: A BLUE SIGN ON A BUILDING THAT SAYS 8 RUE FAUBOURG SAINT HONORE

DJAGO

Shit!!!

Djago starts to run down the street, dodging pedestrians, as if he were a Heisman Trophy winning running back.

MONTAGE OF DJAGO RUNNING SLOW MOTION DOWN THIS BEAUTIFUL PARISIAN STREET. THE OTHER PEDESTRIANS ARE WATCHING HIM AS HE CONTINUOUSLY LOOKS UP AT THE STREET ADDRESSES.

It's almost as if Djago is having an outer-body experience and watching himself run down this street - and at the same time watching his life run away from him and spin out of control.

While he runs we can hear his thoughts.

DJAGO (V.O.)

"This is it. I've finally screwed-up. But boy did I do it good. All of this was definitely not made for me and you. If the Minister of the Interior doesn't see me then it's over, my career is over."

The MONTAGE STOPS and Djago finally arrives in front of the Ministry of the Interior.

EXT. MINISTRY OF THE INTERIOR - DAY

Panting, Djago arrives in front of the Ministry. He rushes to the outer desk.

DJAGO

Djago Schafer. I'm here to see Minister Badeau.

GUARD

Go right in.

Relieved, Djago smiles, fixes his shirt and jacket and heads towards the Minister's office. It looks like everything is going to be OK.

INT. MINISTER BADEAU'S OFFICE - DAY

As Djago enters, Minister Badeau is shaking hands with American software designer Frank Denison. FRANK has a huge smile across his lips.

DJAGO

Excuse me, Monsieur Badeau. I'm Djago Schafer from Soft Earth Ware. I'm sorry I'm late.

BADEAU

I'm sorry too, Mister Schafer. We decided to go with your competitor.

Frank smiles at Djago and exits.

DJAGO

But you haven't even heard our proposal.

BADEAU

I was ready to hear it at nine o'clock. It's ten fifteen now.

DJAGO

Yes, but...

BADEAU

There are no "Buts" in this life,
Mister Schafer. Either you live up
to your word or you don't. You said
you would be here at nine o'clock and
you weren't. That's it. Better luck
next time.

Totally dejected, Djago stares into space as Badeau re-enters his office and shuts the door behind him.

INT. GRAND PALAIS/PARIS - DAY

Djago packs up his stand - he looks as if his soul has just been sucked out of him. His face is pale, gaunt. His suit is wrinkled. His hair is messed-up. This is not the same Djago Schafer from yesterday. This is no longer "Saint Djago from San Diego."

Jerry notices and comes over.

JERRY

I heard about the Satellite program.
Can't win 'em all.

There just a little too much of a smile dangling on Jerry's lips.

Djago just nods.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

Djago is sitting in a window seat. There is an empty seat next to him then an older woman, SIMONE (65), in the adjacent seat. Djago is extremely pensive, almost distraught. He can't believe what has happened. And now he has to go home and face both Elizabeth and his boss. He fidgets in his seat. Finally, Simone looks over at him wondering what's going on.

DJAGO

Sorry.

She smiles briefly then continues to look at him making him feel somewhat awkward.

DJAGO

(continuing)

Y'ever sometimes feel like you
screwed up your whole life?

Simone smiles.

SIMONE

I'm sorry, but I don't speak any
English.

Simone picks her magazine back up and turns away from Djago

who just sits there.

INT. AIRPORT - DAY

Djago picks up his bag from the luggage carousel and heads for the door. He notices Simone one last time and then heads out.

INT. CAR - DAY

Djago drives home from the airport. Again he's pensive. What's he gonna say?

EXT. DJAGO & ELIZABETH'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Djago stands in front of his own door fixing his hair, tucking in his shirt, and trying to paste a smile on his miserable face.

INT. DJAGO & ELIZABETH'S KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE ON ELIZABETH who is in the kitchen cooking.

Wearing a bathrobe Elizabeth prepares an elaborate dinner. Many courses, many colors, many flavors - everything exquisitely served.

She has obviously gotten over her bad dream - it was just a dream.

After a few moments of setting plates and trays she looks contentedly at her masterpiece, the dining room table. She hears the key jiggle in the front lock and she smiles, takes a step back, lowers the lights, and lets her bathrobe drop to the floor. Now she looks as if she just stepped out of the Victoria's Secret catalogue.

Djago enters the front door carrying his carry-on bag, garment bag, and some briefcases.

DJAGO

I'm home...

He sees Elizabeth standing there and forces a smile. She runs over to him and hugs him.

ELIZABETH

How was Paris? Close the deal? Why didn't you call?

DJAGO

Uh... it didn't work out...

ELIZABETH

Oh, I'm so sorry.

(beat)

What happened?

DJAGO

I dunno... it's hard to say... it
just didn't work out.

(fishing)

I guess some things just weren't
meant to be.

This is not the old Djago talking. Elizabeth looks at him
squarely then hugs him to cheer him up.

ELIZABETH

Don't worry about it - I'm sure it'll
work out.

She spins away from him and displays her new teddy and her
gorgeous body. It only makes Djago feel guiltier than he
already does. But he does his best to hide it.

DJAGO

(about the teddy)

Wow... that's a new one...

ELIZABETH

"All of this was made for you and me,
my friend."

Djago smiles. He loves it when she says this line.

ELIZABETH

(continuing)

I'm sorry about the deal.

DJAGO

Yeah, me too. I don't think Mister
Williamson is going to be very happy.

They fall into each other's arms for a big hug.

ANGLE on Djago's face: he's worried, anxious.

DJAGO

(continuing)

Hey...

Djago gives her a peck on the cheek and breaks off. He
remembers that 24 hours ago he cheated on this beautiful
woman.

Elizabeth is dumbfounded.

ELIZABETH

"Hey". That's all I get?

Djago comes back over and kisses her on the lips.

DJAGO

I'm sorry... I'm just tired. It was a long flight. Lemme wash-up and I'll be back in a minute. The food it smells great...

ELIZABETH (sarcastically)
Thanks.

Djago heads off to the bathroom.

Elizabeth goes back into the kitchen and takes a casserole out of the oven. She's a little taken aback that the first thing one Djago's mind isn't making love.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Djago looks into the mirror and deep into his soul. He has to do the right thing. He has to tell her the truth. He has to redeem himself.

ELIZABETH (V.O.)
Wait till you see what I made! Our favorite! Paella!
(beat)
So tell me about Paris? I'm so sorry I couldn't make it this trip but things have been crazy in the shop lately.

INT. DJAGO & ELIZABETH'S KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Djago comes back in and sits down at the table. It looks like he wants to spill the beans. She'll understand. Right???

DJAGO
So how y'doin'? Crash your car again?

ELIZABETH
I told you: I take the bus. C'mon, lets eat.

Elizabeth brings over the Paella and puts it down on the table proudly.

ELIZABETH
(continuing)
Voila!

DJAGO (hiding his guilt)
Wow, it looks great!

Djago serves Elizabeth while she goes over to dim the lights.

Then while Djago is serving himself, Elizabeth, silhouetted by the candlelights slowly comes over and sits on Djago's lap, obstructing his task of serving the food.

ELIZABETH

You don't really think that I'd let
you put anything in your mouth
besides my lips - did you?

She kisses him gently on the lips. He pulls back. She
squints in disbelief.

He can't do it, can't kiss her: he feels too guilty.

DJAGO

Elizabeth...

She looks down at the plate of food in front of Djago. She
pays no attention to him.

ELIZABETH

You're not actually going to tell me
that you're hungrier for food than
you are for me - are you?

Djago shakes his head. It's a bad situation: it's now or
never that he has to tell her that he fucked-up. Fucked-up
royally.

DJAGO

Elizabeth...

ELIZABETH

Uh-huh?

She kisses him on the neck.

DJAGO

Elizabeth.

He suddenly stands up and Elizabeth falls to the ground.

DJAGO

(continuing)

Sorry.

He helps to pick her back up and sit her down in his chair.
It's an awkward moment. He puts his arms on her shoulders
and looks deep into her eyes.

DJAGO

(continuing)

Listen...

Djago hems 'n haws - he can't find the words.

ELIZABETH

What is it, luv?

DJAGO

I dunno, I've just had alot on my mind lately.

ELIZABETH

It's that dream - isn't it?

DJAGO

Yeah - that's it.

He's lying, he wasn't thinking about the dream.

ELIZABETH

Listen, I love you and I know that you're the only man for me for all eternity. This is the way it has to be. This is the way it was meant to be. You and I are a destiny.

She looks deep into his eyes to make sure that he understands exactly what she's saying. He doesn't. He just feels more and more guilty.

ELIZABETH

(continuing)

You're worried about getting married. It's normal. Everyone has doubt, that "what if?" that plays on the soundtrack in your head.

DJAGO

Listen, Elizabeth, I have something that I want to talk about...

She cuts him off.

ELIZABETH

Djago, we're just gonna go to Saint Andalusia on Saturday and whatever happens happens. We don't have to get married if you don't want to. Listen, I know: all men are afraid marriage... even when they know they've met their soulmate and everything is wonderful. So I want to tell you: there's no pressure. The dream didn't mean anything. Whatever works for you works for me.

Djago can't believe his ears. Could she possibly be any more understanding?

Now he doesn't dare break her heart. He just looks into her eyes, then kisses her. Elizabeth bounces out of the chair and tackles him onto the floor and they kiss passionately and start to roll on the ground as we...

FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT. SOFT EARTH WARE - DAY

Djago enters and heads towards his office. All of the other software DESIGNERS greet Djago with the standard line:

DESIGNERS

"Saint Djago from San Diego!" How ya doin'?

Djago just nods. It's possible that he has fucked up all of their lives by not signing the big deal that he was sent to Paris to sign. But then again, maybe his colleagues and boss will understand. Djago puts his briefcase down in his office, takes a deep breath, and heads for his boss' office.

INT. MISTER WILLIAMSON'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY

The secretary, NANCY (45), hears a knock and looks up.

NANCY

Come in...

Djago enters and Nancy smiles.

NANCY

(continuing)

Saint Djago from San Diego! How's our favorite programmer! What's the good news?

Djago mimes towards the Boss' door, asking if he's in.

DJAGO

Hey Nance... I'm OK. And you?

Nancy mimes that the Boss is in.

NANCY

He can't wait to see you.

Djago forces a smile. Before Nancy can hit the intercom to announce Djago, the door opens and MISTER WILLIAMSON emerges. Williamson (55) is a small meek poorly dressed bureaucrat.

WILLIAMSON

So...

DJAGO

Can we speak privately, sir?

Williamson nods and they head into Williamson's office.
Nancy raises her eyebrows.

INT. MISTER WILLIAMSON'S INNER OFFICE - DAY

Williamson sits down in his seat and Djago sits down in front
of the desk.

WILLIAMSON

So how did they like the proposal?

DJAGO

The Satellite Company loved it.

WILLIAMSON

I knew it! I knew you could do it!

Williamson slams his hand down on his desk joyously. He
couldn't be happier. He reaches over the desk to shake
Djago's hand and congratulate him.

Djago awkwardly shakes his hand, then sits back down.

WILLIAMSON

(continuing)

I can't tell you what this is going
to do for our company - not to
mention your career, Djago!

DJAGO

Sir...

WILLIAMSON

Yes, what is it?

DJAGO

But the Minister of the Interior
didn't go for it... he gave the deal
to Frank Denison.

WILLIAMSON (LIVID)

What?! Frank Denison! What are you
talking about?! How could that be
possible?

DJAGO

I don't know, sir, it just happened.

WILLIAMSON

Well, I'm going to call the Minister
myself and tell him what a mistake he
made. Maybe it's not too late.

DJAGO

Believe me, sir, it's too late.

Williamson doesn't listen, he picks up the phone and barks into it.

WILLIAMSON
Nancy, get me the French Minister of
the Interior now!

Djago isn't excited about the prospects. Williamson waits on the phone. And the tension mounts.

WILLIAMSON
(continuing)
This is Walter Williamson, the
President of Soft Earth Ware, calling
for Minister...

DJAGO (HELPING)
Badeau...

WILLIAMSON
Badeau. Yes, I'll hold.

Djago knows exactly what is going to happen. He looks like a 2nd grader who was just called into the principal's office to have a parent-teacher-principal conference. Djago wipes the sweat from his brow.

WILLIAMSON
(continuing)
Yes, hello, I was calling to find
out...

Badeau has obviously cut off Williamson who listens intensely.

Williamson stares at Djago while he listens on the phone.

WILLIAMSON
(continuing)
I see...

Djago can't hear what Badeau is saying but it must be a mouthful.

WILLIAMSON
(continuing)
I see. Well, thank you for taking
the time to explain the situation to
me. I'm sorry that you will not
reconsider and I hope that this won't
discourage you from considering our
proposals in the future.

Williamson hangs up. He looks at Djago. Djago waits for his sentence.

WILLIAMSON

(continuing)

Minister Badeau said that you had it all sewn up.

DJAGO

Yes, sir, I know, but then...

WILLIAMSON

But then you decided to skip the meeting with him... probably because you were too busy getting laid, he suspects.

Djago can't believe his ears: Badeau must be psychic.

DJAGO

Sir, I can explain...

WILLIAMSON

There's no need to explain, Djago. You have embarrassed Soft Earth Ware, your co-workers, me - not to mention yourself.

DJAGO

But sir...

WILLIAMSON

You have ten minutes to clear out your desk.

DJAGO

Mister Williamson...

Williamson hits the intercom.

WILLIAMSON

Nancy, call security and have Mister Schafer escorted from the property. And who is my next appointment?

Djago cannot believe what's going on.

Nancy enter in a huff.

NANCY

Mister Williamson, you can't do this: the company owns the mortgage on his house and his car... his stock options don't fully vest until next month. Everyone know that he's the best!

Williamson reconsiders. Djago waits patiently.

INT. ELIZABETH'S FASHION SHOWROOM - DAY

Elizabeth and her assistant DEBBY (26) are working hard in Elizabeth's showroom. She's the proud owner of this clothing store for which she designs all of the clothes.

DEBBY

So was it worth closing the shop early so that you could go home and make dinner for Djago?

ELIZABETH

Yeah... I guess... I dunno... he was not his usual self.

DEBBY

It's the first time that you've guys have been apart for more than 24 hours since you moved in together...

ELIZABETH

... which was a week after we met...

DEBBY

And I thought things like that only happened in Harlequin Romance novels.

Elizabeth smiles.

DEBBY

(continuing)

What I mean is that, why doesn't it happen to me?

The women chuckle.

ELIZABETH

It'll happen. Every Eve has her Adam.

DEBBY

And every Adam has second thoughts. At least mine do.

They chuckle together.

ELIZABETH

That's because it's not about lust; it's not about sex. It's about love. You'll know the difference when you feel it.

DEBBY

I guess so. But sometimes it feels so good that...

ELIZABETH

Debby, sometimes a couple of bottle of champagne speaks louder than your heart.

DEBBY

Especially the next day!

They laugh again.

ELIZABETH

But even then, even when you meet him, it doesn't mean that it's all roses... there's just this bond, this connection, that's sacred... that's unbreakable...

DEBBY

Is that like "karma" or something?

ELIZABETH

Karma is more like "cause and effect" - but it really has to do with different lifetimes. Like you can be paying for something now that you did in a past lifetime.

DEBBY

That is too freaky!

ELIZABETH

Y'know, the Indians believe in their caste system because they think that if you are poor in this lifetime that when you reincarnate you'll be really rich.

DEBBY

I'm so deep in debt that that would mean that I'm gonna reincarnate as Donald Trump!

ELIZABETH

Y'never know! But maybe your debt wouldn't be so big if you didn't have a pair of shoes for every one of your incarnations! I mean, you only get one pair of feet per lifetime!

DEBBY

I don't go by number of feet; I go by number of days in the year!

ELIZABETH

Touche, Imelda.

The women chuckle while continuing to go about their business in the shop. They're arranging clothing and making the displays perfect.

DEBBY

I noticed that you were on time today... I would think that after not seeing Djago for a week that you wouldn't make it in before noon.

ELIZABETH

I told you, he was a little off last night. It must be the plane ride.

DEBBY

With this soulmate-thing, that's it - I mean, you're not even tempted to be with anyone else?

ELIZABETH

Before I met Djago I played the field enough to know the meaning of the word "connection". I mean, Djago and I even have the same dreams, that's how close we are.

DEBBY

Get outta here! The same dreams?

ELIZABETH

I swear.

DEBBY

That's pretty serious.

(beat)

But still, it's hard to believe that any man, even "Saint Djago from San Diego" could resist the forbidden fruit.

ELIZABETH

Djago? No way, he would never do that. We're soulmates. Sex with anyone else wouldn't be the same.

DEBBY

You can't explain that to men. They're like dogs: they have to piss on trees, mark their territory.

ELIZABETH

Not Djago. He's different. He knows that his whole life would fall apart if he even thought about another woman.

DEBBY

Well then, maybe he really is "Saint Djago."

ELIZABETH

He is.

And with that certainty Elizabeth heads off into the storeroom to put away some clothes. Debby is left standing there in disbelief.

EXT. SAN DIEGO ZOO - DAY

Djago walks through the zoo. He stops in front of a cage of chimpanzees. There's a male and a female - they're obviously mates. Nobody else is around and these chimps are going to be Djago's therapists for the afternoon. The chimps are picking lice from each others scalps - like only chimps know how to do.

DJAGO

OK guys, so riddle me this: just tell me that you're psyched as all hell to be in that cage for eternity for the plain and simple reason that you're together, because you're supposed to be together. Is that the way it is? Is this cage of yours a destiny?

Djago waits for an answer.

DJAGO

(continuing)

It's a secret - right? You wouldn't tell me if knew, if you could - would you?

(beat)

So riddle me this, Mister Chimpanzee: if you were back out there in the jungle instead of in this cage, how faithful would you be to the missus there? A few indiscrepancies? One? A long weekend?

Djago throws some peanuts into the cage and the chimps come over to fetch them.

DJAGO

(continuing)

And you, Misses Chimpanzee: what would it be, like some kinda deal where he would protect the little ones and then you would let him do whatever he wanted to do?

Djago waits for an answer. A ZOOKEEPER is patrolling the area; he is heading the for chimp cage. Djago doesn't spot him.

DJAGO (TO THE CHIMPS)

So what is it, guys? What is it between men and women? Is there really something spiritual, something

bigger than us going on?

(beat)

And if there is, then why does it seem that we want different things or that we don't necessarily want the same things at the same times?

(beat)

I mean, more importantly, why are we slaves to our libidos? I mean, if I had a dollar for every time my dick screwed up a relationship...

Djago feels the presence of the Zookeeper right behind him.

ZOOKEEPER

Carry on, buddy!

DJAGO (TAKEN ABACK)

Excuse me?

ZOOKEEPER

I said, "Carry on." Don't let me interrupt you. I mean, if I had a dollar for every guy who comes here to confess his sex life to these chimps I would have retired years ago.

Djago frowns; this is not what he wanted to hear; he's embarrassed. The Zookeeper heads off.

DJAGO

So I guess that means that I gotta be a man. Take responsibility for what I did. Go home and tell Elizabeth.

Tell her that I screwed-up. Tell her that I won't let it ever happen again. Tell her that I'm hers forever. Tell her that all of this was made for you and me.

(beat)

Right then, that's what I'll do.

And our crusader heads out on the road to redemption.

INT. DJAGO & ELIZABETH'S KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Elizabeth enters their house.

ELIZABETH

Djago - are you home?

No answer. Good: she has time to slip into something more comfortable. Elizabeth heads into the bedroom.

INT. DJAGO & ELIZABETH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Elizabeth enters the bedroom and opens her negligee draw. It's empty. Then she looks in the hamper and notices that all of her negligees are in there. It must be time to wash some clothes. She takes the dirty clothes and puts them in a bin, then she notices Djago's suitcase next to the bed. It's still closed - he obviously didn't have time to unpack yet. Elizabeth nonchalantly opens Djago's suitcase and dumps his dirty clothing into the laundry bin. Then she unzips the small outer pocket of the suitcase to check if he stuffed anything in there. She runs her hand inside of it. She feels something. She takes it out. It's a note. She opens it.

She reads the note.

EXT. DJAGO & ELIZABETH'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Djago drives up with determination. He stops the car abruptly in the driveway and bounces up the stairs towards the front door ready to confess his sins and be absolved.

DJAGO

Elizabeth?

INT. DJAGO & ELIZABETH'S KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Elizabeth has her head in her hand. We can't see her face, nor can Djago when he enters.

DJAGO (EARNESTLY)

Good. I'm glad your home.

He kisses her head and then sits down across from her.

DJAGO

Listen, I have something I want to talk about.

Elizabeth slowly and deliberately gets up and moves towards the kitchen. She's trembling slightly we finally see her face: the whites of her eyes are exploding with tears.

She stands at the cupboard and tries to contain her anger and disappointment. She mechanically picks-up a butcher's knife.

Djago sees Elizabeth who looks as if she just fell down a flight of stairs. Her face is puffy and ruddy, and her eyes black and swollen. She's holding the knife to her side and Djago can't see it. They look at each other intensely for a moment. Everything is said with their eyes. Both of them understand the situation completely: fidelity in the toilet.

ELIZABETH (deathly serious)

In Paris, you cheated on me.

DJAGO

Elizabeth...

ELIZABETH

Don't try to deny it. I found the note.

DJAGO

I don't deny it. What note?

Elizabeth pulls out a piece of paper from her pocket.

ELIZABETH (READING)

"Paris, May 5th, Hotel George Cinq:
Dear Djago, the second I saw you I knew that I would have you inside me. I'm not going to leave you my telephone number because you pissed me off with that crap you told me about getting married next week. Anyway, thanks for a righteous fuck. Best wishes, Britta."

Djago can't believe his ears. His whole life has just been flushed down the toilet.

DJAGO (sincerely)

Listen, I can explain...

ELIZABETH

Explain?! No, you listen: I knew it was too good to be true. You just don't believe in destiny, in fate - do you?

Djago looks around.

DJAGO

I guess I didn't know what to believe...

ELIZABETH

It's funny because at first I thought that it would be me, I would be the one to cheat. But then something clicked right after we started going out - I can't explain it, just this feeling, this warm feeling... remember that day after we left my parents house and we stopped the car by the side of the road off the coast and we just sat there and watched the sunset? Right there and then I knew that we were soulmates. I saw it. I heard it. I felt it.

(beat)

You never felt it - did you?

DJAGO

Elizabeth...

ELIZABETH

You're a miserable piece of shit,
Djago Schafer!

Elizabeth is becoming more and more hysterical.

DJAGO

Elizabeth...

ELIZABETH

You cheated on me and then you lied
to me.

DJAGO

I was going to tell you. Tonight.

ELIZABETH

After you fucked me last night.

DJAGO

You know damn well I never "fucked"
you.

Elizabeth grips the knife more tightly.

ELIZABETH

Maybe you're right, maybe there are
no such things as soulmates, maybe
all this wasn't made for you and me.

She stands up and hovers over him.

ELIZABETH

(continuing)

Who knows?!

Djago starts to stand and Elizabeth pushes him back into his
seat.

DJAGO

Elizabeth, I made a mistake... and
believe me, I tried to tell you last
night but I just...

ELIZABETH

Djago, I'm going to give you ten
seconds to get out of the house and
if you're still here at the count of
ten I'm sorry but I'm going to kill
you, I promise.

DJAGO

What? Don't be ridiculous.

Pumped with anger and adrenaline Elizabeth abruptly flips the

table and all of the food into the living room. She's totally possessed and out of control. Djago is astonished. He stands up and backs up in fear.

DJAGO
(continuing)
Elizabeth!

ELIZABETH
One. Two.

DJAGO
Be rational. Lemme explain.

ELIZABETH
"Rational"?!

She raise the knife.

ELIZABETH
(continuing)
Cutting your fucking head off - that would be "rational!"

Djago backs up.

ELIZABETH
(continuing)
Three. We had a deal. Four. Five. We said, "Complete Fidelity, Complete Honesty." Six.

DJAGO
I fucked up! I was going to tell you! Let's talk about it!

Elizabeth is 100% serious.

ELIZABETH
Seven. Eight.

DJAGO
I love you, Elizabeth!

ELIZABETH
I love you too, Djago! Nine. Now get out!!!

She raises the knife over her head and moves towards Djago.

ELIZABETH
(continuing)
Ten.

She lunges towards Djago who falls out of the way, and from the ground turns the door handle, and crawls out of their house. Elizabeth bolts the door behind him, drops the knife

and screams a horrific cry of pain as if the knife had just pierced her heart. She falls to the ground sobbing.

EXT. DJAGO AND ELIZABETH'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Djago looks with astonishment at the house and life which he has just thrown away. Not to mention his job. He thinks for a beat. He starts to march back up to the house. Then he thinks otherwise and heads down the driveway towards his car.

He stops and looks again at his house as we...

FADE OUT

FADE IN

EXT. BILL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Djago pulls up in front of Bill's house. He gets out of his house and heads for the door. He knocks.

BILL (O.S.)

Who is it?

DJAGO

Bill, it's Djago. Open up.

BILL (35) opens the door.

BILL

Djago, what's up? You look terrible.

DJAGO

Thanks.

BILL

What happened?

DJAGO

I need a place to crash...

BILL

What?

They enter the house.

INT. BILL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Bill and Djago enter.

BILL

What's going on? What about the wedding?

DJAGO

Things are not looking so good, Billy-boy.

Djago heads right for Bill's bar.

DJAGO
(continuing)
Y'mind?

BILL
Help yourself.

Djago pours himself a tall glass of Jack Daniels. He drinks it down in one shot as if it were water. He pours himself another glass and heads for the couch.

BILL
(continuing)
Well, at least y'still have your job...

DJAGO
Nope. I lost that today too.

BILL
So you're having a shit day, it looks like.

DJAGO
You could say.
(beat)
Lemme get some sleep and I'll tell you about it tomorrow.

Bill reaches into the closet and gets a blanket for his buddy.

BILL
Well, you're welcome to crash here. I'm going out of town tomorrow so you can have the place to yourself for a couple of days.

DJAGO
Thanks... because I don't even have a money for a hotel...

BILL
Jesus, Djago, what the hell happened to you?

DJAGO
I tempted fate. Or maybe fate tempted me.

BILL
What are you talking about?

DJAGO

Nothing. Go to sleep... just do me
a favor and let me borrow a couple of
bucks?

Bill frowns, then reaches for his wallet.

CUT TO:

INT. DJAGO & ELIZABETH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Elizabeth cries herself to sleep as we...

FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT. BILL'S HOUSE - DAY

Djago wakes up from his place on the couch. On the coffee
table is \$40 and a note from Bill. "Make yourself at home.
I'll be back next week. Be cool. Everything always works
out for the best."

Djago reads the note and then crumples it up and throws it in
the corner in disgust.

INT. CAR - DAY

Djago drives down a boulevard. He looks over and finds a
parking spot and pulls into it.

INT. HARRY'S TRAVEL AGENCY - DAY

HARRY is busy on the phone in front of his clustered desk.
He's the jovial version of the coroner from "Chinatown".

HARRY (into phone)

I'm sorry but I don't have anything
until the second week of next month.
Everything is booked solid, has been
for months.

Harry raises his head as he hears the door burst open; then
he does a double-take.

HARRY (into phone)

(continuing)

I gotta go... I'll call you back.

(to the door)

Jeez, Saint Djago, is that you?

Djago is just a shell of a man.

DJAGO

Who else?

HARRY

What the hell are you doing here?!

(BEAT)

Jesus, something must be wrong if you actually came to see me. It's been - what's it been, five years? - you always just call and I send the tickets over. Too busy to come in - computer stuff. Jeez, y'look dreadful - you put on weight - didn't you?

Djago feels his midriff and gives a slight grimace.

HARRY

(continuing)

What's going on? What are you doing here?

DJAGO

I got fired...

Harry looks at him queerly.

HARRY

Well, I know that Elizabeth is not the type of girl to leave a guy over a little thing like money.

DJAGO

No, she certainly isn't.

HARRY

Good.

DJAGO

But she is the type of girl to leave me if I cheated on her.

Harry is appalled.

HARRY

You... didn't.

(beat)

Don't tell me.

(beat)

Don't tell me that you cheated on that beautiful woman.

DJAGO

Got anything to drink around here?

Guys like you always have a bottle of
bourbon in their bottom drawer -
right?

Djago walks around Harry's desk and opens Harry's bottom
drawer.

HARRY

What the hell are you doing?!

There are just files in the drawer.

DJAGO

I need a drink.

HARRY

It's ten thirty in the morning,
asshole.

Djago looks out the window and eyes a liquor store across the
street.

DJAGO

I'll be right back.

EXT. HARRY'S TRAVEL AGENCY - DAY

Djago exits Harry's Travel Agency and runs across the street.
He almost gets hit by a series of cars.

DRIVER

Hey, asshole! Look out!

Djago enters the liquor store and pops back out a second
later.

INT. HARRY'S TRAVEL AGENCY - DAY

HARRY'S POV: Djago crossing the street against traffic.

Djago enters carrying a fifth of bourbon. He opens it and
takes a swig. He holds the bottle up to Harry offering him
a swig.

HARRY

No.

(beat)

Jesus, Djago, you're a mess.

DJAGO

Everything's fine. I've got nothing
left to lose. Nothing to weigh me
down. I've taken care of everything.

(beat)

Except one little thing, of course:

HARRY

What's that?

DJAGO

Money.

(beat)

The money we paid for the Saint
Andalusia trip, for our wedding on
the beach, for everything... I need
that money back, Harry.

Harry frowns. Djago sits down and both men look at each other.

HARRY

Djago, those are all private
vacations, specially chartered
planes... no refunds, no
cancellations, no nothing. You
signed the contract yourself.

DJAGO

Harry, anything. Y'gotta help me
out. Somebody has to be able to do
something.

HARRY

Jesus Djago! How could you cheat on
Elizabeth? You two - everyone in the
whole world was jealous of you two.

Djago takes another swig.

DJAGO

Last week the company sent me to this
software conference to sign a big
deal.

HARRY

Last week?

DJAGO

Yeah. They sent me to solicit and
make a deal with this French
Satellite company to revise their
entire computer system. I was
definitely the most qualified to go
so I figured - "why not?" I mean, it
seemed like the easiest job in the
world, par for the course.

(beat)

Anyway, one night this attractive
woman came in and...

HARRY

The rest is history.

DJAGO

Actually, it's the kinda history that has no future.

Djago takes another swig.

HARRY

Women. I can never figure them out.

DJAGO

No shit.

HARRY

Men.

DJAGO

Yeah. At least you can always be sure about men. They'll never fail you. They're dogs.

HARRY

We all mistake our little head for our big head once in a while.

DJAGO

But not everyone has such a magnificent sense of timing to do it one week before his wedding.

HARRY

No, that's a unique gift you have.

(beat)

Elizabeth must've freaked.

DJAGO

Yeah, well... she got the Reader's Digest version of what I just told you but, yeah, she lost it, came at me with a knife.

HARRY

Jesus!

Harry takes the bottle from Djago and takes a swig. He hands back the bottle and Djago takes another swig.

DJAGO

Just call the airline and get my money back. I refuse to go on that wedding/honeymoon trip to Saint Andalusia by myself!

Harry frowns.

HARRY

Listen, I know for a fact that the airline is out of the question. But I think I'll be able to get most of

the hotel money back... but not cash
or anything...

DJAGO

Just put it on my credit card...
maybe I'll just go and sleep on the
beach.

HARRY

Who knows? Maybe it'll do you some
good to get away?

Djago shrugs his shoulders. Harry reaches into his drawer
and pulls out Djago's two plane tickets. He hands them to
Djago. Djago frowns at them; then he gets up and shakes
Harry's hand.

DJAGO

Thanks, buddy.

HARRY

We're all in this together, man.
We're just trying to do the best we
can.

DJAGO

Amen!

Djago exits.

INT. CAR - DAY

Djago drives down a boulevard. Suddenly he gets an idea - an
incredibly stupid idea - and pulls over into a legal parking
space in front of Elizabeth's store.

INT. ELIZABETH'S FASHION SHOWROOM - DAY

Elizabeth is pinning the hem of a dress on Debby when they
hears the front door open.

DEBBY

Oh no!

ELIZABETH

What is it?

Elizabeth does a double-take then misses her mark and sticks
a pin through the dress and into her finger.

ELIZABETH

(continuing)

Shit!

DEBBY

Be cool. I'll go call the police.

ELIZABETH

No. I can take care of it.

Djago approaches them.

ELIZABETH

(continuing)

Djago, get out of here or I'll call the police.

DJAGO

Elizabeth, listen...

ELIZABETH

No, on second thought, I'm going to kill you. Then Debby will call the police.

DJAGO

I'm begging you...

ELIZABETH

I told you that I didn't want to ever see you again. And what are you doing here in the middle of the day? Fired?

She must be psychic. Djago's face drops.

DJAGO

No. Listen, we have to talk.

ELIZABETH

I have nothing to say to you. And you're drunk.

DJAGO

I'm begging you to come to Saint Andalusia with me.

She looks at him contemptuously.

DJAGO

(continuing)

"All of this was made for you and me."

Elizabeth freaks. She goes completely berserk. He has really pushed the wrong button.

She attacks him with the scissors. Djago grabs her wrist so that the scissors doesn't penetrate his skin. Debby can't believe her eyes. Elizabeth is really hysterical. She drops the scissors but that doesn't stop her from beating the shit out of Djago with her hands.

ELIZABETH

I trusted you! You disgusting pig!

We said that we were together forever!

She beats Djago towards the doorway.

DJAGO

I fucked-up! I'm sorry! Jesus!

ELIZABETH

Just get out!

Djago reflects for a beat, feeling incredibly guilty. He just looks at Elizabeth, knowing that this is the last time that he will ever see her again. Elizabeth shakes her head as Djago exits. She turns to Debby.

ELIZABETH

(continuing)

Don't even say it!

EXT. JIMMY Z'S - DAY

Djago exits his car and goes into his favorite bar.

INT. JIMMY Z'S - DAY

It's the middle of the day but a few people are there... notably JIMMY the bartender and RICH the resident alcoholic.

JIMMY

Saint Djago from San Diego! How's it hanging?

DJAGO

Just that: it's hanging, it's hung.

(beat)

JD on the rocks, minimum rocks.

JIMMY

You got it!

RICH (screaming)

Djago! Djago! Over here!

Djago motions for Rich to calm his ass down. Rich staggers into Djago.

RICH (happily blind-drunk)

Jimmy and I were just discussing that sex survey in the paper... did you see it?

Djago slams his drink and motions to Jimmy for another. Jimmy raises his eyebrows, then pours him another. Djago feels the plane tickets in his pocket and pulls them out.

DJAGO (cutting him off)

Wait-a-minute: Jimmy, I have two non-

refundable tickets to Saint Andalusia
on a plane that leaves in...

Djago looks at his watch and does the math.

DJAGO
Eighteen hours. Interested?

JIMMY
For free?

DJAGO
Yeah, I already paid for it, it
doesn't matter to me. If not the
ticket'll just go to waste. Y'wanna
go?

JIMMY
Yeah!
(changing his mind)
Shit, I can't. What am I gonna do -
close up the bar?
(beat)
Take Rich here.

RICH
Sorry, I don't fly... except when I'm
in bed...

DJAGO
Spin. When you're in bed you spin.
Not fly.

RICH
Whatever. Anyway, I don't tan: I
sizzle. Sorry.

DJAGO
Right.

JIMMY
Elizabeth's busy? Wait-a-second - I
heard you were going away to get
married...?

Djago makes a face to Jimmy that says, "Don't ask - I don't
wanna go there." The three men sit for a moment and sip
their drinks.

RICH
You're Saint Djago. I'm sure you'll
have no problem finding someone to go
on vacation with you for free...

DJAGO
On eighteen hours notice?

RICH

What about that girl from your office, the one who always asks you to have lunch with you?

Djago slams his drink.

DJAGO

Nancy? Nah, not my type.

Djago finishes off his drink.

DJAGO

(continuing)

I dunno... maybe it's a sign or something. I dunno... maybe...

JIMMY

Just remember, Djago: everything always works out for the best.

DJAGO

Fuck you, Jimmy.

JIMMY

I'm serious, man. That's the way it is in this world, that's the law of karma: what goes around comes around.

RICH

Yeah, the silver lining... gotta look for the sliver - I mean, "silver" - lining...

DJAGO

Jimmy Z, my favorite Buddhist bartender! And Rich, my favorite designated drinker. I love you guys!

Jimmy and Rich just shake their drunken heads at their contemplative friend. Djago heads for the door.

EXT. JIMMY Z'S - DAY

Djago exits the bar and spots a tow truck towing his car out of the parking lot.

DJAGO

Hey, that's my car!

He runs after it. The DRIVER throws a piece of paper out the window of the tow truck.

DRIVER

Repossessed! No job, no car...

Djago picks up the piece of paper as he watches his car

depart.

DJAGO

What else? What else could go wrong?

Djago turns around to head back into the bar and trips over the curb. He lands on his face in the parking lot.

Ouch! That's smarts!

Djago's hands are all red and puffy and his pants are now ripped at the knees. He picks himself up and pinches his lips: he's not going to ask any more stupid questions.

INT. JIMMY Z'S - DAY

Jimmy notices Djago re-enter.

JIMMY

Saint Djago from San Diego! How's it hanging?

DJAGO

What is this - deja vu all over again?

JIMMY

Excuse me?

DJAGO

Can't you say anything else?! Stop calling me "Saint Djago"!

JIMMY

JD on the rocks?

DJAGO

Minimum rocks.

JIMMY

You got it! I mean, "coming right up, sir."

LATER

Djago and Rich are staring into their dead soldiers. These guys are not only legally drunk, their blood-alcohol level is so high that they're legally dead. The bar has filled up considerably since earlier that afternoon.

DJAGO

Jesus, what time is it?

Jimmy looks at the clock.

JIMMY

Almost midnight.

DJAGO
Jesus. Will it ever end?

RICH
What?

DJAGO
This nightmare.
(beat)
Jimmy, call me a taxi.

JIMMY
No problemo.
(beat)
Hey Djage, d'ya know what you should
do?

DJAGO
Shoot myself?

JIMMY
No, go to Irene's. She's having a
birthday party tonight and I know two
girls there who just broke up with
their boyfriends. Y'might as well,
she lives around the corner from Bill.

Djago frowns.

DJAGO
Nah... I'm not in the mood to pose
and act cool.

INT. TAXI - NIGHT

Djago is passed out in the back of the taxi which stops.

DRIVER
We're here, Sleeping Beauty.

Djago wakes.

DJAGO
Right.
(beat)
Listen, just wait here.

Djago starts to get out of the taxi.

DJAGO (to himself)
"All of this was made for you and me."

EXT. DJAGO & ELIZABETH'S HOUSE - NIGHT

While the TAXI waits in the street Djago stands bawling like
a baby on their front stoop. He rings the doorbell and
knocks but there's no answer.

DJAGO

Elizabeth! Please! I love you! I
fucked up. Please! Y'gotta forgive
me!

Finally a light goes on. A face appears in the window.

DEBBY

Djago, get outta here.

DJAGO

Debby, is that you?

DEBBY

Yeah, and Elizabeth told me to call
the cops if you came around so don't
make me do it.

DJAGO

Where is she?

DEBBY

Nonna your fuckin' business, scumbag.
Get outta here or I'll call the cops!

DJAGO

I'm not leaving until you tell me
where she went!

DEBBY

I'm gonna be nice, Djago, because I
liked you: she got in the car and
took off, that's all I know, that's
all anyone knows. She just asked me
to housesit and to the call the cops
if you came around. Now get outta
here!

DJAGO

Got in the car? But she's been in so
many accidents that she doesn't have
any more points on her license.
She's the unluckiest driver since
they invented the wheel.

DEBBY

She might be unlucky in the car, but
you're unlucky everywhere else!
Anyway, she's not here, so get the
fuck outta here before I call the
police!

Djago realizes that Elizabeth really isn't there and decides
to take off. He heads back over to the taxi.

INT. TAXI - NIGHT

The TAXI pulls up in front of Irene's house. The DRIVER hits the meter which reads \$8.00.

DRIVER
Eight bucks, please.

Djago grimaces as he pulls out his wallet.

DJAGO
Listen, I have a flight at six o'clock so I need to get to the airport by five. If I give you twenty bucks will come back at four-thirty to pick me up?

DRIVER
Sure.

DJAGO
I'm staying right down on the next corner.

Djago points to Bill's house. We see Djago pull out forty dollars from his wallet - that's all he has left.

DJAGO
(continuing)
It'll only be about ten bucks to get to the airport - right?

DRIVER
Give-or-take.

Djago hands the driver \$30 and puts the other ten into his deserted wallet.

DJAGO
Thanks. I'll see you at four-thirty.

Djago gets out of the cab.

EXT. IRENE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Djago approaches the front door. Through the window he can see the party going on. He straightens himself up and then breathes into his hand in order to smell his breath which slightly resembles of a month-old corpse.

INT. IRENE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Djago knocks and enters. All heads turn. The party is predominately female.

IRENE
Saint Djago from San Diego!

Djago just nods - he's almost too drunk to talk. Two or three more WOMEN echo Irene's greeting.

Djago just smiles and heads over to the bar. Irene comes over and kisses him on the cheek as he prepares himself a stiff one.

IRENE

(continuing)

Djago, it's good to see you. Where's Elizabeth?

DJAGO (IGNORING HER)

Happy Birthday Irene. I hope this is the best year of your life.

Djago takes a sip - gulp - of his drink as ANIKA approaches the bar. Djago gets an idea and turns to her.

DJAGO

I'm Djago.

ANIKA

Yeah, I heard.

DJAGO

"Saint Djago" - yeah, whatever.

(beat)

Listen, I'm despondent, miserable. I fucked up my whole life because of one little... indiscrepancy. It wasn't even really my fault. I dunno. Anyway, I've got two tickets to Saint Andalusia on a plane that leaves in six hours. How would you like to save a dying man's life.

Anika smiles at Djago. He's so cute, even when he's drunk. Her smile drops.

ANIKA

Fuck you. You deserve to die, you miserable piece of shit.

DJAGO

So I guess that's "no"...?

Anika finishes pouring her drink and heads off. Djago finishes his drink and sits down on the couch next to an attractive woman, Jamie.

DJAGO

(continuing)

Hi, I'm Djago.

She smiles at him.

JAMIE

Jamie. Nice to meet you.

Djago decides to try a new approach.

DJAGO

You're very beautiful, Jamie.

(off Jamie's smile)

Y'think beauty is important?

JAMIE

Oh yes, beauty is very important!

DJAGO

Yeah, that's what I thought.

INT. IRENE'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Djago is looking at himself in the mirror. In one hand is the cordless phone and in the other is his address book. He gets done curiously inspecting his face and dives into the address book for a number. He dials a number.

DJAGO (into telephone)

Hello, Marilee? Hi, this is Djago...

Yeah, Saint Djago. It's about two thirty. Yeah, I'm sorry. Yeah, I'm sorry I never called. No, we're not really together anymore. I just... I dunno.

(beat)

Listen, I really enjoyed meeting you and I was wondering if you're busy...?

(beat)

Yeah, now.

He hears the dial tone and looks awkwardly at the phone.

INT. IRENE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Djago makes his way through the crowd trying to be as inconspicuous as possible. He heads for the front door.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Djago stumbles from Irene's house to Bill's house. He looks up at the deep blue San Diego sky.

It's time to have a heart-to-heart with God.

DJAGO

Listen, you up there, listen... lemme in on the joke.

(beat)

I mean, I'm "Saint Djago" for godssake. Oh, sorry.

(beat)

I mean, what's the deal, what's going on down here? What's all this Job stuff, this testing?

Djago's looking up and doesn't notice the telephone pole until...

WHACK!

And Djago goes down.

DJAGO (TO GOD)

Y'see, that's exactly what I'm talking about. It's not my fault. I'm the good guy. I deserve the dream, the American dream, the two point three houses and the kid with the white picket fence. Yeah, me.

Djago picks himself up and approaches Bill's house.

DJAGO

You're gonna take care of me - aren't you? From now on - right?

(beat)

I mean, maybe Elizabeth's gone but there are other proverbial fish in the sea, the sea between here and Saint Andalusia - right?

(beat)

Look at me: I'm decent bait - right? Or at least I used to be. I dunno...

INT. BILL'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Djago enters and crashes onto the couch.

Djago begins to casually thumb through his address book. He looks up at the clock: 3:30.

He spots a number and dials it.

MAN (V.O.)

Hello?! Who is this?

(to lover in background)

Must be your goddamn ex-husband!

Djago hangs up and sighs.

After a moment, Djago thumbs through the book one more time. He's becoming more and more despondent. He looks over at the clock: 4:00 AM. He dials one more number.

DJAGO (into phone)

Hello, Cathy? This is Djago... Hi, it's nice to talk to you too... You

weren't sleeping? Couldn't sleep?
Me neither... Well, I have this
little problem. I have two tickets,
all paid, to Saint Andalusia. No,
Elizabeth and I aren't together
anymore.

Yeah, I remember that time you said,
"If Elizabeth and me ever split up..."

(beat)

Yeah. So listen, the plane leaves in
an hour.

(surprised)

What? You'd love too? Great! Meet
me at the airport in an hour!

(beat)

What? But what? You can't?
Interview. Wednesday? Can't you
cancel it, I mean, postpone it...
Scheduled for a month, it's been...
Well, it was just a thought... Oh
sure, I'll call you when I get
back... Right, thanks, OK... Goodbye.

Djago hangs up the phone and closes the address book with
disgust. It looks like he's going alone.

Morose and still wrecked, Djago slumps into the sofa.

He raises his head with his eyes closed. He opens them and
looks at the clock: 4:25. He gets up and paces around. Or
stumbles, as the case may be.

After a moment he falls back onto the couch and frantically
searches in his pants for his wallet. He finds it and takes
out some money and credit cards. He quickly looks through
them and out falls a little piece of paper. He picks it up
and his face breaks into a smile. He grabs the phone and
dials a number.

DJAGO (into phone)

Pamela, hi, it's Djago... remember
me? Yeah, from the play reading. No,
the Volkswagon. No, we're not going
out anymore. Anyway, I remember that
you're not working right now and...

CUT QUICKLY TO:

EXT. BILL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Djago quickly exits Bill's house carrying nothing. PAMELA
(30) drives up and gets out of her car. She's surprised to
see Djago looking so pale. Djago approaches Pamela and
kisses her perfunctorily on the cheek as she opens the trunk.
She winches: he smells like death. Alcohol is leaking out of
all of the pores of his white flaccid body.

But then again, she's getting a free trip.

PAMELA

Wow, Djago... you look...

DJAGO

Yeah, yeah... I know.

They just look at each other awkwardly.

PAMELA

Where are your bags?

DJAGO

Oh jeez, I almost forgot.

Djago runs back into Bill's house. After a moment he comes back out. He proudly displays his toothbrush.

PAMELA

That's all you're bringing?

DJAGO

Yeah, I like to travel light: I just bring all my worldly possessions.

PAMELA

A toothbrush?

DJAGO

It's a pretty small world these days.

Pamela chuckles - the Djago charm.

DJAGO

(continuing)

Thanks for picking me up. Freakin' taxi driver was supposed to be here twenty minutes ago. Ripped me off for my last twenty bucks.

PAMELA

Don't worry about it. Let's go.

Djago forces a smile at Pamela as she starts to drive to the airport.

DJAGO

So, it's so good to see you - you're really saving my life...

PAMELA

I told you that last week I read for Oliver Stone! He was so nice! He said that he wouldn't call till next month, but...

Pamela hits the gas and goes through a string of red lights.

Awkward silence.

Djago cringes and looks around expecting the police to stop them and haul him away.

INT. AIRPORT - DAY

The sun is just coming up as Djago and Pamela fly through the airport. Pamela is ecstatic.

Djago and Pamela finally reach the ticket counter.

COUNTERGIRL (all smiles)
Good morning, sir, may I have your
tickets please.

She looks over the tickets. Djago smiles at Pamela who nuzzles up to Djago's arm as if they were newlyweds going on their honeymoon.

COUNTERGIRL
And could I just see some form of ID,
like a driver's license or birth
certificate, please?

DJAGO
What for?

COUNTERGIRL
Company policy. We just don't let
anyone on our flights...

DJAGO
Sure...

He turns to Pamela who hands him her driver's license; then he reaches into his own pocket and pulls out his wallet. He finds his license but clumsily drops it on the floor. Then he picks it up and hands it to the COUNTERGIRL. The Countergirl looks at the tickets and Pamela's license.

COUNTERGIRL
I'm sorry but there seems to be some
discrepancy here. What is your name,
ma'am?

DJAGO
What's the difference? Does she look
like a terrorist or something?

COUNTERGIRL (ignoring Djago)
What is your name, ma'am?

PAMELA

Pamela Vancollingberg.

Djago turns and queerly looks at Pamela.

DJAGO

Vancollingberg? I thought it was
Pamela Katee.

PAMELA

No. Kate's my middle name so my
agent just changed it to Katee.

Djago shakes his head.

PAMELA

(continuing)

Vancollingberg is easy to remember
but too hard to pronounce, he said.
Might scare people off...

COUNTERGIRL (trying to be polite)

I'm sorry, but the name on the ticket
says Elizabeth Watts...?

DJAGO (fishing)

Well, about an hour ago Elizabeth
Watts was... in an accident... it was
terrible...

Djago gasps as if it's too painful to talk about. He's still
drunk. At this point in time he'd try to sell the Brooklyn
Bridge to his mother if he thought it would bring him two
seconds of solace. Pamela just stands there awkwardly. The
Countergirl thinks for a minute. Djago regains his composure.

DJAGO

Let's just say that Elizabeth Watts
will not be joining us this morning.
What's the problem?

COUNTERGIRL

Well, we obviously ask to see
identification because the person has
to match the name on the ticket.

DJAGO

Well, this obviously is a special
situation.

COUNTERGIRL

We don't really have "special
situations"; I have to follow the
rules... I can only issue your ticket.

Djago thinks for a moment.

DJAGO (firmly)

Get me the manager!

The Countergirl picks up the intercom and calls the Manager. Djago looks reassuringly at Pamela. She's a bimbo, but even bimbos get disgusted by ridiculous situations. The MANAGER approaches; the Countergirl and the Manager look uncannily alike.

MANAGER (with a big fake smile)
What seems to be the problem, Betty?

COUNTERGIRL
Well, this ticket...

DJAGO
My fiance was hit by a drunk driver and she told me that I should still go to Saint Andalusia... and that I should take her "roommate" Pamela with me...

The Manager looks suspiciously at Pamela. Pamela plays along with a smile.

MANAGER
I'm sorry, sir, but the name on the ticket has to match the name of the person flying. It's our policy.

DJAGO (getting upset)
Fine. So just change the name on the ticket... it's easy.

MANAGER
That's not our policy either, sir.

She holds up the ticket.

MANAGER
(continuing)
Y'see, right here it says non-refundable, non-exchangeable, non...

DJAGO (cutting her off)
Yeah, I know, no nothing! But this is an extraordinary situation! I mean, how often is a passenger struck down by a drunk driver an hour before the flight...

MANAGER
You'd be surprised!

Djago frowns.

DJAGO
Wait-a-minute! You mean to tell me

that I paid such a ridiculous amount
for these tickets and that...

MANAGER (cutting him off)
I'm sure that your travel agent
explained the situation to you, sir.
This flight has been sold out for
months.

Pamela is waiting patiently. The Countergirl finishes
preparing Djago's ticket.

She hands Pamela back her license and Djago his license and
his ticket.

DJAGO (furious)
This is ridiculous! I will not take
'No' for an answer!

INT. AIRPLANE - DAWN

Still furious, Djago pouts in his window seat; there is an
empty seat where Elizabeth should be and then there is Simone
an older woman in the aisle seat.

Djago looks over to her and does a double-take. Could this
be the same woman that he tried to talk to in the same seat
as on his flight from Paris???

It is.

Simone looks down at the empty seat and then at Djago. After
a moment she speaks to him. In perfect English.

SIMONE (happily)
Looks like today is our lucky day!

Simone motions towards the seat and stretches out into it.

DJAGO
Excuse me?

SIMONE
It looks like today is our lucky day.

DJAGO
You speak English?

SIMONE
What does it sound like I'm speaking?

Djago nods. Simone points to the empty seat.

SIMONE
(continuing)
We're lucky to have all this room on
a long flight like this.

Djago understands what she means.

DJAGO

Oh yeah, real lucky!

Simone is taken aback. She starts to read her magazine again.

Djago sees that he offended this innocent old lady and sighs.

DJAGO

(continuing)

I'm sorry. I didn't mean to jump all over you. I just thought you were somebody else...

Simone smiles warmly at him.

SIMONE

It's OK...

DJAGO

It's just that I've just spent the last six hours - well, really the last fifteen years - trying to fill that seat and look:

Both of them look at the empty seat.

SIMONE

It could be worse...

DJAGO

Is that one of those "half-empty, half-full, you-say-maize, we-say-corn, type-things"?

Simone grins kindly at Djago and his self-pity.

SIMONE (after a moment)

No, I just was saying that it could be worse.

DJAGO

How's that?

SIMONE

Your seat could be empty too.

Djago thinks for a second.

DJAGO

Well, there'd really be no point... I've got no place to be, seeing as I lost both my job, my house, all of my possessions, all of my money, my car, and my fiance - in the last twenty-

four hours...

SIMONE

What if I told you that everything always works out for the best, the way it's meant to be?

DJAGO

I'd order a Jack Daniels on the rocks, minimum rocks.

SIMONE

At seven o'clock in the morning?

DJAGO

A Bloody Mary then.

They chuckle. Simone looks down at her magazine and then back at Djago.

SIMONE

Here, lemme do this little test on you from my magazine.

DJAGO

You're not gonna hold up little blobs and ask me what they look like - are you?

SIMONE

No, don't worry about it. It's simple... just relax. You seem a little anxious, nervous.

DJAGO

No, I just... I dunno.

Djago doesn't want to get into it. He takes a deep breath and tries to erase his skepticism. Simone waits for him to settle into his seat. She reads from the magazine.

SIMONE

What's your favorite color?

Djago laughs.

DJAGO

That's it, that's the test?

SIMONE

Uh-huh...

DJAGO

Black.

SIMONE

What does the color black evoke in

your mind?

DJAGO

I dunno... consistency, strength,
something really solid, reliable...

Simone is content with his answer.

SIMONE

What is your favorite animal?

DJAGO

Ah... dogs. I love dogs...

SIMONE

Why?

DJAGO

Because they're faithful. You can
trust them.

Simone hides a little smile.

SIMONE

You wake up one morning and you're in
a completely white room, everything
is white. What do you feel?

DJAGO

Reborn.

Simone smiles wildly.

DJAGO

(continuing)

What? What is it?

SIMONE

Wait-a-second, I have one more
question: what do you think of when
you think of a huge buffet of food?

DJAGO

Love.

Both of them sit there looking intensely at each other.

DJAGO

(continuing)

So... what's it mean?

SIMONE

Have you ever met anyone who loved
food as much as you do?

Djago reflects.

DJAGO

Well, Elizabeth, my ex. We used to make huge gourmet meals together or go out to great restaurants.

Simone looks knowingly at him.

DJAGO

(continuing)

So what's it mean?

Simone reads from magazine again.

SIMONE

Your favorite color is how you perceive yourself.

DJAGO

Consistent, reliable?

SIMONE

Is that you?

DJAGO

I guess so, at least I was until last week.

SIMONE

What happened last week?

DJAGO

Forbidden fruit is what happened last week.

Simone smiles - she knows what he's talking about.

DJAGO

(continuing)

Anyway, what does the next question mean?

SIMONE

Favorite animal, that's what you desire from your sexual partner.

They smile knowingly at each other.

SIMONE

(continuing)

Dog: faithful. "Fido" in latin means fidelity.

Djago raises his eyebrows.

SIMONE

(continuing; reading from the magazine)

The white room represents what you feel towards death: like it would be a re-birth.

Djago thinks for a beat.

DJAGO

Wow, that's pretty heavy.

Simone looks at him.

SIMONE

What did you say to the last one again?

DJAGO

I'm kinda embarrassed: I said, "Love".

Simone smiles warmly.

DJAGO

(continuing)

Why? What's it mean?

SIMONE

Food represents what you get out of sex.

Djago doesn't know what to say.

DJAGO

Well...

Simone looks down and reads out of her magazine.

SIMONE

"But you have to understand that sex means different things to different people: some people just go through the motions like actors, and other people take off like rockets. If you ask them afterwards what happened they can't tell you because there's no separation between their minds and their bodies... That's what "real love" is, that's what is sometimes called "First Love", when people's souls are linked, when they are soulmates. The others don't get past the physical. There's a spiritual side to sex, the connection."

Djago frowns. He understands.

SIMONE

(continuing)

What? What is it?

Djago's eyes start to glaze over.

DJAGO

Nothing... I'm just tired. I haven't
slept in a long time.

Djago yawns.

SIMONE'S POV: she looks down at the magazine as she closes
it: the pages are completely blank. There's nothing there
about soulmates or anything. She must have been making it
all up.

SIMONE

Here, look at this.

Simone takes a watch out of her pocket and holds it up to
Djago who laughs nervously.

DJAGO

What? You're gonna hypnotize me?

SIMONE

No, just look at it. It will help
you relax.

Djago notices the watch's face and looks down at his own
watch.

DJAGO

It's broken. The hands are stuck at
noon, but it's only 7:30.

SIMONE

It doesn't matter. All time is one.
Every moment is now.

Djago's eyes burst open. This is exactly what Elizabeth said
to him in their dream. Djago looks again at Simone's watch.

SIMONE

(continuing)

Count backward from ten, Djago.

Djago hesitates, then does it.

DJAGO

Ten...

And he's out like a light. Simone runs her hand over his
eyes the way a coroner would run his hands over the eyes of
a corpse.

EXT. SKY - DAY

In a WIDE SHOT of the open blue sky we follow the plane as it appears to develop some sort of engine trouble.

We watch from a distance as the plane begins to slowly dive towards the ocean. Finally it begins to spin out of control and eventually it does a nose dive into the water.

INT. LUGGAGE CAROUSAL/AIRPORT - DAY

CLOSE ON DJAGO AS HE COMES DOWN THE ESCALATOR

There's a thick mist in the air behind Djago - as if he's not just coming down an escalator but he's descending from heaven back onto earth. Djago looks around. He's a little lost. He rubs the crud out of his eyes as if he has just awakened from a long sleep. We know that he has died and gone to heaven but Djago is totally unsuspecting.

Djago spots Simone and follows her to the luggage carousal. He catches up to her.

DJAGO

I didn't check any luggage, but I'll wait for you if you like. I don't really have any place particular to be... and I've never been here before... so I'm kinda lost, I guess...

SIMONE (smiling warmly)

What d'ya want to hang out with an old bag like me for? There's an entire world waiting for you outside those doors.

She points to the exit.

DJAGO's POV: THE LARGE TRANSLUCENT EXIT DOORS

Djago doesn't know what she is saying. He squints at the doors.

DJAGO

What are you saying?

SIMONE

That all of this was made for you and... hey, that's my luggage.

Simone cuts herself off as she grabs her luggage off of the carousel.

DJAGO

I don't understand.

SIMONE

It's OK. But you must go now.

Djago is lost. He just stands there.

SIMONE

(continuing)

Go on, this was the way it's meant to be. Trust me.

Something about the way she says his name strikes a chord in him. Slowly he turns and heads towards the exit doors. From the inside of the airport we can't see what's on the other side of the doors.

Djago takes small paces towards the door. He turns and looks back. Simone waves him on.

EXT. AIRPORT TAXI STAND - DAY

CLOSE ON DJAGO'S WORRIED FACE

The doors open and Djago cautiously walks in SLOW MOTION through the doors looking around.

DJAGO'S POV: Outside everything is crystal clear and sparkling brilliantly, as if a filter were just taken off of the lens. The trees are pristine and the sky is deep blue. This place is really heaven.

Djago slowly heads towards the taxi stand. There's nobody around and Djago heads for the only taxi in line. Just as he reaches the taxi, a young girl, ELIZABETH (18), suddenly appears and approaches him intensely.

Djago is shaken abruptly out of slow motion as she gently touches his arm.

ELIZABETH

Excuse me, sir?

Djago is taken aback.

DJAGO (awkwardly)

Yes?

They look at each other for a moment. Djago looks deep into her eyes. Both of them have an eternal look on their faces as if they've been here an infinite number of times before.

ELIZABETH (innocently)

I just wanted to know if we could share the taxi... there's only one...

Djago looks down to road to see if any more taxis are coming: nothing. He looks down at this pure and innocent yet

sophisticated beauty.

DJAGO (after a moment)
Uhm... sure, why not?

ELIZABETH
Great.

The DRIVER pops the trunk lid and both of them throw their bags into the truck.

INT. TAXI DRIVING ON ISLAND - DAY

From either side they enter the taxi. Djago looks a little nervous and Elizabeth is relaxed.

ELIZABETH
Where are you going?

Djago is embarrassed by his own stupidity. He cups his face in his hands.

DJAGO
Jesus, I knew I forgot something!

ELIZABETH
What, what is it, did you leave something on the plane?

DJAGO
Yeah, my brain.

ELIZABETH
That's not so bad.

DJAGO
Excuse me?

ELIZABETH
I mean, at least you didn't leave your soul.

She smiles at him and laughs at her own joke.

DJAGO
I guess. What I meant was that I was going to try to make hotel reservations from the airport but things have been a little hectic so I forgot.

ELIZABETH
I know this place that's supposed to be really beautiful, if you're interested.

DJAGO

Well, I don't really know where else
to go...

Djago thinks for a moment.

DJAGO

(continuing)

I guess I'll try your hotel and if
it's full then I'll just go to
another...

ELIZABETH (to the driver)

Paradise Cove, please...

Djago shakes his head. They ride in silence for a moment.
Both of them look out the window at the virgin forest with
the crystal clear water glistening in the background. It's
really beautiful here, the most heavenly place on earth.

Occasionally Djago and Elizabeth take breaks from looking at
the incredible foliage to sneak little glances at each other.
Elizabeth is totally secure about the situation but Djago
senses that something is bizarre. After some time Djago gets
a thought.

DJAGO (like a child)

Hey, lemme ask you something?

ELIZABETH

Sure, what?

DJAGO

What's your favorite color?

ELIZABETH

You're not going to ask me my sign -
are you?

DJAGO

No, just the color.

ELIZABETH

Black.

DJAGO

Why black?

ELIZABETH

It's reliable, solid.

Djago finds this extremely interesting.

DJAGO

What's your favorite animal?

ELIZABETH

Dog.

Djago's ears perk up even more.

DJAGO

Why?

ELIZABETH

I guess because they're faithful.

Djago can't believe his ears.

DJAGO

You walk into a white room,
everything is absolutely white, the
walls, the floor, everything. What
do you feel?

Elizabeth closes her eyes and imagines the room for a moment.
Then her eyes pop open.

ELIZABETH

Reborn.

Djago is trying to contain his excitement.

DJAGO

Oh yeah, the last question...

The TAXI pulls into the hotel. On the left is the quaint
little hotel and straight ahead of the taxi is the beach and
the beautiful ocean.

EXT. PARADISE COVE BEACH HOTEL - DAY

A BELLHOP comes out and takes the luggage from the trunk.

ELIZABETH

Go ahead, what's the last question?

Djago and Elizabeth get out of the taxi. Djago looks over
the roof of the car at Elizabeth.

DJAGO

Food, what do you think of when you
think of a large buffet filled with
all kinds of food?

ELIZABETH (unassuming, innocently)

Food to me is love. I mean, I love
food. I feel all warm when I eat...

Djago smiles wildly.

ELIZABETH

What, what is it?

Just then the hotel manager, JODY, comes out of the door of

the hotel and approaches Elizabeth.

JODY

Hi, you must be Elizabeth!

Djago's ears perk up when he hears her name for the first time. He can't believe that her name is also Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH

Yes, it's nice to meet you. And this is...

Djago just stands there for a moment staring at Elizabeth. He can't take his eyes off of her as she's interacting with Jody. He squints for a moment then snaps back to reality.

DJAGO

Djago... it's nice to meet you.

Elizabeth and Djago both hand the Driver a ten dollar bill and he gets back into the car and drives off.

JODY

I saved you the room at the end with the view of the beach. It's a good thing you called when you did. We're all booked up.

ELIZABETH

Oh no!

JODY

Why, what's wrong?

ELIZABETH

Well, Djago needs a place to stay.

JODY

Oh, I thought...

(that you were
together)

I'm sorry but we're booked.

The three of them stand there for a moment; it's an awkward situation. Jody and Elizabeth look at each other.

DJAGO

Listen, there's no problem. I told you at the airport that I didn't have anyplace particular to go. I'll just call another taxi and go to another hotel.

JODY

I'll call one of the other places to see if they have any rooms.

DJAGO

That'd be great. Thank you.

Elizabeth is perturbed.

ELIZABETH

No, that's not right. Listen, I told you about this place. You can stay in my room...

(to Jody)

What type of room is it, Jody?

Jody shakes her head in a negative way.

DJAGO

That's very kind but we just met and my life is really fucked-up right now and I think it's best for everyone if I spend a little time alone. I dunno, everything has been so extreme lately, I kinda just need to chill for a while.

They look at each other for a moment.

DJAGO (to Jody)

If you could just make those calls, I would really appreciate it. I'm just gonna wait out on the beach. Is there anyplace to buy a beer around here?

JODY

Just grab a towel, go out to the beach, and I'll have someone bring you a beer, on the house. I'll call you when the taxi arrives.

DJAGO

That's extremely kind of you. Thank you very much.

Jody heads back to her office.

ELIZABETH (friendly, innocently)

Are you sure about this?

(beat)

You can share my room with me if you like.

Djago looks this young woman up and down and thinks for a moment.

DJAGO

Really, that's very kind of you, but... I dunno, I really think it's for the best if I spend a little time

alone.

I've kinda just lost everything that
I thought was important to me and I
need to figure out what has been
going on...

Djago offers her his hand to shake. She shakes his hand and they look into each other's eyes. The Bellhop interrupts them and leads Elizabeth to her room.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Djago gazes at the ocean and looks for the perfect spot on the beach. The sun hangs low in the sky, getting ready to drift over the horizon. The sand is crystal clear and there is nobody around for miles. It's really paradise here at the edge of the world. The Bellhop approaches Djago and brings him an ice cold bottle of beer.

DJAGO

Thank you very much... thank you.

The Bellhop smiles politely. Djago walks over beneath a palm tree and sits down. He takes a sip of the beer that hits him like an elixir. He looks at the bottle: beer has never tasted this good.

He takes another sip and settles into the sand which he feels with his free hand.

DJAGO'S POV: THE WHITE WAVES CRASHING ONTO THE BEACH

Djago takes a deep breath and falls into a sleepy daze as if he had been hypnotized by the waves.

Slowly but surely his eyes close tightly and he falls into a tranquil peaceful sleep.

The CAMERA gently caresses Djago's sleeping face and then ends up in back of him looking at the wide open ocean.

In the distance Elizabeth appears. She is wearing a one-piece bathing suit and she walks straight forward without breaking stride until she hits the water.

Djago is out cold. She doesn't notice him. Elizabeth swims gracefully around in water. She comes out of the water and spots Djago lying on the sand. She walks over to him. She notices that he's sleeping. She smiles. Elizabeth squeezes a drop of water from the end of her hair that falls right onto Djago's lips.

Djago tastes the drop then touches his finger to his lips without ever opening his eyes.

Elizabeth does it again.

Djago wakes and sits up. He looks like a new man, peaceful, serene, and calm.

DJAGO

Hey, how's the water?

ELIZABETH

Amazing!

(beat)

You never told me what it meant.

DJAGO

What 'what' meant?

ELIZABETH

Those questions.

DJAGO

Oh yeah...

Jody approaches and interrupts them.

JODY

Hey, how are you?

DJAGO

I'm feeling better.

ELIZABETH

He spent that "little time alone" he needed to sort out his existence...

The three of them chuckle.

JODY

Well, then I guess that is the good news.

DJAGO

What's the bad news?

Jody and Elizabeth look at each other and smile.

ELIZABETH

There is no bad news because Djago is staying with me.

DJAGO

No, really...

ELIZABETH

Listen, you said you needed to spend some time alone and that's just what you did.

DJAGO (to Jody)

What's the deal?

JODY

Booked solid, the whole island.

DJAGO

That's impossible.

JODY

I called everywhere; I swear.

ELIZABETH

There's no problem and there's no discussion.

Jody heads back towards the office. She turns back.

JODY

We have a special dinner tonight.
Should I put you down for two?

Elizabeth and Djago smile at each other.

DJAGO

Y'better put us down for four.

JODY

Four?

DJAGO

We love food!

Elizabeth chuckles and Jody smiles. Jody walks off.
Elizabeth takes Djago romantically by the arm.

ELIZABETH

So what's it mean, Djago?

DJAGO

I dunno...

ELIZABETH (cute)

I have a secret that I've been
meaning to tell you...

DJAGO

What is it?

She whispers in his ear.

ELIZABETH

All of this was made for you and me.

Djago doesn't know what to think. How could she know? She
gently kisses him.

ELIZABETH

(continuing)

So tell me what you meant when you said that you threw your life away and that everything was messed-up.

Djago is hesitant to rehash everything that happened in the last week.

DJAGO

Well... y'know when you lean back in your chair, on two legs, and you're about to fall backwards but you get this surge of power out of nowhere that fights against the gravity pulling down on your back where the wind is sure to knocked out of you?

ELIZABETH

Uh-huh.

DJAGO

Well, I never got that surge.

Elizabeth chuckles.

DJAGO

(continuing)

Everything just exploded at once. As if I had done one little thing wrong and that set off a whole chain of events.

Djago thinks for a moment.

DJAGO

(continuing)

I dunno, all I remember is this guy Jerry asking me to go to dinner... and I didn't know what to do. It was a stupid little thing but... I dunno...

(beat)

Then...

Djago looks around to make sure that nobody else can hear them.

DJAGO

(continuing)

Then... the devil tempted me away from my fiance...

Elizabeth plays along and speaks softly, as if they were spies discussing a top-secret mission.

ELIZABETH

Meaning that you lost faith. Don't

worry. Everything happens for a reason, Saint Djago from San Diego!

DJAGO

How'd you know that everyone calls me that?

ELIZABETH

It's obvious; it's written on your face.

(beat)

Here, I got a little present for you:

Elizabeth stands and reaches behind her neck. She undoes one clasp and her bathing suit falls to her waist - reminiscent of Elizabeth in the first scene. Except this Elizabeth is now naked topless on the beach. Djago quickly rises, looks around, and takes off his shirt to cover her up. She resists. They start to run around the beach like children playing tag.

DJAGO

Hey, slow down!

(running after her)

I'm not as young as you!

ELIZABETH

Yes, you are!

Elizabeth runs around a corner to a secluded cove.

EXT. SECLUDED COVE - DUSK

After a minute Djago catches up to her. Finally Djago tackles her in the sand. Both of them are laughing joyously. After a few more moments Djago finally catches his breath.

ELIZABETH

I had this dream once... I dreamt that I was sitting on a beach, the most beautiful beach in the world with white white sand and crystal clear water and you could see the fish running around by your feet. They weren't afraid.

This phrase strikes a chord in Djago. He begins to listen more attentively.

ELIZABETH

(continuing)

And we're together... and that's the only thing that matters. It's strange, like a garden of eden, where there's no past... and we're able to start over. And we trusted each other to be faithful forever.

(beat)

I mean, I'm sorry, Djago, that I cheated on you. Please forgive me.

DJAGO

I don't understand, what are you talking about...?

ELIZABETH

I know that your first love is really important but... I dunno... I wasn't thinking. Or, I guess I was just selfish. Or immature. I knew that we were meant to be together - yeah, I know that we're young - so, I dunno, I feel like I just messed up my life - but I always knew that we would be together again so...

Djago can't believe what she's saying. He looks at her as if she's speaking gibberish.

ELIZABETH

(continuing)

That's how I know that you're a liar.

DJAGO

What do you mean?

ELIZABETH

Because of the woman who reintroduces us. That's why I called you a liar.

It's because of her that you're here, that soul-less whore. She's the snake; she's the fire-breather. She doesn't know about true love, about first love. She just knows about sex. She's the devil.

Djago looks carefully at Elizabeth talk about Britta Deschamp from Paris. Djago thinks about what she's saying. She moves closer to him.

DJAGO

So what are you saying, that our souls were together when we were... where? When? What year? In another life?

ELIZABETH

I guess so - I mean, not in this life, but we've definitely been together before.

DJAGO

And you knew it would be like this...

from your dream?

ELIZABETH

Uh-huh.

DJAGO

So Britta was some type of karmic
revenge for what you did to me
before - is that what you're saying?

Elizabeth looks him in the eyes.

ELIZABETH

Uh-huh...

DJAGO

To put us back together?

Elizabeth put her arms around his neck and gently whispers in
his ear.

ELIZABETH

Come with me, I want to show you
something.

Djago reluctantly follows her. The setting sun glistens off
of the ocean as Elizabeth leads Djago on the beach towards
the water.

ELIZABETH

(continuing)

Listen, just trust me...

DJAGO

I don't really feel like swimming now.

ELIZABETH

Trust me...

Elizabeth kisses him gently and looks him deep in the eyes.

ELIZABETH

(continuing)

You had to fall in order that we
could be together again. Together
forever. It was all meant to be.

(beat)

I promise you, just follow me into
the water.

Djago thinks for a moment and then decides that she's
probably right. He sheds the rest of his clothes and follows
her. They take little steps into the crystal clear ocean.
They continue to advance until they go in over their heads.
They stay under for as long as possible.

UNDER WATER we see ELIZABETH kiss DJAGO.

Around them are many fish; they aren't scared of Djago and Elizabeth.

The camera pulls back to the beach to reveal the whole beach as Djago and Elizabeth come out of the water. But it's not the ELIZABETH (18) and DJAGO (35) that went into the water. Now it's ELIZABETH and DJAGO both eighteen years-old who playfully splash each other in the water.

ELIZABETH
(continuing)
Djago, watch this.

She lifts herself high out of the water and then dives in like a porpoise. Djago waits for her to come up.

And waits.

DJAGO
Elizabeth?
(beat)
Elizabeth.

Finally she comes up. She's excited that she held her breath that long - she's bursting with joy - now she knows that she can accomplish her goal.

DJAGO
(continuing)
Stop playin' around.

ELIZABETH
Come with me. Trust me. It'll be
alright.

Djago thinks for a moment as he looks Elizabeth in the eyes.

DJAGO
OK. Let's go.

And with that she raises herself even higher out of the water and plunges deep down like a dolphin. DJAGO follows suit.

INT. HOTEL GEORGE V/PARIS - DAY

DJAGO (35) sleeps soundly with a confident smile tight on his lips. Djago slowly wakes up. He stretches happily. He looks at the clock: 9:00 AM. He casually reaches for the telephone.

INT. DJAGO & ELIZABETH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The ringing telephone wakes up ELIZABETH (32). She flicks on the lights and slowly picks up the phone. She's still half asleep.

ELIZABETH

Djago?

Start intercut

DJAGO

Hi honey, how are you?

ELIZABETH

Fine. And you? What time is it there?

DJAGO

Nine o'clock. You were dreaming - weren't you?

ELIZABETH

We were in the water.

DJAGO

Yes, I know. OK, good.

Elizabeth is slightly baffled.

ELIZABETH

What d'ya mean?

DJAGO

I was just checking to make sure that you had the same dream...

Elizabeth doesn't really know what to say.

DJAGO

(continuing)

The water was crystal clear. And the beach was filled with white white sand.

ELIZABETH

Yeah, like in Saint Andalusia...

Djago's ecstatic.

DJAGO

I can't wait to get home.

ELIZABETH

I can't wait to be with you forever.

EXT. GRAND PALAIS/PARIS - DAY

Djago enters the Grand Palais.

INT. GRAND PALAIS/PARIS - DAY

Djago enters the huge convention hall and heads towards his

booth. A thousand computer software salesmen peddle their wares. Djago waves 'hi' to some of his colleagues before making his way to his booth. He's got a spring in his step today. Djago nods 'hi' to Jerry at the neighboring booth.

DJAGO

Morning.

JERRY

Saint Djago from San Diego -
g'morning.

Djago just goes about his business setting up his display of goods and software programs.

LATER

The workday has passed and Djago is closing up his stand.

DJAGO

Thanks, Jer. You closing up now?

JERRY

Yeah, let's call it a day. Y'wanna
get some dinner.

Djago thinks intently. He knows now that this is his moment of truth, this ridiculous seemingly meaningless moment. He doesn't know what to do to avoid the evil fate that may be awaiting him.

DJAGO

I dunno...

Djago looks over to the entrance of the Grand Palais and sees Britta enter.

DJAGO

(continuing)

Y'know, as a matter of fact, I'm
feeling mighty hungry. We'll walk
over to Fouquets and get something.

Jerry smiles with surprise.

Djago is changing his destiny.

JERRY

Great.

BRITTA approaches Djago's counter. Jerry does a double-take as she picks up one of Djago's business prospectuses. Djago just stands there staring Britta dead in the eyes with a menacing look on his face.

DJAGO

Yeah. Can I help you?

Britta slowly moves her eyes up from the prospectus to Djago's legs, then his torso, then finally his eyes. She just stands there for a moment looking at him as if they were the last two people on earth.

DJAGO
(continuing)
Want do you want?

BRITTA
Ah... I heard I should talk to Djago.
Are you Djago?

DJAGO
Yeah.

She reaches out her hand to shake his. He just stands there with his hands folded.

BRITTA
I'm Britta Deschamp.
(beat)
Well, I wanted to talk to you about one of your programs but... I can see you're closing up so... I'll come back tomorrow.

DJAGO
Don't bother. What you're buying isn't for sale, honey.

Jerry can't believe his ears. He butts in.

JERRY
Jesus, Djago, what the hell is wrong with you?

DJAGO
It's just the devil trying to tempt me. Don't worry about it.

Jerry just stands there laughing nervously at his obviously insane friend.

Djago finishes packing up.

EXT. GRAND PALAIS/PARIS - NIGHT

Djago and Jerry exit the Grand Palais and head up the Champs D'elysee. Not twenty feet from the exit is Britta sitting on a bench nervously trying to light a cigarette. She spots Djago and stands up to greet him.

She tries to hand Djago her lighter so that he can be a gentleman and light her cigarette for her. Djago grab the lighter and chucks it as far as he can into the street. Then

he stands there laughing like a maniac.

JERRY

Jesus Djago, we all know that smoking is bad for you but don't you think that you may be over-reacting???

Jerry steps in and lights her cigarette for her.

DJAGO

Jerry, meet Britta. Britta, Jerry.

BRITTA

Where are you two off to?

Djago hesitates; he refuses to smile.

JERRY

Uh... would you care to join us for a drink?

DJAGO

Jerry... don't you know who this is?

JERRY

Yes. A very beautiful woman.

Jerry pulls Djago aside.

JERRY

(continuing)

Djago, my divorce just went through last week. If you're not gonna take the bait then I am.

DJAGO

With my best wishes, my friend.

They turn back to Britta.

DJAGO

(continuing)

I'm outta here. You two have a lovely evening.

Britta thinks for a beat.

BRITTA

I was really hoping that you would join us.

(beat)

There's no harm in having one drink - is there?

DJAGO

Yes, there is. I'm getting married next week.

BRITTA

All the more reason.

Djago smiles.

DJAGO

I'm flattered, really... but I'm not
that thirsty.

Djago starts to walk away.

Jerry stands there with Britta who is smiling devilishly.

BRITTA (to herself)

Of course you are. You're just a man.

EXT. CHAMPS D'ELYSEE - NIGHT

Djago walks up the Champs and speaks to the universe.

DJAGO (proud, to himself)

No, I'm not. I'm not just a man.

EXT. GRAND PALAIS/PARIS - NIGHT

JERRY

I am.

(beat)

Thirsty.

(beat)

And just a man.

Britta sighs then refocuses her attention on the easy prey,
Jerry. She puts her hand around his arm and they start to
walk off together into the sunset.

INT. HOTEL GEORGE V/PARIS - NIGHT

Djago eats dinner alone in the hotel dining room. He reads
the paper.

After a few minutes he spots Jerry and Britta enter and head
towards the elevators. They kiss passionately. Djago smiles
widely.

INT. FRENCH SATELLITE COMPANY - DAY

Djago finishes giving his presentation and proposal to the
French Businessman.

DJAGO

... our program will vastly improve
the efficiency of your ability to
manipulate those satellites and the
information that they're giving you.
Thank you.

MONSIEUR LECLERC

Well, Mister Schafer, I think I speak on behalf of all of us when I tell you that we're all in favor of your proposition.

(off Djago's smile)

All you have to do is meet with the Minister of the Interior and get his approval.

Djago nods his head confidently.

INT. MINISTER BADEAU'S OFFICE - DAY

Minister Badeau stands, smiles widely, and extends a welcome hand to Djago.

BADEAU

It's a deal.

Djago looks into the camera and smiles "I know."

INT. DJAGO & ELIZABETH'S KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Elizabeth is in the kitchen cooking. She's wearing a bathrobe. After a few moments of setting plates and trays she looks contentedly at her masterpiece, the dining room table. She hears the key jiggle in the front lock and she smiles, takes a step back, lowers the lights, and lets her bathrobe drop to the floor. Now she looks as if she just stepped out of the Victoria's Secret catalogue. Djago enters the front door carrying his carry-on bag, garment bag, and some briefcases.

DJAGO

I'm home...

Both of them are all smiles.

She runs over to him and hugs him. They hug for an eternity.

Then Elizabeth breaks off and spins around to show off her teddy.

DJAGO

(continuing)

Wow... that's a new one...

ELIZABETH (referring to her body)

All of this was made for you and me,
my friend.

Djago smiles. He loves it when she says this line. They jump back into each other's arms.

ELIZABETH

So tell me about Paris and all the beautiful women who wanted to tempt you away from me.

DJAGO

Not in a thousand years.

ELIZABETH

Not in a thousand years - about the women or the tempting?

DJAGO

Both. It's just you 'n me, kiddo. I love you and I know that you're the only woman for me for all eternity. This is the way it has to be. This is the way it was meant to be. You and I are a destiny.

Then the kissing starts.

ELIZABETH

Wow, I've never heard you talk like that before.

Then the grappling at clothing begins.

DJAGO

All of this was made for you and me.

Then the falling to the kitchen floor begins.

ELIZABETH

How can you be so sure all of a sudden?

DJAGO

I've never been more sure of anything in my life.

ELIZABETH

Good. Me either. So you're not worried anymore about getting married...?

DJAGO

We're not waiting for this weekend, babe. I changed our tickets to Saint Andalusia. We leave tomorrow.

ELIZABETH

Fine with me. I've been packed for months.

They kiss again - they're the happiest lovers in the world - and that's how we leave them as we...

FADE OUT

