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INT. FLIGHTCABIN - DAY

Kate is waiting nervously for take off.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT (V.O.)

Welcome to Air Canada, nonstop service to Paris. Our flying time is an estimated seven hours, twenty minutes. Ensure your seat belt is fastened and that your chair back is in the upright position. We'll be taking off shortly. We hope you have a pleasant flight.

KATE

I hate Paris in the springtime

I hate Paris in the fall

I hate Paris in the summer when it sizzles

I hate Paris in the winter when it drizzles

I hate Paris

Oh why, oh why do I hate Paris?

Because my love is there...

With his slut girlfriend!

This is my first time flying. I'm just kind of nervous. First time. Do you speak any English? Did your mother ever teach you about staring?

LUC

What do you think? The plane is going to crash and we are all on the ground in a thousand pieces dead? I promise you, if it happens, you won't feel a thing.

KATE

You're French, aren't you?

LUC

Luc Teyssier. I'm curious. How have you got around your whole life? Or do you just stay in your house with the doors locked?

KATE

I get around as nature intended...
in a car.

Flight attendant speaks something in french.

KATE (CONT'D)

What did she say? That sounded
serious.

LUC

The pilot says there is a crack in
the engine, but not to worry he
take off anyway.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT (V.O.)

Please remember that the use of
cellular phones and other
electronic devices is forbidden
during takeoff.

KATE

I don't know what they taught you
in France, but rude and interesting
are not the same thing.

The plane shakes.

KATE (CONT'D)

God!

CAPTAIN (V.O.)

Folks, we're about third in line
for takeoff. Just relax. We should
be in the air in just a couple of
minutes.

KATE

Look, I've almost got the stone
cottage going, so could you please
stop looking at me?

LUC

Is incredible!

KATE

What?

LUC

Your every muscle in your body is
tense. Even the lids of your eyes.
Your nostrils are closing up. How
do you do that? Me, I love to fly.
Especially this moment.

(MORE)

LUC (CONT'D)

The plane getting ready to charge the runway. The engines screaming. The pressure building. The force of it slams you back in the seat. And then... you are in the air. Everything else is behind you. There's only one other place in life where I feel this kind of exhilaration.

KATE

Oh yeah, where's that?

LUC

It is...

KATE

No. Don't tell me. Just let me guess.

CAPTAIN

Flight attendants, prepare for take off.

KATE

Oh God. I don't think I can do this.

LUC

Did you ever think that maybe it's not the airplane?

KATE

What's not the airplane?

LUC

That, maybe it is something else you're afraid of?

KATE

What are you talking about?

LUC

Do I have to say it?

KATE

Am I going to be able to stop you?

LUC

It is obvious to me it is not the plane you're afraid of. I know your type.

KATE
What type is that?

LUC
You're afraid to live. Really live.

KATE
Oh, God.

LUC
You are afraid of life. You are
afraid of love. You are afraid of
sex.

KATE
That is ridiculous.

LUC
I can tell from looking at your
face. The way you dress, with your
little white buttons all the way up
to here...

KATE
Get away!

LUC
You're the kind of woman in bed,
you're waiting under the covers,
the light is going off, and then,
like a rabbit...

KATE
What? What is the matter with you?

LUC
I know...

KATE
You don't know me, you don't know
anything about me, you don't know
what I do.

LUC
You are afraid.

KATE
And Charlie never complained. Stop
it. There were those couple of
months where I just didn't feel
like it. But that was a long time
ago and I was in-between teaching
jobs. Yes.

(MORE)

KATE (CONT'D)

And for you to sit there with that smug expression and tell me that I have a problem with my life and my Charlie, is insane.

LUC

Oh yes. You're very excitable. I'm sorry I brought it up.

KATE

Look at you. You're just some nicotine-saturated and sorry to say hygiene-deficient Frenchman.

LUC

Oh! Look. What a fantastic view. (Bing) Now if you will excuse me, I must go do as nature intended.

Luc gets up and goes to the restroom.

INT. FLIGHTCABIN - MOMENTS LATER

Luc returns with a handful of vodka miniature bottles and two plastic cups with ice. As he sits down and methodically pours himself drink after drink, Kate stares back and forth between him, his glass and the empty glass, until curiosity defies her resentment.

KATE

Excuse me. Can I ask you something. It's....it's Lic, isn't it.

LUC

Luc.

KATE

Lyc.

LUC

No not looc. Luc.

KATE

Ljuke?

LUC

You want to ask me something or no?

KATE

No. Forget it.

LUC

I forget already.

KATE

This is the thing. When we were taking off and you said all that stuff, did you mean it or were you just trying to make me angry, I mean do I look like the kind of person who doesn't have had a good time.

LUC

Uh, you were, uh, how old, uh, when you, uh, lost it?

Luc pours vodka in the other glass.

KATE

It? What it?

LUC

You know, uh. It, it. Your, uh, flower.

KATE

Oh flower. Aif...pft...flower is none of your business.

He hands her the glass.

LUC

I ask you because, you know, some people, uh, they rush, uh toward the, uh, fatal moment. Their bodies bursting to discover. Others guard it like some precious gift and the wait and wait and wait.

KATE

Yeah, you I supposed rushed.

LUC

Like a bull.

KATE

Yeah, I have a picture in my mind. It is very clear.

LUC

A young bull.

KATE

How young.

LUC

Thirteen.

KATE

Thirteen!?

LUC

No, you are right I was twelve. Magda. She was, uh, a putan, uh, a prostitute. She, uh, lived just outside my town. Just by a little bridge. She was, uh, not beautiful. But, she had this mouth. Oh, it was another world waiting there. But I did not have the money for the kissing, only for the, uh, you know.

KATE

I don't understand.

LUC

Well, to kiss a prostitute it cost more. It has always been.

KATE

Ah, that makes sense. A kiss is so...so intimate, I mean, you can probably disconnect from everything else, but a kiss...

(sighs)

Two peoples lips together. Their breaths. A little bit of their souls.

(of his look)

All I mean is a kiss is where the romance is.

LUC

Ah oui, that is what I felt back then. So the next day I stole 50 francs from my brother Antoine, and I went back and I kissed Magda for half an hour. It was very good. Now you.

Luc poors her more vodka.

KATE

Now me what?

LUC

Well, it is your turn. I tell you, now you tell me. I am all ears.

KATE

Alright, yeah, uh...No, I didn't, I uh...I didn't rush, you were right, but I didn't hide from it either. I wanted it to be great, and I was, uh, eighteen. Jeff the jock. My basement. Valentines day. Jeopardy in the background. It's a game show on TV.

LUC

Uh huh, Sheh-a-pardy, we have it.

KATE

Jeff said it would last longer with the show on to distract him. He'd get all the answers wrong except for sports. At double jeopardy he was done. By final jeopardy he was on his way home. So, yeah, first time was bad. But since then its been mainly good, and now I found somebody special, so its great. Can I ask you something. Do you believe in love, the kind that lasts forever?

LUC

(thinks hard)
I loved my mother.

KATE

No. Everybody loves their mother. Even people who hate their mothers love their mothers. The question is one man meant for one woman, that is the question.

LUC

But, uh, it is not an interesting question. It is a question of a little girl who believes in fairy tales.

Kate pushes her drink away.

KATE

No, its an everyone question. Its a question that everyone THINKS they have the answer to, until one day something happens.

Luc is lost.

LUC
Something happen?

KATE
I understand.
(laughs a little)
I understand. One love for you
would be like having to eat home
for the rest of your life, and you
probably like to go out to a
different restaurant at every
chance you can get.

Kate grabs Luc's stomach to tease him, and accidentally grabs something that he is hiding there. Luc recoils.

LUC
Ah!

KATE
Oh!

LUC
Careful now, OK?

KATE
What is that?

LUC
It is nothing.

KATE
Do you have something in there? Are
you hiding something?

LUC
I have nothing. Uh, excuse me.

Luc gets up.

KATE
I...I'm sorry. Pardonne moi.

LUC
No, no, I have to go again.

As he leaves.

KATE
Again?