

TAKE FLIGHT

Written By

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Part One: Lost

EXT. CAIS DA RIBEIRA. RIVER BANK - DAY

A 28 year old once handsome looking now slightly shabby, JACK, lies on the bank of the river Douro in Porto using his dark furred Labrador, BRUCE, as a pillow to rest the back of his head against.

EXT. CAIS DA RIBEIRA

Many TOURISTS walk along the Cais da Ribeira; the majority of which, turning to look at Jack.

A MOTHER walks with her 7 YEAR OLD SON; the son notices Jack and his dog. He tugs at his mothers arm:

7 YEAR OLD SON

Momma-momma.

The mother continues to walk, pulling her son closer:

MOTHER

Don't stare.

The mother and son continue to walk.

EXT. BAR PONTE PENSIL. TERRACE - MEANWHILE

A YOUNG COUPLE, MAN and WOMAN, sit drinking against the stone ledge of the exterior terrace looking down on Jack.

WOMAN

He isn't begging for money and he doesn't look homeless.

MAN

Must just be the resident style?

WOMAN

Or maybe he just doesn't care?

The woman looks her partner up and down:

WOMAN

Not everyone follows the crowd.

MAN

So you want me more like him?

The woman shakes her head:

(CONTINUED)

WOMAN

I just wish you wouldn't always judge.

MAN

It's *people-watching*.

WOMAN

It's judging.

The woman gives the man a raised eyebrow glare as she takes a sip of her drink.

EXT. RUA DA REBOLEIRA RESIDENTIAL STREET - EVENING

Jack meanders home with Bruce, allowing his dog to freely roam beside him without the need of a lead.

The pair approach the front door to a building.

Jack takes hold of his keys from his back pocket.

INT. JACK'S SHARED APARTMENT. KITCHEN

Jack enters turning a light on. Bruce follows him.

Holding a pan under the running water tap, Jack fills the pan with water before placing this on the floor. Bruce begins drinking the water.

INT. JACK'S SHARED APARTMENT. JACK'S ROOM

Entering his room, Jack removes his shirt from his shoulders, tossing it on his bed.

Opening his wardrobe, he takes out a fresh white shirt.

INT. CHEZ LAPIN RESTAURANT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

In the busy kitchen, Jack enters carrying a mountain of empty plates.

As soon as he enters the HEAD CHEF begins to shout:

HEAD CHEF

(*Portuguese*)

Get this God damn food out there!

Jack collects the plated food and hastily exits.

EXT. CHEZ LAPIN RESTAURANT - LATER THAT NIGHT

Jack and another WAITER tidy the exterior seating area in preparation for closing.

EXT. CAIS DA RIBEIRA - THAT NIGHT

In a world of his own, Jack glacially wonders along the Cais da Ribeira strip embracing his own thoughts under the twinkling stars of the clear night sky.

Whilst walking he notices a COUPLE sat beside the river bank, kissing under the bright moonlight. Jack smiles to himself as he lowers his head, continuing his walk home.

EXT. CAIS DA RIBEIRA. RIVER BANK - FOLLOWING DAY

With the sun high in the clear blue sky, Jack lies on the on the river bank seemingly sleeping on Bruce yet again.

Not even the sound of the aeroplane flying overhead is enough to make him open his eyes.

EXT. BAR PONTE PENSIL. TERRACE - MEANWHILE

An ELDERLY COUPLE sit against the ledge of the terrace drinking coffees as they peer over looking down on Jack.

ELDERLY WOMAN

It's a shame. Must be incredibly lonely. At his age I had you.

ELDERLY MAN

We had *each other*.

Pause for a beat

The elderly man notices a ring dangling from a chain around Jack's neck, close to his heart.

ELDERLY MAN

Maybe he had someone too.

The woman raises her coffee to her mouth to sip.

INT. JACK'S SHARED APARTMENT. JACK'S ROOM - LATER

Jack gets changed from his oversized shirt into a smart white shirt for his shift at work.

INT. CHEZ LAPIN RESTAURANT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

In the hectic kitchen, Jack is quick to collect various plated food dishes for the guests dining at the restaurant that evening.

Hesitant with one of the plates, he hears the commanding:

HEAD CHEF
(Portuguese)
Go! Go! Go!

Without further hesitation, Jack collects the plate and exits the kitchen.

EXT. CHEZ LAPIN RESTAURANT - LATER THAT NIGHT

Jack leaves the closed restaurant after finishing his shift with his head buried in his phone.

GASPAR O.S
Hey!

Looking ahead, Jack sees his housemate and best friend GASPAR, 29, standing with Bruce.

JACK
Hey.

Jack's accent is Mancunian.

JACK
Beaten me to the message.

GASPAR
How was it?

JACK
It'll soon just be another day.

Jack strolls over, kneeling beside Bruce, petting him:

JACK
He coming with us?

GASPAR
Thought he could stretch his legs

Pause for a beat.

(CONTINUED)

GASPAR

The guys are waiting for us.

JACK

Great.

Jack stands.

INT. THE WINE BOX BAR - THAT NIGHT

Jack, Gaspar and local friends PEDRO, 29 & TOMAS, 28 occupy a table. All four share a fine bottle of Merlot.

Bruce is lay on the floor resting by his bowl of water.

PEDRO

I walked in there and told them that in Lisbon, they'd be fighting over a guy like me. A guy with qualifications, experience, creative understanding and ability.

JACK

Isn't that just every Graphic Designer? I mean, rare you hear of a designer without qualifications and a creative flare.

TOMAS

Plus wouldn't it be harder in Lisbon? More competition?

PEDRO

More competition but more opportunities.

JACK

If I were you, I would have gone smaller: Braga, maybe.

PEDRO

Is that because you aim low?

GASPAR

Ouch.

TOMAS

Pedro!

JACK
Guys, it's cool.

PEDRO
I didn't mean to offend. It's just, weren't you an accountant or some shit?

Jack smirks:

JACK
Or *some shit*? Yeah, or *some shit*.

PEDRO
I mean you could go back into that. Plenty of business in Porto but instead you wait tables at the Chez Lapin?

Pause for a beat.

JACK
Yeah, well I made my decision out of personal choice.

Gaspar looks at Pedro:

GASPAR
You, on the other hand, are currently a big fish in a small pond, potentially damaging yourself by challenging the opposite.

TOMAS
And nobody appreciates arrogance

Pedro rolls his eyes sipping his wine.

JACK
I'm sure any company would snap you up in Lisbon and you'd be an asset but before you go reading the riot act, at least use some of that *creativity* to build a case in support of you over everyone else

Jack winks at Pedro causing Pedro to smile.

EXT. CAIS DA RIBEIRA - THAT NIGHT

It's a quiet and peaceful night on the Cais da Ribeira.

Jack and Gaspar casually make their way home with Bruce leading the way not so far ahead.

GASPAR

It isn't a catch up...

JACK

(Interrupts)

... if it isn't all about Ped?

Gaspar laughs.

JACK

He's just determined, that's all.

Pause for a beat.

GASPAR

Speaking of *determined*, I haven't seen you write in a while

Jack shrugs.

GASPAR

Don't do that.

JACK

What?

Gaspar imitates Jack's shrugs:

JACK

Well what do you want me to do?
What do you want me to say?

GASPAR

I don't want you to *say* anything

JACK

Say nothing, perfect.

GASPAR

How about put pen to paper? What you were writing was special. It was sentimental.

(CONTINUED)

JACK

I was writing to an empty space.

GASPAR

But it was *your* empty space. And why not broaden your horizon? Plenty of open space for what you wanted to write about. This is the generation of the open space.

Jack and Gaspar continue to walk home.

EXT. CAIS DA RIBEIRA. RIVER BANK - FOLLOWING DAY

On another hot day, Jack lies on the on the river bank resting against a sleeping Bruce; this time however with open eyes, overlooking the picturesque river Douro.

Listening to the passing tourist traffic, Jack is deep in thought as he gazes out over the river.

INT. JACK'S SHARED APARTMENT. JACK'S ROOM - LATER

After getting dressed for work, Jack opens his bedside draw to reveal a rustic journal. Taking hold of the journal, Jack contemplates opening it before:

GASPAR O.S

Time you back?

Jack slips the journal into his bag before turning:

JACK

Probably a late one.

GASPAR

Said I'd meet Tom and Ped at the Armazem. You could stop by?

JACK

I think I'll pass. Leave Bruce here. He can keep me company when I'm home.

Throwing his bag over his shoulder, Jack high-fives Gaspar as he passes him leaving the room.

INT. JACK'S SHARED APARTMENT. HALL

Bruce lies resting on the floor.

As he passes, Jack kneels, stroking his head:

(CONTINUED)

JACK
See you later bud.

Standing, Jack heads over to the door to leave.

EXT. CHEZ LAPIN RESTAURANT - THAT NIGHT

It's a busy night at the Chez Lapin; every table on the exterior patio is occupied with several staff tending to food and drink orders.

Jack exits carrying two plates. He heads to a table occupied by a COUPLE, a MAN and a WOMAN.

JACK
Alheira?

The man raises his hand; Jack places the food down.

JACK
Feijoada?

WOMAN
That's me

Jack places the plate in front of the woman:

WOMAN
Wow, that looks stunning.

JACK
Bom apetite

Jack turns leaving the couple to begin eating.

EXT. CAIS DA RIBEIRA. RIVER BANK - LATER THAT NIGHT

Both sides of the Douro are spectacularly lit.

Jack sits on the edge of the river bank, journal and pen in hand, the ring on his chain on show.

Opening the journal, Jack flicks to a blank page and begins to write:

JACK
(*Narrates*)
Sophia. It's been a while. You can thank Gaspar. He knew I wanted too, I just needed a push. At some point we all do. If you could see me now you'd say I've

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

(cont'd)

stalled but if you could only see through my eyes, you'd understand. We used to talk of how we'd spend our days...

Meanwhile, an attractive but sad and intoxicated woman, KENZIE, 30, approaches the edge of the river bank.

Jack stops writing, glancing across at Kenzie.

Kenzie stares down into the flowing river.

JACK

You don't wanna do that?

KENZIE

You here to stop me? My guardian angel?

JACK

What if I was? Would you still jump?

Kenzie considers.

KENZIE

That depends.

JACK

On your chance of survival?

KENZIE

What are my chances? A guardian angel would know what the future holds. They only appear to prevent a situation that could have long term effect

JACK

Shame I wasn't there to prevent that last bottle of wine.

Kenzie drunkenly laughs.

Jack slips his journal back into his bag. He stands.

KENZIE

It's your best friend until it becomes your worst enemy. The greatest deceiver of all.

(CONTINUED)

JACK

Let me take you home.

Kenzie mulls over the thought:

KENZIE

Home.

Pause for a beat.

KENZIE

Because we all want to go *home*.

Kenzie holds out her hand towards Jack:

KENZIE

You can take me home.

Jack goes to take Kenzie's hand

Closing her eyes, Kenzie falls off the river bank, splashing into the river.

Quickly, Jack dives off the river bank into the river.

EXT. RIVER DOURO

Jack pulls Kenzie to the water surface.

JACK

I've got you.

Falling into a drunken sleep, Kenzie mumbles:

KENZIE

Take me home.

Kenzie falls to sleep on Jack's shoulder.

Jack swims across to a nearby unmanned rabelo boat.

EXT. RABELO BOAT

Jack pulls himself and Kenzie onto the boat.

Placing Kenzie on her back, Jack watches as she sleeps.

EXT. CAIS DA RIBEIRA - MOMENTS LATER

On land, Jack walks carrying both his bag over his shoulder and a sleeping Kenzie in his arms.

End of Part One: Lost