

TAKE FLIGHT

Written By

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Part Three: Ponte

EXT. DOM LUIS I BRIDGE. UPPER DECK - DAY

KENZIE stands against the bridge rail, with a firm grip on the rail, looking down on the Douro. JACK also stands close by, more fascinated with Kenzie than the view.

KENZIE
We're pretty high

JACK
279 feet

KENZIE
That's quite a fact.

JACK
I know my stuff. And at least I
know you're not going to jump.

Jack glances at Kenzie's hands gripping the rail.

She lets out a slight laugh.

KENZIE
Yeah, well, I think I'd be fairly
confident on my fate this time
round

Jack smiles.

KENZIE
The Eiffel Tower's over a 1000,
but this feels more...

JACK
Open?

KENZIE
Yeah. And relax, I'm not planning
a stunt there either.

Jack and Kenzie share a smile.

Pushing away from the rail, Kenzie slowly meanders.

(CONTINUED)

JACK
You afraid of heights?

KENZIE
Didn't seem to be the other night

JACK
Difference between a river bank
and a 280 foot bridge.

KENZIE
Thought you said 2-7-9?

JACK
I was rounding.

Kenzie smiles; pause for a beat.

KENZIE
I say no, but then I find myself
on a rollercoaster or up a place
like this doubting myself. You?

JACK
So-so.

Kenzie rests her back against the rail looking at Jack:

KENZIE
Well you either are or you aren't

JACK
I tend to walk the bottom deck

KENZIE
Why?

JACK
It's shorter to travel. Half the
width of the upper deck.

KENZIE
So you substitute view for
duration?

JACK
Are you *psychoanalysing* me?

Kenzie laughs.

KENZIE

I just think it's interesting. It says a lot about you. It says you prefer *efficiency over preference*

JACK

How'd you assume my *preference*?

KENZIE

Because like you, I know things

Jack goes to speak.

He is interrupted by a passing tram running along the upper deck that catches Kenzie's attention. She watches as the tram travels into the distance.

KENZIE

It's amazing. To be able to support the weight. Assures me standing here it won't collapse

JACK

What do you know about me?

Jack joins Kenzie by the rail; she smiles.

KENZIE

Well, I know you're Jack. From the accent I'd hazard a guess Manchester. Not quite *Oasis*, but enough to be recognisable. I know you work at that nice little restaurant on the river front.

JACK

None of which alluding to a *preference*

KENZIE

I've seen you... by the river. A man who likes to spend his days listening to tourist traffic rather than a track list on an iPod

Jack smiles.

JACK

You've seen me sleeping?

KENZIE

I've seen you sleeping.

JACK

Ok.

KENZIE

Most people tend to sleep in a bed. Couch at a push. Sure, you get your average homeless. Not that I've seen many around Porto but I knew you weren't without a home. You sleep by the river, because it gives you *satisfaction*

Jack nods accepting Kenzie's study.

KENZIE

But then I find myself questioning: *why* does a man living a *preferential* lifestyle substitute that for *efficiency* when travelling this bridge?

Pause for a beat; Kenzie expects an answer.

Jack shrugs. Kenzie smiles.

KENZIE

Alright...

JACK

Alright?

Jack begins to slowly pace.

KENZIE

Suppose if you're not gonna tell me I'll have to work it out.

JACK

You sound confident.

KENZIE

Give me time.

JACK

Implying we've got time?

KENZIE

We've got time.

Kenzie smiles before strolling along the bridge.

Jack follows behind her at a slow pace.

KENZIE

(Admiring the view)

Didn't realise Porto was so big.

JACK

Stop. Just stand.

Kenzie stands where she is; she turns looking at Jack.

KENZIE

What?

JACK

You're currently about 5 feet
from the middle.

KENZIE

Middle of the bridge?

JACK

A divide, between Porto and Gaia

Kenzie looks over the rail to see Porto on her right hand
side and Gaia on her left.

JACK

Two separate cities connected by
the *Ponte de Dom Luis*

KENZIE

Gaia? Is it naive I considered
both sides as Porto?

JACK

A little. But it takes one to
know one.

Kenzie smiles.

KENZIE

(Points at Porto)

So, Porto...

(Points at Gaia)

...and Gaia?

JACK
Gaia's home to the cellars.

KENZIE
The caves?

JACK
You've heard the term?

Kenzie smiles; she has.

JACK
You like port?

KENZIE
I like it. Not sure it likes me.
Choice of tippie, I'd go: *Ramos*.

Jack nods; he agrees.

EXT. R DA BARROCA - DAY

Jack and Kenzie walk down a quiet residential street.

Warm from the heat, Kenzie removes her shirt and runs her fingers through her hair to cool herself down.

The pair approach a shop.

JACK
Hold on.

Jack enters the shop leaving Kenzie outside who paces aimlessly around the street.

Soon after entering, Jack exits with two ice creams and a bottle of water. Jack hands Kenzie the water.

KENZIE
Thanks.

Kenzie takes a swig of the water.

Jack hands Kenzie one of the ice creams.

KENZIE
Mind reader. Thank you.

JACK
Don't sweat it.

KENZIE

Literally?

Kenzie and Jack continue to walk eating ice creams.

EXT. S MARTINO RESTAURANT - LATER THAT DAY

Jack and Kenzie sit on the exterior terrace, overlooking the city of Porto from Gaia. The two share a bottle of cold rose wine.

JACK

Temperature is the key ingredient to producing quality Port. It's a climate game. Limited sun exposure and greater wind equals cooler temperature for ageing the wine. That's what you get this side of the river.

KENZIE

So if I was looking to relocate, what you're saying is: stay away from Gaia.

JACK

I don't know, you didn't take too well to the heat here, never mind Porto.

Kenzie laughs.

KENZIE

Is there anything you don't know?

JACK

I only know what I read.

KENZIE

How long have you been here?

JACK

Eight months.

KENZIE

And this was the plan?

JACK

The *plan*?

KENZIE

Leave home, move to Porto...?

Pause for a beat.

JACK

I gave up on plans.

KENZIE

Eight months ago?

JACK

Something like that.

The pair share a smile.

JACK

I left to travel Europe. Started
in Paris. Dropped down to Lisbon.
Found this place. Eight months
later...

Jack raises his hands: "*here I am*"

KENZIE

So you stopped travelling because
you *found* Porto?

JACK

More *fell in love* with the place.

KENZIE

I love Colmar in France but it
doesn't mean I'd stop exploring

JACK

(Interrupts)

Hold on. I've not *stopped*
exploring.

KENZIE

I'd say you've stalled.

JACK

I haven't *stalled* either. I'm
just living a life. When you
travel you should live as a local
not as a tourist.

KENZIE

But you're not *travelling* anymore

Pause for a beat.

JACK

I think our perspectives on
choices are a little blurred.

KENZIE

How so?

JACK

(Serious tone)

Like you not appreciating a
lifestyle choice I've decided to
make and me not understanding a
potentially fatal choice you
decided on the other night

Kenzie looks frustrated:

KENZIE

I thought we agreed we wouldn't
talk about that.

Pause for a beat.

JACK

Sorry.

No response from Kenzie:

JACK

Hey, I'm sorry.

KENZIE

Ok.

Kenzie sips her wine.

JACK

This place... this place just
means a lot to me.

Kenzie nods, understanding Jack.

EXT. S MARTINO RESTAURANT - THAT NIGHT

Jack and Kenzie remain sat at the table under the stars

In silence, the two look at each other, smiling contently

EXT. DOM LUIS I BRIDGE. LOWER DECK - NIGHT

Jack and Kenzie slowly meander along the lower deck of the Dom Luis bridge towards Porto.

A tram passing on the upper deck interrupts the silence.

Kenzie looks up following the sound:

KENZIE

If that fell through right now,
what would your last thought be?

Jack contemplates:

JACK

As a friend of mine said
recently: that'd be telling.

Jack smiles at Kenzie; she smiles back.

EXT. CAIS DA RIBEIRA - NIGHT

Jack and Kenzie stand facing each other.

KENZIE

My friend's waiting for me in a
bar near Liberdade Square.

JACK

I can walk you.

KENZIE

No it's fine. I'm a big girl.

The two share a smile.

KENZIE

Thank you for today... and for
not interrogating or judging me.

JACK

I'd never judge you.

Kenzie glances over to where she fell in the Douro before looking back at Jack.

JACK

Will I get to see you again?

(CONTINUED)

KENZIE

Be careful what you wish for.

Kenzie winks

KENZIE

See you around.

Kenzie turns walking away. Jack watches her walk.

EXT. LIBERDADE SQUARE - NIGHT

Kenzie walks through Liberdade Square.

Jack follows from a far, keeping out of sight.

Rather than head to a bar, Kenzie heads to the *Palacio das Cardosas Hotel* which she enters.

Jack stands watching in curiosity.

End of Part Three: Ponte