

TAKE FLIGHT

Written By

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**Part Seven: Elecciones**

EXT. CATHEDRAL OF MÁLAGA. GARDENS - DAY

In the stunning gardens, KENZIE occupies a bench. Alone, she appears deep in thought as she stares ahead.

INT. CATHEDRAL OF MÁLAGA - MOMENTS LATER

Kenzie sits on a chair facing the front of the Cathedral.

Peacefully, she sits, resting her hands in her lap. As she gazes towards the front of the Cathedral, she locks her fingers together appearing to pray.

Kenzie looks slightly saddened; she closes her eyes.

Feeling something or someone next to her, Kenzie opens her eyes looking to her right: JACK sits, smiling at her.

Kenzie's mellow state is obvious.

JACK

Something I said?

Kenzie stands, starting to meander around the Cathedral

Jack stands joining her on the slow walk.

KENZIE

Do you ever pray?

JACK

I write.

KENZIE

Is that your connection to God?

JACK

I don't believe in God.

KENZIE

*(Why am I surprised?)*

Of course you don't.

JACK

That an undercurrent of distain?

KENZIE

I find it hard to believe people who claim to live without faith

(CONTINUED)

JACK  
(*Sarcastic*)  
Well I'm no George Michael.

Pause for a beat. Kenzie shakes her head.

JACK  
I take it you believe?

KENZIE  
I believe everybody believes.

JACK  
In religion?

KENZIE  
In something.

JACK  
Broad view.

KENZIE  
Better than having no view.

JACK  
So what do you believe?

KENZIE  
What do you care?

Kenzie stands; she faces Jack. He stands too.

JACK  
This you pissed off with me?

KENZIE  
Don't curse in a Cathedral.

JACK  
So you are pissed off with me.

Pause for a beat.

KENZIE  
Granted, I made a *choice* to follow you, but don't *undermine* the sacrifices I've made. Do you know last night was the first night in just over six years I slept in bed with another man who wasn't my husband?

Pause for a beat.

JACK  
You freaking out on me?

Kenzie is a little lost for words.

JACK  
We cool?

Kenzie nods reassuring Jack.

KENZIE  
I'm a good person. Deep down I  
know I am. But being in here.  
With everything going on...  
suddenly I don't feel so good.

JACK  
Wanna get out of here?

Kenzie shakes her head.

KENZIE  
We can't out-run our reflection

Kenzie continues to walk; Jack follows.

KENZIE  
I'm just thinking about him  
that's all. I want to make sure  
he's alright. Make sure he's not  
sad. You ever feel that way?

JACK  
I suppose my situation's pretty  
different.

Kenzie stands; Jack stops.

KENZIE  
I'm sorry.

JACK  
Don't be.

KENZIE  
We could pray? It gives me peace  
of mind more than anything.

Jack smiles before continuing to walk. Kenzie follows.

JACK

You could always call him? A call to him is like a letter to her.

KENZIE

I think you under value the letters.

JACK

It's just my own thing.

KENZIE

A coping mechanism? Similar to one who'd pray wouldn't you say?

Jack stands facing Kenzie.

JACK

Look: religion, beliefs, ideology and me, we're just not harmonious. Now, if people want to believe, then the world we're living in, they're free too. But look where that's got us.

KENZIE

You think religion should be eradicated?

JACK

I didn't say that. But it causes more wars than it settles.

KENZIE

Can hardly compare praying for a loved one with radicalisation

Pause for a beat:

JACK

Everything starts somewhere.

Jack continues walking.

JACK

And if it means anything I know you're not a bad person.

Kenzie continues to walk with Jack.

KENZIE

You say that now.

JACK

You shouldn't be so hard on yourself. The only one with a target on your back, is you.

KENZIE

Somehow it doesn't feel that way.

Jack stands looking at Kenzie who also stops.

JACK

Because of him or because of *him*?

On the second him, Jack points towards a painting of Jesus on display in the Cathedral.

KENZIE

Because of me.

JACK

So you're accepting you've fired the arrow?

KENZIE

I just know the difference between right and wrong.

JACK

Which is?

KENZIE

*This.*

Pause for a beat.

JACK

Not too late to back out. Could get out of this clean.

Pause for a beat.

Kenzie seductively moves towards Jack moving her lips closer to his ear.

KENZIE

Who say's I want too.

Kenzie continues to walk.

INT. HOTEL POSADA DEL PATIO. BAR - NIGHT

Jack walks over to a table carrying two glasses of red wine. Kenzie occupies the table, studying a map.

The two are a little tipsy.

KENZIE

So, I'm making a... *collaborative*  
decision.

JACK

(Sarcastic)  
By yourself?

Jack hands Kenzie a glass of wine before sitting.

KENZIE

You wanted Málaga, I came...

JACK

(Interrupts)  
*Followed*, never asked.

KENZIE

(Ignores)  
... *came* to Málaga.

JACK

What do you have in mind?

Kenzie taps on the map.

KENZIE

Head east, work our way west.

JACK

You really using a map? Couldn't  
just use a phone?

KENZIE

I thought we'd already settled  
I'm a traditionalist.

Kenzie smiles.

JACK

You really got the balls for  
Russia?

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KENZIE

Ever since that plane was blown out of the sky I'm a little bit skeptical. I was thinking Latvia

Kenzie takes out her phone.

KENZIE

And although you'll now brand me a hypocrite, I did use my phone to search flights which I found: direct, in the morning. I also took the liberty of booking and checking us in which means we're now on the clock.

Kenzie smiles, happy with her actions.

JACK

You know the temperature drop from here to there could practically kill a man?

KENZIE

That you declaring you're not *man* enough?

JACK

That's me declaring I'll have to spend money on warmer clothes.

KENZIE

Speaking of which, just how is it you can afford all this?

JACK

I'm sensible with money.

KENZIE

So is anyone with half a brain.

JACK

And not very materialistic. I've never been an items guy.

KENZIE

But seriously: guy serves food in a tourist trap and affords a couple of nights at a Honeymoon Suite of a 5 star hotel? I don't have you down as the Daddy's

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

KENZIE (cont'd)  
money type.

Jack smiles.

JACK  
Back home, before all this, I was  
a personal accountant.

KENZIE  
So I'm presuming the *personal*  
gives you elite status?

JACK  
The *personal* gave me a shit load  
of money.

KENZIE  
And why'd anyone give that up?

JACK  
Because money doesn't make you  
happy.

KENZIE  
Oh.

Kenzie starts laughing.

KENZIE  
So you're one of *those* types?

JACK  
Intrigued to know what one of  
*those* types consists of.

KENZIE  
The type that money means nothing  
but I've earned enough to live  
comfortably to see me out.

Jack shrugs.

KENZIE  
If money means nothing why not  
give it all to a homeless  
shelter? It'll mean something to  
them. But no, money means  
nothing. Absolutely nothing. Yet  
here we are: five star hotel,  
Honeymoon Suite.

Pause for a beat; Jack smiles.

KENZIE

I mean of all the irrelevant money to piss away, you've even spent it where you're not getting your money's worth. I wonder just how many people book the Honeymoon Suite and leave it *unchristened*?

Pause for a beat; Jack and Kenzie share a deep flirtatious stare. Kenzie bites her lip.

JACK

You wanna leave being the only ones?

KENZIE

With a sense of pride?

Kenzie shrugs.

KENZIE

I mean, pride just between me and you, that will be irrelevant.

JACK

So what we gonna to do about it?

Kenzie shrugs.

KENZIE

I mean, there's a way you gotta approach this. *Honeymoon Suite*? You can't just go at it.

JACK

Like an act?

KENZIE

Fuck no, I ain't no actress. No, I'm thinking... at least something, a little something.

JACK

You're gonna have to expand. What do you want me to do?

Kenzie leans closer.

As if she's spelling it out to Jack:

KENZIE  
Well I ain't *walkin'* to a  
Honeymoon Suite.

INT. HOTEL POSADA DEL PATIO. HONEYMOON SUITE - NIGHT

The door opens. Jack, carrying Kenzie like a newlywed, enters, kicking the door shut. The door slams on close

KENZIE  
Shush, you'll wake the neighbours

JACK  
You're heavier than you look

KENZIE  
Shut up

Jack carries Kenzie into the room.

KENZIE  
No rose petals? What sort of a  
shit honeymoon is this?

Jack throws Kenzie onto the bed.

She looks up at him as he stands over her. She smiles.

JACK  
You sure about this?

Without further hesitation, Kenzie leans up towards Jack and begins kissing him. As they kiss, Kenzie removes Jack's shirt from his shoulders before removing her own.

Kenzie pulls Jack on top of her on the bed. As they continue to kiss:

JACK  
How many hours we got?

Kenzie glances at her phone.

KENZIE  
Six.

Throwing her phone aside the two continue to kiss.

**End of Part Seven: Elecciones**