

TAKE FLIGHT

Written By

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**Part Six: Málaga**

EXT. HOTEL POSADA DEL PATIO - DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT: SUN SHINING ON THE HOTEL

SUPERIMPOSE: MÁLAGA, SPAIN

JACK and KENZIE approach the hotel with their belongings

INT. HOTEL POSADA DEL PATIO. RECEPTION

Jack and Kenzie approach the reception desk where they are greeted by a RECEPTIONIST; whilst Kenzie is dressed classy and sophisticated, Jack is still channelling his careless shabby look.

RECEPTIONIST

Welcome to the Hotel Posada Del  
Patio. Can I take your name  
please?

JACK

We don't have a reservation. More  
of a sporadic visit. Do you have  
anything for a couple of nights?

RECEPTIONIST

This is one of the busiest hotels  
in Málaga. Bear with me a moment.

The receptionist begins typing at the computer.

KENZIE

Two beds.

The receptionist raises an eye at the request.

Kenzie and Jack glance at each other.

KENZIE

It could have been two rooms.

JACK

I don't doubt it.

The receptionist looks at the pair:

RECEPTIONIST

It appears we're fully booked  
apart from one room: the  
Honeymoon Suite. And as you can

(MORE)

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RECEPTIONIST (cont'd)  
probably imagine, it only offers  
the one bed.

Awkward silence; Jack and Kenzie glance at each other.

INT. HOTEL POSADA DEL PATIO. HONEYMOON SUITE

Jack and Kenzie enter the stunning room. Jack begins making himself at home. Kenzie watches him from afar, almost studying his dress sense.

Jack notices.

JACK

*What?*

KENZIE

If we're staying here I at least need you looking like a man who belongs in the Honeymoon Suite of a 5 star hotel.

Jack rolls his eyes.

JACK

So what do you suggest?

She smiles.

EXT. CLOTHES SHOP - LATER THAT DAY

Kenzie stands outside the shop, waiting in anticipation. Jack exits in smart casual attire for the first time.

He also carries several shopping bags.

Kenzie can't help but smile.

JACK

*Better?*

KENZIE

*Better.*

Pause for a beat.

JACK

Any more *requests*?

KENZIE

How about we drop these off and  
then take a walk around?

Jack and Kenzie begin walking.

EXT. MÁLAGA ROMAN AMPHITHEATRE - LATER THAT DAY

After dropping the bags back at the hotel, Jack and  
Kenzie slowly meander around Málaga, first visiting the  
Roman Amphitheatre.

Kenzie takes out her phone preparing to take a picture

JACK

Didn't have you as the type

Kenzie looks at Jack curiously wondering what he meant.

Jack pretends to take a picture. Kenzie lowers her phone

KENZIE

You don't take pictures?

JACK

Oh I take plenty of pictures

Jack taps his head twice insinuating in his mind

KENZIE

There's a difference.

JACK

How?

KENZIE

One is photographic memory for  
one's own mind, one's own self.  
The other is to *share* with others

JACK

You make it sound a selfish act

Kenzie shrugs.

KENZIE

It *is* a selfish act. If you have  
children wouldn't you want to  
show them your life?

JACK

Who says I want kids?

KENZIE

I said *if*.

Jack nods in agreement.

KENZIE

Don't get me wrong, pictures have  
poisoned minds of our generation

JACK

We live in a world where pampered  
boys have more of a following  
than credible actors

KENZIE

Precisely. Pictures feed ego's  
but don't ever forget the  
original purpose of photography:  
to document lives & tell stories.

Jack pulls a sour face.

JACK

That's a bold statement; I wonder  
what David Bailey'd say about it?

KENZIE

I assume a photographer of sorts?

JACK

*Of sorts?* The *sorts* honoured with  
a CBE for their contribution...

KENZIE

(Interrupts)

... a contribution to arts and  
science; yeah, I don't need  
educating on CBE's and OBE's.

Jack smiles liking Kenzie's attitude.

KENZIE

As much as I love taking photos,  
social media is the worst.

JACK

Life's become a numbers game.  
Likes. Followers.

KENZIE

People are validated by numbers.

JACK

It makes them feel elevated.

KENZIE

Did you know there's a hashtag  
used in Instagram: *instafamous*?

JACK

So people can tell you that  
*they're famous*?

KENZIE

That's the society we live in:  
the society where people tell you  
they're famous. There's also one  
for *beautiful*.

JACK

(*Sarcastic*)

I'm sure our ancestors would be  
proud of today's world  
considering what they fought on  
our behalf

KENZIE

Yeah, well, I ain't feeding no  
fuckers' ego.

Jack and Kenzie share a smile being on the same page.

Something catches Kenzie's eye beside the amphitheatre.  
She begins to walk away from Jack...

EXT. CINES ALBÉNIZ

... and over to the Cines Albéniz. Kenzie stares at the  
building in admiration. Jack follows her.

KENZIE

Now *this* is a place that caters  
*true* talent. The Cines Albéniz.  
Home to the Málaga Film Festival.

JACK

You a cinephile?

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KENZIE

Enough to know Antonio Banderas  
opened the festival last year on  
it's 20th anniversary.

Jack smiles, impressed with Kenzie.

KENZIE

I like European cinema. I find it  
very satisfying. The ultimate  
escape. I suppose why I like  
travelling so much.

Kenzie continues to walk around the building in awe.

KENZIE

If I was a social media soldier,  
I'd go for *hashtag pink paradise*.

The pair share a smile.

JACK

So is it that you just refuse to  
be a conformist to social media  
or you're completely against the  
modern age movement?

KENZIE

Implying I'm a closet stereotype.

JACK

Was that a question?

KENZIE

What did we say about going of  
each other?

JACK

It was actually hating.

Kenzie contemplates.

JACK

In a debate I like to weigh up  
both sides of an argument. Sure  
you can get your delusional's,  
but social media also offers some  
*real undiscovered* talent.

Kenzie's face is a look of distain.

She points to the Cines Albéniz

KENZIE  
That is *real* talent.

JACK  
No. That's money manufactured  
talent.

KENZIE  
You're wrong.

JACK  
I'm wrong?

KENZIE  
*Totally.*

JACK  
Cinematography is an expensive  
form of photography.

KENZIE  
I agree it's a similar medium

JACK  
I just think it's naive to  
pigeonhole Instagram for the  
egocentrics.

Pause for a beat.

JACK  
Nobody's gonna judge you.

Jack walks standing behind Kenzie. Raising her phone, he helps her take a picture of the Cines Albéniz.

JACK  
Might even get a few likes with  
your *pink paradise*.

Jack walks away; Kenzie smiles.

EXT. MUSEO REVELLO DE TORO - LATER THAT DAY

Jack and Kenzie slowly head to the art gallery & museum

INT. MUSEO REVELLO DE TORO. ART GALLERY

Jack and Kenzie look at the art on the walls in the deserted art gallery. The art on display are painted

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portraits of women:

JACK

You recon this is what they used to call a selfie?

KENZIE

If you knew anything about photography and art you'd know there's a difference between a selfie and a portrait. And before you say it, there isn't an art to a selfie.

Jack smiles.

JACK

You know this guy would have been undiscovered at some point?

Kenzie gives Jack a coy glare:

KENZIE

I know what you're doing.

JACK

I suppose everyone's undiscovered at some stage in their life.

KENZIE

So what do you propose?

Jack contemplates.

JACK

Nothing.

KENZIE

*Nothing?*

JACK

If you don't think you're talented enough in your personal photography you just keep it for yourself... *save it for the kids*

Jack continues to meander around the gallery.

Kenzie shakes her head at Jack's sarcasm.

Moments later, Kenzie walks into a room which hosts just one large painting: Revello De Toro's *Sumida en el sueño*;

an iconic painting featuring a woman sleeping whilst lying on her bed.

After studying the painting, Kenzie gets on the floor, recreating the work of art in human form.

Watching at the entrance to the room, Jack snaps a photo of Kenzie replicating the iconic work of art.

INT. MALAGA BAR & RESTAURANT - AFTERNOON

Jack and Kenzie occupy a table drinking wine.

Jack is looking at the picture he took on Kenzie's phone of her in the art gallery on the floor. He hands the phone back to Kenzie.

JACK

I'd go with... *instafamous*.

KENZIE

Fuck off; I don't convert that easily.

Kenzie takes the phone smiling.

KENZIE

You know I was thinking before, and I like what you said about the numbers thing. In the gallery I was looking around. So many *amazing* pieces. But I found myself wondering: did De Toro paint out of love or simply out of quantity?

Pause for a beat.

KENZIE

And then I realised. You're right. Life *is* a numbers game. From followers on an Instagram account to money in bank accounts...

JACK

(Interrupts)

... to numbers on scales.

KENZIE  
(Sarcastic)  
To *too many* numbers on scales.

Jack smiles.

KENZIE  
Peoples lives are controlled by  
numbers.

JACK  
You're speaking figuratively. Not  
everyone will share the same fear

KENZIE  
Maybe not a homeless man living  
on the streets yet even he will  
spend the majority of his day  
counting his loose change.

JACK  
I've never been homeless and I've  
never let numbers scare me.

KENZIE  
Back home my mornings would  
consist of waking up for a set  
time I'd be no doubt late,  
checking what money I didn't  
have, before seeing what extra  
pounds had hit my ass all coming  
together to put me in one mighty  
foul mood for the day ahead.

JACK  
That's before you checked how  
many friends you didn't have on  
Facebook

Kenzie raises her hands as if to say "exactly"

JACK  
But what does this have to do  
with the gallery?

Kenzie considers; she shrugs.

KENZIE  
I dunno. Maybe nothing. Maybe  
everything. Maybe De Toro painted  
out of love. Maybe he felt he was

(MORE)

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KENZIE (cont'd)  
only as good as his last piece. I  
don't know.

Pause for a beat.

JACK  
Wanna know an interesting thought  
I had?

KENZIE  
Please.

JACK  
What are all these pretty boy  
picture types gonna be like when  
they're 50? It's something we  
have literally no idea of  
considering this social media  
takeover's only happening now.  
It's as if our expectations of  
what it is to be 50 is on the  
brink of extinction.

KENZIE  
We can only pray for the best,  
with wine.

Kenzie raises her glass; Jack taps with his.

Pause for a beat.

KENZIE  
If I did it would you join me?

JACK  
*If you did it?*

KENZIE  
Social Media.

JACK  
I dunno what I'd have to offer. I  
told you, I take pictures up here

Jack taps at his head.

KENZIE  
I wasn't thinking about pictures.

Pause for a beat.

KENZIE

I know you're a keen writer. I remember you writing the day we met. I also saw you on the train

JACK

Yeah, well... that's *personal*.

KENZIE

As *personal* as my *personal* photography?

JACK

There's a difference.

KENZIE

You don't consider yourself undiscovered talent?

JACK

I don't write for talent.

KENZIE

Who was to say I take pictures for talent? Talent lies in someone else noticing something in the other. Just like you shouldn't declare yourself *instafamous* you shouldn't define yourself talented.

Pause for a beat.

KENZIE

I don't want to pry. I don't think I have any right too. But what you write could really help people who... I dunno, could be *grieving*. There's just as many writers on these social media platforms as photographers and maybe I'm the same as you... gotta weigh up the pros and cons

Jack nods silently.

KENZIE

Think about it

Kenzie winks as she sips her wine.

INT. HOTEL POSADA DEL PATIO. LOBBY - NIGHT

Jack and Kenzie return to the hotel and make their way through the lobby over to the elevators.

INT. HOTEL POSADA DEL PATIO. HONEYMOON SUITE

Jack and Kenzie enter the room.

INT. HOTEL POSADA DEL PATIO. HONEYMOON SUITE. BATHROOM

Kenzie stands looking at herself in the mirror. Taking hold of her phone, she looks at the picture of the Cines Albéniz that she and Jack took earlier that day.

Kenzie smiles.

INT. HOTEL POSADA DEL PATIO. HONEYMOON SUITE

Jack sits on the bed, journal in hand.

He flicks through the pages skimming over the letters he has written for Sophia. Closing the journal, he tosses it back into his open case.

Kenzie exits the bathroom dressed for bed.

Jack looks across at her as she stands.

KENZIE

Want the light out?

JACK

Sure.

Kenzie switches the lights off; the room goes dark.

Both Jack and Kenzie get into bed comfortable on their halves, lying on their backs staring at the ceiling.

Silence.

Kenzie turns on her side, facing Jack.

Jack turns his head, looking at Kenzie.

Kenzie smiles, content with being with Jack.

**End of Part Six: Málaga**