

# LOST IN BLUE

original screenplay by  
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EXT. NEW YORK CITY-- DAY

Mid-town; mid-February. The city is icy, gray, devoid of color. Pedestrians shiver against the cold. Raw, chapped faces, runny noses. Bulky coats, hats, earmuffs; no one looks too gleeful.

EXT. AVALON ENTERTAINMENT -- CONTINUOUS

A cab pulls up. GARRETT NILES (39) jumps out. He's fit, handsome; with an appealing confidence and energy. CHET BLANDING (31) fumbles out after him; a pale imitation of Garrett, emulating everything about him down to his coat, scarf and briefcase.

GARRETT

Come on, Chet; two minutes to Deal Time. Let's pick up the pace.

Suddenly a WOMAN lunges into their empty cab, slamming the door in the face of an enraged MAN.

MAN

Hey! What're you doin'?! That's my cab!

WOMAN

So sue me, scumbag!

The man yanks open the cab door and a screaming argument ensues. Garrett watches with detached amusement.

GARRETT

God, I love this town.

Just then a BIKE MESSENGER whizzes past forcing Garrett to leap wildly out of the way.

CLOSE ON; Garrett's shoe sinking ankle-deep into a puddle of slush. He erupts in outrage.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

You motherfucking bastard! Come here! I'll kick your ass!!

The messenger merely flips Garrett the bird and keeps going. Chet stares at Garrett in astonishment.

CHET

Whoa; easy, Garrett. You alright?

Garrett abruptly composes himself.

GARRETT

I'm cool. Come on. We've got a minute and 15 seconds!

Garrett runs into the glass and steel office tower with Chet just behind him.

EXT. "EVERTREE" FOLK ART SHOP-- LATER

A remote Tribeca street. A MAN pauses at the window of the strenuously quaint storefront. In the window two WOMEN watch him intently. Despite their eager smiles he moves on.

INT. "EVERTREE" -- CONTINUOUS

The tiny store is crammed with folk art from around the world. *Enya* plays with relentless tranquillity. Candles flicker everywhere, bringing some cheer to the dreary afternoon.

BLYTHE DERRING (35) carefully positions a hand-painted wooden frog on a paper lily pad in the window. Her pretty face is touched by a serene smile. Her clothing is slightly New-Age but it looks terrific on her.

She moves the frog a half-inch. Her assistant, EVA (19) watches, almost numb with boredom.

BLYTHE

There. Or maybe just a tidge this way.

EVA

Hey, Blythe.

BLYTHE

Thought we had a customer there, Eva. Really thought we did.

EVA

The box says Brazilian tree frogs.

BLYTHE

Yes, they're from Brazil.

EVA

No, I mean, shouldn't they be in a tree?

Blythe stares at Eva for a long moment. Though she's apparently in shock her voice remains completely calm.

BLYTHE

Oh, god. Disaster.

Eva is unable to suppress an enormous yawn.

BLYTHE (CONT'D)

You can make one while I'm gone; out of 'papier mache'.

EVA

What?

Blythe slips an illustrated book called "Zen and the Art of Papier Mache" into Eva's hands.

BLYTHE

"Pah-pee-yay mah-chay." This will be an enlightening new experience for you.

Eva stares blankly down at the book.

EVA

What are you guys gonna do down there for a month?

BLYTHE

Everything; and nothing. It's called Quality Time, Eva. Every relationship needs it.

EVA

How come you're not married?

Blythe smiles as if she's talking to a small child.

BLYTHE

We may get married but right now we're happy just the way we are. That's one of the pathways to contentment; be where you are.

EVA

Cool. Pina coladas, sex on the beach.

BLYTHE

God, no. I hate sand all--everywhere.

INT. AVALON ENTERTAINMENT OFFICE TOWER -- LATER

An intense negotiation is in progress. KING B (34) a hip-hop mega-star flanked by his CREW, squints at a contract on the table. He holds a large, smoking joint in his fingers.

Opposite them sits the Avalon team headed by senior partner ROY AVALON (61). Garrett and Chet and sit beside him, Chet fanning the pot smoke away from him with a folder.

JIM FELLNER (29), another partner, hovers at Avalon's elbow. Fellner is sharp and polished.

AVALON

I know I speak for the entire firm when I say we are poised on the brink of greatness. Much thanks to Garrett who's been absolutely committed to this since day one.

GARRETT

I've always had faith in King. What'd  
I tell you the night we met?

KING B

Recollect me.

GARRETT

I said you're gonna be huge. I didn't  
even have to hear the music. I could  
tell just by looking at that crowd;  
they loved you.

FELLNER

They did; you blew up huge, 'homes.

King and his crew turn and look blankly at Fellner. If Garrett  
is annoyed he hides it well.

KING B

T-Dawg?

T-DAWG (29) King's lieutenant sneers tightly.

T-DAWG

Don't sign it, B. You hear what he  
said? He didn't even listen to your  
rhymes.

A silence fills the room as the entire group turns to Garrett.  
Even Avalon fixes a cold eye on him.

GARRETT

That's not what I said, T-Dawg. But  
you're right; this isn't my favorite  
music. I'm not going to bullshit  
you. You want bullshit go across  
the street to Dell-Loris. My job is  
to protect you and make you rich.  
So, you tell me; you want a music  
lawyer to cover your ass or blow  
smoke up it?

King B and his crew regard Garrett, impressed.

KING B

My man, G; straight to the bone.  
Alright, we're gonna do this. But  
lemme give it one more 20-20. I'll  
buzz you tomorrow.

GARRETT

Great. I'm going out of town but  
you've got my cell.

KING B

Oh. You're goin' outta town.

GARRETT

Yeah, little vacation. But you call me any time, 24-7. I mean it.

FELLNER

I'll be here, bro'. You can always call me.

AVALON

Excellent. I know I speak for the entire firm when I say, let us all do that which needs to be done.

EXT. FDR DRIVE -- LATER

The FDR is clogged with traffic. A black town car creeps forward in one-inch increments.

INT. TOWN CAR -- CONTINUOUS

The DRIVER hums to the middle-eastern music playing. Behind him Garrett and Blythe sit as close as their seatbelts will allow.

GARRETT

We were that close! He was just about to sign. And Fellner, I couldn't believe it. Making a move right in front of me!

BLYTHE

Garrett. You need to calm down. Ok? Breathe. Are you breathing?

GARRETT

Now I am. You're right. From now on, I'm breathing.  
(kissing her)  
It's going to be great, babe; a month of Quality Time together.

BLYTHE

It'll take you a week just to relax enough to see how tense you are.

GARRETT

It's a deal.

BLYTHE

I wasn't negotiating anything.

Garrett laughs then grabs his ringing cellphone.

GARRETT

One second. Hey, Chet. Did he call? Ok, go into my office and get me all of King's numbers. Get me T-Dawg's numbers too.

INT. AVALON ENT.-- CONTINUOUS

Chet runs down the bustling corridors with his cellphone. He darts into Garrett's office.

CHET

Where are T-Dawg's numbers?

GARRETT

Third shelf. Green folder.

INT. TOWN CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Blythe looks out the window as Garrett talks on the phone. Rusting car parts litter the grimy snow. With a sigh she makes a call on her own cellphone.

BLYTHE

Hi, Eva. Just checking in. Any customers?

INT. EVERTREE FOLK ART GALLERY-- CONTINUOUS

Eva sits reading *Teen People*. *Enya* still plays serenely.

EVA

One.

BLYTHE

What'd they buy?

EVA

Nothing.

BLYTHE

How's the tree coming?

EVA

Good.

Eva stifles a yawn. In the car Blythe does the same. She leans forward to speak to the driver.

BLYTHE

Excuse me. I'm sorry but can you turn the music down? He's making a very important phone call.

INT. AVALON ENT. -- CONTINUOUS

Chet exits Garrett's office with the precious Green folder.

CHET

Got it.

GARRETT

Good. Keep an eye on Fellner; that snake. Don't let him see that folder.

CHET

I won't. You just relax and have a great vacation. You earned it.

GARRETT

Thanks, Chet. I couldn't have done it without you.

CHET

(chokes up)

Oh, wow. Garret. Dude. That means so much to me.

INT. TOWN CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Garrett hangs up and turns to Blythe with a charming smile.

GARRETT

How's everything at the little candle shop?

BLYTHE

(smiles)

Really, really good.

GARRETT

(to the driver)

Hey, turn that music back on; I really liked it. And why'd you take the FDR? You should've gone down First then shot right through the Midtown Tunnel.

DRIVER

Either way.

GARRETT

No, not 'either way'. This is definitely not a good way to go.

Blythe takes his hand, their fingers interlacing with habitual ease.

BLYTHE

Garrett. Garrett. You said you were going to breathe.

Garrett takes a long deep breath. The car moves forward two feet.

INT. FIRST CLASS CABIN -- CONTINUOUS

The female FLIGHT ATTENDANT serves Blythe and Garrett plastic cups of champagne.



GARRETT  
Wow, First Class.

BLYTHE  
I knew you'd be tired and stressed  
so I just figured, why not be  
comfortable?

GARRETT  
That's our motto for this trip, babe.  
"Why not."

They toast and drink.

GARRETT (CONT'D)  
I can't believe they're serving  
champagne in plastic cups.

BLYTHE  
Perhaps you should focus on what's  
in the cup, Garrett.

GARRETT  
Come on, it's plastic. It ruins it.

BLYTHE  
Why do you always do this?

GARRETT  
What?

BLYTHE  
The negative. The glass is always  
half empty for you.

GARRETT  
What glass? I don't see a glass.

The Flight Attendant reappears and refills their cups.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT  
On your honeymoon?

Blythe and Garrett are slightly embarrassed by her question.

BLYTHE  
No, not really.

GARRETT  
Just a vacation.

The flight attendant moves away.

GARRETT (CONT'D)  
I guess she thought we were newlyweds.

Blythe leans over and whispers, half in baby talk.

BLYTHE

'Cuz we wook wike we're in wuv.

Garrett laughs and kisses her.

GARRETT

'Cuz we are in wuv.' Half-full, babe;  
from now on. Here's to the Vacation.

They toast again. CLOSE ON; their hands as the plane begins to move. Again their fingers interlace; thumbs caressing each other in an intimate, familiar gesture.

EXT. JFK RUNWAY -- CONTINUOUS

The plane thunders down the runway and strains upwards. It disappears into the bleak, winter sky.

EXT. AERIAL SHOT -- LATER

DISSOLVE: Camera rushes over the sparkling blue surface of the ocean only a few feet below. It rises above a pristine beach and arcs over the lush, green hills of Delice, a small island in the French Caribbean.

Camera sweeps closer to a car on a narrow road that winds along the edge of a stunning volcanic cliff.

INT. CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Garrett drives, Blythe sits beside him. Both gaze out in wonder at the sun-drenched beauty on either side of them.

A truck roars past, four bare-chested construction WORKERS drinking beer in the back. The truck misses them by inches. Garrett grips the wheel to keep from driving into the ocean.

A teenage GIRL passes them on a scooter. She wears a mini-skirt, a bikini top and no helmet. As she zips by her tanned, bare legs flash in the sun.

INT. VILLA CIEL-- MOMENTS LATER

The front door of the villa swings open ushering the camera in. The open living room presents a stunning view of the island. The villa is perched up high on a mountainside. A swimming pool shimmers on the terrace, its blue surface merging with the cloudless sky.

Garrett and Blythe step out onto the terrace in awe.

BLYTHE

Oh, my god. Can you believe this?

GARRETT

No, I can't. Does the pool look a little small?

BLYTHE

What?

GARRETT

It looked bigger in the pictures.  
We may have to move.

Just then LAURENT (40) comes in struggling with their luggage. He's handsome with a slightly disheveled elegance. His open white shirt reveals a tanned chest and the stirrings of a pot-belly. He wears a shell necklace, strung on a strip of rawhide. His hair, just graying at the temples, is pulled back in a ponytail and he's got a couple days growth of beard around his goatee.

He's panting from exertion as he drops their heavy suitcases. He has a strong French accent.

LAURENT

*Ooof! Hooplah!*

BLYTHE

Oh, sorry. Do you need some help with those?

LAURENT

No, no. Good for the heart. Too much smoking. Too much whiskey. *Voila; Villa Ciel.* You like?

BLYTHE

*Oui. C'est...magnifique.*

LAURENT

*Oh, vous parlez francais.*

BLYTHE

No, just a few words. *En peut.*

Laurent lights a cigarette. Beside him both Garrett and Blythe look pale and absurd in their winter sweaters.

LAURENT

The best view on the island. There is St. Martin, Eustace. So. The maid comes every morning but Sunday. The gardener on Tuesday and for the pool on Friday. So. Any problem you call me; the office, the mobile. As you wish.

GARRETT

Great. OK. We'll do that.

LAURENT

From the US?

GARRETT

New York.

LAURENT

Ah, Manhattan.

BLYTHE

*Tres froid.* And, um, *beaucoup de... neve.*

LAURENT

Ah, the snow. I never see it.

GARRETT

Oh, yeah. Snow's great. Nothing like snow.

An odd silence. Blythe catches Garrett's eye and flicks her eyes toward Laurent. Garrett stares at her for a moment in confusion, then quickly slips a bill out of his wallet.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

Here you go, Laurent. Thank you very, very much.

LAURENT

(taking it)

*Oh, non, monsieur.* Not necessary. So. *A bien tot.*

He takes a deep drag on his cigarette and walks out the front door.

GARRETT

Nice guy, but man, could he use a shower.

BLYTHE

Was that him? I thought someone was cooking hotdogs.

Garrett slips his arm around her as they gaze out at the vista.

BLYTHE (CONT'D)

Look at this. We're dreaming, right?

GARRETT

Very impressive with the 'parlez-vous', babe. And sexy too.

BLYTHE

*Ah, merci, monsieur.*

They move into a tender kiss.

BLYTHE (CONT'D)

Let's take off our clothes and jump  
in the pool.

GARRETT

Naked?

BLYTHE

Why not? *Pourquoi pas?*

GARRETT

Oh, that's good. I like that.

They grin at each other and pull off their sweaters. Just as  
Blythe kicks off her shoes Garrett's cellphone rings.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

It's Chet. One second.

(into phone)

Hey, buddy. Just got in. Let me  
give you a few numbers.

Blythe watches Garrett stride into the villa, her smile softly  
fading. She stretches out her foot and dips her bare toe into  
the pool.

INT. TIKI'S RESTAURANT -- NIGHT

The elegant, open-air restaurant sits right on the beach under a  
yellow silk awning. The warm breeze brings the sound of waves  
and gently rustling palm trees. Out in the sand, half in shadow,  
stands an ornate wooden bed; looking whimsical and slightly  
surreal.

Slow, pulsing Asian-electro fusion plays. The waiters are French  
kids in their 20's; the girls wearing thin sarongs slung low on  
their tanned hips. One sashays up to the table and re-fills  
Blythe's champagne glass.

Blythe wears a light, sleeveless dress. Garrett is in shirt-  
sleeves; he's still on the phone. They're both feeling the  
champagne.

GARRETT

Alright, Chet; come up to 10% on the  
net. Good job, buddy.

Garrett punches off his phone and throws it on the table.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

Alright, that's it. No more.

He immediately picks up the phone and turns it back on.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

He may call back. It's going, babe.  
I can feel it.

BLYTHE

I'm really happy for you, Garrett.

GARRETT

We're talking major bonus; 200K at least. And, you know what else? Partnership.

BLYTHE

You deserve it. You've been working so hard on this.

GARRETT

God. Two years.

BLYTHE

I think you can let it go now. It's going to happen; you can trust it.

GARRETT

You think?

BLYTHE

Yes. Trust is the yin of your Energy yang. Together they create balance.

GARRETT

(impressed)

Wow. That's beautiful.

BLYTHE

It's the essence of Zen. Tomorrow we're starting some exercises to get you back in touch with your breathing.

GARRETT

(takes a breath)

Right. Right. The breathing.

BLYTHE

Nothing is more Now than breathing.

GARRETT

You should write a book, babe.

BLYTHE

I've thought about it. I've got the title. "Now and...Zen."

GARRETT

Oh, that is great.

BLYTHE

You think so?

GARRETT

Really, really good. You can print  
up a few copies and sell them in the  
shop.

A faint tension touches Blythe's smile. Just then a man steps up  
with a huge camera. NICO (55) wears a 3-piece suit and an  
elaborate comb-over skimming his bald head. A bright FLASH as he  
takes their picture.

NICO

10 euros, monsieur.

As Garrett pays him Blythe fills out a card with the address of  
their villa. Nico moves to another table.

GARRETT

That's going to be a nice picture.  
You and me, babe.

They clink glasses.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

Now, you see? That's the sound a  
glass makes. You wouldn't get that  
with a plastic cup.

BLYTHE

You've made your point, Garrett.

GARRETT

God, you gave me such a hard time  
about that.

BLYTHE

I'm sorry. OK? Can we let it go?

GARRETT

It's gone.  
(drains his glass)  
Wow. You look beautiful.

BLYTHE

Thank you. So do you.

Just then a young COUPLE strolls out onto the beach. Garrett and  
Blythe watch as they lie down on the bed and begin making out in  
sensual unconcern.

BLYTHE (CONT'D)

Alright, so now we know what that  
bed is out there for.

Garrett raises an eyebrow. A smile touches Blythe's lips.

INT. VILLA CIEL -- MOMENTS LATER

Blythe and Garrett lunge into an eager embrace in the darkness of the living room. In their vigor they knock over a chair.

GARRETT  
Oh, jeezus. Call Laurent.

BLYTHE  
(laughing)  
He's in the shower.

GARRETT  
No, that's Tuesday.

They stumble out onto the terrace. The only light is from the moon, reflected in the shifting surface of the pool. Below them the lights of the island twinkle faintly.

Garrett pulls off his shirt.

GARRETT (CONT'D)  
There we go. Now we're talkin'.

He scoops Blythe back into his arms and they kiss deeply. She whispers wetly into his ear.

BLYTHE  
You sure you don't want to make a phone call? Don't you want to call your buddy Chet right now?

GARRETT  
Actually, I should.

BLYTHE  
Why don't you? Ask him about that bonus of yours; that great, big, enormous bonus.

GARRETT  
Take your dress off.

BLYTHE  
You take it off.

He does. Then he drops his pants and steps out of them.

BLYTHE (CONT'D)  
Oh. You really are ready to make partner.

GARRETT  
Yeah? Watch this.

He pulls off his boxers and kicks them into the pool.



BLYTHE  
You nutjob. Come here.

GARRETT  
(embracing her)  
Whoa, you're missing a few things  
yourself, aren't you? What happened  
to your underwear, Miss Evertree?

BLYTHE  
I lost them.

GARRETT  
You bad girl. God, your body feels  
amazing. Let's do it out here.

BLYTHE  
Where?

GARRETT  
Right here. Come on; lie down.

BLYTHE  
On the tiles?

GARRETT  
I'll get a towel.

BLYTHE  
That's marble, Garrett.

GARRETT  
You can get on top. Come on, let's  
get funky, little Miss Candleshop.

BLYTHE  
Why do you keep saying that?

GARRETT  
What?

BLYTHE  
Little shop, little shop.

GARRETT  
I'm just playing with you, babe.

BLYTHE  
Well, it's not funny.

GARRETT  
I'm sorry. I was just talking stupid.  
Too much champagne, and you're just  
too damn sexy. Let's go inside.

BLYTHE

You sure you don't want to stay out  
here and crack your kneecaps?

Garrett laughs and carries her into the villa. Their receding  
voices come softly from the darkness.

GARRETT (V.O.)

Say something in French.

BLYTHE (V.O.)

*Mon chatte est dans la bibliotheque.*

GARRETT

Oh. That's beautiful. More.

EXT. VILLA CIEL -- MORNING

A glorious island morning. Birds twitter, butterflies fill the  
air. Camera PANS from the magnificent view of the ocean to the  
sun-drenched terrace.

Blythe has spread lounge cushions by the pool and now leads Garrett  
through a breathing exercise. Both are barefoot. Blythe wears  
tight pink boyshorts and a stretch top. Garrett is in his bathing  
suit.

BLYTHE

Breathe into the ribs. Try to fill  
the ribcage.

GARRETT

Into the ribs. Fill the ribcage.

BLYTHE

Quiet breath; through the nose.

GARRETT

What's that noise?

BLYTHE

Focus, Garrett.

GARRETT

It's like a pump or something.

BLYTHE

On your breathing. It's why you're  
so tense.

Garrett glances over and sees Blythe's eyes are closed.

GARRETT

I'm sorry about last night, babe.  
That's never happened to me before.

BLYTHE

It's alright. I'm not worried.  
I've seen you in action.

GARRETT

That's right. And I'll be back too  
once King signs this deal.

BLYTHE

Are you breathing?

GARRETT

Yes, ma'am.

He lightly brushes his hand over her breast. Blythe opens her eyes and stares at him.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

That's a nice top. Is it new?

BLYTHE

Yes.

GARRETT

I really like the material.

His hand is now arousing a flicker of interest from Blythe.

BLYTHE

What do you like about it?

Garrett slips his hand inside the top.

GARRETT

It's so smooth. And soft.

The unexpectedness of the moment catches them both by surprise and suddenly they're in each other's arms. Until the front door opens.

ODETTE

*Bonjour!*

They both jump up as ODETTE (23) steps in. She's an island local; slim, tanned and unpretentiously attractive. She wears a thin wrap-around skirt, flip-flops and a white T-shirt that makes it clear she's bra-less. She speaks entirely in French.

ODETTE (CONT'D)

*Madame, Monsieur. I am Odette. I  
am your maid.*

Blythe shakes her hand with jumpy enthusiasm.

BLYTHE

*Bonjour. Je suis Blythe and...uh,  
this is Garrett.*

ODETTE  
*I'll begin my work now. Is this Ok?*

BLYTHE  
 (whispers)  
 What's she saying?

GARRETT  
 I don't know. Who is she?

ODETTE  
*I'm going to start in the kitchen.  
 Or the bedroom. Which is most  
 convenient for you?*

BLYTHE  
 Garrett?

GARRETT  
 Say yes.

BLYTHE  
*Oui.*

ODETTE  
*The kitchen? Or the bedroom?*

BLYTHE  
*Oui.*

Garrett's phone rings.

GARRETT  
 One second.

He runs inside leaving Blythe and Odette alone. Blythe is still flustered from Odette barging in without knocking. She points to Odette's earrings.

BLYTHE  
*Tres...tres...jolie.*

ODETTE  
*Merci, Madame.*

BLYTHE  
 I own a little store. A shop.

She speaks louder to help Odette understand.

BLYTHE (CONT'D)  
 I could sell them. Where you buy?  
*Donde vous--oh, shit; that's Spanish.*

Odette stares at her with a tight smile of incomprehension.

INT. VILLA CIEL, OFFICE-- MOMENTS LATER

Garrett sits in a small room overlooking the terrace. He scrolls through the King B contract on his laptop as he talks on his cell. The TV is on, bringing the latest news of the world; earthquakes, hurricanes, terrorist bombings.

CHET  
Now he wants 15%.

GARRETT  
Do it. What else?

CHET  
That's it; just the net.

GARRETT  
Then he should sign.

CHET  
He should. Fellner called him this morning.

GARRETT  
Where'd he get the number?!

CHET  
Mr. T-Dawg, I think.

GARRETT  
That sneaky bastard.

Garrett hangs up and sits in tense silence. Just then Odette appears on the terrace. As she stoops to pick up the lounge cushions her sarong stretches taut over her hips. The morning sun makes the thin skirt completely transparent.

Garrett blinks for a moment, realizing she's wearing nothing underneath. The sight is so suddenly erotic he can't turn away. Odette glances up suddenly. Seeing him looking at her she slips him a polite smile.

Just then Blythe appears in her bikini, catching the last moment of Garrett's look and Odette's smile.

BLYTHE  
Everything alright?

GARRETT  
Yes. Sort of. Not really. Still hasn't signed.

BLYTHE  
Well, are we going to the beach?

GARRETT  
We're going. Let's go.

EXT. BEACH PATH-- LATER

Garrett and Blythe walk along a secluded path overhung with trees and flowering vines. They carry towels, beach chairs and an umbrella.

GARRETT  
I never liked that guy.

BLYTHE  
Who?

GARRETT  
Fellner. He called King B. Can you believe it? My client. I feel like jumping on a plane, flying back and beating the shit out of him.

BLYTHE  
Stop!

GARRETT  
(alarmed)  
What?

BLYTHE  
Look around you. Are you even seeing any of this?

GARRETT  
Yes, I am.

BLYTHE  
No, you're not. You're in New York, punching somebody. You need to start working on this, Garrett. I'm serious: Be Here Now.

GARRETT  
OK. I Am Here Now. Look at that tree. Look at that bird. Look how this rusty umbrella is cutting into my hand.

BLYTHE  
You're kind of starting to annoy me.

GARRETT  
I'm just kidding. You're absolutely right. I'm working on it. God, I thought you saw a snake or something.

They emerge onto a stunningly beautiful beach that is almost deserted. Turquoise waves break on pristine, silvery sand.

Blythe inhales deeply as if she's drawing the beauty into her soul.

BLYTHE  
God, doesn't it just make you want  
to just stay here forever?

GARRETT  
Yeah. Let's see how we feel in a  
week.

EXT. SILVER BEACH -- MOMENTS LATER

Holding hands, Blythe and Garrett step out into the water.

BLYTHE  
Oh, wow. How does that feel?

GARRETT  
Good. A little chilly.

BLYTHE  
Yeah? Well, it's 22 degrees back in  
New York.

She let's go of his hand and submerges. Camera goes underwater with her. She hangs motionless, her eyes closed against the salt. Unknown to her Garrett appears next to her, his eyes closed too. Their backs are slightly turned to each other; their bodies not touching.

EXT. SILVER BEACH -- LATER

Blythe sits under the umbrella, occasionally making notes in a small notebook. She looks very sexy even in her hat and sunglasses. Garrett sits beside her, opening and closing his cellphone.

Only about 10 other people are on the beach.

GARRETT  
What are doing, babe?

BLYTHE  
Writing.

GARRETT  
Writing what?

BLYTHE  
I've started my book.

GARRETT  
What book?

She looks at him incredulously.

BLYTHE  
You said I should write a book.

GARRETT

Right, right. How's it going?

BLYTHE

I've got the first two sentences.  
They're really good. You want to  
hear them?

Garrett stands.

GARRETT

One second. Just going to make a  
call.

Garrett punches a number as he walks to the water's edge.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

King? Hey, it's Garrett.

KING B (V.O.)

Yo, wassup, G? I'm on with your man  
Chet.

GARRETT

Oh, good. Want me to call back?

KING B (V.O.)

No, go ahead.

GARRETT

You got the 15%, man. So, I think  
that's it, right?

(a burst of static)

King? You there? We're giving you  
the 15 so we're good to go, right?

King? King?!! Call me back!

Garrett punches his phone off and looks up just as two WOMEN walk  
past him, topless.

WOMAN

*Bonjour.*

GARRETT

(startled)

*Bonjour.*

Garrett stares after them in surprise. Further up the beach he  
sees a young COUPLE run into the surf completely naked. He walks  
quickly back to Blythe.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

Hey, I think we're on a nude beach.

Blythe tips her sunglasses down a quarter inch.



GARRETT (CONT'D)

Those women are topless. And look  
in the water.

The young couple leaps through a wave, the man turning to face  
Blythe for a moment.

BLYTHE

You're right.

GARRETT

Jeezus, they should put up a sign or  
something.

She goes back to her writing. Garrett stands there, watching the  
naked couple splashing in the surf.

BLYTHE

Come on, Garret; stare. What, you've  
never seen naked boobies before?

GARRETT

God, I'm starving! Let's get  
something to eat.

EXT. DELICE STREET -- LATER

Garrett and Blythe drive their rental car through the narrow  
dockside streets. Small shops, surf huts, expensive boutiques--  
it's like a French Riviera surf town in the Caribbean.

INT. CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Garrett's hair is still wet from the beach. Blythe wears his  
shirt, unbuttoned, over her bikini. Garrett reaches out casually  
and drops his hand on her bare thigh. Still looking out the window  
Blythe drops her own hand over his. Their fingers intertwine  
with gentle, instinctive ease.

INT. MATCH SUPERMARKET -- LATER

Blythe pushes a cart down the aisle. Garrett meets her in front  
of a huge stack of bananas and plantains. Blythe picks through  
the bruised bananas.

BLYTHE

I don't like my bananas bruised.

GARRETT

I know how you like your bananas.

BLYTHE

Do you?

GARRETT

Oh, yes.

BLYTHE

Like this?

An elderly French couple walks by just as she holds up a huge plantain and winks suggestively at Garrett. The couple passes and they both crack up.

BLYTHE (CONT'D)

Did you find your cereal?

GARRETT

*Oui.*

BLYTHE

Good. Let's go.

Blythe pushes the cart up to the check-out counter and begins unloading the cart. Garrett glances at the cashier. FLORINE (26) is pretty, her sun-bleached hair pulled loosely up on her head. She takes her job very seriously, adding up their items with careful concentration. She wears a short white smock that stops high up on her tanned thighs.

Camera pushes CLOSE on Garrett, staring as if transfixed. CLOSE ON; Florine's thighs, parting slightly as she works.

Blythe suddenly takes a box of cereal out of Florine's hands.

BLYTHE (CONT'D)

That's not your cereal.

GARRETT

Yeah, it is.

BLYTHE

No, it isn't. You like Honey Krunch.

GARRETT

I'll eat that.

BLYTHE

It's for babies.

Florine looks up, concern touching her clear blue eyes.

FLORINE

Yes, madame; muesli. For the baby.  
You want?

GARRETT

Yes.

BLYTHE

Alright, we'll take it.

She turns to the old couple now waiting in line behind them.

BLYTHE (CONT'D)  
He's not going to eat it. He likes  
Honey Krunch

They stare at her in sullen confusion.

EXT. VILLA CIEL -- LATER

CLOSE ON; the kitchen counter. A carton of skim milk slams into frame. Blythe and Garrett unpack their groceries in a customary team effort, one now undercut with tension.

BLYTHE  
I was just trying to help you. You  
bought the wrong cereal. I know  
you; you're not going to eat it.

GARRETT  
That's not the point.

BLYTHE  
Alright, what's the point?

GARRETT  
It was a little embarrassing.

BLYTHE  
Embarrassing? How?

GARRETT  
You were scolding me like a two-year  
old in front of the whole store.

BLYTHE  
In front of the check-out girl you  
mean.

GARRETT  
What are you talking about?

BLYTHE  
Your friend, Miss Muesli.

GARRETT  
She's not my friend.

BLYTHE  
She said it too; it's baby food.

GARRETT  
What the hell is that noise?!

Garrett storms out to the pool. Blythe follows.

BLYTHE  
Why are you so upset?

GARRETT

Don't you hear that whining noise!

BLYTHE

No! Now, just calm down.

GARRETT

And what was that whole thing with the banana?

BLYTHE

Oh, come on, Garrett. It was just a joke.

GARRETT

A joke? Do you understand how I might be just a little sensitive about that?

BLYTHE

I was just playing with you.

GARRETT

Do you have any idea the kind of pressure I'm under right now?

BLYTHE

Of course I do.

GARRETT

No, this isn't fun and games, Blythe. I'm not sitting around selling tree frogs or stinky little candles.

Blythe stares at him. Garrett seems unaware he's cut her to the bone. She takes a deep breath, fighting to compose herself.

BLYTHE

Ok. I hear you. How can I help you?

GARRETT

Just try to understand; this deal is life or death for me and right now it's hanging by a thread.

BLYTHE

Take a breath; Positive in; Negative out. Again. King is going to sign.

GARRETT

How do you know?

BLYTHE

Because you're very good at your job and he trusts you. Stop second-guessing yourself.

GARRETT

You're right. That's exactly what I'm doing.

She gives him a mock slap across the face.

BLYTHE

Well, snap out of it.

Garrett laughs and pulls her into his arms.

GARRETT

Thanks, coach. I'm going to call Chet. Then I'm calling Avalon. I'll just be a second.

BLYTHE

Take your time. And no more arguing. Ok, banana boy? I love you.

GARRETT

I love you too, babe. I really do.

He rushes off. The moment she's alone Blythe takes a deep breath of her own. A tiny lizard on the pool railing catches her eye. She slowly extends her finger toward it and the lizard instantly disappears.

INT. VILLA CIEL -- LATER

Garrett rapidly types an email while talking on his cellphone.

GARRETT

Hey, King. Try me on the hard line; better reception. Alright, man. I'm really excited about this.

Garrett punches in another number.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

Hey, Chet. I just tried him again. He's not picking up.

CHET (V.O.)

That's funny; I just spoke with him. I'll call him and patch him in. You hold, homeboy.

Garrett waits. Out the window he sees Blythe at the pool railing, gazing out at the ocean. He slips a small velvet box from his briefcase.

CLOSE ON; the velvet box. Garrett opens it. Inside is a small, diamond ring, gleaming in the soft light.

Garrett looks up just as a breeze catches Blythe's hair. Her face looks beautiful, her gaze distant and serene.

Garrett stares at her for a long moment. Suddenly, their eyes meet. Blythe smiles, her eyes soft and radiant.

Garrett smiles back and waves.

EXT. VILLA CIEL -- MORNING

UNDERWATER SHOT; Blythe dives into the pool. Sunlight ripples over her body as she swims the length of the pool underwater. She wears a different bikini which looks even better on her.

Blythe pulls herself out of the pool and walks over to where Garrett is doing his breathing exercises. Actually he's just lying there holding his cellphone. He hasn't shaved in a couple of days and he and Blythe are both noticeably more tan.

Blythe lies down on him, dripping wet.

BLYTHE

Oops. Sorry. Didn't see you.

He laughs, wrapping his arms around her.

GARRETT

That's funny.

She writhes wetly against him.

BLYTHE

Now you're all wet. And wouldn't you know it; the maid just left.

They move into a deep kiss. Garrett eases her off of him with an apologetic smile.

GARRETT

Sorry, babe. I'm still waiting for this call.

BLYTHE

Oh. OK. When are you going to shave?

GARRETT

As soon as this deal is signed. It's my good luck beard.

BLYTHE

I thought you were trying to turn me on.

GARRETT

That too. That's the main reason.

Garrett stands and moves to the edge of the pool.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

It's louder.

BLYTHE

What?

GARRETT

That noise.

Garrett simply falls forward into the pool. UNDERWATER SHOT; SLOW MOTION: Garrett's body plunges through the frame. He sinks to the bottom of the pool and hangs there motionless.

EXT. VILLA CIEL -- LATER

UNDERWATER SHOT; a MAN appears above, peering down into the water.

CUT TO; Laurent, leaning over the edge of the pool, listening intently. A cigarette hangs from his lips; he wears the same clothes he had on a week ago.

Blythe appears beside him in her bikini with Garrett's shirt tied around her waist.

BLYTHE

He says he hears a noise.

She yells and waves down at Garrett who is still underwater.

BLYTHE (CONT'D)

Garrett! Garrett!

Garrett heaves himself out of the pool.

GARRETT

Thanks for coming over, Laurent.  
*Muchas gracias.*

BLYTHE

That's Spanish, Garrett.

LAURENT

*Yo comprende, Senora. So; amigo. A noise?*

GARRETT

Yeah, it's bugging the hell out of me.

Garrett leads Laurent to the far edge of the pool and they stand listening for a moment.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

You hear that?

LAURENT

(concentrating)  
Yes. I hear.

GARRETT  
He hears it, Blythe!

Blythe watches from the other end of the pool.

BLYTHE  
Great.

Laurent kneels slowly. Then, squinting against the smoke of his cigarette he pops open the lid of the pool drain.

LAURENT  
*Eh. Voila.*

Laurent lifts out the boxer shorts Garrett had kicked into the pool their first night in the villa.

GARRETT  
How the hell did they get in there?

LAURENT  
*Yo comprende, amigo. Yo comprende.*

Blythe watches them, her hands on her hips. Both men take her in for a moment as a breeze wafts Garrett's shirt open and closed around her thighs.

BLYTHE  
You comprende what?

GARRETT  
He fixed it.

BLYTHE  
Well, thank god.

LAURENT  
And now, I must go.

He lights another cigarette and leans against the terrace railing.

GARRETT  
Well, thanks for coming over on your day off.

LAURENT  
No day off. Working. Always working.

BLYTHE  
(joining them)  
On Sunday?

LAURENT  
*Ah, oui, Madame. Sunday is big day for showing.*

He points to a magnificent villa on a nearby mountain.



LAURENT (CONT'D)

You see, there? I show it now to some people.

BLYTHE

What a gorgeous house. What's it like inside?

LAURENT

Come and see.

There is a brief, awkward silence.

BLYTHE

You want to go, Garrett?

GARRETT

I've got to wait for this call. You go.

BLYTHE

No, some other time.

GARRETT

Go; you want to see the house.

BLYTHE

You sure?

GARRETT

Yeah. Wave to me.

CLOSE ON; Blythe as she looks from Garrett to Laurent. Both men stand watching her.

BLYTHE

Alright. One second.

She runs into the villa.

INT. LAURENT'S CAR -- MOMENTS LATER

Laurent drives a dented compact. Blythe sits beside him now wearing a blouse and skirt. As he reaches past her to grab a half-eaten sandwich from the littered dash his arm brushes her shoulder.

LAURENT

*Pardon.* My breakfast.

Laurent takes a bite from the sandwich and tosses it into the back seat. He drives slowly, following a tourist van poking along in front of them.

BLYTHE

How long have you lived here?

LAURENT

Six year. I come from Paris. My friend say, Laurent, you come, you have job selling villa. Nice weather. Nice people. So, voila. And you?

BLYTHE

Well, I have a little sh--

Laurent watches out of the corner of his eye as she flinches suddenly in angry self-reproach.

BLYTHE (CONT'D)

Actually, I'm writing a book.

LAURENT

A fiction?

BLYTHE

No, I think more a collection of thoughts...personal observations.

LAURENT

About?

BLYTHE

Life. Balance. Being Here Now. In fact, the title is "Now and...Zen."

Laurent takes this news with complete silence. Finally he turns to her.

LAURENT

And zen what?

BLYTHE

No, that's the title; "Now and...Zen."

LAURENT

(utterly baffled)

Sorry. My English is not so good.

Laurent digs a bottle of mouthwash from the floor and takes a swig, swallowing it with a grimace.

BLYTHE

What are you doing?

LAURENT

Little bit every day. Good for the digestion.

BLYTHE

No, it's not. It's rubbing alcohol; You'll burn a hole in your stomach.

LAURENT  
No. It's true?

BLYTHE  
It's like drinking poison.

LAURENT  
*Mon Dieu! Merci, Blythe. Merci  
beaucoup.*

He laughs in amazement and gazes at her with profound gratitude. Something else in his eyes prompts Blythe to turn away.

BLYTHE  
What time are you meeting these people?

LAURENT  
12.

BLYTHE  
You're late. Why don't you pass this guy?

LAURENT  
In a moment.

BLYTHE  
It's clear now.

LAURENT  
Now?

BLYTHE  
Yeah, go.

LAURENT  
Right now?

BLYTHE  
Go, go.

Laurent floors it. He careens around the tourist van and swings the car back into lane just as a truck roars by, missing them by inches.

BLYTHE (CONT'D)  
There you go.

Laurent gazes at her in shaken admiration.

EXT. VILLA CIEL -- CONTINUOUS

Garrett paces by the pool, talking on his cellphone.

GARRETT

Hey, King; I'm still at that hard line number I gave you. So, give me a call when you get a chance. It's 12:15 here.

(punches another number)

Chet, pick up. It's Garrett. What's going on? I left a message on your cell. Call me back. It's 12:16 here.

Garrett eyes move to something in the pool. He sees a small white moth fluttering in the water. CLOSE ON; the moth. It beats its wings in frantic exhaustion, trying to keep from drowning.

Garrett eases his hand under the moth. The moth clings to his wet skin as he lifts it from the water.

Garrett peers curiously at the insect. The moth stays in his hand slowly opening and closing its wings. A pulsing silence fills the drowsy heat of noon. From the distance comes the faint bleat of a goat.

The harsh jangle of the house phone startles Garrett.

INT. VILLA CIEL -- CONTINUOUS

Garrett snatches up the phone.

GARRETT

Hello?

(silence)

Hello? Hello! Hello!!

(slams the phone down)

What the fuck...?!?

INT. EMPTY VILLA -- LATER

Blythe moves quietly through the villa. The empty, spacious rooms echo with a hushed, mysterious silence.

Blythe passes a window and sees Laurent on the terrace with CARL and DORIS HAGGERTY, a plump, middle-aged couple wearing matching white outfits, complete with Panama hats.

LAURENT

The best view on the island. There is St. Martin, Eustace. Guadeloupe is there, but you can't see it.

DOR

Why not?

Laurent smokes nervously.

LAURENT

The mountain is there.

CARL  
If it's behind the mountain it's not  
part of the view.

LAURENT  
*Non, monsieur.*

CARL  
Let's cut the crap. We like the  
house but the view is mediocre.

LAURENT  
Perhaps we can find a negotiation...?

CARL  
We're not interested.

LAURENT  
Very well. So. I'm sorry.

CARL  
(not moving)  
For us it's all about the view.

Just then Blythe steps out onto the terrace, still genuinely awed  
from her solo tour of the villa.

BLYTHE  
What an amazing house. You both are  
so lucky.

CARL  
Well, actually we've made no  
commitment here.

BLYTHE  
Oh, I'm sorry. I thought you'd bought  
it.

CARL  
Negative. The elements don't justify  
that kind of investment.

BLYTHE  
(sincerely disappointed)  
That's terrible. I was completely  
fantasizing you living here. I could  
never afford something like this.  
I'm just curious; do you mind? What  
are they asking for it?

CARL  
Five-six.

BLYTHE  
Oh, my god.  
(MORE)

BLYTHE (CONT'D)

It must have all gone into the house.  
It's like a palace in there. Did  
you see all that marble and woodwork?

DORIS

We like the house.

CARL

It's the view.

BLYTHE

I know! Isn't it spectacular?

She drifts to the terrace railing as if in a dream. The Haggerty's stare at her with slightly bewildered uncertainty.

BLYTHE (CONT'D)

Oh, look down there. A little goat  
farm. Are those are peacocks on top  
of the shed? I don't believe it;  
It's like a French country village  
right in the middle of the Caribbean.

Doris steps over and squints in the direction she's pointing.

DORIS

Look at that, Carl. Peacocks.

CARL

I don't mind birds.

BLYTHE

Did you tell me that whole mountain  
is a Green Zone, Laurent?

LAURENT

(staring at her)  
*Oui...*

BLYTHE

No hotels, no houses; nothing but  
that pretty little farm and that  
ocean; forever. Oh, look at the  
baby goats!

DORIS

They're running. Look, Carl. Aren't  
they just adorable?

LAURENT

(trying to be helpful)  
Yes, they run from the farmer who is  
coming to kill them.

Blythe elbows him into silence.

INT. VILLA CIEL -- CONTINUOUS

Garrett paces before his computer talking on his cellphone.

GARRETT

Hey, King; I might've given you the  
wrong number. 011.59.078.665.3321.

A new email message appears on his screen. Garrett quickly opens it. CLOSE ON; the text: *Thought you might want to talk. Jim Fellner.*

Garrett immediately calls him.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

Hey, Jim. What's up?

FELLNER

I tried to get your number from Chet  
but he wouldn't give it to me.

GARRETT

Yeah, I'm on vacation. What's up?

FELLNER

Chet didn't call you?

GARRETT

(tensing)  
Not today. Why?

There is an ominous silence from Fellner.

INT. EMPTY VILLA -- CONTINUOUS

Blythe watches from a window as the Haggerty's drive off. A moment later Laurent rushes in.

LAURENT

They bought it! Five-four!

He holds out a check, gazing at Blythe in ecstatic adoration.

LAURENT

Deposit. \$500,000!

BLYTHE

Oh, my god. Congratulations, Laurent.

LAURENT

No. It was you.

BLYTHE

Me?

LAURENT

You were magnificent. I never see anything like this.

His genuine, uncensored praise is greatly affecting her. She becomes almost giddy.

BLYTHE

No, you had them, Laurent. You just missed the moment. I was watching you. They didn't like the view but they didn't leave, did they?

LAURENT

You were watching me?

BLYTHE

That's when you should've made your move. You gave up too easy, you knucklehead!

LAURENT

Nokklehead?

BLYTHE

Something about you makes me want to just rub my knuckles on your head.

In fact she does so. Laurent regards her in amazement, a boyish, infatuated smile lighting his face.

BLYTHE (CONT'D)

What?

LAURENT

*Rien.*

BLYTHE

What?

She takes a half-step closer, peering at him in curiosity. Silence. They are completely alone in the empty villa.

LAURENT

*Vous etres encroyable.*

BLYTHE

No, I'm not. What's 'encroyable?'

LAURENT

Incredible.

BLYTHE

Well, thank you. *Merci. Vous etres tres...uh...tres...*



A lock of his hair falls loose from his ponytail and hangs over his eyes. As she brushes it back softly he turns his head and brushes his lips against the inside of her wrist.

Blythe lets out a small breath. In the next instant they're in each other's arms.

LAURENT

Oh, Blythe. Blythe.

BLYTHE

No, Laurent. We can't.

She pulls off his shirt. He struggles with the buttons of her blouse until she helps him by pulling it over her head. Her bra follows, sailing out the window.

Laurent eases her up onto the window ledge overlooking the garden. Blythe shifts her hips as he raises her skirt.

He kicks off his pants and slips between her thighs. Blythe gasps and wraps her legs around his waist. Suddenly, a knock on the front door. They both freeze in terror.

INT. EMPTY VILLA -- CONTINUOUS

Carl and Doris Haggerty step cautiously in the front door.

CARL

Hello?

DORIS

Are they here?

CARL

Their car's still here.

(calling out)

Hey! Forgot my hat!

INT. EMPTY VILLA GARDEN ROOM-- CONTINUOUS

Laurent and Blythe hold in a tense, trembling silence. Laurent stares into her eyes and quietly draws her tightly to him. The element of danger is driving her wild. She bites his shoulder to keep from crying out, almost making him yelp in pain.

INT. EMPTY VILLA -- CONTINUOUS

Carl spies his hat on the kitchen counter.

CARL

Here it is.

DORIS

(looking out)

Oh, just look at our view.

CARL  
Like a little French village.

He grabs an handful of her generous ass drawing a sharp gasp of shocked delight.

DORIS  
Carl!

INT. EMPTY VILLA GARDEN ROOM-- CONTINUOUS

Hearing the front door close Blythe finally lets out a deep, unchecked moan of pleasure. Sunlight streams through the open window, washing over their bodies.

INT. VILLA CIEL -- CONTINUOUS

FELLNER  
Chet no longer works here, Garrett.

GARRETT  
I just spoke to him yesterday.

FELLNER  
He left on Friday. He's at Dell-Loris.

GARRETT  
Then who's handling King's contract?!  
(silence)  
I knew it! You scumbag! You've been sneaking behind my back for months! Well, you're not getting away with it! I'm calling Avalon right now.

FELLNER  
Hey. Garrett. King B went with Chet.

GARRETT  
What?!

FELLNER  
He went to Dell-Loris. Chet went, and took King with him.

Garrett sits stunned.

FELLNER (CONT'D)  
Garrett?

Garrett suddenly throws his head back and screams.

EXT. EMPTY VILLA -- CONTINUOUS

The scream is Blythe's, her voice echoing out across the grounds. The camera drifts down from the open window to the wizened face of an old GARDENER sitting beneath a flowering hibiscus right below the window. He takes a bite of his sandwich, chewing in careful, blinking silence. Blythe's bra dangles from a twig behind his ear. From the distance comes the faint, whimsical bleat of a goat.

EXT. VILLA CIEL -- NIGHT

Garrett lies stretched out on a lounge. He pours himself a hefty glass of wine as the camera PANS to reveal Blythe on the lounge beside him.

BLYTHE

I'm so sorry, Garrett.

GARRETT

Chet. I can't believe it. He was my guy. I brought him in.

Blythe gently runs her hand over his cheek.

BLYTHE

I know. It was a sneaky, nasty thing to do.

Garrett takes a long drink, the wine helping him cover his pain by waxing philosophical.

GARRETT

Maybe, maybe not. It's dog eat dog out there, Blythe. Killer Instinct; you can't survive in this world without it. God, I feel like such an idiot. Why didn't I see it coming?

BLYTHE

Because you're a good person, Garrett. You trusted him.

GARRETT

I did. And I guess that's what hurts. You know? The betrayal.

BLYTHE

I know. But, you can't take this personally.

GARRETT

Well, it did happen to me. There goes the bonus, my partnership.

BLYTHE

You've still got your job.

GARRETT

That's true.

BLYTHE

And you're going to bounce back. I know you are.

GARRETT

You're right, I am. And you know what? I think it's a good thing, I really do. Now we can just focus on the vacation. Just you and me, babe, for the next three weeks.

(takes her hand)

So, how was that house?

BLYTHE

Beautiful. Laurent sold it. Actually, he says I did.

GARRETT

Oh, yeah? How?

BLYTHE

I don't know. I was just talking about it, telling these people how gorgeous it was and I guess it changed their minds.

(laughs)

They bought it, right there.

GARRETT

Wow, that's great, babe. He should give you 10%.

BLYTHE

He offered. I said no.

GARRETT

He's a good guy. I really like him, you know?

BLYTHE

Yeah. He's nice.

GARRETT

You don't like him?

BLYTHE

He's OK. Not really my type.

Garrett gazes at her.

GARRETT

Alright, I'm going to say something here.

BLYTHE

What?

GARRETT

You are...incredible.

He doesn't notice her stiffen slightly at the word. He caresses her bare arm.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

What'd you do; take Sexy Pills tonight?

BLYTHE

No.

GARRETT

You want to maybe go inside and...  
(winks)

BLYTHE

No...not right now. Do you mind?

GARRETT

No problem. We'll just lay here,  
look at the stars, feel the breeze.  
Be Here Now. Right, babe?

Blythe nods, gazing down at their hands. Their two thumbs gently caress each other. MUSIC IN.

EXT. VILLA CIEL -- LATE MORNING

Camera PANS from a breathtaking view of the ocean to the villa. Garrett sits shirtless and still unshaven at a small table on the terrace. He's got his laptop set up and is listening to music on his headphones.

Blythe steps out and sits beside him, opening an island magazine. Garrett removes his headphones and the music stops. Behind them Odette moves around the villa, humming softly while she cleans.

BLYTHE

There's a botanical garden with a whole section on indigenous reptiles.

GARRETT

I'm not really into flowers and snakes.

BLYTHE

I think snakes are fascinating.  
What don't you like about them?

GARRETT

The way they eat things.

BLYTHE  
You eat things.

GARRETT  
I don't swallow them live.

BLYTHE  
Alright, there's a nautical museum  
down on the wharf.

GARRETT  
No, too...oceany.

BLYTHE  
We should do something, Garrett.  
Come on, it will help take your mind  
off things.

GARRETT  
I'm OK, really. I found some really  
nice CD's in the closet.

Blythe notices his glass of wine.

BLYTHE  
Is it a little early for that?

Garrett looks at his watch, genuinely puzzled.

GARRETT  
It's almost noon.

BLYTHE  
I thought that was just your Good  
Luck beard.

GARRETT  
(laughs)  
Yeah, isn't it funny how people do  
things like that? Like a beard could  
really bring good luck.

BLYTHE  
You could shave it.

GARRETT  
Oh, I will. Any day now.

She regards him for a moment in silence.

BLYTHE  
Garrett, there's something I have to  
tell you; about Laurent.

GARRETT  
*Mi amigo?* Is he alright?

BLYTHE

He's showing another house today.  
He wants me to go with him.

GARRETT

Oh, that's great. You should go.

BLYTHE

I don't want to leave you sitting  
here alone.

GARRETT

Babe, I am so good right now. This  
is exactly what I needed. Maybe  
I'll drive down to the beach later.  
Like you said, "Trust is the Love  
that balances the ying and yang of  
all Energy."

BLYTHE

That's not quite what I said.

GARRETT

Well, it really meant a lot to me.

Blythe looks at him for another quiet moment. Then she smiles  
and kisses him as she gets up.

BLYTHE

Alright. I want you to be careful.  
Wear your sunblock.

GARRETT

I will.

On her way back inside Blythe passes Odette coming out onto the  
terrace to sweep. Both women smile stiffly.

Garrett pours another glass of wine and puts his headphones back  
on.

MUSIC IN: more hypnotic African groove. Garrett takes a drink,  
gazing around him in slightly buzzed contentment. His eyes drift  
to Odette, sweeping the terrace. Her back is to him. SLOW ZOOM  
into her hips undulating in a fluid, erotic rhythm as she sweeps.

CLOSE ON; Odette. She glances down to the villa's driveway just  
in time to see Blythe get into Laurent's car.

INT. LAURENT'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

LAURENT

Bonjour.

BLYTHE

(terse)  
Hello.

She snaps on her seatbelt, not looking at him. Laurent takes a swig of mouthwash, glances at her and spits it carefully out the window.

EXT. SILVER BEACH -- LATER

A glistening wave runs up onto the beach. Camera PANS to reveal Garrett sitting alone on the sand. He finishes a beer and collapses with heavy lethargy onto his face.

A group of people moves down the beach. The breeze lifts their bright, billowing scarves and sarongs making the procession look like an exotic desert caravan.

Garrett recognizes Florine, the checkout girl. She holds the hand of a small boy, OLIVIER (6).

CLEO (31) walks with MICHEL (9) who drags a boogie board behind him. TIKI (39) follows behind the women, cradling CAMILLE (5) in his tanned, muscular arms.

They stop about 20 feet away and make camp. Garrett watches through one cracked eyelid. The group shares an intimate familiarity, with the children receiving attention from everyone.

The kids take off their clothes and skitter into the water. Their little naked bodies are completely brown. Tiki stands watching, laughing and yelling to them. He wears a sarong but on him it looks completely natural.

The women are naked now. Cleo uncaps a small tube and spreads lotion over her nipples. Garrett blinks, mesmerized as Florine takes the tube and does the same.

Suddenly Garrett rises to his feet, drops his bathing suit and steps out of it. He walks down to the water, his white butt flashing in the sun.

He passes an elderly American couple, almost fully dressed. They involuntarily turn to gape at him.

GARRETT

Hey, bonjour. How you doin'?

UNDERWATER SHOT: SLOW MOTION. Garrett's body glides through the clear, blue water. On his face a smile of pure bliss. His shadow passes over the rippled white sand below.

INT. FURNISHED VILLA -- CONTINUOUS

Blythe stands with Laurent in the living room of another sumptuous villa. This one is richly furnished. Everything is gaudy and slightly theatrical; most predominant are six nude statues of Cupid. CHESTER and MILTON, a middle-aged gay couple gaze skeptically around the room.



CHESTER

I'm really not wild about this furniture.

LAURENT

Yes, problem. The owner prefer to sell everything with the house.

CHESTER

Yes, problem.

MILTON

It's not our style at all.

CHESTER

It looks straight out of *La Cage aux Folles*.

Blythe laughs in genuine amusement.

BLYTHE

You're right, it does. Did you read that in the brochure too?

CHESTER

What?

BLYTHE

The owner was an investor in the original Broadway show. Did you ever see it?

MILTON

Several times.

BLYTHE

I just saw it once. But I swear I recognize this couch. Wasn't it on stage?

The two men regard the leopardskin couch with new interest. Laurent watches, speechless.

CHESTER

I'm sure the statues were. I'd recognize that ass anywhere.

Another peal of real, amused laughter from Blythe. She walks up to the nearest Cupid and places her hand on its gleaming buttocks.

BLYTHE

Think there's any truth to that rumor?

CHESTER

Which one?

BLYTHE

You know, the one in Vanity Fair  
about whose butt this is.

Now everyone stares at her in astonished curiosity.

BLYTHE (CONT'D)

Oh, come on, guys. You think I could  
make this stuff up? Didn't you read  
that? They said it was Keanu Reeves.

INT. FURNISHED VILLA -- MOMENTS LATER

Milton and Chester drive off. Camera PANS to reveal Laurent and  
Blythe watching them from a window.

Laurent holds a fresh check in his hands.

LAURENT

Now I insist; you must take the  
commission.

BLYTHE

No, I didn't do anything.

LAURENT

Ah, but you did everything!

BLYTHE

I was just talking.

LAURENT

The ass of Keanu? This is true?

BLYTHE

Well, I think so. I might have made  
that part up.

Laurent touches her bare shoulder with an adoring whisper.

LAURENT

*Encroyable.*

BLYTHE

(moving away)

No.

LAURENT

I'm sorry.

BLYTHE

You should be. We both should be,  
OK? I'm down here on vacation with  
someone I've been living with for  
six years. Do you understand that?

LAURENT

Yes, I am ashamed. Garrett is a great guy. I like him very much.

BLYTHE

So do I.

LAURENT

A very nice guy.

He's behind her now. His hands brush over her shoulders then drift onto her breasts. This time she leans back against him. She inhales deeply then turns to face him.

LAURENT (CONT'D)

What?

Blythe lowers her nose into his tanned neck and inhales again.

BLYTHE

God. I...I love the way you smell.

They both fall back onto the leopardskin sofa.

EXT. SILVER BEACH -- LATER

GARRETT

Hey, Blythe? You know, I was wondering...would you...?

He's looking out to sea talking to himself. Michel is alone in the water with his boogie board.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

Blythe, maybe it's time that you and I...

Garrett notices Michel slip underwater. His head surfaces briefly. Then he goes under again.

Garrett looks over and sees Tiki lighting a cigarette. Everyone else is asleep. Garrett turns back to the water and sees the splash of a small hand. He waits. The boy doesn't come up.

In a moment Garrett is on his feet, running into the water. He leaps through a wave and swims hard toward the boy.

UNDERWATER SHOT; Michel is barely moving, his small arms struggling weakly toward the surface. The cord to the boogie board is wrapped around his neck. Garrett grabs him and pulls him upwards.

A cry comes from the beach as Garrett and Michel break the surface. Florine, Cleo and Tiki are now half in the water.

A small crowd gathers as Garrett carries Michel up onto the beach. Garrett lays the barely conscious boy on the blanket and steps back as Cleo quickly cradles Michel in her arms.

INT. FURNISHED VILLA -- LATER

Blythe and Laurent lie on the leopardskin couch, half-naked in each other's arms. Sunlight streams through the terrace doors opening out onto a brilliant panorama of sea and sky.

Blythe lets out a soft sigh of absolute contentment.

BLYTHE  
I feel terrible.

LAURENT  
Yes, me too.

He blissfully lays his head on her bare shoulder.

BLYTHE  
This is the last time, Laurent. It really is.

LAURENT  
As you wish.

BLYTHE  
As I wish? I didn't wish for any of this. You think I just hop in the sack with any guy with a ponytail and a French accent?

LAURENT  
Non.

BLYTHE  
That's right; I don't. Who's doing this? I don't even know this person. My balance is off. That's what it is. I'm way too far into my Me Self right now. I've got to get my balance back.

LAURENT  
Breathe.

Blythe takes a long deep breath.

LAURENT (CONT'D)  
Another.

BLYTHE  
I have to tell him.

LAURENT  
Perhaps not just now. Only a suggestion.

Blythe turns to look at him. His gaze is so pure and sincere it startles her. She kisses him.

BLYTHE

I just feel so bad for Garrett.  
He's all alone.

EXT. SILVER BEACH -- LATER

Garrett sits with two beautiful, half-naked women. Florine and Cleo have loosely wrapped their sarongs around them. Occasionally a breast is exposed and casually re-covered. Michel is asleep in Cleo's arms. The other kids play in the sand near Garrett, stopping frequently to look at him.

Garrett can't take his eyes off Florine.

GARRETT

You're sisters?

FLORINE

Yes. And this is our cousin, Tiki.

GARRETT

And the kids?

CLEO

Mine.

GARRETT

Congratulations; they're beautiful.

TIKI

I've seen you in my restaurant; with  
your wife.

GARRETT

Right. My girlfriend, actually.  
But, yeah; great place. Great music.  
And I love that bed on the beach.

TIKI

Come tonight; you and your girlfriend.  
My guests. For the rescue.

FLORINE

You swim very good; like a dolphin.

GARRETT

I was on the swim team in college.  
200 meter freestyle. Medalled twice;  
that's about it.

They all smile politely, having no idea what he's saying. Tiki lights a joint and hands it to Garrett.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

Oh. No, thanks.

Garrett watches with a slightly forced smile as the joint is passed around. More out of nervousness he briefly strokes Michel's shoulder.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

I guess it's just lucky I looked up  
when I did.

Florine gazes at Garrett with a soft smile that leaves him speechless.

FLORINE

No, not lucky. Look, his toes.  
Like a fish.

CLOSE ON; Garrett's feet. There does indeed appear to be extra webbing between the toes.

Everyone looks at him with a profound new respect. Camille tromps up and holds out her sandwich to Garrett.

GARRETT

Oh, no thank you, Camille. *Merci.*

The group laughs. Cleo drapes a bare arm over Garrett's shoulders.

CLEO

*Ah, Camille. You are very generous.*

Camille shrugs and moves a few feet away, clutching her sandwich in both hands. Garrett watches her as she looks out to sea. The breeze lifts a strand of her tousled, sun-bleached hair.

The scene shifts to SLOW-MOTION. Sound fades. Camera moves closer on the young girl's face. The afternoon sun bathes it in a soft glow. Her exquisitely innocent beauty catches Garrett by surprise and he stares in silent wonder.

EXT. SILVER BEACH DUNES -- CONTINUOUS

A MAN lies in the shadows beneath a bush. His scruffy chin is in the sand, a pair of binoculars pressed to his eyes. A tattoo of a lightning bolt is inked on the back of one callused hand.

The binoculars focus directly on Garrett with Cleo's arm still around him. A vein in the man's temple throbs violently.

INT. TIKI'S RESTAURANT -- NIGHT

MUSIC IN HARD. French electro-Asian funk. The restaurant is busy, waiters move among the tables serving food and pouring wine. Glasses sparkle. Moonlight plays out on the water.

Tiki sits with Garrett and Blythe. He constantly refills their glasses with champagne which everyone's feeling.

BLYTHE  
Here's to Garrett, for the rescue.

TIKI  
*Oui.* To the dolphin.

BLYTHE  
To the what?

GARRETT  
They call me that because I'm a good swimmer.

BLYTHE  
You are. You're a very good swimmer.  
Who's they?

TIKI  
I love this dress on you, Blythe.  
It's very sexy.

GARRETT  
It is. Really sexy, Blythe.

LUCIO (30) an attractive young Italian sits down next to Tiki.

TIKI  
Ah, amore.

Blythe and Garrett watch, a little taken aback, as Tiki and Lucio kiss deeply.

INT. TIKI'S RESTAURANT -- LATER

Champagne keeps flowing. Conversations shift between the four of them.

BLYTHE  
Are you Tiki's partner?

LUCIO  
Yes, we are lovers.

BLYTHE  
That's great. But, I meant, are you involved in the restaurant too?

LUCIO  
Yes. Everything, together.

Tiki hands Garrett some CD's.

TIKI  
My brother send these from Paris.  
This from Bangladesh. This from  
Algeria.

GARRETT  
Ah, some Rai music.

Blythe glances over at Garrett. With his sunburn and few days of beard he looks ruggedly handsome and alive. A complex emotion touches her eyes. Sensing her gaze he looks up and smiles.

LUCIO  
You are on your honeymoon?

BLYTHE  
No, just a vacation. But everyone keeps asking that.

LUCIO  
That's a good thing, yes?

BLYTHE  
Absolutely. I love all your Indonesian things. Is the bed from Bali?

Tiki hears this.

TIKI  
Yes, we go twice a year.

BLYTHE  
It's such a great touch out there. Do you own the beach rights?

TIKI  
Yes, on both sides.

BLYTHE  
Ahh, now that's smart.

Now Garrett's eyes linger on Blythe, looking radiant and completely at ease. He gazes at her as if he's seeing her for the first time.

Tiki and Lucio stand. After a flurry of kisses and handshakes they are gone leaving Blythe and Garrett alone. They sit for a moment in slightly awkward silence.

BLYTHE (CONT'D)  
You got some sun.

GARRETT  
A little bit.

BLYTHE  
Sounds like you had a good day.

GARRETT  
I did, yeah. How about you?



BLYTHE  
Well...I sold another house.

GARRETT  
You're kidding me.

BLYTHE  
No, isn't it crazy? I just start talking and the next thing I know somebody's writing a check.

GARRETT  
Laurent must be pretty happy.

BLYTHE  
He keeps trying to give me money. I keep telling him no because really, I'm just enjoying myself. You know, the selling.

GARRETT  
Right. The Game.

Garrett gazes at her. She's absolutely glowing in the candle light.

GARRETT (CONT'D)  
Hey, Blythe?

BLYTHE  
Yeah?

She regards him with a curious smile as he hesitates. Just as he's about to speak her cellphone rings.

BLYTHE (CONT'D)  
It's Laurent. One second.  
(into the phone)  
Hello? I think so. Hold on.  
(to Garrett)  
He wants me to go with him again tomorrow morning. It's a big sale and he's nervous.

GARRETT  
Sure. Go.

BLYTHE  
(into the phone)  
Can we say 10:30? No, Garrett'll give me a ride. And listen, I think you can get seven for it. You've already got an offer for 6.5 and it's only been listed for two days. And don't mention the mosquitoes.

Blythe hangs up and takes Garrett's hand.

BLYTHE (CONT'D)

Sorry. What were you going to ask me?

Garrett holds her eyes for a long moment, a smile on his lips.

EXT. ISLAND ROAD -- MORNING

The morning is fresh and clear. An old farmer walks along the road cradling two newborn goats under each arm.

He passes Laurent, sitting nervously in his car. He takes a quick sip of mouthwash, spits it out then checks his reflection in the mirror.

Garrett and Blythe pull up, stopping just across from him on the other side of the road. Garrett still hasn't shaved. He's in basketball shorts and an old T shirt. Blythe is dressed almost as if she's going to work.

GARRETT

Hey, Laurent. How's it going?

LAURENT

*Muy buen, caballero.*

With their stubble and sunburns the two men are starting to look a little alike.

LAURENT (CONT'D)

Nice weather.

GARRETT

Yeah. We may get a shower later.

LAURENT

A what?

GARRETT

You know, a little shower.

Garrett nudges Blythe with his elbow.

BLYTHE

That's funny. Alright, I'll only be a couple hours. Don't spend the whole day on the phone.

GARRETT

No worries, babe. Knock 'em dead.

She kisses him. CLOSE ON; Laurent watching. Blythe gets out and crosses the road. CLOSE ON; Garrett watching as she gets into Laurent's car.

LAURENT

Working. Always working.

GARRETT  
Hey, I feel you, man.

The two men wave to each other as Laurent drives off. Garrett sits for a moment in his car. The road is quiet. Yellow bougainvillea blaze in the sun along the hillside. Birds chirp in the lush over-hanging trees. Garrett turns on the CD player. He takes a long slow breath and lets it out. MUSIC IN.

EXT. COAST ROAD -- MOMENTS LATER

Garrett drives along a narrow road bordering a spectacular rocky coastline. Waves crash against the rocks. Across the road a meadow of tall grass undulates in the wind. MUSIC continues.

INT. CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Garrett drives slowly, lost in thought. A movement in the rear-view mirror catches his eye.

A scooter crests the low rise behind him. Backlit by the morning sun it takes Garrett a moment to recognize Florine. Her hair ripples in the wind and her bare legs flash in the sun.

The sight of her, coupled with the music, so entrances Garrett he slows to a crawl. He barely manages a wave as Florine zips past him. To his amazement she stops the scooter in the middle of the road.

She turns off her iPod as he pulls up next to her. She's wearing tiny spandex shorts, a workout bra and sneakers.

FLORINE  
Your car is broken?

GARRETT  
No, just taking it slow. Kind of day dreaming, I guess. What are you listening to?

FLORINE  
*Doggystyle.*

GARRETT  
Oh. You like King B?

FLORINE  
A little. Snoop is my favorite.

She gazes out at the ocean. Garrett can't help staring. She looks unbelievably sexy perched on her scooter. She senses his eyes and turns to him.

FLORINE (CONT'D)  
You go to the beach?

GARRETT

Maybe later. How about you?

FLORINE

Not today. I am walking there, along the cliff. Some exercise before working. You would like to come?

Before Garrett can answer a car eases to a stop beside them. Odette greets Florine warmly.

ODETTE

*Bonjour, Florine. Ca va?*

FLORINE

*Oui, ca va. Une belle jour.*

ODETTE

*Oui. I just finished. Now I'm going to sleep on the beach all day.*

FLORINE

*Lucky you. I have to work this afternoon.*

ODETTE

*Life's a bitch, isn't it?*

The women laugh. Before driving off Odette turns and nods to Garrett, a faint smile on her lips.

EXT. ROCKY PATH -- MOMENTS LATER

Florine and Garrett make their way along a narrow path. Waves crash against the rocks 50 feet below them.

Florine moves with graceful ease. Garrett has trouble keeping up. She waits for him, pointing to the ridge above them.

FLORINE

You see the goat?

GARRETT

Yeah. Wait, that's a rock.

She touches his shoulder for a moment, steadying herself while she bends her knee behind her in a hamstring stretch.

FLORINE

I call him Red Beard.

GARRETT

I see it; I see the beard. It's amazing; it looks just like a goat.

FLORINE

Many wild goats live here. The wind made it; to give them something of themselves to look at.

Garrett is surprised to see she is absolutely serious. She releases his shoulder and continues up the path.

EXT. HIDDEN POOL -- LATER

Florine leads Garrett down to a small, hidden pool gleaming like a blue jewel in the sun.

FLORINE

Only local people know this. They call it Wet Dream. You say this, in English?

GARRETT

Not that exact phrase.

FLORINE

No? When you are sleeping and you have sex feelings, more and more and more and *voila*.

She holds out her arms as if embracing the secret pool.

GARRETT

Oh. Ok, yeah. Then I'd say it's pretty accurate.

Florine removes her sneakers and slips her feet in the water. Garrett does the same.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

Ah, that feels good. Got a little blister comin' on.

FLORINE

You need a Bands-aid.

Florine reaches into her fanny pack. To Garrett's surprise instead of a band-aid she removes a joint and lights it. She takes a toke and hands it to Garrett.

GARRETT

No, thanks.

FLORINE

So, did you eat the muesli?

Garrett stares at her in surprise.

GARRETT

No, it tasted like birdseed.

FLORINE  
Then she was right, your girlfriend.

GARRETT  
Yes, she was.

FLORINE  
How long you are together?

GARRETT  
Six years.

FLORINE  
Well, then; you are married.

GARRETT  
No, not quite ready for that yet.

FLORINE  
What don't you know about her after  
six years?

Garrett is about to speak but he stops and sits in silence. When he turns and glances at Florine her return gaze is clear and open.

GARRETT  
Wow, you're hitting me with some  
heavy questions, Florine.

FLORINE  
"Sometimes it ain't the question but  
the answer."  
(off his surprise)  
Your man, King B.

She smiles at him with profound patience and kindness then hands him the joint as she stands and removes her bra. Her shorts follow and she slips naked into the pool.

Garrett stares in wonderment, the joint still in his hand. Almost unknowingly he takes a hit.

GARRETT  
Is it cold?

FLORINE  
*Non, super.*

Garrett takes another hit as Florine continues swimming with easy languor. She barely looks up when Garrett removes his clothes and steps into the pool.

GARRETT  
Oh, jeezus. Wet Dream is right.

Florine smiles. She floats on her back gazing up at the sky.

FLORINE

Look at that cloud. What does it  
look like to you?

GARRETT

A monkey?

FLORINE

(laughs)  
No, not a monkey.

GARRETT

Yeah, he's hanging by one arm, kind  
of lookin' around sayin', hey all  
you chimps; what's goin' on out there  
in Monkeyland.

Florine floats closer. She's now right beside him, her naked  
shoulder brushing his.

FLORINE

I see a dolphin.

GARRETT

What? Where?

She slowly brushes her lips against his. Garrett stares at her  
in dazed surprise. She kisses him again and this time he responds.  
As they slip into an embrace Garrett gasps at the feel of Florine's  
naked body against his.

She leans back, half out of the water as Garrett's lips move to  
her breasts. The sunlight ripples over their skin, refracted by  
the clear, undulating water.

WIDE SHOT; looking down into the pool. The naked man and woman  
making love, the primitive rock grotto, the endless blue sky and  
wide sea beyond--the scene becomes almost mythical and surreal.

Garrett's head falls back in ecstasy. He stares upwards for a  
moment, blinking in surprise. Peering over the ledge above him  
are the shaggy heads of three wild goats, gazing down in wary  
curiosity.

EXT. EMPTY VILLA -- LATER

Camera holds on the shimmering pool and empty terrace of a  
spectacular hillside villa. Deep, heavy breathing comes from  
inside. Camera meanders into the living room where Blythe and  
Laurent lie naked and panting on a bed of lounge cushions.

BLYTHE

Oh. You are good. Very good.

LAURENT

No, you are good.

BLYTHE

Am I?

LAURENT

Yes, you got the 7 million.

Blythe sits up and slips into her bra.

BLYTHE

I was talking about the sex.

LAURENT

*Moi aussi.* I was playing with you.  
Knokklehead.

BLYTHE

Well, maybe I don't feel too funny  
right now. OK? This is very heavy.  
It's time to face reality. We can't  
do this anymore. *C'est finis.*

LAURENT

A black day.

BLYTHE

You knew it was coming.

LAURENT

*Oui.* And so...

He hands her a check...for \$40,000.

BLYTHE

What is this?

LAURENT

Your commission.

BLYTHE

I told you I didn't want it.

LAURENT

Then it is my gift to you.

BLYTHE

For what?

LAURENT

For you. For everything. Please,  
you must take it.

Blythe stares at him.

BLYTHE

For everything?

He sits up quickly, something in her eyes unsettling him.



LAURENT

Yes, a present to you. From me,  
Laurent.

BLYTHE

Thank you, Laurent. Let's see. 40  
thousand, divided by what; 4--5?  
That's pretty good. It's almost  
\$8000 a trick.

LAURENT

Blythe! No--

BLYTHE

That'll be my asking price when I  
start working the hotels back in New  
York!

She throws the check in his face and leaps to her feet.

EXT. COAST ROAD -- LATER

Florine straddle-walks her scooter over to Garrett's car. He's  
sunburned; his hair's a mess and he's still stoned.

GARRETT

Well...it was a nice walk.

FLORINE

(laughing)

Yes. The walk was very nice. Can  
you drive?

GARRETT

Oh, yeah. I'm good. What's 'band-  
aid' again?

FLORINE

*"Sparadrap."*

GARRETT

*Sparadrap. Sparadrap.*

Florine laughs.

FLORINE

*Au revoir, dolphin.*

INT. PHARMACY -- MOMENTS LATER

Garrett moves down the aisle of the small, chic pharmacy. He  
marvels at the articles neatly arranged on the shelves. All the  
labels are in French. He opens a tube of lotion and sniffs it.

The owner GERTRUDE (56) steps up. She's a large woman in a floor-  
length caftan.

GERTRUDE  
*Can I help you, monsieur?*

Garrett beams her a stoned smile.

GARRETT  
 I'm just smelling this sun-tan lotion.  
 It's really pretty amazing.

Gertrude stares at him for moment, then takes the lotion from his hands.

GERTRUDE  
 That is not sun-tan lotion, monsieur.

Before walking away she puts the tube back on a display discreetly advertising hemorrhoid relief.

EXT. PHONE BOOTH -- MOMENTS LATER

The phone booth is on a small street overlooking the harbor. Garrett cradles the phone against his ear as he smooths a band-aid over his blistered heel. A box of band-aids sits on the shelf beside his cellphone.

Across the street a crane unloads a heavy length of drainage pipe. The winch and boom arm strain to hold the load.

GARRETT  
 I'm calling from a pay phone, sir.  
 My cell is doing jackshit down here.

AVALON  
 Having a good time?

GARRETT  
 Great time. Listen, let's not worry about this King B thing. I'll come back in two weeks, batteries charged, raring to go, and we'll move on. You know what I'm saying?

AVALON  
 I think so.

GARRETT  
 You've got a great firm and I'm happy to be working for you. Hey, you know who's not a bad guy? Fellner.

EXT. TOWN STREETS -- MOMENTS LATER

Blythe runs down the narrow, crowded street. She darts through pedestrians and traffic.

Laurent is close behind her. Just as he catches up with her Blythe turns and starts walking back the way she came.

LAURENT  
Blythe. Please, don't run from me.

BLYTHE  
I'm not running.

LAURENT  
Stop walking then. Please.

Blythe whirls on him.

BLYTHE  
I am not a whore! OK?! Do you  
understand that?!

Laurent gazes at her, stricken.

LAURENT  
Why do you say this? You give me a  
great pain in my heart.

BLYTHE  
(kicking at him)  
How about a great pain in the balls.

He twists slightly, absorbing her kick with his thigh.

LAURENT  
(grimacing)  
I would never hurt you. Never.

BLYTHE  
Then why'd you give me that money?

LAURENT  
Because...

BLYTHE  
Is that your way of ending it? Just  
throw me some cash?

LAURENT  
No. I...

BLYTHE  
You what?

LAURENT  
(in tears)  
I love you, Blythe. I love you.

Blythe stares at him in open-mouthed surprise.

INT. PHONE BOOTH -- CONTINUOUS

AVALON

Ok, Garrett, have another mai tai  
and get back to your vacation.

GARRETT

Oh, no, sir. Too early for me.

AVALON

Well, you sound a little...happy.

GARRETT

That's what you're hearing; the sound  
of me Being Here Now.

The winch from the crane strains louder. Garrett looks up in surprise to see Blythe on the street corner. Just then she moves into Laurent's arms. Even from a distance it is clear their kiss has nothing to do with real estate.

CLOSE ON; Garrett frozen in disbelief. Avalon's voice buzzes faintly through the phone.

The cable holding the drainage pipe snaps.

EXT. PHONE BOOTH -- CONTINUOUS

Garrett steps out of the booth. His eyes are locked on Blythe and Laurent still embracing a block away.

The massive length of pipe arcs silently through the air. It misses Garrett's head by inches and crashes into the phone booth.

SLOW-MOTION; the phone booth tumbles over the cliff and smashes to pieces on the rocks below.

Garrett peers cautiously over the edge. The booth is demolished. CLOSE ON; Garrett's shaken face. He glances down the street; Blythe and Laurent are gone. MUSIC IN.

In slow motion a wave rises and smashes against a jagged rock. A cascade of foaming spray falls slowly through the frame.

EXT. VILLA CIEL -- AFTERNOON

Camera PANS from the deep, blue sky to the villa's terrace. Garrett sits alone, his back to the camera. He's wearing only his boxer shorts. MUSIC CONTINUES.

Camera moves closer, revealing Garrett staring blankly at nothing, a large glass of wine in his hand. He still hasn't shaved.

He's listening to music on his laptop through headphones. Across the pool Odette sweeps the terrace, again her hips moving in perfect timing to the music. Garrett turns and stares. Suddenly he takes off the headphones. Music abruptly stops.

GARRETT

Odette, are you listening to music?

ODETTE

*Non, monsieur.*

They stare at each other a moment. Odette goes back to work. Garrett slips his headphones back on. MUSIC resumes, Odette's hips instantly synchronizing with it. She turns and gives him the barest perceptible wink.

Suddenly Blythe yanks off Garrett's headphones.

BLYTHE

What was that?

GARRETT

What?

BLYTHE

She just winked at you.

GARRETT

She did not. Jeezus. You almost broke my headphones. I thought you were at work.

BLYTHE

Are you screwing the maid?

GARRETT

What?! Are you crazy?!

BLYTHE

Oh, come on. I've seen you eyeballing each other. Christ, it's like a French porno movie around here. She's not even wearing underwear!

GARRETT

Blythe, I'm going ask you to lower your voice and calm down. OK? Take a breath and calm down.

BLYTHE

Oh, I'm calm. Now I know why you haven't touched me in two weeks. Is this what you do all day? Lay around in your underwear. Drunk at noon.

GARRETT

I'm not drunk.

BLYTHE

That bottle's half empty!

GARRETT

Is it? I thought it was half full.

BLYTHE

Oh, that's funny.

GARRETT

Isn't that what you taught me? Hey, how's the book coming?

BLYTHE

What do you care?

GARRETT

I was just wondering when you find time to write.

BLYTHE

Alright, I'm a little busy. Does it bother you?

GARRETT

Should it?

BLYTHE

I can't believe it. All you've ever done is make me feel like a fool for selling candles and tree frogs in my "little teeny" shop.

GARRETT

I never said "teeny."

BLYTHE

Now, I'm finally doing something and you give me a hard time about it.

GARRETT

Oh yeah? What are you doing?

BLYTHE

What am I doing?

GARRETT

Yeah, let's hear it.

BLYTHE

I'm winning.

They stare at each other. Blythe's words cut deep.

GARRETT

Oh. I thought you were going to say screwing Laurent.

Blythe is caught so completely off-guard she freezes in amazement.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

Yeah, I saw you in town the other day. Looked like you two were doing some serious negotiating. And listen, it's not the maid. It's the check-out girl.

Odette chooses that moment to move quietly to the front door.

ODETTE

*Au revoir, madame. Monsieur. I will see you in the morning.*

BLYTHE

OK, just go, will you?

ODETTE

*Excuse me, Madame. Why are you speaking to me this way?*

BLYTHE

What?

ODETTE

*I resent your tone. I'm not your servant.*

BLYTHE

What the fuck are you saying?!!

ODETTE

*You yell at me?! I yell at you!!*

Blythe grabs a CD case and hurls it.

BLYTHE

Get out!!!

Odette slams the door and the case splinters against it.

EXT. VILLA CIEL -- LATER

The sky is starting to darken. Over the ocean a lone sea bird hangs in the wind. Camera PANS to reveal Blythe and Garrett standing in tense silence on opposite ends of the terrace.

BLYTHE

I can't believe it; the check-out girl. How long has that been going on?

GARRETT

You know what, Blythe? I don't think we really need to get into that.

BLYTHE

Well, what do you want to do?

GARRETT

I don't know. We paid for a month.

BLYTHE

I know, Garrett. I set the whole thing up.

They stand in silence.

INT. BEACH BUNGALOW -- NIGHT

Tiki steps in and turns on a light. Garrett appears behind him with a suitcase. The 3-room shack opens right onto the beach; a driftwood table, rough wooden walls, fabric and netting on the open doorways. Boxes of CD's are everywhere.

TIKI

*E voila.*

GARRETT

Thanks, Tiki. I really appreciate this.

TIKI

No problem. My brother stays here when he comes from France.

GARRETT

Look at all this music.

TIKI

He sends a box every week. I don't even have time to listen.

He pulls a bunch of CD's out of a box holding one out to Garrett.

TIKI (CONT'D)

You know this? It's good?

Garrett stares. It's King B's CD, *No Kwestion*. On the cover King poses with a triumphant smile.

GARRETT

Yeah, it's pretty good.

Tiki tosses it back in the box.

TIKI

So, you have water, electric, ocean view.

Garrett slaps his neck sharply.

TIKI (CONT'D)

*Oui*, and mosquitoes.



EXT. BEACH BUNGALOW -- MOMENTS LATER

The lights of Tiki's restaurant reflect off the water fifty yards down the beach. Music and the tinkle of glasses drift out. The Indonesian bed stands in the sand.

Camera PANS to reveal Tiki and Garrett in the semi-darkness outside the bungalow. Tiki lies in a hammock.

GARRETT

We finally decided we should give each other some space and try to figure this thing out.

TIKI

A good plan. In two days you will talk and everything will be fine.

GARRETT

You're right. Still, it's a little hard; thinking about your girlfriend making love with somebody else.

TIKI

How long?

GARRETT

I don't know; a week?

TIKI

No, how long she is your girlfriend?

GARRETT

Exactly. You think you know a person then boom, they do something like this. It's pretty devastating.

TIKI

*Oui.*

GARRETT

It's a betrayal, really. You know?

TIKI

And then you started sleeping with Florine?

GARRETT

What?

TIKI

After you found out?

GARRETT

No. Before.

TIKI

Oh. Before the betrayal.

Garrett turns to Tiki. Tiki stares back; no judgment in his eyes, just a simple reminder of fact.

EXT. VILLA CIEL -- MORNING

Blythe sits at the outdoor breakfast table, staring out at the ocean. She's still in her bra and pajama bottoms.

A moment later Laurent brings out a tray of coffee. He's wearing only his shirt. He pours the coffee into two glasses.

LAURENT

I couldn't find the coffee cups.

BLYTHE

That stupid maid. She probably hid them.

The morning is exquisite. Birds twitter among the flowers.

BLYTHE (CONT'D)

Thanks for coming over last night.  
I didn't want to be here alone.

LAURENT

No, it is nothing.

BLYTHE

It's funny, isn't it? You live with someone for six years and you think you know them. Waking up in the morning, going to bed at night. Making love. And the sex was good, Laurent. At least I thought it was. Clearly he was just pretending the whole time.

Laurent nods in somber sympathy.

LAURENT

Which check-out girl was it?

BLYTHE

The blonde with the legs. Chlorine or something. What did he see in her? She's not that much younger than me. I'm in good shape, aren't I?

LAURENT

Very good.

BLYTHE

Do you know how hard I tried to please him?

She begins to cry.

BLYTHE (CONT'D)

That's all I ever did; try to make him happy.

Laurent gazes at her, distressed by her tears.

LAURENT

Blythe, I see now how much you love him. And the future for me is clear. In a week you will go home with him and I will be here.

BLYTHE

No, Laurent.

LAURENT

Yes. The best thing for us is to say good-bye. Now will only break my heart. In a week it will kill me. *Au revoir.*

Laurent slips on his pants and moves toward the door. He pauses in the doorway.

LAURENT (CONT'D)

*Au revoir, mon amour.*

He disappears. Blythe sits motionless. Suddenly she leaps to her feet.

BLYTHE

Laurent!

She makes it only halfway to the front door when Laurent rushes back in to meet her. In an instant they're in each other's arms.

EXT. VILLA CIEL-- MOMENTS LATER

WIDE SHOT; the villa pool seen through the bushes surrounding the villa. Blythe and Laurent are enthusiastically making love in the water.

Camera PANS to reveal a BOY (5) and a GIRL (7) peering intently through the bushes. They whisper in French.

BOY

*What are they doing?*

GIRL

*He's teaching her to swim.*

BOY

*Why is she crying?*

GIRL

*It's very hard for her to learn.*

EXT. SILVER BEACH -- LATER

Garrett sits with Florine, Cleo and another woman. All are in various stages of nakedness. The woman turns; it is Odette. She takes a toke from a little glass pipe and hands it to Garrett who already looks a little stoned.

The three children sit a few feet away under a tent made by Cleo's pink sarong tied to a piece of driftwood.

ODETTE

I quit. She yell at me. I don't like this.

GARRETT

I know, Odette. But she was pretty upset.

ODETTE

Well, everyone knows she was sleeping with Bouchet for two weeks.

GARRETT

Two weeks?

Odette slaps at a fly, trying to kill it. Florine stops her, angrily.

FLORINE

Don't! It is a living creature.

ODETTE

I don't care. It bit me, the little bitch.

FLORINE

Yes. Maybe a woman, a man, your father.

ODETTE

Don't be stupid.

CLEO

It could be. Why not?

FLORINE

The Buddha says all things pass but energy never dies. It only changes into different things.

GARRETT

What were you?

FLORINE

I think I am amphibian. *Une salamandre.*

ODETTE

Ha! No wonder you like flies!

FLORINE

*Imbecile.* Look, my fingers. Very strong.

CLEO

You were always in the trees, even since a little girl.

ODETTE

*I think he comes back as a horse.*

GARRETT

What?

CLEO

She say horse for you.  
(to Odette)  
*Why a horse?*

Odette nods toward Garrett's crotch. Florine and Cleo follow her gaze and all three stare for a moment in silent appreciation. Garrett smiles, only half-comprehending.

EXT. VILLA CIEL SWIMMING POOL -- LATER

Cradling Blythe in his arms Laurent walks around the pool, gently easing her body through the water.

BLYTHE

I'm coming back, Laurent. I promise.

LAURENT

No, your life will go on and you will forget me.

BLYTHE

Never. Oh, god, I'm so sick of the smell of candles. And if I hear another Enya song I swear I'm going to kill somebody.

LAURENT

Don't talk. Breathe. Feel the water. Remember this. Remember it.

Blythe takes a deep breath, gazing up at the brilliant sky as Laurent glides her through the water.

EXT. SILVER BEACH -- LATER

Camera PANS from the gleaming blue ocean to Garrett lying in the sand a few feet away from Florine, Cleo and Odette. As the women talk Garrett's gaze moves to the sarong tent where Olivier kneels behind Camille combing her hair. She's telling him a story as he slowly moves the comb through her hair.

CLOSE ON; Garrett staring. The pink sarong catches the breeze and billows softly over the children's heads. The sun gently bathes their faces with pink. Suddenly, Garrett is in tears.

FLORINE

Garrett! What is it?

GARRETT

I don't know...

CLEO

You miss your girlfriend?

ODETTE

(sympathetically)

Yes, he does.

GARRETT

No, I was just looking at the kids.  
They looked so...beautiful. Jeezus,  
look at me. Like a little baby.

FLORINE

Oh, Garrett.

She laughs and embraces him. Cleo and Odette do the same and Garrett is engulfed in the arms of the three women.

EXT. SILVER BEACH DUNES -- CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON; a pair of binoculars. A man lies beneath a bush, peering down at the beach. From his throat comes a low moan like a wild animal.

EXT. BEACH PATH-- LATER

Garrett, the three women and the children make their way down the rocky path toward the sandy parking lot. Cleo carries Olivier; Garrett holds Camille's hand. From a distance the straggling group looks like a band of wandering nomads.

Suddenly a man leaps out of the bushes. Odette screams. It is LUC (36), the man watching from the dunes. He lunges at Cleo and knocks her to the ground.

LUC

*Bitch! Screwing this jerk right in  
front of my kids!*

Florine runs forward with Garrett. She throws herself in front of her sister.

FLORINE  
*Stop it! Leave her alone!*

He flings her against a car.

LUC  
*Get out of the way, you whore! You're all whores!*

ODETTE  
*You crazy asshole! She wasn't doing anything!*

Luc is about to kick Cleo when Garrett grabs him and flings him headfirst into the bushes. He comes up screaming.

LUC  
*Oh, you sneaky little fucker! You're going to die! Understand me? Die!*

Garrett yells to Florine.

GARRETT  
Get in the car. Go. Right now.

Florine and Odette rush Cleo and the terrified kids into their car. Cleo screams back at Luc.

CLEO  
*You stupid bastard! I wasn't doing anything!*

LUC  
*You're lying, you whore! I saw you!*

He lunges after her. Garrett grabs him and is locked in a heaving clinch with Luc. Two locals run up laughing and pull Luc away. RAOUL (32) offers Luc his beer. THIERRY (40) turns to Garrett as Florine speeds off with Cleo, Odette and the kids.

THIERRY  
OK. You go now. Go.

GARRETT  
Is he going to calm down?

THIERRY  
Oh, yes. He is just crazy, seeing you with his woman.

Luc suddenly tries to throw the beer bottle at Garrett. Raoul stops him, angry now as the beer spills on him.

RAOUL  
*Not my beer, you fucking idiot!*

Thierry laughs as they maneuver Luc away.

EXT. TIKI'S RESTAURANT -- AFTERNOON

Tiki and Garrett lounge on the restaurant steps, their bare feet in the sand. They're drinking beer.

GARRETT  
He's her husband?

TIKI  
Yes. She left him for the drinking.  
And the hitting.

GARRETT  
Can't she call the police?

TIKI  
I tell her this. But she says, no,  
he is the father of my children. I  
cannot put him in the jail.

The two men drink in silence for a moment. Garrett hands Tiki a homemade CD.

GARRETT  
Here, I made something for you.

TIKI  
Ah, a mix.

GARRETT  
Some of my stuff; some of your  
brother's. He's got some great music.

TIKI  
*Ah, oui.* He's a freak.

GARRETT  
*Un freak musique.*

TIKI  
Ah, you are speaking French now.  
*Tres bien.*

He clinks bottles with Garrett who barely manages a smile.

TIKI (CONT'D)  
Did you hear from your girlfriend?

GARRETT  
No.



TIKI

Don't worry, you will. And you'll have the best sex of your life. I am certain.

GARRETT

How do you know so much about women?

TIKI

I don't. I know about men.

His gaze takes Garrett by surprise. He can't quite tell if it carries the hint of an invitation.

INT. BEACH BUNGALOW -- NIGHT

A knock on the door. Garret opens it to see Florine. She looks incredible in her short skirt, sandals and light T-shirt. She holds a small bag of groceries.

FLORINE

Yo, G. I brought you some food.

She steps in, sets the bag down and turns to face him. He's shirtless and barefoot.

GARRETT

Did you get the muesli?

FLORINE

I heard it was your favorite. So, you are hungry?

GARRETT

Starving.

She takes off her t-shirt. She's wearing nothing beneath it.

FLORINE

Me too.

She melts against him. He picks her up and carries her into the bedroom.

INT. BEACH BUNGALOW -- LATER

Garrett and Florine lie wrapped in each other's arms. They're sweating and breathing heavily. A flickering candle on a table is the only light in the room. The sound of the ocean comes through the open window.

GARRETT

Wow. That's never happened to me before.

FLORINE

What; twice? Never?

GARRETT

I feel like I've just run the New York marathon.

FLORINE

Your girlfriend is very lucky.

GARRETT

(not entirely convinced)  
Well...

FLORINE

You love her?

GARRETT

Yes. Now, here's something; did I just say that because I do, or because I've been saying it for six years?

FLORINE

If you are in love you know. I was with a man for two years. He was a friend of my family. A nice man, like you. I did not eat for three months after we ended. He was the world for me.

GARRETT

I'm sorry, Florine. Do you still love him?

FLORINE

A little.

She lifts her lips to his and kisses him softly.

FLORINE (CONT'D)

A little less now.

GARRETT

Someone here on the island?

FLORINE

Yes. It was Bouchet.

Garrett sits up abruptly.

GARRETT

You're kidding me.

FLORINE

No, why?

GARRETT

First my girlfriend and now you?!

FLORINE

You talk like an idiot. Of course I was before your girlfriend; you weren't even here!

GARRETT

I know, but come on! Twice? With the same guy? I think I've got a right--

FLORINE

No, you have the right to nothing. You are leaving in a week. You will write a letter, maybe two and then it is over, *finis*.

Garrett raises his eyes to hers.

FLORINE (CONT'D)

*Oui?*

GARRETT

No.

She laughs softly, a flash of tears catching the candlelight.

FLORINE

*Oui*. You will swim away, *mon dauphin*.

Garrett pulls her to him, enveloping her in his arms.

EXT. BEACH BUNGALOW -- DAWN

UNDERWATER SHOT; Garrett swims silently into frame. He stops and glides underwater. Finally he just hangs there, suspended in the shimmering blue water.

Garrett's hand opens. The diamond ring tips out of it and tumbles slowly downward through the water.

CLOSE ON; the falling ring. A flash of sunlight catches the diamond before it softly hits the sand.

EXT. BEACH BUNGALOW -- MOMENTS LATER

Garrett walks up from the beach, a towel wrapped around him. All is still and quiet. He peers into the open window of the bungalow's bedroom. Florine lies asleep, her naked body half-covered by the sheet. The sight is exquisitely beautiful and erotic. Just then the phone rings.

INT. BEACH BUNGALOW -- CONTINUOUS

Garrett picks up the phone.

GARRETT

Hello?

Florine appears in the bedroom doorway.

FLORINE

Who is it?

GARRETT

Cleo.

Florine slips into Garrett's T shirt and takes the phone.

FLORINE

(yawning)

*Oui?*

Something in her silence makes Garrett turn to look at her. She sinks slowly into a chair. Tears well in her eyes. Camera moves into a CLOSE UP of her stricken face.

INT. CHURCH -- DAY

Sunlight streams through the windows of the small stone church and falls upon a simple casket surrounded by flowers. A woman's photograph stands on the casket.

A robed PRIEST intones the eulogy in French. In the front row Florine sits with Cleo and the children next to her father; a small, bewildered old man in a black suit.

Tiki, Lucio and Odette sit just behind them. Tiki's bright Indonesian shirt stands out amidst all the dark clothing.

Camera PANS across the aisle to discover Garrett by himself. A scattering of local people sit around him. They're all dressed in heavy black, their faces wizened by the sun. One older WOMAN mouths the priest's words in silent devotion as she works a black rosary through her fingers.

Garrett's eyes move to Florine. The sunlight catches the slender curve of her neck. Just then Florine glances back at him and the light of her smile almost illuminates the whole church.

Her eyes shift. Garrett follows her gaze and sees Laurent and Blythe slip into the last row.

EXT. CHURCHYARD -- LATER

The freshly painted white headstones gleam brilliantly in the intense sunlight. Flowers are everywhere. A small pasture borders the church. Several goats stare through the fence at the group gathered in the cemetery.

Cleo cries out as the casket is lowered.

CLEO

*Maman!*

EXT. CHURCHYARD -- MOMENTS LATER

Tiki steps up and solemnly shakes Garrett's hand.

TIKI  
I like your mix. I play it in the  
restaurant last night. Make another;  
I will pay you.

He rejoins Lucio, leaving Garrett alone. A moment later Blythe appears beside him.

BLYTHE  
Hey.

He's surprised to see she's dabbing at real tears. She nods to where Florine is standing with her arms around Cleo.

BLYTHE (CONT'D)  
How's she holding up?

GARRETT  
Ok, I guess.

BLYTHE  
She looks strong. I imagine she's  
getting a lot of comfort from you.

GARRETT  
Some. And you; how is your solitude  
coming?

He touches the shoulder of the man standing right in front of them. Laurent jumps, pretending to just notice Garrett. He's crying too.

LAURENT  
Ah, Garrett. A sad day, eh? She  
was like a mother to me.

GARRETT  
So I heard.

The three stand in uneasy silence.

BLYTHE  
Well. We should go.

LAURENT  
A moment.

Blythe regards the two men for a moment then walks off. Laurent takes a huge drag on his cigarette before speaking.

LAURENT (CONT'D)  
Ah, Garrett, I want to say I am sorry  
for this...complication.

GARRETT

It's alright, Laurent. It's not your fault.

LAURENT

No, I think not.

GARRETT

But, then again maybe it is.

LAURENT

(alarmed)

*Quoi?!*

\*

GARRETT

Just kidding. Hey, is that my shirt?

LAURENT

*Ah, oui. Blythe let me borrow it. I think we are the same size. Hasta la vista, muchacho.*

As he rushes off Garrett notices Luc standing across the street. Though not included in the ceremony he wears a cheap suit jacket and even from a distance Garrett can see he's crying.

A small goat is standing at the fresh grave, peaceably eating the flowers. The priest chases it off with a curse.

EXT. CHURCH PARKING LOT -- MOMENTS LATER

Tiki speaks to Luc in French. Camera PANS to reveal Garrett standing a few feet away, listening.

TIKI

*Luc, this man wanted me to tell you that Cleo did nothing with him. Nothing. She is innocent.*

LUC

*Then why is he here with her?*

TIKI

*He is not with her. He is with Florine.*

LUC

*Florine?*

Garrett smiles uncertainly as both men turn to stare at him.

TIKI

*They're screwing like rabbits. But with Cleo nothing. He says he would never sleep with another man's wife.*

Luc's sullen glare softens a bit.

LUC

OK.

TIKI

(to Garrett)

He says OK.

Garrett points to himself.

GARRETT

Me, Cleo; nothing. *Rien.*

LUC

OK. My friend. My friend.

Luc suddenly embraces Garrett. CLOSE ON; Garrett, blinking in surprise as Luc's whiskered cheek rubs against his own.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE -- MORNING

The sun rises over the top of the jagged ridge. Camera PANS to reveal a shaggy goat standing motionless, peering down the mountain.

Far below, two figures move on the rocky path winding along the cliffs above the ocean.

EXT. ROCKY PATH -- CONTINUOUS

Laurent steps into view, followed a moment later by Blythe. Laurent wears the same shirt and pants. Blythe is in sneakers and her sexy little spandex exercise outfit.

BLYTHE

Did Garrett look happy to you?

LAURENT

Yes. But, he always looks happy to me.

BLYTHE

He's not. He's one of the moodiest people I've ever met. Nothing but doom and gloom, 24 hours a day. It's relentless, you know? Sometimes I just want to hit him.

Laurent stops suddenly.

LAURENT

Stop.

BLYTHE

What?

He points below. Blythe looks down to see the hidden rock pool, its turquoise water gleaming in the sun.

BLYTHE (CONT'D)

Oh, my god.

She leans against him with easy familiarity as she bends her knee behind her to stretch.

EXT. HIDDEN POOL -- MOMENTS LATER

Laurent's naked body floats into frame. Blythe hesitates a moment then removes her clothes and slips into the pool.

LAURENT

It is OK. Only local people know of this.

BLYTHE

If Garrett were here right now you know what he'd say? Too shallow. Too rocky. Too salty. He'd never be able to enjoy it.

LAURENT

Blythe!

BLYTHE

What?

LAURENT

All you do is talk of Garrett. Would you rather be with him right now?

BLYTHE

No.

LAURENT

Then be with me. These are the days, Blythe. We have only a short time.

She stares at him. His voice is calm and blameless. His hair has come loose from his ponytail. He looks tanned, sexy and a little hurt. Blythe slips into his arms.

BLYTHE

You're right. I'm sorry.

LAURENT

I'm only saying--

BLYTHE

Shut up; you made your point.

(kisses him)

I'm impressed. That's the way you should be when you sell a house.

She kisses him again tenderly. When she pulls back he sees a sudden flicker of thought in her eyes.



LAURENT

What?

BLYTHE

You still have that check you gave me?

INT. BEACH BUNGALOW -- LATER

A sudden, loud knocking on the door. Garrett moves to answer it but before he gets there Cleo rushes in with her children. Her cheek is bruised, her eyes frightened and full of tears.

INT. BEACH BUNGALOW -- LATER

Michel and Olivier swing outside in the hammock. Camera PANS inside to reveal Florine comforting Cleo. She translates as Cleo speaks rapidly in French. Garrett sits opposite them with Camille squeezed in next to him. The little girl listens intently.

FLORINE

He kicked down the door. Part of it hit her on the face. He goes through the house, looking for a man. And then he fall asleep on the floor. She grab the children and run away.

Cleo speaks with Florine for a moment. Garrett absently strokes Camille's hair as he looks at them, waiting.

GARRETT

What?

FLORINE

She cannot go back to the house.

GARRETT

Did she call the police?

Florine repeats the question in French.

CLEO

*Non.*

FLORINE

She can stay?

GARRETT

Of course.

CLEO

*Ah, merci, Garrett. Merci beaucoup. Camille, give Garrett a kiss for me.*

Camille kisses Garrett's cheek. Florine and Cleo regard them for a moment. Cleo sighs. Florine slips her arm around her.

CLEO (CONT'D)  
*Ah. La vie, eh?*

EXT. DELICE STREET-- DAY

Out of the blue sky a phone booth floats down into frame. Camera follows it to the ground then pulls back to reveal a PHONE CREW installing it where the previous one had been knocked into the sea.

Laurent watches, a cigarette dangling from his mouth. He chats amiably with the crew, stepping in to help them muscle the booth into place. He casts an anxious glance over his shoulder.

LAURENT'S POV; Blythe and Garrett sit at a small, outdoor cafe, in the middle of an intense conversation.

EXT. CAFE -- CONTINUOUS

BLYTHE  
I'm going to sell everything in the store and re-open it as a real estate office.

GARRETT  
Don't you need a license for that?

BLYTHE  
Laurent has one.

She glances away from his surprised gaze for a moment then turns back and looks directly at him.

BLYTHE (CONT'D)  
He's coming back to New York with me.

GARRETT  
Well. That's, uh...

BLYTHE  
Please don't.

GARRETT  
What?

BLYTHE  
I don't need a scene right now. This is difficult enough.

GARRETT  
I was going to say, I'm really happy for you.

Now it is Blythe's turn to stare in surprise.

BLYTHE  
You're being sarcastic.

GARRETT  
No, I'm serious. I knew what you  
were coming here to say and I thought  
I'd be angry. But all I feel right  
now is really, really proud of you.

BLYTHE  
(warily)  
Why?

GARRETT  
You've found something you want to  
do.

Tears well in her eyes. When she speaks again her voice is softer.

BLYTHE  
What about the apartment?

GARRETT  
I'll move out.

BLYTHE  
Where?

GARRETT  
I don't know. Maybe you and Laurent  
can find me something.

On an impulse he takes her hand. She stiffens at first, almost  
pulling her hand away. Then she relaxes and instinctively their  
fingers interlace. Garrett's thumb gently strokes hers. She  
gazes down at their hands, hers white and his dark from the sun.

BLYTHE  
Your hand is so brown.

GARRETT  
Yeah. Look at that.

She looks up at him.

BLYTHE  
What happened to us, Garrett?

He holds her eyes for a long moment, a trace of uncertainty in  
his smile.

GARRETT  
I don't know. Maybe my mother was  
right; we should've just gone to  
DisneyWorld for a week.

EXT. DELICE STREET -- CONTINUOUS

Laurent's eyes narrow as he sees Blythe and Garrett holding hands. His cigarette falls out of his mouth and lands on the bare back of the phone worker kneeling in front of him. The guy yelps in pain, leaping to his feet.

INT. BEACH BUNGALOW -- NIGHT

Camera pulls back to reveal Garrett working on another mix. He's shirtless in the heat, wearing only his basketball shorts. The three kids surround him watching. Garrett's headphones hang off Olivier's head, the cord not plugged in.

Cleo sprawls on the couch, her bare feet propped a small table. She slaps at a mosquito on her leg, pulling her sarong up on her thigh to look at the bite.

Florine sits stringing a necklace of shells on rawhide string. Shells and a box of jewelry tools clutter the table around Cleo's feet.

Cleo sighs and shifts her feet on the table, almost knocking a shell to the floor.

FLORINE

*Be careful.*

CLEO

*Move it out of the way.*

FLORINE

*Get your feet off the table.*

CLEO

*Why should I?*

FLORINE

*Because I was here first.*

Cleo snorts dismissively and squints through her glass at Garrett.

CLEO

*You going to screw again tonight?*

FLORINE

*What's it to you?*

CLEO

*You make so much noise I can't even sleep.*

FLORINE

*Get some ear plugs.*

CLEO

*Ear plugs are not what I need.*

She shifts again, this time knocking a shell to the floor.

FLORINE

*Ah, Cleo!*

CLEO

*Just get that shit off the table,  
will you?!*

Garrett turns and looks at them.

GARRETT

What's going on?

FLORINE

Nothing.

Cleo stares at Garrett. She scratches her mosquito bite, her sarong now high up on her hips. Garrett looks at her then goes back to work as the two women continue talking in tense whispers.

FLORINE (CONT'D)

*I know why you're acting like such a  
bitch.*

CLEO

*Oh, really? Tell me.*

FLORINE

*Go jump in the water and cool off.*

Cleo shifts again. This time her heel comes down on a shell and crushes it. In an instant the two sisters are screaming at each other.

GARRETT

Hey! I'm trying to listen to music  
here! Now what's going on!? Huh?  
What are you arguing about?

The two women stare at him in silence.

INT. BEACH BUNGALOW -- LATER

Garrett lies in bed reading. He's naked, the sheet covering his hips. His eyes come up as he hears soft crying from the other room. Florine walks in and sits on the bed beside him.

GARRETT

She's still pretty upset, huh?

She takes the book from his hands.

FLORINE

Garrett. I have a favor to ask of  
you.

GARRETT

What?

FLORINE

It is a big favor and I hope you  
will not be angry.

INT. BEACH BUNGALOW -- MOMENTS LATER

Cleo appears tentatively in the doorway. Garrett watches from the bed, still wearing only his reading glasses.

She steps in, a look of genuine concern on her face.

CLEO

Are you sure you're not too tired?

GARRETT

No, I think I'm OK.

Cleo slips out of her sarong. Her body is as beautiful as Florine's, only slightly fuller and riper. Garrett takes off his glasses with the solemn air of courage and duty.

Cleo tugs the sheet off of him. She gazes down at him then eases her body on top of him with a sigh.

EXT. BEACH BUNGALOW -- MORNING

Dawn breaks over the ocean in front of the bungalow. Camera moves closer to the quiet bungalow. Michel and Olivier sleep outside in the hammock.

Camera approaches the open bedroom window and peers in. In a shaft of sunlight Garrett and Cleo lie asleep, their limbs still entwined, the sheet barely covering their naked bodies. Garrett's head is buried in the pillow.

A rough, callused hand comes up to the window sill. CLOSE ON; Luc's rigid, staring face. His hair is matted, his eyes wild.

Just then Garrett rolls over and Luc sees his face. He stares for a moment in enraged disbelief. Then he erupts.

LUC

*You bastard!!*

Cleo snaps awake, instantly screaming in terror. Garrett leaps up and yanks on his shorts as Luc races around to the door.

Florine and Camille cringe on the couch, a sheet pulled tightly around them. Garrett runs past them and blocks the open door with his body.

GARRETT

Luc! Now you just calm down here.  
Ok? Calm down!

LUC

*You lying shithead! I believed you!*

Luc lunges at Garrett. Garrett tackles him and both men tumble outside into the sand.

Garrett is no match for the insanely enraged man. Luc scratches, bites, kicks, gouges and finally throws sand in Garrett's face. Blinded, Garrett gasps for breath as Luc grabs his throat.

Garrett's face goes deep red. Luc laughs in triumph, putting his whole body into his effort.

Suddenly, Luc reels from a heavy blow to the head. He looks up in dazed surprise. Cleo stands over him with a piece of driftwood in her hands.

LUC (CONT'D)

*What'd you do that for?!*

She hits him again with all her might, knocking him face first into the sand. He loses consciousness with a low grunt.

EXT. BEACH BUNGALOW DRIVEWAY-- LATER

Two police vans are parked at odd angles, their lights flashing. A small CROWD has gathered, kept back by three POLICEMEN in shorts. Tiki and Lucio stand at the front door. The crowd surges forward as two OFFICERS lead Luc out in handcuffs.

Cleo and the children run out followed by Garrett and Florine. Luc is crying as he turns back to Cleo.

LUC

*Why did you hit me? I love you. I love you!*

CLEO

*You love me?! Is that why you try to kill me?! You stupid asshole!*

Camille runs up with a small stick and hits Luc's leg.

CAMILLE

*Stupid asshole!*

Lucio runs out and pulls her away.

LUC

*Now you've turned the kids against me!*

CLEO

*Oh, shut up! You need help!*

FLORINE

*You do! You need therapy!*

A woman in the crowd yells out.

WOMAN

*That's right! You don't treat women  
like this!*

A man chimes in.

MAN

*You need therapy, Luc!*

LUC

*What kind of therapy?*

CLEO

*Shock therapy! Right on your balls!*

The officers throw him in the back of the van and slam the door.  
Luc's frantic yell reverberates from inside.

LUC

*Cleo! What kind of therapy!*

EXT. VILLA CIEL -- LATER

WIDE SHOT; the villa. All is tranquil and quiet.

Camera moves up to an open window and peers in. Laurent stands shirtless before the bathroom mirror, white shaving cream on his tanned face. Blythe is intently shaving him. She wears only her underwear. A breeze comes through the window rustling the leaves of the banana palm just outside.

Laurent suddenly jumps.

BLYTHE

(in alarm)

Sorry!

LAURENT

It's ok. The chin is difficult, even  
for me.

Blythe resumes shaving with more caution.

LAURENT (CONT'D)

It is cold in New York?

BLYTHE

Yes. But you know what the secret  
is? A really good hat.

LAURENT

I have never worn a hat.



BLYTHE

98% of body heat escapes through the head.

She gently grabs his nose and lifts his head up to shave his neck.

BLYTHE (CONT'D)

And gloves, of course. Though they say mittens are better.

LAURENT

Mittens?

BLYTHE

Mittens. Like a glove but without the fingers.

Camera PANS away, settling on the spectacular view as if taking one last look. PAN continues, revealing several bags and suitcases standing by the door. One suitcase lies open, half-filled with shoes and clothing.

A sudden movement by the front door; a yellow manilla envelope slides under it. CLOSE ON; the envelope. Written on it in shaky letters: "Mr. and Mrs. Garrett Niles."

On a nearby table Blythe's cellphone suddenly rings.

INT. LAURENT'S CAR -- LATER

The little car is stuffed with luggage. In the passenger seat Blythe talks on her phone.

BLYTHE

I don't care what you do with the candles, Eva. Just get rid of them. Put them out on the street.

Laurent glances at her. He drives with one hand; the other holds a cigarette out the window. He's clean-shaven; his goatee is trimmed and he has a small band-aid on his chin.

BLYTHE (CONT'D)

We'll need to start seeing some architects. Can you put a list together and we'll go over them in the morning?

INT. "EVERTREE" FOLK ART SHOP--CONTINUOUS

Eva sits at a table, her shoulder jamming the phone up against her ear. Her hands are coated with gelatinous goo. A soggy structure made of wet newspaper stands in front of her.

EVA

(with real concern)

What about the tree?

BLYTHE

What tree? We don't have plants, do we?

EVA

The paper mache tree.

BLYTHE

Oh. Well, we may need to put a hold on that, Eva.

EXT. BEACH BUNGALOW -- LATER

Laurent's car pulls up in front of the bungalow. Blythe and Laurent get out. Blythe carries the yellow manila envelope.

Kid's toys litter the ground. Three cars are parked in the yard along with Florine's scooter. Pinned to a make-shift clothesline along the side of the house a colorful assortment of women's underwear flutters gaily in the breeze.

BLYTHE

This is where he's staying?

LAURENT

Yes; the house of Tiki's brother.

INT. BEACH BUNGALOW -- MOMENTS LATER

The tiny house is crowded with people. Cleo's three kids run in and out. Garrett stands beside Laurent, both drinking beers. Garrett is shirtless, tanned and still unshaven. He now wears a shell necklace around his neck identical to Laurent's.

Blythe stands a few feet away with Tiki.

LAURENT

Nice house. Very nice.

GARRETT

Yeah. A little tough when it rains.

LAURENT

*Ah, oui. Perhaps some plastique...*

Laurent gazes solemnly up at the ceiling. Cleo walks up with Florine.

CLEO

*Bonjour Bouchet.*

(nodding at his chin)

*Un accident?*

LAURENT

*Ah, non. It is nothing. Bonjour, Florine. Ca va?*

FLORINE

*Oui, ca va.*

Both Garrett and Blythe watch as Florine embraces him, kissing both cheeks. Blythe finally puts the manilla envelope next to Garrett's computer.

TIKI

So. You are happy?

She hesitates, a little startled by his frankness.

BLYTHE

Yes. I am.

She does look happy; she also looks on the verge of tears.

TIKI

You must come back.

BLYTHE

Well, we'll see. Where's Lucio?

TIKI

Ah, we are fighting.

Blythe looks up in surprise as Odette walks out of the bedroom. Her hair is tousled. She wears only one of Garrett's shirts and looks very sexy in it. She yawns and greets Laurent with a wave as she crosses the room to the bathroom.

ODETTE

*Hola, Bouchet. Que Paso?*

LAURENT

*Todo esta bien, senorita.*

Odette nods to Blythe just as she closes the bathroom door.

ODETTE

*Bonjour, madame.*

EXT. BEACH BUNGALOW -- MOMENTS LATER

Laurent kicks a deflated soccer ball back and forth with the kids as Florine and Cleo watch. Blythe hands Garrett his passport and plane ticket.

BLYTHE

You should hold on to these now.

GARRETT

Oh, yeah. I'll probably need them.

She looks at him curiously.

BLYTHE

You've got about an hour. Are you packed?

GARRETT

Getting there...

BLYTHE

I thought it might be better if Laurent and I stayed in a hotel for a couple of days. You know, while you move your...

GARRETT

Right. I don't know if you need to do that.

BLYTHE

Well, we're not all three staying in the apartment.

GARRETT

Yeah. See, I might be staying down here for a little while.

BLYTHE

What do you mean, down here?

GARRETT

Tiki said I could keep this place until his brother comes back--

BLYTHE

What about your job?

GARRETT

It's going good. I'm selling music mixes now to a bunch of restaurants.

BLYTHE

I meant your job in New York.

GARRETT

Oh. Yeah. I talked to Avalon; good talk. I'm taking a little leave of absence.

BLYTHE

For how long?

GARRETT

Oh, I don't know; a while.

BLYTHE

Garrett, are you stoned right now?

He stares at her, thinking for a moment.

GARRETT  
No. Not right now.

It startles her as she realizes he really won't be coming back.

BLYTHE  
What about everything in the  
apartment? Your chair? Your beer  
mugs? All your clothes?

GARRETT  
Wow. That's a good question.

He looks out at Laurent, standing nearby while the kids jump on the Indonesian bed out in front of Tiki's restaurant.

GARRETT (CONT'D)  
Laurent can have all the clothes.  
He's going to need stuff for winter.  
Isn't it crazy; he's exactly my size.  
I can't believe how much we're alike.

BLYTHE  
(without malice)  
Actually, you're nothing alike.

Garrett doesn't answer. She sees his gaze shift to Florine standing at the water's edge.

A sudden shout comes from Laurent. He waves to Blythe, pointing at his watch.

BLYTHE (CONT'D)  
OK. Well, we've got to go. Good-  
bye, Garrett.

Garrett looks at her outstretched hand.

GARRETT  
What's that; a handshake?

He opens his arms. Blythe hesitates a moment then steps into them. As soon as they embrace she begins to cry. Garrett pulls her closer, his hand coming up with familiar ease to stroke her hair.

Camera is CLOSE ON Cleo and Florine. They glance at Garrett and Blythe then look away.

Laurent has been walking toward Blythe and Garrett. Seeing their embrace he stops, feigning sudden interest in a small piece of shell at his feet.

Suddenly Blythe pulls away.

EXT. ISLAND AIRPORT -- EVENING

Camera is CLOSE ON the propeller of a small plane. The engine coughs loudly into life, emitting a dark burst of exhaust.

The plane begins to move. Blythe gazes out; Laurent in the seat beside her.

INT. BEACH BUNGALOW -- MOMENTS LATER

Garrett stands alone in the bungalow. The light is just starting to fade outside. Garrett opens the manilla envelope and withdraws a photograph.

CLOSE ON; the photo. It is a picture of a couple, sitting together at a restaurant, smiling like a thousand other couples; arms around each other, each holding out two glasses of champagne.

It takes Garrett a moment to recognize himself and Blythe. It is the photo taken of them at Tiki's, their first night on the island. Garrett is pale and clean-shaven with dark circles of anxiety under his eyes. Blythe looks distant and slightly uneasy.

A shout from outside draws Garrett's attention. He steps out onto the beach. Down by the water Cleo, Odette and Florine watch the kids scampering naked in the waves.

EXT. ISLAND RUNWAY -- CONTINUOUS

The plane races down the small island runway and lifts into the air. It arcs over a white sand beach and banks west toward the setting sun.

INT. SMALL PLANE -- CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON; Blythe. She peers out as the plane gains altitude. Below her the island begins to recede; a small, green crescent in the midst of a wide blue sea.

A flicker of regret touches her face for a moment. Then a hand slips into hers. She looks up and meets Laurent's eyes. His gaze is clear, trusting and open. She smiles softly.

CLOSE ON: their hands. As their fingers interlace an oval of sunlight from the window passes over them.

EXT. BEACH BUNGALOW -- EVENING

Garrett stands waist deep in the glassy ocean. Camille, Michel and Olivier bob in the water around him. The approaching sunset tints everything a dusky rose.

On the beach behind them, Florine, Cleo and Odette practice cartwheels in the sand. Their brightly colored sarongs stand out in the soft, fading light.

Michel climbs into Garrett's arms. Garrett lifts him easily onto his shoulders and heaves him, screaming in delight, out over the water.

Camera shifts to SLOW-MOTION, catching Michel in mid-air. His glistening body somersaults through the air and splashes into the water. Camera submerges with him in an explosion of bubbles.

Garrett laughs as Camille swims to him. He helps her climb up his back to stand on his shoulders. She leaps, hair flying, her small, naked body tumbling into the sea.

She bobs up like a small cork, pushing her hair out of her eyes. Garrett cradles the infant Olivier in his arms and gently weaves his tiny body back and forth through the water.

Garrett continues to play with the children. The slow-motion and the silky smoothness of the ocean make the water cling to their skin as if it doesn't want to let go.

FADE TO BLACK.