

THE MAGNIFICENT KATE MORGAN

Written by

Thomas W. Hodgkinson

30b Burlington Gardens
London W3 6BA
0044 771 775 2131
thomas_hodgkinson@yahoo.co.uk

EXT. CORFU. THE GARDENS OF A PALACE.

It's a 19th century neo-classical palace, with pillars and balconies in white stucco. Formal gardens are laid around it on several levels, dotted with statuary. On the sound-track, the song *Can't Take My Eyes Off You* by Andy Williams plays softly: "You're just too good to be true--"

JIMMY starts speaking in VOICE-OVER. His accent is London, likeable. Wry, a little remorseful.

JIMMY (V.O.)

It was like the opening scene of a movie. Exterior. Corfu. The gardens of a palace.

On one terrace, we see Ernst Herter's naked statue of the *Dying Achilles*. The quality of light is warm, as if the scene were being viewed through a pair of vintage sunglasses.

JIMMY (V.O.)

I was standing in front of this naked statue of Achilles, trying to work out why he was naked. You see what I mean? One minute you're fighting the Trojans. The next you're stark naked, pulling an arrow out of your heel? It didn't make sense. And just as I was having this thought, this girl behind me, who I hadn't even noticed, turned to me and said:

KATE

How come he's naked?

During this first footage, we never get to see KATE clearly. Her face is eclipsed by the tinted sunlight, or out of focus.

KATE (CONT'D)

Maybe he was a nudist.

JIMMY

Or he *had* been wearing armour. But as soon as he knew he was dying, he whipped it off, because he wanted to look good on his death bed.

KATE

I guess if you had a body like his, that'd be kinda tempting.

CLOSE-UP on Kate's slanted, individual smile.

JIMMY (V.O.)

Her name was Kate Morgan. She was American, very pretty.

(MORE)

JIMMY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

With a slick, combed sexiness, like Rooney Mara in the opening scene of *The Social Contract*. Bright-eyed. Clever. And with this way of smiling with one side of her mouth that killed me every time. The days that followed were the most perfect of my life. We took a boat out. Went dancing.

We see them do these things. As with Kate, we never get to see Jimmy clearly. We see only that he's slim and invariably sports a pair of large, aviator-style sunglasses.

JIMMY (V.O.)

One day, we ended up in this mountaintop monastery. There was chanting. A priest with a beard that suggested ancient wisdom.

We see the monastery and the big-bearded priest.

JIMMY (V.O.)

We went night-swimming in a storm.

Rain blasts the dark surface of the sea.

JIMMY (V.O.)

After two days, I'd told her that I loved her.

On the sound-track, Andy Williams reaches his chorus: "I love you, baby! And if it's quite alright, I love you, baby!"

JIMMY (V.O.)

After three, we were engaged. It sounds crazy, I know. But the craziest thing of all was the way that it ended.

We zoom in on the rooftop of the Cavalieri Hotel.

JIMMY (V.O.)

We were on the roof of the Cavalieri Hotel in Corfu Town. I had just ordered Champagne. But when the waiter brought it over--

The waiter presents the Champagne.

JIMMY (V.O.)

--at the very moment when the cork came out of the bottle--

POP!

JIMMY (V.O.)

Kate got to her feet and said:

KATE

I never want to see you again--

The song switches to David Bowie's *Something In The Air (The American Psycho Remix)*, signalling a bleak change of mood.

JIMMY (V.O.)

--And ran out of the restaurant. I tried to follow. But by the time I reached the airport, she was gone.

In Departures, Jimmy presses a hand to the glass, as an aeroplane rises into the bleak night sky.

A new voice, which belongs to GIRL ONE, breaks in.

GIRL ONE (V.O.)

And you never learned why?

INT. LONDON. JIMMY'S BEDROOM. MORNING.

Jimmy is in bed with GIRL ONE. He is extremely, even femininely handsome, but with an apologetic manner that makes this forgivable. Like Hugh Grant before he was famous.

JIMMY

(wincing)

That's the thing.

GIRL ONE is now GIRL TWO, about to become GIRL THREE. Jimmy has told this story many times, to many different girls.

GIRL TWO

I can't bear it!

JIMMY

If she'd given me a reason--

GIRL THREE

Of course!

JIMMY

I could have processed it--

GIRL FOUR

It's so awful!

JIMMY

(overdoing it)

As it is, I don't think I shall ever stop wondering why.

A fifth girl, who is called ANNABEL, is about to speak but thinks better of it. She is pretty, with cropped, peroxide-blond hair. Thoughtful, she goes into the bathroom.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
 Sorry, Annabel. I shouldn't have--

ANNABEL (O.S.)
 It's fine. You're still in love
 with Kate Morgan. I get that.

She comes back in, dressed, heading for the door.

JIMMY
 Annabel?

She forgives him with a smile. Left alone, Jimmy still looks troubled. He reaches for the pair of aviator shades we saw him wearing in the Corfu footage.

EXT. BUSY LONDON STREET. DAY.

Hurrying to work, Jimmy, who is still wearing the shades, dials a number. When TAFFETA (40ish, tough) answers, the screen splits. She seems to be in a spa, receiving a massage.

JIMMY
 I don't want you to run it.

TAFFETA
 What are you talking about?

JIMMY
 (entering an office block)
 My piece.

TAFFETA
 But you worked so hard on it.

JIMMY
 (rising in a lift)
 I'd hate myself.

TAFFETA
 You hate yourself already.

The lift opens and he's out, marching through the office, a man on a mission. Stacks of newspapers make it clear that these are the premises of *The Daily Post*.

JIMMY
 Just to recap, I've spent the past
 month deliberately having one-night
 stands. Different girls--

He removes his shades and slips them into his pocket. As he goes, a female co-worker checks him out appreciatively.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
 And I've told each of them exactly
 the same story.

He reaches an office and goes in. The screen converges.
 Taffeta lies on a massage table, naked but for a small towel.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
 (shocked)
 Sorry. Wow. I--

He backs out of the room. Some colleagues smirk. He raises
 his phone to his ear, and again the screen splits.

TAFFETA
 This story. This girl you invented,
 Kate Morgan? It's genius.

JIMMY
 I've been spending the night with
 people, and then lying to them as a
 way to avoid seeing them again.

Taffeta dismisses the masseuse, who leaves, giving Jimmy a
 knowing look. The screen converges as Taffeta hangs up.

TAFFETA
 But the aim is to reduce the pain
 you cause other people. Because of
 the Paradox Of One-Night Stands.

JIMMY
*If you spend the night with someone
 once, but not more than once, you
 hurt them more than if you'd never
 spent the night with them at all.*

TAFFETA
 You realise quoting yourself is the
 first sign of madness.

JIMMY
 I thought that was working as
 Assistant Editor of *The Post*.

TAFFETA
 Deputy Editor, please.

JIMMY
 How was the massage?

TAFFETA
 Transformative.
 (beat)
 You want to see how it looks?

She shows him a mock-up of his article. **Headline: THE SECRET OF ONE-NIGHT STANDS: WHY EVERYBODY NEEDS A "KATE MORGAN" IN THEIR LIVES.** For a moment, Jimmy likes what he sees. Then he grows serious.

JIMMY

You know there's only one reason I agreed to write this piece?

TAFFETA

I assumed it was because it gave you an excuse for a series of one-night stands in the name of investigative journalism.

JIMMY

When I was in my teens, I had this dream of the kind of girl I was going to marry. To be honest, it was more like a vision. This is absolutely true. I developed an idea of her down to the finest detail. And I remember, if anyone ever asked me why I didn't have a girlfriend, I just used to say, "I haven't met Kate Morgan yet."

TAFFETA

You gave her a name?

JIMMY

I knew her smile, her clothes. The kind of music she listened to. So you see, when I wrote that piece, I didn't have to make anything up.

TAFFETA

(quoting the article)
Donovan. Bob Dylan--

JIMMY

--And David Bowie songs I didn't know existed.

TAFFETA

And how about the tattoo on her back of a cart-wheeling scorpion?

JIMMY

(wincing)
The tramp stamp. I was a teenager.

TAFFETA

That was a nice touch.
(beat)
Are you honestly telling me you didn't enjoy this assignment?

JIMMY

I enjoyed making up the Corfu part of the story. You'll have noticed I borrowed some of the details from last week's travel supplement. But the bit where she dumps me "*at the very moment the cork comes out of the Champagne bottle*"? That has real drama, I think.

TAFFETA

(sceptically)

But the sex was a chore.

JIMMY

I didn't sleep with them.

TAFFETA

Don't give me that.

JIMMY

I didn't.

TAFFETA

All those seething hotties you've been spending the night with. And you're honestly telling me that at no point did you actually--

She contorts her face and makes a curious clicking sound.

JIMMY

I don't know what that means. You're asking if I had a stroke?

TAFFETA

Did you or did you not have sex with these women?

JIMMY

I did not.

TAFFETA

Well, it's a good thing you don't make that clear in the article.

JIMMY

That's the problem! Anyone reading this is going to assume that I did have sex with them! I come across like a total bastard!

TAFFETA

What did you do to them?

JIMMY

We kissed. We talked.

TAFFETA

You are literally the lamest person
I've ever met in my life.

She walks to the window. Then she turns triumphantly.

TAFFETA (CONT'D)

Oh my god! I know what you are!
(laughs)
That's hilarious!
(beat)
You're a sex avoider!

JIMMY

What?

TAFFETA

Don't you read the magazine you
work for? A sex avoider is a guy
who isn't interested in sleeping
with girls. He just wants to know
if they want to sleep with him.

JIMMY

I am *not* a sex avoider!

TAFFETA

When we were going out, you always
seemed a little bit reluctant. As
if it was a duty, like doing the
washing-up. I just assumed it was
because you didn't fancy me.

JIMMY

That's not true.

TAFFETA

It's fine, Jimmy. It was a long
time ago. And now it makes sense.
You're terrified of sex!

JIMMY

What are you talking about,
terrified of sex? I love sex! Sex
is wonderful! Are you kidding? I
can't get enough of it!

A female colleague comes into Taffeta's office in time to
catch the tail-end of this. She retreats again.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

(more quietly)

Now you're making it look like I'm
protesting too much. But just take
my word for it. If I had to write a
list of my favourite things, sex
would be in my-- top three.

(MORE)

JIMMY (CONT'D)

After stracciatella ice cream and
the first cigarette from a packet.

TAFFETA

How's it going, the whole not-
smoking thing?

JIMMY

Horrible.

TAFFETA

You should write about it.

(sighs)

Jimmy, I know you want to do more
serious stuff. But you have to know
what your strengths are. You're a
lifestyle journalist. But you
refuse to commit to that.

JIMMY

Give me a break.

TAFFETA

The truth is, it doesn't matter
what you commit to, but you have to
commit to something.

Exhaling slowly, Jimmy reaches into his pocket for his
aviator shades, which he then puts on. This is something he
tends to do when he feels emotionally threatened.

TAFFETA (CONT'D)

I didn't want to bring this up
today. But the editors are getting
really pissed off. It's weeks since
you wrote anything we used. Which
is why you have to let me run this
piece. If you don't, I'm not going
to answer for the consequences.

JIMMY

You think they'd sack me?

TAFFETA

Take off the glasses, Jimmy! For
Christ's sake! You look like Tom
Cruise in *Days of Thunder*.

Stubbornly he keeps the sunglasses on.

TAFFETA (CONT'D)

Just listen to me for once. You've
got to grow up! Join the fucking
top table! Because if you don't,
you're going to end up like one of
those sad guys, you know?

(MORE)

TAFFETA (CONT'D)

Sitting around in some pub on a week day, slagging off books you haven't even read.

JIMMY

That's ridiculous! Come on. Where do you even get that image from?

INT. A PUB IN KNIGHTSBRIDGE. DAY.

Outside it's raining hard. Inside it's warm. Jimmy and the COCKNEY BARMAN are slagging off a book the latter has in his hand, called *The Real Odysseus: A Voyage Round The Self*. The cover boasts, "A Million Copies Sold". While talking to the barman, Jimmy adopts an unconvincing cockney accent.

COCKNEY BARMAN

To be honest with you, I don't even know why the fuck I'm readin' it.

JIMMY

She's 'avin' a fuckin' larf!

COCKNEY BARMAN

Why fuck with the foundin' work of Western fuckin' literature?

JIMMY

Too fuckin' right. Why would anyone want to fuck with *The Odyssey*?

COCKNEY BARMAN

Shoulda fuckin' eviscerated it in your newspaper, when it came out.

JIMMY

I really fuckin' shoulda.

That didn't sound right. The barman gives him a funny look.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

I mean-- I should have-- done--

The door opens and Kate Morgan walks in. That's to say, a girl who conforms in every detail to the girl Jimmy invented in his teens, and subsequently wrote about in his article for the Daily Post. She's bedraggled, soaked to the skin. Jimmy and the barman talk on, not noticing her as she approaches.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

(in his normal voice)

What's weird is it's sort of disguised as fiction, but it peddles the same idea you get in nine out of ten self-help books.

(MORE)

JIMMY (CONT'D)

This belief that you only have to visualise something, and if you visualise it clearly enough, it'll happen in real life--

COCKNEY BARMAN

Which is bullshit.

JIMMY

Which is total bullshit.

KATE

Can I get a drink?

COCKNEY BARMAN

Course you can, darling.

He tosses her a towel.

KATE

I'll have a Cognac.

Jimmy glances at Kate, whose face is partially obscured as she towels her head. He registers no recognition.

JIMMY

It's actually irresponsible. Because it says if something bad happens to you, you must somehow have visualised it.

COCKNEY BARMAN

Which you could say was a confusion of causality with projection.

He hands Kate her glass of Cognac.

JIMMY

So according to this book, the Jews were responsible for the Holocaust. You see what I mean? They must somehow have *visualised* it.

Kate picks up the copy of *The Real Odysseus*.

KATE

Did you even read it? This book you're ripping to shreds.

The barman catches Jimmy's eye.

JIMMY

I read about a third, before I sent it *windmilling* across the room.

KATE

And you think that qualifies you to tear apart something that's given pleasure to millions of people?

JIMMY

Just one million, in fact. It says so on the front of the book.

Smirking, the barman attends to another customer.

KATE

The point of *The Real Odysseus*, as you would know if you'd bothered to read it, isn't if you visualise your goals, you can *literally* make them happen. It's a way of looking at things. But sure, if you want to sit around, bitching about some woman who dared to be successful.

JIMMY

(innocently)
It's by a woman?

KATE

Just because you're funny, it doesn't prove that you're not a misogynistic jackass.

There's a pause.

JIMMY

You seem-- dispirited. What's the trouble?

KATE

Why would I tell you?

JIMMY

Because you're never going to see me again.

Kate considers this. It's a fair point.

KATE

Okay, so I gotta go to this christening over the road. Which would be fine, if it weren't for the fact that the brother of the mother happens also to be my inexcusable ex.

JIMMY

You're still in love with him?

KATE

No! That's the worst thing. I wasn't even in love with him when we were dating. But every time I see that crowd, they're all, like: *"Oh, it's so sad. You're obviously still hung up on Archie--"*

JIMMY

That sounds grim.

KATE

Grim is too weak a word. Grim is too short a word. How about you? Why are you drinking alone?

JIMMY

Oh, I'm just questioning my general life direction. I'm a journalist. Although journalist is too strong a word. It's also too long a word. I write lifestyle pieces.

KATE

(aggressively)

Ha!

JIMMY

(hurt)

Really?

KATE

Articles about sex toys and the male multiple orgasm?

JIMMY

That male multiple orgasm thing, it's a wild goose chase. Believe me, I've chased it. What I really want to do is write screenplays.

KATE

Have you written any?

JIMMY

Not yet.

KATE

Sounds like what you really want to be is a lifestyle journalist.

JIMMY

I'm so glad I met you.

KATE

(smiling)

Really?

JIMMY
 (aggressively)
 No!
 (beat)
 So what do you do? And please don't
 tell me you're a screenwriter.

KATE
 I'm an actress.

JIMMY
 That's cool. Is there anything I
 might have seen you in?

KATE
 Well, I'm gonna be in the film
 adaptation of *The Real Odysseus*.

JIMMY
 You're kidding, right?

She does her slanted, individual smile.

KATE
 It was nice meeting you. But I
 gotta go. Gotta go face my
 inexplicable ex.

It's still raining outside. As she turns to leave, she
 registers a song playing on the sound system.

KATE (CONT'D)
Something In The Air.

JIMMY
 What?

KATE
 I take it as an omen. This song is
Something In The Air by David
 Bowie, the American Psycho Remix.
 Which happens to be the greatest
 song released in any genre over the
 past twenty years.

JIMMY
 According to you.

KATE
 It's not up for debate.

She smiles at him. And it's only now, for the first time,
 that he clocks something strange about the girl in front of
 him: something he can't place. Frowning, he brings out his
 beloved aviator sunglasses and puts them on.

JIMMY
 Hold up!

He produces an impressively large umbrella.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
I'll walk you over there.

They pause halfway across the busy road.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
I've just realised that I never
told you my name. I'm Jimmy.

Kate doesn't reply. She's distracted, checking out the crowd that's milling about on the steps of the Brompton Oratory.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
So I'm really interested that
you're a fan of David Bowie. Do you
listen to much Bob Dylan, by any
chance? Or Donovan, for example?

Kate still doesn't reply. She's looking for a break in the traffic. Finds it. They continue to the steps of the Oratory.

KATE
Gimme a break, would you? I gotta
psyche myself up here.

JIMMY
What did I say?

KATE
It's just it's not all that helpful
if you start hitting on me, while
I'm preparing to lock horns with my
unexplodable ex.

JIMMY
Who said I was hitting on you?

KATE
Hey, listen. I've had an idea.

She looks him up and down, appraising.

KATE (CONT'D)
D'you wanna come with?

JIMMY
To a christening? Oh, yeah. That's
actually my dream date.

KATE
But don't you see? It's perfect.
We'll tell them you're my boyfriend
and they'll stop hassling me. It'll
be half an hour, tops.

JIMMY

Yeah, but--

KATE

There'll be drinks.

JIMMY

Hey, why didn't you say so?

(beat)

Just answer me one question. Are you or are you not a Bob Dylan fan?

KATE

Are you kidding? I adore Bob Dylan!
I'm his number one fan!

(beat)

But then, who isn't? Right?

Jimmy acknowledges this point. They head inside.

JIMMY

It occurs to me, if I'm meant to be your boyfriend, it might be helpful if I knew your name.

KATE

(laughing)

Oh, right! Good thinking!

(whispering)

It's Kate.

JIMMY

(whispering)

Seriously?

KATE

Yeah. Why?

JIMMY

No, nothing. It's just that-- You look like a Kate, actually.

Adjusting his sunglasses, he follows her inside.

INT. BROMPTON ORATORY. DAY.

Glancing around the nave, Jimmy spots an obese man in his 30s. He types into his phone the message, "Is that Archie?" Kate gives him a withering look. "You're hilarious!" she types. Then: "Archie's not here, thank God!"

EXT. THE STEPS OF THE BROMPTON ORATORY. LATER.

The congregation spills out of the church.

JIMMY
(casually)
So have you ever been in love?

KATE
What?

JIMMY
You said you weren't in love with Archie. So I was just wondering if you'd ever been in love.

KATE
Of course I have.

JIMMY
Who with?

KATE
If I'm totally honest, I think the first person I was in love with was probably my dad.

JIMMY
Interesting.

KATE
And then my mom. I had a confusing adolescence.

JIMMY
I think that's actually quite a natural progression.

KATE
Also my dad died. Which kind of put the kibosh on our relationship.

JIMMY
I'm sorry.

KATE
My mom couldn't cope. So that was when I got sent to London to live with the Campbells. My dad was in the movie business. He and Kenneth were really old friends. And they always had this deal, that if anything ever-- what?

Something has clicked in Jimmy's head. He stares at a man nearby, with white wispy hair, thanking the priest.

JIMMY
You have got to be kidding me.
That's *Kenneth Campbell*?

KATE

Are you a fan?

JIMMY

Your mum sent you to live with the greatest living film director?

KATE

That's a slight exaggeration.

JIMMY

Holy Barbarians? Sexing the Void?
These are classic movies.

KATE

And don't forget the forthcoming film adaptation of *The Real Odysseus*. Although that one he's co-directing with his wife.

JIMMY

Caro Henderson.

KATE

I just call her "Mom". Which is weird, I know. I don't call Kenneth "Dad", though he's obviously a kind of surrogate father for me.

JIMMY

I didn't know he was working.

KATE

I would say that Archie was my surrogate brother. If it weren't for the persistent acts of incest.

EXT. THE ENTRANCE TO A BIG HOUSE IN CHELSEA. LATER.

KENNETH embraces Kate. Then he smiles at Jimmy.

JIMMY

Hello.

There's a pause. They head inside.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

(sotto voce)

I can't believe I just met Kenneth Campbell, and all I could think to say to him was *Hello*.

KATE

It was fine.

JIMMY
It was terrible. *Hello?* Seriously?
Hello? What does it even mean?

INT. THE CAMPBELLS' DRAWING ROOM. A DRINKS PARTY.

The room is dominated by ARCHIE: a lion of man, as alpha as they come, with a mane of tumbling hair. Annoyingly handsome.

ARCHIE
Kate--

KATE
Archie--

She can't avoid his kisses hello.

KATE (CONT'D)
This is my boyfriend, Jimmy.

There is a pause as Archie takes this in.

JIMMY
(emphatically)
Hello.

ARCHIE
So how d'you persuade this ice queen to go out with you?

JIMMY
She didn't take much persuading.

KATE
Hey. I put up a bit of a fight.

ARCHIE
You an actor too?

KATE
No, Jimmy's a model.

ARCHIE
That so? What kind of model?

JIMMY
A supermodel.

ARCHIE
In that case, I should introduce him to Oksana. She's a model too.

OKSANA appears. Russian. Stunning. Your basic nightmare.

JIMMY
 (manically)
Hello!

ARCHIE
 Jimmy's a model, just like you.

OKSANA
 You do not look like a model.

JIMMY
 What makes you say that?

OKSANA
 You are not good-looking enough.

JIMMY
 Don't hold back. Tell me what you
 really think--

OKSANA
 I did not hold back.

There's a pause.

ARCHIE
 So-- how long have you two been
 seeing each other?

Jimmy and Kate exchange glances.

KATE
 Let's see now--

JIMMY
 How long has it--

After a pause they speak simultaneously.

KATE
 A few months.

JIMMY
 A few weeks.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
 It *feels* like a few weeks.

ARCHIE
 And how d'you meet?

KATE
 You say, if you want.

JIMMY
 We met-- in a club.

ARCHIE
 In a club?

KATE

In a club?

JIMMY

Wasn't it a club?

ARCHIE

Thought you hated clubbing.

KATE

He means a swimming club.

JIMMY

That's what I said. I was wearing these tiny speedos. She couldn't take her eyes off me.

KATE

(appalled)

That isn't true.

OKSANA

What are speedos?

JIMMY

Which is why she knocked herself out on the high diving board.

ARCHIE

You knocked yourself out?

Kate eyeballs Jimmy: *stop it.*

JIMMY

It's lucky I was there. I work part-time as a lifeguard--

ARCHIE

When you're not modelling.

JIMMY

I have a packed schedule.

KATE

Jimmy!

JIMMY

But it's tough, though, because-- you know those tall chairs we sit on? I'm afraid of heights. So I mostly have my eyes closed.

KATE

Jimmy!

JIMMY

Which isn't ideal in a lifeguard. Yes, darling?

KATE

Can I have a word?

JIMMY

We'll be back in a sec.

ARCHIE

There's some post for you, by the way, Kate-bugs. In the hall--

Kate leads Jimmy through the hall into the lavatory. As they go, he picks up some letters from the hall table.

INT. LAVATORY. CONTINUOUS.

KATE

Are you totally insane?

Jimmy is staring at the mail in his hand. He leafs through it. All the letters are addressed to "Kate Morgan".

JIMMY

Is this you?

KATE

Is what me?

JIMMY

Is your surname Morgan?

KATE

So what if it is?

JIMMY

I'm not buying this.

KATE

What's the matter?

JIMMY

Did Taffeta hire you?

KATE

Who's Taffeta?

JIMMY

You're an actress, right?

KATE

Yeah, but--

JIMMY

I knew it! Oh god, that's brilliant. How much is she paying you? Did she find you online?

KATE

I am really not with you.

JIMMY

Is Kenneth in on it too? And the priest at the Oratory? My god, this goes deeper than I thought.

KATE

Okay, that's enough. It's true that I'm an actress. But I never heard of anyone called Taffeta. No one hired me, and they certainly didn't hire the priest. Now you're gonna have to give me those--

She prises the letters from his grasp.

KATE (CONT'D)

And you're gonna have to pull yourself together. Because if they find out you and I are not really together, then I swear to God, I will fucking crucify you.

JIMMY

You're really Kate Morgan?

KATE

Yeah. I'm Kate. And you're Jimmy. And this is a bathroom. But please don't tell them you're a lifeguard with a fear of heights. If you're going to lie, lie better!

She moves to unlock the door, but he restrains her.

JIMMY

Sorry, but can I just ask? Do you, by any chance, have a tattoo of a cart-wheeling scorpion?

KATE

Are you crazy?

JIMMY

No, it's just that--

KATE

Mine's not doing a cartwheel. It's a back-flip. But how did you--

She reveals the scorpion tattoo on her lower back. They are interrupted by the sound of someone at the door.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Is anyone in there?

KATE

I'll just be a second.

She forces Jimmy to hide himself among a line of old coats.

WOMAN'S VOICE

We were wondering where you were.
Kenneth's making his speech.

KATE

I'll be right with you--
(mouthing at Jimmy)
Archie's stepmom--

Kate goes and flushes the loo. Then, leaving Jimmy concealed behind his coats, she unlocks the door. Kenneth's wife CARO is there: a former actress, un-made-up, lovely.

CARO

Your boyfriend looked terribly handsome from the other side of the room. He hasn't left yet, has he?

KATE

No. He's around.

Kate carries on into the drawing room. Caro goes over to the sink and examines her reflection in the mirror.

Then she turns and sees Jimmy.

CARO

Oh!

JIMMY

Bit chilly. Just grabbing my coat.

Without looking, he takes the first coat that comes to hand, which turns out to be a woman's fur coat. He manages to tug it on, and backs out of the lavatory, smiling politely.

INT. DRAWING ROOM. CONTINUOUS.

KENNETH

(addressing the room)
Now I know I have a reputation for being a little absent-minded--
(there are chuckles)
The great thing about having an appalling memory is that you can't even remember the things you can't remember.

He's reading cue cards. He makes a mime of having one of them upside-down, which elicits more chuckles from his audience.

KENNETH (CONT'D)

But even I haven't failed to notice that a few things have been *going right* recently for my nearest and dearest. First of all, my daughter Bridie, who soon after marrying one of the most impressive young men in Europe-- I'm sorry. Just remind me your name again--?

This provokes proper laughter.

IAN

(wearily)

Ian.

KENNETH

Soon after marrying Ian, as if by magic, she produced this bundle of joy, the reason we're all here--

IAN

(more wearily)

Amber.

This provokes more laughter.

KENNETH

(raising his glass)

To Amber--

Murmurs of "Amber" and a general raising of glasses. At the back of the room, Jimmy appears in his ridiculous coat. He joins Kate, who stares at him in horror.

KENNETH (CONT'D)

And we also welcome to the cast list Kate's new boyfriend--

(after a pause)

Jimmy. Who appears to be trying to make off with my wife's fur coat.

Everyone turns to look at Jimmy and Kate. In the background, we see Archie murmuring something to Kenneth.

KENNETH (CONT'D)

They met, I've just been told, at a public swimming baths, after Kate knocked herself out on the high diving board. Apparently she was distracted by the sight of his--

KATE

That isn't true!

ARCHIE

That's what you told me.

KATE

Yeah, but we were joking. Jimmy doesn't even own a pair of speedos.
(aside to Jimmy)
Tell me you don't own any speedos.

OKSANA

Will someone please explain to me what this is, a pair of speedos?

ARCHIE

So how d'you meet, then?

KATE

What?

ARCHIE

If it wasn't at a swimming pool.

CARO

It was probably online. That's how everyone gets together these days.

KATE

It wasn't online.

ARCHIE

Go on, then. Tell.

KATE

This isn't really the time--

CARO

Come on, Kate--

KATE

(desperately)
Jimmy?

Everyone in the room waits for Jimmy's answer. He looks paralysed. Then, at the last moment, he has an idea. He reaches into his coat and brings out his pair of aviator sunglasses. He puts them on. And then he begins.

JIMMY

It was like the opening scene of a movie. Exterior. Corfu. The gardens of a palace. I was standing in front of this statue of Achilles, wondering why he was naked.
(growing in confidence)
And just as this thought entered my head, this girl standing next to me, who I hadn't even noticed, turned to me and said--

KATE
 (tentatively)
 How come he's naked?

JIMMY
 The next few days were the most perfect of my life. We went to a service in a monastery, conducted by a priest with a beard suggestive of ancient wisdom. We went boating. Dancing. Night-swimming in a storm. But to be honest, it wouldn't have mattered what we did. Because all the time, all I could think was how lucky I was to meet this amazing person. How lucky I am.

There's a pause. Then Caro and Kenneth start to clap. Everyone joins in, with the exception of Archie. Noticing this, Kate grabs Jimmy and kisses him. To their mutual surprise, the kiss becomes real. It goes on for rather a long time. Jimmy's sunglasses are pushed awry across his face.

CARO
 (admiringly)
 They have this wonderfully passionate relationship.

They stop kissing. Jimmy's thunder-struck, gazing at Kate, his shades clutched in his hand. She, by contrast, recovers quickly, as Kenneth and Caro wander over to them.

KENNETH
 When were you in Corfu? And why didn't you stay at our place?

KATE
 It was a last-minute thing.

CARO
 You're still coming next week, I hope. Why don't you bring Jimmy?

KATE
 That would have been wonderful. But sadly, Jimmy has a thing.

JIMMY
 No, I don't. What thing?

KATE
 (eyeballing him)
 The thing thing!

JIMMY
 Oh, the thing thing!
 (to Kenneth)
 How could I forget?
 (MORE)

JIMMY (CONT'D)

(to Kate)

I forgot to tell you, though. The thing thing fell through. Turned out it wasn't a thing thing after all. It was just a-- thing.

(beat)

I'd love to come to Corfu.

She eyeballs him harder: *what are you doing?*

KATE

But what about work?

JIMMY

It should be fine, I think. Which airline is it that flies to Corfu again? EasyJet, isn't it?

He smiles at her broadly.

EXT. CORFU AIRPORT. DAY.

The island of Corfu. An easyJet plane comes in to land.

Caption: A WEEK LATER.

INTERCOM

We kindly request passengers to refrain from switching on their mobile phones until they are inside the terminal building.

The announcement is met with a chorus of beeping.

INT. CORFU AIRPORT. A FEW MINUTES LATER.

Kate waits at the barriers, looking seriously unamused.

KATE

(not smiling)

Nice shades.

JIMMY

You may have noticed, I tend to put them on when I'm nervous.

KATE

I cannot believe you came.

JIMMY

We're a couple. It's important we spend quality time together.

KATE

Just don't screw up. If anyone finds out I invented a boyfriend--

JIMMY

Hey! Didn't I pull it out of the fire back in London?

KATE

You were okay. But don't get hubristic. You know what hubris is, don't you, Jimmy?

JIMMY

Sure. It's when things are going so well you start sleeping with your mother. Well, that's not going to happen in my case. My mother's a happily married woman.

KATE

It isn't that. Hubris is when you take something lightly that you're supposed to take seriously. And so the gods decide to punish you.

As they walk out, Jimmy looks about him uneasily, as if divine retribution might come from any direction.

JIMMY

I do know a bit about hubris, by the way. I studied Ancient Greek.

KATE

Seriously?

JIMMY

At university.

KATE

Do people still do that?

JIMMY

In England. Those of us who aren't learning the harpsichord, or how to make woad from cabbage leaves.

Outside, Archie is waiting for them, leaning against a black Suzuki. When he sees them, he grins like a shark.

EXT. THE GATES OF THE ACHILLEION PALACE. DAY.

It's a white, neo-classical, 19th century mansion, the one we saw in the Corfu footage in the opening scene. Archie hands out some tickets. Each is illustrated with a picture of Ernst Herter's statue of the *Dying Achilles*.

ARCHIE

Thought you guys might enjoy a
little trip down memory lane.

Jimmy glances at Kate. She looks horrified.

INT. THE FRONT HALL OF THE ACHILLEION.

It's obvious that Jimmy has never been to this place before.
And it's clear that Archie is pretty confident of that.

ARCHIE

So this is where you and Kate first
got talking, right? You made it
sound so romantic, when you
described it back in London. I'm
particularly keen to see that
statue you mentioned.

JIMMY

Right.

There's a pause.

ARCHIE

So can you take us there?

Archie's look says: you don't know where it is, do you?

JIMMY

To the statue?

Jimmy's look says: you really are a dick, aren't you?

ARCHIE

Sure. I mean, that's assuming that
you can remember where it is.

JIMMY

Of course I remember where it is.
Why would I not remember that?

ARCHIE

(smirking)

That's what I thought. You were
only here a couple of months ago.

KATE

Maybe we could just wander around a
little bit first?

JIMMY

No. If Archie wants to see the
statue, we'll take him to the
statue. Now let's see--

He goes into a room on one side of the hall. Comes out again. They all look at him. He crosses the floor and enters a room on the other side. After a pause, he comes out again.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
Just reminding myself of the
parameters of the place.

A group of cute Greek schoolchildren appears, led by an attractive female SCHOOLTEACHER.

SCHOOLTEACHER
Sygnome. Psachnoume to agalma tou
Achillea. Mporeite mepos--

Subtitles: "Sorry. We're looking for the statue of Achilles. Could you possibly--?"

ARCHIE
My Greek's a little rusty, but I
get the impression they're looking
for the statue too. *He* knows where
it is. Don't you, Jimmy?

All the schoolchildren look at Jimmy expectantly.

JIMMY
Sure. Let's go.

He proceeds up the staircase, a reluctant Pied Piper, followed by the crocodile of Greek children. At the top, there is a terrible painting (by Franz von Matsch) of Achilles dragging Hector around the walls of Troy.

OKSANA
Mesmerising--

JIMMY
(to the children)
The moral of this story is never,
under any circumstances, agree to
single combat. Plural combat is
okay, as long as the numbers are
heavy on your side.

The children look at him blankly.

ARCHIE
The statue?

JIMMY
Right.

They step out onto an upper courtyard, which has a row of marble busts of the great philosophers, each with a name tag beneath. Jimmy moves along, examining their faces. We see Socrates, Shakespeare, Schopenhauer.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

They have all the great thinkers
and philosophers through the ages.
I'm just looking for Stephen Fry--

One of the schoolchildren, who has broken away from the group, looks over the balustrade at the end of the courtyard and sees the statue of the *Dying Achilles*. He comes and tells Jimmy in a small voice, which only Jimmy and Archie can hear.

SCHOOLBOY

Einai ekei. Katebeite tis skales.

Subtitles: "It's there. Go down the stairs."

JIMMY

(to ARCHIE)

Did you get that?

ARCHIE

He says can you hurry the fuck up,
because he's getting bored.

Jimmy looks at the stairs that would lead him to the statue, but opts instead to descend some other stairs. Then, as if on a whim, he leads them round to the terrace with-- the statue.

JIMMY

One naked warrior, as requested.

Archie isn't convinced, but there's nothing he can say.

OKSANA

I preferred the painting.

After winking at the Greek schoolboy, who grins, Jimmy heads over to join the others, standing around the statue.

KATE

How come he's naked?

Jimmy smiles, but her words triggers a strange reaction. ANDY WILLIAMS strikes up on the sound-track, and he is assailed by *déjà vu*. He sees visions from his imagined narrative of how he and Kate Morgan met, which are filmed with the filter, as if seen through Jimmy's sunglasses.

* FLASHBACK * Jimmy is meeting Kate for the first time beside the statue. She says, "How come he's naked?"

KATE (CONT'D)

Maybe he was a nudist.

JIMMY

Or he had been wearing clothes. But once he realized he was dying, he whipped them off, because he wanted to look good on his death bed.

We're back in the present.

KATE

I guess if you had a body like his,
it'd be kinda tempting. You okay?

JIMMY

Yeah, sure. It's just that I, er--
For a moment, I felt as if-- No,
I'm fine. I'm good.

EXT. THE GARDEN OF THE CAMPBELLS' VILLA. NIGHT.

KENNETH

(to Oksana)

So I just reread *The Odyssey*. It's
another of the great things about
being in an advanced state of
senility. You get to read all your
favourite books as if for the first
time.

He glances at Caro, who smiles with a hint of sadness. She,
Kenneth, Oksana and Archie are at a table under the stars.
CICADAS CREAK in the darkness. WAVES BREAK on a shore.

KENNETH (CONT'D)

In *The Odyssey*, Homer presents
Corfu as a kind of gateway between
the worlds of magic and reality. Do
you believe in magic?

OKSANA

Of course.

KENNETH

I don't, personally. But if I did
choose to believe in it, I could
believe it would happen here.

Jimmy and Kate emerge from the house, carrying plates, on
each of which is something wrapped in baking paper. Untied,
they turn out to contain lamb kleftiko.

CARO

They look amazing. You're a star to
take over the cooking, Jimmy. I
dread Maria's night off.

KATE

He's a domestic goddess.

JIMMY

Don't stereotype me!

When Archie speaks, his voice comes out too loud.

ARCHIE

So Jimmy! Looked you up online--
Couldn't find any pictures of your
modelling career.

JIMMY

Ah, well, you know, I don't do as
much modelling as I used to.

CARO

I know the feeling.

ARCHIE

So what *do* you do?

JIMMY

To tell you the truth, Archie, I
work for a newspaper.

ARCHIE

You're a hack?

JIMMY

I prefer to say scum-sucker.

(beat)

I write lifestyle pieces. It's not
my dream.

(glancing at Kate)

What I really want to do is write
screenplays.

KENNETH

You should give it a go.

KATE

(improvising)

Oh, he is. He's writing a film for
me now. Aren't you, Jimmy.

ARCHIE

(suspicious)

What kind of film?

JIMMY

(improvising)

It's a rom com.

KATE

With an element of soft porn.

JIMMY

I wouldn't call it soft.

KATE

There's that scene with the--

JIMMY

Asylum seeker.

KATE
And the watermelon.

JIMMY
We're calling it *Strange Fruit*.

KATE
We're calling it *I Carried A Watermelon*.

JIMMY
I Miscarried A Watermelon.

KATE
Or maybe *Strange Watermelons*. We haven't agreed on a title yet.

JIMMY
But it'll definitely have the word watermelon in it somewhere.

KATE
We might make it a play on another title. You know what I mean? Like *Four Weddings and a Watermelon*.

JIMMY
Bridget Jones's Watermelon.

KATE
Pretty Watermelon.

There's a pause.

OKSANA
(trying to join in)
Watermelon.

ARCHIE
What's that?

OKSANA
Titanic.

INT. JIMMY AND KATE'S BEDROOM. LATER.

They're still chuckling as they arrive in their room.

KATE
You definitely lied better.

JIMMY
You weren't so bad yourself.

There's a brief pause, as, surveying the room, they register the fact that there's only one bed.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
I'll take the floor.

KATE
No, it's fine. We can share.

JIMMY
You don't mind?

KATE
I'm up for it.

He reads too much into this remark. When she comes back from the bathroom, he's lying back, hands linked behind his head. His posture suggests a sense of entitlement. She climbs into bed, but stays as far away from him as possible. The light goes out, leaving them in total darkness.

KATE'S VOICE
Jimmy?

JIMMY'S VOICE
Yup?

KATE'S VOICE
When I said that I was up for it--

JIMMY'S VOICE
Yup?

KATE'S VOICE
I didn't mean I was *up for it*.

JIMMY'S VOICE
Oh god, no. I know. You can relax on that front. Absolutely.

KATE'S VOICE
Okay. Cool.

JIMMY'S VOICE
You're actually not my type.

KATE'S VOICE
I'm not?

JIMMY'S VOICE
No offence. I think you're pretty cool. But at the same time, you can be pretty spiky. In a good way. It can be good to be spiky. When you have to deal with people like Archie, for example.

KATE'S VOICE
Right.

JIMMY'S VOICE

And you're-- I suppose you're quite pretty. Sometimes.

KATE'S VOICE

Sometimes?

JIMMY'S VOICE

Often.

KATE'S VOICE

Often?

JIMMY'S VOICE

Yeah, you're often quite pretty.

KATE'S VOICE

Quite pretty?

JIMMY'S VOICE

Is there an echo in here? Stop being difficult.

KATE'S VOICE

Difficult?

JIMMY'S VOICE

All I said was that you weren't really my type.

KATE'S VOICE

Well, that's fine. Because you're not my type either.

JIMMY'S VOICE

I'm not?

KATE'S VOICE

We're totally different.

JIMMY'S VOICE

How so?

KATE'S VOICE

You have this Englishness thing going on. You're all taut.

JIMMY'S VOICE

You mean expensively educated?

KATE'S VOICE

Not *taught*. Taut.

JIMMY'S VOICE

Oh.

KATE'S VOICE

Tentative.

JIMMY'S VOICE

Ah.

KATE'S VOICE

You know, like a tent. Except--
missing its main pole.

JIMMY'S VOICE

What are you talking about?

KATE'S VOICE

I'm fucking with you, Jimmy.

JIMMY'S VOICE

Now I feel tentative.

KATE'S VOICE

I'm just saying we're different.

There's a long pause.

JIMMY'S VOICE

Kate?

KATE'S VOICE

Yep.

JIMMY'S VOICE

You know how people sometimes say
that "opposites attract"?

KATE'S VOICE

Yeah, that isn't true.

JIMMY'S VOICE

It isn't?

KATE'S VOICE

Not at all.

There is silence.

INT. JIMMY AND KATE'S BEDROOM. NEXT MORNING.

Jimmy is dressed. After gazing for a moment at Kate, who is picturesquely asleep, he notices on a shelf a copy of *The Real Odysseus: A Voyage Round the Self*. He makes a wry face.

Outside, the scenery is gorgeous. The perfect villa sits in the perfect bay, set about with tall cypress trees.

Jimmy strolls down to the beach, and then continues out onto a wooden jetty, at the end of which a power-boat is moored.

EXT. KOULOURA BAY. LATER.

Archie jumps down into the power-boat, followed by Oksana, Kate and Jimmy. They accelerate out into the channel.

EXT. KAPARELLI ISLAND. LATER.

They drop anchor by a picturesque little island topped by a lighthouse. Oksana swims off alone with expert strokes. The other three climb a high rock, and look down, psyching themselves up to jump.

ARCHIE
Manly Tarzan yodel?

KATE
Manly Tarzan yodel.

It's clearly a private joke between the two of them.

JIMMY
You guys are cuh-razee.

Archie lets out a MANLY TARZAN YODEL and jumps.

KATE
Come on, tent-pole man!

Letting out her own version of a MANLY TARZAN YODEL, Kate jumps too. Jimmy is left alone on the rock.

KATE (CONT'D)
(calling back up)
Come on, Jimmy! It's fine!

ARCHIE
Come on, you arse-bandit!

Jimmy tries to steel his nerve to make the jump, but he really does suffer from a fear of heights.

JIMMY
(shouting down)
It's not high enough for me. I only
jump from the really high rocks.

Later. They sunbathe on the boat. Lazily, Archie sings *Can't Take My Eyes Off You*. He is facing Oksana, but when he raises his sunglasses, Kate sees he is actually looking at her.

They set off again in the boat. Archie drives.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
(shouting over the engine)
Do you ever let anyone else drive
this thing?

ARCHIE

Do me a favour. Try to avoid
crashing into any rocks--

Jimmy takes the wheel and pushes the power forward. He's making up for his loss of kudos when he wouldn't jump off the rock. Kate smiles, but she is surprised by his machismo.

While talking on his mobile, Archie points Jimmy towards a bay. Jimmy reduces power. The boat subsides off the plane.

ARCHIE (CONT'D)

(indicating a taverna)

Okay taking us in?

Jimmy looks ahead, a little apprehensive. The boat cruises in towards the White House taverna in Kalami Bay.

They're closer now, clearly going too fast. Unfortunately, though, at this moment Jimmy is distracted by a wave of *déjà vu*, like the kind he suffered at The Achilleion.

* FLASHBACK * We see footage of Jimmy and Kate boating, just the two of them. Jimmy is at the wheel. Kate lounges in the same position as she does now, on the prow of a similar boat. The Andy Williams theme emphasises the mood.

Back in the present:

WAITER ON JETTY

Your anchor-- Please--

KATE

Jimmy. The anchor.

By the time Jimmy has thrown the anchor out and is facing the jetty again, with the flashback music fading, they've almost arrived. At which point, and at the most crucial moment, there is a shout from the upper terrace.

GIRL'S VOICE

Jimmy! Is that you?

A girl with short, peroxide-blond hair is waving from the restaurant.

KATE

You're going to hit the--

WAITER ON JETTY

Look out!

Distracted by the girl in the restaurant, Jimmy pushes the power forward, instead of bringing it back. The boat smashes into the jetty, splintering wood. It's not the worst disaster ever to occur at sea, but it's not great.

ARCHIE

(pushing Jimmy aside)

What the fuck are you doing?

They assess the damage: an ugly dent in the bodywork.

ARCHIE (CONT'D)

Really wouldn't want to be in your shoes when my dad sees that.

JIMMY

I don't know what came over me.

Kate gives Jimmy a sympathetic squeeze, and then moves on with the others, leaving him staring at what he's done.

The girl who shouted to him turns out to be Annabel, the last of his one-night stands back in London. As she and Jimmy kiss hello, there is applause from people in the restaurant.

ANNABEL

What are you doing here?

JIMMY

Learning about hubris. How about yourself?

ANNABEL

I'm here with some friends. Looks like you guys are joining us.

EXT. TERRACE OF THE WHITE HOUSE RESTAURANT. LATER.

The extended table at lunch includes JOHNNY DUMONT, GILES EGGING and TONY FISKE-PATERSON, a trio of posh English villa-owners, sporting regulation sunburns and panama hats. They engage in competitive English villa-owner chat.

JOHNNY

(drawling)

You know, when we first came out here back in the Nineties, Kalami was hardly even a village.

GILES

(going one further)

When we first came, in the Eighties, there were just two tavernas and an olive tree.

TONY

(taking the prize)

When Griselda and I first came to Kalami-- back in the Seventies-- there wasn't even that.

KATE

What was there?

TONY
 (earnestly)
 There was *nothing*.

Later:

ARCHIE
 We dropped by The Achilleion
 yesterday. Strange to say, but
 Jimmy and Kate couldn't seem to
 remember the first thing about it.

ANNABEL
 Oh my god, I've just realised.

KATE
 What?

ANNABEL
 You're Kate Morgan.

KATE
 Have we met?

Jimmy hastily puts on his sunglasses.

JIMMY
 Annabel! You're a literature buff.
 Apparently this restaurant is where
 Lawrence Durrell used to live--

He drags Annabel away.

ANNABEL
 Who's Lawrence Durrell?

JIMMY
 Look! They have all this
 fascinating memorabilia--

They stand by a central pillar, which is hung with
 photographs of the novelist Lawrence Durrell.

ANNABEL
 Wow. He really wasn't much of a
 looker, was he?
 (sotto voce)
 What's going on?

JIMMY
 (sotto voce)
 She rang me out of the blue a few
 days ago. Begged me to come out and
 pretend we were still together.

ANNABEL
 (sotto voce)
 But why would she do that?

Jimmy glances nervously at the table.

JIMMY

According to my guidebook, if we go to the lower terrace, there's more exciting memorabilia.

On a lower terrace, from which they can see the damaged boat, and more distantly the lunch table, they continue talking.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Kate and Archie used to go out, but now he's here with the bride of Stalin. She needs my support.

ANNABEL

So to make it easier to spend time with someone she used to go out with, she asked someone else she used to go out with to pretend he was still going out with her?

JIMMY

That's it.
(double take)
I know. Bitch!

ANNABEL

But why did you agree?

JIMMY

Ah. Now that's an interesting question. I suppose I must-- still be in love with her--

As Jimmy says this, it occurs to him that he might, in fact, be falling in love with Kate. As he glances at the table, she's looking lovely, laughing at someone's story. Sensing that she's being looked at, she meets his gaze.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

There are some people you meet, and you realise you couldn't imagine a better person.

ANNABEL

(moved)
Oh, Jimmy!

JIMMY

But will you promise you won't say anything? She'd never forgive me.

ANNABEL

So you're basically helping her get her ex-boyfriend back--

JIMMY

She doesn't want Archie back. Did she tell you she wanted him back?

ANNABEL

No, but I--

JIMMY

She doesn't want him back.

At the table.

KATE

You can stop worrying about the boat, darling. Apparently that dent has been there for ages.

JIMMY

Are you serious?

ARCHIE

(grinning)
Sorry, mate.

JIMMY

Bastard.

ARCHIE

Couldn't resist. But I've thought of something to make it up to you. Kind of treat, if you're up for it.

EXT. MONASTERY AT THE TOP OF MT PANTOCRATOR. LATE AFTERNOON.

In a parking area, Archie pulls a backpack out of his jeep.

JIMMY

Can you give me a couple of minutes? I'm just going to--

Jimmy wanders up towards the monastery, with a sense of apprehension. Entering, he finds a service going on, almost identical to the one he imagined for his article.

* FLASHBACK * The footage is intercut with imagined footage from the Kate Morgan story. There's the chanting. The priest with the sagacious beard. More oddly, when the priest sees Jimmy, he nods at him with what looks like recognition.

Disconcerted, Jimmy steps back outside to make a phone call. The screen splits, to reveal Taffeta on an exercycle. She's listening to music on headphones, and doesn't pick up.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

(leaving voice-mail)
It's me. Listen.

(MORE)

JIMMY (CONT'D)

There's some really weird stuff going down here and I could use your advice. I'm at the monastery, the one I wrote about in my article? Everything's exactly as I described it. Even the size and shape of the priest's beard. I know what you're going to say. Greek priests all have beards like that. They're probably issued with them at their ordination. But this guy, he practically winked at me. It was as if he knew me. I'm not making this up. Call me.

He rejoins Archie, who is laying out a paraglider on a sloping patch of ground, checking everything is in order. Glancing towards the cliff-edge, Jimmy puts on his shades.

ARCHIE

Nervous?

JIMMY

Terrified. But, you know, it'll be good to do something I've--
(beat)
--never done before.

They climb into their harnesses.

ARCHIE

Kate said I shouldn't pressure you.

JIMMY

(hyperventilating)
Let's do this.

They raise the chute and run towards the edge, before taking off and soaring out over the spectacular scenery. Jimmy looks caught somewhere between terror and exhilaration.

ARCHIE

How you doing?

JIMMY

Do you mind if I call you "Mummy"?

Archie deliberately steers them towards a rock-face.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Aaaaaagh!

They swoop out again, away from the cliff.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Don't do that again!

ARCHIE

Have to be honest with you, Jimmy.
I wasn't sure, at first, if you
were for real. Thought Kate might
have picked you up off the street.

(beat)

After me, she was single for ages.
I started to worry she might be
turning into a lesbian.

JIMMY

I suppose, after you, that would be
the natural reaction.

Archie deliberately swoops low over an olive grove.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Aaaaaagh! Archie, you dribbling
nutjob! Do that again and I swear,
I will literally fucking kill you!

Archie does it again.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Aaaaaagh!

ARCHIE

So you know Kate and I had a very
passionate relationship. She was
pretty wild in the sack.

JIMMY

That's strange. She told me you
were oddly conservative.

Archie makes the paraglider execute some tight turns.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaagh!

EXT. POOL-SIDE AT THE CAMPBELLS' VILLA.

Oksana dives into the pool. Kate and Caro are reading. A
shadow passes by and Kate looks up to see the paraglider.

KATE

It's them!

The paraglider comes in to land on the beach. The chute
descends over the figures of the two men, who are unbuckling
themselves. Underneath the material, Jimmy attacks Archie,
who tries to defend himself. They both fall over a lot. Kate
and Caro watch the angry slapstick, bewildered.

JIMMY'S VOICE
 You could have killed us, you
 pompadoured maniac!

Eventually Jimmy emerges from under the material. He is red
 in the face, and looks absolutely furious.

KATE
 How was it?

JIMMY
 (storming past her)
 Magnificent.

When Archie emerges from under the material, he has a
 bleeding nose. He looks at Jimmy's retreating figure, with an
 expression that says: I'll get you for this.

INT. COSTAS BAR IN KASSIOPI. NIGHT.

The four of them watch some Greek dancing in a bar. Archie
 and Jimmy are ignoring each other.

KATE
 So tell me again how you knew that
 girl at lunch? Annabel.

JIMMY
 We're old friends.

KATE
 She didn't like me very much.

JIMMY
 I didn't notice that.

OKSANA
 Do you think she's related to our
 nightclub? It is funny, don't you
 think, the idea of a girl being
 related to a nightclub--

Kate catches Jimmy's eye: *what's she on about?*

ARCHIE
 We met in Annabel's.
 (patronisingly to Jimmy)
 It's a nightclub in London.

OKSANA
 It is such a romantic story.

ARCHIE
 Not entirely sure that they want to
 hear it, munchkin.

KATE
 (sarcastic)
 No, I'd love to hear the story of
 how you guys got together.

Jimmy mouths at Kate: "*Munchkin*"?

OKSANA
 We were both in profound
 relationships. And we went to
 Annabel's with our partners. But as
 soon as I met Archie, there was
 this connection. You know, when you
 feel it? When it cannot be denied.
 We went home together.

There's a pause.

OKSANA (CONT'D)
 That is it.

JIMMY
 (doubtful)
 It's a beautiful story.

KATE
 No, it's not. It's awful. What
 about the people you were seeing?
 The "profound relationships"?

OKSANA
 I do not understand.

JIMMY
 Kate--

KATE
 Did you put them in a taxi? Or just
 leave them there in the club?

OKSANA
 What does she mean, Archibald?

They all exchange looks. Jimmy tries to make Kate smile by
 mouthing, "*Archibald?*" But Kate just looks sickened.

The four of them knock back shots as another dance kicks off.
 As his *pièce de résistance*, the stocky bearded bar-owner
 picks up a table in his teeth, and whirls it around.

OKSANA (CONT'D)
 It is a fake table, I think.

KATE
 What does that even mean?

A Greek guy, who overhears the comment, chips in.

THANASIS

Ask Yannis, the barman. He used to do this thing with the table. One night, his teeth fell out.

(raising a hand)

Yanni!

YANNIS waves and grins, revealing his missing teeth.

JIMMY

Jesus.

THANASIS

(dealing business cards)

My name is Thanasis. If you ever need a taxi in Corfu--

They knock back another round of shots. The music is no longer Greek. It's POP MUSIC, but no one is dancing now. Archie and Oksana murmur endearments to one another.

KATE

(sotto voce)

Jimmy, do you dance?

JIMMY

You know I said I had two phobias, and one of them was heights?

KATE

Dance with me. Please?

She pours him another shot. He drinks it.

JIMMY

Can we wait until the next song?

The song that's playing finishes, and *Can't Take My Eyes Off You* by Andy Williams strikes up. Their arrival on the empty dance floor is met by CHEERS. But as they begin to dance, it's obvious that Jimmy has absolutely no sense of rhythm. They persevere, however, and something strange happens.

* FLASHBACK * Jimmy is assailed by images of him and Kate dancing in the Kate Morgan story, in which he danced like a legend. On this occasion we (and by extension he) see more of this footage than we ever saw before. By remembering new details about this imagined dancing, Jimmy realises how he should be dancing now. He takes instruction from it.

Jimmy and Kate get a groove, just as Andy Williams hits the stride of his chorus. The two of them start to look terrific together. (The other people in the bar CLAP ALONG.) They're exhilarated, happy. They really look like a couple.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Last Watermelon in Paris.

As the song ends, Kate breathlessly looks to see what impact their dancing has had on Archie. She was hoping it would make him jealous. But, as it turns out, he wasn't even watching. He's talking on his phone, turned away. Kate is gutted.

She makes for the exit, followed by Jimmy.

EXT. THE STREET OUTSIDE THE BAR IN KASSIOPI.

KATE

I'm gonna head back, if that's okay. I'm just not feeling it.

JIMMY

Hey, come on. Stay for a bit.

KATE

I think maybe I caught the sun.

JIMMY

Then I'll come with you.

KATE

No. You stay. Mix with the locals. Have a good time. We don't have to be joined at the hip.

She heads off into the night, watched by Jimmy.

INT. A BAR NAMED DEJA VU. AN HOUR LATER.

Drunk, Jimmy knocks back a glass of Metaxa. He is playing pool with the taxi driver, Thanasis. Thanasis is winning. In the background, Archie and Oksana canoodle.

JIMMY

Did you ever get the feeling that you'd met someone before?

THANASIS

Of course.

JIMMY

Okay. But did you ever get the feeling that you'd not only met someone before, but that you'd also gone out with them, been dumped by them, and had your entire life destroyed by them?

THANASIS

No. That is just you.

(beat)

(MORE)

THANASIS (CONT'D)

I hope that you have not told her about your article, Jimmy.

JIMMY

I haven't told her anything.

THANASIS

This would be hard, I think, for her to understand.

JIMMY

But you think that I should tell her that I love her?

THANASIS

Of course. Women like to be told. They like to be told, and they like to see that you have the courage to tell them.

JIMMY

You think I should tell her.

THANASIS

Tell her or show her. It is the same. *Na sou po*. I am going to tell you something. A German girl came here on holiday. Very beautiful, but with a heart, you know? We had a beautiful week. Then she left. As we said goodbye at the airport, we were both crying like crazy. I said to her, "Stay here. Live with me." But she said, "My things are in Hamburg." So after she goes, I get in my taxi. I drive on the boat to Venice. In Venice, I ask, "What is the way to Germany?" The man points. I go to Germany. Same thing. I ask, "What is the way to Hamburg?" Everyone thinks me crazy. In Hamburg, I call her. I tell her, "Look out of your window." She looks out. I wave. I say to her, "You told me your things are in Hamburg, so I am here with my taxi. Life is easy." She brings her things. We put them in my taxi and we drive back to Corfu.

Thanasis pots the black.

THANASIS (CONT'D)

Now she is my wife.

JIMMY

(emotional)

That's the best story I ever heard.

THANASIS

You have to tell her, Jimmy. Tell her or show her. Life is easy.

Left alone, thoughtful, Jimmy takes a sip from his glass of Metaxa, while imagining ways of telling or showing Kate.

JIMMY

(singing softly)

You're just too good to be true--

INT. JIMMY AND KATE'S BEDROOM. LATE THAT NIGHT.

Jimmy, wearing his sunglasses despite the fact it's dark now, is outside the bedroom, singing, *I love you, baby, and if it's quite alright, I love you, baby--* Kate is woken by the noise. She hears him blundering into the glass doors, and then hopping about and cursing. Then there's silence.

Slowly the doors slide open. She pretends to be asleep.

JIMMY

(whispering)

Kate!

Kate's eyes are open, but he can't see this. He moves forward in the gloom towards the mosquito netting around the bed.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

(more urgently)

Kate!

His foot catches in the netting, and he almost falls, but just avoids doing so. He climbs onto the bed behind her.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

I have something-- to show you.

He reaches out a hand and touches her bottom, at which point she turns with surprising suddenness and pushes him off the bed. Jimmy falls, smacking his head on a side table.

KATE

(turning on the light)

Jesus fucking Christ! What is wrong with you people?

She turns the light off again and wraps herself in the sheet. We can't see Jimmy, but we can hear him, moaning softly.

INT. JIMMY AND KATE'S BEDROOM. NEXT MORNING.

Jimmy is asleep on the floor, still in his clothes from the night before. His sunglasses are skewed across his face.

Kate arranges a sheet over him and gently removes the sunglasses. Then she watches him from the bed.

He opens his eyes and looks up at her.

JIMMY

You're still in love with Archie,
aren't you?

KATE

(starting to cry)
You can't ask me that.

She turns away, crying. He tries to rise to comfort her, but pain stops him. He puts a hand to the back of his head, and winces. Then he rises and puts his arm around Kate.

JIMMY

Do you want to talk about it?

KATE

Is it okay if I don't? Sorry. It's
just that I think about it all the
time. It doesn't make it better if
I talk about it too.

JIMMY

We should take a break. Go off
together, the two of us. While
we're here at the villa, it's
always Archie's narrative. You see
what I mean? You have to write your
own story.

EXT. AN OLD SHED NEAR THE VILLA.

Jimmy wheels out an old moped. He kickstarts the moped, and revs it with relish. It lets out a lot of black smoke. Then the engine fails. He has to kickstart it again.

EXT. THE COAST ROAD. LATER.

They zip along a coastal road, He drives. She has her hands behind, gripping the back of the bike.

JIMMY

Put your arms around my waist, if
you want. It's probably safer.

KATE

No, I'm good like this.

EXT. THE CORFU HINTERLAND. LATER.

They drive through sleepy villages, discovering the "real" Corfu. They have to go slow to pass through a herd of goats, whose bells clang and tinkle round their necks. As they come out on the farther side, Kate takes her hands off the bike, and tentatively puts them on Jimmy's sides.

EXT. ROAD WITH SWITCHBACK TURNS. LATER.

KATE

Whenever we come to a corner, I can feel your stomach muscles tighten.

Her hands are on his stomach. Jimmy takes his hand off one of the handlebars and places it over her hand. We see his thumb rub her thumb. Then he replaces his hand on the handlebar.

EXT. A TAVERNA IN OLD PEIRITHIA. LUNCHTIME.

Jimmy and Kate are at a taverna in a semi-abandoned hill village. The table is covered with delicious food.

KATE

The thing with Archie, he was always totally honest. When we hooked up, he told me he has a six-month rule. He never sees anyone for more than six months.

JIMMY

That's so manipulative.

KATE

At least he told me. I checked my diary, and he broke up with me six months, to the day, after we first started seeing each other.

JIMMY

That doesn't make it better. It makes it worse.

KATE

He never lied to me. Apart from, obviously, when he cheated on me with my best friend.

JIMMY

He slept with your best friend?

KATE

Only a couple of times.

JIMMY

Wow! I'm just--

WAITER

Another Mythos?

JIMMY

Yes. Sorry. Can I ask? With the slices of orange. Was that--

WAITER

Paprika.

JIMMY

It was really delicious. Another Mythos would be great.

The WAITER goes away, looking pleased.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Now you listen to me, Kate. You told me you didn't used to be in love with Archie. So that's why he cheated on you. Deep down, he knew you weren't all that into him. More importantly, I don't think you're into him now. *This is what happens when someone breaks up with you.* You think that they must be really special. Even if that flies in the face of all the evidence.

KATE

I'll tell you one thing that annoyed me. He never used to ask me about my work. Not even when I was working with Kenneth.

JIMMY

He's a fucking idiot.

KATE

He's my unexplodable ex.

JIMMY

No, Kate. He's not unexplodable. You really need to accept this. If you pack in enough TNT, you can blow anyone to smithereens. So--

(coughs)

Tell me about your work.

(beat)

Seriously, though. I'm stunned. You're Kate Morgan. You know what I mean? Beautiful, intelligent, oddly terrifying. You seem like the last person on the planet to be hung up on a guy like Archie Campbell.

She nods unhappily. The waiter returns with a bottle of beer. Then he leans against a nearby table and lights a cigarette.

WAITER

Is it your honeymoon?

Kate can't help smiling.

JIMMY

Not exactly.

The waiter rubs two fingers together, lengthways.

WAITER

But you are *mazi*? You are together?

Jimmy catches Kate's eye.

JIMMY

Yes. Today we are.

EXT. OLD PEIRITHIA. LATER.

Jimmy and Kate wander round the old village, examining empty churches, and poking their heads into abandoned homes.

JIMMY

Personally, I've always thought of love as like a sexually transmitted disease. Humiliating but treatable. I like to think it has something to do with my parents' divorce.

KATE

It was messy?

JIMMY

Literally my first memory is of my mother throwing a bottle of beer at my father's head.

KATE

Did it hit him?

JIMMY

No, he was very short. That was a whole other issue.

They proceed up a path overgrown with weeds and grasses.

KATE

Well, I guess that explains the sunglasses. Fear of confrontation.

JIMMY

What, these old things? No, I actually have an eye condition. I'm very sensitive to sunlight.

KATE

Like Bono?

JIMMY

Exactly like Bono.

KATE

When things get tough, you don't want anyone to know what you're thinking. I relate to that.

JIMMY

If you really want to know the truth, they were the last thing my father gave me, before he--

KATE

You too?

JIMMY

Yup.

KATE

I'm sorry. What did he die of?

JIMMY

We don't need to talk about it.

KATE

Hey, I have a dead daddy too! I know what it's like.

JIMMY

He got Alzheimer's. It started when he was like forty.

KATE

That's awful.

JIMMY

Hey, at least I got the sunglasses! And I actually do suffer from a fear of confrontation. So that worked out really well.

They continue along a ragged path past an abandoned church. Kate spots a sign that indicates "Local Honey" for sale.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

You go ahead. I need to make a phone call. Assuming I can get any reception out here.

As soon as he's alone, Jimmy calls Taffeta. While the phone rings, he spots a spider's web stretching across the path. In its centre, a spider spins. The phone clicks onto voice-mail. The screen splits. Taffeta is at work, going through the lay-out of Jimmy's Kate Morgan article with the *Legend* picture editor. Her phone is lit up in her handbag.

TAFFETA

Okay, I really love what you've done here. The way the girl's face is half-hidden? That's nice. But we should make the byline pic a whole lot bigger. I think this is going to make a splash. I want Jimmy to get as much out of it as possible.

JIMMY

I've decided I really don't want you to run my article. If Kate ever sees it, which presumably she will at some point, she'll assume I based it on her. And I won't easily be able to persuade her that that isn't true. Text me, to say you got this.

As Jimmy hangs up, Kate returns, looking pleased with herself. She is carrying a large pot of honey. Jimmy indicates the spider. They both watch it for a moment.

KATE

You know the story of Arachne? She was this woman who was supposedly brilliant at weaving tapestries. But she got hubristic. She challenged Athene, who was the goddess of weaving, to a weaving contest. Arachne wove the stories of all the mortals who ever slept with gods. And Athene wove the stories of all the mortals who'd ever *challenged* the gods.

JIMMY

Getting her point across.

KATE

Arachne's weaving was good, but it wasn't a patch on Athena's. So she was turned into a spider, and made to weave for all eternity.

JIMMY

The moral is?

KATE

It's okay to do a bit of weaving every now and then. But you should never, under any circumstances, challenge the gods.

JIMMY

Unless you want to be a spider.

KATE

It depends on what you challenge them on. They usually find a way to make the punishment fit the crime.

They're walking again, above the village.

KATE (CONT'D)

Don't you love the phrase "for all eternity"? Do you think anyone was forced to weave for half eternity?
(portentous voice)
I condemn you to weave for a quarter of eternity!

Jimmy smiles.

KATE (CONT'D)

Look at it this way. At least Arachne spends eternity weaving. Which is what she likes to do.
(beat)
So d'you really want to write screenplays?

JIMMY

I'm thinking about it.

KATE

You should just do it.

JIMMY

I'm biding my time. You know, getting my ideas in alignment.

KATE

You know what the author of *The Real Odysseus* would say? She'd say you should imagine yourself as a screenwriter. And if you imagine it in enough detail, it'll happen.

He gives her a look.

KATE (CONT'D)

I'm not saying it's magic. It puts you in the right frame of mind.

As they round the next bend, they see the taverna again.

JIMMY

So according to you, that story I came up with in London, about the statue and the dancing, and all that. That's all going to happen, just because I imagined it?

KATE

I wouldn't be surprised.

JIMMY

Which in theory would mean we're also going to fall in love.

KATE

Let's not get carried away.

Jimmy stops and closes his eyes tightly.

KATE (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

JIMMY

I'm just picturing you madly in love with me. Wait a minute-- you're shaking! Is that a line of drool hanging from your chin?

She hits his shoulder playfully.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

There's one thing, though, that definitely isn't going to happen.

KATE

What's that?

JIMMY

We're not going to go night-swimming in a storm.

She looks up. The sky is a dazzling blue.

KATE

It could still happen.

They pass the taverna on their way to the moped.

WAITER

Where next?

JIMMY

We haven't decided.

WAITER

Prosoche, eh? Be careful. There will be a big storm later.

Kate looks at Jimmy triumphantly.

Later, they both climb on to the moped.

JIMMY

If you can explain to me how rain can fall from a cloudless sky, I'll concede that it's a possibility.

EXT. SUNSET BEACH. LATER.

They are on recliners, side by side, on a beach. Jimmy is stripped to his boxer shorts. Kate's in her bra and knickers.

KATE

So you're saying that, even if there were a storm, in that highly unlikely eventuality, you still wouldn't go swimming with me?

JIMMY

Lightning conducts through the highest point in the vicinity. When you're swimming, that's usually your head.

KATE

Especially in your case.

They sunbathe. Time passes.

KATE (CONT'D)

Do you mind if I take my bra off?

JIMMY

Hmm?

KATE

I was thinking I might take my bra off. Would that bother you?

JIMMY

Bother me? No. Why would it bother me? Here. Let me give you a hand.

He doesn't move from his position. Kate takes off her bra and lies back, her breasts exposed to the sun. A phone rings. His voice-mail (which we hear but he doesn't) clicks on. The screen splits and we see Taffeta in her office.

TAFFETA

Jimmy, I got your message, but I can't go messing with the running order at this stage. So I'm sorry, but the piece is still going in. You'll thank me one day.

The screen converges.

KATE

You see that cloud?

Jimmy raises his sunglasses to look. Sure enough, there are a few clouds gathering on the horizon.

JIMMY

That isn't a cloud. That's a smear on your sunglasses. Here. Look through these.

He passes her his sacred sunglasses. She puts them on.

KATE

Wow. I'm not surprised you like wearing these. They make everything look so much cooler. Like sepia.

JIMMY

You see what I'm saying?

EXT. SUNSET BEACH. CAFE. DUSK.

They drink cocktails. The sky is heavily overcast.

JIMMY

So tell me about this film you're in. *The Real Odysseus*.

KATE

Are you asking me about my work?

JIMMY

I'm genuinely interested.

KATE

The trouble is, unlike most actresses, I hate talking about me.

JIMMY

Really?

KATE

No, not really. So in my scene, Odysseus has been shipwrecked. He's alone. Naked. The sea has torn his clothes off. That happens, apparently.

Jimmy nods earnestly.

KATE (CONT'D)

He goes to sleep under a bush. Then he's woken by the sound of female voices. That's me and my handmaidens. I have handmaidens.

JIMMY

How are their hands?

KATE

Beautiful.

JIMMY

Then what happens?

KATE

Odysseus comes out from his bush and the others run away. But I stand my ground. And he launches into this speech, asking me if I'm a goddess or a mortal. And all the time, the one thing neither of us mentions is that he's stark naked. And hung like a buffalo.

JIMMY

Who plays Odysseus?

KATE

Daniel Day-Lewis.

JIMMY

You're kidding! You're in a film with Daniel Day-Lewis?

KATE

Premieres in the fall.

JIMMY

You're going to be famous.

KATE

I'm trying to be as much of a dick as possible now, so people won't think I've changed.

(beat)

It's a small part.

JIMMY

Unlike his.

KATE

(laughing)

I swear to God, it's not gonna be me people are looking at.

Jimmy laughs too. Then they both blush.

JIMMY

How was it, working with Kenneth?

KATE

It was wonderful. And sad.

JIMMY
Why was it sad?

KATE
This has to be between you and me.
I'm only telling you because of
what you told me earlier.

JIMMY
What is it?

KATE
You know all those jokes Kenneth
makes about senile dementia? You
realise he's not joking?

JIMMY
You're kidding.

KATE
He'd be thrilled if he knew you
hadn't noticed. He can hardly
remember his own name anymore.

JIMMY
I thought that was part of his
absent-minded professor act.

KATE
There's no way he could've made
this film, if Caro hadn't been
there to help him.

JIMMY
That is genuinely tragic.

KATE
(close to tears)
I know, right? I don't care that
he's a fucking genius. He's my
friend. And he's disappearing.

JIMMY
How bad is it?

KATE
He's grade three. Or level C. Or I
don't know. They call it the gamma
stage. It isn't good, basically.

JIMMY
I'm so sorry.

KATE
(crying)
What I hate is that he's so funny
about it. I'm serious.

(MORE)

KATE (CONT'D)

The other day, he made me snort
Coke out of my nose. But it's a
game he can't win. It's like a play
where you already know the ending.

Not knowing what else to do, Jimmy takes off his sunglasses
and puts them on Kate.

KATE (CONT'D)

That helps, actually. Even with
Caro on the scene, he isn't going
to be able to make another movie.
So it's really important *The Real
Odysseus* has to be amazing.

JIMMY

And is it?

She nods. In the distance, there's a long rumble of thunder.

KATE

(sniffling)

So the chances of a storm, would
you say they're rising?

JIMMY

Sorry. I'm still taking it in.

KATE

Thank god he has Caro.

JIMMY

Caro's wonderful.

There's an even longer rumble of thunder.

KATE

I'm not saying there's gonna be a
storm. That's not what I'm saying.
But maybe we should get going.

EXT. A COASTAL ROAD. NIGHT. RAINING HARD.

Jimmy and Kate moped in the dark beneath a downpour.

As they plough along through the horrendous rain, his phone
rings. The screen splits and we see Taffeta in her office.
When it clicks onto voice mail, she hangs up, leaving no
message. The screen converges again. At that moment, the
moped's headlights go out, leaving them in darkness.

KATE

Jimmy? What are you doing?

JIMMY

I didn't do anything.

KATE (CONT'D)

Oh my god.

JIMMY

Are you okay?

They move towards each other in the water, and kiss.

INT. JIMMY AND KATE'S BEDROOM. DAY.

The room is flooded with golden morning sunshine.

* FLASHBACK * Jimmy and Kate are in bed asleep. But this is interspersed with shots of them making love, some of which are glimpses of what happened during the night, others of which are taken from the original Kate Morgan story.

Facing each other. Their eyes open at the same time.

JIMMY

You know all those stories about mortals sleeping with gods?

KATE

Uh-huh.

JIMMY

How does that feel?

KATE

Am I the mortal in this scenario?

JIMMY

This must have been quite a night for you.

Jimmy smiles: he had that one prepared.

KATE

I would do things to you, but I'm too sleepy.

JIMMY

Me too.

KATE

Let's just lie here instead, and think about doing things.

JIMMY

It's always good to think about doing things.

After a moment, they start doing things.

KATE
 (kissing him)
 Isn't it funny, the way--

JIMMY
 (kissing her)
 Hmm?

KATE
 When you think about doing things--
 you often find--

Their kissing turns to love-making.

KATE (CONT'D)
 You end up doing them.

Jimmy starts to move down her body.

KATE (CONT'D)
 Where are you going?

JIMMY
 Think about it.

He disappears out of shot.

KATE
 (smiling)
 Wow. It's like magic--

Later, Jimmy sits up in bed, reading *The Real Odysseus: A Voyage Round The Self*. Kate comes in from the bathroom.

JIMMY
 This woman actually puts inverted commas around the phrase "common sense". And she doesn't say "life". She refers to "this incredible journey that we call life".

KATE
 Why does it annoy you so much?

JIMMY
 It doesn't annoy me that it's successful. What annoys me is the fact someone I like should think it's any good. It makes everything seem pointless. If I were ever to write a book or a screenplay--

KATE
 Why don't you, instead of just talking about it all the time?

JIMMY

Because you wouldn't be able to tell if it was good or not. Anyway, I've written stuff.

KATE

Like what?

He remembers his Kate Morgan article.

JIMMY

Flip onto your front for a second.

Kate does so, and Jimmy examines her scorpion tattoo.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Can I ask you something? When we first met in London, did you feel we'd met somewhere before?

KATE

No.

JIMMY

Really?

KATE

I just thought you were a dick.

JIMMY

Okay. That's a relief.

(double beat)

You know, there's something I should probably tell you. In fact, it's something I should have told you a long time ago. But--

(he writhes)

It's hard to explain.

KATE

Wait. Let me see if I can guess. You're a vegetarian?

JIMMY

No.

KATE

You're gay?

JIMMY

No!

KATE

You're-- 46?

JIMMY

NO!

KATE
So what is it?

JIMMY
When I was in my teens--

At the last moment, he bottles it.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
--I used to know another girl
called Kate Morgan.

KATE
Really? What was she like?

JIMMY
She was a lot like you, actually.
And then, last night, there was
that whole thing with the moped.

KATE
I'm not getting this, Jimmy.

JIMMY
(eventually)
Do you mind if I use your phone?
Mine died when we took the plunge.

KATE
Who are you calling?

JIMMY
Taffeta.

KATE
You're calling your ex?

JIMMY
She's also my boss. No, there's
something I have to-- What?

KATE
Nothing.

JIMMY
Believe me, you don't need to be
jealous of Taffeta.

KATE
If you say you're not in love with
her, then I believe you.

JIMMY
I was never in love with her.

KATE
Oh, terrific. That makes me feel a
whole lot better.

JIMMY

How could that possibly not make you feel better?

KATE

That you would go out with someone you weren't in love with.

JIMMY

Well, I don't know. Maybe I was a little bit in love with her.

(beat)

It was years ago.

(beat)

Hey. In case you haven't noticed, I'm not the one mooning around, bleating about a broken heart.

(double beat)

I'll text her.

He types a message.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

What?

He sends the message. The silence grows.

KATE

How annoying would you say you are, on a scale of one to a thousand?

JIMMY

I said I'm sorry.

KATE

No, you didn't.

JIMMY

I did. Just a second ago.

KATE

If we had a script of this conversation, we could look back over it, and you would see that nowhere, at any stage, did you say that you were sorry-- Look, Jimmy. I don't know you that well. But we go out for lunch, and you immediately bump into some girl you used to see.

JIMMY

You mean Annabel?

KATE

And then five minutes after we spend the night together, you're on the phone to another one!

JIMMY

You know what's strange? You're acting like we're really together.

KATE

Excuse me?

JIMMY

As if we were really a couple.

She stares at him. Then she gets up and goes into the bathroom. He tries to follow, but she closes the door.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

(shouting through)

And I'm cool with that! Kate?

KATE

(shouting back)

Don't shout at me!

JIMMY

(quieter)

I don't know what made me say that.

(beat)

I wasn't even thinking it.

When she comes out, she's dressed.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Where are you going?

KATE

It's almost twelve. We can't lie around here all day.

JIMMY

Kate, wait--

He intercepts her on the way to the door.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

I didn't want to imply that I'm not serious about this. I am, if you really want to know.

KATE

Really?

JIMMY

I've never been more serious about anything in my life. You're perfect. I feel I've known you for years.

KATE

It isn't easy for me just to transfer my affections, you know.

(MORE)

KATE (CONT'D)

Archie has been in my head like a frickin' migraine for as long as I can remember. And there are times when I'm not sure you're all that much better than he is.

JIMMY

That is the meanest thing you have ever said to me.

KATE

You accused me of mooning.

JIMMY

I'm sorry.

KATE

And bleating.

JIMMY

I completely take that back.

KATE

I do not bleat.

JIMMY

Of course you don't.

KATE

Neither do I moon.

JIMMY

Hey, you can moon if you want to.

Kate's phone rings and she answers, to find that it's Taffeta. Her face clouds over again. Split screen: Taffeta is in London, outside a café with her husband CLAUDIO. Seriously annoyed, Kate pushes the phone at Jimmy and exits.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Kate. Wait a second--

But she's gone.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

(wearily)

Hi, Taffeta.

TAFFETA

How's it going, Casanova?

JIMMY

There are ups and there are downs. Can I ask you something? Do you believe, if you picture something clearly enough, it'll come true?

TAFFETA

What are you, five years old?

JIMMY

You don't think you can make something happen, if you think about it hard enough?

TAFFETA

What's going on over there?

CLAUDIO tries to take Taffeta's biscotto from the side of her coffee cup, but she slaps his hand away.

JIMMY

First promise you're not going to tell me I'm insane. Do you promise?

TAFFETA

Sure.

JIMMY

That whole story I made up about Kate Morgan for the article-- it's coming true in every detail.

TAFFETA

You're insane.

JIMMY

You know how I say we go night-swimming in a storm? Well, last night, there was a storm.

TAFFETA

What's your point?

JIMMY

I'm starting to understand how Oedipus must have felt. Next thing, I'm going to find out that Kate is actually my sister. Or I'll stab all my children with a hairpin.

TAFFETA

You don't think you're being a little melodramatic?

JIMMY

When she asked me to go swimming, I said it was too dangerous-- so the swimming bit wouldn't be fulfilled, you see? But get this. *The brakes failed on our moped, and we went off the jetty into the sea.*

TAFFETA

I admit that's pretty strange. But all the other stuff, the monastery, the dancing, is it really all that surprising? And incidentally, in case you hadn't noticed, you don't actually have any children.

JIMMY

I really like this girl, Taffeta. I think if anything goes wrong, it's going to break my heart.

TAFFETA

(thoughtfully)

Which would fulfil the Kate Morgan narrative to the letter.

JIMMY

Don't say that.

TAFFETA

Isn't that what you're saying?

JIMMY

Yeah, but if you say it, I'll picture it. And if I picture it, I'm screwed.

TAFFETA

Didn't you already picture it, in the original Kate Morgan story?

JIMMY

Stop it. Taffeta, please.

TAFFETA

Okay, first of all, you have to calm down. Have you kissed her yet?

JIMMY

We spent the night together. And then this morning, we had this argument about absolutely nothing. It was like I just couldn't stop saying all the wrong things.

TAFFETA

No change there, then.

(beat)

Okay, the most important thing is you mustn't, on any account, go for dinner at the Cavalieri Hotel.

JIMMY

Right.

TAFFETA

And don't get engaged to her.

JIMMY

I think I'm safe on that score.

TAFFETA

And don't tell her you love her.

There's a pause.

TAFFETA (CONT'D)

Jimmy? You haven't told her that you love her, have you?

There's another pause.

TAFFETA (CONT'D)

I don't believe you! I went out with you for nine sodding months and you never once used that word.

JIMMY

I may have mumbled it in the middle of the night. Anyway, Thanasis said that I should tell her.

TAFFETA

Who's Thanasis?

JIMMY

A Greek taxi driver.

TAFFETA

You're taking romantic advice from Greek taxi drivers?

JIMMY

They have The Knowledge! Look, I should probably go. But just remind me the two things again. I mustn't have dinner at the Cavalieri--

TAFFETA

And don't get engaged to her, if you can avoid it. Claudio says hi.

CLAUDIO

(shouting)

'Ello, Jeemy!

JIMMY

(shouting)

Hi, Claudio!

TAFFETA

Oh, and Jimmy, before you go, I presume you got my voice mail?

JIMMY

Say again. You're breaking up--

TAFFETA

About your article?

JIMMY

Hello?

TAFFETA

Jimmy?

JIMMY

Taffeta?

They both look at their phones.

EXT. THE JETTY. ON THE BEACH BELOW THE VILLA. DAY.

Archie helps Caro climb into the power-boat. Jimmy waits his turn. At the end of the jetty, the submerged moped can be seen on the seabed, its image undulating gently.

JIMMY

Kenneth, I am so sorry. We thought it was Archie's--

ARCHIE

Can't believe you just took it.

JIMMY

I should give you some money.

CARO

There's no question of that. It was clearly on its last legs.

KENNETH

I was thinking we'd carry on to Corfu Town after lunch. We can pick up a new one.

CARO

Is that really a good idea?

KENNETH

We've always had a moped.

CARO

(sotto voce to Jimmy)

Please go with him. And make sure he doesn't buy a Harley Davidson.

Jimmy tries to catch Kate's eye, but she won't look at him. And when she has to choose whether to sit next to Jimmy or Archie on the boat, she sits next to Archie.

EXT. THE BAY OF ST ARSENIUS. LATER.

A tiny bay, deserted. There's a little shrine on the rocks. Two boats are anchored, roped together: the Campbells', and another belonging to the Fiske-Paterson party. ELEANOR FISKE-PATERSON; her parents Tony and GRISELDA; her brother TARQUIN. And Jimmy's London friend, Annabel. A picnic is underway.

CARO

Rosé?

GRISELDA

Rosé.

CARO

(pouring a glass)

Rosé.

(to Annabel)

Rosé?

ANNABEL

Rosé.

CARO

(pouring a glass)

Rosé.

(to Tarquin)

Rosé?

TARQUIN

Have you got a beer?

CARO

We ought to have a beer. I'm not sure we do have a beer--

GRISELDA

You'll have to excuse Tarquin. He flew in this morning.

Tarquin, a floppy-haired teenager, is reading the latest issue of *The Daily Post*, which he brought from England.

CARO

You must be exhausted.

TONY

The world, I find, always looks more appealing when viewed through Rosé-tinted spectacles.

KATE

(dryly)

Jimmy feels the same way.

Tarquin winces at his father's attempt at humour. He turns a page of the Saturday magazine. On its cover, we notice the words "REVEALED: THE SECRET OF ONE-NIGHT STANDS".

KENNETH

Tell you what. Get your parents to join us for dinner in Corfu Town, and I'll buy you a beer then.

GRISELDA

Darling, don't make such a fuss.

JIMMY

I'm sorry. Kenneth-- Did I hear you say that the plan is to have dinner somewhere in Corfu Town?

KENNETH

That's the general idea.

JIMMY

You weren't thinking, by any chance, that we might go to the Cavalieri Hotel?

KENNETH

Actually, I wasn't. Why? Is that where you want to go?

JIMMY

Nooo! I was just wondering.

KENNETH

The trouble is they get very booked up around now. I thought we'd head to the Yacht Club instead.

(to GRISELDA)

Might you join us?

CARO

Yes, do join us, Griselda. There's something at Lalaounis I need to ask your advice about.

After lunch, a sleepy mood falls over the company. Caro is recounting the plot of the film version of *The Real Odysseus*.

CARO (CONT'D)

So when Odysseus gets home, he's afraid to tell his wife the truth, which is that he's spent the last ten years wandering around the Mediterranean, trying to get laid. And so instead he comes up with a lot of nonsense about sirens and cyclopes. Six-headed monsters.

TARQUIN

(smoking)

Then what happens?

CARO

Penelope informs him in a quiet voice that he can't be her husband. Because her husband would know she would never believe such an obvious load of codswallup. Odysseus is banished from his kingdom, and forced to wander the world, an outcast and a drunk.

TARQUIN

Harsh.

CARO

Wherever he goes, he tells the story of his adventures. Not the real ones, but the fake ones that he invented. He tells them so often the story becomes famous. And so does he, though not as Odysseus.

ANNABEL

He calls himself Homer?

Caro nods. Oksana is asleep. Griselda gazes at Kenneth.

GRISELDA

You're such a genius.

Kenneth smiles vaguely, as if he hasn't been listening. Griselda glances at Caro with slightly patronising sympathy. Caro looks back with defiant cheerfulness.

Kate and Archie prepare to go for a swim. Noticing this, Jimmy and Annabel exchange looks.

CARO

Twenty years go by. And then an enlightened despot pays Odysseus, or Homer as he's now more generally known, to perform at a festival.

Kate and Archie swim away from the boat. Jimmy and Annabel also enter the water. Caro's story continues off-screen.

CARO (O.S.) (CONT'D)

The showpiece is the first full-length performance of *The Odyssey*. Naturally, it goes down a storm.

Kate and Archie climb out onto rocks under a shrine.

ANNABEL

Trouble in paradise?

JIMMY

And I don't know why.

ANNABEL

Come with me, Jimmy. There's something I want to show you.

She swims off. Reluctantly he follows her.

CARO (O.S.)

But in the midst of all the applause, Odysseus breaks down. He confesses everything he's told them was untrue. He'll never perform *The Odyssey* again. It's the last time he'll ever perform anything.

Kate and Archie climb to the shrine. Kate opens the door, pulling the rusty metal bolt aside with a bang.

Jimmy and Annabel enter a cave.

ANNABEL

We came here the other day--

We can still hear Caro's voice, but not what she's saying.

INT. SHRINE.

There is an icon in an alcove. Some incense sticks.

ARCHIE

I have to say, I'm really glad you came out this week, Kate-bugs. It can't have been easy for you.

KATE

What do you mean?

ARCHIE

Well, you know. Being here with me. And me being with Oksana. It hasn't been easy for me either.

He seems about to kiss her. And at first, she looks as if she might want him to. But then something occurs to her.

KATE

How long have you and Oksana been together now?

ARCHIE

About six months.

Kate takes a step back.

ARCHIE (CONT'D)

Why do you ask?

KATE

No reason. I've just realised that you're explodable.

She leaves the shrine and starts to climb back down the rocks. Archie follows her, bemused.

ARCHIE

What are you talking about?

She dives into the water and swims towards the cave. In the background, we see Caro talking on her mobile phone.

CARO

Hello? Yes, is that the Cavalieri? I know it's late notice, but I was wondering if you might have any tables free for dinner tonight.

INT. CAVE.

The cave is beautiful, its roof dappled with reflected light. Jimmy and Annabel are having a heart-to-heart.

ANNABEL

The only reason you care is because she's treating you like shit.

JIMMY

She hasn't treated me that badly.

ANNABEL

She agreed to marry you. Then she jumped up in the middle of dinner, "as the cork came out of the bottle of Champagne" (wasn't that what you said?), and told you that she never wanted to see you again.

JIMMY

I may have exaggerated.

ANNABEL

Jimmy, you're in a rut. You can't care about anyone, because you're convinced Kate Morgan is the only girl for you. You need something to bring you to your senses.

JIMMY

Like what?

Annabel kisses him.

Before Jimmy can break away, Kate appears at the entrance to the cave, and takes in the scene. Jimmy pulls away as soon as he notices her, but Kate backs out of the cave.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Kate!

Instead of going straight after her, he dives down and swims out through an underwater tunnel. He surfaces near Kate, who is heading back to the boat. But water catches in his throat.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

(unable to breathe)

Kate! I--

He can't get the words out. Kate swims on scornfully, as Jimmy gradually recovers the ability to breathe.

Later, on the boat, Annabel confides in Eleanor. Archie canoodles with Oksana. Tarquin sleeps off his tiredness, his copy of the *Post's* Saturday magazine draped over his face.

Kate is wearing shades and has a towel around her head. Jimmy leans in and speaks to her in a low, urgent voice.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

There's something I have to tell you. The first time I saw you, it wasn't just that you reminded me of someone else. *I knew everything about you.* I know this is going to sound crazy, but ever since I was a boy, I've had this idea in my head--

POV change. We see Jimmy through Kate's eyes.

She's listening to music (David Bowie's *Something In The Air*), her earphones concealed beneath her towel. Because of this, she can't hear a word Jimmy is saying to her.

Back to Jimmy's POV. We can hear him again.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

And now everything's happening in exactly the way it happened in the article I wrote for Taffeta. And I'm tormented by the fear it's all going to end the same way too.

Nearby, Oksana is troubled by a wasp. Archie takes the magazine from Tarquin's face and uses it as a swat.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Kate?

Kate extracts her earphones from her ears. That's when Jimmy realises she hasn't heard a word he's said. Then she removes her sunglasses, and he sees that she's crying.

The roar of the engine drowns out further conversation.

EXT. CORFU CHANNEL. LATER.

The two power-boats speed towards Corfu Town. As they go, for the first time Jimmy notices the copy of the *Post's* Saturday magazine. To his horror, he reads the shout on the cover: "REVEALED: THE SECRET OF ONE-NIGHT STANDS".

Appalled, he glances at Kate, who's oblivious.

Jimmy closes his eyes tightly. While he does so, the wind created by their speed picks the magazine up and sends it flying overboard, to be lost in the sea. He opens his eyes. The magazine has vanished, apparently by magic.

EXT. CORFU TOWN. HARBOUR. LATER.

As they moor up, Kenneth gives instructions.

KENNETH

Jimmy's going to help me choose a new moped. Everyone else, shall we meet in the Liston at seven?

As Kate steps off the boat, Jimmy touches her arm.

JIMMY

D'you fancy coming with us?

She shakes her head.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

It's just, there's something I really need to tell you.

KATE

There's nothing to say. I hope you and Annabel will be very happy together.

JIMMY

This is about you and me.

KATE

There is no you and me.

JIMMY

Okay, fine. In that case, it's just about me.

KATE

Well, isn't that a surprise!

This line delivered, Kate walks away down the quay. As Annabel steps ashore, she too gives Jimmy a withering look.

EXT. MOPED DEALERSHIP.

Kenneth and Jimmy survey a gleaming new moped.

KENNETH

I hope you don't think it was tactless, having you and Kate here the same week as Archie and Oksana.

JIMMY

It's been interesting.

KENNETH

I've found that, often, you have to create a climax, in order to find a resolution. You see my point?

JIMMY

It's fine. It's really okay.

KENNETH

She's a brilliant actress, in case you weren't aware of it. And as a person, she's unimprovable. Have you noticed that?

JIMMY

Repeatedly.

KENNETH

If you were a film-maker, you could go through fifteen drafts, and you wouldn't be able to come up with a better character.

JIMMY

I completely agree.

KENNETH

Archie's not a film-maker, so this wasn't something he was able to understand. But you're trying, at least, aren't you, Jimmy?

JIMMY

I'm doing my best.

KENNETH

Now I imagine Kate's told you something about what's going on with the inside of my head. It's like someone's holding down the delete button.

(MORE)

KENNETH (CONT'D)

And to be honest with you, there wasn't all that much there in the first place.

Jimmy says nothing.

KENNETH (CONT'D)

What I'm saying is, next week I probably won't even remember having this conversation. But while we're here, having it, can you promise me one thing? Whatever issues you and Kate are having, sort them out. You don't have to marry her. But stay with her. Be with her. She's already unimprovable. So all you have to do is improve.

(beat)

Do you promise?

Jimmy nods.

KENNETH (CONT'D)

Write something for her.

(beat)

And make it brilliant.

Jimmy exhales. That's a big ask.

KENNETH (CONT'D)

Now I would jump on the back of this turbulent beast, but Caro made me promise I wouldn't kill myself just yet. So I was wondering if you'd be very kind and drive it into town for me.

Jimmy's still processing the conversation.

JIMMY

Sure.

KENNETH

(smiling)

And try not to trash this one.

Jimmy revs the moped. Kenneth climbs into a taxi.

JIMMY

(calling out)

In your film, Caro said that, even after screwing everything up, the hero is somehow redeemed at the end. How does that work?

KENNETH

For that, you'll have to watch the film. See you at the Cavalieri.

JIMMY

Hang on a second! I thought we were going to the Yacht Club?

KENNETH

Oh, didn't she say? After you suggested it earlier, Caro gave the Cavalieri a call. They're fitting us in at eight.

He slams the door. The taxi drives away.

EXT. MAIN ROAD TO CORFU TOWN. BEFORE SUNSET.

On the moped, driving fast, Jimmy ignores a signpost for Corfu Town, and instead heads for the airport, his mouth tight with determination. He's bottling out.

A moment later, he screeches to a halt in front of another sign for the airport. He hesitates. Then he takes a different road, heading out of town into open countryside.

Jimmy stops by an olive grove. We can see the town laid out behind him, and also the airport. He jumps off, and runs in among the trees, assailed by another attack of *déjà vu*.

* FLASHBACK * Jimmy is tormented by visions of the end of the Kate Morgan story. The cork coming out of the Champagne bottle. Kate telling him simply, "I never want to see you again." A plane taking off, into a bleak night sky.

Supporting himself against a tree, he notices a spider's web. In its centre, a spider spins its silken strands.

* FLASHBACK * This time it's a flashback not of the Kate Morgan story, but of something that's happened since.

JIMMY

And the moral is?

KATE

It's okay to do a bit of weaving every now and then. But you should never, under any circumstances, challenge the gods.

And then:

KATE (CONT'D)

Look at it this way. At least Arachne spends eternity weaving. Which is what she likes to do.

(beat)

Do you really want to write screenplays?

And then:

KATE (CONT'D)

You should *imagine* yourself as a
screenwriter. And if you imagine it
in enough detail, it'll happen.

Jimmy watches the spider for a while, weaving her web, creating her own story. Then, with set purpose, he climbs back on the moped, and heads back into town.

EXT. CORFU TOWN. THE MAIN SQUARE. SUNSET.

He pulls up outside the Cavalieri Hotel. He registers the sign beside the door, which proclaims the name of the place. He looks up. The building is vertiginously tall.

INT. ELEVATOR.

He rises in the elevator, clocking the floors.

EXT. THE ROOF TERRACE OF THE CAVALIERI HOTEL.

Sunset. The views from the terrace are stunning. The others are sitting down when Jimmy appears, looking a bit wild.

CARO

Oh, thank heavens. We thought maybe you'd had an accident.

KATE

(disturbed)

Where have you been?

Without speaking, Jimmy goes to the balustrade and looks over the edge. It's high. He's fearful, assailed by nausea.

He turns, to see the bearded PRIEST from the monastery. He's gazing out over the rooftops of Corfu Town.

JIMMY

You remember, I came to your church, two days ago?

PRIEST

I remember.

JIMMY

And when I came in--

PRIEST

Yes?

JIMMY

You looked at me almost with recognition. As if we'd met before.

PRIEST

I welcome everyone who comes.

JIMMY

That's all it was?

PRIEST

Of course.

Later. Kate gives Jimmy a pained smile as he sits down. He looks around with paranoia, suspecting a conspiracy.

Archie is murmuring something to Kenneth. Kenneth glances at him, surprised. Then he beckons the waiter and says something Jimmy can't hear. The sound of Archie TAPPING HIS KNIFE AGAINST HIS WINE GLASS. Everyone falls silent.

ARCHIE

(looking at Jimmy)

Now, as a rule, I'm not the kinda guy who likes to make a scene.

(glaring)

But I can't let any more time go by without revealing that there's an impostor in our midst.

(beat)

Someone who is not who they have been claiming to be.

Kate looks at Jimmy, aghast.

ARCHIE (CONT'D)

Most of you think of Oksana as my girlfriend. But as of this morning, she's actually my fiancée.

Rather endearingly, Oksana starts to cry. Jimmy, meanwhile, is hugely relieved. Everyone claps and the waiters step forward, wielding Champagne bottles like machine guns.

CARO

Congratulations, darling.

A FEMALE VOICE

But that's insane!

Silence.

CARO

Kate?

Close-up on Kate, who has a hand over her mouth.

KATE
 (staring at Archie)
 I mean, because, earlier--

OKSANA
 What is she saying?

CARO
 What is it, darling?

KATE
 Earlier--

ARCHIE
 (defiant)
 Yes?

KATE
 (eventually)
 It's-- such an insane coincidence.
 Because, earlier, Jimmy and I came
 to the same decision.

ARCHIE
 You're engaged too?

KATE
 Jimmy popped the question last
 night, didn't you, Jimmy?

Jimmy makes an odd, non-committal noise.

KATE (CONT'D)
 So in a sense, we beat you to it.

She reaches a hand to Jimmy. Jimmy looks at the waiter, who is removing the foil from a bottle of Champagne. With a ghastly smile, he takes Kate's hand, and rises.

ANOTHER FEMALE VOICE
 I'm sorry, but *that's* insane.

Everyone turns to look at Annabel, who also gets to her feet. So now Jimmy and Kate are standing, holding hands. And Archie is standing too, holding the hand of the seated Oksana.

ANNABEL
 I wasn't going to say anything, but--
 - Jimmy and Kate aren't engaged.
 They're not even going out.

KENNETH
 I beg your pardon?

ANNABEL
 They were going out, before. But
 Kate broke up with him. She broke
 Jimmy's heart.

(MORE)

ANNABEL (CONT'D)

And then she made him *pretend* to be her boyfriend, because she wanted to make Archie jealous. Tell them, Jimmy.

KATE

What's she talking about?

KENNETH

Is this true?

ARCHIE

If you're in the mood for explanations, you may as well explain this, while you're at it.

He produces a copy of the Saturday magazine supplement of *The Daily Post*. It is passed around the table from person to person, receiving a range of shocked responses.

Headline: "THE SECRET OF ONE-NIGHT STANDS: WHY EVERYONE NEEDS A KATE MORGAN IN THEIR LIVES!" Opening words: "It was like the opening scene of a movie. Exterior. Corfu. The gardens of a palace." Pull-quote: "I was standing in front of this naked statue of Achilles, wondering why he was naked."

There's a big byline photograph of Jimmy.

KATE

(horrified)

Did you write this?

JIMMY

No. Well-- bits of it.

(beat)

It doesn't look good, does it.

ARCHIE

Doesn't look good at all.

JIMMY

Kate, I told her not to run it.

KATE

You turned me into an article?

JIMMY

No! It was the opposite-- This is what I've been trying to tell you. It was Taffeta's idea. An unexplodable ex, who would be the perfect excuse for avoiding commitment. I just provided the details. I called her Kate Morgan-- But it was before I'd even met you.

GRISELDA

I'm totally lost.

ANNABEL

You made all that up?

JIMMY

All my life, I had this idea of this girl I was going to meet. An actress, who loved Dylan, Donovan and David Bowie songs I didn't know existed. And she would have this smile that killed me every time. And then we met, and it was you. Don't you see? I'd imagined you. But there was a story that went with it-- of how we met, and what happened after. And I don't know how or why, but that story's taking over. It's happening.

KATE

You turned me into an article.

JIMMY

I know it looks like I've done something awful. But the truth is even stranger. Everything I wrote, everything I imagined, it's all coming true.

KATE

How could you do that?

JIMMY

You're not listening, Kate.
(pointing to the magazine)
Look. You break up with me here, on the roof of the Cavalieri Hotel. The moment that cork comes out of that bottle, you're going to tell me you never want to see me again. And then you're going to get on the first plane out of here.

KATE

Lie better.

JIMMY

It's the truth. I swear.
(turning to the waiter)
Please. Put that bottle down--

The waiter has removed the foil from the bottle. As he puts it down, Jimmy notices that the cork is already half out. He lunges for it, and pushes the cork back in. Then he turns.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Kate, please. Just trust me.
Believe me. I'm not lying to you.

There is a long moment of tension. Then: POP!

The Champagne cork has blown. When it descends, it bounces off Griselda's head. Froth slides down the sides of the Champagne bottle. Jimmy's eyes are on Kate.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Don't, Kate. Please.

KATE

(starting to cry)

You gave me my line.

(beat)

I don't ever want to see you again.

Saying this, she backs away from the table. Then she turns and makes for the exit. Jimmy sits down, defeated.

He closes his eyes. When he opens them again, he's surprised to find everyone still there. They all look at him.

JIMMY

What?

Annabel throws a glass of Champagne in his face.

ANNABEL

I don't ever want to see you again!

CARO

Let me see if I understand. You made up a perfect girl who broke your heart, to make it easier for you to break other girls' hearts. And then you met that girl, and she was as perfect as you'd imagined her. But now it looks as if she's going to break your heart.

JIMMY

That's more or less it.

CARO

And you're not going after her?

ARCHIE

Don't encourage him.

JIMMY

There's no point. I already know what's going to happen. By the time I reach the airport, she'll have gone. I'll never see her again.

There's a long pause.

KENNETH

What utter codswallup!

Jimmy looks at him.

KENNETH (CONT'D)

You wrote the story, Jimmy. You just have to change the ending.

CARO

It's worth a try.

ARCHIE

Why are you both--

OKSANA

Be quiet, Archibald!

ARCHIE

(taken aback)

But darling--

OKSANA

(fierce)

Silence!

We have an idea, from this, of who is likely to be wearing the trousers in Archie and Oksana's marriage.

JIMMY

You really think I should--

KENNETH

Of course!

CARO

Of course!

Jimmy looks to Annabel for her blessing.

ANNABEL

Oh, go on, then.

Slowly he rises to his feet. In the background, the bearded priest has been taking all this in.

PRIEST

Go for it, Jimmy!

People start to clap as Jimmy sprints for the exit.

GRISELDA

(examining the cork)

I'm still not sure that I completely understand--

In the street, there's no sign of Kate. Jimmy leaps aboard the moped, starts it, and instantly has an accident. Swerving to avoid a taxi, the moped flattens and slides away along the ground. Jimmy is okay, but the paint-work of the new moped has been seriously compromised. The driver climbs out.

THANASIS

Jimmy?

It is Thanasis, who once gave Jimmy romantic advice in a bar. Jimmy, limping, struggles to raise the moped again. Thanasis helps him. Jimmy tries to start it, but it won't go.

JIMMY

Give me a lift to the airport? I'll explain on the way.

They drive off, leaving the capsized moped.

THANASIS

(at the wheel)

You told her, didn't you.

Jimmy nods ruefully.

THANASIS (CONT'D)

Malaka!

Subtitles: "Wanker!"

Thanasis puts his foot down.

JIMMY

You told me to!

THANASIS

I told you to tell her that you loved her! I didn't tell you to tell her the Kate Morgan story!

(beat)

Malaka!

Subtitles: "Wanker!"

EXT. CORFU AIRPORT.

Kate climbs out of a taxi and pays the driver.

INT. THANASIS' TAXI.

Thanasis drives like a madman.

INT. CORFU AIRPORT.

Kate goes through passport control.

INT. THANASIS' TAXI.

There's some obstruction in the street. Thanasis turns into the drive of the Corfu Palace Hotel, negotiates the crescent, and then reemerges some way further down the road.

THANASIS

I told you she wouldn't understand.

JIMMY

(eyes on the road)
You were right.

THANASIS

But you know that you love her.

JIMMY

(eyes on the road)
Yes-- Sorry, Thanasis, but it's actually not going to help if we both die in a massive pile-up.

THANASIS

The flight leaves in ten minutes.

JIMMY

Step on it!

They end up near the airport, but in stationary traffic. Frustrated, Thanasis leans on his horn. Then he glances at Jimmy, who has his eyes closed.

THANASIS

What are you doing?

JIMMY

I'm just trying to visualise a better ending.

THANASIS

Why must you make things so complicated, Jimmy? Use your legs!

JIMMY

You might have a point.

Putting on his sunglasses, Jimmy gets out of the car and runs off down the pavement.

THANASIS

(shouting after him)
Life is easy!

He reaches the airport and runs from the Arrivals section to the Departures section, dodging people, jumping over rows of chairs, etc. He glances at the flight information screen, to see that the flight to London Gatwick is "Boarding".

JIMMY

Malaka!

Subtitles: "Wanker!"

EXT. CORFU AIRPORT, A RUNWAY.

With other passengers, Kate boards an easyJet aeroplane.

INT. CORFU AIRPORT.

There's a queue waiting to enter the departure lounge. As Jimmy makes his way to the front, someone complains.

MAN IN QUEUE

Hold on a minute.

JIMMY

Airport security.

The man looks doubtful. Jimmy points at a security guard.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

No, I'm just saying. That guy. He works for Airport security.

He darts through the walk-through metal detector, setting it beeping, and evades the arms of another security guard.

INT. CORFU AIRPORT. PASSPORT CONTROL.

In the queue, an overweight middle-aged woman shows her passport photo to her friend.

WOMAN IN QUEUE

What do you reckon?

HER FRIEND

Did you ever read Oscar Wilde's *The Picture of Dorian Gray*?

Jimmy appears from nowhere, snatches the passport from the woman's hand and dashes on to the front of the queue.

He shows the passport photo, a not very flattering picture of the aforementioned woman, to the customs officer. The man looks at it; then looks at Jimmy, who raises his sunglasses.

JIMMY

It's an old photo.

He dashes on, making it through to the departure gate-- only to find that there is no one there. The door is locked.

AIRLINE EMPLOYEE

I'm sorry, sir. You can't--

Jimmy pushes past her, moving to one side, so he can look out through the glass at the airport runway.

JIMMY

(to himself)

What's the Greek for *dejà vu*?

David Bowie's *Something in the Air* strikes up on the soundtrack. In slow motion, Jimmy is rugby-tackled by one of the guards. As he falls, like a tree toppling in a forest, his sunglasses drop from his face. They're crushed irreparably as he and the guard hit the floor. In the background, Kate's plane disappears into the bleak night sky.

FADE TO BLACK.

Can this be the end? The BLACK is held just long enough for us to start wondering.

Faintly, but gradually growing louder, we hear the SOUND OF TYPING. The patter of fingers at a keyboard, interspersed with a flatter sound, as a thumb presses the space key.

ODYSSEUS' VOICE

Everything I've told you is a lie.
Odysseus never listened to the
Sirens. He never killed the Cyclops
and never visited the Land of the
Dead. And the reason I know this is
because-- *I am Odysseus.*

INT. ODEON, LEICESTER SQUARE. EVENING.

Caption: FILM PREMIERE, LONDON. SIX MONTHS LATER.

The faces of the cast and crew members of *The Real Odysseus* are lit pale by the flickering light from a cinema screen. Daniel Day-Lewis. Kenneth and Caro Campbell. Kate Morgan.

ODYSSEUS' VOICE

I meant to tell my wife the truth,
but I didn't have the nerve. And
that, gentlemen, is the true story
of how I ruined my life.

Kate brushes away a tear, as the SOUND OF TYPING grows louder. The image fades, superseded by the image of a man's hands typing at a keyboard. We pan back to see the screen of a laptop, on which the fingers type: "A FEMALE VOICE: I don't believe you." Return.

"To a chorus of incredulity, an old woman draws back her hood, to reveal that she is Odysseus' wife, Penelope." Return. "PENELOPE: You made me suffer. Now you've been made to suffer too. It's time to come home."

The Odeon. Crazy applause. Everyone is looking and smiling at Kenneth. But Kenneth seems oblivious. He continues staring at the cinema screen, where the credits are descending. Caro holds up a hand to acknowledge the applause, and Kenneth looks around, bewildered, not knowing where he is.

INT. IN & OUT CLUB, ST JAMES'S. LATER.

Caption: THE AFTER-PARTY

The room is packed with people drinking Champagne. A DIARY JOURNALIST, his notebook and pencil in hand, pushes past Kate, inadvertently spilling her drink.

DIARY JOURNALIST
Dan? Can I have a word?

Kate looks at the door, as if she's expecting someone. From another part of the room, Caro spots her doing this.

INT. CABARET, SOHO. MUCH LATER.

VERY LOUD MUSIC. Kate dances with a handsome actor, JACK.

Caption: THE AFTER-AFTER PARTY

Despite the volume of the music, which is deafening, we can just about make out the SOUND OF TYPING. And then, oddly, it looks for a moment as if Kate can hear it too.

INT. THE CAMPBELLS' HOME. MUCH MUCH LATER.

Kate and Caro are reclining on a sofa. Beside them, Kenneth is asleep, his black tie loose around his neck. The actor Jack is dancing with a hot chick to soft music.

Caption: THE AFTER-AFTER-AFTER PARTY

CARO
(indicating Jack)
You're not by any chance keen on
Telemachus, are you?

KATE
Are you kidding? He's married.

The two women watch Jack dance.

CARO
I didn't know.

KATE
To a man.

Caro raises her eyebrows. Jack smiles and waves.

CARO
And what about he who shall not be
named? The journalist. The life
guard. The model. The screenwriter.
(beat)
Has he been in touch?

KATE
I was thinking he might turn up
today during the film. Stagger up
on stage and make a scene. Or I had
this crazy idea he might be doing
the catering. You know what a great
cook he is. I thought he might loom
up in an apron and a chef's hat.

CARO
You could always call him.

KATE
After everything he did?

CARO
He didn't lie to you, Kate. He just
didn't tell you everything he
should have done.

KATE
He slept with a cast list of women,
then lied to them to avoid seeing
them again. I'd say I owe it to our
sex never to speak to him again.
(beat)
And he writes trashy articles.
(beat)
It would never work.

CARO
I thought you said that he was
working on a screenplay.

KATE
No. I made that up.

CARO
Ah, so you were lying too.
(beat)
Remember *The Real Odysseus*.
(MORE)

CARO (CONT'D)

If the gods want you to be together, they'll find a way to pull that off, sooner or later.

KATE

Yeah, but you know-- I'm just not sure I believe that anymore.

CARO

Are you telling me, despite everything that's happened, you don't believe in the Greek gods?

KATE

Oh no, I believe in them alright. I just don't think they're very nice.

She rises and kisses Caro on the cheek. Then kisses the sleeping Kenneth on the forehead. She glances at Caro.

KATE (CONT'D)

Tonight went well, I thought.

CARO

Come and see us soon.

Kate touches her shoulder, then leaves.

INT. A BLACK CAB. LATER.

Alone in a cab, Kate looks wistful. She takes out her phone and stares at it. Then she puts it away again.

EXT. A MANSION BLOCK. THE SMALL HOURS.

After thanking the cab driver, she enters the building. There is a parcel waiting for her in her pigeonhole.

INT. KITCHEN. LATER.

She opens the parcel and reads the title page: "*THE KATE Morgan STORY* by James W. Harrison." Turning the page, she reads, "Ext. Corfu. The gardens of a palace." Etc. A mug of hot coffee in hand, Kate speed-reads Jimmy's script.

We see her scan the transcript of one or two key moments in the story: for instance, when she and Jimmy first meet; or when they wake up in bed together, and he says to her, "You know all those stories about mortals sleeping with gods?"

Finally, she reaches a page near the end, and reads the sentence, "A mug of hot coffee in hand, Kate speed-reads Jimmy's script." She looks at the mug that's in her hand.

She turns the page, to the start of a new scene: "Int. The bar at the top of the Hilton. 1pm. This Thursday. The lift doors open to reveal Jimmy, smartly dressed in a dark suit and white shirt. He checks the time on his phone: 12.45."

INT. THE BAR AT THE TOP OF THE HILTON. DAY.

The lift doors open to reveal Jimmy, smartly dressed in a dark suit and white shirt. He checks the time on his phone: 12.45. He pockets the phone. He breathes.

Caption: THE BAR AT THE TOP OF THE HILTON.

He secures a table by the window, which affords terrific views out over the treetops of Hyde Park. He sits. After a moment, he moves into another chair, so his back will be to the entrance. Then he changes his mind and returns to the other chair. He fends off the attentions of the waiter.

JIMMY

I'm waiting for someone.

He looks at his phone again. Then he places it face-down on the table. Then he turns it off. Then he changes his mind and turns it on again, so he can check the time. 13.00. He hears the lift doors open and looks up. Two businessmen enter the bar. When Jimmy looks at his phone again, it's 13.45.

There's an empty bottle of beer on the table in front of him. Beside it, a glass that's empty except for a smear of froth.

The digits on his phone screen alter to read 14.30. He hears A CRASH as someone behind the bar accidentally drops a glass. The two businessmen laugh. One calls out, "Woo!" Jimmy sighs. Catching the eye of the waiter, he signals for the bill.

Something falls on to the table. It's his script.

He looks up, to see Kate standing there.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Jesus, you gave me a fright.

She isn't smiling.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Are you going to sit?

Kate looks unsure. But eventually she sits down. The waiter arrives with the bill, but Jimmy waves him away.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
Bad traffic?

KATE
Why do you ask?

JIMMY
It's just that--
(indicating his script)
It says we meet at 1.

KATE
No, it doesn't.

JIMMY
I think it does.

KATE
I made some changes.

Jimmy looks at his script, to see that the title page now reads "By James W. Harrison, with additional writing by Kate Morgan". Leafing through, he finds that many of the pages are covered in red ink, where Kate has deleted lines, altered stage directions, or added new dialogue.

KATE (CONT'D)
What it says now is that you get here at 1. But I make you wait.

JIMMY
Why?

Kate looks at him.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
Right. Yes.
(beat)
Sorry.
(beat)
Can I just say-- I don't know if this is in the script, but it's really good to see you.

KATE
(smiling)
It is in the script, in fact.

JIMMY
It is?

KATE
(laughing)
I swear to god.

Then she gets serious.

KATE (CONT'D)

Can we get one thing straight?

JIMMY

Sure.

KATE

You're not forgiven.

JIMMY

Right.

KATE

I'm not here because I like you.

JIMMY

Okay.

KATE

I'm not sure I do like you.

JIMMY

Understood.

KATE

I mean it.

JIMMY

I know.

The waiter arrives to take their order.

KATE

I'll have a Cognac.

JIMMY

I'll have one of those too.

(after a pause)

So why are you here?

KATE

My agent feels that, after *The Real Odysseus*, a romantic comedy might not be a bad way to go. Who were you thinking as director?

JIMMY

I was kind of thinking I might direct it myself.

KATE

If you're directing, I'm out. I reckon, if I talk to her, Caro might be interested.

(beat)

And we seriously need to talk about my character.

JIMMY

What? Why?

KATE

I'm not funny enough.

JIMMY

Oh, I don't know. I think you're reasonably funny.

KATE

(eyes narrowed)

I mean in the script. You get all the best lines.

JIMMY

That isn't fair.

(seeing her face)

What I mean is, you're right. And that isn't fair.

(to the waiter)

Thanks.

Taking a sip of Cognac, Jimmy opens the script at random, to see if she has a point.

KATE

Another thing, you get too easy a ride. We need to see you *suffer*. I have an idea for this scene where you go paragliding with Archie.

JIMMY

Are you crazy? I would never agree to that. I'm afraid of heights.

KATE

Maybe you're showing off to me. Maybe you're trying to make up for having crashed the boat.

JIMMY

I crash the boat? Why do I crash the boat?

KATE

Because you're an idiot.

JIMMY

That's not how I see Jimmy.

KATE

And we need to drop the scene where you save that kid from drowning.

JIMMY

I love that scene.

KATE

It's got to go.

JIMMY

Machine-gun my dreams.

KATE

And the ending, Jimmy. As it stands, it strikes the wrong note. Don't get me wrong, it's close. But it's not a hundred per cent.

JIMMY

Let me guess. You think I should suffer more?

KATE

Well, yes. But it's not only that. For one thing, why the Hilton?

JIMMY

It's high. You see? Jimmy has a fear of heights. So by meeting Kate at the top of the Hilton, he shows that he's willing to change.

KATE

I'd prefer something more downbeat. Maybe they could just go for a walk in Hyde Park.

JIMMY

They could do both. You want to go for a walk?

EXT. THE ENTRANCE TO THE HILTON HOTEL.

Jimmy and Kate emerge through the revolving doors.

KATE

Oh, I nearly forgot. I got you something. They weren't expensive.

She hands him a pair of vintage sunglasses, to replace the ones that got crushed in Corfu. These ones have flip lenses, like the sunglasses worn by the head teacher in *Ferris Bueller's Day Off*. Jimmy tries them on and instantly flips the lenses. He lowers them again slowly.

They wait for a break in the traffic, then scuttle across. They pause halfway, by a street sign that says ACHILLES WAY.

KATE (CONT'D)

And I'm afraid we're going to have to drop the final kiss.

He flips his lenses again, to register surprise.

JIMMY
You don't want them to kiss?

KATE
I don't think she would want to.

JIMMY
Hey, come on! A film like this,
they have to kiss.

KATE
I don't think they should kiss.
(beat)
They can have sex, obviously.

JIMMY
They can?

KATE
Of course.

Slowly, giving her a scorching look, he lowers his lenses.
When there's a gap in the traffic, they both cross.

JIMMY
You don't think it would strike an
odd note, to end a romantic comedy
with a scene of fearful coupling?

KATE
I don't see why. Exactly how
fearful are we talking here?

JIMMY
Maybe *frantic* would be better.

KATE
Perfect. So credits come down over
a scene of *frantic* love-making.

Heading into the park, they pass the huge bronze statue of
Achilles by Richard Westmacott.

JIMMY
To the sound of David Bowie singing
Something In The Air. The American
Psycho Remix.

KATE
Which is the greatest song to be
released in any genre over the past
twenty years.

JIMMY
According to you.

KATE

It isn't up for debate.

Close-up on the statue, while on the sound-track David Bowie sings *Something In The Air*. We pull back to see more of the park, and, small now, Jimmy and Kate continuing their walk.

KATE (CONT'D)

The title bothers me too.

JIMMY

What don't you like about the title? *The Kate Morgan Story*. It does what it says on the tin.

KATE

Yeah, but it's a film, Jimmy. It's not a can of dog food.

JIMMY

What would you prefer?

KATE

I think it should be something more positive. You know what I mean? Maybe *The Beautiful Kate Morgan*.

JIMMY

You're not serious.

KATE

The Great Kate Morgan?

JIMMY

That isn't so bad.

KATE

I don't know, though. It still needs something more. A lift, you know? A more exuberant adjective. We'll draw up a list.

End.

AUTHOR'S NOTE

After finishing this script, I made it available online in the hope of selling it. In due course, I was contacted by an American girl who said that her name was Kate Morgan.

She was from the east coast, an actress, with a penchant for the songs of David Bowie. She even had a tattoo: not a cart-wheeling scorpion but a quote from Tennyson's *Ulysses*.

Her message concluded:

It's weird, and also wonderful, and I had to write and tell you so. For what it's worth, you got it all right.

Best

Kate Morgan