

THE BEGINNING OF CHAPTER TWO

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FADE UP:

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

RAIN POURS from the black sky on to an umbrella. It's just past the time of night when it seems there are no rules and everything feels unsafe.

We FOLLOW GABI, wearing the kind of tight red and pearl dress that is usually worn with the intention of having someone else remove it. Her legs pampered. She has a plan.

She is young and still beautiful, but she's holding on to it out of spite.

INT. PARISIAN CAFE - NIGHT

Blood red texture. SWIRLING.

A wine glass FILLS with the best red. An exclusive only on this day. Everyone is enjoying it. Must be on the house.

Gabi steps in, PATS her stiletto's dry on the rag. She moves in to the CONCIERGE. Her gaze at the dinner tables.

GABI

Gabi Rosebrooke. Booking under
Jacobs?

The Concierge checks, and responds in a French accent:

CONCIERGE

I'm terribly sorry, Ma'am. Mister
Jacobs rang... er, twenty-five,
maybe thirty minutes ago.
Cancelled the appointment.

Gabi's face drops. He has done this before, it seems. A continuous habit. She is so distraught right now, stuck for words. She nods in acknowledgement.

CONCIERGE (CONT'D)

I'm terribly sorry, Ma'am.

The next couple await in line, move forward as Gabi exits.

EXT. PARK - LATER

Gabi walks alone. The rain pounds down at her. She releases her umbrella. Might as well.

On her face, tears mixing with the rain. Deep in thought. A mist infested bridge catches her gaze. She's familiar with it.

EXT. SUSPENDED BRIDGE - NIGHT

We FOLLOW her, now running. Stiletto's in hand. She can't take it anymore.

She struggles to see ahead. The rain substantiates. Droplets FRAGMENTING off every surface.

Just then, THUD! It startles her.

SHE RUNS IN TO SOMETHING. Or someone. She is held on tight by whatever has grasped her. She looks up. It's JACOBS.

He must have been standing here for ages. He's DRENCHED in his most exquisite suit. He see's her tears, but he smiles.

Her face drops in anger. He's still smiling. Dick!

GABI

What the hell!?! You bunked on me again, Jacob!

(sobbing)

I can't keep doing this. I just can't...

Then Jacobs steps out her way: a small table laden with a bottle of luxury red wine, two glasses, a doused candle, and one chair. Jacobs has come with intent. He takes her hand.

JACOBS

This is where we first met, Gabi. Remember?

A FEW YEARS BACK, they bump in to each other, similarly. He helps her pick up her books. Their hands touch. She shy's a smile. An understanding develops.

JACOBS (CONT'D)

That's when chapter one of our life began. I wouldn't change it for the world.

He gets down on one knee. Hell yeah! Gabi registers, and her tears only flow more. He presents her with a ring. She is still lost for words but she's already forgiven him.

JACOBS (CONT'D)

Can we start chapter two? Say yes.

He stands, takes her in his arms and KISSES her. It's deep, he means it. They move apart.

For a moment, Gabi enjoys the aftermath of the kiss. It felt right. They continue. The night is still young.