

Majorca

FADE IN:

BEHIND CREDITS:

EXT. ABOARD A FERRY - APPROACHING PALMA, MAJORCA - SUNRISE

ROB and JENNY KENDALL, both mid-20s, good-looking, Americans, stand at the rail and watch as the city, defined by its ancient cathedral, comes closer and closer over the water. They're excited – on an adventure.

JENNY (V.O.)

Majorca. Rob says a wizard lived here 800 years ago, and found the secret of life. I wonder what it was...or *is*. The secret of life would never change, would it?
(beat)

Maybe Rob will find it again, when he writes his book. If anybody can, he can.

LOUDSPEAKER

¡Pasajeros a vehículos! ¡Pasajeros a vehículos, por favor!

INT. FERRY - AUTOMOBILE DECK - EARLY DAY

Rob and Jenny, among others, come down stairs to get their vehicle. They go to a Volkswagen camping van.

EXT. PALMA FERRY PIER - EARLY DAY - ESTABLISHING

Cars and vans, including theirs, drive off the ferry.

JENNY (V.O.)

Yeah, but things have changed in 800 years...

CREDITS END.

INT. VAN - EARLY DAY - WIDE-ANGLE

Rob drives. Jenny consults a notebook. He is waved through a gate by an officer. They pass off the pier and into the narrow, at-all-angles, picturesque streets of Palma, the island capital.

ROB

(just loving it)

Wow, Jenny! The whole winter on an island in the Mediterranean!

JENNY

Like George Sand. She wrote *A Winter in Majorca* 150 years ago.

ROB

What's it about?

JENNY

You're the writer, Rob.

ROB

Writer not reader. What's it about?

JENNY

She and Chopin spent the winter here making love.

ROB

But not where we're going.

JENNY

No. They were in Deyá. We're going to Graciosa, up near the western coast.

ROB

You mean the nose?

JENNY

Nose? What?

ROB

Look at the map.

JENNY

I've *been* looking at the map.

ROB

Look at it as a *thing*. Go on.

MAP OF MEDITERRANEAN - DAY

Framing Spain, France, Algeria, Morocco – and in the middle, beside JENNY'S THUMB: Majorca.

ZOOM IN on Majorca.

JENNY

Oh. It looks like a horse.

THE SCENE

ROB

be a A race-horse. That's why *I* went for it when you said you had a chance at the house. I'm going to racehorse this winter.

JENNY

(enthusiastic)

Yes!

ROB

I'm going to write the Great American Novel, just like Jack Nicholson in *The Shining* –

JENNY

(enthusiastic and now playing, too)

Yes!

ROB

– write the Great American Novel in Europe, which makes *absolute sense* –

JENNY

Yes!

ROB

– and make us very rich!

JENNY

Yes! Yes!

ROB

And make wild, passionate love to my wife every night!

JENNY

Ya-hooooo!!

She leans over and enthusiastically kisses his neck, then starts licking it, into it but hamming it up a little, too, knowing he can't respond.

ROB

If these streets weren't designed for ox carts instead of vans, I'd pull over some place and ravish you right now!

JENNY

That's how they keep the population down on their island.

(abruptly)

There! Turn there!

Almost too late, they heel over onto a main road.

EXT. PALMA - OUTSKIRTS - DAY - ESTABLISHING

The van drives out of the city. WIDEN to show the countryside opening around them. Winter in Majorca is much like winter in California, and storms sweep off the Mediterranean often enough to keep the island green.

INT. VAN - DAY - NOT WIDE-ANGLE (MORE INTIMATE)

Rob drives, Jenny stretches a luxurious stretch.

JENNY

This has been a wonderful trip... Europe is *every-* *thing* I thought it would be.

ROB

Because we were lucky enough – or dumb enough – to have a house to sell to get the money to spend real time here. Five months on the road – five months on Majorca. Ten months of freedom!

JENNY

Maybe.

ROB

I thought you said –

JENNY

We should be fine. But we can't spend a fortune living here. We've been spending 20 bucks a day for gas. Now we start paying 200 a month for rent –

ROB

One third.

JENNY

Right. So we have 400 for food and living.

ROB

Why so cheap? It's not a dump, is it?

JENNY

It's a tourist island, and tourists don't come at the start of October. Even in the summer they come for the beaches, not a village in the hills. Graciosa is for people who want to be part of Majorca.

ROB

But it's not a dump?

JENNY

You saw the photos, and photos don't lie.

ROB

Everybody lies. I lie for a living.

EXT. MAJORCAN COUNTRYSIDE - NARROW ROAD - DAY - ESTABLISHING

The van turns onto a less advanced road and drives away.

WIPE TO:

EXT. VILLAGE OF GRACIOSA - DAY - ESTABLISHING

Graciosa lies at the bottom of a sweeping valley hillside, which has been terraced for houses. A road runs through the town and up the hillside, connecting horizontal terrace roads. Each terrace has a grey stone wall on the uphill side, holding the next terrace, and each contains one or two houses, mostly two-story, roomy white buildings with red tile roofs. Olive and almond trees, still with leaves, fill the spaces in between. Here and there stand sheep.

The town center consists of a plaza with the church on one side and a pensión on the other. The van enters the village, passes through, and heads up the road.

INT. VAN - DAY - WIDE-ANGLE

Jenny is consulting her notebook.

JENNY

It's the third road to the right...

They pass BERK, who stands at the junction of the one terrace that runs to the *left*. PAN BACK to watch as he gazes at them curiously – not to say *intently*.

EXT. VILLAGE OF GRACIOSA - ON THE HILLSIDE - DAY - ESTABLISHING - WIDE

The van reaches the appropriate terrace and turns onto a horizontal track, moving laterally.

EXT. TERRACE ROAD - DAY

The van approaches the house and pulls off into a parking area. The house has a wide roofed porch with a view, and a patio off the second story leading to the hillside.

EXT. TRES ESCALONES - DOWNHILL - DAY

Rob and Jenny hop out and admire the view. Below is the village, and several miles below is the Mediterranean.

JENNY

I think we scored!

ROB

I think *you* scored.

They kiss fervently. Then Jenny pulls back.

JENNY

We're standing on a terrace, honey. Let's wait a little.

ROB

(agreeable but horny)

A *very* little.

EXT. TRES ESCALONES - DAY

They go inside their new house.

INT. TRES ESCALONES - LIVING AREA - DAY

They look around. There's a fireplace flanked by benches, formed entirely out of whitewashed plaster. There's a window with the view.

JENNY

Oh boy. A fireplace. That's going to be sweet on a winter's night.

INT. TRES ESCALONES - STAIRS - WITH ROB AND JENNY - DAY

They head up.

INT. TRES ESCALONES - BEDROOM - DAY

They enter the bedroom with a very inviting bed. After checking the closet, Rob and Jenny LOOK at each other – then start stripping off their clothes. They are a healthy young couple in love, and there is quick, intense arousal as they fall onto the bed, awash in passion.

JENNY AND ROB

This BUILDS –

JENNY

(turned on, between kisses)

Wow.

ROB

(turned on, grins)

Temptation Island.

But they hear a KNOCK and a VOICE from below.

MADDOX (V.O.)

Hello? Hello?

Rob and Jenny give each other a LOOK –

INT. TRES ESCALONES - BEDROOM - DAY

– put their clothes on.

JENNY

(calling)

Just a minute!

INT. TRES ESCALONES - LIVING AREA - DAY

They come down. Standing in their doorway is MADDOX, Scottish, 60-ish, a POET, slightly seedy but dignified (a not so-secret alcoholic). He wears casual clothes with a casual ascot. He smokes with a holder. He's been here so long, when he uses a Spanish word it's just part of his English.

MADDOX

Hello. My name is Maddox Johns.

JENNY

Hello. I'm Jenny Kendall, and this is my husband Rob.

Maddox waits for recognition for a barely perceptible BEAT, then continues:

MADDOX

I see you're moving into Brenda Larmore's place.

JENNY

Yes. We rented it from her for the winter, after we met in Liverpool. She said to say hello.

MADDOX

She mentioned me?

JENNY

Oh yes. Said you were the village celebrity, a famous poet.

MADDOX

(kindly)

Of whom you have not heard.

JENNY

(covering)

No. But –

ROB

We're both planning to read you while we're here.

Jenny gives the slightest flick of annoyance with her eyes. The men don't see.