

OPEN YOUR EYES, DUDE

By

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FADE IN:

EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. - DAY

Aerial shot of the Arlington Memorial Bridge looking towards the Lincoln Memorial. The Washington Monument thrusts up from morning mist.

DR. TOM ADAMS, 36, movie star looks and knows it, in a sweat soaked muscle shirt and head bandana, jogs around the Lincoln Memorial onto the bridge.

He glances up at the "Earth" woman of the "Sacrifice" sculpture, gives a wink and grins. Eyes still on the statue, he nearly collides with another RUNNER.

RUNNER

Hey, open your eyes, Dude.

Tom yells over his shoulder as he dashes away.

TOM

Sorry!

EXT. ARLINGTON, POTOMAC RIVER BIKE PATH - DAY

Three young women, ponytails swinging, power walk. As Tom runs past, they eye him and plow into each other like dominoes. Tom sprints to a Corvette and zooms off.

MONTAGE - TOM'S PLAYBOY LIFE

-- Night Club - Tom dances with a striking Blonde.

-- Riverside Café - Tom eats lunch with a gorgeous Redhead.

-- Bedroom - In bed, Tom nuzzles against a lovely Brunette.

INT. DOCTORS' CLINIC, RECEPTION - DAY

Awards grace the wall for THOMAS ADAMS: George Washington University Medical Center, Honor Student; Fight for Sight Award; International Congress of Ophthalmology; American Academy of Ophthalmology; International Glaucoma Congress.

Tom enters. His secretary, SUE, 55, hands him mail.

SUE

Good morning, Dr. Adams.

TOM

Any word from Dr. Hall yet?

Sue shakes her head compassionately.

SUE

I'm sure you'll get the job, Sir.

Tom sighs, walks in his office.

INT. TOM'S EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

Examining eyeglass on his head, Tom studies a small girl's eye. The girl bounces up, races to a big model eye. Tom scribbles, hands a prescription to her attractive MOTHER, 30, who sits on the other side of his desk. He rises.

TOM

The eye's healing nicely. Put a drop in it twice a day.

Eyes glistening, the mother gets up, clasps his hand.

MOTHER

It's true. You're the world's best... eye surgeon. Thank you.

Tom smiles amiably. Her hands hold tight, she slides around the desk, becoming provocative. Tom backs away, she stays close, eyes excited. Tom wiggles his hand free.

TOM

Saw your husband at the hardware store. He sure looked good.

She turns away. Using gentleman's charm, Tom taps the girl's head playfully, nods. She runs to the door, opens it. The mother strains a smile, leaves. Tom leans against the door.

TOM

Whew...

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Wiry, wisecracker Dr. JOE SHAW, 35, Anesthesiologist, drinks as Tom stacks half peanuts on top of each other.

TOM

Day in and day out. I'm going nuts.

JOE

Ever try raisins?

TOM

Boredom city, stuck in a dead end clinic!

JOE

Politics can fix that.

TOM  
Don't tempt me.

JOE  
Marriage?

Tom frowns. The peanuts fall over.

TOM  
Joe, I'm the best ophthalmologist  
around, link my skills with the top  
scientists in the country and  
there's just no limit to what could  
be achieved! I need that job.

JOE  
Think he'd want an  
anesthesiologist?

Joe puffs himself up.

TOM  
Right, it's got to be me. And get  
me away from those lonely mothers.

JOE  
Lucky you.

TOM  
No way. Here's to single women, the  
most ravishing creatures in the  
world, a species worth dying for.

Joe nods, holds up his glass.

TOM  
Bachelorhood forever.

They clang glasses, swagger over to two gorgeous women.

INT. CONFERENCE HALL - DAY

On stage, Tom speaks under a banner, "Ophthalmologists'  
Convention".

TOM  
With these new advances, eyeglasses  
will soon join the horse and buggy.

He grabs a huge model of an eye.

TOM  
"Eye" thank you all for coming.

He smiles, the model winks. The audience laughs and gives him a standing OVATION. Magnetism oozing, Tom hops offstage as the crowd surges forward, competing for his attention.

Tom weaves his way through them, homes in on DR. HALL, 52, distinguished bearing and self-assurance of one with power.

TOM

Dr. Hall, it's great to see you.

DR. HALL

Tom, why be a doctor, when you have a Senator's charisma?

TOM

(jokingly)

My dad would disown me if I became a politician.

DR. HALL

Fine well-rounded neurosurgeon, your father. Too bad he's not an ophthalmologist.

Clearly not appreciated, but Tom lets it go.

TOM

So do I get the job? With me as your head surgeon, we'll make medical history.

DR. HALL

Your resume is impressive. However you may be of more use to us as a senator. Doctors in Congress can help us greatly.

TOM

Huh, senator?

Tom's dazed. An upbeat ORGANIZER rushes up, gives them "Goodie bags," full of brochures and eye paraphernalia.

ORGANIZER

The best seminars in the world!  
They could change your life.

She sweeps away, offers her prizes to others.

DR. HALL

However my political connections feel that you must make more fame as a doctor before a Senate run.

TOM  
Politics... Senate... huh?

DR. HALL  
McKenzie's Sydney Lab is the best  
in the world. It's such a pity you  
have no experience in their work.

Tom regains his awareness.

TOM  
How? They haven't given seminars  
for two years nor buried under a  
ton of regulations and--

DR. HALL  
A senator could help slash those  
regulations. But until such time, I  
may have to recruit an Australian  
doctor like McKenzie. I need the  
head surgeon by the end of August.  
However--

A cute caterer offers Dr. Hall a bag of popcorn. He refuses.  
She turns to Tom, smiles sexily, puts a bag in his empty  
hand, and slides her hand along his. Tom smiles back. Dr.  
Hall CLEARS HIS THROAT. Tom returns his attention.

TOM  
Uh, yes, Sir?

DR. HALL  
It would help if you settled down.

Tom's eyes bug out, they dart to the caterer sashaying away,  
back to Dr. Hall.

TOM  
Set... settle... down?

MRS. HALL (O.S.)  
Honey, I have to give the opening  
address at my fund raising dinner.

A slim, attractive MRS. HALL, 48, approaches, hugs Dr. Hall.

DR. HALL  
Being a family man would be an  
advantage. Especially for senate.

TOM  
Family?

Switching to his charm, Tom smiles, puts the popcorn into  
his hand with the Goodie bag and shakes Mrs. Hall's hand.

TOM

If I could be as lucky as you, I'd even give up my job.

DR. HALL

Tom, charity gains the sympathy of Capitol Hill which is also essential for all important grants. Your father excels in this area.

MRS. HALL

Dr. Adams, your father must be so proud.

Tom gives a forced smile.

TOM

Yeah... too bad he had an important charity function to attend.

DR. HALL

Let me know if you plan to get married soon. With your reputation, I'm sure you have many willing partners.

TOM

(baffled)

Wife?

Dr. Hall raises one eyebrow.

DR. HALL

And of course, if you pick up on McKenzie's work.

TOM

Yes Sir, um, yes um... Sir.

The Halls smile politely and float away. Watching them, Tom reaches in the Goodie bag, pulls out an eye patch.

TOM

Wife?

Not realizing what it is, he starts to eat the patch. He spits it out, bumping into a person passing by. He loses his balance and trips, tossing the popcorn bag in the air.

It flies, lands on Mrs. Hall's head, scatters over others' hair, shoulders, pockets and the floor.

The Halls maintain perfect composure, look back to see Tom sprawled on the ground. Many rush over to help him.

MRS. HALL  
 Are you sure a wife and medical  
 training are all he needs?

INT. DOCTORS' CLINIC, RECEPTION - DAY

Tom storms in, drops the bag near Sue.

SUE  
 Oooo, convention swag!

TOM  
 Nothing in here for McKenzie's Lab.  
 Search the web for them. To hell  
 with an Aussie stealing my job!

Tom strides into his office. Sue delves in the Goodie bag, grabs the eye patch, slips it on and giggles. She pulls out popcorn, gives a quizzical expression, pops it in her mouth.

INT. TOM'S EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

Tom collapses in his office chair, pulls out his mobile phone, clicks to contacts, lighting up a list of his many girlfriends. One by one he checks his list, smiles occasionally but shakes his head. Frowns at some.

Searches them all with a look of desperation. He stops on Rose, takes on a "maybe" look. Then shakes his head.

Reaching the end of his list he tosses his mobile aside, turns to his computer, types MATCHMAKING SERVICE in Google. Ten thousand hits. Tom scrunches his face. He madly taps the keyboard, registering his data and photo on five sites.

TOM  
 I want that job. That job is mine.  
 I want--

He stops, SCREAMS.

TOM  
 What the hell am I doing!

He puts his head down on his arms. Sue enters, peers inquisitively. Tom quickly shuts down his computer.

TOM  
 You wouldn't believe me.

SUE  
 Well, you do need glasses.



TOM  
Ophthalmologists with perfect  
vision don't need glasses.

SUE  
So how come you missed this  
important flyer?  
(she reads)  
"ESCO, Every Sight Charity  
Organization"--

TOM  
Saw it. Forget it, I'm not going to  
practice for peanuts.

SUE  
Oh well, ESCO's only lured Dr. P.  
McKenzie--

The flyer whizzes to the trash. Tom dives for it, reads.

TOM  
"to share the latest advancements  
in eye surgery at a Houston  
seminar, August 20." Book me in,  
and a vacation beforehand.

EXT. CLINIC, SMALL TEXAS TOWN - DAY

Bright smile to match sparkles on his black shirt, a little  
boy reaches out to sensitive TRICIA, 35, a slender  
Australian woman, blue jeans, T-shirt and white jacket.

Three barefoot girls in swirling skirts trot behind her.  
Other children join them as they pass low income housing.  
Tricia clasps the little boy's outstretched hands.

Note: All dialogue in *italics* is in Spanish, with English  
subtitles.

TRICIA  
*How's your leg, little one?*

Proud, he sticks out his bandaged leg and foot.

TRICIA  
*So, Dr. Mat already dressed it.*

INT. CLINIC, SMALL TEXAS TOWN - DAY

Weather beaten men huddle around DR. MAT GARCIA, 38, light-  
skinned good looks and pride of an upper class Hispanic, as  
he examines one man's leg cast. Tricia enters. Mat  
brightens.

MAT  
Nice shiny day.

Tricia looks aside.

A BOY, 5, sneaks in, thrusts a bloody finger between them.

TRICIA  
Oh dear, another emergency.

MAT  
He probably cut it so he could be  
near you.

Tricia sits, puts on glasses, cleans the boy's finger.

MAT  
We make a good team.

Tricia smiles as she grabs gauze and scissors.

MAT  
Not just professionally.

Stunned, Tricia drops the scissors.

TRICIA  
Mat, I do value our friendship.

MAT  
Friendship is a firm basis for--

Tricia welcomes the sound of CHATTERING women. An excited town woman leads in LYNN BAKER, 40, sporty, casual but powerful, baseball cap in hand.

LYNN  
Tricia, why didn't you bring your  
mobile? Paul's been giving me hell.

TRICIA  
Why does he have to share it?

Tricia finishes the boy's dressing, gives him a silly face.

TRICIA  
I only agreed to help those who  
need it, not to further his  
ambition... in any area. I hate  
being pressured.

She shoots a pointed look at Mat who lowers his eyes.

TRICIA  
Please don't play Paul's game.

LYNN

What game? Paul sounds charming.

TRICIA

In the chase. Once he gets what he wants, all he cares about are his mates, the Lab and cricket. I'm not interested in a rerun.

Tricia exits. The boy stays, eyes glued to Lynn's cap.

LYNN

Wonder if I'd like cricket.

Lynn's phone RINGS. She reads the name, smiles and answers.

LYNN

Paul, we were just discussing you.

INT. AUSTRALIAN RESEARCH CENTER HALLWAY - DAY

Ruggedly handsome and suntanned, DR. PAUL MCKENZIE, 37, Australian, presses his code next to doors under a sign, "MCKENZIE'S LAB - RESTRICTED AREA," while he talks on his phone.

PAUL

Positively I hope. What's the story with Tricia? Has she decided--

INTERCUT TELEPHONE CONVERSATION - LYNN AND PAUL

LYNN

She sure has.

INT. MCKENZIE'S LAB - DAY

The doors slide open. Paul enters. Dozens of staff work.

PAUL

Thanks for talking sense into her. She always made the seminars first class. Maybe this one will help her realize her mistake in leaving--

LYNN

You?

PAUL

We were a great team. I can't understand why she's become so reclusive when she--

A RESEARCHER waves from her microscope.

RESEARCHER  
Dr. McKenzie, it's finished.

PAUL  
I'll have to catch you later.  
Thanks Lynn, you're a darling.

Lynn turns off her phone, sighs.

LYNN  
How did I get to be the meat in  
this sandwich?

MAT  
That's your role as director of  
ESCO - soothing the egos of famous  
doctors you need for your work.

Lynn spots the boy eyeing her cap. She slaps it on him, peak  
backwards. He hugs her, bounds out.

LYNN  
That's four caps this month. Now if  
I give Paul a cap, will he hug--

MAT  
How's the seminar going?

Lynn snaps to attention.

LYNN  
The interest is overwhelming. And,  
of course, it can only happen with  
your gracious support. Even the  
award winning Dr. Adams, from  
Washington, has registered.

Mat appears impressed.

LYNN  
Surgical skills aside, he's famous  
for his playboy reputation.

Lynn's expression teases, but Mat haughtily shakes his head.

MAT  
An arrogant American playboy is the  
last thing Tricia wants.

INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - DAY

Trendy bachelor's pad. In one corner, a Venus statue faces a  
statue of Bacchus. Tom sits at his computer, opens his email  
program, clicks RECEIVE. Four thousand emails download.

TOM

Holy shit.

He opens one of the web Matchmaking sites, types in his password. Three thousand replies. Tom stares blankly.

INT. GYM - DAY

Muscles rippling, Tom lifts weights. Joe skips rope.

JOE

Nine thousand, three hundred and--

Joe bursts laughing, trips on his rope.

TOM

This isn't funny.

JOE

Most men would love to be in--

TOM

They can have my shoes, I'll keep my freedom.

Joe mimes speaking into a microphone, using his jump rope.

JOE

But what about: "Senator Tom Adams announces his presidential bid"?

TOM

Can't Senators be single?

JOE

"Polls indicate that most voters think Senator Adams is gay." What's wrong with Mia, Terry, Zoe and all the girls at Delta Phi Epsilon?

TOM

Joe! Screw this marriage stuff. I'll just go to the seminar, learn the techniques and if Hall isn't satisfied, well, screw him, too.

JOE

I think you're screwed. Who's this McKenzie anyhow?

TOM

Only the world's best eye surgeon. And to learn from Dr. McKenzie, I'm willing to go to the moon.

EXT. SIDEWALK RESTAURANT, AUSTIN, TEXAS - DAY

Moonlight. Tricia and Lynn eat dinner though Tricia only picks at her food as Lynn devours hers.

LYNN

You know Mat adores you. You could do a lot worse--

Tricia cuts her off with a look. Lynn shrugs.

LYNN

I'd be as horny as hell if I didn't have sex for two years. Even Paul is concerned about--

Tricia screws up her nose in distaste.

TRICIA

His fame. Lynn, please. I enjoy working with Mat, but...

Tricia glances away, spots an elderly couple holding hands. The husband leans over, whispers in her ear. The wife giggles.

Tricia looks longingly at them as Lynn takes it in.

LYNN

Only trying to help. How's this?

Lynn whips out a Medical journal with Tom's smiling face on the front. Tricia slightly smiles.

TRICIA

Yes, very cute. America's most notorious playboy doctor, who even dates movie stars.

LYNN

He's coming to the seminar.

TRICIA

So what would he want with me other than add another score? Shallow men like him turn my stomach.

LYNN

Mine, too, but um-umm! You never know, you two might hit it off.

TRICIA

No way!

EXT. FIVE STAR BEACH RESORT, TEXAS - DAY

Sunlight glistens on water dripping down the bronzed back of a curvy, buxom woman gazing out to sea.

Sunglasses and swimsuits, Tom and Joe collapse in beach chairs. Tom reclines fully. Joe pulls out a vial, rubs balm on his temples.

JOE

Ow, headache city. Travel makes me sag.

TOM

Ah, sleep now, awaken when the nightlife's in full swing.

The buxom woman sways to her sarong. She rubs sunscreen over her chest and stomach as Joe lowers. He notices her, quickly raises up.

JOE

Not so droopy now.

TOM

Amazing what a short nap will do.

Tom springs up, his tiredness evaporated, his torso erect, a man sure of himself as he saunters to the water. The woman glances at Tom who smiles. She sashays toward him. Tom struts toward her. Arms wide, she increases her pace.

Tom pauses, expectant. She passes him by, into arms of a taller, muscle-bound man. Tom gulps, returns as Joe guffaws. Tom flops down and scans more sexy torsos of several women.

JOE

So are you changing your mind to satisfy your ambition?

TOM

I want the job, but not a wife. Besides it's impossible to find one in a week. Hall's nuts, like my dad. Pressure, pressure, pressure.

JOE

You could become an ESCO volunteer.

TOM

Very funny.

EXT. SMALL BUNGALOW - DAY

Old. Family owned setup. Half a dozen bungalows and a small restaurant. Five hundred yards along the beach from the Five Star Resort.

Thatched with sea view. A dog, JONI, holds a bandaged leg up high, its tail wags madly. A saronged Tricia pets Joni.

TRICIA

You'll run again in no time, Joni.

Tricia bounds down the steps with Joni laboring after her. Two happy pre-teen Hispanic girls, Sofia and Isabella, T-shirts and shorts, dash out of the restaurant.

SOFIA

Tricia, Tricia! Come!

They race up the beach laughing.

Tricia runs after them as Joni curls up.

EXT. FIVE STAR BEACH RESORT - DAY

Tom gulps the last dregs of a fruit juice cocktail, spots Tricia and the girls jogging. Sofia stops close to Tom.

SOFIA

Tricia, vamos a nadar.

The girls splash into the water. Tricia flings off her sarong, exposing a tiny bikini, plunges in, twirls Sofia around.

Tom moseys to the water's edge.

Tricia glances at him - for a long time. Her eyes squint.

Tom notices her looking at him. He smiles.

She turns away.

TRICIA

Speak English, not Spanish.

ISABELLA

What is your name?

SOFIA

Name Sofia.

TRICIA

My name is Sofia.



ISABELLA  
Your name is Tricia, not Sofia.

TRICIA  
Very good.

ISABELLA  
We better go home now.

They prance out, race off. Tricia swims out to large waves, body surfs in. Joe strolls up to Tom.

JOE  
Not so curvy.

TOM  
She knows how to ride waves.

JOE  
Yeah, good rhythm.

TOM  
All right, I'm for rhythm.

Tom leaps out, swims close to Tricia as a wave swells up. Thrashing madly, he gets dumped. Tricia gracefully glides to shore, watches him as he goes under again. She swims out.

TOM  
Got any hints?

TRICIA  
Keep your eyes on the wave and not on me. That's if you really want to ride the waves.

She laughs, rides another whopper. Oblivious to a towering wave behind him, Tom disappears in white foam. Concerned, Tricia swims out to help. Tom surfaces, sputters, gasps big breaths. Seeing her anxious face, he smiles.

TOM  
Good advice. Should I go under again so you can save me?

TRICIA  
Go ahead, if you need such attention.

Tricia points at a looming wave. Tom spins around, dives under it. Tricia rides it in, grabs her sarong, jogs away.

Tom swims in, exhausted. Joe grins.

JOE  
 She's a bit unusual, eh?

Tom stares down the beach at Tricia jogging away.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Tricia strolls, speaks on her cell-phone. Joni trails.

TRICIA  
 Yes, the one and only Tom Adams.

LYNN (V.O.)  
 Great! So why run away from him?

TRICIA  
 He's too conceited. He even seemed surprised I didn't throw myself at him.

LYNN (V.O.)  
 As bad as Paul?

TRICIA  
 Wouldn't know and don't want to know.

LYNN (V.O.)  
 Well, bring him here for me. Is he really as handsome as his photos?

Momentarily stunned, Tricia stops, stares out to sea.

LYNN (V.O.)  
 You turned him on and you're not even his usual type. Why not ride the wave of change!

TRICIA  
 Always the hopeless optimist. I want a man who shares my world not just my bed.

LYNN (V.O.)  
 Oh-oh, where's Tricia, the hopeful idealist, who always preaches about the human potential to grow and change?

TRICIA  
 I'm also a realist.

Lynn scoffs.

LYNN (V.O.)

Why be so afraid? Have some fun for  
a change.

Tricia flops down on the sand, fidgets with her toes. Joni  
licks Tricia on the face. She hugs Joni.

LYNN (V.O.)

Tricia? Tricia, you there?

EXT. BEACH - DAWN

The rising sun reflects in lapping waves. An unshaven,  
swimsuit clad Tom jogs barefoot.

Ahead, Tricia, see-through blouse matching her bikini top,  
long skirt, does some Yoga with Sofia, Isabella and their  
mother, Camila, 35. They all salute the sun and walk away.

Mesmerized, Tom watches them disappear into the restaurant.

He heads into the water.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Tricia ambles to the water, unaware of Tom swimming into the  
beach. As Tom rises from the water, Tricia sees him and  
freezes. Tom hops up, beams his most charming smile.

TOM

Glorious sunrise today. Tricia,  
right? I overheard the little girl.

Tricia glances away.

TOM

I'm Tom Adams, from--

Tricia shakes her head, walks along the beach.

Tom catches up.

Tricia looks at the sand, her face peaceful and her steps  
graceful.

TOM

Have you had breakfast yet?

TRICIA

No. Please don't talk now. I'm  
meditating.

TOM

Oh, what are you meditating on?

TRICIA  
My footsteps. Feeling the sand  
beneath my feet.

TOM  
Doesn't sound very exciting when we  
have this magnificent view and each  
other to enjoy.

Tricia keeps walking.

TOM  
Watching your footsteps?

TRICIA  
Yes, it's very calming. You should  
try it.

Tom drops behind, places each foot next to her footprints.  
His eyes wander to her narrow waist and hips.

TOM  
Much prefer to watch you.

Her hips sway as she takes a wider step.

Tom smiles, trips on protruding coral. He YELPS, hops,  
holding a bloody toe.

TRICIA  
More exciting than a cut foot I  
imagine. Can I help dress--

TOM  
At your bungalow or my resort?

Tricia half smiles.

TRICIA  
You're wasting your time.

Tom crouches, inspects his toe, becomes solemn.

TOM  
Thanks, it does need dressing. Got  
anything at your bungalow?

EXT. TRICIA'S BUNGALOW VERANDAH - DAY

Wearing glasses, Tricia bandages Tom's toe. The rickety cane  
chair's woven seat strains under Tom's weight.

TRICIA  
Nothing serious.

TOM

I'm not sure yet.

Joni sniffs Tom's hand. He brushes her away. Tricia drops his foot, takes off her glasses, packs up her first aid kit.

TOM

Thanks. You did that very well. Got a professional first aid kit, too. You must be a nurse.

TRICIA

Traveling teaches you to be prepared. You're obviously not.

TOM

Good thing. Then I wouldn't be here with you. Nurse Tricia, who rescues humans and stray dogs, will you please join me for breakfast?

Tricia appears surprised.

TOM

It's the least I can do for your expert dressing skills.

He scans her blouse. She nervously fingers a button.

TOM

My resort has an excellent buffet.

TRICIA

International resorts put family bungalows out of business.

TOM

Then how about here?

She looks him up and down. Her eyes linger on his torso, which does not escape Tom's attention.

TRICIA

Okay, I'll ask Diego to lend you a shirt. Though your shoulders and... chest... are much broader than his.

TOM

Shirt or no shirt's the same to me. We're at the beach.

TRICIA

Yes... but--

A cell phone MELODY. Tricia happily retreats inside.

INT. TRICIA'S BUNGALOW - DAY

Tricia shuts the door.

TRICIA  
Mat, I asked you not--

INT. ORPHANAGE, AUSTIN, TEXAS - DAY

Mat stands surrounded by four young girls playing.

MAT  
The girls and I miss you. You  
needn't have raced away. I wasn't  
pressuring you. I'm patient.

INTERCUT TELEPHONE CONVERSATION - TRICIA AND MAT

TRICIA  
Then let's drop it, okay? I need a  
holiday and to see friends here.

MAT  
Paul called about the seminar.

Tricia frowns.

TRICIA  
I'm sure you and Lynn can take care  
of Paul.

MAT  
When are you coming back?

TRICIA  
A few days.

A CRASH.

TOM (O.S.)  
Holy shit!

Phone in hand, Tricia races out.

EXT. TRICIA'S BUNGALOW - DAY

Tom's on the floor, scrunched up in the tipped over chair.  
His bum's stuck deep in the broken seat.

TRICIA  
Tom! Are you okay?

MAT  
Who the hell is Tom?

Tricia lays her phone down on the table. He gives her a sheepish grin as she hurriedly looks over the chair to figure out an escape. Tom acts helpless.

TOM  
Ah... maybe you could give my  
backside a shove.

Tricia turns crimson as Tom winks.

TOM  
It's okay, I'm not shy, dear nurse.

Mat's eyes go wide.

MAT  
Tricia?

Tricia flexes her hands, places them gently on his backside.

TOM (V.O.)  
I'm solid. I won't break.

TRICIA (V.O.)  
Indeed you are.

TOM (V.O.)  
Push harder.

Mat grimaces.

TRICIA (V.O.)  
I'm pushing as hard as I can.

MAT  
Tricia!

Tricia pushes. Tom slides out - sprawls. They both laugh. As Tom hops up, Tricia returns to her phone.

TRICIA  
Hi Mat, sorry. I had to help--

MAT  
Who's Tom!

Tricia bounds down the steps but remains audible to Tom.

TRICIA  
Just someone who hurt his toe on  
the beach. He wasn't looking where  
he was going. And he didn't have  
any bandages.

She glances back at Tom.

TRICIA  
Not even a shirt and I... well...  
what else could I do but try to  
dress him... I mean, the toe.

MAT  
I'm coming down.

TRICIA  
No, don't do that. I'll call back  
later, okay?

MAT  
Are you sure you're all right?

TRICIA  
I'm fine Mat, really. Thanks for  
calling.

Tricia turns. Tom smiles his charmer.

INT. RUSTIC RESTAURANT - DAY

In a too tight shirt, open, except for two buttons near his  
ribs, Tom wipes the cutlery clean with a paper napkin.

TOM  
Are you sure the food's okay? I  
don't want to spend my vacation on  
the toilet.

TRICIA  
Do I look ill?

Tom slides his chair near her.

TOM  
Can I examine you more closely?

Tricia shifts her chair further away.

TOM  
No, that's far. But, even from  
here, your eyes look bright, clear,  
and beautiful. Food must be good.

Tom reaches for cut chilies in sauce. Tricia grabs his arm.

TRICIA  
I wouldn't. Dishes here are already  
fiery.

TOM  
I like it hot.



TRICIA  
It will set you on fire.

TOM  
I'm willing to experiment.

Tom scoops chilies onto his food, eats a huge spoonful. He reddens, his eyes water, sweat pours out. He gulps water. Amused, Tricia offers him a plate of cut cucumbers.

TRICIA  
This will help cool you down.

Tom wolfs them as the fire in his mouth explodes. CAMILA, 45, Isabella and Sofia's mother hurries over with a standing fan as DIEGO, 50, father, pulls up a chair.

DIEGO  
*Your boyfriend?*

TRICIA  
*You have to be joking.*

Diego laughs, inspects Tom, as Tom gazes at Tricia.

DIEGO  
*Not yet.*

Tricia's taken aback.

TOM  
What did he say?

TRICIA  
You'll have to learn Spanish if you really want to enjoy Texas.

TOM  
Not practical for a short vacation.  
How long have you been in the States?

TRICIA  
Almost two years.

TOM  
Do you live here?

TRICIA  
In a restaurant?

Camila brings cut fruit as Sofia and Isabella hover around.

TRICIA  
 Diego, Camila, Sofia and  
 Isabella... Tom. They're my  
 friends. *Too much food, please join  
 us.*

They smile and grab plates, cutlery, pull up chairs and eat.

DIEGO  
*What does he do?*

TRICIA  
 Diego wants to know your work.

Proud, Tom straightens. One of his buttons pops off, flies  
 down Tricia's cleavage.

TOM  
 Oops, sorry.

The family guffaws as Tricia jumps up, yanks at her shirt.  
 She turns away, bends over - mindful of hiding her breasts,  
 but not the direction of her behind. Much to Tom's pleasure.

TOM  
 Anything I can do to help?

Tricia displays the naughty button just as Diego mimes  
 taking off the shirt and Tom undoes his remaining button.

TRICIA  
 No.

Tricia drops the button. She and Tom scramble around, both  
 reach for it. Their eyes meet. Self-conscious, Tricia  
 laughs. Tom gives her a mischievous grin.

She gingerly places the button in his shirt pocket and flops  
 into her chair, acts nonchalant, unconvincingly.

She turns the standing fan on full.

TOM  
 I'm a doctor.

ISABELLA  
*He's a doctor.*

Tricia looks away.

TOM  
 You're not interested?

TRICIA  
 I'm not ill.

DIEGO

*He'll make a good husband. When are you going to get married, have children?*

TRICIA

*I have freedom.*

CAMILA

*Don't you ever get lonely?*

Tricia colors, looks down. Tom notices it.

TRICIA

*You can be lonely in a relationship, too.*

TOM

*I really have to learn some Spanish.*

CAMILA

*He looks intelligent. Perhaps he could be tamed, like Diego.*

Isabella giggles. Diego frowns at Camila's teasing smile. Tricia evaluates Tom as she offers him a dessert.

TRICIA

*I know a charity organization that needs doctors. Why don't you--*

TOM

*No thanks. I like my luxuries.*

TRICIA

*Like resort buffets for breakfast.*

EXT. TRICIA'S BUNGALOW - DAY

Tricia and a relaxed, bare-chested Tom stroll back.

TOM

*Breakfast was erotic... I mean exotic. Thank you.*

Tricia appears embarrassed. Sofia and Isabella dance up behind.

ISABELLA

*Go for run and swim?*

Tom grabs their hands, hobbles away.

TOM

I'll start walking with them. It'll give you time to undress, uh, change your clothes and catch me.

TRICIA

Why would I want to run after you?

TOM

My resort has the best waves.

EXT. FIVE STAR BEACH RESORT - DAY

Tom adds sea shells to Sofia and Isabella's sand castle. The girls race to collect more. Tricia's sarong lies near the castle. Close by, Joe lifts his sunglasses to peer at Tom.

JOE

Careful, buddy, she sounds like a New Age chick.

Tom absorbs Tricia's rhythm as she rides waves. He grabs his cell phone, takes photos of her.

JOE

Meditates, avoids resorts, suggests you work for free. Next you'll have to give up steak and eat that rubbery stuff.

TOM

There was tofu and seafood. Don't remember what she ate, I was too preoccupied with buttons.

JOE

Mushrooms! Could've been hallucinogenic, man.

Tom grins. Joe groans, flings his arms up in frustration.

JOE

Yup, totally drugged out, brainwashed already.

Transfixed, Tom photos Tricia gracefully emerging from the water, this time in a demure one-piece swimsuit.

TOM

Joe, I'm going to marry her.

JOE

What! Are you nuts?

Tom ignores Joe, taps on his phone.

JOE  
What the hell are you doing?

Tom's phone displays a beautiful photo of Tricia. He clicks the send button.

TOM  
I just sent Hall a photo.

JOE  
My god, you're mad!

ALEX (O.S.)  
My goddess, where have you been!

ALEX, 30, longhair swinging, silver jewelry jangling, jogs up, sweeps Tricia into his arms. Tricia laughs. They whisper. Sofia and Isabella skip over. Alex hugs them.

JOE  
Woeee, buddy, you're more than nuts, she's already taken.

TOM  
There's no ring on her finger.

Tom gets up, cruises over to them.

TRICIA  
Alex, Tom. Tom hurt his toe--

ALEX  
Smooth move, Dude. The celestial goddess shows mercy to stray dogs.

Tom tenses up. The girls drag Alex to their sand castle.

TRICIA  
Tom, I'm sorry. I told Alex, I'd meet him an hour ago. I forgot--

TOM  
Time disappeared for me, too.

He gives her a sexy smile. Flustered, she looks away.

TRICIA  
I hope your toe heals.

TOM  
It feels better already. I'd love to experience a Mexican dinner.

TRICIA  
I don't eat dinner.

TOM

Huh? Right, big breakfast - healthy way to eat. How about a drink and dancing?

TRICIA

No, thanks. I don't--

TOM

Drink - of course. I'm really striking out here. Can we meet for breakfast tomorrow?

TRICIA

Maybe. I'm not sure what tomorrow will bring. Bye.

TOM

See you.

Tricia jogs off with Alex and the girls. Joe walks up.

JOE

Do you realize what you did?

Tom's phone RINGS. An SMS, his eyes widen.

"TOM, WOW! SHE'S PERFECT! ANOTHER MELANIA IN THE MAKING. CAN'T WAIT TO MEET HER. HALL"

TOM

Uh-oh.

EXT. BEACH PARTY - NIGHT

CAROL, 30, blonde, and MARY, 30, redhead, shake their ample endowments in beat with deafening ROCK MUSIC. Observing from the edge of wild dancers, Joe points them out.

JOE

There they are. Carol's the blond, met her in the lounge. The redhead must be Mary, let's go for it.

Indifferent, Tom resists as Joe drags him in. The crowd engulfs them, among them, Alex gyrating with another woman. Seeing them, Tom's mouth agape.

ALEX

Hey, stray dog.

TOM

You're not Tricia's boyfriend?

ALEX  
Platonic is all any man'll get.

TOM  
She gay?

ALEX  
Goddesses don't need mere mortals.

Alex laughs, shakes his head, no. Tom turns to Joe.

TOM  
Got to go. Enjoy Carol.

Carol and Mary spot Tom and Joe. They smile seductively towards an eager Joe and an uninterested Tom.

JOE  
Man, are you blind? You're already undressed. Skip the hors d'oeuvres, Mary's hungry for the main course.

Joe winks at Carol.

JOE  
Tricia's just playing hard to get. Hot bod, Dr. Tom Adams, get any woman you want, when you want. Ego's shattered. Ain't love.

TOM  
Joe, Hall said Tricia's "perfect". If I marry her, the job's mine!

Joe gives him an exasperated look.

JOE  
Tom!

TOM  
Carol's eyeing the other guys.

Joe snaps his attention to Carol as Tom darts off.

EXT. RUSTIC RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Tricia and the family exit, walk toward the beach. Twenty yards ahead a young couple sit, meditating.

CAMILA  
Tom seemed very nice.

TRICIA  
Most men aren't interested in a deeper meaning of life.

CAMILA

Some are.

Tricia looks at the meditating couple as they pass. She nearly walks into a piece of coral. Camila grabs her, points at the coral.

TRICIA

Thank you.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

The full moon reflects in the lapping waves. Tom approaches Tricia and the family as they sit in meditation.

Tom sits close to Tricia. Diego nods, touches his family lightly. They rise and tiptoe away.

Tricia opens her eyes. A flash of uncertainty, vulnerability crosses her face. She hides behind a controlled expression.

TOM

It's very peaceful here. What do you meditate on?

TRICIA

Do you really want to know?

TOM

Interesting question. If I'd listened this morning I might not have a sore toe. But I might not be sitting here tonight either.

TRICIA

Karma. Some people have to suffer before they ask deeper questions.

TOM

Speaking from experience?

TRICIA

You're not a psychiatrist.

TOM

Ophthalmologist... eye surgeon.

Tricia smiles, begins to rise. Tom jumps up, offers her his hand. She ignores it. They walk.

TOM

I should've guessed you'd enjoy a moonlit walk on the beach.



TRICIA  
Uh-hum... and why did you become a  
doctor?

TOM  
Money's good.

TRICIA  
That's all?

TOM  
My grandfather and father were  
doctors and it was... expected. My  
father's a very determined man.

TRICIA  
So you take after your father?

TOM  
In determination, yes. I've never  
seen him enough to discover his  
other good qualities.

Tricia gives him a compassionate expression.

TOM  
He's always been too busy being the  
excellent doctor... helping others.

TRICIA  
Do you like being a doctor?

TOM  
It's a good living... but that's  
not what you meant, is it?

TRICIA  
I know doctors who feel a lot of  
satisfaction helping people who  
normally can't afford such help.

TOM  
Helping people is helping people,  
rich or poor, isn't it?

TRICIA  
But there's also the joy of giving  
without wanting in return.

Interest ignited, Tom draws closer, takes her hand.

TOM  
I'm willing to give without wanting  
in return.

A stunned Tricia looks up at his tender expression. Offended, she yanks her hand away.

TRICIA  
You really like yourself a lot!

She spins around, sprints towards her bungalow.

TRICIA  
I doubt any woman could penetrate through your conceit!

TOM  
I'm sorry, Tricia, really.

Tom hurries after her. Tricia slows down.

TOM  
I couldn't help myself. You're so beautiful.

TRICIA  
You really are wasting your time.

TOM  
Matter of opinion. Most fascinating time I've had in years.

They reach her bungalow. She stops.

TRICIA  
You're a smooth talker.

TOM  
And you?

Tom smiles his charmer.

TRICIA  
Good night, Tom.

TOM  
Good night, Tricia. Can I join you again for breakfast?

Tricia walks up to her verandah, pets Joni.

TRICIA  
Maybe.

She disappears inside. Tom strolls to the water. The moon reflects on the waves.

EXT. BEACH - DAWN

The rising sun's reflections. Tom jogs towards Tricia's bungalow.

He hurdles the steps, KNOCKS. Silence. He knocks louder. He swings around as Diego approaches, shaking his head. Isabella runs over with Joni at her heels. Tom grabs her hands.

TOM  
Where's Tricia?

DIEGO  
Gone to Austin.

ISABELLA  
*He's a doctor and so handsome. Why doesn't Tricia like him?*

TOM  
Shit, I was so stupid.

DIEGO  
*She escaped or is training him.*

ISABELLA  
*Like Mommy did to you?*

Diego cracks a smile. Frustrated, Tom watches. Isabella consults her Spanish/English dictionary.

ISABELLA  
Tricia lonely. She more like us.  
You change?

TOM  
Do you have her address?

Isabella pulls Tom to the RESTAURANT and hands him an envelope marked "Tricia" with an address.

TOM  
Thank you, Isabella.

Joni whines. Tom pets her and runs off.

EXT. FIVE STAR BEACH RESORT - DAY

Tom sprints toward Carol rubbing sunscreen sensuously on Joe's back. Mary reads the paper, which covers her face.

JOE  
Breakfast done already?

TOM

No!

Mary drops the paper, smiles seductively.

MARY

Oh, yes?

TOM

No!

Tom races to the bungalows.

JOE

Hey!

EXT. BEACH AIRPORT - DAY

Open-walled buildings, palm thatched roofs. Many people move to and fro, suitcases everywhere. A taxi speeds up. Tom dashes out towards the Check-in Hall, still in his swimsuit, bare-chested, bare feet. A SHORT GUARD, 40, blocks him.

SHORT GUARD

Sorry Sir, your clothes.

TOM

Emergency! I have to find Tricia.

Tom breaks past the Guard.

The Guard blows a WHISTLE.

SHORT GUARD

Stop!

INT. CHECK-IN HALL - DAY

Many travelers stand in queues. Tom hightails to a receptionist, interrupting her.

TOM

Emergency! The plane for Austin.  
Has it left yet?

An OLDER WOMAN RECEPTIONIST giggles, eyes Tom's body. A young CUTE RECEPTIONIST stands in the adjacent booth.

CUTE RECEPTIONIST

*Maybe I could take him home and  
dress him.*

TOM

Please! Has it left yet?



TOM

Shit.

Tom races out, spots the plane ready.

EXT. DEPARTURE HALL - DAY

Tom heads toward the field, collides with a worker painting a pole. They both sprawl on the ground.

INT. PLANE - DAY

Tricia sits in a window seat. JANEY, 30, plops next to her.

JANEY

Hey, I'm Janey.

TRICIA

Tricia.

JANEY

Here for a holiday?

TRICIA

Holiday but it got interrupted.

JANEY

Yeah? Sounds bad. Like some A-1 jerk tried to get you into bed.

TRICIA

You're very perceptive.

Janey points out the window.

JANEY

Him?

Tricia turns, her jaw drops, eyes go wide.

Tom stands on the side of the airstrip. High over his head, he holds a painted sign, TRICIA!!!! Guards surround him.

JANEY (O.S.)

If you don't want him, can I take him?

TRICIA

Please do.

EXT. SECOND PLANE - DAY

Tom and Joe walk up the plane's entrance staircase.

JOE  
 So big chase, she's on plane one  
 and we take plane two. Do they  
 collide in space?

INT. SECOND PLANE - DAY

Tom and Joe enter. A FLIGHT ATTENDANT greets them.

TOM  
 Hola como estas?

FLIGHT ATTENDANT  
 Oh, you speak Spanish.

Tom waves a Spanish phrase book.

TOM  
 POCO.

Tom fills a paper cup with water as they head for their seats. They sit, Tom studies the phrase book.

JOE  
 You need new glasses.

TOM  
 I don't wear any.

JOE  
 Uh-huh.

TOM  
 Joe, look, I don't know. She's...  
 she's--

Tom's phone RINGS. He balances the water and book in one hand as he pulls out his phone, checks the name, frowns.

TOM  
 What do I tell him?

JOE  
 Plead temporary insanity.

Tom answers.

TOM  
 Hel... hello?

DR. HALL (V.O.)  
 How's it going, Tom?

TOM  
Great, Sir.

DR. HALL (V.O.)  
I just came from your Dad's charity dinner. He was a bit put out to hear from me you're engaged. You really should've told your folks.

TOM  
Oh, uh, I... I guess he didn't get my email, Sir.

DR. HALL (V.O.)  
Well, he and your mom are thrilled and looking forward to being grandparents.

TOM  
Grandparents!

Tom jumps up, spills water in his lap, bangs his head on the overhead locker.

TOM  
Ow... that means--

DR. HALL (V.O.)  
Kids. Yes, the public loves a family man, Tom. Talk more later.

Tom turns off his phone, looks down at his wet pants.

TOM  
Kids?

INT. RESTAURANT, AUSTIN - DAY

Kids and adult customers eat breakfast dishes.

Lost in thought, Tricia plays with a jam filled donut. Her mood is not lost on Mat who sits across from her, eating a plain cinnamon donut.

MAT  
You seem very quiet and distracted. Is it the man you met... Tom?

TRICIA  
He's nothing... just an arrogant playboy.

Her glass BANGS down with a thud.



TRICIA  
His ego's even bigger than Paul's.

She smiles sweetly at Mat.

TRICIA  
I'm glad you're not like them.

MAT  
There's a committee luncheon at the hospital today. Would you like to come?

TRICIA  
That would be nice.

She looks up to a painting of a lotus pond, relaxes.

INT. SHERATON HOTEL LOBBY, AUSTIN - DAY

Tom and Joe pass a pot where two lotus buds emerge. The marble floor shines. Orchids reflect in mirrors. Joe checks in. Tom shows a Porter Tricia's envelope. The Porter grabs an Austin map.

INT. TAXI - DAY

Tom rides in a taxi as it weaves through narrow lanes. Teenage boys, kicking a soccer ball, race out of the way, wave. Tom beams, waves back.

They stop in front of an elegant but modest Guest House.

Tom points further up the road to the DRIVER, 50.

TOM  
About fifty yards, okay?

DRIVER  
Meter stays on.

TOM  
She's worth it.

EXT. TRICIA'S GUEST HOUSE - DAY

Tom hops out. He holds a box of a dozen jam filled donuts.

The Antique shop next door grabs his attention. The front window displays a medieval torture "stock" which locks the head and arms.

TOM  
I wonder if wives used them on their husbands.

RECEPTIONIST (O.S.)  
Only if they're naughty. Ha!

Surprised Tom turns to see a laughing, elderly woman, the guest house RECEPTIONIST holding a large bag of groceries. He laughs.

TOM  
I can tell you speak from  
experience. Please let me.

Tom takes her bag.

They approach the Guest House door.

INT. GUEST HOUSE LOBBY - DAY

A simple furnished, clean reception area. Tom and the Receptionist enter. She walks behind a counter. Tom hands over the groceries.

TOM  
I'm looking for Tricia.

RECEPTIONIST  
Gone for a bit, she'll be back  
soon. Have a seat?

TOM  
Thanks. I'll sit outside.

EXT. TRICIA'S GUEST HOUSE - DAY

Tom waits on the front steps, puts the donuts down. Calls Joe.

TOM  
Hey...  
(pause)  
yes, yes, okay, I'm mad.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Joe walks back and forth, rubbing balm on his forehead.

JOE  
Mad is mild!

INTERCUT TELEPHONE CONVERSATION - TOM AND JOE

JOE  
You do realize Dr. Hall wants you  
with a wife who fits the bill, not  
a new-age spacey.

TOM

Right, well, maybe she's not what you think.

JOE

Fine, but she wouldn't share her bungalow with you. What makes you think she'll share her guest house with you?

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY

Tricia exits with a small bag. Walks to the corner, turns. Shock.

She stops. Spots Tom on the steps, turning off his phone. She backs up, out of his sight. Her face hard and angry. She peeks around the building.

EXT. TRICIA'S GUEST HOUSE - DAY

Tom puts away his phone as a young COUPLE walk by, ten feet in front of their five-year-old daughter, ROSIE playing with a balloon.

Rosie races to keep up, drops her balloon which bounces into the road.

She runs after it, in line of oncoming traffic.

ROSIE

MOMMY! My balloon!

Her parents turn around, spot their daughter in the street.

MOTHER

No!

Tom leaps off the steps, grabs the girl just as a car speeds by.

ROSIE

MOMMY! DADDY!

Tom hands a crying Rosie to her parents.

MOTHER

Rosie, honey!

MOTHER AND FATHER

(to Tom)

Thank you. Thank you so much.

Mother holds Rosie as Father shakes hands with Tom.

FATHER  
How can we thank you?

TOM  
It's fine.

FATHER  
No, please.

Father pulls out his wallet.

Tom puts his hand on Father's hand.

TOM  
Let me.

Tom picks up the donuts, offers one to Rosie.

Rosie stops crying, takes a donut.

ROSIE  
Thank you, Mister.

TOM  
You be more careful now, okay?

She nods as she bites the donut.

Father pulls out a business card.

FATHER  
This is nothing compared to what  
you did, but if you ever need  
toilet cleaners, give me a call.

TOM  
Will do.

They walk away. Tom sits, checks the card.

TOM  
Toilet cleaners?

He smiles.

EXT. BEHIND THE BUILDING - DAY

Tricia melts. Her face beaming with appreciation of how Tom acted.

She sobers herself, walks slowly toward the building.

Thrilled, Tom springs up, without grabbing the donuts.

TOM  
Tricia, good morning!

Tricia stays reserved.

TRICIA  
Been here long?

TOM  
No.

TRICIA  
Anything exciting happen?

TOM  
Not until now and seeing you.

Tricia gives him a "side" look.

TRICIA  
What do I do if I meet someone  
who's very conceited at the wrong  
times and very humble at the right  
times?

Tom gives his charmer smile.

TOM  
Try to help him open his eyes?

TRICIA  
Tom, I admire your efforts...  
(pause)  
but you're wasting your time.

TOM  
You said that before.

Tricia turns her head away.

TOM  
Can you show me your city sites?

Tricia doesn't respond.

TOM  
The wonderful views... besides  
yourself.

Tricia frowns.

Tom softens.

TOM  
I'm sorry, Tricia... again. Should  
I put my foot in my mouth?

TRICIA  
You appear to enjoy the taste.

Tom grabs the donuts.

TOM  
Maybe a donut instead?

He opens the box, offers. Tricia half smiles.

TRICIA  
I'm sure there are many tours you  
can join.

TOM  
Yes, my hotel offered a dozen.

He picks up a donut.

TOM  
But who wants a dozen plain  
cinnamon donuts when you can have  
jam filled ones... right?

He offers her the donut.

She declines.

He breaks one up and offers her just a piece.

TOM  
Favorite, am I wrong?

Tricia smiles, takes the piece.

Tom eats, smiles back.

MAT (O.S.)  
Tricia!

Tricia nearly chokes on the donut.

Mat steps out of his Jaguar across the street.

Tricia looks over as Mat approaches. Tom glances quickly,  
then eyes back at Tricia.

MAT  
Ready to go?

Mat looks Tom over. Tom's eyes stay glued to Tricia as he eats the donut.

TRICIA  
No, uh...

Mat points at Tom.

MAT  
Friend?

TRICIA  
Oh, uh, Mat, please meet Tom.  
Tom's--

Tom reaches out to shake hands with Mat.

TOM  
Tom Adams, from Washington.

Mat gives Tom a wet fish handshake.

Tom looks at their hands, shrugs.

MAT  
Mat Garcia, Austin.

TOM  
Want a donut, they're delicious.

MAT  
(to Tricia)  
Is this the man you told me about?

TOM  
(to Tricia)  
Really, you were talking about me?

TRICIA  
(to Mat)  
Perhaps I exaggerated some.

TOM  
I was talking about you to my  
friend and boss.

MAT  
No exaggeration.

TOM  
Donut, Mat?

MAT  
Good grief.

Mat curtly shakes his head.

MAT  
So, Tricia--

TOM  
So, Tricia--

They both look at each other. Mat frowns. Tom laughs.

Tricia's phone rings. She answers.

TRICIA  
Yes?

Tricia walks up her stairs as she listens.

She turns to the men.

TRICIA  
Excuse me. I... I'll go get ready.

Tricia disappears into the guest house.

TOM  
Sure you don't want a donut?

MAT  
Jam filled donuts are not--

TOM  
Your favorite, eh?

Mat raises his nose.

TOM  
I'll take a guess, you like plain  
cinnamon, right?

Mat smiles curtly.

INT. TRICIA'S ROOM - DAY

Tricia holds the phone in one hand. Chooses a dress with the other hand.

TRICIA  
Lynn, I can't believe how modest he  
was.

LYNN (V.O.)  
Maybe he's not all what you saw at  
the beach?

Tricia half-smiles, glances out the window.



EXT. TRICIA'S GUEST HOUSE - DAY

Tom sits on the steps, eats a donut. Mat stands aloof.

TOM  
You Tricia's boyfriend?

MAT  
You met Tricia at the beach?

TOM  
Not her boyfriend, good.

MAT  
You're not her type.

Tom takes a bite.

TOM  
She likes jam filled.

Mat's face hardens.

Tom offers the donuts again.

Tricia appears, looking beautiful.

Tom bounces up, smiles wide.

TOM  
Tricia, you're--

MAT  
We will have to hurry for lunch.

Tom's eyes stay on Tricia.

TOM  
Beautiful.

Tricia blushes, looks straight at Tom, quickly drops her eyes.

Mat puts out his hand to Tricia.

MAT  
Ready?

TRICIA  
Tom, would you excuse us, please?

TOM  
Sure. I... uh, I'll just eat  
another donut...

He glances away.

TOM  
Over there.

Tom leaves them.

MAT  
Arrogant.

TRICIA  
He did apologize.

MAT  
So?

TRICIA  
Mat, please. Nothing happened  
between us at the beach. He also  
only knows me as Tricia--

MAT  
Fine with me if he never knows your  
name or anything about you.

TRICIA  
He'd like me to show him around  
Austin today.

MAT  
So you told him we have other  
plans.

TRICIA  
I didn't say one way or another.

MAT  
Well, I'll tell him. I'll make  
clear what you should've made  
clear.

Tricia's face hardens. Mat changes tactics.

MAT  
You're too kind to people.

TRICIA  
Too kind? I'm not sure I've been--

MAT  
You have to get tougher.

Mat gives a smug expression. Tricia smiles astutely.

TRICIA

Yes, indeed. It's hard to know when it's appropriate to show kindness or strength, and to whom.

Cockily sure of himself, Mat smiles.

TRICIA

But I have to make those decisions for myself. After all I am the owner of my own Karma, right?

Mat's smile disappears.

TRICIA

Thanks, Mat. I know you'll understand... if my decision means not going with you to the luncheon.

Mat raises his nose.

MAT

And what if I decide to tell Tom, you're the famous Dr. McKenzie?

Tricia smiles.

TRICIA

Please yourself. You do realize how much more he'd want me if he knows? Which is exactly the reason why I didn't tell him.

MAT

So are you coming to lunch with me, or going to get taken advantage of by him.

TRICIA

Sorry, Mat.

Mat stomps off to his car.

Munching on a donut, Tom wanders back to Tricia.

TOM

Poor guy, wouldn't even try a jam filled one.

Tom waves to the Driver.

Tricia looks up the road, sees the taxi approaching.

TRICIA

That confident?

TOM  
Not this time, just very hopeful.

Tom gives Tricia a melting smile.

TOM  
So, what's first on our tour?

TRICIA  
Ninety-nine.

EXT. MT. BONNELL STAIRWAY - DAY

Ninety-nine steps. One of Austin's favorite sites.

Worn out tourists descend. Tricia strides up, passes others. Tom takes on the challenge, follows.

Increasing her pace, Tricia zips past upward moving tourists just before downward tourists block Tom's path. Enjoying the game, Tom waits, zooms up, until he's one step behind her.

TOM  
Like being one step ahead of me?

TRICIA  
With your form, you probably leave everyone behind.

Tom cruises level with Tricia.

TOM  
With yours, it could be an even match.

TRICIA  
For the short term.

TOM  
Concerned about the long term?

Tricia shows signs of tiring, slows down.

TRICIA  
Probably take more energy than I have. You're a bit fast for me.

TOM  
Have to be, to keep up with you.

A few steps above, four oblivious Japanese tourists descend, engaged in conversation. Tom's eyes remain on Tricia.

TRICIA

Keep your eyes on each step or  
you'll fall.

Tom lurches, recovers. The Japanese scramble out of his way.

TOM

Thanks for the warning. Such a big  
fall could hurt.

They resume climbing.

TOM

You're so careful. Fallen before?

Uncomfortable, Tricia looks away. Tom sees the impact.

TRICIA

Preventing a fall is easier than  
recovering from one.

TOM

Safe, but lonely. You may miss the  
magical mystery of the journey.

Tricia stops. Tom smiles. He takes a couple of steps,  
glances back, beckons. She catches up to him.

MONTAGE - TRICIA GUIDES TOM

-- MT. BONNELL OVERLOOK - Tricia and Tom soak in the view.  
He slides his arm around her waist. She draws away.

-- MARKET - Tricia and Tom meander past bustling handicraft  
stalls. Tricia admires a gorgeous, woven belt studded with  
semi-precious stones.

Tom takes out his wallet. Tricia shakes her head. He looks  
back, whispers. She declines firmly.

-- GARDENS - Tom picks up two Frangipani flowers, smells  
them, places one in Tricia's hair. They stroll to a Fig  
tree, where a serene Buddha statue sits. Tom reaches for her  
hand. She pulls it away.

EXT. RIVER PARK - DAY

Tricia points to a map. Tom feigns interest, moves very  
close. Tricia edges away with Tom moving in unison. Tricia  
packs up the map.

TRICIA

Tom--

TOM

You're just so magnetic--

She cuts him off with a look. He makes a funny face. She laughs. Tom gives her space, they walk.

TOM

Nurse Tricia, where do you put your skills into action?

TRICIA

Why do you jump to conclusions and think I'm a nurse?

TOM

So let's get to know each other better. What do you do?

TRICIA

Charity work.

TOM

Like the organization, ESCO?

TRICIA

I know people who work for them.

A motorcycle with fruit passes by.

TRICIA

You must experience the fruit market. Come, it's real close.

She rushes into the crowd with Tom in pursuit.

INT. FRUIT MARKET - DAY

Tricia hands a cut Sapote to Tom. He bites into it. A seed dislodges and falls to the ground.

As they scramble to catch it, Tricia's hand slaps him in the jaw. Tom feigns being hurt.

TRICIA

I'm sorry, are you okay?

TOM

Can you kiss it to make it feel better?

TRICIA

Tom, really.

TOM  
Yes, really, always worked with my  
mom.

Tricia gives him a quick peck.

TOM  
I see you've never had kids.

TRICIA  
You're not a kid.

TOM  
And I'm glad you're not my mom.

The amused vendor hands Tom a bag of fruit. Tom protests as Tricia pays.

TRICIA  
Please, my gift.

Tom puts the fruit in his backpack. They stroll down a NARROW LANE, lined with stalls full of tourist trappings.

Tom slips his hand in hers. She glances down, allows it.

EXT. PARK ENTRANCE - DAY

Tom and Tricia stroll into the park.

TOM  
Okay, Tricia's short for Patricia,  
and your last name is...?

TRICIA  
When I visited Thailand, everyone  
drops last names, so you're Dr.  
Tom, not Dr. Adams. And I'm just  
Tricia.

Tom's expression shows she's not off the hook.

TOM  
I didn't know I'm Thai.

TRICIA  
The Thais believe we're all part of  
one big family. How old are you?

TOM  
Thirty-six, and you?

TRICIA

Younger, so I'm "nawng" or younger sister. And you're my older brother or "pee".

TOM

I'd be pee-pissed. Tricia, your secrets are safe with me, I'm not a CIA agent.

TRICIA

My blood group is AB. My star sign is Virgo.

TOM

Rare virgin... what do you do in your charity?

TRICIA

Help people.

TOM

Any other clues?

TRICIA

I don't like people judging me from the outside.

TOM

How do we find out if we have anything in common?

TRICIA

Aren't we all human? In being so, we're all very similar.

Tom stops, grasps both her hands.

TOM

Triciarella, who are you? I'd love to know your story, because I--

TRICIA

Who I was yesterday is different to who I am today and who I will be tomorrow. Let's just be here, now.

Tom draws closer.

TOM

I've forgotten who I used to be and where I was headed.

Tricia grins, shakes her head.



TRICIA  
 You really are determined... I'll  
 show you one place where I work.

EXT. ORPHANAGE SCHOOLYARD - DAY

Tricia and Tom enter. MIA, 10, and three other girls toss a ball to each other. Delighted, they embrace Tricia.

MIA  
 Teach English today?

TRICIA  
 Not today, Mia.

TOM  
 Of course, you're a teacher and I  
 bet you have a super approach.

Mia grabs Tricia's hand as they walk to the building.

INT. DANCE ROOM - DAY

Six young girls mimic dance movements of an Hispanic woman, LUCIA, 30, a graceful beauty. Seen through a window, Mia leads Tricia and Tom. Mia bursts in. Lucia tries to speak.

LUCIA  
 Doctor T--

Tricia indicates Tom, smiles a secretive smile.

TRICIA  
 Tom. From Washington.

LUCIA  
 Hello.  
 (to Tricia)  
 Your boyfriend?

TOM  
 Not yet. I'd like to be.

Mia giggles, embarrassing Tricia and surprising Lucia.

TOM  
 I understand a little.

Tom and Tricia sit as Lucia turns on Mexican MUSIC. She and the girls glide. Mia races to Tom, urges him to join in. Tom grins, pulls Tricia up.

Tom, his face alive with delight, and Tricia sway. Tricia enjoys his ungraceful but uninhibited efforts. Bending his

knees, he trips. Tricia grabs him but falls down with him into his arms. He laughs. They catch eyes.

A long moment. Tricia shivers, giving away her arousal. She jumps up, struggles to refocus. Eyes twinkling, Tom rises.

TOM

That was an interesting move. Can we practice that again?

Embarrassed, Tricia looks away. The door opens. A WOMAN brings in an eleven-year-old girl, ZOE, sits her down and she sways to the music.

Tom notices her, walks over, checks her for a reaction. None. He peers into her opaque glazed eyes.

TOM

What happened to her?

Tricia speaks to the woman in Spanish, as the music ends.

TRICIA

Her name is Zoe. She's new today. She was blinded during a tornado. Apart from her grandmother, her family perished.

Mia crouches down with Tom.

TRICIA

Her grandmother just died, so relief organizations sent her here.

Clearly impacted, Tom looks at Zoe compassionately.

TRICIA

What do you think?

TOM

I'd have to examine her properly but I believe she could be helped.

TRICIA

An operation?

TOM

Yes, cornea transplants. But I'm not sure I could operate here.

TRICIA

Wait, let me call my friend.

Tricia dashes out. Tom examines Zoe's eyes.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Tricia listens on her cell phone.

INT. CHARITY ORGANIZATION OFFICE - DAY

Lynn cradles the phone on her shoulder as she sorts papers.

LYNN

What's he going to think when he  
finds out who you are?

INTERCUT TELEPHONE CONVERSATION - TRICIA AND LYNN

Tricia plays with her hair, fidgets.

TRICIA

I'll let him know after the  
operation. Lynn, please let me tell  
him, okay?

LYNN

So you're finally allowing someone  
to get close--

TRICIA

I wouldn't go that far. He's fun,  
but... not my type.

LYNN

(skeptical)  
I really believe you.

Tricia turns. Through the window she sees Tom, holding Zoe's hands, surrounded by everyone. He looks her way, smiles.

TRICIA

I mean... look, I better get back.

LYNN

Paul wants your new phone number.

TRICIA

To hell with Paul. Got to run, bye.

Tricia hangs up, hurries to the door.

Lynn gazes at Paul's photo on the Medical journal, presses her phone.

LYNN

G'day Mate. No luck, Paul. You're  
stuck with me.

INT. DANCE ROOM - DAY

Tricia enters, she kneels next to Tom and Zoe.

TRICIA  
*Zoe, this man is Dr. Tom, from  
 Washington, DC. He wants to fix  
 your eyes.*

Zoe lunges at Tom, gives him a giant hug.

ZOE  
 I love you.

Tom's eyes widen.

INT. TAXI - DAY

Tricia and Tom slide in. The taxi drives off.

TRICIA  
 I'll check with ESCO before saying  
 it's impossible.

TOM  
 But, Tricia, I'm out-of-state.

TRICIA  
 And what if you were out-of-  
 country?

TOM  
 Huh?

TRICIA  
 Why is Dr. McKenzie, an Australian  
 giving a seminar here?

TOM  
 You got me. I don't know yet.

Tom edges closer, his charmer personality ignited.

TOM  
 But I'm sure glad it is here... and  
 I met you.

Tricia smiles sweetly.

TOM  
 As for the seminar, it's probably a  
 waste of time. I'm already an  
 award-winning surgeon.

Trying to impress, Tom puts it on.

TOM

But Dr. Hall, the director of the most forward thinking medical team in America, requires I spy on the Australians, before confirming my position as his head surgeon.

Intended impact received, and Tricia shows it.

TRICIA

That must mean a lot to you.

TOM

We'll make medical history and my career will soar. He even has plans to help me run for the Senate. He and his wife would love you. How'd you like to join our team?

Tricia treats it as a joke it was not meant to be.

TRICIA

Hmmm.

They arrive at the hospital.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

They get out, stroll to the entrance.

TRICIA

Are you open to learning from this Australian doctor?

TOM

Sure, but I doubt I'll learn anything new.

TRICIA

So you think you could match this doctor's skills?

TOM

Definitely.

TRICIA

I'd love to see you in action...

Tom's taken aback. Tricia smiles coyly.

TRICIA

...so I'll assist if you donate your time. ESCO will sponsor the operation.

INT. HOSPITAL OPERATING THEATER - DAY

Tricia, Tom and a subdued Mat stand in a gleaming high tech Operating Theater. A wide-eyed Tom touches instruments.

TOM

Wow, nice.

MAT

(coolly)

Most up-to-date surgery equipment in Texas. ESCO's backing has enabled us to realize it.

TOM

But will the hospital allow out-of-state doctors?

TRICIA

It's fine with ESCO sponsorship.

TOM

Then I'll donate my time. And the rest of the surgical team?

MAT

Nurses rotate for charity surgery but the anesthesiologist won't be available until next month.

TOM

Back in Washington by then.

Tom sees disappointment flash across Tricia's face.

TOM

Is the surgery open tomorrow?

MAT

You need an anesthesiologist.

TOM

I can solve that.

MAT

Bit short notice. It'd be impossible to get corneas in time.

TRICIA

Mat, you have friends at the Donor Bank. Please check them for me... and ESCO. We've helped this hospital greatly.

Mat raises one eyebrow and his nose.

MAT

I'll do everything within my power  
to ensure Tom's return home will  
not be delayed.

TOM

Tomorrow afternoon, just in case  
Tricia's positive thinking fruits?

Mat withdraws behind politeness, does a curt nod.

MAT

Muy bien.

TRICIA

(to Tom)

He feels joy with your good action.

Mat's strained smile hardly portrays joy. They exit.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

A knockout nurse, SUNEE, 25, approaches.

SUNEE

Good morning, Doctor T--

TRICIA

Tom, from Washington.

Tricia points to Tom. Startled, Sunee smiles to Tom, who  
returns the greeting. Sunee stares at them as they walk on.

Mat frowns.

TOM

Can we bring Zoe here for tests?

TRICIA

ESCO's arranged for me to take Zoe  
to an ophthalmologist's clinic.

TOM

I suppose I could free up some time  
to come with you if you want,  
although the doctor may not like me  
just barging in.

MAT

Since when do you care about  
barging in unwelcome? Tricia  
doesn't need you--

TRICIA

Mat, please--

MAT

On second thought, why don't you take Tom. He's sure to be impressed with the surgeon's skills.

A confused Tom watches Mat nod stiffly and strut away.

TRICIA

Tom, why don't I send the tests to your hotel?

TOM

Sounds good... I do have other things I need to do.

INT. PEDICAB - DAY

Tom relaxes, happy to have Tricia's full attention.

TRICIA

Where are we going to find an anesthesiologist so quickly?

TOM

Perhaps... at the Sheraton? Will you join me for dinner?

TRICIA

Joe?

TOM

Yes, but he's afraid you're turning me into a spacey New Ager. If you'd grace us with your presence--

TRICIA

He likes his luxuries.

TOM

We all have potential to change and... you have such sweet powers of persuasion.

TRICIA

I'll see what my powers can do.

TOM

Great, I'll pick you up at seven.

TRICIA

No, I'll meet you in the lobby. I have much to do.

The Pedicab stops at the Orphanage. Tricia gets out and hurries inside.



INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Tom's DAD, 60, snores in his lounge chair. Tom's MOM, 58, bustles into the room, shakes Tom's Dad awake.

MOM  
Wake up, Dear, it's time to call.

DAD  
Thomas should've called us days ago!

EXT. HOTEL - DAY

Tom exits the Pedicab. His phone RINGS. He checks the name, MOM & DAD. He takes a deep breath, answers.

TOM  
Hello.

INTERCUT TELEPHONE CONVERSATION - TOM AND HIS PARENTS

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Mom busies herself next to the speaker phone while Dad frowns.

MOM  
Hi Honey--

DAD  
What's going on there!

Tom cringes.

MOM  
Dear, now don't--

DAD  
Well, he should've--

MOM  
Dear.

DAD  
He had enough time to send Hall a message and a photo! Thomas--

MOM  
Dear, please. Tom, honey--

DAD  
Thomas, what's going on!

TOM  
Mom, Dad, I'm sorry I didn't let  
you in on Tricia.

MOM  
What a beautiful name. What's she  
do? Where's she from?

A pause. Tom's eyes bug out, his free hand slides all over  
his face and hair.

DAD  
Speak up - I stopped a nap for you.

MOM  
Tom, I'm so happy. Send us a photo,  
honey.

Dad rolls his eyes in exasperation.

DAD  
Let him speak.

TOM  
I've been flat out working on an  
important project. I'll send a  
photo, but I have an appointment  
tonight so must run. I'll tell you  
more later.

MOM  
Yes, Honey.

DAD  
Later? What about right now!

TOM  
Right, Dad, sorry. Tricia's a  
teacher from Australia. Bye.

MOM  
I'm so happy. Just can't wait to  
have a granddaughter.

DAD  
Grandson.

Tom turns off his phone.

TOM  
Whew.

He heads to the hotel.

TOM

The job. Enchanting Triciarella. I can do this. I can do this...

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

A WHISTLING, bare-chested, smiling Tom exits the bathroom.

Joe surfs on his laptop. He Googles "Dr. McKenzie". Thousands of sites appear. Joe clicks on one. It takes a long time to open.

TOM

Well, closer to fulfilling one requirement for Hall.

Impatient, Joe grabs a mandarin, bounces it in one hand.

JOE

After one day-time date? You haven't even kissed.

TOM

She kissed me.

JOE

You're getting used, buddy.

TOM

I booked the O.R. for tomorrow.

Joe sinks his fingernail into the mandarin, juice spurts onto his face. Tom laughs, chucks a tissue box to Joe.

JOE

You crazy? I didn't come here to work. Especially for nothing.

Joe mops his face, bends over and carefully peels the mandarin, pops a segment into his mouth.

TOM

The poor girl lost her family in a tornado.

JOE

Probably a thousand more like her. Can't help them all.

Tom takes out a shirt from the closet, slides it on.

TOM

Sure, but helping one little girl is better than helping none.

Tom flings an apple to Joe who bounces it up and down.

JOE

Okay, now this isn't about a little girl, is it? How far will you go to please Tricia? Helping one girl doesn't guarantee she's gonna fall for you.

Joe tosses the apple back to Tom.

JOE

Great holiday fun.

TOM

Right, couldn't have planned it.

Tom zips the apple smack into Joe's chest.

JOE

Wake up, man! Are you blind? This girl's just the beginning. You're a doctor, period.

Joe picks up the apple.

JOE

How many little girls do you think you're going to have to help?

Joe throws Tom into doubt.

TOM

Believe it or not, I genuinely want to help Zoe.

JOE

Since when are you the great altruistic doctor?

TOM

Joe, it was weird. Have you ever had an eleven-year-old, blind orphan hug you and say, "I love you"?

More subdued, Joe shakes his head.

TOM

Well, it hit, right here.

Tom touches his heart.

JOE

Yeah, right.

Uncomfortable, Joe turns his attention back to his computer screen. He squints.

It shows a very unflattering, badly-lit photo of a younger Tricia wearing big thick-rimmed glasses, hair tied back severely, in an unbecoming hospital gown. The caption reads, "DR. P. MCKENZIE".

JOE

Well I'll be damned. McKenzie's a woman!

Tom glances quickly at the screen.

TOM

She reminds me of my third grade teacher, Mrs. Harpington. Boy was she a dull, uptight lady.

He turns back to the mirror, combs his hair, grooms himself.

TOM

Thank god Tricia's not like her. The seminar's going to be dull, dull, dull.

Joe closes his laptop.

JOE

Why the spit and polish?

TOM

Tricia's coming here for dinner.

JOE

Amazing how people change when they want something.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

Tom taps his fingers nervously as he sits with eyes glued to the entrance. He checks his watch, clutches a small bag.

An elegant Tricia, in a flowing dress, hair cascading over her exposed shoulders, gracefully glides in.

Men and women's heads turn as she passes by. Tom rises slowly, his eyes riveted on her. He reaches in his bag.

TOM

You look stunning.

TRICIA

Thank you.

TOM

Your dress needs a belt.

Tom secures the handcrafted, woven belt, from the market, around her waist before she has a chance to object.

TOM

Perfect fit. Must have been made for you.

Tom's loving look defies protest. Tricia looks down.

TOM

Joe's waiting in the restaurant.

Tom slips his arm around her waist as they walk. He bumps into a chair.

TRICIA

Last time you watched me more than where you were going--

TOM

Gave me the chance to be with you tonight.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Embroidered wall hangings glitter, and flowers grace every table. Mexican MUSIC. Tricia, Tom and Joe eat at a table.

Hispanic dancers in colorful costumes enter and sway gracefully. The lead dancer smiles at them.

TOM

Lucia!

TRICIA

Yes, she's the best in Texas.

TOM

Lucia gave us lessons at the orphanage, where Tricia volunteers. We met the little girl, Zoe, there.

TRICIA

Joe, you have the wonderful opportunity to bring light into a small girl's life.

JOE

Anesthesiologists need holidays. One mistake can be fatal.

Tom could hit smug Joe. Unfazed, Tricia takes out an intricately painted, lacquered box and hands it to Joe.

TRICIA

Zoe made this, before the Tornado.  
Her family were artisans.

Intrigued, Joe examines the box.

JOE

It's beautiful.

TRICIA

If you help Zoe, she won't have to beg on the streets. You and Tom will help an orphan live a more fruitful life.

JOE

What else will Tom have to do?

Tom kicks Joe's shin.

JOE

Ow!

Joe whips out his balm, rubs his head.

JOE

Okay, okay, I'll help Tom aid the blind to see and enjoy...

TRICIA

Thank you, Joe.

JOE

...pleasure.

Joe watches a relieved Tom slide his hand over Tricia's. Tricia responds by grasping it.

JOE

Are you guys ready... for dessert?

The Maître D', with Lucia at his side, taps on the microphone.

MAÎTRE D'

Ladies and Gentlemen. We have a special show tonight. The girls from the Karuna orphanage are making their very first appearance!

The MUSIC floats. Ten miniature angels, costumes and ornaments glittering, golden skin glowing, glide in. They sway, with a fluid, flawless grace.

Except for Mia who stumbles in wonder at the opulent decor. Lucia eyes her anxiously. Mia spots Tricia and Tom. She SQUEALS, dashes to them.

MIA  
Dr. Tom, Tricia!

Mia clasps Tom's hand. Tom springs up, grabs a reluctant Tricia. Mia leads them to the dance floor. The other girls continue to dance as though nothing has happened.

Lucia looks anxiously towards the Maître D' who nods a restrained, polite consent.

A much-improved Tom dances. Tricia laughs, joins in. A HIP WESTERN MAN bounces up, pulls his date to the dance floor.

HIP MAN  
All right! Let's flow!

He mimics the girls. Laughter peals. More Westerners stream to the dance floor. Bodies sway, faces beam as they imitate the dancers. The Maître D' smiles.

Tom catches eyes with a radiant Tricia. He moves closer.

TOM  
Shall we try the down to the floor  
move?

Tricia laughs.

INT. SHERATON HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

Tricia and Tom approach the lotus flowers, petals barely open. Tricia glances at them, reaches for Tom's hand.

TRICIA  
Come.

They exit.

EXT. LOTUS POND - NIGHT

Lotus flowers, in all stages, emerge from leaf-draped water. Moonlight shimmers. The spell of the secluded garden leads Tom and Tricia to a bench.

TRICIA  
My favorite place here.



She sits and focuses on a lotus in full bloom. Tom hesitates. Tricia invites him with her eyes. He sits close.

TRICIA  
Many believe lotuses symbolize the  
human potential.

She points toward a bud that peeks above the water.

TRICIA  
Searching for meaning, many rise  
above the water, but never bloom  
before they die.

She indicates a toppled bud with a rotten stem. Then scans the pond and selects a solitary open lotus.

TRICIA  
While others, rising from mud,  
reach the heights and bloom.

Tom finds two equally tall lotuses in full bloom leaning against each other, petals touching.

TOM  
Those two grew together.

TRICIA  
Very rare. Is it possible? Some  
feel threatened when you want to--

Tom puts his arm around her.

TOM  
Challenged is more what I'm feeling  
and it may be worth the risk.

TRICIA  
Only challenged?

He leans forward. Their lips get close. Closer.

A dog BARKS. Sound of FOOTSTEPS. Tricia dashes away, gives Tom a "catch me if you can" look. He laughs, pursues.

INT. GUEST HOUSE HALLWAY - NIGHT

Buoyant, Tom and Tricia float toward her apartment. She fumbles for her key and unlocks the door.

TRICIA  
Thanks, Tom, today was--

Tom kisses her. Caught up in the spell, she returns the kiss. In unison, they move inside.

INT. TRICIA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Kissing passionately, they swiftly make their way to a double bed illuminated by the light streaming through the window. Tom's hands slide down her body.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

A thoughtful Tricia, in a silk negligee, looks in the mirror. Seen through the door frame, wearing underpants only, Tom sits in bed admiring her. He looks at his bare ring finger, fondles it with his right hand, smiles.

He rises, enters the bathroom, embraces her, kisses the back of her neck. She closes her eyes.

TOM

You're wild.

Tricia stiffens and walks OUT. Tom follows. She gazes at a vase with two lotuses, partly opened. Tom wraps his arms around her, hugs her close.

TOM

There are poor orphans in Washington.

TRICIA

Do you plan to help them?

TOM

You could... and also live in style. Let's grow together, fulfill our potential.

Tricia moves away to a shelf, lights one of two candles, moves the match towards the other candle.

TOM

We'd make a great team. A partner who helps the poor is good for my professional image. Capitol Hill would fall in love with you so grants would be a breeze, make my run for Senate easy, and you--

She forcefully blows out the match, spins around, flares.

TRICIA

Is that all you see in me!

Tom appears genuinely surprised.

TRICIA

Do you really think I'd help people simply to further your professional image! How conceited!

Tricia throws the match box at Tom. She grabs a bathrobe, puts it on.

TRICIA

Being an egotistical doctor's little woman is the last thing I'll do!

TOM

Tricia, I'm sorry, I didn't--

TRICIA

Sorry? Sorry? I'm sorry. I've been so stupid! I've become another score for the great Dr. Tom Adams.

TOM

No, that's not what I meant, I've put my foot in my mouth, please--

TRICIA

Foot! Two feet and your hands, too. You have a very big mouth.

She picks up Tom's shirt and pants, slams them into his chest.

TRICIA

To go with your big head. You've made your intentions quite clear. We're oceans apart!

She darts to the door, opens it.

TOM

Tricia, please calm down, I--

TRICIA

Out!

TOM

Out?

TRICIA

Out.

Tom inches out, holding his clothes.

TOM

I'm sorry.

Tricia SLAMS the door shut. A KNOCK.

TRICIA

What!

TOM (O.S.)

Can I have my shoes, please?

INT. MAT'S OFFICE - DAY

Lynn taps one foot.

LYNN

I won't do it.

MAT

As head of ESCO, you do realize  
that state bureaucracy can really  
slow down--

LYNN

You wouldn't...

Stunned, Lynn stares at him. He holds her gaze.

LYNN

She only just met Tom.

MAT

You do understand what I've said,  
don't you?

LYNN

And you do understand you could  
lose her either way.

He sighs as an upset Lynn leaves, SLAMS the door.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - DAY

A door opens. A downcast Tom steps out in operating gear,  
almost collides with Tricia. She weaves to miss him, walks  
stiffly on.

TRICIA

I didn't expect you to come.

Tom catches up to her.

TOM

I'm truly sorry about last night. I  
was way out of line.

Thrown off guard, Tricia's tight expression relaxes. She  
slows down.

TRICIA  
Well, maybe I--

TOM  
No, it was totally my fault. I got carried away. I'm not that, uh, practiced in asking anyone... to share my life.

Dismayed and surprised, Tricia stops. Seeing the impact and her discomfort, Tom seeks his opening.

TOM  
Relax... I'll try focusing on the present. Maybe then you'll believe the guy I was last night is different to who I am now and who I can be tomorrow.

Tricia can't suppress a slight smile. More relaxed, they walk on.

TOM  
And... the guy I am today, really does want to help Zoe.

They approach two hospital attendants wheeling Zoe into the operating room. Happy to have the focus elsewhere, Tricia smiles.

TRICIA  
Thank you. She'll be so grateful.

TOM  
Believe it or not, so did the guy last night. And maybe I'm not, nor always will be your preconceived idea of me.

Tom's loving expression unnerves her. She looks away.

TOM  
Shall we go in?

INT. OPERATING THEATER - DAY

Tom prepares for the surgery. Tricia, closest to Tom, watches. Joe checks the liquid that drains into Zoe's arm. Sunee stands near by.

JOE  
Sunee, I need your help here.

SUNEE  
What would you like me to do?

JOE  
Help the liquid flow freely.

Sunee draws very close, bats her eyelashes at Joe. Together they reposition the tubes and tape them.

TRICIA  
*Be careful, Sunee. Joe's got many girlfriends.*

SUNEE  
*I bet not as many as Dr. Tom.*

TOM  
No girlfriends, Sunee. I'm not good enough for the one I'm closest to.

Tricia drops an instrument. Disapproving, Sunee throws it in a bucket, gives a sterilized one to Tricia.

TOM  
Are you two playing with the trephine or can I have it?

Tricia hands Tom a trephine knife.

TRICIA  
Try this trephine from the left.

TOM  
Huh?

Tom peers at the knife.

TOM  
This isn't the standard trephine. What on earth would you know?

TRICIA  
I saw Dr. McKenzie do this same operation.

TOM  
You're kidding!

TRICIA  
No, try it.

TOM  
What the hell. Tricia, I've done this operation a hundred times. Every doctor cuts from the right and they use the standard trephine.

TRICIA

Dr. McKenzie cuts from the left  
with this trephine.

TOM

Oh boy! So this is why you've been  
so secretive, you're not just any  
nurse but Dr. McKenzie's nurse!

Tom sees a guilty Tricia's eyes twinkle above her mouth  
guard. He fondles the new knife, examining it carefully.

TOM

Cut from the left, use this  
trephine, cut from the left, use  
this...

Tom looks long at Tricia. He nods, places the trephine on  
Zoe's eye.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - DAY

A worker paints one wall yellow.

They all exit the Operating Theater. Sunee looks admirably  
at Joe who winks. An impressed Tricia glances at Tom.

TRICIA

Thanks so much, Tom, Joe.

TOM

Happy to please you... in any area.

An embarrassed Tricia looks away. An aide comes along with  
cups of water and juice. They each take one. Joe and Sunee  
move off to the side, whisper to each other.

TRICIA

You did the operation very well.

TOM

As good as your Dr. McKenzie?

Tricia smiles.

TOM

It's a brilliant technique. Thank  
you very much. It'll be interesting  
to meet Dr. McKenzie at the  
seminar. Is she as dull as her  
photos look?

Tricia chokes on her juice.

TRICIA  
Actually you'll probably like her.

TOM  
Business only, she reminds me of my boring third grade teacher.

TRICIA  
How big are your feet?

TOM  
Feet?

Tom drops his head, takes one of Tricia's hands in his.

TOM  
Yes, well, Tricia, maybe this isn't the best place, but--

TRICIA  
If it isn't the best place, then--

Tom moves closer, his eyes questioning. Tricia smiles. His head leans towards hers.

LYNN (O.S.)  
Tricia!

Tricia and Tom jolt apart. Lynn marches down the hall.

LYNN  
I want to meet your special doctor. Dr. Adams, pleased to know you. I'm Lynn Baker, director of ESCO.

She shakes Tom's hand in a firm grip, then to Joe.

JOE  
Joe Shaw. Anesthesiologist.

LYNN  
It's so rare to meet two generous doctors like you. ESCO thanks you greatly for helping in our work.

TRICIA  
Lynn, please.

LYNN  
Tricia, regrettably some things are beyond our power to control. Relax.

TRICIA  
Lynn--



LYNN

Tricia's told me so much about you,  
Dr. Adams. You may have restored  
the sight of one poor girl--

JOE

But for every little girl like Zoe,  
there are a hundred others who need  
assistance.

LYNN

Spot on, Joe. I have a list here of  
those who are in most need.

Lynn displays her folder. Joe turns to Tom who stares at  
Tricia. She shrugs helplessly, fidgets.

LYNN

If we have the skill of such an  
eminent surgeon like Dr. Adams--

TOM

Sorry Lynn, Tricia, you'll have to  
seduce another surgeon. Or maybe  
Tricia can go back to Medical  
school and become a doctor.

Tom spins on his heel, dashes away, Joe right behind.

LYNN

Maybe Tricia can go back to--

Lynn bursts laughing. Tricia glares at her, races after Tom.

TRICIA

Tom!

Mat appears around the corner. Tom zooms past Mat, flings  
open a door, storms into a BROOM CLOSET, straight into  
brooms, mops and buckets. They fall all over him, scatter.  
He scrambles to retrieve them, fumbles, sends them flying.

Mat smirks. Protective, Tricia glares at an amused Joe and  
Mat who become poker faced.

TRICIA

Tom, I'll get them.

Thankful but not wanting to show it, Tom nods curtly, opens  
the adjacent door and disappears inside. Joe follows.

INT. DOCTORS' PREPARATION ROOM - DAY

Tom hurls his gear into the laundry bag.

TOM  
 You always knew. How could I have  
 been so blind?

Joe nods, satisfied.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Tricia deposits the last broom in the closet just as Tom bursts out. He avoids eye contact and hastens to the exit. Tricia pursues.

TRICIA  
 Tom!

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Tricia catches up to Tom, runs to keep abreast with him.

TRICIA  
 Tom, I didn't know Lynn was going  
 to ask you. Please, believe me.

TOM  
 So who's turn is it now? Is that  
 all you see in me?

Stunned, Tricia hesitates. Tom's eyes are penetrating.

TRICIA  
 Is that all you see - period!

Tricia walks briskly away. Confused, Tom flops into a taxi. Joe joins him. The taxi speeds off.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Tricia storms down the hall, straight to Lynn and Mat.

TRICIA  
 Lynn!

Lynn cocks her head toward Mat, whose smugness oozes.

MAT  
 Good to be rid of the arrogant--

Tricia grabs the painter's brush, slaps yellow paint across Mat's face.

INT. SHERATON HOTEL BAR - NIGHT

Joe commiserates with a semi-inebriated Tom who swigs a beer.

JOE  
Maybe you do need glasses.

TOM  
I've made an absolute ass of myself.

JOE  
Couldn't have done any better.  
Look, she's in another world and it ain't yours.

TOM  
Oceans apart. And I'm drowning.

JOE  
Hell no, you were drowning. Better to know she just used you than stay deluded. She's lost in her ideals, not in touch with the real world.

TOM  
Real world?

JOE  
How can a man live on ideals?

TOM  
Right. Need money for pleasures.

Tom drains his can.

JOE  
Sounds good.

TOM  
But what the hell am I doing? Shit, Joe, I love her.

JOE  
When I'm drunk I love everyone, too. Tricia needs to wake up to reality.

Tom scans many of the designer-clad drinkers' sad faces. He looks out the window, sees a blind man walk by.

Tom crumples his empty can.

TOM  
Maybe I need to wake up.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Tom paces as he talks on the phone. Joe types on his laptop.

TOM  
That's right, Sir.

INT. WASHINGTON AIRPORT - DAY

Dr. Hall talks on his cell phone, as he and Mrs. Hall sit near the Boarding Gate for Houston. She reads a paper.

DR. HALL  
Well, well, I'm impressed. Learned the procedure from McKenzie's nurse as well as romancing her. All in a few days.

INTERCUT TELEPHONE CONVERSATION - TOM AND DR. HALL

TOM  
As I've said, Sir, if you hire me as the head--

DR. HALL  
Tom, are you going to marry her?

Tom trips, falls over.

DR. HALL  
Tom?

TOM  
Yes, uh, well, Sir, I'd like to. But, it's not up to--

DR. HALL  
Good, I look forward to seeing you two at the convention.

Dr. Hall hangs up. Mrs. Hall hands him the paper.

MRS. HALL  
The market says there's a new trend in stocks, Dear.

Interested, Dr. Hall reads the paper.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Tom collapses in a chair.

TOM  
Joe... How can I ask Tricia to marry me now?

Exasperated, Joe bangs his head with his hands.

TOM

She kicked me out of her bedroom  
and I told her she--

JOE

Used you, which of course she did!  
Buddy, wake up! You're mad to love  
her.

EXT. TRICIA'S GUEST HOUSE - DAY

Tom and a small SHOP ASSISTANT struggle to lug the stocks  
out of the Antique shop. Joe stands back shaking his head in  
disbelief.

JOE

You're absolutely mad.

TOM

Yeah, but soon my back'll give way  
and I'll be mad, crippled and angry  
at my best friend.

The small Assistant gives up.

SHOP ASSISTANT

Too heavy. My helper comes in an  
hour.

Tom struggles alone. Reluctant Joe grabs the other end.

INT. HOUSTON AIRPORT - DAY

People and suitcases everywhere. Next to a stall selling  
snacks with a popcorn dispenser, a TV screen displays Tom  
locked in the stocks in front of Tricia's Guest House.

A sign reads, TRICIA, PLEASE FORGIVE ME.

Dr. and Mrs. Hall exit customs. Mrs. Hall spots the TV. She  
walks over, peers. It shows Tom's face. A moment of surprise  
breaks through her reserve.

ANNOUNCER

And who says stocks aren't  
exciting? We'll be back in just a  
moment with some weird news.

The Announcer does a commercial with filming Tom staying on  
a portion of the screen.

MRS. HALL

Dear, looks like your star doctor  
is investing in new stocks.

Dr. Hall stares, shakes his head.

DR. HALL  
You just might be right about Tom.

MRS. HALL  
At least we're safe from his  
popcorn.

A TOURIST buys a bag of popcorn.

Tricia and Lynn hustle with suitcases from another  
direction.

TRICIA  
He seemed to genuinely want to help  
Zoe. I guess I was wrong.

LYNN  
You've fallen big, haven't you?

TRICIA  
Don't be ridiculous.

Tricia gives her a pained expression. Perceptive Lynn  
doesn't buy it.

LYNN  
For the world's best eye surgeons,  
you guys sure can't see what's in  
front of your noses. Maybe you  
could operate on each other's eyes.

They get close to the TV.

Dr. Hall turns around, bumps into the tourist. Popcorn  
flies, lands on Mrs. Hall's head. The tourist and Dr. Hall  
apologize profusely, scramble to help a pokerfaced Mrs.  
Hall.

Tricia sees them, quickly takes out a handkerchief, offers  
it to Mrs. Hall.

LYNN  
(to Tricia)  
You could try training him.

Thinking Lynn was speaking to Mrs. Hall, an offended Dr.  
Hall gives Lynn a steely look as Mrs. Hall smiles, takes the  
handkerchief, mops butter from her face and blouse.

TRICIA  
(to Lynn)  
Impossible.

Mrs. Hall shakes the last popcorn off her head.

TRICIA  
Please keep--

MRS. HALL  
Thank you, I will because my  
husband is quite well trained.

She points at the TV.

MRS. HALL  
Pity the woman who tries to train  
him.

She and Dr. Hall float away.

DR. HALL  
Did she look familiar?

Tricia and Lynn see a back shot of Tom, which does not show his face or the sign.

LYNN  
Great, get one of those!

TRICIA  
I wonder if his neck is the same  
size?

They laugh. Lynn motions to the Ladies' room.

LYNN  
That makes me want to pee, do you?

Tricia shakes her head. She looks back at the TV as Lynn disappears. Her eyes bug out as the TV camera pans to show Tom's face and the sign.

TRICIA  
Oh, no!

ANNOUNCER  
So, our weirdo story of the day. He  
says his name is Tom and he's in  
love with Tricia. Boy, this one  
wins an award!

Tricia dashes over near a window, pulls out her phone, watches the TV as she dials.

EXT. TRICIA'S GUEST HOUSE - DAY

The Guest House Receptionist rushes out with a phone, brings it to Tom.

RECEPTIONIST  
Tricia's on the phone in Houston.

She holds it next to Tom's head.

INTERCUT TELEPHONE CONVERSATION - TRICIA AND TOM

ANNOUNCER  
Looks like he's going to talk with  
Tricia. We'll get the mic in close.

The camera crew filming Tom moves in.

TOM  
Tricia?

Tom's English is heard in the Airport. Many people watch.

TRICIA  
Tom, what on earth--

TOM  
Tricia, will you forgive me? I've  
been an ass.

The Airport AUDIENCE laughs. More people gather.

TRICIA  
Tom...

TOM  
Please, Tricia, I'm so sorry.

AUDIENCE  
Forgive him, Tricia, forgive him.

TRICIA  
Yes, of course I forgive you.

TOM  
You will? Great!

Forgetting he's in the block, Tom tries to rise up with joy,  
only to wrench his neck.

TOM  
Ow!

TRICIA  
Tom! Are you okay?

TOM  
Uh, no, can you kiss it and make it  
feel better?



Everyone laughs.

AUDIENCE  
Do it, Tricia!

TRICIA  
Tom, do you realize you're on TV?

One BURLY MAN viewing the TV, stands near Tricia. He overhears Tricia, realizes who she is.

TOM  
Okay, let them all be witness:  
Tricia, will you marry me?

Tricia's mouth agape. She plays with her hair.

TOM  
Tricia?

The Burly Man races to the crowd, points at Tricia.

TOM  
Tricia?

The crowd surrounds her.

AUDIENCE  
Tricia, marry him!

Tricia freaks out.

TOM  
You have an audience?

TRICIA  
Tom, I have to go, we'll talk tomorrow.

Tricia hides her head and zips away.

TOM  
I love-- hey, she hung up.

Joe hustles over from an Internet Café, across the street. He unlocks Tom.

JOE  
Now you're an international idiot. You were on CNN, FOX, ABC, everywhere. Hall probably saw you, too.

TOM  
Uh-oh.

INT. HOUSTON AIRPORT - DAY

Lynn exits the Ladies room, looks around.

LYNN  
Tricia? Tricia!

The Burly Man passes by.

BURLY MAN  
She's getting married.

LYNN  
Huh?

EXT. AIRPORT - DAY

Lynn and Tricia leave the building.

LYNN  
Can I be Maid of Honor?

TRICIA  
He'll have to agree on our  
direction.

LYNN  
If you buy those stocks, that won't  
be a problem.

They laugh, stride up towards the Taxi area.

LYNN  
He's certainly turning out  
different to his public reputation.

TRICIA  
People can change.

They stop behind Dr. and Mrs. Hall waiting for a taxi. They overhear the Hall's conversation.

DR. HALL  
Tom wants the job, doesn't he?

MRS. HALL  
It's a bit hard to believe he found  
a suitable wife in just one week.

DR. HALL  
Dear, he's smart, handsome and an  
excellent ophthalmologist. Scoring  
McKenzie's nurse is brilliant. With  
that ambition, he'll make senator  
and, well, maybe more.

MRS. HALL

What if this Tricia woman finds out  
he's marrying her just to get the  
job?

Tricia's eyes go wide, her face becomes pale. Lynn's face  
turns hard.

A taxi pulls up. Dr. Hall shrugs as he and Mrs. Hall get in.

DR. HALL

Maybe he does love her.

They drive away. Tricia blankly stares. Lynn puts her arm  
around Tricia.

EXT. BUSTLING HOUSTON STREET - NIGHT

A "TO HOUSTON AIRPORT" street bus passes by Tom as he ambles  
aimlessly through the busy night life.

A GUITAR, playing the same tune when Tom and Tricia danced,  
breaks his thoughts. He turns. A small boy, in tattered  
clothes, sits with a BLIND MAN playing the guitar. The boy  
holds out a cup. People rush by.

Oblivious to the others on the street, Tom steps toward the  
Blind Man and nearly collides with another MAN.

MAN

Hey, open your eyes, Dude.

TOM

Sorry!

Tom smiles.

TOM

Yes, Tom, open your eyes.

He puts fifty dollars in the Blind Man's hand. Joyful, the  
boy speaks to the Man in Spanish. Surprised, he bows.

BLIND MAN

Thank you, thank you.

TOM

I wish I could give you a greater  
gift of being able to see.

Tom touches the awed boy's head gently, sighs, moves on.

Rain falls. People head for cover. Tom walks in the pouring  
rain. Totally soaked, he stops, looks across the street,  
spots the Blind Man and boy huddled under an awning.

The little boy waves at him. Tom waves back.

The raindrops cease. He glances up. An umbrella. With another umbrella over his own head, Joe motions to the open door of a taxi. Tom nods, slides in the taxi. They drive off.

From the other direction, Tricia meanders, umbrella only, indifferent to being half soaked. Lynn, head to foot rain gear, races up next to her.

LYNN

Hey.

TRICIA

It was Dr. Hall, right?

LYNN

I checked online.

TRICIA

And?

LYNN

Can I lie?

TRICIA

Just serves me right. Inside I knew he'd never change.

LYNN

But it's super low to do such a stunt. Don't blame yourself.

TRICIA

Guess I could be flattered Tom chose me.

A ex-hippy, baby boomer couple, grey long hair, hop puddles, laugh, delight in each other and the rain. Tricia pauses, watches them. They beam and wave. Tricia manages a smile.

LYNN

But what if Dr. Hall's right, maybe Tom really does love you.

TRICIA

Oh Lynn, give it up.

They walk again, reach the Hyatt Hotel entrance.

TRICIA

He loves himself. Just another Paul McKenzie... only worse!

Tricia walks briskly up the stairs. Lynn stays on the sidewalk, looks down the street. She spots the Blind Man and boy huddled under the awning.

INT. HYATT HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

Startlingly feminine, Lynn adjusts a sign that reads: MCKENZIE ESCO SEMINAR. Two large, standing billboards display a flattering photo of Tricia and another one of Paul, with their names underneath.

Smartly dressed Tricia enters, does a double take.

TRICIA

Wow, you look great. -- If Paul comes early, I don't want to talk to him.

LYNN

I'll try to be Paul's total focus.

TRICIA

Thanks. I'm so sorry to burden you with him.

Lynn flips back her hair nonchalantly.

LYNN

No worries, Luv.

TRICIA

And--

LYNN

Tom?

TRICIA

I don't want to talk to him either.

Lynn sighs sympathetically as downtrodden Tricia walks to the Coffee Lounge.

INT. TAXI - DAY

Traffic jam. Tom fidgets in a taxi. Joe lays back, relaxed.

TOM

I'm sure she'll be there. I'll just take her aside and we'll talk--

JOE

What about the seminar? What about Dr. McKenzie?

TOM  
Screw McKenzie, I couldn't care  
less about her. I have to talk with  
Tricia.

JOE  
Just don't blame me when you find  
out how much more she wants from  
you.

Tom checks his watch.

TOM  
We'll be late.

He pays the driver, they hop OUT and race through cars and  
people.

JOE  
She's no good for you! Forget her!

EXT. HYATT HOTEL - DAY

Dr. Hall exits a taxi, strolls to the entrance. Tom speeds  
from behind and bowls Dr. Hall over.

TOM  
Dr. Hall, I'm so sorry.

He and Joe help Dr. Hall up.

DR. HALL  
I was more hopeful you'd bowl me  
over with a beautiful Tricia.

TOM  
Yes, uh, yes, Sir.

DR. HALL  
Did she forgive you?

TOM  
Huh? Oh, I think so. She said she  
did.

DR. HALL  
Tom, if she's McKenzie's assistant  
and you marry her, you have the  
job.

TOM  
Yes, uh...

DR. HALL  
Something wrong?

Tom fumbles for words. Joe slaps him on the back.

JOE

Tom's just love-struck, Sir, she's  
a knock out. He's been knocked out  
the whole week.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

In a silk outfit, stunning Sunee holds name tags, standing near Tricia and Paul's signs. She glances anxiously at the clock as the three enter. Tom races to Sunee.

TOM

Sunee, is Tricia here?

SUNEE

She's in the Coffee Lounge.

Tom dashes away, not seeing Tricia's sign. Dr. Hall turns to Joe.

DR. HALL

Joe, is Tom really okay?

Joe spots Tricia's sign. His mouth agape.

DR. HALL

For that matter, are you okay?

Dr. Hall follows Joe's startled look and sees Tricia's sign.

DR. HALL

She is attractive, isn't she?

JOE

Attractive isn't half of her, Sir.  
I'm sure Tom's very keen to finally  
meet the famous Dr. McKenzie.

INT. COFFEE LOUNGE - DAY

Tricia sits alone, sips water, stares out a window. Tom enters, looks around.

TOM

Tricia!

Tricia shuts her eyes. Tom hurries over, sits.

TOM

Tricia, I'm so--

Tricia cuts him off with a deadly look.

TOM

Uh-oh.

She smiles.

TRICIA

It's so lovely to see you.

TOM

Whew, you had me worried there.

TRICIA

(sarcastic)

Did I? Oh, I'm so sorry.

TOM

Maybe I should stay worried.

TRICIA

And why would you do that?

TOM

Tricia, I don't know what's up, but I love you, I want to marry you.

TRICIA

Sure.

TOM

Okay, uh, maybe I'm not doing this right.

He gets down on one knee.

TRICIA

Try lower.

He gets on both knees.

Tricia shakes her head.

TOM

On my face?

TRICIA

Why not? Anything to further your professional image, right? Even marry to get Dr. Hall's prize job!

Tom's eyes go wide.

TOM

Tricia, I--

Tricia jumps up, pours water over his head and strides away.



Tom races after her.

TOM  
Tricia, please.

He bumps into a table, sprawls on the floor. Tricia turns, shakes her head and suppresses a smile.

TRICIA  
Why not ask the waitress to dress  
your wounds?

He scrambles to his feet.

TOM  
Tricia, no, I'm sorry, really. I--

Tricia spins around, heads out the door. Tom SCREAMS.

TOM  
Tricia! I'm not taking Hall's job.

She halts in the door way, bites her bottom lip as Tom catches up.

LYNN (O.S.)  
Tricia, hurry, it's time. We have  
to start.

Tricia looks at Tom questioningly.

TOM  
Can we talk more later?

Softer face, she nods, zips away with Lynn.

Tom spots Joe in the Lobby. Joe cocks his head.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

Tom follows Joe to Tricia's sign. Many people stand in front of Paul's, so Tom doesn't see it.

TOM  
Holy shit.

JOE  
No time for a church bathroom.

SUNEE (O.S.)  
Dr. Adams, we're late, please  
hurry.

She hands bewildered Tom his nametag, checks her list.

SUNEE

Dr. Shaw, you're not--

JOE

With it. If only I'd known you'd be here. I better go buy some glasses.

Sunee smiles as Joe reluctantly walks off.

TOM

Joe.

Joe turns, takes out his balm, throws it to Tom.

JOE

Here, you need this more than me.

Joe gives Tom a thumbs up.

JOE

Go for gold, buddy.

Dazed, Tom smiles.

SUNEE

Come quickly.

Sunee gives Tom a Goodie bag and rushes him to big doors.

INT. SEMINAR HALL - DAY

Sunee guides him to a front row seat of honor next to Dr. Hall, who takes in Tom's wet hair and shoulders, along with his spaced out face.

DR. HALL

No popcorn?

TOM

Would you like some balm, Sir?

DR. HALL

You okay, Tom?

TOM

I think so.

DR. HALL

Is your girlfriend here?

TOM

Yes, you'll meet her soon, Sir.

INT. OFF STAGE - DAY

Tricia and Lynn approach the stage entrance.

LYNN  
He said that!

TRICIA  
Yes.

Lynn hugs Tricia.

TRICIA  
But how can I believe him?

LYNN  
Either he really means it, or he's  
the biggest jerk in the world.

TRICIA  
Oh, Lynn--

LYNN  
What I can't believe is you never  
told him who you are.

TRICIA  
In between which cyclones?

LYNN  
Never mind, when he sees you walk  
out, it's bound to make an impact.

Tricia smiles. Lynn peeks out the stage door.

LYNN  
We have to start.

Tricia's smile disappears.

TRICIA  
But Paul's not here yet. What if  
Tom misunderstands?

LYNN  
Don't worry. Talk to him later.

TRICIA  
I have to tell Tom now.

LYNN  
Where, on stage? We can't wait any  
longer, we're already twenty  
minutes late.

Lynn goes onstage.

LYNN (O.S.)  
Ladies and Gentlemen. Welcome to  
the McKenzie ESCO seminar.

Tricia sighs deeply.

TRICIA  
And Paul loves making grand  
entrances.

LYNN (O.S.)  
The famous team has given their  
skills freely to hundreds of  
operations sponsored by ESCO.

APPLAUSE. Nervous, Tricia peeks out.

INT. HALL - DAY

Lynn stands at the podium.

LYNN  
Today you will learn about their  
groundbreaking new procedures and  
research. I'm sorry to say half of  
our award-winning team has been  
delayed in traffic, but we'll start  
with our famous Ophthalmologist,  
Dr. Patricia McKenzie.

Professional Tricia approaches the podium. APPLAUSE. As  
Tricia's sight reaches Tom, she pauses. Their eyes meet.

Tom flashes a broad grin, claps LOUDER than everyone.  
Tricia's trepidation gives way to a loving smile. Perfect  
for a brief moment.

The back doors swing open with a BANG. Paul rushes through  
with a huge flower bouquet.

LYNN  
And her most charming Scientist  
partner, Dr. Paul McKenzie.

Paul hops on the stage, gives Tricia a big hug and kiss,  
hands her the bouquet and waves at the clapping audience.  
Shattering Tom's world.

A small eternity as Tom stares blankly at Paul waving while  
he wraps his other arm around Tricia. Paul again kisses  
Tricia on the cheek.

Tricia glances awkwardly at Tom. A myriad of emotions flash across Tom's face. He springs up, drops his Goodie bag into Dr. Hall's lap.

DR. HALL

Tom? What the...

Tom strides out.

TRICIA

Tom!

The doors BANG shut behind him.

Tricia shoves the flowers into Paul's chest. Confusion reigns. Except for Lynn who slides close to Paul.

Tricia jumps off the stage, hurries after Tom.

LYNN

Go, Tricia!

Paul looks at Lynn suspiciously. She gives him a sexy smile.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

Tom charges past the reception, out the entrance.

Tricia speeds into the lobby, looks around. She spots Tom through the windows, hailing a taxi.

EXT. HOTEL - DAY

Tricia races out.

TRICIA

Tom! Can't you at least say  
goodbye?

Tom pauses halfway inside the open taxi door, his bum faces Tricia. An attendant holds the door ready to shut it.

TOM

Goodbye.

He flops in.

TRICIA

Don't shut the door!

The attendant complies. She slides in next to an angry Tom.

TRICIA

Tom--

Tom bolts out the other door, dashes off.

TRICIA  
Drive next to him.

The taxi runs alongside Tom.

TRICIA  
Is that all?

Tom stops.

TOM  
More? You want to hear more? Okay,  
here's more. I'm no longer the  
playboy you met at the beach. Nor  
the playboy who wooed you in  
Austin. There!

He marches off.

TRICIA  
And?

Tom stops.

TOM  
And I didn't want to marry you for  
Hall's stupid job. I fell in love  
with you, with who I thought you  
were before... before ...

TRICIA  
Before?

TOM  
I didn't care if you were a nurse,  
a teacher or whatever. I didn't  
even know you were the famous  
McKenzie until ten minutes ago!  
There!

He zips off.

TRICIA  
And?

Tom stops.

TOM  
And I wanted to see your enchanting  
face every day of my life. There!

Tom's face flushes.

TRICIA  
So why are you racing away?

TOM  
Paul, Paul, Paul! Couldn't you have  
at least told me?

TRICIA  
I didn't think you'd care.

TOM  
Care? Why shouldn't I care! Never!  
Never am I going to have an affair  
with a married woman.

TRICIA  
And if you're married, and the  
woman is single?

TOM  
No difference - never.

TRICIA  
I'm happy to hear you say that.

Tricia gives a truly loving smile, totally bewildering Tom.

TOM  
Great, I made you happy. You drive  
me nuts.

He speeds away.

TRICIA  
Tom.

He keeps stomping along.

TRICIA  
Tom.

Exasperated, he halts.

TOM  
Oh, what!

TRICIA  
It's my turn to say, I'm sorry...  
but there's more to me than you  
see.

TOM  
Very funny, great, you're sorry you  
didn't tell me you're married.

TRICIA

No... I am sorry... I didn't...  
tell you...

She smiles guiltily.

TRICIA

Paul and I are divorced.

Tom's eyes go wide. Radiant, Tricia opens the door. In shock, Tom slowly enters the taxi. They kiss.

INT. OPERATING THEATRE - DAY

Tricia and Tom, in surgical gear, look down at a small boy's face. Tom glances at Tricia, nods. Tricia refuses, indicates for him to begin. Tom's eyes smile as he gives the special knife to Tricia.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - DAY

Tom and Tricia stroll down the hall, holding hands. Tricia's left hand sparkles with a diamond ring. They pass by Joe whispering in Sunee's ear.

EXT. HOSPITAL ENTRANCE - DAY

Tricia and Tom exit. Zoe, in a Mexican dancing outfit, screams with delight as she races from Lucia to Tom who hugs her.

Zoe reaches in her bag, hands him a small lacquered box.

FADE OUT: