

Outclassed

an original screenplay by

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FADE IN:

The Boston skyline at midday...

EXT. BOSTON - BACKYARD - DAY

A huge Irish Wolf Hound, tethered to a short chain, growls and barks...

Several POLICE OFFICERS stay a safe distance from the animal.

One OFFICER wraps a bandage around a WOUNDED colleague's hand. Blood soaks through the fabric...

A SERGEANT (30) steps forward and assesses the situation.

He glances at the Wounded Officer, then back at the dog.

SERGEANT
Rabid, you figure?

WOUNDED OFFICER
No shit!

SERGEANT
Animal control?

WOUNDED OFFICER
No answer.

SERGEANT
Right. That's Boston for you.

The Sergeant grabs his sidearm, points it at the dog.

The dog stomps from side to side, whines, then barks again with fury.

The Wounded Officer recoils.

The Sergeant cocks his firearm...

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
You don't need to do that.

The Officers turn to find a 28-year-old MAN. He wears a wind breaker and a baseball cap.

His manner is focused and grave, like a lab scientist studying an experiment.

MAN
The dog's not rabid.

SERGEANT
Is this your dog?

MAN
No.

WOUNDED OFFICER
Looks pretty god damn rabid to me!

The Man studies the Wounded Officer a moment...

MAN
I'm guessing this isn't the first
time you've ever been wrong.

The Wounded Officer reddens.

MAN (CONT'D)
Look at her underside.

SERGEANT
It's a her?

MAN
There's an easy way to tell.

The Sergeant's eyes focus on the dog's underside...

INSERT - THE DOG'S BELLY

There are teats full of milk.

BACK TO SCENE

SERGEANT
Oh.

MAN
She's pissed off because she's
separated from her pups. You find
her pups, your problem's solved.

WOUNDED OFFICER
Where are we supposed to look?

The Man throws a glance at the house...

SERGEANT
Let's start with the house she's
chained to.

The Sergeant gestures to the other Officers.

They nod, and head to the house.

SERGEANT (CONT'D)
 (to the Man)
 You live around here, sir?

The Man studies the dog.

MAN
 No. Just passing by.

There's a glint of recognition in the Sergeant's eyes...

SERGEANT
 Wait a minute. I know you. You go
 to Boston Latin?

The Man nods. He continues to study the animal.

SERGEANT (CONT'D)
 I knew it! I sat behind you in math.
 Caldwell. Angus Caldwell.

ANGUS
 Scott Winjanssen. You spent most of
 the class explaining to me what you
 were going to do with Lara Andersen
 once you got her on a date.

WINJANSSEN
 Wow! Good memory!

ANGUS
 How could I forget? It was the most
 tedious part of the class. And we
 were studying geometry.

Winjanssen shakes his head, disappointed by the memory...

The other Officers return. They hold empty animal carriers,
 dog toys, etc.

The dog whines in distress, growls, then barks again. It
 strains against its chain...

ANGUS (CONT'D)
 Pups have probably been sold.

WOUNDED OFFICER
 (to Winjanssen)
 What should we do?

A memory pops into Winjanssen's head.

WINJANSSEN
 Angus?

Angus says nothing, moves slowly toward the dog...

WOUNDED OFFICER

Uh, Sergeant..?

Winjanssen raises a hand to quiet him...

Angus closes in on the dog...

ANGUS

Chuh. Chuh.

The animal's anger drains away.

As Angus reaches the dog, it drops in submission. The bark is replaced by a gentle whine.

Angus holds his hand out to the dog.

The dog gives it a sniff, then tries to bury his head in Angus' lap. It wags its tail.

Angus pets the dog, scratches it around the ears. It's a different animal.

Winjanssen smiles and nods.

WOUNDED OFFICER

Shit, man. Why can't I do that with girls?

ANGUS

Because they find you singularly unattractive.

WOUNDED OFFICER

Hey--!

Winjanssen throws a hard look at the Wounded Officer. That shuts him up.

His Colleagues snicker...

EXT. BOSTON STREET - DAY

Angus leads the dog into the back of his van...

INSIDE THE VAN

There are animal crates of various sizes, along with pet food and a medical kit.

He guides the dog into his largest crate. It enters with no resistance.

Angus jumps out of the van, closes the door.

Winjanssen approaches, eyes the logo on the side of the vehicle:

INSERT - THE SIDE OF THE VAN

It reads CALDWELL ANIMAL SANCTUARY, and contains a drawing of the Caldwell coat of arms, with pictures of dogs, horses, and sheep.

BACK TO SCENE

WINJANSSEN

You haven't lost your touch. Thanks for your help, Angus.

ANGUS

Next time, pay attention to what you're doing, and you won't need it.

Angus climbs into the cab, guns the engine. It struggles to turn over, but finally does so...

As the van pulls away, the Wounded Officer passes by Winjanssen.

WOUNDED OFFICER

Begging your pardon, sergeant, but your friend's kind of a dick.

Winjanssen gives the Officer a look of impatience...

WINJANSSEN

You finished bleeding yet?

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

Angus pumps gas into his van.

Above the pump, a blank TV SCREEN buzzes on.

Angus notices the screen, shakes his head in frustration.

He randomly presses buttons to shut it off, but it stays on.

ON THE T.V.

A gossipy "E!"-like entertainment show.

The HOST, all botox, fake tan, and perfectly sculpted hair, speaks to the camera.

HOST
...Brazilian singing sensation
Fabiana...

INSERT - FABIANA

FABIANA DA SILVA, 25, lush dark hair and deep brown eyes, sings and dances before thousands of adoring fans at a concert.

The tune is bouncy and infectious, in English and Portuguese. A noticeable refrain are the words "Yes, yes, yes!"

HOST (CONT'D)
...has headed home to Sao Paulo to write and record her new album. Word has it that the pressure of trying to follow up her triple platinum selling "Amor Real..."

INSERT - CD COVER

An image reads FABIANA; AMOR REAL. She's heavily made up and wearing a skimpy outfit.

HOST (CONT'D)
...might be getting the most of the South American bombshell. Hey, nowhere to go but down, right?

BACK TO SCENE

Angus shuts off the pump, and the video mercifully cuts out...

EXT. ANIMAL SANCTUARY - WEST BROOKFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS - DAY

Angus pulls the van onto a long dirt driveway, past a CALDWELL ANIMAL SANCTUARY sign that matches the van's logo.

At the end of the driveway, he parks next to a well-preserved 18th century farmhouse.

Nearby are a huge barn, and several animal pens. A few acres are fenced off wherein horses, sheep, and other livestock mingle.

All of the animals seem to stop and look at Angus when he arrives.

Three VOLUNTEERS, wearing bright red shirts sporting the Caldwell coat of arms, are visible amongst the pens, in front of the barn, and near the fencing.

EXT. VAN - DAY

Angus leads the Wolf Hound out of the van towards a front gate. He notices the canine has a slight limp.

ANGUS

We're going to have to get that looked at.

Angus is greeted by a pack of dogs, all of different breeds, most of them mutts. Tails wagging, they tremble with excitement, bark in anticipation.

Angus looks at the dogs, holds up his hand.

ANGUS (CONT'D)

Chuh. Chuh.

They quiet down, and back away from the gate to let him enter.

As he leads the Wolf Hound on to the property, all of the dogs lurch forward. They so want to greet the hound, but know better than to do so...

ANGUS (CONT'D)

(to the pack)

Good dogs!

The Wolf Hound wants to meet the pack, but Angus keeps a firm hand on the leash. She follows him, but eyes the pack...

INT. ANGUS' HOUSE - DINING ROOM - DAY

The room has been transformed into a mini-animal hospital. There are homemade shelves filled with medicines and other supplies.

Descending from the ceiling is an arm lamp. In the center of the room is an examination table. The Wolf Hound lies upon it.

LISA RICE, 35, examines the dog as Angus holds it still. Her lab coat and stethoscope identify her as a veterinarian.

A redhead, she wears a thick pair of glasses; her hair pulled back in a severe ponytail.

LISA

So...how many of the cops did you piss off?

Angus shrugs.

LISA (CONT'D)

Don't shrug at me. I'm serious.

ANGUS

So am I.

LISA

You're going to get yourself into trouble one of these days.

ANGUS

Not my fault people are idiots.

She gives him an accusatory glare.

LISA

Sometimes when people do or say things that you find irritating, you learn to just let it go.

She keeps her eyes focused on Angus a moment. He blinks.

Lisa turns back to the dog's leg. She looks concerned.

ANGUS

What is it?

LISA

You were right. Her leg has been broken.

ANGUS

Didn't set right?

LISA

Not really. It's going to be a problem if she doesn't get an operation.

ANGUS

I'll find the money.

LISA

You always say that. And you never do.

EXT. ANIMAL SANCTUARY - DAY

Angus walks with CHAD (21), one of the red-shirted volunteers.

ANGUS

Someone keeps forgetting to lock up the ox pen. She keeps getting out in the morning.

CHAD

Sorry, Mr. Caldwell.

ANGUS

I don't want to have to look at the schedule and try to figure out who it is.

Angus notices DAVE KELLEHER (mid-thirties) at the front gate, smiling and waving. Kelleher holds a tablet.

Angus breaks off from Chad, marches toward Kelleher.

KELLEHER

Angus! My man. Haven't seen you in a while.

ANGUS

That's because I despise you, Kelleher. I thought I made that clear last time I saw you. You know-- when I told you I despise you.

KELLEHER

How are negotiations going? The Old Man going to sell you the place?

ANGUS

For Christ's sake--

KELLEHER

Word is he's getting cold feet.

ANGUS

Don't make me shout "fake news" at you.

KELLEHER

It's just what I heard. I'm just letting you know. As a friend.

ANGUS

A friend?

KELLEHER

And friends help each other.

ANGUS

Uh huh. Look, we have been over this--

KELLEHER

Your Dad lied to investors, defrauded people out of their pensions, and then sued the government because they didn't bail him out fast enough.

ANGUS

You think I don't know that? I can't help you.

Kelleher eyes Angus with skepticism...

KELLEHER

Hope talks go well with your Dad.

Kelleher exits.

Lisa approaches Angus from behind.

LISA

Who was that?

ANGUS

A reporter. Trying to bring down my father.

LISA

Afflict the comfortable and comfort the afflicted.

ANGUS

I think he only cares about the first part.

INT. FINANCIAL OFFICE - DAY

Angus enters a Goldman Sachs like investment firm with dark antique furniture. Well-dressed stockbrokers race about, talk on Bluetooths.

Angus strolls down a hallway to the end OFFICE.

A secretary, JODY (early fifties) recognizes him, gives him a mischievous smile.

JODY

Look who's here. I was wondering why fatted calf was being served in the lunchroom.

ANGUS

I can't be the prodigal, Jody. I'm an only child. How is he today?

JODY

Somewhere between cantankerous bastard and Machiavellian despot.

ANGUS

So, it's a good day.

JODY

He left very strict instructions not to be disturbed.

ANGUS

Oh. Right.

JODY

So, go on in!

ANGUS

But...aren't you going to get into trouble?

JODY

He knows he can't live without me. I know where all the bodies are.

ANGUS

Don't you mean you know where they're buried?

JODY

Some of them are buried, yes.

She gestures with her head for him to go in.

INT. STEWART'S OFFICE - DAY

Angus enters quietly and carefully.

The office seems like it's the size of a football field. A wall-sized window looks out onto downtown Boston.

STEWART CALDWELL, 60, sits at an impressive desk, but seems lost in the grandeur of the office. He speaks on the phone.

STEWART

--no derivatives this time. No, we're done with that. Yes, we paid back the fed loans--

Stewart is clearly aware of Angus, but pays him no attention.

STEWART (CONT'D)

No, no...trust me. It's just the SEC. There's nothing to worry about.

Stewart glances at a newspaper on his desk.

INSERT - THE NEWSPAPER

There is an article entitled CALDWELL INVESTIGATED BY SEC.

The byline is by DAVID KELLEHER.

BACK TO SCENE

STEWART (CONT'D)
Yeah...Yeah...the meeting's at two...
Right.

He hangs up, gazes up at Angus.

He punches an intercom button on the desk.

STEWART (CONT'D)
Jody, I--

JODY (O.S.)
(on the intercom)
Your son is here. I know how much
you like it when he drops by, so I
sent him right in. You're welcome!

The intercom clicks off.

STEWART
So?

ANGUS
How's the paperwork coming?

STEWART
Paperwork?

ANGUS
For the land sale?

STEWART
Land sale? I'm not in real estate.

Angus sighs heavily.

ANGUS
The animal sanctuary? I put all my
savings in escrow? Ringing any bells?

STEWART
Oh. I'm having second thoughts about
that.

MEMORY FLASH

Kelleher waves from the sanctuary gate...

BACK TO SCENE

ANGUS
Dad? What the fuck?

STEWART

A Gaelic agricultural term, I believe. Originally refers to the process of planting seeds in a field, which explains how it got its more vernacular application--

Angus groans in frustration.

Stewart is very pleased with himself.

STEWART (CONT'D)

Your town's going to be the next Boston suburb. New homes. Starbucks. A new T-Stop. That land is extremely valuable.

ANGUS

That's why I'm going to buy it from you now, and not wait for you to die in the hopes you leave it to me in the will. If you sell it to me I can keep that sanctuary open for years.

STEWART

That's what I'm afraid of.

ANGUS

Oh, for Christ sakes, not this again.

STEWART

I have nothing but respect for what you do at the sanctuary. But that's not a career.

ANGUS

You think in a couple of years there'll be no more need to rescue animals?

STEWART

I just don't see why you have to be the one to do it.

ANGUS

Oh, I'm sorry. Do you find me embarrassing? When you're in that courtroom facing those indictments, will you think to yourself "I can't believe I have to cope with the shame of a son who takes care of wounded dogs?"

Angus wanders over to the window, stares out at the Boston skyline.

Stewart eyes his son thoughtfully.

STEWART
Look, I'll sell you the land.

ANGUS
(without turning around)
Thank you.

STEWART
But there's a condition.

Angus whirls around.

ANGUS
I told you: I'm not going to be a stockbroker.

STEWART
I don't want you to be a stockbroker. You'd chase away all the good customers. And only a few of the bad ones.

ANGUS
Then...?

STEWART
What month is it?

ANGUS
Ask Jody.

STEWART
No, she'll just lie to me. It's August.

ANGUS
Okay.

Stewart stares at him. He expects Angus to understand.

After a moment, Angus works it out.

ANGUS (CONT'D)
Oh, no. No!

STEWART
It would be good for you. How long since you've been in school?

ANGUS

Since I got kicked out? About ten years.

STEWART

You didn't get kicked out.

ANGUS

Yes, I did. That's what happens when you spend all of your time doing beer bonging instead of going to class. They kick you out.

STEWART

You were placed on academic probation.

ANGUS

Academic death row is more like it.

STEWART

It's officially probation. Which means you can go back. You can finish your degree--

ANGUS

Dad--

STEWART

I want you to have options, okay? I don't want you to be tethered to this one thing, and have no contingencies.

ANGUS

I don't need contingencies--

STEWART

What if you develop an animal allergy? What will you do then? You need something you can fall back on.

Angus contemplates this. It does make a bit of sense...

STEWART (CONT'D)

Just take a night class, or a Saturday session. Get yourself back into it. You used to like History. Politics. Take a History class. You complete the whole semester...and I'll sell you the land.

Angus is quiet another moment, but he can't hide his resentment...

ANGUS

That was not our deal.

He races to the door, exits.

Stewart sighs, shrugs...

EXT. ANIMAL SANCTUARY - DAY

Angus wanders past the pens and the paddocks. All of the animals seem to be eyeing him expectantly.

He pauses, takes it all in.

ANGUS

Shit.

EXT. UNIVERSITY - NIGHT

Angus approaches a classroom door, pelted by a heavy rain.

INT. UNIVERSITY CLASSROOM - NIGHT

A soaked Angus enters. He finds a corner of the room where very few people sit.

He removes his raincoat, places it on the desk beside his.

A WOMAN appears from behind. She speaks with a Brazilian accent.

WOMAN (O.S.)

Excuse me?

Angus glances in her direction, gazes around the room at the other empty seats before relenting and removing his coat from the seat.

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

Thank you.

She whips off her coat, nearly swats Angus in the face with it. He dodges it, throws the Woman an irritated glare.

She sits, plopping her arm down on the rest between she and Angus. He tries to claim some of the arm rest, but there isn't room.

He finally looks at the Woman--it's FABIANA. She is nearly unrecognizable, hidden behind dyed blonde hair, blue contact lenses, baggy clothes and a baseball cap.

She leans forward to open her backpack--Angus uses the chance to claim more of the arm rest.

Unaware, she leans back and drops her arm right on his. They both yank theirs away, annoyed...

ANGUS & FABIANA

Sorry.

Angus glances around the room again...

ANGUS

Wow. The class isn't very crowded...in fact, there are few spots where there are plenty of empty seats.

Fabiana nods, coldly.

ANGUS (CONT'D)

If someone came in now, they wouldn't have to have anyone sitting right next to them.

FABIANA

Or if someone wanted to move.

Professor EVERETH GONZALEZ, 48, enters, and the class falls into a reverent silence.

GONZALEZ

Good evening. This is Latin American Studies, my name is Evereth Gonzalez.

Angus's hand shoots up, nearly hitting Fabiana in the face.

She grunts in irritation, but Angus doesn't notice.

ANGUS

Um...Professor Gonzalez?

GONZALEZ

Yes, Mister..?

ANGUS

Caldwell. Angus.

GONZALEZ

Nice to meet you, Angus.

ANGUS

Thanks. So...this isn't American studies?

GONZALEZ

We will be studying Americans. Just the ones south of the Rio Grande.

Fabiana smirks at Angus, clearly enjoying his discomfort.

ANGUS

But it says on my schedule...

Angus unrolls his class schedule

INSERT - THE CLASS SCHEDULE

Sure enough, it reads LATIN AMERICAN STUDIES...

BACK TO SCENE

ANGUS (CONT'D)

That I'm in the right place. Sorry.

GONZALEZ

If you'd like to join Professor Morris' class, it's upstairs. I'm pretty sure he's not taking adds at this point. But you're welcome to go ask him.

ANGUS

I think...

Angus glances around at all of the mostly brown faces gazing at him. He becomes self-conscious...

ANGUS (CONT'D)

No. I think I'll stay. Thank you.

GONZALEZ

We are very honored to have you. May I continue?

ANGUS

Um...of course.

GONZALEZ

How kind.

Angus sinks into his seat, refuses to make eye contact with Fabiana.

She just shakes her head, embarrassed for him...

THE CLASSROOM - LATER

Gonzalez stands before a Power Point with a map of Nicaragua.

GONZALEZ

...at this point, the Sandinistas discovered the Contras were a real
(MORE)

GONZALEZ (CONT'D)
threat. It was then that they began
channeling funds into expanding their
military.

Angus's hand flies up.

FABIANA
(under her breath)
Merda. Not again.

Fabiana stirs uncomfortably in her seat.

Gonzalez eyes Angus patiently.

GONZALEZ
Yes, Angus?

ANGUS
Oh...you remembered my name.

GONZALEZ
Yours is the first one I've learned.
You have another question?

ANGUS
Aren't the Sandinistas essentially
running the country today?

GONZALEZ
Many of them, yes.

ANGUS
So, what did the uprising really get
Nicaragua? They fight this war,
drive out Somoza, finally come to
power, and then what? They became
the very thing they despised. What's
the point?

Fabiana raises her hand.

GONZALEZ
Isabel?

FABIANA
So Nicaraguans were supposed to do
nothing? The Contras would attack a
school, and then retreat to Costa
Rica. They could not just ignore
it.

ANGUS
Of course not.
(MORE)

ANGUS (CONT'D)

But their freely elected President is holding on to power just as desperately as Samoza did. Nothing really changes.

FABIANA

Do you think Nicaraguans are just stupid and corrupt?

ANGUS

Not just Nicaraguans. All humans are stupid and corrupt.

FABIANA

People are capable of a lot more than you give them credit for.

ANGUS

I have low expectations of other humans. I'm never surprised, but I'm also never disappointed.

GONZALEZ

Okay, okay. I think that's enough for tonight.

INT. FABIANA'S CAR - NIGHT

Fabiana climbs in...

FABIANA

All humans are stupid and corrupt? How does he live like that?

INT. ANGUS' VAN - NIGHT

Angus drives through the night...

ANGUS

Capable of more? More what? Greed? Selfishness? Doesn't she spend time with...People?

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Fabiana pulls her car up to a stop light.

A car with two TEENAGE GIRLS pulls up alongside Fabiana.

They look at Fabiana, whisper to each other a moment.

FABIANA

(whispering)
Come on, light. Change.

One of the Girls leans out the passenger side window.

TEENAGE GIRL #1
Hey, hey. Are you...Fabiana?

She doesn't look at them.

FABIANA
No.

TEENAGE GIRL #2
See? I told you!

TEENAGE GIRL #1
You look so much like her.

The light changes. Fabiana roars away.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Angus sips coffee at a table, scrolling through his phone.

A BARISTA works behind the counter, mixing drinks.

A CUSTOMER plops down with his drink at a table next to Angus.

The Customer pulls out a smart phone, thumbs through the screen.

Suddenly, the phone blares a Fabiana song. The Customer nods in satisfaction...

Angus glares at the Customer, who seems not to notice, takes a sip of his drink. Angus looks like he's about to speak--

CUSTOMER
(to the BARISTA)
I didn't order this!

BARISTA
I know. You took the wrong person's drink. I tried to stop you but you wouldn't listen.

A TV blares in the corner, while the Barista and Customer continue to argue...

ON THE TV

The same annoying entertainment gossip show from before, with the same annoying Host...

HOST

Brazilian pop superstar Fabiana has put all of her staff on paid leave and has decided to "take a break" from performing. Rumors are swirling that the Latin beauty has checked herself into a rehab center in Mexico City.

BACK TO SCENE

CUSTOMER

You didn't say anything to me.

BARISTA

I did. Did you look on the cup? That's not your name.

Irritated by all of the noise, Angus gives up and storms out...

CUSTOMER

How am I supposed to read that?

INT. HOTEL SUITE - SITTING ROOM - DAY

A penthouse suite with a view of the Boston skyline...

Fabiana sits at a synthesizer keyboard, plays with a melody. It's gentle and pretty--almost Bach-like.

Her cell phone rings O.S.

She leaps up from the keyboard, searches her suite for the phone as it rings.

She wanders through the

KITCHEN

No luck.

FABIANA

(in Portuguese)

Uh! Where are you?

She races into the

BEDROOM

She looks at her end table--there's no phone, but a copy of Paulo Coelho's "The Pilgrimage."

Finally, she locates the phone under her bed, answers it.

FABIANA (CONT'D)

(in Portuguese)

Hello?...No, mama, I did not lose it again...Yes, they should just send me one every month...it's fine...I like the class...it's nice to be...just with me.

She wanders back into the

SITTING ROOM

Plops herself down at her keyboard...

FABIANA (CONT'D)

(in Portuguese)

Yes, I have...A melody I cannot get out of my head...

A knock at the door.

FABIANA (CONT'D)

(in Portuguese)

Wait, hold on a second, okay?

Fabiana pulls open the door to reveal MOSES (23). He is dressed in flashy, bright colors. He is flanked by several assistants, all of whom wear colors similar to Moses. They look like a flamboyant religious cult.

Moses is a bundle of barely contained ADHD energy. He carries a skimpy, loud, gaudy outfit.

MOSES

I've found it!

FABIANA

What are you doing here? I--

Fabiana finally notices the outfit. The color drains from her face.

FABIANA (CONT'D)

What is that?

MOSES

Your new look!

FABIANA

(to the phone, in Portuguese)

Mama...I'll have to call you back.

FABIANA'S HOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Fabiana emerges from her bathroom wearing the outfit.

The design of the dress is ghastly--it looks like she's wearing a triangle that has grafted itself onto her skin. The color scheme is neon, nearly blinding...

Moses and the assistants all "ooh" and "aah" over the dress.

FABIANA

Really?

The chorus of nods, "Oh, yes," along with "Wonderful!"

Fabiana looks at herself in the mirror.

FABIANA (CONT'D)

Thank you, Moses...it's...original.

The chorus nods their heads, along with shouts of "Oh, yes!" And "So original!"

Fabiana paints on a smile.

EXT. ANIMAL SANCTUARY - DAY

Chad walks a recovering calf around under Lisa's watchful eye.

LISA

He's gotten a lot stronger.

CHAD

I've never taken care of a calf before. My little brother keeps asking when I'm going to bring him home.

LISA

You've done good a good job with him, Chad.

Angus passes by, pushing a wheel barrow full of hay...

LISA (CONT'D)

(to Angus)

Hasn't he?

Angus pauses, a bit surprised to be pulled into this conversation.

ANGUS

What?

LISA
Chad. Did a good job with the calf?

ANGUS
Who's Chad?

Lisa gestures with her eyes at Chad, who wears an expectant grin...

ANGUS (CONT'D)
Oh. Yes. Good.

Lisa glares at Angus; he doesn't notice.

LISA
You can take her back now. Thank you.

CHAD
You're welcome, Dr. Rice.

Chad leads the calf away. Angus starts to push the barrow on...

LISA
Angus. He's a volunteer.

Angus stops, looks back at Lisa.

ANGUS
I know he's a volunteer. This is my sanctuary.

LISA
You won't have any more volunteers if you keep treating them like that.

ANGUS
Like what? I said thank you.

LISA
No, I said thank you. You seemed like you couldn't be bothered to interact with either of us.

ANGUS
They volunteer because they love the animals. They don't give a shit about how I talk to them.

LISA
Yes, they do.

ANGUS
How do you know that?

LISA

Because they're people! They want to be talked to like they matter.

ANGUS

But they don't matter. I'm glad to have them as volunteers, but I don't care about their lives. And they don't have to care about mine.

LISA

And that is the reason you have no friends. Human ones, at least.

She turns to exit.

ANGUS

We're not friends?

She stops, turns back to him.

LISA

You never ask me how I am, or show any interest in me at all. You don't ask about my wife. What's her name, by the way?

ANGUS

I...I thought you had a husband.

LISA

Exactly. I try asking about you, but just say "fine," and change the subject back to the animals.

ANGUS

Then why do you come?

LISA

Because I'm a veterinarian. Dealing with you is just...an occupational hazard.

She marches off. Angus stares after a moment, then returns to the wheel barrow.

His three Volunteers, all of whom were clearly eavesdropping, scatter...

INT. CLASSROOM - NIGHT

Fabiana and Angus continue to dominate the class with their arguments.

They no longer wait for Gonzalez to call upon them; it is though they are having the conversation alone.

ANGUS

But look at what Castro became:
Absolute rule, no free speech, no
elections. Meet the new boss.

FABIANA

It does not always turn out that
way. Chile peacefully removes
Pinochet from power, and a functioning
democracy is in its place. Revolution
does not always lead to disaster.

ANGUS

And what happened to Pinochet? Was
he punished for his crimes? Did he
pay for his actions? Did Chileans
get closure? No, he got house arrest.

FABIANA

But that does not have anything to
do with the life of Chileans. They
are better off without that madman.
You cannot really say otherwise.

ANGUS

But it doesn't matter--

FABIANA

It does to the people of Chile--

ANGUS

It doesn't matter because wealth and
power will always look after itself.
It's not interested in anyone else.

FABIANA

You are impossible!

ANGUS

I might be. But I'm also right.

GONZALEZ

Okay, okay. I think it's time to
shift gears.

He grabs a pile of papers off the desk, distributes them to
the students.

GONZALEZ (CONT'D)

Here are the assignments for your
midterm presentations.

(MORE)

GONZALEZ (CONT'D)

In order to ensure as a broad a list as possible, I have assigned the topics individually.

The Professor hands Fabiana and Angus their assignments.

They start to read, then look up at each other, stunned.

EXT. CLASSROOM - NIGHT

Professor Gonzalez exits the classroom, pursued by Fabiana and Angus.

ANGUS

...I really don't think this is a good idea--

FABIANA

For once, I agree with him. No one else has to work together.

ANGUS

With respect, I have to ask: what are you thinking?

Gonzalez stops, whirls around to face them.

GONZALEZ

Angus. Isabel. You two will work together on this project. You will assemble the presentation cooperatively, and deliver it as a team.

ANGUS

But, professor--

GONZALEZ

This means one of two things are going to happen: you are either going to fall madly in love, or you're going to kill each other. Either way, I get my class back.

He turns and walks off.

Fabiana and Angus are left in shock.

Angus tries to act nonplussed...

ANGUS

You believe that guy? What a...

Fabiana mutters in Portuguese, marches off.

ANGUS (CONT'D)
 Hey, what did that mean?

FABIANA
 It means, "Go home and clean your
 toilet!"

INT. FABIANA'S CAR - NIGHT

Fabiana climbs in, incensed by her conversation with Gonzalez.

FABIANA
 Fall in love with him? Oh, no. I
 am definitely going to kill him.

She peels away from her parking spot...

INT. ANGUS'S CAR - NIGHT

Angus sits in a daze. He is far more sanguine.

ANGUS
 Fall in love with her? She'll
 probably kill me first.

INT. VET'S OFFICE - DAY

Lisa operates on the Wolf Hound...

Angus observes the operation. He wears a surgical mask.

A Fabiana song plays on the stereo in the corner.

LISA
 The bone was in really bad shape.
 She was probably in pain most of the
 time.

ANGUS
 Jesus.

LISA
 But I managed to reset it perfectly,
 if I don't say so myself. She'll be
 able to run like she hasn't in years.

ANGUS
 That's great.

He suddenly looks uncomfortable.

ANGUS (CONT'D)
 I'm..uh...still working on the fee--

LISA
Forget it. How's your class?

ANGUS
It's okay. I have to work on a...
collaborative project.

LISA
You?

ANGUS
Yes.

LISA
Karma's a bitch. I hope it's not
with that woman you're always
complaining about.

Angus doesn't respond. Lisa looks over at him.

LISA (CONT'D)
It is, isn't it?

She bursts out laughing.

ANGUS
It's not funny.

LISA
No, of course not.

She tries not to laugh, but can't help herself.

LISA (CONT'D)
Hey, would you turn that up?

She gestures to the radio. Angus complies.

ANGUS
What are we listening to?

LISA
You don't know Fabiana?

ANGUS
No. And I think I'd like to keep it
that way.

INT. CLASSROOM - NIGHT

The class listens intently to the lecture.

GONZALEZ

...the elite of El Salvador considered Bishop Romero a class traitor. If he was going to baptize and minister to the poor and unwashed, they wanted nothing more to do with him.

Fabiana raises her hand.

The Professor nods at her.

GONZALEZ (CONT'D)

Isabel.

FABIANA

Who killed him?

GONZALEZ

The death squads. No one knows for sure who ordered it. But Romero once called the President a liar. To his face. That's not how you extended your life expectancy in El Salvador back then.

FABIANA

How do Salvadorans feel about Romero?

GONZALEZ

They have great admiration for him. He inspires many ordinary Salvadorans who are hoping for a better future.

Everyone holds their breath, ready for Angus to react.

Angus looks like he's about to speak, glances at Fabiana, then changes his mind. He looks down at his notebook, scrawls some notes...

Fabiana is stunned, and even a little disappointed.

Gonzalez, relieved, quickly forges ahead...

GONZALEZ (CONT'D)

So, Romero's murder by the death squads was really the last straw. It was that event more than any other that accelerated the civil war that would grip the country for twelve more years...

IN THE CLASSROOM - LATER

Class is over. The students pack up.

Angus watches Fabiana a moment.

ANGUS

Um...do you want to get a cup of coffee? We should probably talk about the project.

Fabiana eyes him a moment, uncertain.

FABIANA

Right. Sure.

INT. CAFE - NIGHT

Fabiana and Angus sit in an uncomfortable silence. They sip coffee.

Occasionally, they make eye contact, and smile awkwardly. It's torture for both of them.

ANGUS

How's...the coffee?

FABIANA

Fine.

ANGUS

Good. Sometimes it tastes a little burnt, but...not tonight.

She couldn't be less interested.

He hides himself in a sip.

She pulls out her purse, sifts through it.

ANGUS (CONT'D)

What are you--?

FABIANA

I am looking for my phone. Do you know what time it is?

ANGUS

Yes.

He checks his phone.

ANGUS (CONT'D)

It's nine-thirty.

FABIANA

I have to go.

ANGUS

But we haven't talked about Belize.

FABIANA

No. Well, some other time. I have to go.

She springs up from her chair, and races to the door.

Angus rises, tosses some cash on the table, follows her out.

EXT. CAFE - NIGHT

Fabiana marches outside. Angus is right behind her.

She glances around, surprised to see him following.

FABIANA

Good night.

ANGUS

Oh...good night.

He continues to follow her.

FABIANA

I am...down here.

ANGUS

Me, too.

FABIANA

Great.

They walk together towards their cars, Fabiana lets out a grunt of frustration.

Angus pretends not to notice.

After a moment, he spots a dog wandering the sidewalk.

ANGUS

Odd. Looks like an English Shepherd.
Don't see too many of those around here.

The dog wanders into the street...

ANGUS (CONT'D)

What's it doing--?

A flash of headlights, then...

ANGUS (CONT'D)

Shit!

FABIANA

Oh my God!

The sound of screeching tires, and a thump.

Angus and Fabiana race over to the dog.

The driver takes off.

FABIANA (CONT'D)

Uh! Do you believe that?

Angus crouches down at the animal.

Its entire body twitches. Blood runs down its hip. Eyes look lifeless.

FABIANA (CONT'D)

Oh, the poor thing.

ANGUS

Can you do me a favor?
Come down here.

She crouches down, gets a closer look at the dog.

ANGUS (CONT'D)

Put your hand right here.

He gestures to the back of the dog's neck.

She looks at him doubtfully.

ANGUS (CONT'D)

Please.

Unsure, she does what he asks.

ANGUS (CONT'D)

Now, massage it just like this.

He puts his hand on hers to demonstrate.

She flushes a moment, but he doesn't notice.

ANGUS (CONT'D)

Good. Keep doing that.

FABIANA

What am I doing?

ANGUS

The dog's in shock. That massage will stimulate its nerve endings. Keep it from slipping into a coma.

He withdraws a handkerchief from his pocket and uses it to put pressure on the wound.

ANGUS (CONT'D)

Keep at it.

The dog ceases twitching.

It breathes normally, and its eyes come back to life.

Fabiana gasps.

FABIANA

Oh, my God! Look at him!

ANGUS

Her, actually.

He glances at her name tag.

ANGUS (CONT'D)

Allison.

FABIANA

Did I do that?

ANGUS

Yes, you did.

The dog tries to lift its head.

It starts to whine.

ANGUS (CONT'D)

Take it easy, little one. Here.

Angus gently collects the dog.

FABIANA

Are you a vet?

ANGUS

No, but I know the best one in Massachusetts.

INT. FABIANA'S CAR - NIGHT

Angus climbs into the car, carefully cradles the animal.

Fabiana gets in behind the wheel.

ANGUS

PGT 762.

FABIANA

What?

ANGUS

That was the plate number of the car
that hit her. Don't let me forget
it.

She grins at him.

FABIANA

Right. PGT 762.

INT. LISA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Lisa, in pajamas and a robe, opens the door for Angus.

Fabiana follows him in.

LISA

Bring her into the basement.

ANGUS

Which way?

LISA

(gesturing)
Door at the end of the hall.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Angus places the dog on a table, covered with an old sheet.

GEORGINA, Lisa's wife, enters. She's very groggy.

GEORGINA

Do you need any help, honey?
(to Angus)
You must be Angus.
(glances at Fabiana)
Who are you?

FABIANA

My name's Isabel.

GEORGINA

Wow, you look a lot like that
Brazilian singer. Is this your dog?

Fabiana tries to keep cool.

FABIANA

Um, no. We saw her get hit.

Georgina saddens, looks over the animal.

GEORGINA
Poor baby. I'll get out of your way
and go make some coffee.

LISA
You're never in my way!

GEORGINA
Ha!

They exchange a kiss. Georgina exits.

Lisa examines the dog.

LISA
(to Angus)
Will you hand me that needle?

He does.

LISA (CONT'D)
Isabel, would you just hold her head?

Fabiana follows the instructions...

LISA (CONT'D)
Perfect.

Lisa gives the dog the injection.

ANGUS
Thanks for doing this.

LISA
Anything for the animals. You know
that.

The dog looks up at Fabiana with plaintive eyes. Its tail
wags.

Fabiana smiles, as the dog drifts off to sleep.

FABIANA
Is she going to be all right?

LISA
Never lost a patient in my basement
before. Not going to start tonight.

INT. FABIANA'S CAR - NIGHT

Fabiana drops off Angus at his car near the cafe.

ANGUS

Well, that was quite an evening.
Thanks for your help.

FABIANA

You are welcome. I have never... I
still cannot believe how...she just
came back.

ANGUS

You've got the healing touch.

He climbs out of the car, leans into the window.

ANGUS (CONT'D)

So, should we try again on Monday?
Maybe talk a bit about Belize?

FABIANA

Monday. That should be fine.

ANGUS

Don't forget.

They both remember simultaneously...

ANGUS & FABIANA

PGT 762!

INT. FABIANA'S HOTEL ROOM - BEDROOM NIGHT

Fabiana plops on the bed. She lies there a moment, lost in
thought.

Her face lights up, as a goofy smile settles upon it.

She rises, grabs a piece of paper, scrawls a few lines on
it.

Her phone rings again.

IN THE BATHROOM

Fabiana enters, grabs the phone off the counter.

FABIANA

(in Portuguese, on
the phone)

Hello? Yes, mama...I am fine.
Yes...actually...I sound funny?...No,
everything is good.

INT. ANGUS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

Angus stumbles in, a bit giddy himself.

He turns on the light.

A half dozen dogs are curled up on his bed.

ANGUS
Move over. Daddy's home.

The dogs accommodate him as he sits. He reaches into his pocket and withdraws a piece of paper.

He glances down at a piece of paper in his hand.

INSERT - THE PAPER

A hand scrawled note that reads "PGT 762."

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Winjanssen sits to his desk, speaks on the phone.

WINJANSSEN
Find a home for that dog yet?

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION - ANGUS AND WINJANSSEN

Angus lays on the bed surrounded by dogs...

ANGUS
Not yet. I'm actually calling about a different dog. One who was hit by a car.

WINJANSSEN
Oh, no.

ANGUS
The driver took off.

WINJANSSEN
That's Boston for you.

ANGUS
I got a plate number.

Winjanssen grabs a pen.

WINJANSSEN
Shoot.

INT. HOTEL - SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

A song lyric poised in her keyboard, she plays with the melody she was writing earlier.

She pauses, makes a change to the lyric, then returns to the keyboard, plays a few major chords.

She hums the melody...

INT. FABIANA'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Fabiana sips a glass of wine, sits down in her balcony.

She stares out at the Boston skyline. An electronic billboard fires up: it's a Fabiana ad.

She shakes her head in disbelief, laughs quietly to herself.

FABIANA
(in Portuguese)
Do not worry. I have not forgotten.

A knock at the door. Fabiana approaches the door with care.

She peers through the fish eye lens into the HALLWAY. No one's there.

Cautiously, she opens the door, looks to the left.

The HALLWAY is empty.

She looks right and jumps at the sight of GERALD (23), an artist flanked by his entourage. They are all dressed in black, their hair dyed a variety of tones.

GERALD carries a foam board.

GERALD
I have the mock ups for the new cover!

They all rush in, dragging Fabiana with them.

FABIANA
Wait...!

Gerald holds the board before Fabiana. Everyone "oohs" and "aahs."

INSERT - THE FOAM BOARD

It's an album cover with Fabiana's name emblazoned across the top, but the painting is a take off on Bruce Springsteen's "Born in the USA"--with a close up of Fabiana's backside wearing a thong in front of a giant Brazilian flag.

BACK TO SCENE

Fabiana recoils.

FABIANA (CONT'D)

I do not remember posing for this.

GERALD

You weren't actually there. It's how AI imagines your butt.

She stares back at the image. It seems to be making her physically ill.

GERALD (CONT'D)

It's my best ever. And you know how humble I am.

The chorus nods, a few "Oh, yeahs", etc.

GERALD (CONT'D)

Lots of downloads and a lot of sold tickets!

Fabiana tears the poster board out of his hand.

A flash of fear on Gerald's face.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

Gerald, dejected, stumbles outside, the poster board having been broken over his head.

The board is still wrapped around his torso; his assistants struggle to remove it.

The door slams behind them...

INT. BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY - NIGHT

Fabiana enters the McKim building.

She stops in her tracks, mesmerized by the marble steps, the lion sculptures, the majestic paintings...

She smiles, walks slowly, takes in all the splendor...

INT. LIBRARY - BATES HALL - NIGHT

Fabiana enters the hall, and admires its beauty: the high ceilings, the artwork, the beautiful desks.

Angus sidles up next to her...

ANGUS

Hi.

She jumps from the sound of his voice...

FABIANA

Oh! Hello.

ANGUS

Sorry. Didn't mean to frighten you.

FABIANA

No, it is just...

She turns to look at the room again, stares up at the ceiling.

ANGUS

I know what you mean. I want to show you something.

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

Angus and Fabiana stand in the middle of a room, surrounded by several Du Chavannes paintings.

ANGUS

This is called "The Muses of Inspiration Hail the Spirit, the Harbinger of Light."

FABIANA

It must sound better in French.

She points at one of the paintings.

FABIANA (CONT'D)

Is that Homer?

ANGUS

Yes. Virgil and Aeschylus beside him. Epic, pastoral, and dramatic poetry.

Fabiana looks at the other side of the room...

FABIANA

So this must be history...astronomy, ...philosophy.

Angus nods.

FABIANA (CONT'D)

(reads a quote on the painting)

"Man is a plant of heavenly not of earthly growth."

ANGUS

Plato.

FABIANA
I imagine you do not agree.

ANGUS
Not really. You?

FABIANA
Sometimes.

INT. LIBRARY MEETING ROOM - NIGHT

Fabiana and Angus sit around a large table, covered with books, papers, and Angus' laptop...

ANGUS
...He got so obsessed with his work,
my Mom walked out on him.

FABIANA
Do you still see her?

He shakes his head.

ANGUS
My mom might be the only woman in
America to lose her husband to bears
and bulls.

FABIANA
And how did she lose you?

ANGUS
She left me with Dad. That was hard
to forgive.

An awkward moment, as Angus stares down at his laptop.

He looks back up at Fabiana, forces a smile.

ANGUS (CONT'D)
So...what's your Dad like?

FABIANA
He's a shoe maker. Owns many
factories throughout South America.
My mother sells real estate. She is
the true financial genius.

ANGUS
And what do you do?

Fabiana takes a breath: she has been rehearsing this moment...

FABIANA

I am...what they call in Sao Paulo
the "new rich."

ANGUS

I see. Remind me not to put you in
touch with my father. If you invest
with him, in three months you'll be
a millionaire. Provided, of course,
you started out a billionaire.

They gaze at each other a moment, before turning away in
discomfort...

FABIANA

So...we are the wayward children of
rich men.

ANGUS

I suppose we are.

IN THE MEETING ROOM - LATER

The laptop pushed aside, Fabiana and Angus lean in closer...

ANGUS

Feet?

FABIANA

Yes, feet. You have big ugly feet.

Angus glances down at his feet.

ANGUS

They don't look too bad.

FABIANA

Not just you. All Americans. Ask
anyone from Brazil. Everyone knows
that Americans have big, flat ugly
feet.

Angus looks over at her feet.

ANGUS

Yours are pretty dainty.

FABIANA

My father had clients who were
American expatriates. He had to
custom make their shoes, because no
store carried their sizes.

ANGUS

And you decided not to follow him
into the shoe business?

FABIANA

I love shoes. My shoe closet looks
like the love child of Imelda Marcos
and Elton John.

ANGUS

Oh, there's an image.

He pretends to shiver.

FABIANA

I would much rather buy shoes than
make them.

ANGUS

Come to think of it, so would I.

They exchange a starry eyed gaze for a moment.

ANGUS (CONT'D)

Um...they're about to close up. I'm
going to take these back...

He grabs a pile of books.

FABIANA

I will gather the notes.

She does so as Angus leaves the room.

Fabiana covertly pulls out the song lyric, adds to it...

INSERT - THE SONG LYRIC

She writes the words SEJA MINHA.

BACK TO SCENE

She reads them over again, smiles.

EXT. ANIMAL SANCTUARY - DAY

Lisa examines a sheep in the pen, as Angus holds it still.

LISA

She's got orf.

ANGUS

Is it bad?

LISA

Looks worse than it is. I have a terrmycin spray. I also have some orfoids you can give her in pill form.

ANGUS

Good. Hey, how's Georgina?

Lisa stares at him a moment.

LISA

Fine. Why do you ask?

ANGUS

No reason. Just wondering.

LISA

Social skills. Very nice.

She eyes him carefully.

LISA (CONT'D)

You also seem to be sort of...relaxed. Almost...care free.

ANGUS

Why are you looking at me like that? Do I have orf?

LISA

No, something far worse, I think.

She smiles knowingly, returns to the sheep.

INT. CLASSROOM - NIGHT

Angus and Fabiana give their presentation on Belize.

Fabiana stands before a Power Point slide of a map, while Angus operates the laptop.

The Power Point is smooth and professional. Soft indigenous music plays in the b.g.

Gonzalez and the other students are tense--like a bomb disposal unit awaiting an explosion.

FABIANA

Originally known as British Honduras, English is still the official language, although it is common to hear Kriol, Spanish, and Maya spoken in the streets. The British granted Belize self-rule in 1964...

THE PRESENTATION - LATER

Now it's Angus' turn, and Fabiana runs the computer.

Behind him is a photograph of the Belize Independence Day celebration...

ANGUS

...When the nation gained full independence in 1981, the government of Guatemala refused to recognize the border. To this day, Guatemala claims some or even all of Belize's territory, leading to contentious political relations.

Fabiana steps forward, and the image changes to a British garrison...

FABIANA

Even at this moment, a fifteen hundred person British garrison is stationed at the border, ready to protect Belize from any possible military action.

THE PRESENTATION - LATER

Angus hands out Belizean snacks to the class while pulsed images of animals, birds, and nature scenes from Belize play behind them...

FABIANA

The pocket cakes are called panades-- corn meal filled with fish and beans and the tortilla snacks are called salbutes.

GONZALEZ

Did you make these?

FABIANA

Angus did.

GONZALEZ

They're very spicy.

ANGUS

They like Habaneros in Belize.

Gonzalez looks at a glass of green liquid...

GONZALEZ

What's the drink?

FABIANA

A seaweed shake.

Gonzalez tries it; he finds it distasteful.

GONZALEZ

It's terrible.

Other students seem to agree.

FABIANA

Mr. Caldwell, I believe we are being challenged.

ANGUS

Ms. Mastroluca, I believe you are correct.

He grabs a seaweed shake, and hands one to Fabiana.

ANGUS (CONT'D)

One. Two. Three.

To everyone's amazement, they both chug their shakes in one breath.

Neither spills a drop.

They hold their glasses up in triumph.

The class applauds.

EXT. COLLEGE - NIGHT

Fabiana and Angus exit the class, excited by their success.

ANGUS

That thing with the drink was more like my first college experience.

FABIANA

Did you actually like the shake?

ANGUS

Of course! It was the wonderful taste of seaweed, combined with the refreshing texture of curdled milk. What's not to like?

FABIANA

We had to drink it. The honor of Belize was at stake.

ANGUS

Absolutely.

FABIANA

You seem to enjoy being on stage.

ANGUS

I could say the same about you.

She smiles, knowingly, looks away from him.

ANGUS (CONT'D)

What?

FABIANA

Nothing. You know what? We should celebrate.

ANGUS

Sounds good. You still hungry?

FABIANA

A bit. Mostly, I need to get this seaweed taste out of my mouth.

CAROLINE, one of the students from the class, runs up to Fabiana and Angus.

CAROLINE

Oh, my God. You guys did such a great job!

ANGUS

Thanks!

CAROLINE

(to Fabiana)

I love your accent! Are you from Belize?

FABIANA

Uh, no. Brazil.

CAROLINE

Oh!

Caroline gazes at Fabiana. She seems to look familiar...

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

Wait...

FABIANA

We have to go. See you on Wednesday.

Fabiana herds Angus away...

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Gentle pop music plays in the background.

Angus and Fabiana sit very near to each other.

ANGUS

I just...always got on better with animals. They're easy to trust.

Fabiana looks at him thoughtfully.

FABIANA

Unlike people.

ANGUS

Oh. Did you pick up on that?

FABIANA

You are very subtle, but luckily I am unusually intuitive.

She slowly sips her drink, takes a breath...

FABIANA (CONT'D)

There is...something I need to tell you about myself.

The WAITER comes over with the food.

WAITER

Eggplant Parmesan for you sir, and Spaghetti Bolognese for the lady.

ANGUS

Thank you.

The Waiter stands at the table another moment, anxious.

ANGUS (CONT'D)

Is there something else?

WAITER

(to Fabiana)

I was wondering...could I have your autograph?

Fabiana's face is colored with panic.

ANGUS

What?

WAITER

I know this is very rude, but...I think you're wonderful!

ANGUS

That's really nice, but we were already planning to tip you.

WAITER

No, it's just that--

FABIANA

I am sorry, sir, but I am afraid you have me confused with someone else.

ANGUS

I'll say. Hey, you want my autograph? I run an animal sanctuary.

The Waiter wrinkles his nose.

WAITER

No. Thank you. I...I apologize for bothering you.

Embarrassed, he shuffles off.

FABIANA

Perhaps we should not get dessert.

ANGUS

Only if you like your teramisu with a little saliva.

He glances over at the Waiter.

ANGUS (CONT'D)

Who did he think you were?

Fabiana takes a deep breath...

FABIANA

Well...

The song changes in the restaurant--it's one of Fabiana's.

Angus winces.

ANGUS

Oh, God.

FABIANA

What is it?

ANGUS

This horrible song. It's everywhere. Who is that?

FABIANA
The woman singing?

ANGUS
Yes! It's awful.

For a moment, Fabiana looks hurt, then angry.
Angus, focused on his food, fails to notice.
Finally, Fabiana laughs.

ANGUS (CONT'D)
What?

FABIANA
Nothing. You are funny. You make
me laugh.

Angus blushes.

EXT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The meal over, Angus walks Fabiana back to her car...

ANGUS
Clearly, you're not a celebrity.

FABIANA
Why do you say that?

ANGUS
You ate all of your pasta with that
heavy sauce. If you were a celebrity
you would have ordered a quarter cup
of whole wheat pasta with low fat
carrot sauce and eaten two bites.

FABIANA
Are you saying I eat like a pig?

ANGUS
I have three pigs, and none of them
ever eat pasta. I'm saying you eat
like a person.

FABIANA
I do try and keep fit.

ANGUS
I can see that.

He pauses, a bit embarrassed. She smiles at the compliment.

ANGUS (CONT'D)

So...what's your exercise regimen?

They stop in front of her car.

FABIANA

Oh, this and that.

ANGUS

Do you enjoy riding?

Her eyes widen.

Realizing his double entendre, he stumbles...

ANGUS (CONT'D)

Sorry. No...I mean...horses. On horses. Horseback riding.

FABIANA

Do you know a good place?

EXT. ANIMAL SANCTUARY - DAY

Angus walks Fabiana to the front gate.

He leads her inside, and the throng of dogs bounce all over her. She loves it.

She notices the English Shepherd.

FABIANA

I thought she had a tag. You couldn't find the owner?

ANGUS

Owner never claimed her. There's always room here.

BEGIN MONTAGE - ANGUS AND FABIANA TOUR THE SANCTUARY

--He takes her inside the barn, and shows her the oxen and pigs...

--Inside another enclosure, the tortoises sun themselves. Angus talks about them as Fabiana listens intently.

--She pets the goats, and one starts to eat her shirt. She screams playfully, as Angus pulls the goat off.

--In a smaller barn filled with cats, several climb all over her, and rub against her. She's in heaven.

--In the enclosure, she pets a llama. It rubs the side of its head against hers.

--On horseback, Angus and Fabiana joyously gallop along a trail.

END MONTAGE

EXT. HILLSIDE - DAY

Angus stops his horse, climbs off.

He helps Fabiana off hers. Angus' hands are clasped over Fabiana's, their faces a few inches apart.

A starry gaze, then a kiss...

INT. ANGUS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

Angus and Fabiana are wrapped around each other in bed, lost in the afterglow...

She reaches over and touches his face.

FABIANA

There is something I have been meaning to tell you.

ANGUS

You're married?

FABIANA

No. I am not married.

ANGUS

You actually like my feet?

FABIANA

Yours are not too bad. For an American.

ANGUS

What, then?

The phone rings.

ANGUS (CONT'D)

Sorry.

FABIANA

Who would call you this time of night?

ANGUS

It's usually an emergency.

He picks up the phone.

ANGUS (CONT'D)
Caldwell Sanctuary.

EXT. ROADSIDE - NIGHT

Angus and Fabiana drive up to an emergency scene: police officers, fire engines, etc. Angus and Fabiana climb out of the cab.

All of the attention is focused on something in the distance.

They rush over to the local SHERIFF.

SHERIFF
Angus. Sorry to get you up so early.

ANGUS
What happened?

He points to the carcass of a black bear near the side of the road. Next to it is a totaled SUV.

SHERIFF
SUV tried to avoid it, but hit it head on. Driver's in bad shape. Life flighted to Mass General. We just don't know what to do with this guy.

The Sheriff points to a bear cub, terrified, confused, cornered by firemen and law officers.

FABIANA
Oh, no. It wouldn't leave it's mama.

SHERIFF
That's right.

ANGUS
God. It can't be more than...eight weeks old.

SHERIFF
It's pretty tough, though. We already shot it with throrazine.

ANGUS
You want me to take the cub?

SHERIFF
If you can't, I'm going to have to put it down.

Angus takes a deep breath, exchanges a look with Fabiana.

ANGUS

Yeah. Yeah. I can take it. I just don't know where the hell I'm going to put it.

FABIANA

I will help you.

The cub starts to look drowsy.

SHERIFF

Shouldn't be too much longer.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

Angus and the Sheriff place the sleeping cub in a crate in the back.

SHERIFF

He'll be out for at least twelve hours.

INT. BARN - NIGHT

Shop lights illuminate a corner of the barn where Angus and Fabiana work on an enclosure.

The pigs and oxen eye them with curiosity.

INT. BARN - DAY

Angus and Fabiana place the cub in a bed of sawdust.

She covers the cub with a blanket.

INSIDE THE BARN - LATER

Angus and Fabiana sleep against the barn wall.

The cub stirs, calls for its mother.

Fabiana wakes up, shakes Angus.

They move over to the enclosure.

The cub is still frightened.

Angus grabs a bottle of milk from a fridge.

Fabiana sings a Brazilian lullaby to the cub.

He puts in a microwave for a few seconds, then enters the enclosure.

The cub cries, backs away from him.

Angus plunks down by the door, holds out the milk.

The cub is interested, but too fearful.

It cries out again.

Angus tries once more.

ANGUS

Come on, fella. It's okay.

It won't have anything to do with Angus.

Fabiana continues to sing.

ANGUS (CONT'D)

He's going to be a lot of work.

(to Fabiana)

You have a nice singing voice.

She smiles.

EXT. ANGUS' HOUSE - DAY

Angus walks Fabiana back to her car...

FABIANA

You managed to outdo our first date.

They kiss again.

He watches her climb into the car, waves as she leaves.

INT./EXT. CAR - DAY

Stewart drives an impressive luxury car.

He passes Fabiana as she leaves the sanctuary.

Stewart turns up the driveway.

INT. ANGUS' HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Angus opens a closet to reveal dozens of hair remover rolls.

STEWART

How's the class?

Angus grabs a roller, closes the closet door.

ANGUS

Good.

He rolls the hair remover over the furniture as he speaks;
Stewart just stands awkwardly.

STEWART

So, was that someone looking for an adoption?

ANGUS

Who?

STEWART

That woman I saw leaving.

Angus ignores him...

STEWART (CONT'D)

A girlfriend?

ANGUS

I am an adult.

STEWART

I'm not judging you. I'm glad, actually. Is it serious?

ANGUS

You didn't drive all this way just to ask me about my love life and my education.

STEWART

Just wanted to see your operation.

ANGUS

You never have before.

Angus pauses, looks his father square in the eye.

ANGUS (CONT'D)

What's going on?

STEWART

I've received an offer for this land.

ANGUS

I know you have. From me.

STEWART

A bigger offer. From a developer. He says he can build thirty lots here. We've decided we're going to form an LLC together. Do you know how much we're going to make?

ANGUS

Nothing, if you're the one who invests the profits.

STEWART

I'm sorry, Angus. You're my son,
but...I'm also running a business.
And I cannot pass up this opportunity.

ANGUS

Seriously? You're going to do this
to me? Again?

STEWART

I know it looks that way, but--

ANGUS

What was all that about getting an
education? Having options? Was
that bullshit?

STEWART

It was a negotiating tactic.

ANGUS

What does that mean?

STEWART

I didn't think you'd actually stick
with it.

Stuart hands a pamphlet to Angus.

INSERT - THE PAMPHLET

It's for a high rise apartment building in Boston.

BACK TO SCENE

STEWART (CONT'D)

But you proved me wrong, which is
why I just bought you an apartment
in this place. You can live there
while you go to school. Get your
degree. And you can stop...mucking
around with the animals.

Angus glowers at his father, tosses the pamphlet away in
disgust.

ANGUS

Get the hell out of here.

INT. CLASSROOM - NIGHT

Angus sits alone, distant.

Fabiana plops down beside him, happy until she sees his face.

EXT. CLASSROOM - NIGHT

Angus paces back and forth, as Fabiana leans against the wall...

FABIANA

So, that is it? He is just going to sell it? You have no say in the matter?

ANGUS

That's what I get for trusting him.

FABIANA

Would he sell it to you if...you matched the other offer?

ANGUS

I don't know. Maybe. I don't have the money for that anyway.

Fabiana nods, thoughtfully.

ANGUS (CONT'D)

All I have is some life insurance. I'm like George Bailey without the irritating family.

FABIANA

And your father is Mr. Potter.

ANGUS

Don't say mean things about Mr. Potter like that. I guess it could be worse. I could have a daughter named Zuzu. Who the hell names their kid that, anyway? His neighbors should have called child protection services, not given him all that money--

She puts her fingers on his lips.

He freezes.

FABIANA

You are rambling. This will not help.

ANGUS

Even if I could buy another piece of land, there's the permits. Moving the animals. I don't know what to do.

FABIANA

This is what you will do. You will come over to see me tomorrow. We will eat a nice dinner, and we will figure something out.

He nods, and she smiles at him.

They kiss, and don't notice that Caroline has been eavesdropping on their conversation...

EXT. ANIMAL SANCTUARY - DAY

Angus drives up to the gate to find Kelleher waiting for him. Kelleher waves, gives Angus a smug smile.

Angus parks, climbs out of the van.

ANGUS

You're so predictable.

KELLEHER

You're so predicting.

ANGUS

So...what have you heard?

KELLEHER

Dad's changed his mind.

ANGUS

I don't know what you need me for. You obviously have an excellent source.

KELLEHER

But you're family. You can get to files and things others can't.

ANGUS

Your source isn't very reliable if it says I can help you as some sort of inside man.

KELLEHER

Come on--you've worked really hard to build this place, and your dad wants to take it away. Tell me that doesn't piss you off.

ANGUS

So, what? Say I find something incriminating in Dad's incriminating file safe.

(MORE)

ANGUS (CONT'D)

I pass it on to you, you publish it,
the feds decide to investigate.
Then they confiscate and freeze his
assets. That includes this place.

KELLEHER

Maybe. But if he sells this land to
help build Pleasantville, you
definitely get nothing.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

Angus enters, flowers and bottle of wine in hand.

He makes eye contact with a CONCIERGE. They exchange nods.

The Concierge watches Angus head to the elevators...

INT. FABIANA'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

A knock on the door.

Fabiana heads over to the door, stops when she notices her
billboard outside the window.

FABIANA

Um...be right there!

She closes the drapes, heads over to the front door, yanks
it open.

Angus enters, hands Fabiana the flowers.

FABIANA (CONT'D)

Brazilian chrysanthemums! Where did
you get these?

ANGUS

A local florist. Don't be so
surprised. This is Boston, not
Saskatchewan.

FABIANA

Thank God. It is cold enough here
already.

He holds up the bottle.

ANGUS

Should I open this?

FABIANA

There is a corkscrew at the bar.

She exits, carries the flowers into the kitchen.

Angus grabs the corkscrew, pops open the bottle.

ANGUS

This is a nice room. A bit dark.

He heads over to the drapes, yanks them open. He pays no attention to the billboard.

INTERCUT WITH FABIANA IN THE KITCHEN:

Fabiana puts the flowers in a vase...

FABIANA

Thank you. Daddy's shoe money.

ANGUS

(muttering)

Always Daddy's money.

FABIANA

What was that?

ANGUS

When was the last time you saw your father?

FABIANA

At his funeral.

ANGUS

I'm sorry. I didn't realize--

BACK TO SCENE

Fabiana reenters from the kitchen. She immediately closes the drapes, crosses back over to Angus.

He eyes her with curiosity, but before he can speak...

FABIANA

It is okay. You had no way of knowing.

He hands her a glass.

ANGUS

Let's drink to him, then.

They raise their glasses.

ANGUS (CONT'D)

To your father.

FABIANA

To my father.

They drink.

FABIANA (CONT'D)

Wow, this is really good.

ANGUS

I'm not a campesino.

FABIANA

That is Spanish.

ANGUS

I know. It's all I got.

FABIANA

So you live on a ranch surrounded by animals miles outside of the city...because you are not a campesino.

She smiles, mischievously.

He gives her a playful glare.

ANGUS

Am I being judged by the "Novo Rico" of the developing world?

In mock indignation, she moves towards him.

FABIANA

Developing world? That is very insulting to me.

He moves in closer...

ANGUS

So how do you win back your honor? Not a soccer match. This is the United States.

FABIANA

We are certainly not going to play baseball.

They kiss, passionately, drop their glasses on the floor.

A knock on the door O.S.

ANGUS

Room service?

FABIANA

Um...

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

(in Portuguese)

Isabel? Open up. We can hear you!

Fabiana sighs heavily, looks over at Angus. He gives a shrug of confusion.

Resigned, Fabiana pulls open the door.

It's Fabiana's mother YASMIN (53), with Fabiana's two younger sisters, FERNANDA (20) and MARIANA (18).

YASMIN, FERNANDA, & MARIANA

(in Portuguese)

Surprise!

They all speak with Brazilian accents.

FABIANA

Wha--! What are you all doing here?

The mother and daughters embrace Fabiana in one group hug...

FERNANDA

(in Portuguese)

We've come to visit!

MARIANA

(in Portuguese)

We haven't seen you in so long, and
Mama says you've been acting--

They all notice Angus. He is intensely self conscious.

MARIANA (CONT'D)

(in Portuguese)

Strangely.

YASMIN

Who is this?

Fabiana winces, squeezes her mother's palms...

FABIANA

This is Angus.

He gives an awkward wave.

FERNANDA

Ooh, like the steak.

FABIANA

Fernanda!

MARIANA

He looks well done.

ANGUS

I'd like to think I was rare.

They rush up to Angus, hug and kiss him on the cheek.

Angus looks and feels like he's just been through a hurricane.

MARIANA

I'm Mariana. I'm the baby.

Angus throws a look at Fabiana: help!

Fabiana is far too frightened to think of anything.

Yasmin approaches Angus next.

YASMIN

I'm Yasmin. I'm the mother.

Her embrace and kiss is far more calm and dignified. It's like a breath of fresh air to Angus.

Yasmin nearly steps on some broken glass, but Angus pulls her back.

ANGUS

Look out!

YASMIN

What has happened here?

FERNANDA

Why are there broken wine glasses?

MARIANA

What were you two doing?

THE HOTEL ROOM - LATER

All five enjoy a room service feast...

Fernanda and Mariana are gathered around Angus. They hang on his every word...

ANGUS

...and I've been milking the bear cub by hand every day.

FERNANDA & MARIANA

Ohhh!

FERNANDA

What do you keep it in?

ANGUS

Isabel and I put together an enclosure
the night we brought it home.

MARIANA

Isabel?

Fernanda and Mariana turn to Fabiana, who polishes off a
bottle of wine. She looks terrified.

Yasmin eyes her with concern.

FERNANDA

I didn't know she could do things
like that.

ANGUS

Oh, no she's very good with her han--
with tools!

Angus winces; was that any better?

MARIANA

I'll bet she is.

FERNANDA

So, Isabel, how's the new song--

Fabiana shrieks in terror.

ANGUS

What's the matter?

FABIANA

I...I cannot find my cell phone!

MARIANA

You can never find your cell phone!

ANGUS

What do you need it for?

Fabiana panics.

FABIANA

Um...

Finally, it hits her...

FABIANA (CONT'D)
A picture! Of the bear cub. I wanted
to show it to them.

FERNANDA
Oh, you took a picture?

FABIANA
Yes.

ANGUS
I don't remember--

FABIANA
I did!

Angus puts his hands up in concession.

ANGUS
Okay, I believe you.

FABIANA
So...I cannot find it. And it made
me mad! And I screamed.

ANGUS
Yes, we were all here for that.

MARIANA
So, Isabel...how's the song coming?

ANGUS
Song?

MARIANA
She's writing a new song--

FABIANA
A sarong! A skirt! I am sewing a
sarong, not writing a song!

An attempt at a sincere laugh.

FABIANA (CONT'D)
Mariana, you are so silly! I do not
write songs!

She takes a swig of wine, directly from the bottle.

Yasmin, Fernanda, and Mariana all exchange a confused look.

FERNANDA
So...you're not working on the new
record?

ANGUS

Record?

FABIANA

Yes! A record! I am...trying to set a new one.

ANGUS

You mean like for Guinness?

FABIANA

Yes! For...

She looks around the room again.

Her family stares at her like she were a schizophrenic they came across on the subway.

FABIANA (CONT'D)

Most nights in a hotel.

ANGUS

Wow, you have a lot of...diverse hobbies.

FABIANA

Yes! Yes, I do!

She looks at the empty bottle in her hand.

FABIANA (CONT'D)

Is there any more wine?

Angus eyes her with concern.

YASMIN

(in Portuguese)

Isabel. Take Angus into the other room a moment. I will tell the girls.

FERNANDA

(in Portuguese)

Tell us what?

Angus looks at Yasmin, then back at Fabiana, who seems frozen with panic.

ANGUS

What's going on?

YASMIN

It is nothing to be worried about. Isabel's birthday is next week. We need to plan.

(MORE)

YASMIN (CONT'D)

Do you mind taking her into the other room so we can talk?

Fabiana stares at Yasmin, still fearful...

ANGUS

Oh. Sure. Maybe we can...find her cell phone.

He crosses over to Fabiana, guides her towards the bedroom. Fabiana eyes her mother with worry.

Yasmin gives her a reassuring look.

ANGUS (CONT'D)

You ladies really like your surprises.

YASMIN

You have no idea.

Fabiana and Angus exit.

Yasmin, Fernanda, and Mariana speak in Portugese.

YASMIN (CONT'D)

I don't think Angus knows who Isabel is.

Fernanda and Mariana exchange a baffled look.

YASMIN (CONT'D)

He just knows her as a student he met. Not as Fabiana. And I don't think Isabel wants him to know.

Fernanda and Mariana exchange a wide-eyed look...

FERNANDA

You mean...that disguise actually works?

MARIANA

How does he not know who she is? She's on a billboard right outside the hotel.

YASMIN

Men are not the most observant of creatures. You remember the time we had that kitchen fire, and the smoke alarm went off?

(MORE)

YASMIN (CONT'D)

The only reason your father knew about it was because I came in and shut off the soccer game. Otherwise, he would have burned in the fire.

FERNANDA

Why doesn't she want him to know?

MARIANA

Maybe she just wants to be Isabel with him.

INT. HOTEL BEDROOM - NIGHT

Fabiana sits on the corner of the bed, stares at the door. She anxiously tugs at her fingers.

Angus emerges from under the bed.

ANGUS

Sorry. No phone there.

FABIANA

It could be anywhere.

ANGUS

No worries. That'll keep your phone related cancer risk nice and low.

He studies her a moment.

ANGUS (CONT'D)

You all right?

She finally turns to him, nods.

FABIANA

It is just...family.

ANGUS

I understand completely. I like your family, though.

FABIANA

You do? They are not too annoying?

ANGUS

No, they're...Fun.

He reaches over and takes her hand.

Their eyes linger a moment.

FABIANA

Listen...about the sanctuary--

ANGUS

Shit! What time is it?

She looks over at the clock by the bed.

FABIANA

A quarter to one.

ANGUS

I have to get back and feed the bear cub.

He rises, heads over to the door.

It pops open. Yasmin stands in the doorway.

YASMIN

It is now safe to come out.

ANGUS

I'm really sorry, but I have to leave.

Fernanda and Mariana appear in the hallway.

ANGUS (CONT'D)

The bear cub needs to be fed.

FERNANDA

Ohhh!!!

MARIANA

Can we come see it?

ANGUS

Not right now. It's not good to have visitors at the sanctuary at night.

FERNANDA

Have you had Isabel there at night?

Fabiana throws her a cross look.

ANGUS

Isabel's special.

He heads for the door.

ANGUS (CONT'D)

You can come by any time during the day, and I'll give you a full tour. How does that sound?

Fernanda and Mariana nod with enthusiasm, do a "Happy Clap" in unison.

ANGUS (CONT'D)

Great. Well, it was awesome meeting all of you. Good night.

YASMIN, FERNANDA, & MARIANA

Good night.

He exits, and Fabiana follows him.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Fabiana and Angus in a passionate kiss good-bye...

Down the hall, the Concierge subtly takes a cell phone picture...

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

Fabiana enters.

Her family is gathered like an expectant Greek chorus.

The scene is in Portuguese.

FERNANDA

I can't believe he doesn't know who you are.

FABIANA

We have had a few close calls.

MARIANA

You mean like tonight?

Fabiana nods.

YASMIN

Isabel. He's going to find out. He needs to hear it from you.

FABIANA

I will tell him. I promise. But right now, there is something else I need to discuss with you. With all of you. A business proposition.

INT. BARN - NIGHT

Angus enters.

Chad holds a bottle of milk. The bear cub whines...

Angus approaches the enclosure...

ANGUS

How's he doing?

CHAD

Still won't take any milk. I'm not sure what else to do.

ANGUS

It's not you. Why don't you go home and get some sleep? I'll take it from here.

Chad nods, hands Angus the milk bottle.

ANGUS (CONT'D)

You in tomorrow?

CHAD

Yeah. I'm here at two right after class.

ANGUS

Take the day off tomorrow. You were here late. You earned it.

CHAD

Thanks, Mr. Caldwell.

ANGUS

Call me Angus. Good night, Chad.

CHAD

Good night. Angus.

Chad exits, and Angus turns to the cub.

ANGUS

It's okay. I'm here.

The cub still won't take the bottle. Angus leaves it for the cub.

It slowly, carefully, works its way towards it. It wraps itself around the nipple, drinks a bit, then scurries off.

ANGUS (CONT'D)

Well, it's a start.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - SITTING ROOM - DAY

Yasmin speaks on the phone.

Fabiana, Mariana and Fernanda sit nearby...

YASMIN

Yes, that's right. Cash.

Yasmin smiles at Fabiana. She smiles back, excited. Her sisters are just as excited for her...

INT. ANGUS' BEDROOM - DAY

Bleary eyed, Angus pulls on his pants.

The phone rings.

ANGUS

Caldwell Sanctuary.

INT. STEWART'S OFFICE - DAY

Stewart mutli-tasks at his desk while he talks to Angus.

STEWART

Who the hell is Yasmin Da Silva?

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION - ANGUS AND STEWART

ANGUS

I'm fine. How are you?

STEWART

I don't have time for bullshit.

ANGUS

Too bad. I've got some in the barn
I could send you.

STEWART

Seriously, who is she?

ANGUS

I don't have any idea.

STEWART

She just made an offer on the house.
And the land.

ANGUS

What?

STEWART

Double what I was being offered by
the builders. Interesting, huh?
It's like she knew the exact figure.
How do you suppose that happened?

Angus is silent, trying to absorb this new information.

STEWART (CONT'D)
You still there?

ANGUS
Yeah.

STEWART
Here's the part you'll really like:
she says she's not going to develop
it. She says it needs to stay an
animal sanctuary.

Angus is dumfounded.

STEWART (CONT'D)
You sure you don't know her?

ANGUS
She...

Angus puts it together.

ANGUS (CONT'D)
She might be one of my donors. I
sent out an appeal recently.

STEWART
Well, that's going to go down as the
best god damn charity appeal in
history.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Angus speaks on his cell phone as he approaches the door...

ANGUS
Isabel...will you call me when you
get this? Right away?

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Angus wanders in, greeted by Fabiana's hated song from the
cafe and Lisa's office.

ANGUS
Oh, no. Not again.

He gazes up at the TV and sees Fabiana perform the song.

ON THE TV

The song ends, and the gossipy Host appears, with Fabiana's
photo behind him.

HOST

...was taking a Latin American Studies class at a university in Boston. She was suddenly forced to withdraw when word leaked out regarding her whereabouts...

The image cuts to a throng of fans on the college campus. They wave posters of Fabiana, sing the chorus of the song.

BACK TO SCENE

Angus stares. He finally recognizes her...

Thunderstruck, he continues to stare, trance-like...

ANGUS

(to the Barista)

Can...can you turn that up?

The Barista grabs the remote, increases the volume...

ON THE TV

Professor Gonzalez talks to a REPORTER...

GONZALEZ

She was an excellent student. Very bright, and articulate. I'm going to miss having her in the class.

REPORTER

Did anyone else know who she was?

GONZALEZ

I think I was the only one.

THE IMAGE CUTS TO CAROLINE

CAROLINE

I figured it out. I don't think anyone else in the class did.

BACK TO SCENE

Angus' head spins...

ANGUS

Oh my God, oh my God.

ON THE TV

The cell phone photograph of Angus and Fabiana's kiss in the hotel...

HOST (V.O.)

It appears, though, as good a student as she was, Fabiana was unafraid to engage in some extracurricular activities. The young man shown here has been identified as Angus Caldwell, son of scandal-plagued junk bond trader Stewart Caldwell. You sure know how to pick 'em, girl!

BACK TO SCENE

ANGUS

No!!!!

Everyone turns and looks at him.

Angus storms out of the shop.

INT. STEWART'S OFFICE - DAY

Stewart's usual frantic work pace. He speaks on the phone.

STEWART

I don't care about that. Look, we owe in our own currency, and GDP is going up. They're in trouble because they're not allowed to print more of their own currency...

Stewart glances down at the paper on his desk. Something catches his eye...

INSERT - THE NEWSPAPER

It's the picture of Angus and Fabiana's kiss, with the headline GIMME SHELTER!

BACK TO SCENE

Stewart studies the photograph, in disbelief...

STEWART (CONT'D)

I'm...going to need to call you back.

Still eyeing the paper, he hangs up the phone. A satisfied smile creeps across his face...

INT. ANIMAL SANCTUARY - HORSE BARN - DAY

Angus grooms the horses, while speaking on the phone...

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION - ANGUS AND KELLEHER

Kelleher studies a computer screen on his desk...

KELLEHER

Evidently it was one of the students.
Name of Caroline Nettleton. She's
the one who ratted Fabiana out.

ANGUS

Why?

KELLEHER

Our entertainment desk pays good
money of that kind of gossip.

ANGUS

Jesus.

KELLEHER

And again, nothing to do with me. I
don't care about pop singers. You
know what I'm interested in.

ANGUS

Yes, I do.

KELLEHER

So...?

ANGUS

I just might have something for you.
Soon.

KELLEHER

That's my man.

EXT. ANIMAL SANCTUARY - DAY

A news PHOTOGRAPHER climbs over the fence.

He drops to the ground, sneaks around the compound, camera
at the ready...

He stops when he hears a dog growl behind him.

He slowly turns to see the entire Pack. They all growl in
chorus, show their teeth.

The Photographer freezes. The dogs charge.

IN THE BARN

Angus hears the commotion, races

OUTSIDE

He spots the dogs chasing the screaming Photographer.

Angus' eyes rage with anger as he rushes over to the ox enclosure...

MOMENTS LATER

The Photographer stops in his tracks when he comes face to face with the ox. It grunts in irritation...

The dogs surround the Photographer, begin tearing at his clothes.

PHOTOGRAPHER

No! No!

The ox charges toward him...

The Photographer's eyes widen as he races toward the gate, chased by both the dogs and the ox.

He makes it to the gate, and begins to climb. Some of the two dozen other Photographers help pull him over the fence to safety.

The dogs stop at the fence and continue to bark, while the ox paces along the fence grunting.

The photographers turn to Angus, who stands by with his arms folded, a smug expression on his face.

A few begin snapping photos, until the ox squeals in anger, slams against the fence. The Photographers jump back.

A car pulls into the parking lot. Everyone turns to look...

Fabiana emerges from the car, flanked by three massive BODYGUARDS.

The Photographers snap photos of Fabiana and the Bodyguards escort her through.

INT. BARN - DAY

Angus continues to groom the horses, as Fabiana leans against the wall. She nervously plays with a lock of hair...

ANGUS

So...what should I call you?

FABIANA

Isabel is fine. Fabiana is my middle name. It is more...dramatic, no?

Angus nods, very slowly.

ANGUS

It's pretty.

FABIANA

I like Angus. I found out it means "one choice". That's better than Fabiana. It means "bean grower."

Angus won't look at her, so she moves towards him.

ANGUS

Your surname?

FABIANA

Da Silva. Mastroluca is my mother's maiden name. It's my usual alias.

ANGUS

Usual.

Fabiana takes a deep breath...

FABIANA

I am really sorry--

ANGUS

No, I'm sorry. I mean...my God, I'm such an idiot. I can't believe--I mean, there was that waiter, and Georgina, and then the hotel the other night--talking about songs and records. I just--

He laughs at himself in disbelief.

ANGUS (CONT'D)

It's a good thing I'm not a detective.

FABIANA

You do not have anything to be sorry about. I am the one who deceived you.

He lets out a heavy, irritated breath.

She takes a step closer. He recoils.

FABIANA (CONT'D)

I really wanted to tell you. I...almost did, I do not know how many times. But...

She struggles to continue...

ANGUS

So...you majored in architecture?

Fabiana nods.

ANGUS (CONT'D)

Minored in art history. You were first in your class.

FABIANA

No, second. Wikipedia has that wrong.

ANGUS

Is it true you got your start when someone spotted you in a cafe in Paris?

FABIANA

Lisbon. I started modeling, then someone asked if I could sing.

ANGUS

So...are you in some kind of master's program? Is that a requirement to get a Grammy or something?

She pauses, thoughtfully...

FABIANA

Whenever I need to feel...normal again, I take a class. I've gone to the LSE, the Sorbonne. Yale.

ANGUS

You go to Yale to feel normal?

FABIANA

I know it sounds crazy, but...I start to miss being in class. Lectures, the books. The intense classroom discussions.

She smiles at him. He almost returns it.

FABIANA (CONT'D)

My life took a direction I did not expect. I still love school. It's somewhere...I can still feel like myself.

ANGUS

Does anyone ever recognize you?

FABIANA

Sometimes I notice people squinting.

She shrugs.

Another awkward silence.

Angus stares off into the distance a moment, then turns back to Fabiana.

ANGUS

I can understand this need of you to...I don't know, escape? But I don't why you had to make me a part of it.

She stares at the ground.

FABIANA

Most men who are interested in me. They only want to know Fabiana. No one ever wants to know Isabel. I love the fact that you want me...because of who I am. Not because of who you saw in a music video, or on a poster, or whatever. I did not want that...to go away.

She looks back up at Angus...

FABIANA (CONT'D)

You even hate my music!

ANGUS

It's a real problem when you have to lie to be true to yourself.

She nods, embarrassed.

ANGUS (CONT'D)

You could have told me. I wouldn't have cared.

FABIANA

You say that now, but--

ANGUS

I wouldn't have.

FABIANA

Maybe. Maybe you are right. But just about everyone I meet--it is the only thing they care about.

He looks away...

ANGUS

That's not the only lie.

She's unsure for a moment, then realizes--

FABIANA

That was not a lie. That was supposed to be a surprise.

He turns away from the horses, and takes a step towards Fabiana...

ANGUS

That's not the sort of thing that you're supposed to get as a surprise. A gift card to your favorite restaurant. Theater tickets. A bottle of cologne. Not, "I bought your house and workplace for you."

FABIANA

This is who you are. I know how much it was hurting you to lose this place, these animals. I could have got you any of those other things. But this is the one that meant the most to you. You said it yourself: there is always room here. That is why I did it.

He paces, anger simmering below the surface...

ANGUS

So, I couldn't have done it myself, is that it?

FABIANA

I never thought that--

ANGUS

I didn't start this so I could be the pet charity of some celebrity.

FABIANA

I know how privileged I am. That I get paid an obscene amount of money for singing inconsequential little pop songs, and dancing around half naked. You think I do not understand that? I am very, very fortunate. If I cannot use that fortune to help someone--someone that I love--

The words jolt him.

FABIANA (CONT'D)

Then what is the point of having it?

ANGUS

I thought you were different. I thought, hey, she lied to me, but she's different from all the others. She's not self-obsessed, she doesn't think it's all about her. But I was wrong.

FABIANA

Have you been listening to anything I have been saying?

ANGUS

Yes. Yes I have. You're another person of privilege who thinks she can just rearrange someone else's life.

FABIANA

Angus--

ANGUS

This isn't like discovering you were an anarchist in college, or that you smoked weed in high school. These lies, these are about who you are. Right now. I can't just pretend none of it matters.

FABIANA

What does that mean?

ANGUS

Isabel. Fabiana. You're everywhere. You're on billboards, you're on the radio. I turn on the television, and there you are. I log on to the internet and there you are.

He points towards the front gate...

ANGUS (CONT'D)

Those photographers are out there now. How long are they going to stay? How long until your fans show up here like they showed up at the college? I don't want that. I don't want any of that.

He gives her a hard look.

ANGUS (CONT'D)

And I don't want this.

She stares at him a moment in disbelief, then looks away.

FABIANA

Your father turned down the offer.
So you have nothing more to worry
about.

She scurries off.

INT. CLASSROOM - NIGHT

Angus enters.

All of the students turn to look at him.

He eyes them a moment, then defiantly heads to his seat.

Gonzalez studies him a moment, before he turns back to the class.

GONZALEZ

Okay, let's begin. We have Beriah
presenting on Brazil.

Angus glances over at Fabiana's empty desk.

INT. ANGUS' VAN - NIGHT

Angus climbs in, stares into the darkness.

For a moment, he makes no move at all.

He starts the engine, and it struggles to turn over.

Finally, the engine starts, as Angus gives a sigh of relief.

INT. ANIMAL SANCTUARY - DAY

Winjanssen pulls up in his car. He is with a 10-year-old
GIRL.

They climb out of the car, head to the gate. Angus is there
to meet them.

Lisa is nearby tending to a dog.

ANGUS

(to Winjanssen)
Is this her?

Winjanssen nods.

WINJANSSEN

This is my niece.
(to his niece)
Say hi to Angus.

ANGUS
What's your name?

GIRL
Darlene.

ANGUS
Well, Darlene. Your uncle says you
need a new dog. Is that right?

Darlene nods.

ANIMAL SANCTUARY - LATER

Darlene and Winjanssen visit the Wolf Hound.

Darlene scratches it behind the ears, rubs its belly. She
screeches with delight.

Angus and Lisa watch from a distance.

ANGUS
Did you know?

LISA
Georgina wasn't surprised, but I
never really thought it was her.
Why would Fabiana be taking a college
class in Boston, you know?

ANGUS
She didn't look familiar to me.

LISA
How long was I living with Georgina
before you realized I was a lesbian?

ANGUS
That's a fair point.

LISA
So that's it? Fabiana's gone?

ANGUS
I thought I knew who she was--

LISA
But that's just it. You do. It's
the rest of us who don't.

He looks away.

The Wolf Hound licks Darlene's face, wags its tail.

Winjanssen turns to Angus, gives him a thumbs up.

INT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

Fabiana searches through her belongings.

Yasmin sits across from her.

They are the only two visible passengers. This is clearly Fabiana's private jet.

YASMIN

We'll get you another phone.

FABIANA

It is not just the phone. I cannot find the song lyric.

INT. BARNES AND NOBLE - DAY

Angus searches through the music section.

He finds the section on Fabiana. She has several recordings.

THE DVD SECTION - LATER

He finds a Fabiana concert video. He studies it.

THE MAGAZINE SECTION - LATER

He finds a "People" magazine with Fabiana on the cover.

INSERT - THE MAGAZINE

The headline reads IN REHAB? YES, YES, YES!

EXT. BARNES AND NOBLE - DAY

Angus heads out.

He spots a Fabiana poster in the window. He shakes his head sadly, walks off.

EXT. ICE CREAM PARLOR - DAY

Angus and Winjanssen sit opposite at an outdoor table.

Angus picks at his child's size bowl of ice cream, while Winjanssen devours a large waffle cone.

WINJANSSEN

So we found the guy who hit the dog.

ANGUS

Good.

WINJANSSEN

He actually works in the mayor's office. I'm sure they'll hush it up. That's Boston for you.

Angus grunts, knowingly.

Winjanssen starts to giggle

WINJANSSEN (CONT'D)

I can't believe you, man.

ANGUS

I didn't say anything.

WINJANSSEN

I know. I'm talking about Fabiana.

ANGUS

Oh.

WINJANSSEN

Man, you're a dark horse.

ANGUS

I guess that's better than being a black cow.

WINJANSSEN

Why would you be a milk shake?

ANGUS

I wouldn't. Forget it. I'm just...

WINJANSSEN

In a mood?

ANGUS

Something like that.

WINJANSSEN

So, what's she like?

Angus shrugs.

WINJANSSEN (CONT'D)

Man, can you imagine if you were the poor guy who sat next to her all semester and had no idea who she was. What a missed opportunity, huh?

ANGUS

Yeah. Absolutely.

WINJANSSEN

But you swooped right in.

He holds his hand up for a high five.

Angus reluctantly slaps his hand.

WINJANSSEN (CONT'D)

Do you remember Mr. Cheryll's math class back in junior year?

ANGUS

Lara Anderson.

WINJANSSEN

That's right, that's right. Lara...

His mind drifts off...

WINJANSSEN (CONT'D)

I never asked her out.

Winjanssen becomes a bit solemn.

ANGUS

I remember.

WINJANSSEN

Maybe she's on Facebook.

INT. FABIANA'S STUDIO - NIGHT

Fabiana sits in the studio at her keyboard. She plays the song she has been working on.

In the SOUND BOOTH is her engineer, ERNESTO (32). He listens closely, smiles as she plays.

Fabiana sings...

All dialogue is in Portuguese.

FABIANA

"If I could I would take your voice
and wrap it around me like a blanket
and never again know what it means
to be cold."

After a moment, Fabiana stops. She looks sad and distressed.

Ernesto speaks with a Brazilian accent.

ERNESTO

That sounds great.

FABIANA

I cannot remember the other words
that I wrote.

She rises, paces the room.

ERNESTO

You want to work on something else?

FABIANA

I can only think about this. It is
killing me. If I can just finish
this song, then at least I have
something...

She sits back down. She plays the melody some more, but the
words won't come.

Ernesto grabs a stool, sits down next to Fabiana.

ERNESTO

Look, you've been away from this for
a while. Maybe you're just out of
playing shape.

She eyes him doubtfully.

FABIANA

What is your idea?

ERNESTO

Why don't you do a few shows? Get
the juices flowing again. Then we'll
come back here, and see where we're
at. Okay? Help you move on.

She thinks about this a moment. She nods.

Ernesto smiles, relieved.

FABIANA

No U.S. dates.

EXT. BARN - DAY

Angus approaches the ox. It stands passively by an open
gate.

ANGUS

I think this one's on me.

Angus pats the ox on its head.

It turns around and heads back inside the barn.

Angus takes a step, slips, and falls into a huge pile of ox dung.

ANGUS (CONT'D)

God damn it!

INT. CLOTHING STORE - DAY

Angus is covered with ox dung, as he rifles through the blue jean displays--he can only find ones with odd, designer textures, huge rips in the knees, or bizarre bleach patterns.

His frustration is inflamed when a Fabiana song begins to blare through the store sound system...

A CLERK has the nerve to approach him.

CLERK

Can I help you sir?

The Clerk recoils slightly from the stench on Angus...

ANGUS

I don't know.

He turns away, trying not to give in to impatience.

Finally, he holds up a particularly ugly pair of denims, excessively bleached with gaping holes...

ANGUS (CONT'D)

Do you have any jeans that won't make me look like I've just been molested by the pool man?

INT. FABIANA'S STUDIO - DAY

Fabiana leads her band in rehearsal. Bass, guitar, keyboards, and drums. She nods, happy with their performance.

Fabiana looks over at Ernesto, who nods and gives a thumbs up.

Ernesto glances down at his board and then back up at Fabiana.

Her mood is totally different--she suddenly seems overcome with melancholy.

Ernesto eyes her for a moment.

Fabiana catches him looking at her. She pastes the fake smile back on her face.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Angus, grouchy as hell, waits for his coffee.

The Smart Phone Customer enters, yammering away on the phone.

CUSTOMER

...yeah...yeah...it's amazing.
No...no...oh, and she's totally
hot...I'm serious. Fabiana! You
have to see it. What?

Angus seethes at the Customer.

CUSTOMER (CONT'D)

What? No, you can't stream it...
You need to see it on a big screen.
In Imax. In 3D! Yeah...yeah, that's
right. I mean, wouldn't it be cool
if we could see everything in 3D,
like everyday?

The Barista places Angus' coffee on the counter. The Customer
grabs it before Angus can. That tears it.

BARISTA

(to Customer)

Sir, that's--

Angus yanks the cell phone from the Customer's hand...

CUSTOMER

Hey, what the--?

Angus drops the phone into the Barista's blender, still wet
with milk, syrup, etc.

Angus purees the phone a moment, then tosses the remnants at
the Customer. It splatters all over him.

ANGUS

I-phone macchiato? That's you, right?

The Customer steps toward Angus, threatening.

Angus hands the blender to the Barista, gets right in the
Customer's face.

For a moment, no one moves.

The Customer cocks his arm, and Angus puts up his fists...

INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

Angus sits in the back, holding an ice pack to his eye. He also has a fat lip. His hair is a mess, and blood stains his shirt.

Winjanssen climbs into the car with him.

WINJANSSEN

Okay, here's the deal. You need to get him a new phone, a new shirt, and he wants a written apology.

ANGUS

I can apologize right now.

WINJANSSEN

No, he doesn't want to see you. He wants it written. And notarized.

Angus nods.

WINJANSSEN (CONT'D)

Do that, and he'll drop the charges.

ANGUS

Right. How is he?

WINJANSSEN

He's okay. His knuckles have finally stopped bleeding.

ANGUS

And the coffee shop?

WINJANSSEN

The coffee shop wants a new blender. And they want you to start buying your coffee somewhere else.

INT. BARN - DAY

Angus crouches in the enclosure with the bear cub. He holds the bottle of milk. His wounds are beginning to heal.

Lisa watches from a safe distance.

The cub moves closer.

It pauses, inches closer again.

One last pause, then it takes the plunge: it drinks from Angus's hands.

They speak in hushed tones...

LISA
You did it.

ANGUS
Good boy, Ernie.

LISA
Ernie?

ANGUS
Ernie Banks.

Lisa grins.

LISA
Mr. Cub.

ANGUS
Of course.

LISA
Well, Mr. Cub seems to trust you.

Ernie moves in closer to Angus.

ANGUS
I'm always amazed that they do.

LISA
It's instinctive.

Angus thinks about that a moment...

ANGUS
Yeah.

INT. ANGUS' DINING ROOM - DAY

Angus looks out the window at the sanctuary. He's lost in thought.

He glances down at the newspaper.

INSERT - THE NEWSPAPER

Angus focuses on the "DAVID KELLEHER" byline.

BACK TO SCENE

An idea pops into his head.

He grabs the phone, dials a number.

ANGUS
Sergeant Winjanssen?...It's Angus.
Can I ask you a favor?

INT. FINANCIAL OFFICE - DAY

Angus approaches Jody. She gives him her usual mischievous smile...

JODY
It's the celebrity!

ANGUS
Surely, my fifteen minutes are up by
now.

She notices his wounds.

JODY
What happened to you?

ANGUS
Nothing. Coffee shop fight.

JODY
Maybe you should try decaf.

ANGUS
I should try a lot of things.

JODY
I'm sorry it didn't work out with
the Brazilian singer. There's always
me to fall back on.

ANGUS
You know you're out of my league.

JODY
I do know that, yes. But it's still
validating to hear it.

ANGUS
How is he today?

JODY
Oh, you can't see him today.

ANGUS
Why not?

JODY
He's not here. That's how physics
works.

ANGUS

Good. You're actually the one I
want to talk to.

She opens her arms widely...

JODY

Your audience is granted.

INT. STEWART'S OFFICE - DAY

Stewart enters, and nearly collapses in shock.

His office is filled with animals from the sanctuary: dogs,
cats, goats, pigs, even one of the horses.

Angus sits calmly on top of Stewart's desk, which is crawling
with cats. He strokes a cat in his lap, looking very much
like a James Bond villain.

Stewart boils over with rage.

STEWART

What the...? God damn...how did...?
How the hell did you get these animals
in here?

ANGUS

It's amazing how many of your
employees don't like you that much.

STEWART

Jody!!!

Jody enters, pretending to be oblivious to the wild kingdom...

JODY

Yes, Mr. Caldwell?

STEWART

What...? Why...? How...

JODY

It's on your calendar. "Animals at
two p.m." If there was a change,
it's essential that you communicate
that to me.

She exits, as the horse drops a bowel movement on the floor.

STEWART

Oh my God...you know how much that
carpet is worth?

ANGUS

Is that the carpet you bought with government bail out money?

A bulb flashes, and Stewart turns to see Winjanssen take a photograph.

WINJANSSEN

Good morning, Mr. Caldwell. I'm getting some great shots!

Stewart can't manage to get a single word out.

The dogs wrestle, as a goat eats the sofa.

ANGUS

Sorry about this, Dad. I needed someone to take the animals. I can't think of any place bigger than your office.

Winjanssen snaps another photograph.

STEWART

(to Winjanssen)

Why are you taking photos?

WINJANSSEN

I'm going to sell them to Kelleher. He's going to love it! "Stewart Caldwell evicts own son, closes animal sanctuary. Animals invade Caldwell's office!" Kinda writes itself, don't you think?

STEWART

(to Angus)

Get these animals out of here. Now!

ANGUS

On one condition.

Angus holds up the mortgage paperwork and a pen.

ANGUS (CONT'D)

Sell me the land. At the price we agreed upon.

STEWART

I'm not going to be blackmailed--

ANGUS

Think of it as a negotiating tactic. You know your investors will be none too pleased to read about this.

The pigs bump into Stewart, send him stumbling.

Stewart glances at Angus, over to Winjanssen, who takes another photo.

STEWART
If I agree to this--

ANGUS
Then Kelleher never gets the story.

Stewart turns back to Winjanssen, who nods in agreement.

WINJANSSEN
I'll even give you the memory card
with the photographs.

Stewart looks back at Angus. Angus holds out the pen.

Stewart takes it, scoots the cats off his desk, leans down to sign the paperwork.

Angus and Winjanssen exchange a smile.

INT. BROKERAGE OFFICE - DAY

Jody works at her desk.

Allison, the English Shepherd, is curled around her feet.

Jody reaches down, scratches the dog's head.

Angus and Winjanssen exit the office, escorting the animals (the cats in carriers on a dolly) to a freight elevator.

Several delighted employees pause to watch, take photos.

Stewart emerges from the office, incensed...

The employees scatter...

STEWART
I need the janitor.

JODY
On his way.

Stewart retreats to his office, slams the door behind him...

JODY (CONT'D)
Oh, Sergeant?

Winjanssen approaches, and Jody hands him a slip of paper.

ANGUS
(to Winjanssen)
That's your reward.

Winjanssen glances down at the paper.

JODY
It's Lara Anderson's number. She's
still single.

Winjanssen's mouth falls open.

ANGUS
And she remembers you. Fondly.

Winjanssen's hand trembles. His face lights up like a child
on Christmas morning.

He turns to Angus, pulls him into a bear hug.

INT. ANGUS'S VAN - DAY

Angus starts the van--as usual, it coughs a couple of times
before turning over.

Angus picks up his phone, punches in a number.

ANGUS
Kelleher, it's Angus Caldwell.
Listen, I'm not giving you anything
on my Dad. But I can give you someone
in the mayor's office. Hit a dog on
the street then drove away. Check
your email for details.

INT. CLASSROOM - NIGHT

Students mill around. They wait for Gonzalez to arrive at
the start of class.

Angus sits at his desk, reading the news on his laptop.

INSERT - THE LAPTOP

A news headline reads "DEPUTY MAYOR CHARGED WITH HIT AND RUN
OF DOG."

The byline reads DAVID KELLEHER

BACK TO SCENE

Angus puts his laptop aside, pulls out his notebook from his
shoulder bag.

He drops the notebook. Several papers tumble out.

Angus collects the dropped sheets. He pauses when one sheet of paper catches his eye: Fabiana's song lyric. He picks it up.

INSERT - THE LYRIC

He scans it over, trying to figure out what it is. It's written in Portuguese.

BACK TO SCENE

Overwhelmed with excitement, he clumsily gathers his belongings, charges outside.

Confused, the class watches him go.

Angus almost plows into Gonzalez on the way out...

INT. ANGUS' KITCHEN - NIGHT

Angus studies the lyric.

The dogs eye him with grave fascination.

After a moment, he takes a breath, grabs the phone, dials a number.

It rings several times, until...

PHONE VOICE (O.S.)

This number is no longer in service--

ANGUS

You've probably lost it again, haven't you?

INT. ANGUS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

Angus focuses on his computer screen.

The song lyric rests on the table beside him.

INSERT - THE COMPUTER SCREEN

It's on a Portuguese-English translator web site.

Suddenly a banner ad pops up: FABIANA CONCERT DATES!

BACK TO SCENE

Angus clicks on it...

EXT. ANIMAL SANCTUARY - DAY

Angus looks out at the sanctuary, gazing at the animals and his volunteers. He smiles, pleased at what he sees.

He turns and races towards his van...

INT. ANGUS' VAN - DAY

Angus tries to start the van, but this time the engine will not turn over...

ANGUS
God damn it!

INT. ANGUS' HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Angus paces as he speaks on the phone.

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION - ANGUS AND LISA

Lisa's in her office, organizing medical equipment as she speaks...

LISA
What's wrong? Is it the bear cub?

ANGUS
Its not that kind of an emergency.

LISA
What kind is it, then?

ANGUS
I need...help. Help...from a friend.

He winces, bracing for rejection.

She considers his request a moment.

LISA
Okay.

ANGUS
So...want to go to Montreal?

EXT. MONTREAL - CONCERT ARENA - NIGHT

Angus and Lisa pull into the parking lot.

They pass a huge sign with Fabiana's picture on it.

INT. LISA'S CAR - NIGHT

Lisa points toward the sign...

LISA
 There's your girlfriend. She's
 looking especially hot tonight.

Lisa parks by a large group of young male tailgaters.

ANGUS
 And there's my competition.

LISA
 My money's still on you.

EXT. ARENA - NIGHT

Angus and Lisa approach the backstage area.

There are hundreds of other fans, held back by police
 barricades.

ANGUS
 How the hell are we going to get in
 there?

LISA
 I have an idea.

EXT. BACKSTAGE DOOR - NIGHT

A gigantic BODYGUARD, the size of a Hummer, stands at his
 post.

Lisa and Angus approach. They both wear medical coats.

Lisa has on her stethoscope, carries her medical bag.

LISA
 Hi, I'm Doctor Lisa Rice. I was
 called.

BODYGUARD
 I don't know anything about it.

LISA
 What is it with you people? I was
 told there was a medical emergency--

BODYGUARD
 Lady, no one's told me anything--

LISA
 Look, there is someone in there with
 acute mastitis.

(MORE)

LISA (CONT'D)

Do you have any idea what happens to someone with acute mastitis if they don't get immediate treatment? The longer you and I stand here arguing, the closer they get to death. If that happens, do you really want to spend the rest of your life thinking, "I should have just let her in?"

BODYGUARD

You're not from here.

LISA

They just flew us up here from Boston.

BODYGUARD

We got a hospital right around the corner.

LISA

Oh, for Christ sakes. I'm Dr. Lisa Rice. I know more about acute mastitis than anyone else on the Eastern seaboard.

The Bodyguard blinks.

LISA (CONT'D)

I've been on Dr. Oz.

INT. ARENA - BACKSTAGE AREA - NIGHT

Angus and Lisa are inside. They march quickly through a tunnel...

ANGUS

How did you do that?

LISA

My Dad was a car dealer. Taught me everything he knew.

ANGUS

But you're a vet.

LISA

Didn't say I was a willing student.

ANGUS

And what the hell is acute mastitis?

LISA

Cows can get it if you don't milk them correctly.

ANGUS

That bodyguard would have been a good candidate for that. Did you see the man boobs on him?

They grind to a halt when they enter a

FOYER

A few other concert officials, techs, Bodyguards, etc. mill about.

To the left is a hallway marked AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY.

Lisa nods to the sign.

LISA

That's for you. Go.

ANGUS

But what about those guys?

LISA

I'll keep them busy. You go find your Brazilian sexpot. Make an honest woman out of her.

ANGUS

I'm never going to be able to find a way to thank you for this.

LISA

Nope. Go!

He heads down the hallway.

One of the other Bodyguards pursues him.

BODYGUARD #2

Hey, where do you think you're going?

Lisa puts herself right between the Bodyguard and the hallway.

LISA

He went to find my patient. Which is what you should be doing.

BODYGUARD #2

Patient? What patient?

LISA

Why am I the only one who knows about this?

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

A third Bodyguard walks with Ernesto.

They see Angus, and eye him with curiosity.

BODYGUARD #3
Hey, you got a pass?

ANGUS
Oh, I'm, uh, here with the doctor.

BODYGUARD #3
What doctor?

ANGUS
Um...Doctor Lisa Rice.

ERNESTO
You mean that woman who used to be
Secretary of State?

ANGUS
No. She's, um...

Angus starts to panic--he's clearly not the b.s. artist Lisa
is...

ANGUS (CONT'D)
...she knows acute...mastodon...she's
been on Dr. Oz.

ERNESTO
Oh my God, get him out of here.

The Bodyguard grabs Angus, drags him away.

ANGUS
No, wait! I have a song for Fabiana--

ERNESTO
You and about three billion other
guys. Go to hell.

Ernesto turns to leave, as Angus is yanked down the hallway.

ANGUS
(in bad Portugese)
"If I could, I would take your voice
and wrap it around me like a blanket
and never again know what it means
to be cold. Yes, I would. I would
bathe myself in you every day soaking
up your energy until I was drunk and
helpless."

Ernesto recognizes the words.

ERNESTO

Wait!

The Bodyguard pauses. Ernesto races over...

ERNESTO (CONT'D)

How do you know those lyrics?

ANGUS

I have a piece of paper that belongs
to Fabiana. It's in my shirt pocket.

Ernesto nods to the Bodyguard.

The Bodyguard reaches into Angus' pocket, pulls out the lyric.
He hands it to Ernesto.

ERNESTO

Where did you get this?

ANGUS

I was taking a class with Fabiana.
I knew her as Isabel. We were working
on a project together. I think it
got mixed up with my papers.

Ernesto eyes him with suspicion.

ANGUS (CONT'D)

The class was Latin American Studies
at the University of Boston.
Professor Evereth Gonzalez. We did
a power point on Belize. I'm an
American with big, flat, ugly feet.

Ernesto smiles...

ERNESTO

You're Angus, aren't you?

Angus nods.

ERNESTO (CONT'D)

I've heard a lot about you.

INT. DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

Fabiana stands before the mirror, as one stylist works on
her dress, another fusses with her hair, and a third works
on her makeup.

She's in a stunning concert outfit.

There's a knock on the door.

ERNESTO (O.S.)
Isabel?

FABIANA
Come in.

Ernesto enters.

Fabiana can see him in the mirror.

FABIANA (CONT'D)
Anything wrong?

ERNESTO
I have a little surprise for you.

He holds up the song lyric.

She gasps.

Her three stylists immediately back off.

FABIANA
Oh, my god! Oh, my God, oh my God!
Where did you get that?

Ernesto turns to the door.

ERNESTO
Come on in.

Angus enters. He looks awkward and uncomfortable.

Fabiana's mouth falls open.

Ernesto gestures to the Stylists with his head: "Let's go."
Ernesto and the Stylists make a discreet exit.

ANGUS
Um...I tried calling, but...

FABIANA
Where did you find this?

ANGUS
In the project stuff. Some of your
papers got mixed up with mine.

FABIANA
Oh, right. The library.

She notices his wounds.

FABIANA (CONT'D)

What happened?

ANGUS

You should see the other guy. Mostly,
because he looks much better than
me.

She gently touches his face. His eyes close a moment.

She moves her hand down to the medical coat.

FABIANA

Interesting costume.

ANGUS

Thanks. You, too.

FABIANA

You came a long way.

A shared loving gaze...

ANGUS

Look, I had no right to say those
things to you. I was wrong about
all of them.

FABIANA

No, you were not. Well, you were
wrong about some of them...but I
should not have decided to buy your
house--

ANGUS

No. That was a really nice thing
you did. Look...I should have trusted
that...I could...trust you.

She eyes him delicately.

A smile creeps across her face.

ANGUS (CONT'D)

It's usually what happens. When you
love someone.

She pulls him toward her. They kiss.

He moves his hands around; he can't figure out where to put
them.

FABIANA

What is wrong?

ANGUS

Everywhere I touch you I get sequins,
glitter, or some weird oily stuff.

FABIANA

Oh, that reflects the lights. Makes
me look angelic.

She grabs his hands and puts them on her buttocks.

FABIANA (CONT'D)

How's that?

ANGUS

That'll do.

They kiss again.

FABIANA

Thanks for bringing me the lyric.

ANGUS

I started to translate some of it.
It's really pretty. I wanted to ask
you: what does...

He searches the lyric for a phrase...

ANGUS (CONT'D)

"Seja Minha" mean?

FABIANA

It means, "Be mine."

They dwell in each other's eyes a moment.

ANGUS

I'm really sorry I said I hated your
music.

Smiles, and another kiss...

Outside the door a commotion, people yelling. One of them
is Lisa.

LISA (O.S.)

Fine, you call the cops! I'm staying
right here. When my patient dies,
wheel him out, and I'll do the god
damn autopsy!

Angus and Fabiana interrupt their kiss.

FABIANA

That...sounds like Lisa.

ANGUS

Um...yeah. She...might need your help.

INT. ARENA - NIGHT

Fabiana performs in front of thousands of cheering fans.

Angus and Lisa watch from backstage, no longer in their medical garb. He is filled with fascination and bewilderment.

Fabiana turns to him at one point, smiles. He beams back.

LISA

You are now the envy of every man in North and South America. And the vast majority in Europe and Asia. Probably a plurality in Africa.

Angus blushes.

ANGUS

Thank you again.

LISA

If you can't count on your friends to drive you to another country, fake their identity, and lie about a medical emergency so you can find true love, why bother having friends?

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Angus and Fabiana open up a crate, and Ernie climbs out.

He looks around a moment to reorient himself, then charges into the woods. He quickly disappears from view.

Angus and Fabiana are elated.

Two Forest Rangers and two Researchers typing into their tablets pause to shake Angus and Fabiana's hands.

EXT. ANIMAL SANCTUARY - DAY

Angus and Fabiana approach two picnic tables, set next to each other

They sit down and join Lisa, Georgina, Yasmin, Ernesto, Fernanda, Mariana, Winjanssen (who holds hands with LARA (30)), Jody, Chad and the other volunteers.

The table has been set for a huge meal--dishes are passed and plates are filled. Smiles and laughter fill the air.

Angus taps Fabiana on the shoulder. She turns and they kiss.

Guards patrol the sanctuary entrance. They keep the paparazzi and the Fabiana enthusiasts at bay...

FADE OUT