

WHEN YOU KNOW

by

Billie Proffitt

PO Box 69881
West Hollywood, California
90069
United States
LA +1 310 869 0946
OZ +61 432 412 172
contact@annetteproffittproductions.com

INT. - JFK TERMINAL - LATE AFTERNOON

Amongst busy terminal activity we hone in on JACKSON LEVINE, in the waiting seats of a gate. He is a very eccentric, attractive man with perfect teeth, longish, floppy hair, tall with a strong build; he is wearing glasses and a very intriguing persona. Truly confident and extremely charismatic (rightfully so) by his mid-40's.

Up walks JANE SINGER. In her early 20's and most likely from Los Angeles: very pretty, wearing a velour tracksuit suit and big sunglasses, her ultra blonde hair mimicking a Playmate's. She sits in the seat across from him slumping over her big, designer logo-covered carry-on bag radiating a mix of intimidation, boredom and hangover. She sets an unframed artist's sketch to lean up against the seat next to her in the safety of it's sturdy plastic bag. She looks like a walking stereotype, but her thousand-mile stare is clear: She doesn't feel well.

JACKSON

Did you draw that?

She ignores him without meaning to.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

Did you draw that?

JANE

Oh, me? I'm sorry... No, I didn't.

JACKSON

Well it's beautiful. Did you get it here?

JANE

Yeah.

JACKSON

Where?

JANE

West Village.

There's an awkward pause drawn by her curt answers, which she quickly takes note of and overcompensates for.

JANE (CONT'D)

I mean, I walked by he and his drawings after brunch and I asked to buy it. It turns out my Aunt sells his work in Key West. What're the odds in that, right?

JACKSON

Wow! That's pretty cool...

JANE

Yeah, you can't do wrong by people in life, you know? The world's just too damn small and people loooooove to talk, talk, talk.

JACKSON

I guess that's reason enough to be a good person.

JANE

I didn't say it's reason enough. It's just one, little truth. If you want in on my fundamental beliefs of what motivates the human conscience to be a good person, well that's a whole 'nother oth'a conversation for when I'm not hungover on 3 hours of awkward sleep.

JACKSON

Why was it awkward?

JANE

None of your business!

JACKSON

Well, what's your seat & maybe we can get through just some of your fundamental beliefs hungover with only 3 hours of awkward sleep?

Jane looks down at her passport case where her ticket sticks out just enough. Without moving she responds.

JANE

7B.

JACKSON

No way! There's that small world again, I'm 7E. It looks like we're both stuck in the middle.

Jane looks to the messy line of people all with their bags pushing to hand in their boarding passes.

JANE

I don't get these people who are so eager to get on like that.

(MORE)

JANE (CONT'D)

I mean, they can't go anywhere until I get on there. And I'd much rather have my pounding headache sit here in this cushy, pleather chair for as long as possible. Or I mean I could stand next to a coughing toddler for 25 minutes in line before sitting next to that coughing toddler's screaming little sister on the plane for 5 hours. Urgh! 6! It's 6 hours on the way home! Life is so hard sometimes...

JACKSON

I hear that, Sister. But what do you say we get someone to switch so we can sit together and share the discomfort?

JANE

I don't know you.

JACKSON

But isn't that the fun?

Jane eyes him from behind her glasses, a small smirk emerging on her lips. Her head jerks toward the gate as the last of the passengers are make their way through the ticket-reader.

JANE

It looks as if my love affair with this warm, plush, public seat is over. It was great talking to you, perhaps we'll toast Bloody Marys across the aisle?

Jane cocks her head with the smirk before getting up and walking to the gate. Jackson quickly follows. Jane hands her ticket to the woman as Jackson talks to her loud enough for the AIRLINE WOMAN to hear.

JACKSON

Baby, don't be upset, it isn't rude just to ask.

He turns to directly address the Airline Woman.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

Hello, Ma'am, how are you?

AIRLINE WOMAN

I'm fine, Sir, how are you?

JACKSON

Well, we're great, we just got married! But my wife here is upset because our seats aren't next to each other on this flight. Is there anything you can do about that for us... Please?

AIRLINE WOMAN

Well, congratulations. But I'm sorry, it's too late, there's nothing I can do now. Let me see your boarding pass? You're very close. I'm sure you'll survive, Ma'am.

JACKSON

Really? There's nothing at all you can do?

To hide her amusement with his pickup attempt, Jane has already walked away down the tunnel.

INT. - AIRPLANE - LATE AFTERNOON

Jane and Jackson are the last to board the plane, she excuses herself getting into her middle seat while Jackson puts his bag above Jane's seat and begins folding himself into the small middle seat on the other side. He leans over the WOMAN PASSENGER next to him loudly addressing Jane.

JACKSON

Honey, please don't be upset. I'm so sorry. I was just a little late to check us in...

JANE (MOUTHS SILENTLY)

What? Stop. Please.

JACKSON

I promise I'll make it up to you.

Jane puts her iPod headphones in ignoring him.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

Baby, this is the shortest flight on our trip...

Jane is pushing buttons on the screen in front of her. Jackson begins explaining to the people on the aisle seats.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry, guys, I'm totally in the doghouse, I just got married yesterday and we've been seated apart. Would either of you be willing to switch with me?

WOMAN PASSENGER

Awww! Yes, I'll sit in the middle if you want.

MAN PASSENGER

Yeah, that's fine with me if it stops your banter.

JACKSON

Thank you so much! Really, thank you... Drinks are on me!

Jackson takes his glasses off and puts them in his shirt pocket as everyone gets up for the change as flight attendant come squawking over. Jane's face takes alert just as Jackson sits down next to her. He grabs her face and kisses her long, hard and deep. Their eyes catch for a moment before reality sets in.

JANE

Are you crazy? You don't just... just... You don't just kiss people.

JACKSON

Awwwww, Baby, you're so cute when you're flustered.

He kisses her again, this time softer, sweeter and more familiar.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

My name is Jackson Levine.

JANE

Jane Singer.

JACKSON

Well then, Mrs. Levine, I need to know your birthday so that I never forget your gift.

JANE

Oh you're so charming, Mr. Levine... Where'd you find your last wife, in rush hour on the Q? Another picturesque story, I assume?

JACKSON

Call me Jack, it's much more endearing. And no, I've never been married before you, My Love.

JANE

Is that right? I find that hard to believe.

JACK

And why is that?

JANE

Because first and foremost - and most obviously - you are far older than I am. And secondly because you are very attractive, it seems well enough off and despite my sardonic tone in hopes of making a point, I do find you very charming. Jack.

JACK

Well, Mrs. Levine. I still don't know your birthday.

The FLIGHT ATTENDANT comes over the loud speaker, but they don't lose eye contact.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT (V.O.)

Flight attendants prepare for takeoff.

CUT TO:

INT. - AIRPLANE - EVENING

Jane's head flies back in wide-mouthed laughter, Jack laughing as well, picks up a raisin to eat off of her tray. They're sharing snacks and drinks spread across both of their trays, Jane's bent knee is in Jack's lap with the armrest pushed upright. She calms down and grabs a cracker putting cheese on it. Jack stares at her every move.

JACK

I don't know where you came from, but I'm not letting you go.

JANE

Is that right?

She leans in and closes her eyes waiting for a kiss with a small smirk on her face. He kisses both her cheeks, then he looks her in the eye very closely.

JACK
Do you trust me?

JANE
For as long as I've known you?
Absolutely not!

JACK
Have I done anything to make you
not trust me?

JANE
No. But the pool of data isn't big
enough to fish from yet.

JACK
Fair enough. Then will you come on
a little ride with me? Solely for
the scientific purpose of obtaining
more data, of course.

JANE
I believe I already am on a little
ride with you, Mr. Levine. In more
ways than one.

Jack puts his forehead against Jane's, his eyes alternating
from a deep stare into one of her eyes, then the other, the
intensity making her giggle.

JACK
Are you ready?

JANE
Ready for what?

There's a pause.

JACK
I love you.

Jane pulls away rolling her eyes, but Jack pulls her back to
his forehead, still staring.

JANE
Oh please! You don't know me!
Or... You only know enough about me
to know that you *could* love me.

JACK
Nope. I love you and I want to hear
you say it back to me.

She pushes him away.

JANE

No. I don't say that for a laugh.
When I say it, I mean it.

JACK

Then mean it.

JANE

I'm not asking anymore, I'm telling
you: You're crazy.

JACK

I just may be, but I'm crazy in
love with you.

JANE

Oh Jesus.

JACK

Stop running away from me every
time I give you the opportunity to
be vulnerable.

JANE

I'm not!

JACK

Then say it.

JANE

No!

JACK

What scares you about it so much?

JANE

I'm not scared by it. It takes a
lot more than that to scare me.

JACK

Uh-huh. Well if you're going to
avoid intimacy out of fear, the
least you can do is admit it to
your husband.

JANE

I'm not scared! And you're not my
husband!

JACK

Well, not yet anyway. And if
you're not scared then just say
it...

JANE

Fine! I...

Jack cuts her off.

JACK

Wait - wait! I have to get ready to hear it! Look me in the eyes.

Jane rolls her eyes again, finding this humorous.

JANE

Oh... My... God...

JACK

Okay, go for it.

JANE

I love you.

JACK

I love you.

Jane's demeanor completely changes. Tears just about well up as Jack pulls her into his chest hugging her tightly; he kisses the top of her head.

JACK (CONT'D)

Now tell me that wasn't a rush?

Jane doesn't say anything, but she hangs onto him.

JACK (CONT'D)

I want you to move to Manhattan with me.

Jane sits back up.

JANE

Jack, this is all very idealistic, but I'm gon'na have to put my foot down somewhere. I was going to move here, but as amazing as it is, New York City is not the place for me.

JACK

I hear you - let's start smaller. You're coming to the wedding with me this weekend... That gives me about 78 hours to change your mind. I'm confident the deck will act in my favor.

JANE
Coming to the-

JACK
Be aware, I do love you.

JANE
Ooookay.

Jack leans back into Jane grabbing her chin with one hand, he turns her face and whispers into her ear...

JACK
I wan'na be inside you.

Jane's mouth drops, she wants in on this, but is judging herself.

JANE
Knock it off.

JACK
I can't help it. I want to feel you so bad.

JANE
I've never done the Mile-High thing before and I don't believe I'll be changing that on an *afternoon* flight - *today*.

JACK
Neither have I, but I'm positive that we *will* be changing that on an *afternoon* flight - *today*.

JANE
There isn't an empty seat! Nice try, Sir, but no way.

JACK
I know you taste just like vanilla ice cream. I can imagine it right now.

Jack takes Jane's hand and puts it on his erection.

JACK (CONT'D)
What are you doing to me? I can't wait to feel you wrapped around me, all tight and wet. I can't wait to hear you tell me you love me while you cum. How bad do you wan'na feel me?

Jane leans into Jack's ear.

JANE

I think if I get up right now I'll leave a spot on the seat.

JACK

I'm going to the back bathroom on the right, watch for when I go in, then come 2 minutes later. Knock once.

INT. - AIRPLANE BATHROOM - NIGHT

Jack throws Jane's head against the mirror kissing her while he pulls her tank-top over her head and then her pants off as she sits, perched on the tiny sink. He moves his lips from hers down her neck, pushing her bra off one breast, his mouth continuing down her body until he pulls her lacy panties off to one side, his face buried between her legs for a moment. Jack stands back up, wipes his mouth and adjusts himself. He kisses Jane again as her eyes roll back in pleasure. Their intimacy goes on a moment more.

CUT TO BLACK
SCREEN:

INT. - AIRPLANE - NIGHT

Jane is asleep on Jack's shoulder as he tries to politely wake her by kissing her head.

JACK

Baby Girl, we gotta go.

JANE

Already? I don't want to move.

JACK

I know, but let's just get through tonight's separate social festivities and you'll be falling back to sleep on me before you know it. You didn't even wake up on the landing - which, speaking of, was delayed, so I'm sure we both have some frustrated party guests eagerly awaiting our arrival.

As Jane wakes up, Jack pulls her things from underneath the seat in front of her, putting them with his own. Jack's already on his phone as she digs around for hers.

Jane haplessly puts on her jacket as she walks in front of him down the aisle and off the plane. As Jane's phone finally turns on buzzing with messages, Jack's is ringing.

JACK (CONT'D)
Hey, we just landed.

BRIAN (V.O.)
"Oh, don't worry, Brian, the latest flight possible will be NOOOOO - BIG - DEAL!"

JACK
I hear you.

BRIAN (V.O.)
"I would NEVER be late for your rehearsal dinner, man! I love you!"

JACK
I'm coming as quickly as my New York City legs can take me and - wait for it - oh yes, that was definitely a knock on LA.

BRIAN (V.O.)
Urrrrrrrgh!

JACK
I'm sorry! We'll see you outside in a minute!

BRIAN (V.O.)
Yes, you will! Wait - who's "we"?

Jack hangs up. Jane is walking next to him loosely hanging onto his jacket to keep up at his speed while she goes through her messages when her phone rings too.

JANE
Yeeeeeeello!

HEATHER (V.O.)
You. Are. Late. Per use.

JANE
You know, I think I've heard this once or twice before... I'm a comin'! I'm a comin'!

HEATHER (V.O.)
And let me guess... You checked bags, didn't you?

JANE

Lady! I was there for a month! How could I possibly rock all those outfits without checkin' a bag?

HEATHER (V.O.)

Blah blah blah, one or two?

JANE

And carry the rest?

HEATHER

One or two!

JANE

Two, Ma'am.

HEATHER (V.O.)

Urgh! We have 25 minutes to get to Fourteen. I'm trying to get them to stall her, but if we miss the "Surprise!" our dinners are going on *your* AmEx, you read? And they sold out of the patent-leather pewter color she liked, so we got her purple instead - she can exchange it if she wants, you know? I knew you'd agree with me *because I'm picking you up from the airport*. You're welcome.

Jack and Jane arrive at the baggage terminal as he sets her bag at her feet.

JACK

I'm sorry I can't wait for you, but I seem to be the "not-so" best man right now.

Brian and Justin are walking in the sliding doors looking for Jack when they spot him.

BRIAN

Hey asshole! Forget about getting the hot blonde's number, I have 3 of those in the wedding party waiting for you! Let's *move*!

JACK

I'm so sorry. He didn't mean that.

Jack kisses Jane on the cheek and he's off toward Brian.

JACK (CONT'D)

That's no way to speak to the woman
I'm going to marry!

Jack throws his bag at Brian and they hurriedly hug as they walk to the car. The luggage carousel dings and begins to turn with nothing yet on it. Fearful of Heather's wrath her focus alternates between the new bags arriving and her phone. Out of nowhere Jack appears picking her up, her legs wrapping around him he throws her against the nearest wall kissing her. He pushes their heads together again.

JACK (CONT'D)

I love you.

JANE

I love you too.

Brian and Justin are hollering in the background as he puts her back down and walks away.

JACK

I'll see you later tonight, Mrs.
Levine.

Jane laughs.

THE END.