

DETAILS

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FADE IN:

INT. RITZY FRENCH RESTAURANT - NIGHT

JACOB, mid-30s, is so handsome that women can't help but stare and men pray that he doesn't set his sights on their women. And unlike many of us, he looks perfectly comfortable in a tux.

He reaches across the table and takes TIFFANY'S bejeweled hand in his.

JACOB  
Tiffany, have I told you how  
exquisite you look this  
evening?

And she does.

A form-fitting evening gown with a plunging neckline, both conceals and showcases her drool-inducing twenty-something body.

TIFFANY

Yes, Jacob, but you may certainly repeat it as often as you like.

Jacob brings the back of her hand to his lips.

JACOB

Mere words, no matter which ones or the number used, could ever do justice to your beauty.

The GARCON arrives as Tiffany beams.

GARCON

Would sir and madam care to begin with--

He freezes. Not a blink or intake of breath.

Tiffany and Jacob look at each other, grinning, amused -- some sort of joke?

The grins fade as they look about the dining room.

No one moves. All are like statues.

Some with drinks to their lips.

Some with forks halfway to their mouths.

Some in mid-sentence.

A glass, fallen from a serving tray, hangs in the air, the liquid, a frozen waterfall, arcing from its mouth.

JACOB

What the hell?

SAMUEL (O.S.)

How did you ever guess?

Jacob and Tiffany jerk around to see a nattily-dressed, middle-aged man, with a definite sparkle in his eyes, walking toward them.

Their mouths come unhinged.

Samuel pauses at another couple's table.

Standing beside the frozen WAITER, he slides his hand down the WOMAN's loose-fitting top and squeezes.

SAMUEL  
Goddamn fakes.

Removing his hand, he takes hers and places it on her waiter's crotch. Then he picks up a full glass of wine and balances it on her HUSBAND's head.

SAMUEL  
(admiring his work)  
That should cause quite the  
stir.

Jacob finally regains some semblance of composure.

JACOB  
Samuel! What are you doing  
here? It's not time!

Samuel ignores him.

With a flourish, he spins a chair from the next table, sits between the couple, and looks at Tiffany.

SAMUEL  
Did you know, dear Tiff, that  
Jake here owes everything to me?

She shoots a questioning look at Jacob.

JACOB  
Don't listen to him. He's--

Samuel puts a finger to his lips, as though shushing.

Jacob goes mute.

SAMUEL

As I was saying before I was so rudely interrupted, what would you think if I were to tell you that Jake -- rich, successful Jake -- had been none of those things. That he had been poor, hungry, and ugly. And I do mean ugly. Jesus Christ riding a hump-backed harlot! He was uglier than a cross-eyed leper.

(winks at Jacob)

Until, of course, I came along. Would you believe that?

Tiffany stares at Jacob. Is she about to cry?

Jacob clutches his throat, shaking his head, struggling to speak.

SAMUEL

No use denying it, Jake. She knows I'm telling the gospel truth.

He shoots a grin at Tiffany.

TIFFANY

No! Please!

SAMUEL

You see Miss Wright and I made a bargain very similar to the one that you and I struck.

Tiffany slumps in her chair. Tears well in her eyes.

TIFFANY

Please.

SAMUEL

And you were quite correct earlier. You have one year, three months and eleven days left on your contract.

Samuel reaches over and pats Tiffany's shoulder.

SAMUEL

But, alas, poor Tiffany's time  
has expired.

Exuding sadness and concern, Jacob looks at Tiffany

Tiffany begins to sob.

SAMUEL

However, despite propaganda to  
the contrary, I am not a cruel  
fallen angel. I'll make you an  
offer, an addendum, as they  
say, to our original agreement.  
If you, Jacob Wellman, will vow  
to spend the rest of your time  
on this mortal plane with the  
person now known as Tiffany  
Wright in her true form, I will  
cancel each of your contracts.  
You hear me, boy? I said  
cancel. Free and clear. I  
don't make this sort of offer  
everyday, but seeing how much  
you adore one another. . .  
Well, it just touches me way  
down deep, like somewhere  
around my prostate. What do you  
say, Jake, my boy?

When Jacob nods, Samuel waves his hand.

SAMUEL

Speak, boy! I didn't wave my  
hand for nothing, speak!

Jacob looks at Tiffany, his expression like a flashing  
neon sign announcing the depth of his love for her.

JACOB

I-I love you, Tiffany. I never  
dreamed that I would meet a  
woman like you, not just your  
beauty, but who you really are  
deep down. . . I love your  
soul, Tiffany. No matter  
what. . . No matter what.

Tears of joy and relief stream down, washing over Tiffany's smile.

TIFFANY

I love you, too, Jacob, with  
all my heart.

SAMUEL

Not so fast, Jakey-poo. First  
you have to see. . .

Again, Samuel waves his hand --

TIFFANY

No. Please, Plea--

A BRILLIANT FLASH OF OTHERWORDLY FLAME --

As the smoke clears --

Tiffany has vanished. In her place sits a man -- a bald,  
hirsute, greasy, four-hundred-pound man with a tennis-  
ball sized goiter on his neck.

Jacob's eyes bug. His mouth drops open.

Tiffany attempts a demure smile.

Jacob turns to Samuel.

JACOB

One year, three months, and  
eleven days, right?

FADE OUT