



GEMMA BOVERY

A film by
Anne FONTAINE

Based on the graphic novel by
Posy SIMMONDS

Cast
Gemma ARTERTON, Fabrice LUCHINI,
Rhys IFANS, Matthew GOODE



Prologue: today in Bailleville.

1 BAKERY. INT NIGHT. 1

By the light of an oven... hands knead dough... Flip it over...

Shape loaves of bread...

Put them into the oven...

A baker's silhouette, in his apron...

2 BAKERY. EXT. DAY 2

"JOUBERT & SON" is painted on the shop window...

MARTIN (OFF)

Joubert is me... Martin
Joubert... Seven years ago I
came back to Bailleville to
take over my father's shop...

3 BAKERY/KITCHEN EXT/INT NIGHT 3

Martin, the baker of Bailleville, is taking bread from the oven.

MARTIN (OFF)

After twelve years of stress at
Pelletier Publishers, crafting
footnotes for university theses
that no one would ever read...
I, like many Parisians as
stupid as myself, thought I'd
find the balance and peace here
that I was lacking in the
capital...

He shuts the oven and turns around. He speaks aloud.

MARTIN

Balance and peace... nice try.
Gemma's body is still warm and
people here have already moved
onto something else... Not me.

He shoves another layer of bread into the oven... The fire from the oven reflects off his face...

MARTIN

During my sleepless nights, I
cannot stop seeing her dead
eyes, blue like stained glass.

4 BAKERY INT DAWN.

4

Carrying a tray full of bread and pastries, Martin walks upstairs into the shop.

His wife Valerie takes the tray from his hands to fill the display cases with today's fresh-baked goods.

She stops and looks at him.

VALERIE

Unbelievable! Did you see what you brought me? You left it in the oven too long - it's all burnt! Why are you so out of it? What are you thinking?

MARTIN

I'm afraid he'll do something stupid...

VALERIE

Who?

MARTIN

Charles.

VALERIE

Englishmen don't blast their brains out. They're too polite.

5 JOUBERT'S HOUSE. GARDEN. EXT DAY

5

Afternoon. Martin is tending to his vegetable garden. He picks lettuce and feeds his rabbits. He is accompanied by a dog who is barking at the rabbits.

MARTIN

Will you shut up?

The dog calms down, then starts barking again, this time in the direction of the hedge separating the garden from the road.

Martin turns around and is shocked to see thick billows of smoke rising to the sky from the house across the way...

MARTIN

Charlie!

He leaves the rabbit cage open and runs out the garden gate, his dog at his heels. They rush toward the house with the smoke. His dog races past him.

6 BOVERY'S HOUSE. GARDEN. EXT DAY

6

Martin enters the unkempt garden. Wet branches smolder.

A unshaven man in glasses and a baggy wool sweater pokes at the fire with a dead branch. With the other, he tosses pieces of women's lingerie one by one into it.

A fox terrier comes out of the house and barks at Martin's dog.

Charlie looks up. Martin stares at him.

CHARLIE

Shut up, Carrington! Sit!

He is speaking to the dog, who couldn't care less. Martin takes Gus by the collar and pulls him away.

MARTIN

What are you doing, Charlie?

CHARLIE

(English accent)

Sorry for the smoke... I don't know what to do with this...

I thought it was better to burn it all.. I'm not going to leave it for the... *dust men*...

He grabs a red lace garter belt, holds it over the fire and lets it fall... then a matching bra...

Martin watches the garters crackle in the blaze. They turn black and catch on fire.

CHARLIE
Want a drink?

7 MAISON BOVERY SALON INT DAY

7

Martin follows him into the dusty, messy house. There are open packing crates on the floor, as if ready for a move.

A fire in the fireplace is dying down.

Charlie takes two schoolboy-style notebooks from the table and stuffs them into a cardboard box full of random papers.

CHARLIE
Stuff she was writing... her diary, I think... I don't have the strength to read it... I'm afraid of... Ah! The whisky.

He leaves the room to get the bottle.

Martin steps toward the box. He looks in the direction Charlie went, then leans over.

He takes one of the two notebooks from the box. He opens it briefly.

Outside, the dogs are barking again. We hear Charlie trying to quiet them.

Charlie's footsteps resonate on the wood floors....

Martin quickly grabs the second notebook and stuffs it and the other under his jacket.

Charlie enters the room with a bottle of whisky.

Martin barely has time to pretend to leaf through a pile of English magazines...

Charlie puts the whisky and ice on the table.

CHARLIE

Do you read English?

MARTIN

Not very well, not really...

Charlie abruptly grabs the box and empties its contents into the fireplace. The fire blares up and consumes all the papers.

Charlie pours himself a whisky and drinks it bottoms up.

He pours himself another glass.

CHARLIE

It's done.

He serves Martin.

MARTIN

No ice, please... Cheers.

CHARLIE

To Gemma.

MARTIN

Yes.

They knock their glasses together.

Martin opens one of the two notebooks and lands on a photo glued to one of the pages: a food magazine article with a photo of a man, circled in ink and crossed out with a scrawled: WANKERS!

Martin looks up WANKER in an English-French dictionary.

Martin
 Wad... wan... wank, wanker...
 (He reads the definition) Ah.
 Okay.

Martin pages through the notebook and stops at a sentence, capitalized and highlighted in yellow:

GOD I HATE MY LIFE!!!!

VALÉRIE (off)
 Dinner time!

9 JOUBERT'S HOUSE. KITCHEN. INT EVENING

9

Joubert, his wife and son are having beef stew for dinner. A cast-iron casserole is lying on the oilskin tablecloth with a floral design.

VALÉRIE
 Guess what he got on his math quiz.

JULIEN
 It's okay, Mom.

VALÉRIE
 Okay? It's not okay! Tell your father what you got. Tell him!

JULIEN
 2, but it's because...

VALÉRIE
 It's always "because"! Do you want to repeat 8th grade?

MARTIN
 It's true, if you don't try, not even a little...

VALÉRIE
 That's not what you're supposed to tell him. He needs to be punished. No more video games.

Julien almost chokes.

JULIEN

Are you out of your mind? Okay,
I got a 2, but it... it... it
was an accident.

VALÉRIE

An accident. All you do is have
accidents. You're accident
prone, Julien!

10 JOUBERT'S HOUSE. MARTIN'S OFFICE. INT NIGHT 10

Martin opens Gemma's notebook and lands on a date
written at the top of the first page.

December 24th.

MARTIN

Well... Christmas has got off
to a bad start...

11 LONDON. OXFORD STREET. EXT NIGHT 11

A busy street lit up by shop windows decorated for
Christmas. Crowds. Buses. Cars.

12 LONDON. LONDON APARTMENT. INT EVENING. 12

Evening. The sound of a party going on. Laughter,
music, commotion. In the bathroom, a hand plucks a
tissue from a box. A young woman blows her nose. Her
eyes are red, her face haggard.

In the packed living room, Charlie cuts his way
through the crowd, an empty glass in hand.

He enters the bathroom and steps toward the tub,
filled with bottles of champagne in ice water. He
reaches for one... and hears a snuffle.

He turns around and discovers the young woman. She is
sitting on a stool, holding an unopened bottle. Tears
running down her cheeks.

CHARLIE

Oh. Uh, d'you... Shall I open that for you?

She doesn't react. He gently takes the bottle from her hands.

CHARLIE

This is the way with champagne... Not with a bang, but with the sigh of a contented woman...

He opens the bottle.

CHARLIE

But I don't think you're very contented. You're not, are you?

She looks down and begins to sob.

All of a sudden she stands up, leans over the bottles in the tub... and throws up.

GEMMA

Sorry. I'm sorry. Too much wine. Think I've got flu.

CHARLIE

Where d'you live? Someone at home to look after you?

GEMMA

No. No one.

CHARLIE

I live round the corner.

The young woman, Gemma, is lying on the couch under a comforter. She has a thermometer in her mouth. She is still crying. Charlie steps toward her with a roll of toilet paper. He removes the thermometer from her mouth and reads it.

CHARLIE

You've got a temperature, all right. Sorry I've only got bog roll. Look, I don't even know your name! I'm Charlie.

GEMMA

Dhgemma.

CHARLIE

Emma?

GEMMA

Dhnoo... dGemmah.

CHARLIE

Gemma. Ah. Well, d'you need anything else?

GEMMA

No. Just want to be alone. Can you turn the light out?

Charlie walks toward the door, switching off the light as he leaves.

Gemma grabs her cell phone in the dark. She switches it on. The face of the man appears on screen, the face of the man Martin saw earlier in the magazine article.

Gemma looks and spits at him.

GEMMA (OFF)

You bastard, bastard! Fucking bastard!

14 LONDON. CHARLIE'S KITCHEN/JUDI'S LIVING ROOM INT DAY4

Gemma inhales nose drops in the living room.

Charlie arrives from the kitchen with a breakfast tray for her: Lem-Sip, toast and marmalade. His land line rings. He answers. We hear a screeching voice on the other end.

The screen splits in two. On the other side: his ex-wife in a living room decorated for Christmas.

JUDI

*Just where the hell are you?
The kids are so disappointed!
I mean, Christ, what kind of
father are you?*

CHARLIE

*Oh, sorry, sorry. Judi... look,
something's happened. I'll be
round as soon as I can, only I
must find a chemist...*

Two children behind Judi are tearing wrapping paper off their gifts.

JUDI

Why a chemist? Who's ill?

CHARLIE

Um. Well, a girl... I...

JUDI

*D'you mean a girl or a woman?
How many times! Don't call
women girls!*

CHARLIE

*Woman, then... well, young
woman. She's really...*

JUDI

*I don't want to know, Charlie!
Your private life's your
business. But on Christmas Day,
you might bloody well put your
children first!*

She hangs up furiously.

The split screen disappears.

Gemma drinks her Lem-Sip. She hasn't touched her toast.

CHARLIE

You ought to eat something.

GEMMA

I couldn't...

She looks around. She notices an elegant antique armchair and a table made of rare wood.

GEMMA

*Wow. Amazing chair.
Where'd you find that?
Georgian, isn't it?*

CHARLIE

*No, it's much later... Queen
Anne Revival.*

He puts his hand on the armrest.

CHARLIE

*Not mine. It's a client's. I've
got to do a bit of work on it..*

GEMMA

Is that what you do?

CHARLIE

*Yeah... That's what I do... I
restore things...*

But Gemma is no longer listening. She is crying again.

CHARLIE

*Think the Indian supermarket's
open. I'll get some tissues and
stuff.*

He goes out, leaving her to cry alone.

15

JOUBERT HOME. MARTIN'S OFFICE. INT NIGHT

15

Martin tries to continue reading, but the text is blurred.

MARTIN

*Too many tears... (to Gus) As
far back as I can remember... I
don't think I've ever made a
woman cry...*

16

LONDON. CHARLIE'S APARTMENT DAY.

16

Gemma is speaking on the phone.

GEMMA

*Don't give me that bullshit,
Patrick! You bloody liar,
giving me all that crap about
leaving early to go to your
parents...*

We can imagine a man on the other end, trying to answer.

A key turns in the lock. Charles enters, loaded down with his purchases.

GEMMA

*Well DON'T then! Go and fuck
yourself! Shit face! Fuck off,
fuck off!*

She slams her cell phone on the table.

She notices Charlie in the doorway, laden with grocery bags.

GEMMA

Sorry...

CHARLIE

Anything I can do?

Gemma shakes her head. Then changes her mind.

GEMMA

Yes you can.

She hands Charlie her cell phone, showing him the face on her screen saver.

GEMMA

How do I get shit face off of
here?

Charlie takes the phone.

GEMMA

How many bloody restaurants
I've been to with him, that
arsehole.

Charlie touches a button. The hated face vanishes
from the screen...

17 LONDON. RESTAURANTS. INT NIGHT.

17

We see the same face. Patrick Large is sitting next
to Gemma on a banquette in a fancy restaurant. Gemma
is eating in silence as Patrick removes a red
notebook from his inside pocket and jots something
down.

Next we see them in a Gastro-pub.

He tastes his *Irish stew* and scowls. Gemma swallows
her potatoes like a robot.

In a Korean restaurant.

He plunges his meat into the sauce in the platter on
the table. He finds it tasty. He sticks another piece
in and lets Gemma try.

Then in a French restaurant.

He speaks to the maître d'hôtel in perfect French:

PATRICK

And your *tarte fine aux pommes*
is no longer on the menu? In
that case, the *profiterolles*...

Gemma gestures that she is no longer hungry.

GEMMA

*Look you're the critic, not me!
I'm not a guinea pig! Like it's
been thirty restaurants in two
months... I've put on over a
stone!*

PATRICK

Darling, you look fabulous!

GEMMA

*Yeah, but you call me sausage
in bed..*

PATRICK

You know I adore sausages.

18 LONDON GEMMA'S APARTMENT INT NIGHT.

18

Patrick and Gemma are in bed, in each other's arms.

GEMMA

Close your eyes.

She takes out a gift-wrapped box from under the bed.

PATRICK

What's this?

GEMMA

Little Christmas present.

PATRICK

Oh, angel, you shouldn't.

GEMMA

*Can't you tell your parents you
can only stay Christmas Day?*

PATRICK

*No, my mum'd go spare. Really,
she would. It's only four days.*

He rips open the wrapping.

PATRICK

*Oh, you did this! Blimey, is
this me?*

It's a watercolor portrait of him.

19 LONDON. GEMMA'S APARTMENT. INT DAWN

19

Gemma is in the doorway, dressed only in a T-shirt.
She kisses Patrick who is getting into his coat,
about to leave.

GEMMA

I'll miss you! Come back soon,
soon... promise!

20 LONDON GEMMA'S APARTMENT INT DAY. 20

Gemma comes out of the bathroom wrapped in a towel. She notices that Patrick has forgotten his portrait. His little red notebook as well.

21 LONDON STREET. EXT DAY. 21

Gemma is walking past the stores decorated for Christmas, Patrick's portrait dangling from her arm.

22 LONDON PATRICK'S STREET EXT DAY 22

Gemma slows down as she turns down a residential street.

She comes to a sudden halt, shocked.

A few feet away, she sees Patrick Large coming out with a beautiful, long-haired brunette. His arm round her shoulder, he walks her to a white sports car parked nearby. They kiss passionately beside it.

Gemma stands there, petrified.

23 LONDON. PARK. EXT DAY. 23

Gemma is sitting on a park bench, staring straight ahead.

GEMMA

Why do I still love this creep?

24 JOUBERT'S HOUSE. MARTIN'S OFFICE. INT EVENING 24

Martin reads the following words:

WHY? WHY? WHY???

Martin turns to Gus who looks at him quizzically.

MARTIN

Yes, why?

Gus answers by wagging his tail.

Martin lists them on his fingers:

MARTIN

She calls him a bastard, 12 times... He's a distant, cynical, heartless liar... He makes her feel stupid... He's so hoity-toity... It's an expression you don't know...

Gus, indeed, does not seem to know it.

MARTIN

...He stares at other women over her shoulder... Do you have any idea what she sees in an asshole like that?

Gus yaps.

MARTIN

Sex. He must do tons of things to her. That pig.

Gus sticks out his tongue and pants.

MARTIN

As if you understood...

Valérie storms in.

VALÉRIE

Stop talking to the dog like a person.

MARTIN

I'm not...

VALÉRIE

Have you seen Julien's English-French dictionary? The idiot can't find it...

He's linguistically challenged
enough as it is...

Martin places his forearm on the dictionary which is
open on the table.

MARTIN

It can't be very far.

Valérie takes the dog by the collar and leads him
out.

Alone again, Martin can finally get back to Gemma's
diary.

All of a sudden we hear Valérie screaming.

25

JOUBERT'S HOUSE JULIEN'S ROOM INT EVENING

25

Martin rushes into his son's room.

VALÉRIE

Look what I found.

She holds up a small box of cigarillos. Inside, some
weed and a rolling machine.

MARTIN

Who did you buy that from?

JULIEN

No one. It's Tristan's...

VALÉRIE

Sannier's son. That's no
surprise. He'll never set foot
in our place again. Or you in
his.

JULIEN

What the fuck is this, juvenile
court? Everybody smokes. At my
age, Rimbaud smoked. He wasn't
a delinquent, as far as I know.

VALÉRIE

Depends on who you ask...

MARTIN

Anyway, delinquent or not, he was first in his class. When you can say as much, we'll resume this discussion. In the meantime, if you put some order in this mess, we'd see things more clearly.

He knocks the piles of DVDs, video games and schoolbooks off Julien's desk.

26 COUNTRYSIDE. EXT DAY

26

In the early morning fog, Martin is walking his dog along the road that separates his place from Bovery's. He is holding Gemma's diary. We hear barking in the distance. Gus barks back.

MARTIN

Relax, Gus.

Gus continue keeps barking.

Martin drags him by his leash. Gus keeps staring at the Bovery house, where the barking is coming from.

MARTIN

Forget her. Forget Carrington.
Come on, Gus, come on, baby.
There are rabbits over there.

Gus continues ahead but turns around sadly.

From the Bovery's on the other side of the hedge, a little dog barks just as plaintively

Martin goes back to reading Gemma's diary.

27 LONDON. GARDEN OF SIMPLE HOTEL. EXT DAY.

27

In a large basket wrapped in ribbons sits Carrington the dog.

Gemma and Charlie are posing for the wedding photo. Charlie is wearing a dark-colored suit. Gemma, a light-colored dress.

They smile. Flash.

A series of quick shots of married life.

28 LONDON. CHARLIE'S APT. KITCHEN INT. DAY. 28

Gemma comes home laden with groceries.

Judi, Charlie's ex, is nagging him, while the children chase each other through the messy apartment.

29 LONDON CHARLIE'S APT. LIVING ROOM INT. DAY. 29

Judi speaks to Gemma, brandishing the children's dirty clothes, patronizingly.

30 LONDON. CHARLIE'S APARTMENT. KITCHEN. INT. DAY. 30

The two children squirt ketchup all over their shirts, laughing. Charlie tries to speak firmly, but is in stitches as well.

Gemma grabs the ketchup bottle and tosses it into the dust bin.

31 LONDON. STREET. EXT. DAY. 31

It is pouring. Gemma, protected from the rain by the ledge of a building, lets Carrington do his business. She scoops it up in a Kleenex and looks for a trash can.

Overflowing dustbins... used condoms and syringes on the sidewalks, garbage in the gutter.

GEMMA

Shit, fuck and shit...

Gemma continues to walk Carrington.

The rain doubles down.

Gemma runs for cover under a news stand. She sees a food magazine with a photo of Patrick Large on the cover and the title *Fusion Food Recipes by Patrick Large*.

Gemma escapes into the rain, pulling Carrington behind.

GEMMA

I want out, out, out... Not in a year's time, but now!..

32 JOUBERT'S HOUSE. MARTIN'S OFFICE. INT. EVENING. 32

Gus puts his head on Martin's thigh. Lost in his thoughts, Martin scratches the dog's head.

MARTIN

They arrived on a Monday... April 28th at five o'clock. I had indigestion and you were particularly annoying.

Gus gives him a doggy stare.

FLASH-BACK

33 JOUBERT'S HOUSE. VEGETABLE GARDEN. EXT. DAY 33

Gus is attacking Martin's leg. Martin gives him a whack.

MARTIN (OFF)

You used playing as an excuse to bite me twice on the calf.

Gus leaves, then comes charging back.

In the meantime, the Bovery's white and red VW van parks at the house across the street.

Martin walks toward the stone wall. He sees Charlie come out of the van.

Then Gemma, with the dog in her arms.

Charlie opens the back door and removes the suitcases.

Gus darts over the garden wall to greet Carrington.

MARTIN

Gus! Get back here, you filthy hound!

Martin runs after him.

34 BOVERY HOUSE. EXT. DAY.

34

From afar, we see Martin apologizing for the dog and welcoming the new neighbors. They all say hello. He puts his hand on the small barking dog's head. She is barking wildly. Martin helps them unpack the van.

MARTIN (OFF)

English, Dutch, German... there are more and more of them here, despite the economic crisis or because of it... The English are often the worst. They come with carloads of groceries from the supermarket... They don't go out of their way to learn French... No surprise that I'd felt no excitement... until...

35 JOUBERT'S HOUSE. KITCHEN. INT. EVENING.

35

The family is sitting round the table, in the middle of which lie a pork roast and a bottle of cider.

VALÉRIE

Do they intend to live here year-round? In that shack?

MARTIN

It's not a shack. If they put some work into it...

VALÉRIE

Hangman's House. I thought it would never get sold.

MARTIN

Well, it is. And wait... guess what their name is?

VALÉRIE

Eat, Julien.

JULIEN

I'm not hungry.

VALÉRIE

Eat. You're a growing boy. You need to eat. What's their name?

MARTIN

Guess.

JULIEN

McDonald. Pattinson. Sherlock Holmes. James Bond.

MARTIN

Bo-ve-ry. He's Charles and she's Gemma! Isn't that unbelievable? Here, in Normandy... right where Flaubert wrote it...

VALÉRIE

Madame Bovary... I never got past the first thirty pages.

JULIEN

They showed us the movie at school. Boooring!

VALÉRIE

I prefer *The Princess of Clèves*.

JULIEN

I prefer *Call of Duty*.

Martin rolls his eyes.

VALÉRIE

We're talking about books, not video games.

JULIEN

Call of Duty is better than any book.

Martin stands up.

MARTIN

I'd rather see you smoke than listen to this.

VALÉRIE

Martin!

Martin is already outside.

36

BAKERY INT DAY

36

In his blue apron, covered with flour, Martin serves the customers. Valérie is at the cash register.

Gemma arrives with Charlie. She lights up the second she walks in, breathing the aroma of warm bread, standing before such a variety of breads in all shapes and flours.

GEMMA

*Oh... this is France, Charlie!
Look at it! All different...
incredible!*

CHARLIE

Mm... Lot of it...

Gemma speaks to Martin who looks at her, thrilled.

GEMMA

Excuse me, Monsieur.. This one, this... What is it? It smells so good.

MARTIN

Tournesol, Madame.
It's one of my specialties.

GEMMA

Tournesol? What's that?

A woman who has just entered intervenes.

WOMAN (WIZZY)

Sunflower... Excuse me for interrupting...

GEMMA

No, no... please! My French is rubbish... we've only just moved here... from London.

WIZZY

Ah, really! In fact, we live there too. Well, what I mean is, my husband's English, so we split our time - half here, half in Notting Hill... Now, that one is very good.

Gemma turns to Martin.

GEMMA

I'll take the sunflower.. the tournesol... And what's this?

MARTIN

*"La croququette."
Multi-grain. I recommend it.
It's very tasty. There are linseed.*

GEMMA

I'll take the all.

MARTIN

We say "I'll take them all" or "the lot".

GEMMA

Oh Okay... "le tout". The lot.

CHARLIE

Wooo! Hold on!

She bites off a piece of bread and chews it with delight.

GEMMA

God! Charlie! This is serious bread! It tastes! Tastes real!

MARTIN (OFF)

She seemed so hungry, so
alive... now when I think back
to that image, and I do
often... it gives me goose
bumps.

Gemma and Charlie leave.

WIZZY

I'll have a loaf of sourdough.
And some *chouquettes*. Rankin
would kill me if I forgot the
chouquettes.

37 AVENUE BOISSIÈRE EXT DAY

37

On a beautiful day, Gus rushes up to Carrington. The
two dogs turn around each other, sniffing.

Martin comes over to quiet them. Gemma also arrives
with an armful of fresh cut flowers. Radiant.

GEMMA

Hello.

MARTIN

Hello. What a nice bouquet.

GEMMA

There are a lot near the
castle... An entire field...

MARTIN

Cosmoses.

GEMMA

Cosmoses?

MARTIN

Yes, the flower.

She takes a small notebook and jots down the word.

GEMMA

For my... vocabulary.

MARTIN

You're making a lot of progress. You speak well.

GEMMA

Thank you... It's pretty here. Everything is... The big house, behind there, too...

Martin looks back. Behind the park gates, we see the silhouette of a small nineteenth-century castle.

MARTIN

Ah, La Boissière. You should have seen it 10 years ago back in Bressigny's heyday... There were parties. Now it's a ruin...

GEMMA

But I love ruins!

MARTIN

Then you'll love our country because all the property is falling into... (He stops)
Down, Gus! Gus!

He grabs Gus by the collar when he begins to get overexcited by Carrington.

GEMMA

He's *cute*.

MARTIN

He's a Jack Russel. They can be real pains in the ass. I mean neck.

GEMMA

Carrington can also be a pain in the ass.

They laugh.

GEMMA

I'll keep on exploring.

He watches her walk away with Carrington. He holds Gus back by the collar when he tries to follow.

A few steps away, Gemma turns back and waves an insignificant "goodbye".

He responds with the same gesture.

MARTIN (OFF)

Then... in one second, with that meaningless little wave, 10 years of sexual tranquility came to an end...

38 BAKERY SHOP INT DAY.

38

Gemma is the first customer of the day. She points to one of Martin's breads.

GEMMA

And that one?

MARTIN

It's made with spelt. *Kind of* wheat...

Gemma takes the bread and breathes in its aroma.

GEMMA

It smells very good.

Martin makes a sweeping gesture.

MARTIN

Nothing smells as good as bread... A nice golden loaf... You have to see it rising. It's magical...

GEMMA

Sounds beautiful...

He looks at her.

MARTIN

If you want, I can show you.

Gemma watches the ovens that light up the basement.

Martin shows her unbaked loaves lined up on a palette. He makes a gash on each of the unbaked breads.

MARTIN

This is called the signature...
A diagonal line here, and a
cross... It gives each loaf a
face, a personality of sorts...

He loads breads into the oven.

GEMMA

Where is the dough?

She mimics kneading.

MARTIN

"La pâte"? Right here.

He uncovers the dough.

MARTIN

Rinse your hands. It's the
rule.

Gemma runs water over her hands from the tap in the sink, dries them...

She imitates Martin, plunging her hands into the dough up to the elbows...

MARTIN

Stick your hands in gently,
slowly. Like this. Knead the
dough.

She does as he says.

MARTIN

Very good.

She continues, she seems to enjoy this.

MARTIN

It's yours now... It's not
resisting you anymore...

GEMMA

*Oh this feels good... very...
relaxing...*

MARTIN

It's my yoga... Doing it every
day... *It removes all the bad
mood...*

GEMMA

Magic.

She pushes back her hair, takes off her cardigan and
continues to knead. He looks at her, thrilled.

MARTIN

Touching bread is like touching
the earth, the original crust
from which life sprung...
Immersing your senses in the
color and scent of ripe wheat.

She laughs, amused by his flights of lyricism.

MARTIN

There is nothing more natural,
more humble, than bread.
Nothing more sensual.

Gemma's hands, her naked shoulders... the back of her
neck... Her gestures in slow motion...

Then she turns to him, her eyes shining, a veil of
perspiration over her upper lip... Her face is haloed
by the oven's light...

Martin is moved... indeed, perturbed.

GEMMA

God, it's hot in here...

MARTIN

Yes... very hot...

40

BOVERY HOUSE INT EVENING.

40

Charlie lights a candle in the dark. He goes toward Martin and Gemma who are standing near the closet with the circuit breaker.

Martin activates it. The lights come back on.

CHARLIE

Ah, phew. Thanks.

Martin examines an unplugged blender, then the plug.

MARTIN

It's not the machine. It's the wiring which is *vétuste*.

GEMMA

Vétuste?

MARTIN

Vieille. Old.

He shows her the charred plug.

MARTIN

It's burnt. You better use some grounded sockets or you'll have problems.

CHARLIE

Thank you very much. I have some whisky. Would you like some?

Later.

Valérie is with them, talking non-stop. Charlie fills whiskey glasses. Valérie talks mainly to Gemma, but it looks like Charlie is the most interested in her chatter.

VALÉRIE

...There's the minimart. The supermarket just outside town is good too. And there a hypermarket, 5 kilometers heading toward Dieppe...

but if you want really good tomatoes, real coeur-de-boeuf, go to the outdoor market in Bailleville on Wednesdays and Sundays... Or in Rouen on Saturdays. My husband has a bread stand there. You find everything.

Gemma is seated, barefoot. She unconsciously scratches her ankle. Martin watches, slightly troubled.

CHARLIE

And wine? As an immigré gastronomique, I'm mostly here for the wine.

VALÉRIE

Martin, where would you recommend for wine?

MARTIN

It depends. What do you like?

CHARLIE

Gemma prefers white, and I...

The words fade away. Martin watches Gemma, she looks bored. She pulls her hair back on her nape and gracefully drinks a sip. Her gestures are choppy, in slow motion...

Over this vision is superimposed a dreamlike image: Gemma, her hair in coils, is wearing a house dress circa 1860, in the warm light of a kerosene lamp...

A mouse runs by her feet.

Gemma screams – putting an end to Martin's vision – and leaps up.

The mouse scampers away, pursued by a barking Carrington, and successfully escapes.

GEMMA

Little buggers, they're everywhere...

MARTIN

It's nothing... Think to hide
the cheese...

GEMMA

I hate them... I have to
remember to buy poison...

Martin jumps with a start.

MARTIN

Not poison, you poor thing! I
mean Madame... Pardon...
Mrs....

CHARLIE

Say Gemma.. It's quicker..

Gemma gives him a brief, annoyed glance.

GEMMA

Traps don't work.

MARTIN

In any case, forget rat
poison... It's arsenic. It
kills more than just field
mice... There are always
accidents, always. Your dog is
cute. You don't want to find
him stiff as a board with his
paws sticking up...

VALÉRIE

Martin, how can you say things
like that?

41 JOUBERT'S HOUSE BATHROOM/BEDROOM INT NIGHT.

41

Valérie removes her make up in the bathroom, while in
the bedroom Martin pulls on his pajama top.

VALÉRIE

Of course with you, any girl
who walks around barefoot is
enough to get you worked up.

MARTIN

Me?

VALÉRIE

I know you. I know how you tick. She really is the typical uptight Englishwoman, not a smile, nothing. Her life bores her. And she's not that pretty. Even a little ordinary...

MARTIN

An ordinary woman who can't stand the ordinariness of her life is not that ordinary.

Valérie rolls her eyes.

VALÉRIE

Madame Bovary.. Haven't heard that one in a while.. She's ordinary, ordinary, period.

42 BOVERY HOUSE LIVING ROOM INT EVENING.

42

Rain beats down on the windows.

Charlie and Gemma move furniture they have obviously found at a flea market.

Gemma arranges antique plates on the mantelpiece. She places a coffee grinder with a crank and an enamel coffee pot on a shelf.

She takes a step back to check the effect: she doesn't like it.

43 BOVERY HOUSE KITCHEN INT NIGHT.

43

Rain continues to fall, heavier than before.

Gemma has a thick scarf around her neck, as she boils water for tea.

A drop of water falls from the ceiling onto a pewter plate.

GEMMA

Shit.

Charlie replaces the plate with a plastic bucket.

CHARLIE

*Leak or two... It's what you
tend to find... Old house...
You expect the odd problem...*

GEMMA

*Not like this I don't. Charlie!
It's cold... damp... and it's
riddled with vermin!*

Drops of water plop in the bucket.

GEMMA

*I mean... things couldn't've
been much worse for the
original peasants here...*

CHARLIE

*Oh probably they were... you
know... failed harvests...
famine... Black Death...*

GEMMA

*Great... That's something to
look forward to, then...*

She drinks her tea, holding the cup in both her hands.

44

BAILLEVILLE APPLE ORCHARD EXT DAY

44

The sky is cloudy, with shreds of blue sky visible between a few gaps in the clouds.

On the edge of an apple orchard, farmers chat around a bottle of Calvados sitting on a barrel.

They pause to greet Martin, wearing a raincoat and rubber boots and letting Gus run on ahead.

Rough handshakes. They offer him a glass.

MARTIN

So? How are this year's apples?

ANTOINE

Not many.

JEANNOT

But enough...

SUREAU

More than none but less than
plenty.

Gus suddenly begins to bark and wag his tail.

Carrington appears. The two dogs turn around each other, flirting shamelessly.

Gemma appears in turn at the end of the patch. She wears a straw hat and a rather long dress over her rubber boots.

MARTIN

Madame "Bovary", hello.

GEMMA

Hello.

He bends over to stop Gus from flirting with Carrington. A book falls out of his jacket: a rather well-worn pocket edition of "Madame Bovary". He shows it to Gemma:

MARTIN

See? It's you! Have you read it?

GEMMA

No...

MARTIN

A total masterpiece. It blew me away when I was 16.. This woman who expects so much from love and is always disappointed... The resumé of a life... but as seen by a genius...

GEMMA

It seems *vachement.. marrant*
(*very funny*).

MARTIN

I don't know if it's *vachement marrant...* but you're making excellent progress in our language..

GEMMA

Thanks...

MARTIN

Did you see that rain last night? Terrible...

GEMMA

Yes... We have... problems. Holes in the roof... The toilets are... too full...

MARTIN

Ah, country life. People think it's paradise but it's constant work... You need amazing inner strength not to get sucked down... If there weren't "calva"... Here, this gentleman makes the best in the region...

He points to old man Sureau who doffs his hat.

GEMMA

Calva?

MARTIN

Calvados, apple brandy.

GEMMA

Ah... *Calvados*...

Old man Sureau himself pours a glass.

She drinks bottoms up. She chokes, coughs.

Martin taps her lightly on the back.

GEMMA
It's... strong...

MARTIN
It's... calva.

45 BAKERY SHOP INT DAY

45

Gemma chooses and pays for her bread.

GEMMA
What's the name of that stuff
to get the *muck* out of the
sink?

MARTIN
You mean to unclog the drain?

Wizzy Rankin enters with her husband.

WIZZY
It's called *débouche-évier*.

GEMMA
Oh, hello.

Wizzy's husband Rankin is tall and hearty, with the ruddy complexion of a whisky drinker. He greets her.

RANKIN
*Gemma, is it? I've been hearing
your husband's a terrific
restorer and you, you're a bit
of a wiz at tricky paintwork,
sort of thing... Just the
people we need...*

Gemma smiles, embarrassed.

RANKIN
*Why don't you both drop round
on Sunday? Come and have a
gargle, about twelve-ish...*

The two English couples leave.

A young man enters the shop.

VALERIE
Hey, it's Hervé! Back at the
family home?

HERVE
Yes, for the peace and quiet.
I'll have a piece of pizza.

46

RANKIN HOUSE INT DAY

46

The Rankin home is a renovated, nouveau riche manor house, with a swimming pool surrounded by fake English call boxes converted into showers.

The weather is fine. The guests include the Boverys, the Sanniers (the notary public and his wife) and the Jouberts. They are in the patio near the pool, nursing before-dinner drinks. Rankin holds forth, scratching his paunch, with his shirt unbuttoned down to the navel.

RANKIN
The thing is, you French hate
money. You're all socialists.

WIZZY
Not me. You'd never have
married me.

MRS. SANNIER
Nor I.

RANKIN
All French people, even the
most politically conservative,
are Socialists.

MARTIN
For you is it obscenity?

SANNIER
It's our taxes that are
obscene.

RANKIN

You say that but you're all the same. You don't believe in personal initiative. You like taxes...

MARTIN

We all know that the apex of civilization is free market, the English sterling and your lawns...

VALÉRIE

Please... if we could avoid another Hundred Years' war...

RANKIN

Do you vote Labour, Charlie?

CHARLIE

Mm, yeah, have done... I parted company over Iraq...

RANKIN

Iraq... In my opinion, more a lie than a mistake...

WIZZY

Mark! Enough! Shut up!

RANKIN

So what did you make of my side-board, Charlie? Tell me...

CHARLIE

Well, it needs a lot of work on the top... And all along the joins... edges of the drawers..

47 RANKIN HOUSE BATHROOM INT DAY

47

Wizzy shows Gemma the wall.

WIZZY

You can do that, faux marbre?

Gemma shows her a picture on her iPad.

GEMMA

*Yes... see, this is some I did
for my clients... white
background, black and white
glaze... and this here, black
with gold glaze...*

48 RANKIN CORRIDOR/HOME GYM INT DAY

48

Wizzy opens a door and waves Gemma in.

Gemma's eyes sweep over the home gym, where there is an apartment bike, a rowing machine, etc.

WIZZY

*Look! Feel my stomach...
Go on, touch... here, touch.*

Gemma touches her flat stomach.

WIZZY

*You must give all this a try
when you're here... because
with all that Normandy
cuisine...*

She pinches her waist, a roll of fat between her two fingers.

WIZZY

Muffin tops.

49 BOVERY HOUSE ATTIC INT DAY

49

Gemma has installed a "rowing" machine on which she works out, in shorts and a tank top, while reviewing her French conjugations.

GEMMA

*J'aurais voulu, tu aurais
voulu, il aurait voulu, he'd
have wanted...*

Her pace picks up.

GEMMA

Nous... aurions... voulu...
vous... auriez... voulu...

Charlie appears with some bills.

Gemma pauses, perspiring, and looks at him.

GEMMA

Yes?

Charlie brandishes a bill.

CHARLIE

*Did you really need this
machine, Gemma? Only, we're
getting into the red...*

GEMMA

*Oh, come on! We're both
working, now... we can afford
stuff...*

CHARLIE

*But the rate you're going...
You're spending more than we're
earning...*

She goes back to her exercises.

GEMMA

*"Nous aurions voulu... vous
auriez voulu... Ils auraient
voulu..."*

An apple falls from a tree.

Martin bends over to pick it up, wipes it on his sleeve and bites into it.

Gus suddenly darts away like an arrow. He disappears around a bend in the road.

Wagging his tongue, Gus rushes Carrington. Much sniffing and wagging of tails.

Gemma leans down to hold back Carrington by her collar.

GEMMA

Oh, these doggies!

When she straightens up, Martin is in front of her. From the look on his face, his eyes are obviously glued to her cleavage.

MARTIN

Hello... I haven't seen you at the shop in a while...

GEMMA

Yes, I'm trying to *diet*...

MARTIN

I see... you've lost weight...

GEMMA

A little...

MARTIN

It suits you... I also do some very low-calorie bread.

GEMMA

Ah for that I could "*me laisser tenter*", is that right?

MARTIN

Yes, that's it. Let yourself be tempted.

She smiles and tugs on Carrington, while Martin holds back Gus and ties his leash to a tree.

A shrill cry, then another.

Martin sees Gemma in the middle of the path, across from the la Boissière gates. She whips around, clumsily.

Carrington barks, confused.

GEMMA

A wasp! A wasp! Bloody thing's stung me!

Martin runs to her.

MARTIN

A wasp?

GEMMA

On my back! Help me!

She clumsily rips off her cardigan. Martin is not so sure about unzipping her dress...

GEMMA

It fell inside. I can feel it!
Can you get it out, please!

MARTIN

It's... I'll...

He abruptly decides to undo her dress. He pulls the zipper down to her hips.

MARTIN

It's dead... *It's a bee, not a wasp.*

He removes the insect.

GEMMA

Ow... it hurts.

MARTIN

The sting must be stuck inside.

He pinches the trace left on her back and tries to remove the sting... His fingers tremble...

MARTIN

I'm not hurting you?

GEMMA

Just do it... please...

He presses the skin harder. She screams in pain.

MARTIN

To remove the poison, I have to
um...

GEMMA

Hurry, it hurts... You have to do what?

MARTIN

Suck it out... suck the wound.

GEMMA

Go on, *please*, suck...

MARTIN

Really?

GEMMA

Do it!

MARTIN

Okay, then... I'll suck...

Martin leans down and puts his lips to the young woman's nude back...

A young man appears at the gates to la Boissière. It is Hervé, seen earlier at the bakery. He rushes over.

HERVÉ

What's going on?

Martin suddenly straightens up to spit out the stinger he has sucked out of the wound.

The young man looks at Martin, then at Gemma half undressed, inquisitively.

MARTIN

This... young woman got stung by a bee... Gemma Boverly, Hervé de Bressigny...

Gemma smiles weakly, pulling her dress straps back onto her shoulders.

GEMMA

Hi...

Gemma suddenly collapses.

51 HERVÉ'S CAR BAILLEVILLE ROAD INT/EXT DAY

51

Gemma is in the back seat with her eyes closed. Carrington is beside her.

Martin has Gus on his lap, next to Hervé who is driving.

HERVÉ

Good thing I was here... I got in yesterday...

MARTIN

Holiday?

Hervé shakes his head.

HERVÉ

I have to prepare for some law exams. I can't get anything done in Paris. If I fail again, my mother will freak out, so...

He looks into the rear-view mirror.

HERVÉ

Is she breathing?

Martin turns back to look at Gemma.

MARTIN

Fortunately. To the right.

Hervé turns right.

52 BAILLEVILLE DR RIVIÈRE'S PRACTICE INT DAY

52

Gemma lies on the examination table, coming out of her torpor.

GEMMA

Where am I?... What's happened?

Rivière applies a bit of tape to a wound inside her elbow.

RIVIÈRE

You got stung twice. Once by a
bee and once by my needle. You
went to anaphylactic shock. I
gave you an antihistamine.
You'll be fine now.

He turns to Martin. He lowers his voice to talk to
him.

RIVIÈRE

And you? You want a pick-me-up?

Martin jabs him with his elbow.

MARTIN

Fuck off.

53

HERVÉ'S CAR ROAD INT/EXT DAY

53

Hervé drives. Martin is in the back with Gemma.

The two dogs are on the front passenger seat.

GEMMA

Thank you for what you did... I
had no idea I was...
allergic...

MARTIN

It's nothing. Normal. Everyone
has allergies. I'm allergic to
milk and cat hair...

Hervé looks at her in the rear-view mirror.

She takes off her shoes and pulls her legs up under
her...

GEMMA

You were so... great, Martin...
I wish I...

She yawns and lets herself go, relaxing... The car
drives... Gemma dozes off...

MARTIN (OFF)
 And I... I'd have wanted
 anything she wanted...

Gemma's head bounces on Martin's shoulder in the evening light...

54 BOVERY HOUSE EXT/INT LATE AFTERNOON.

54

In the garden, Rankin and Charles drink whisky while listening to the retransmission of a cricket match.

Gemma shows Wizzy the kitchen. Wizzy looks thrilled.

WIZZY
*Love the way you've done it up!
 Looks super... so very...
 peasantry... You've really got a
 talent, you must love living
 here! Now, have a look at this.*

She shows her a magazine.

WIZZY
It's some people we know...

GEMMA
Friends of yours?

WIZZY
*They used to be our neighbours
 in Elgin Crescent... now
 they're in Clerkenwell... but
 what I wanted to show you is
 this... the wall of the dining
 room, this pink...*

Gemma freezes.

A full-page photo of Patrick Large with the young brunette he was seen kissing in London. They have an arm around each other's shoulder. She cradles a baby in her other arm in a modern interior that the photos show in detail.

WIZZY
This colour...

Gemma runs into the garden where Charlie and Rankin nibble and drink, leaning back in their wicker chairs.

Charlie gets up.

CHARLIE

Christ! Are you alright?

Gemma returns to the house without answering, almost knocking Wizzy over. We hear her footsteps on the stairs.

WIZZY

What's up with her?

55 BOVERY HOUSE INT EVENING.

55

Up in the attic, Gemma furiously writes in her journal, searching for her words out loud.

GEMMA

Married! The fucking hypocrite's married! Looks so smug, so bloody pleased with himself... self-basting sod! Of course it's for HER money... Well, it won't last! CAN'T last! I can't bear it! It's torture, TORTURE!

56 BAILLEVILLE MAIN SQUARE/BAKERY EXT DAY

56

Market day. Stalls sell various kinds of merchandise, fruits and vegetables, cheese, meat and fish, household articles...

Martin smokes a cigarette on the threshold of his bakery and sees Gemma appear in the crowd, hesitant. She goes to a stall that sells room fresheners and other pseudo-artisanal junk to tourists.

Martin's eyes are now on Hervé de Bressigny, who has just appeared in the crowd.

Gemma sees Hervé. Her face lights up. Hervé comes over to her. They say hello.

Martin lights another cigarette and watches.

He ironically repeats aloud the conversation he can only guess at from reading their lips.

MARTIN

"How is it going since the other day? Very well, thanks, and you? Excellent."

We are now with the two young people. We see Martin in the background, still staring at them.

Hervé smiles at Gemma.

HERVÉ

...Excellent, thank you.

She takes a room freshener from a hardware stall and sprays some on her palm. She sniffs and frowns. She stretches out her palm. He sniffs and takes a step back in exaggerated disgust.

He looks at the aerosol.

HERVÉ

What do they call it? "Moss and Briar"?.. More like "Bouse de vache"?

GEMMA

Bouse de vache?

HERVÉ

Shit of cows.

She laughs.

Martin still keeps an eye on what they're up to.

He sees Hervé take a room freshener, spray some on his palm and have Gemma sniff it.

MARTIN

The deodorant trick, good job!
Go on... jasmine... lilac,
lavender... Camembert...

They are concealed by the crowd, he alternately spots one or the other. Then they vanish from Martin's sight.

MARTIN (OFF)

I remember feeling a strange kind of jubilation... I could already see them naked in each other's arms... Madame Bovary crosses paths with Rodolphe, the country squire, just as Gemma had just crossed paths with Hervé.

Martin takes a few steps outside his shop and tries to spot them again.

He sees Gemma leave alone with her purchases.

Hervé remains there, still the victim of Martin's manic attention. He watches from a distance the gestures that betray the "crystallization" of their relationship. In CU:

Hervé puts on sunglasses...

Hervé smiles slightly...

MARTIN

That irresistible slight smile...

Hervé runs his fingers through his hair...

MARTIN

That'll make her like you... and now a smoke...

Hervé lights a cigarette.

He slowly blows out smoke.

He burns his fingers when he tries to detach the cigarette from his lips.

MARTIN

Oh yeah... Love hurts..

VALÉRIE

Who are you talking to?

Martin is abruptly brought back to earth.

MARTIN

Um... no one...

VALÉRIE

I've been calling you for 10 minutes! I've been dealing with the customers while you stare at the Bressigny boy! You into boys now?

57 BOVERY HOUSE INT DAY.

57

Gemma unpacks her purchases.

She hums along to Serge Gainsbourg's *La Javanaise* being played on the radio.

CHARLIE

Surprise, surprise! We're having a dinner party...

GEMMA

What?

CHARLIE

Yeah, I've invited some French. You're always complaining we never meet any...

GEMMA

But, Charlie...

CHARLIE

Don't worry. Don't worry... I'll do it all... I'll make one of my curries...

Gemma stops putting things away.

GEMMA

*No, Charlie, no! You can't
invite French and dynamite
their guts. I'LL do it... leave
it to me...*

She takes some cookbooks from a shelf. She opens a Julie Andrieu...

58 ROUEN MARKET PLACE EXT DAY.

58

Gus is leashed next to a stall from which Martin sells his bread in Rouen.

A roll of thunder.

Martin stares into the sky. Gus does too.

MARTIN

It's going to pour, Gus...
We'll be packing up soon...

59 ROUEN SUPERMARKET INT DAY.

59

Gemma pushes her shopping cart down the aisles. She chooses ingredients from off her list.

At a turn in the aisle, she spots Hervé in the frozen food section where he chooses a pizza. She stops a moment. He does not seem to have noticed her.

She continues onward toward the wine department.

She hesitates between wines.

HERVÉ

I recommend this one instead...
A little more expensive but so
much better..

She turns around.

GEMMA

Thank you.

HERVÉ

Do you like good wine?

Gemma shrugs her shoulders.

GEMMA
I have company for dinner...

HERVÉ
Ah.

GEMMA
And you come all the way to
Rouen *just to buy frozen pizza?*

HERVÉ
And books. I have work.

A beat.

HERVÉ
Okay, I... I have to go...

GEMMA
Thanks for the... *advice...*

HERVÉ
"Conseil"... Don't mention it.
It's normal. It's my pleasure.
Bye... Gemma, is that it?

GEMMA
That's it. Goodbye, Hervé.

He walks away with his pizza.

60 ROAD BAILLEVILLE/MARTIN'S CAR EXT/INT LATE AFTERNOON

The sky hangs heavy with clouds. Martin is driving slowly in his small van bearing the JOUBERT livery, when he notices Gemma's red and white VW van.

MARTIN
Well, well...

He waits to make it around a bend, then accelerates to pass the van. When passing it by, he waves and beeps his horn.

MARTIN
Hello, Miss! Mrs! Pardon!

No reaction, as if she hasn't recognized him. He passes her by.

MARTIN

Nice...

He gains some distance. He looks into his rear view mirror and sees the van chug slowly forward.

The sky grows increasingly darker. A lightning bolt flashes in the distance, followed by thunder.

Martin casts a glance at the countryside to his left. In the midst of hundred year old trees and behind its open gates is la Boissière, the Bressigny château.

MARTIN (OFF)

As I saw the chateau, I thought of Hervé not as he was in real life - insignificant, conventional, preparing for his law exams in that icy ruin - but as a seductive man of mystery, awaiting his prey as he admired himself in the mirror...

Martin slows down a bit and peers into his rear view mirror.

Gus sits next to him. He barks.

MARTIN

Gus! I'll bet you a lamb shank bone she turns left. Want to?

Gus looks back to stare out the back window.

Suddenly, the Volkswagen van brusquely veers to the left and, without slowing down, drives into the Boissière grounds.

Martin slams on the brake.

MARTIN

Holy shit! She did it!

Lightning. Thunder. Rain begins to beat down.

Martin turns on the windshield wipers and backs up to the Boissière gates.

In the fog and rain, he sees the van pulled up in front of the stairs to the château.

MARTIN

I don't fucking believe it! She should be at her house making us dinner... What the hell was she up to there?... They are monsters...

Gus barks furiously.

MARTIN

Shut up!

Thunder and lightning.

61 LA BOISSIÈRE FOYER INT EVENING

61

The door bell rings. Hervé opens the door.

Drenched and smiling, Gemma is in the doorway holding a bottle.

GEMMA

Hi, it's me.

Hervé is surprised.

HERVÉ

Good evening...

She waves the bottle.

GEMMA

To thank you for your... conseils. Did I come at a bad time?

HERVÉ

Um no...

He moves aside to let her in.

She looks around, at the ceiling, cracked and mildewed, at the grand staircase, the two-toned marble tiles, the chandeliers...

HERVÉ

I know.. It's a real dump.

He takes the bottle from her hands.

GEMMA

You're crazy. *It's great.*

HERVÉ

Are you serious?

Gemma looks thrilled.

GEMMA

An Englishman *would bugger it up* with tons of paint, fabric... horrid stuff... You can't FABRICATE this kind of atmosphere... This is the real thing... *the real deal...*

62

LA BOISSIÈRE SALON INT EVENING

62

Gemma admires the high ceilings, the dusty red velvet drapes. She touches them.

GEMMA

Oh, these faded colours. I love them. It all looks so worn... Magnificent!

They both jump at a lightning bolt, followed by deafening thunder. Gemma recoils with her hands over her ears.

GEMMA

Bloody hell! That's close!

They are very close to each other. Almost touching each other.

Their faces draw near each other.

One moment later, they are in each other's arms, kissing passionately.

Another bolt of lightning, another stroke of thunder.

Still kissing, Gemma and Hervé topple onto a nearby sofa... They furiously rip off their clothes... Panting with desire...

63

LA BOISSIÈRE/MARTIN'S CAR EXT EVENING

63

Martin is still waiting in his car.

Gus looks at him, barking impatiently.

MARTIN

Give me a break... You'll get your lamb bone...

He turns the ignition, switches on the windshield wipers and drives away.

MARTIN

After all, maybe I'm just imagining things... They're just having a drink...

He shifts into second.

64

BOVERY HOUSE DINING ROOM INT NIGHT.

64

Martin watches Gemma coming and going between the kitchen and dining room, where their guests are gathered. She is barefoot, with an apron knotted over her dress. Gemma passes around a plate of raw fish.

WIZZY

You found wasabi? I have everything sent from London.

Charlie uncorks a bottle and pours wine into glasses.

MARTIN (OFF)

I timed it: 78 minutes from the second she turned into the Boissière to when she left it to go home... 78 minutes to do what?...

VALÉRIE

Martin, can you pass me that plate?

Martin stops looking at Gemma's bare feet and passes the plate. Sannier tries to speak English...

SANNIER

How many years your Queen is on ze throne? She's incredible.

RANKIN

Well, God save Her Maj, but I don't really give a stuff how long she's reigned... After all we're in France. I live here.

WIZZY

Rankin loves France and especially French food.

Martin loudly puts down his silverware.

MARTIN

I've heard that for years! You love France and French food!

RANKIN

Yes, I love French cheese and wine. Anything wrong in that?

MARTIN

It's like going to Morocco and living off couscous but too bad there are Moroccans! To talk about France and French food, while ignoring us, the French... sorry, but I find that horrible...

RIVIÈRE

Rankin married a Frenchwoman,
remember.

MARTIN

Yes, the famous exception to
the rule!

MRS. SANNIER

You're a wonderful man,
Joubert... So uncompromising.

Gemma brings in a casserole, using hot pads to hold
it by its handles.

GEMMA

I like the French.

Martin casts her a sidelong glance. As if to say: I
know who you mean by that.

Gemma leans over to serve the main dish. A strand of
hair almost falls into the casserole. She pushes it
back and, in so doing, bares an ear.

And as Martin looks on, stupefied, he discovers a
black and blue hickey.

The sound of their talking, the clatter of their
knives and forks, all of it disappears. Valérie says
something to Martin, who doesn't hear. He stares open-
mouthed at the purplish spot on Gemma's neck.

VALERIE

Martin, I'm talking to you...
where are you?

65 BOVERY HOUSE. PATH. EXT NIGHT.

65

Martin walks Guys on the path between the two houses.
He speaks to Gus.

MARTIN

Now it's done. The bimbo and
the minor nobleman. They
fucked. At least that's clear.
And all that... because of
me...

He tosses a branch that he sends Gus to fetch.

MARTIN

Still! Those pigs! A hickey!..

Gus brings him the branch.

MARTIN

And the husband who doesn't see a thing!... He deserves what he gets, he does...

66

WOODED AVENUE EXT DAY.

66

Still half-asleep and dishevelled, Martin carries garbage bags out to the garbage can.

He hears a voice from the other side of the hedge. He looks over. Hervé is on the phone. There is a huge garbage bag in front of him.

HERVÉ

No... yes... Very hard to concentrate... Mother said you were feeling down... I think about you too... Me too.

He puts his phone back into his pocket.

He turns around and notices Martin watching him.

MARTIN

Hello.

HERVÉ

Hello.

MARTIN

Trudging out the garbage...

HERVÉ

Yes, same here.

He puts the garbage bag into the bin.

He sees the copy of "Madame Bovary" sticking out of Martin's side pocket.

HERVÉ

You're reading that?... I'm in the middle of "Sentimental Education"...

MARTIN

Oh yeah?... And work?

HERVÉ

Work... I can't keep my mind on it at the moment.

MARTIN

Maybe you should ask your fiancée to come. She'd help you concentrate...

Hervé looks at him, stunned. He smiles vaguely.

HERVÉ

You think so?

Martin watches him leave.

He is about to go back in, when he sees Gemma's silhouette among the trees. She walks quickly toward the château.

Martin follows, hiding.

She joins Hervé at the château gates.

HERVÉ

Gemma, listen, I... I can't... I have to go back to Paris... I'm really sorry... I can't... We can't...

GEMMA

Sorry? I didn't understand.

She takes him by the neck.

GEMMA

Say it in English...

She puts her lips to his.

GEMMA

What were you saying?

They kiss madly.

GEMMA

Come... quickly...

She pulls him toward château.

67 Martin, spying from behind a tree, waits until they disappear to approach the gate. 67

He stares at the front of the château.

67 LA BOISSIÈRE SALON INT EVENING. 67

The touch-tone phone from the 80s rings, several times.

Hervé, naked and in a sweat, comes to answer. He sounds short of breath.

HERVÉ

Yes, Mom... Yes, everything's fine... No, I wasn't jogging... I'm working. What else would I be doing? Yes, of course... Yes, I told you I'd call her... Love you too..

Naked and stretched out on the sofa, Gemma listens to his small talk and smiles. The smile of a woman fulfilled.

Hervé returns to her.

HERVÉ

Stay with me...

GEMMA

I can't...

She gets up and begins to dress. He approaches and squeezes her to him.

HERVÉ

Please don't go.

GEMMA

I must...

HERVÉ

I'll see you tomorrow then...

She finishes dressing, without answering. Then she goes back to him, embraces him.

GEMMA

Listen... you and I are only in this for the *fun*... nothing else... OK?

HERVÉ

Why?

GEMMA

That's ... I'm married, *and that's all you need to know... no questions... Okay?*

She covers his face with kisses.

68 LA BOISSIERE. EXT LATE AFTERNOON 68

Martin stares at the facade of the chateau.

Evening falls quickly, like in a dream.

69 LA BOISSIÈRE EXT NIGHT. 69

It is now dark out.

We gradually distinguish the sound of a waltz coming from the château.

All of its lights shine bright.

70 LA BOISSIÈRE INT NIGHT. 70

We are now in the great hall of the château, where a ball is in progress.

Chic young people in nineteenth-century dress dance in the brightly lit great hall, or drink champagne and punch.

Among them, we recognize Martin, in contemporary dress. He watches the dancers, until he notices Hervé, as Rodolphe, offer Gemma, as Emma Bovary, a champagne goblet.

Then they break into a languorous waltz.

Martin watches them whirl to the music of chamber orchestra violins playing in one corner of the room.

Gemma leaves Hervé for a breath of fresh air at the window. She fans herself, smiling and slightly out of breath.

Martin approaches her.

MARTIN

Emma... Gemma...

She looks at him.

MARTIN

You can still pull yourself together... put an end to this all. You're plunging headlong into something with no future. That little prick has a girlfriend. He'll never leave you... He'll destroy you as Rodolphe destroyed Bovary... It will all end in death, Gemma, if you keep it up... Listen to me... Gemma!

But Gemma, smiling, has already gone back to dance with Hervé, and the music is playing louder than ever.

Martin watches them whirl away and vanish among the other dancers.

71 LA BOISSIÈRE EXT NIGHT. 71

Through the brightly lit windows, we see the twirling silhouettes of the dancers.

The muted music now fades away... The windows go dark. Silence.

The dark of night envelops the château.

Martin moves away through the trees.

72 BAKERY INT DAY 72

A succession of flashes: Gemma buys her bread.

Martin notices some changes in her look:

Mini skirt.

High heels.

Her leather jacket is an expensive Perfecto.

Her hair style has also changed: blow dried with highlights.

Lipstick.

Her handbag bears a fancy logo.

MARTIN (OFF)

The sulky mouth, the silly little skirt, the erect ankle and extended leg, which in nature is the signal of sexual availability... I understood that she was trying to play that most banal of characters: the trendy, carefree woman... She'd lost all her mystery. I no longer found that she had the slightest allure.

Each time she appears, we hear the cash register ring and we see, superimposed, the price of each new fashion item. And each time she uses a different credit card to pay.

73

BAKERY INT DAY

73

Another day.

Gemma picks a two-pound loaf of bread.

GEMMA

And two croissants.

Martin takes the croissants from behind the display counter window.

Gemma puts the two-pound loaf of bread into her bag, after automatically ripping off one end to chew.

MARTIN

How is your husband? We haven't seen him in several days.

GEMMA

He's in London.

MARTIN

Ah? For work?

GEMMA

To see his children. How is your son doing?

MARTIN

Very good, thanks. And his X-Box is doing even better.

She smiles, pays and gathers her change.

She leaves, running into another customer.

Valérie points to the bag of croissants Gemma has forgotten on the counter.

VALÉRIE

Whose is this?

74 BOVERY HOUSE BEDROOM INT DAY.

74

Gemma and Hervé are in bed in the master bedroom. Naked. They have made love. She dozes in the disordered sheets, one hand on Hervé's chest. He is awake and looks worried.

Suddenly there is a scratching noise nearby. He sits up in bed.

HERVÉ
What's that?

GEMMA
Mice...

HERVÉ
What?

GEMMA
Des souris. What are you afraid of? He's not back till Sunday.

HERVÉ
No... I heard someone walking...

He gets up, pulls on his jeans and goes to the window. He opens it.

75 BOVERY HOUSE EXT DAY.

75

Downstairs, Martin holds the bag of croissants Gemma has forgotten. He is about to ring, when he hears the noise of the window opening and sees Hervé lean out.

He just has the time to press himself against the front door before Hervé sees him.

A few moments later, he hears murmurs. He stealthily turns the door knob... the door opens.

He enters the foyer...

76 BOVERY HOUSE FOYER/KITCHEN INT DAY.

76

From the foyer, Martin hears Gemma laugh.

GEMMA (OFF)
 If I sleep with Charles? You
 really want to know?

HERVÉ (OFF)
 Yes.

GEMMA (OFF)
*So what if I do? You sleep
 with... what's her name?*

Martin tiptoes toward the kitchen, from where the
 voices are coming.

HERVÉ (OFF)
 It bothers me that you still
 sleep with him.

We are now in the kitchen. Gemma pours boiling water
 into the teapot.

GEMMA
 Hervé... I don't want to talk
 about this...

HERVÉ
 Why do you stay with him?

GEMMA
None of your business.

She pours tea into their cups.

HERVÉ
 You'll never leave him. It's me
 you'll leave.

GEMMA
 Why do you want to ruin
 everything by talking about the
 future... This can't last
 forever... That's why it's so
 good...

HERVÉ
 How can you say that so
 coldly...

GEMMA

Listen... I'm very happy with
you...

HERVÉ

But I love you!

He takes her by the shoulders.

HERVÉ

Don't you understand? I love
you, I love you... I love you!

He pulls her over violently. She collapses into his
arms. They embrace for one long kiss...

GEMMA

You love me?

Her eyes well with tears. She hugs him, overcome with
emotion.

GEMMA

You really love me?

They kiss again.

In the foyer, Martin is wringing the bag of
croissants.

77

JOUBERT'S HOUSE BEDROOM INT NIGHT.

77

Valérie suddenly wakes up. She realizes that the
space next to her is empty.

She checks the time on the clock-radio on the night
stand: 2:30 am.

She sits up.

VALÉRIE

Martin?

No answer.

Valérie gets up in her pajamas and goes into the
corridor, lit by the light of the moon.

78 JOUBERT'S HOUSE. MARTIN'S OFFICE. INT NIGHT

78

Valérie opens the door.

Martin is sitting at his desk in his pajamas.

VALÉRIE

What are you doing?

MARTIN

Thinking...

VALÉRIE

At two in the morning?

MARTIN

Not my choice.

Valérie approaches. She notices the croissant crumbs on his pajamas and the crumpled bag on the desk.

VALÉRIE

What...

He brushes the croissant crumbs off his pajamas.

VALÉRIE

Gemma's croissants? I can't believe you ate them!

MARTIN

No...

VALÉRIE

Don't say no! You were too lazy to deliver them. It's not fair, because she paid for them... If that's what you call thinking, you should think some more...

She leaves.

79 BOVERY HOUSE KITCHEN INT DAY

79

Gemma, wearing a long coat, pours hot water into a hot water bottle.

80 BOVERY HOUSE GARDEN EXT DAY.

80

Charlie is hard at work, sanding one of the Rankins' pieces of furniture.

Gemma appears with Carrington on a leash... She wears rubber boots under her coat.

GEMMA

Just taking Carrington for a walk.. See you later...

She goes off with the dog.

Charlie watches her leave. He looks suspicious.

81 BOISSIÈRE EXT DAY.

81

Gemma takes the hot water bottle from under her coat. She ties Carrington to one of the finials on the porch and signals her to keep quiet.

She climbs the last steps to the door...

She takes off her rubber boots, places them next to the hot water bottle and replaces them with the high heels she was carrying in her pockets...

She rings the doorbell.

Carrington looks at her, pricking up her ears. She barks plaintively. Gemma orders her to keep quiet, "*shush Carrington*"...

Hervé opens. He tries to take Gemma into his arms.

GEMMA

Wait.

82 VESTIBULE BOISSIÈRE INT DAY.

82

She lets her coat drop to the floor. She is wearing nothing underneath but a matching red bra and garter belt, and stockings.

She savors the effect it has on Hervé.

GEMMA

We've got an hour...

He falls to his knees and buries his face in her.

83

BEDROOM BOISSIÈRE INT DAY

83

They are in bed, making violent love. The mattress groans, the bed shakes, knocking over a night table and the statuette on top of it...

Hervé halts, gets up and picks up the small sculpture.

HERVÉ

Shit... Sèvres porcelain, the only thing of any value in this house. My mother's going to kill me...

GEMMA

Show me...

HERVÉ

The base is broken. Look...

She takes a look at the damaged object.

GEMMA

It's nothing. My husband *can fix it*. He's very good at that.

HERVÉ

Are you sure?

GEMMA

It's his job...

She pulls him back into bed.

GEMMA

Tell me again... What's that word you taught me? *Chatte*... Do you like my chatte?

HERVÉ

Yes I do. *I love your pussy.*

Hervé and Gemma have reached the gates. She has her boots back on and is holding the small sculpture clumsily wrapped in newspaper.

They hug.

HERVÉ

When will I see you again?

GEMMA

I don't know... If only we could... leave... even just for a few days..

HERVÉ

Could you? That would be... wonderful...

GEMMA

And you?

HERVÉ

Wherever you want, whenever you want.

GEMMA

We'll go to London. I'll say it's for work,...

She strokes his hair with emotion.

GEMMA

Will you come to London with me?

HERVÉ

Absolutely.

They kiss.

She vanishes into the tress and the growing darkness, her dog trotting in front of her and the sculpture under her arm.

He watches her disappear, standing in front of the gate.

85

BAKERY INT DAY.

85

The door clangs as Gemma enters.

Gemma looks spiffy in a miniskirt and dark tights, and high heeled boots.

GEMMA

Hello... I'd like two croissants, a baguette "tradition" and... oh yes, des madeleines de Commercy...

Martin waits on her.

GEMMA

Thank you.

She pays Valérie at the cash register.

VALÉRIE

And how is your husband?

GEMMA

Very good. You'll see him over the next few days. I'm going to London tomorrow afternoon.

Martin tries to react discreetly.

MARTIN

You are? For work?

GEMMA

Yes.

MARTIN

For a long time?

She glances at him, slightly surprised.

GEMMA

No, not very long, unfortunately.

MARTIN

Why unfortunately? Are you sick of our country?

VALÉRIE
Martin, butt out!

GEMMA
No, but a change of scenery
will do me good...

Gemma takes her change. Martin looks thunderstruck.

VALÉRIE
Thank you, Mme Boverly.

Gemma leaves.

VALÉRIE
Did you see how happy she
looks?... Poor Charles... So
kind, so trusting...

86 BAKERY OVENS INT NIGHT

86

Gus watches Martin knead dough.

He does it with unaccustomed energy, almost
violently.

He suddenly picks up the entire mass of dough and
flings it brutally to the floor.

Gus leaps back and protests, barking.

MARTIN
No, no, no! She won't go! *SHE*
WON'T GO!

87 JOUBERT'S HOUSE MARTIN'S OFFICE INT NIGHT

87

Martin writes by lamp light.

At his feet are several crumpled drafts.

He writes in block letters:

DEAR GEMMA, FORGET ABOUT OUR PLANNED TRIP...

He pauses, lets go of the pen and angrily crumples the piece of paper that joins his other attempts on the floor.

Gus fetches the paper ball and brings it back to Martin.

Who tosses it farther.

It falls on the couch.

Gus immediately goes looking for it.

MARTIN

Gus! Enough already!

The dog hesitates for a moment. Then seizes in its jaws a book that was lying on the couch. He brings it to Martin.

"Madame Bovary".

Martin takes the book.

He looks at the cover, illustrated with a portrait of the heroine.

He puts the book on the desk... then takes it and opens it at random.

We see the words he lands on:

I WILL BE FAR AWAY WHEN YOU READ THESE SAD LINES, FOR I WANTED TO FLEE AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE TO AVOID THE TEMPTATION OF SEEING YOU AGAIN...

88

BOVERY HOUSE EXT DAY.

88

Charles goes through the mail. Bills mostly.

Gemma opens an unstamped letter, addressed to MME G. BOVERY.

She unfolds the piece of paper, a photocopy of the page of a book. She begins to read.

It comes as a shock. Her eyes open wide.

She reads:

...TO AVOID THE TEMPTATION OF SEEING YOU AGAIN...
EMMA! FORGET ME! WHY DID I HAVE TO MEET YOU? WHY WERE
YOU SO BEAUTIFUL? FAREWELL! FAREWELL!

(Signed by hand: HERVÉ).

She rushes out of the room.

Charles, who was adding up his debts on a pocket
calculator, looks up and pauses.

He stands up and, through the muslin drapes, sees
Gemma walking in circles in the garden and fiddling
with her cell phone.

89 BOVERY HOUSE GARDEN EXT DAY.

89

Gemma decides to call.

GEMMA

Hervé?

HERVÉ (OFF)

I can't talk to you now. I'll
call you back.

GEMMA

*Wait! What the hell do you mean
by...*

He has hung up.

GEMMA

You bastard...

There are tears in her eyes.

90 LA BOISSIÈRE HERVÉ'S BEDROOM INT DAY.

90

Hervé puts his phone back in his pocket.

He is sitting on the sofa. His mother, Florence de
Bressigny, a beautiful woman with silvery hair and
wearing a business suit, stands in front of him.

HERVÉ'S MOTHER

Who was it?

HERVÉ

No one. A neighbor...

HERVÉ'S MOTHER

You acted "chummy" with her..

HERVÉ

Mother, everyone here acts chummy.

HERVÉ'S MOTHER

Back in your father's day...
Anyway, it's of no importance.
How can you work in such a
place? Are you working?

HERVÉ

I'm not 10 years old anymore...

She looks around. Her eyes rest on a tray with two dirty glasses, one of which bears traces of lipstick.

She frowns.

HERVÉ'S MOTHER

Where is the Cupid?

HERVÉ

The Cupid?

He looks at the round table and seems troubled.

HERVÉ

Um... the Cupid..

HERVÉ'S MOTHER

You know, it's one of the few things I care about in this house that I hate...

HERVÉ

There was a tiny scratch...

HERVÉ'S MOTHER

A scratch!

HERVÉ

It's nothing. I gave it to a very skilled restorer, an Englishman who lives here and...

HERVÉ'S MOTHER

An Englishman?

The phone rings again.

Hervé sees the name that appears and does not answer.

His mother again looks at the tray with the two glasses, and then at Hervé.

HERVÉ'S MOTHER

Who is this woman?

Hervé searches for an answer, finds none and looks away.

91 LA BOISSIÈRE EXT DAY.

91

Gemma approaches the château gates. She hears her text signal. She looks at her cell phone and reads the text she has just received.

GEMMA, I AM SORRY, I CANNOT COME TO LONDON WITH YOU. I HAVE TO RETURN TO PARIS. I WILL WRITE. H.

She walks back the way she came.

92 BOVERY HOUSE EXT EVENING.

92

Charles is in a T-shirt and beret in the garden in front of the house. He has a cigarette between his lips, as he sands a door resting on a trestle.

Charles looks up and sees Hervé's mother approaching.

He is perspiring. He wipes his face and hands on a rag. She look at him with ill-concealed disgust.

HERVÉ'S MOTHER

Florence de Bressigny, hello. I think my son gave you a little Sèvres...

CHARLES

Sorry? A Sèvres?

HERVÉ'S MOTHER

You do restore art, don't you?

CHARLES

Yes but..

HERVÉ'S MOTHER

A Sèvres porcelain figurine. My son says he gave it to you to be repaired...

CHARLES

No, Madame... I don't know your son...

HERVÉ'S MOTHER

I don't understand... I mean, I guess I must believe you...

She rummages in her bag.

HERVÉ'S MOTHER

I have to head back to Paris... Here is my card. I want you to know that I am attached to that piece. Good day, sir.

She leaves him her card and walks away.

93

JOUBERT GARDEN EXT EVENING.

93

Over the wall that surrounds his vegetable patch, Martin sees Madame de Bressigny's car drive away.

As if in slow motion, for he has the time to recognize Hervé in the passenger seat, looking pale and resigned.

Martin watches the car disappear down the road to Paris. His face lights up, he looks happy and relieved.

MARTIN (OFF)

I was happy... I'd pulled off my plan... I'd like to erase that horrific moment of climax... but the past cannot be altered.. It can only haunt you...

94

BOVERY HOUSE KITCHEN INT EVENING.

94

Gemma has tears in her eyes. She peels onions.

Charles appears. He has shaved, cut his hair. He looks tense.

CHARLIE

Feeling better?

GEMMA

I'm ok.

CHARLIE

Gemma, does the name de Bressigny mean anything to you?

She stops peeling, she dries her eyes.

GEMMA

Sorry? What?... who'd you say?

CHARLIE

De Bressigny... does that mean anything?

GEMMA

No... it doesn't...

CHARLIE

Well, a Mme de Bressigny has been to see me... about some porcelain figurine I'm supposed to be mending.. Ring any bells?

Gemma looks for an answer and finds none.

CHARLIE

OK. Just thought I'd mention it... Bloody woman virtually accused me of lying... of stealing it... If you want to know, it was fucking embarrassing...

For the first time, Gemma turns to him.

GEMMA

Charlie... can we talk? There's something I want to...

CHARLIE

Is there? Well, I don't want to hear it.

Gemma stands up. She dries her eyes.

GEMMA

Oh but Charlie, please listen!

CHARLIE

Too late.

He leaves the room.

95

BOVERY HOUSE BEDROOM INT DAY.

95

She finds him upstairs, packing his things into a travelling bag.

GEMMA

What're you doing?

No answer.

GEMMA

Charlie, speak to me... PLEASE!

CHARLIE

Speak? You've got a fucking nerve! Weeks and weeks, you've been wafting around on a little pink cloud... Don't think I didn't notice! Now suddenly, you want to talk...

*Well tough shit, I don't want
to talk to you!*

GEMMA

*But where you going? Tell me!
When will you be back?*

CHARLIE

I don't know.

96 COUNTRYSIDE EXT DAY

96

On a path in the woods, Carrington is being bothered by a couple of stray dogs. Yelps, brawling.

Gus suddenly erupts on the scene, barking ferociously. He scares off the aggressors.

Martin arrives in turn. Carrington barks plaintively.

MARTIN

What are you doing here? Did
you get lost?

He looks toward the Boverly house.

97 BOVERY HOUSE EXT DAY.

97

Martin, flanked by two dogs, knocks on the door.

No answer. He hears music coming from inside.
Schubert's Death and the Maiden.

He knocks harder.

MARTIN

Gemma! Gemma!

Gemma opens. She is in a T-shirt dress and barefoot.

GEMMA

Yes?

Martin is struck by her boy's haircut.

Carrington barks cheerfully and leaps at her mistress.

GEMMA

*Carrington! You bad dog! Oh
thank you Martin, thanks a lot!*

MARTIN

What did you do to your hair?

GEMMA

Not nice?

MARTIN

It's very nice... We haven't
seen you in over a week. What's
going on?

GEMMA

Nothing... I just needed to be
alone a bit...

MARTIN

And... are you okay?

GEMMA

I'm fine... Do you have a
minute?

MARTIN

Um... of course...

He enters the house.

98 BOVERY HOUSE DINING ROOM/KITCHEN INT DAY.

98

Gemma shows him into the kitchen.

GEMMA

Do you want a glass of
something? Gin, beer, wine? *Cup
of tea?*

MARTIN

I'd like some tea... Oh, so
you've started?

GEMMA

Started what?

He points to an English soft cover edition of "Madame Bovary" on the mantelpiece.

GEMMA

I just started it... I found it
at the FNAC in Rouen...

She puts water on to boil.

GEMMA

Maybe because of the name... I
wanted to know what it was
about...

MARTIN

So? Do you like it?

GEMMA

Nothing happens... And at the
same time, it's interesting...

MARTIN

You've understood everything...

She takes a registered letter with acknowledgement of receipt.

GEMMA

I got this in the mail...

Martin takes the letter. It bears a legal firm's letterhead. He reads through it.

MARTIN

It's Madame de Bressigny's
solicitor. They're asking you
to return a figurine...

GEMMA

I didn't steal it... I know
it's here but I can't find it..

MARTIN

What can I do?

GEMMA

If you could help me reply...
That would be nice... My French
isn't good enough...

Martin sits down and looks at the letter again.

She puts a block of paper and a ball point pen on the table.

She fills the teapot.

She pulls over a stool to sit next to him... She pours the tea into cups.

She sits close to him. They both lean over the letter...

Martin tries to concentrate...

The nearness of her body troubles him...

Gemma bends down to scratch her ankle.

Martin watches her scratch, then looks up the length of her leg, looks at her bare knee...

He perspires. He again leans over the blank page... a bead of sweat falls onto it...

It forms a moist stain where, like a mirage, we see Gemma half-naked, her mouth half-open, offering herself up, voluptuously inviting...

A sudden cry. The sound of a breaking cup.

Martin jumps, startled out of his reverie.

A mouse is scampering across the room.

Gemma has jumped up and dropped her cup.

Martin grabs the poker from the fireplace and finishes off the mouse.

Gemma screams again.

Martin lifts the mouse by its tail.

MARTIN

Where should I throw it?

GEMMA

God, you killed it...

MARTIN
I shouldn't have?

GEMMA
Yes but... like this... I
wasn't expecting it... The
garbage is there.

She points to a cupboard under the sink.

Martin opens the cupboard door and finds the garbage
can. He freezes.

MARTIN
What's this?

GEMMA
What?

He waves a packet of rat poison.

GEMMA
For that...

She points to the mouse he is still holding.

GEMMA
Throw it away please.

MARTIN
What did I tell you? Never use
this product! Never! NEVER!
Gemma!

GEMMA
It's the *chemist*.

He tosses the mouse into the garbage.

MARTIN
I don't care who recommended
it! You must never have it in
your home!

GEMMA
But I can't stand them anymore!

MARTIN

It's nasty stuff. It causes a horrible death, a terrible death. ARSENIC! Didn't you read the description in *Madame Bovary*?

GEMMA

I just started the book... I don't like being told. Please, would you mind... my letter?

Uneasy silence. Martin looks at the letter from Madame de Bressigny's lawyer.

He sits back down and writes on the blank page:

MADAME,

And then stops.

MARTIN

Listen, I can't do it here. Give me a day or two...

99 RANKIN HOUSE BATHROOM INT DAY.

99

Gemma wears very short denim shorts and a sleeveless top. She follows a reference, meticulously painting a wall in faux marble.

She does not immediately see Patrick when he enters the bathroom.

PATRICK

Hello, Gemma.

Startled, she messes up the vein of marble she was working on.

GEMMA

Shit.

She turns around and gapes.

GEMMA

God! Patrick, you gave me a fright! What the fuck are you doing here?

PATRICK

Ah good. Well, we seem to be on speaking terms... Mark and Wizzy were Pandora's friends, you know... but they seem to have sided with me...

GEMMA

Sided with you?

PATRICK

Oh, didn't you know? Pandora kicked me out... I'm an orphan of the storm...

Gemma returns to her work. She uses a rag to correct the smudge and goes back to painting.

Patrick sits on the edge of the bathtub and watches with interest.

PATRICK

You don't fancy driving me to the sea this afternoon, do you? Honfleur, Deauville...

GEMMA

No, Patrick, I don't. I've got work to do.

He looks her up and down with renewed interest.

PATRICK

Anyway, France suits you. You're looking very, very well.

GEMMA

Oh bugger off, Patrick.

She goes back to her painting. Patrick sits there immobile, as he continues to watch her.

She tries to ignore him, but looks troubled despite herself.

100 ROUEN CATHEDRAL INT DAY

100

Martin sits in a pew. With a ball point pen, he rereads and corrects the draft of the answer he has concocted for Mme de Bressigny's lawyer. Organ music.

MARTIN (OFF)

I was surprised that Gemma told me to meet her there...

He looks at his watch, then the tourists, and then the sunbeams that filter through the stained glass.

The organ music swells...

MARTIN (OFF)

Had she done it on purpose?...
In *Madame Bovary*, Emma also meets someone at the cathedral in Rouen! Just afterwards, during that vile carriage ride, she becomes the mistress of...

He looks up and his eyes freeze on a woman seen from behind, kneeling on a prie-dieu between two lit candles. It looks like she is wearing a nineteenth century dress that leaves her back and shoulders bare. Her hair is pulled up in a bun that leaves the nape of her neck visible.

He is fascinated. A *Stabat Mater* resounds through the cathedral.

In the light of the stained glass windows and candles, the face hidden behind hands joined in fervent prayer belongs to Gemma!

But when she straightens up, Martin realizes that it was all an illusion: she is a stranger, in contemporary dress.

101 ROUEN CATHEDRAL EXT DAY

101

Martin leaves the cathedral and accidentally jostles a tourist. He barely apologizes.

He walks at random.

He stops abruptly.

In the middle of a traffic jam, he recognizes Gemma's red and white Volkswagen!

His face suddenly lights up again!

He hurries to catch up with her, because traffic is difficult.

The van turns and disappears down a perpendicular street...

102 STREET ROUEN EXT DAY

102

Martin arrives at the Place de la Pucelle d'Orléans.

He spots the van badly parked a few feet away.

Gemma is behind the van, checking the engine and looking perplexed.

Martin walks up. But he immediately stops.

Patrick climbs out of the passenger seat. And joins Gemma.

PATRICK

Is it serious?

She shakes her head.

GEMMA

It always overheats in traffic...

Patrick puts his hand on Gemma's naked shoulder. She breaks free, but not at all brusquely. He returns to the attack...

Martin stares from a distance.

Patrick embraces Gemma and kisses her on the lips.

She gives in, then pushes him away gently.

GEMMA

*We just have to wait... VW are
air-cooled...*

PATRICK

But I'm not, Gemma...

Martin abruptly turns on his heels.

He moves away, increasingly furious. He takes the letter to Madame de Bressigny from his pocket, convulsively crumples it and tosses it into the next garbage can.

A few steps onward, he again stops.

MARTIN

What the hell? I'll give you
your letter.

He walks back and takes the letter from the garbage can.

Just then, he notices the van moving again, in the middle of traffic.

He sees it turn into a parking lot.

103

PARKING LOT INT DAY

103

Martin checks the parking lot, without finding the van.

He finally spots the red and white van parked in a space nearby.

Martin approaches.

He slows down and freezes.

Unequivocal noises can be heard from inside the van. A couple is making love.

Martin looks haggard, he drops the letter.

He mutters under his breath:

MARTIN

Damn... what a bitch.

104 ROUEN RESTAURANT INT NIGHT

104

Patrick and Gemma are at a table in a fancy restaurant. The maître d' takes their order.

PATRICK

Madame will have the mosaic of monkfish and red mullet with ginger, and for me, the filet de boeuf. Rare, please. As for the wine...

MAÎTRE D'HÔTEL

I'll send over the sommelier, sir.

Patrick smiles as he looks around and appreciates the surroundings.

PATRICK

I'd heard of this place... it's quite famous... What're you thinking?

He doesn't leave her the time to answer. The sommelier arrives.

PATRICK

The Meursault 2007 and a half bottle of Marsannay.

The sommelier leaves.

PATRICK

'Course, you don't know about the restaurant I'm involved in... in Shadwell... It's called Creel... my idea... fish'n'chips'n'lobster... Tim designed it... It's brilliant..

Gemma gives him a sidelong glance as she drinks the champagne that was brought to them.

And then she speaks up.

GEMMA

Patrick... You asked me for the first time ever what I was thinking... You didn't wait for my reply, too busy showing off your French to the head waiter... Well, I was thinking this. I really HATE what happened in the van today...

She takes a sip of champagne.

GEMMA

I hate it because I wasn't able to resist you... I thought everything would be different. Big mistake. Nothing's changed. You walk behind me smirking at other blokes : "look what I'm knocking off!" I feel like a piece of your kit... like your watch or your bloody Mont Blanc pen... I've let you use me... I want this to be the last time.

Patrick looks at her, stunned.

She gets up and leaves the restaurant.

105 BOVERY HOUSE INT NIGHT.

105

Gemma writes in her notebook. The only light comes from a desk lamp.

GEMMA (OFF)

And now I've got to clean myself up...

We see the words she is writing.

physically and mentally...

106 BOVERY HOUSE CHARLIE'S WORKSHOP INT DAY.

106

Gemma enters Charlie's workshop.

GEMMA (OFF)
*I'll clear the house, sell what
 I can... I want to be a bit
 Zen... THING-LESS...*

She checks the objects there, the furniture from his 'rustic period' stocked there.

She goes up to a shelf and freezes.

Between a kettle and a tea box, she sees... the Cupid.

She picks it up: the crack on its foot has been perfectly mended.

She reflects. She is moved.

107 BOVERY HOUSE KITCHEN INT DAY.

107

Gemma has the Cupid in front of her. She speaks on the phone, obviously to someone's voice mail.

GEMMA
*Charlie, it's me... I... I just
 found the statuette, the Cupid
 and Psyche... Charlie, you
 mended it... after I'd been
 such a shit to you... Listen, I
 miss you Charlie... I... I'm
 sorry, that's all... I'm not
 asking to be forgiven.. I just
 would like to see you again...
 I love you, Charlie...*

She cries. Tears feel good.

108 COUNTRYSIDE. EXT. DAY.

108

Gemma is walking Carrington by the forest. The wind rustles the branches of the trees.

She picks up a twig and tosses it ahead. The dog runs after it.

Gemma lets the wind blow against her face. She feels relieved. At peace.

Carrington brings her the twig. She takes it and throws it further ahead.

FIELD. EXT. DAY.

Gemma is lying in the grass. She kisses Carrington. He jumps on top of her.

GEMMA
You bad, bad dog... so sweet,
so lovely...

She kisses him. Carrington lets out a happy squeal... The autumn sun casts a soft yellow light on them.

109 PATH BOVERY HOUSE EXT EVENING

109

Martin returns home and sees Gemma leaning against the fence of the Boverly garden. She waves.

He remains at a distance and stares at her coldly.

GEMMA
I wanted to *apologiser* for
yesterday in Rouen. I didn't
come.

MARTIN
I noticed.

GEMMA
I'm sorry. Something...

MARTIN
Something came up. That's how
it's put.

GEMMA
Don't be upset. Come have a
drink.

He wavers, but then approaches.

110 BOVERY HOUSE KITCHEN INT EVENING.

110

Martin discovers the sparseness of the decor. There is hardly any furniture left, nothing left on the walls...

On a table, Gemma has sorted the mail. To one side, bills, to the other, personal correspondence.

MARTIN

You got rid of everything...

GEMMA

Yes, I have to get my life in order to... pay my debts... clear my head... finish with all this.

Martin looks at her, worried.

MARTIN

But, Gemma... I don't understand... finish what... how?

GEMMA

Don't worry...

She pours him a glass of Calvados and puts it down next to a pile de documents

GEMMA

You can forget about the letter ... I found the figurine...

MARTIN

Gemma... I don't know what you have in mind... but please, don't do anything you'll regret...

GEMMA

Regret what? I don't regret anything...

MARTIN

I thought that since Rodolphe left you...

He interrupts himself, aware of his slip of the tongue.

GEMMA

Rodolphe?

Martin remains silent and looks away.

He glances at the pile of personal letters on the table. On top of which is the photocopy of "Rodolphe's letter".

He grows even more uneasy.

Gemma notices and follows his eyes.

She looks from the photocopy to Martin's face.

GEMMA

Oh my God... It was you...

Martin remains silent.

GEMMA

It was you... it was you who did it, wasn't it?

MARTIN

Yes, it was me, but...

GEMMA

What got into you? Why?

A beat.

MARTIN

Because I'm afraid for you. That's why...

He takes the "letter from Rodolphe".

MARTIN

Everything that happens to Emma... happens to you too... Your name, your lovers, your debts... And at the end she commits suicide... I know it seems stupid... But life imitates art...

Gemma lifts her eyes to heaven.

GEMMA

Godsake! You're completely mad... if you think I'd kill myself over a few debts, you don't know me. I'm not that woman...

MARTIN

You haven't finished the book... You're more her than you think...

GEMMA

Martin! I am not Emma Bovary. Get it out of your head. I'm me. I'm free. I'm capable of being happy, okay?

A beat.

GEMMA

I'm not upset with you... In a way, you've helped me... Things with Hervé weren't going anywhere.

MARTIN

Do you really think so?

GEMMA

For the first time, I feel good. Really. And it may be thanks to you.

He is moved.

GEMMA

You can go away in peace. Nothing will happen to me.

She offers him her hand.

GEMMA

No hard feelings, OK?

He hesitates, then takes her outstretched hand..

But she approaches and kisses him on the mouth.

GEMMA

See you.

Martin wants to say something, but the words won't come. He leaves.

111 BAKERY OVENS INT NIGHT 111

Martin is down at the ovens, whistling the theme from "Bridge over the River Kwai".

He "signs" the unbaked loaves of dough waiting on their grill.

He loads them into the ovens, still whistling.

His face is lit up by the oven flames.

112 PATH BOVERY HOUSE EXT DAWN 112

The morning mist blurs the contours of the house...

Martin enters the Boverly garden and places a package on the threshold...

113 BOVERY HOUSE EXT INT DAY. 113

Gemma opens the door.

Patrick is at the door. He holds in his hands a rather thick package wrapped in paper.

PATRICK

Hi... Somebody's left this on the doorstep...

She grabs the package. It is a round loaf of bread. She takes the loaf from the paper bag.

Her name is engraved on the crust: GEMMA.

She looks at it a moment, then at Patrick.

GEMMA

What do you want, Patrick? I thought I told you everything yesterday.

PATRICK

Can I come in for a minute?

114 BOVERY HOUSE KITCHEN INT DAY.

114

Gemma finds a breadknife to slice Martin's loaf of bread.

PATRICK

So... What are you going to do now?

GEMMA

Depends how things sort out with Charlie... But I think I'd want to be on my own.. It seems I get on better that way...

PATRICK

Gemma, you know what? I've been thinking... What you told me the other night... You were absolutely right...

GEMMA

So?

PATRICK

I can change... I will change... Things will be different...

GEMMA

What do you mean, different?

PATRICK

I think you should come and live with me in London... I mean it.

GEMMA

You're wrong. It wouldn't work.

PATRICK

But I really like you, I really want you to be with me...

GEMMA

No, Patrick. It just wouldn't work. I know.

PATRICK

It is because you're afraid I'd dump you again?

She turns her back on him. She splits a slice of bread in two and eats some of it. He approaches, takes her by the shoulder, becomes more tender...

PATRICK

Look, I wouldn't... I'm really serious about this...

He comes even closer...

115 JOUBERT'S HOUSE GARDEN EXT DAY.

115

Valérie is in the garden, hanging sheets on a clothes line. Julien helps, handing her clothes pins.

We hear a car engine. A taxi parks on the avenue. The door slams.

JULIEN

Look, it's the Englishman.

Valérie turns around and sees Charlie, wearing glasses, walking toward the Boverly home.

116 JOUBERT'S HOUSE LIVING ROOM INT DAY

116

Martin dozes on the couch.

Valérie enters. He sits up.

VALÉRIE

Charlie's back.

Martin gets up and goes to look out the window.

MARTIN

Good. Everything is becoming
normal again...

117 JOUBERT'S HOUSE KITCHEN INT DAY 117

Valérie sets the table. Martin cuts sausage. Julien fills a water carafe.

CHARLIE (OFF)

Help! Help!

Martin, Julien and Valérie simultaneously pause in their little chores. They look at each other.

Martin runs out into the garden.

118 JOUBERT'S HOUSE GARDEN EXT DAY 118

He needs to push his way through Valérie's sheets.

Charlie runs toward him, without glasses, dishevelled, his nose bleeding.

CHARLIE

Help! Gemma... my wife...

Martin is paralyzed.

MARTIN

Gemma? What about Gemma?

CHARLIE

She's dead... For Christ's sake, she's dead... dead...

Martin rushes toward the Boverly house.

119 BOVERY HOUSE KITCHEN INT DAY. 119

Martin rushes in and freezes when he discovers Gemma's sprawled out body.

She is lying on her back, her eyes half-shut, mouth half-open.

Carrington turns around her, barking plaintively.

In a corner of the kitchen, propped against the wall, hair and clothes mussed, with a black and blue mark on his cheek, is Patrick Large.

Martin falls to his knees alongside Gemma's body.

120 BOVERY HOUSE GARDEN EXT DAY.

120

Covered by a sheet, the body is carried on a stretcher to the ambulance.

Patrick, Martin, Charlie, Valérie, Julien, the Rankins, as well as Dr. Rivière, stand around it.

Rivière speaks to one of the ambulance drivers.

The ambulance drives away with the body. Charlie sits up front.

121 JOUBERT'S HOUSE GARDEN EXT NIGHT

121

Julien admires the fireworks in the distance over the Rankin's house.

Martin is slumped in a chair, drinking wine.

VALÉRIE

Still, that Wizzy... She could have called off her birthday party...

Sparks continue to explode in the sky. Red, green, yellow...

Rivière comes out of the house, holding his phone.

Martin turns to him.

RIVIÈRE

Okay... I've got the results.

Martin turns toward him.

MARTIN

So? Arsenic?

Rivière looks at him and puts his phone away.

RIVIÈRE
Why would she have taken
arsenic?

MARTIN
That's not it?

RIVIÈRE
Not at all.

MARTIN
What was it, then?

Rivière pours himself another glass of wine.

RIVIÈRE
She choked to death.

MARTIN
Choked?

RIVIÈRE
On a piece of bread.

Martin is blown away by the information.

In the night sky, the fireworks reach their apogee,
their climax, the final flourish.

122 CEMETERY EXT DAY.

122

An old English clergyman faces the congregation.

PASTOR
*She was young and beautiful and
her death must seem to us all,
both tragic and absurd... But
God is no less with us now,
than He was with...*

In the crowd that has gathered, we find most of our
characters, the Rankins, the Sanniers, Patrick Large
behind black glasses, Charlie in a dark suit, Martin,
Rivière, Valérie...

123

CEMETERY EXT DAY

123

As the crowd scatters, Martin, overcome with grief, notices Charlie and Patrick from afar, speaking with no animosity.

Charlie leaves Patrick and walks toward Martin.

CHARLIE

Joubert... May I speak with you?

He takes him by the arm and pulls him to one side.

MARTIN

I know what you're going to say... I killed her...

CHARLIE

What the fuck are you...?

MARTIN

With my bread. It's my bread that killed her. It was me!

Charlie stops him with a gesture.

CHARLIE

Please, Martin! Enough of this nonsense. I'm the guilty one. That's what I'm saying.

Martin looks at him, stupefied.

CHARLIE

I knew she was having an affair... She'd put perfume on to go walk the dog... I followed her once... I knew.

He takes out a pack of cigarettes and lights one.

CHARLIE

I knew it was nothing... *just a fling*. But I'd had enough and wanted to head back to London...

FLASH-BACK.

124 CHARLIE'S CAR EXT/INT DAY

124

The car drives down a country road.

CHARLIE (OFF)
And then I got this message.

Charlie drives, while listening to Gemma's message on his cell phone.

GEMMA (OFF)
*I'm not asking to be
forgiven... I just would like
to see you again... I love you,
Charlie.*

Charlie's glasses fog over.

He takes them off and wipes them on his sweater while still driving.

125 ROAD BOVERY HOUSE EXT DAY.

125

The car parks in front of the house.

Charlie gets out of the car.

He does not see Valérie and Julien hanging out sheets in the Joubert garden.

126 BOVERY HOUSE FOYER/KITCHEN INT DAY.

126

Entering the foyer, Charlie hears panting.

Charlie walks toward the kitchen, and stops in the doorway.

He sees Patrick embracing Gemma from behind.

He rushes him...

CHARLIE
*Leave my wife alone! You
bastard!*

They roll on the floor.

PATRICK
Stop, Charlie!

CHARLIE
Leave her alone!

PATRICK
Listen!

He tries to defend himself and push Charlie away.
Charlie has lost all control and is pounding on him.

PATRICK
*Listen you fool! You bloody
fool!*

Patrick manages to push Charlie away by punching him.

Gemma falls to the floor. We hear her head bang
against the fireplace.

PATRICK
You fucking idiot!

END FLASH-BACK

127 CEMETERY EXT DAY

127

Patrick has joined the two men.

PATRICK
*But you're not to blame, you
know you're not Charlie! It was
MY fault... ME who fucked
things up!...*

FLASH-BACK

128 BOVERY HOUSE KITCHEN INT DAY.

128

We are again with Patrick and Gemma in the kitchen.
She has her back to him.

He leans over her, tenderly.

PATRICK

Come and live with me... Think about it...

She shakes her head and takes a piece of bread.

GEMMA

Patrick... I just don't want to live with you... The simple fact is... I don't love you.

She swallows the piece of bread.

PATRICK

But you did once, Gemma, didn't you? I know you did!

In a fit of passion, he takes her by the neck and tries to kiss her.

She pushes him back and suddenly begins to cough. She can't stop.

Patrick slaps her on the back to make her spit up the piece of bread. In vain. She is suffocating.

Patrick takes her in his arms from behind and squeezes hard.

PATRICK (OFF)

I tried this thing for chokers... where you hit the diaphragm...

Just then, Charlie enters the kitchen...

He rushes Patrick...

CHARLIE

Leave my wife alone! You bastard!

As the two men struggle, Gemma tumbles to the floor, lifeless.

END FLASH-BACK

129 CEMETERY EXT DAY

129

The three men remain silent.

MARTIN

So, she choked.

PATRICK

*Yes... it went the wrong way...
Down the wrong track, as some
people say...*

MARTIN

The wrong track, that's right.

They remain pensive.

130 JOUBERT'S HOUSE. OFFICE. INT. NIGHT

130

Martin reads the last pages of the diary by lamp light.

GEMMA (OFF)

It's unbearably hot. Might turn to rain tonight... Can't manage with that party at Rankin's... Better run myself a bath... Need to take Carrington out... I've decided to put the house up for sale and return to London... I'm going back to Charlie... Got to try and fix things with him... As of next week, I will...

The half-page of text ends there. Martin pages through the rest of the diary. The rest of the pages are blank..

Martin remains immobile for a moment. He tries to master the emotions overwhelming him.

He closes the notebook.

He locks it away in a drawer of his desk and pockets the key.

Gus watches, sad.

131 CEMETERY EXT DAY

131

It is now cold, it is All Souls' Day, and the yews and cypresses are wrapped in mist.

MARTIN (OFF)

A few months ago, Charlie sold the house. He left, and left us Carrington...

We see Carrington trot among the tombs.

MARTIN (OFF)

Most of the time she is silent and sad... But sometimes, certain things make her jump for joy....

Carrington begins to run around happily.

She jumps on... Hervé, who has just entered the cemetery.

Hervé takes the dog into his arms. It licks his face.

Martin watches from afar.

Still holding the dog in his arms, Hervé approaches Gemma's grave.

He puts down one single flower.

Carrington yelps at the grave, plaintively.

Hervé bows his head in prayer, then straightens up.

His eyes meet Martin's.

Hervé walks away.

Martin watches him disappear into the thickening fog.

The white flower remains on the grave.

Epilogue.

132 COUNTRYSIDE BAILLEVILLE EXT DAY 132

It is winter. Bailleville is snowed in.

We see the two houses, the Jouberts' and the Boverys', in a landscape entirely white.

133 ROAD BOVERY HOUSE EXT EVENING 133

All bundled up, Julien comes home from high school in the falling snow.

He halts in front of the Bovery house where a moving van is parked.

He approaches, curious...

134 JOUBERT'S HOUSE KITCHEN INT EVENING 134

Julien quietly enters the kitchen. Valérie and Martin are setting the table. He shakes the snow off his shoes and puts down his schoolbag.

Carrington and Gus are asleep near the fire.

VALÉRIE

Careful, you're getting it all over.

Julien takes off his shoes, covered with snow. Then he takes piles of books from his bag and puts them on the buffet. Martin et Valérie watch.

VALÉRIE

He really has changed...

MARTIN

Yes, he's becoming intelligent... anything can happen...

VALERIE

The apple doesn't fall far from the tree....

MARTIN

Who are you saying that for?

VALERIE

Guess..

She smiles.

Julien puts out the silverware.

JULIEN

Did you see the new tenants?

MARTIN

Are they here?

JULIEN

Yes. Russians.

MARTIN

Russians!

JULIEN

She is totally hot. A butt to die for.

VALÉRIE

Okay, Julien.

JULIEN

And guess what their name is?

Valérie and Martin look at each other.

JULIEN

Go on. I'll give you a hint...
It starts with a K....
Adulteress, tragic death...
Jumps under a train...

MARTIN

Karenina! Anna Karenina!

JULIEN

Bingo.

Martin is speechless.

Julien bursts out laughing.

JULIEN

I'm joking. They're about as Russian as I am. In fact they're from Auvergne and their name is...

Martin gives him a resounding slap.

The two dogs straighten up and look.

JULIEN

Fuck! You're such a brute! We can't even joke around...

MARTIN

Not with that.