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present
a German – Belgian Coproduction

MR. MORGAN'S LAST LOVE

Written and directed by Sandra Nettelbeck

Based on the novel „La Douceur Assassine“ by Francoise Dorner
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SCREENPLAY FOR A FEATURE FILM
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SHOOTING DRAFT

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The bar sequence is a work in progress in terms of dialog etc.

Here are all the changes made plus the list of deleted scenes (old and new):

Deleted scenes:

21, 26, 41, 45, 46, 53, 54, 57, 58, 61, 65, 78, 86, 99A, 103, 111, 117, 133, 145

New scenes (with old numbers):

59, 60, 60A

New pages /changes:

Page 29-33

Page 38-42

Page 77

A silvergrey autumn day, the bedroom, generous in size and furnished with antiques, has been somewhat converted to a hospital room. There is a drip stand by the side of the bed holding a couple of different bags, a cart carrying means to wash a body, plenty of prescription pill bottles on the nightstand, a kidney dish, oxygen supply.

On the left side of the bed, hooked up to the drips and the oxygen, lies JOAN. She once was a very beautiful woman, but now her features are ravaged by the cancer that is killing her. Anyone who has ever heard it will recognize the sound of her torturous efforts to breathe: death is imminent. Her sunken eyes are closed. All she wants is to stop fighting now.

MATT, her husband, several years her senior, sits beside her bed, caressing her fragile, weak hand. His eyes will not leave Joan's face for a second. Joan's breath grows weaker. She moves her head, tries to speak, but no sound comes out.

Matt stares at her, hardly dares to breathe himself, fighting back the tears flooding his eyes. And then it gets very quiet in the room. Matt realizes she is gone. He gets up and leans over her, caresses her, covers her face with desperate kisses. He sits back down, still holding her hand, only to get up again and kiss her one more time. Heartbroken, he sinks into his chair and keeps shaking his head. Leans forward and rests his face on Joan's hand.

MATT

(whispering)

I'm an idiot...I'm such an idiot.

He kisses her hand several times, then just stays there.

Matt is still in exactly the same position at the bed. We hear the doorbell ring. Somebody down the hall opens the door, FRENCH DIALOG faintly drifts into the room.

MADAME DUNE, Matt and Joan's elderly housekeeper, appears, with a couple of POLICEMEN and two EMPLOYEES from the funeral home. FUNERAL HOME MAN #1 approaches Matt. He gently puts his hand on Matt's shoulder. The others remain by the door.

FUNERAL HOME MAN #1

(in French/subtitled)

My condolences, Mister Morgan. We know this is a difficult time for you. But we will have to take her body now.

Matt doesn't respond and doesn't move.

MADAME DUNE

Monsieur Morgan. You have to let them take her. Please.

Matt shakes his head. The two policemen glance at each other and approach Matt. Respectfully, they help him to his feet.

MATT

No! Let me go!

The policemen are stronger than he is and lead him towards the door despite his fierce protest.

MATT

I'm not leaving her. She stays with me!

Out of the corner of his eye, he sees the funeral home men pull back the blankets to reveal Joan's fragile body.

MATT

Don't touch her! Don't you touch her!!

POLICEMAN #1

(in French/subtitled)

Monsieur Morgan, you are being unreasonable. She can't stay...

MATT

Let go of me!

FADE TO BLACK. MAIN CREDITS.

2

INT. MATT AND JOAN'S BEDROOM - DAY (OPENING CREDITS)

2

FADE IN. The camera travels through the beautiful and generous Parisian flat. The place is meticulously kept, furnished with impeccable taste - but there seems no life in it. All the doors are open and the only sound is the distant hum of city traffic.

We finally reach the bedroom and apart from all the medical supplies being gone, the room has not changed at all. Matt lies on the right side of the large bed, on his back, the left is unslept in. His blanket is neatly pulled up to his chest, his hands folded, his eyes closed. The camera slowly travels around the bed. Matt doesn't stir. Is he breathing? After what seems to be too long of a moment not to, Matt inhales, then exhales with a sigh and opens his eyes in defeat.

MATT

Damn.

Damn is right. MUSIC starts.

Eventually, he struggles to rise. As he lifts his legs out from under the covers, we see that he has obviously slept in his slippers. Matt sits on the edge of the bed for a moment, staring at his feet. He runs his hand over his head a couple of times, checks his watch, makes a note in a little notebook by the side of the bed, grabs his robe and trudges out of the room.

3 INT. MATT'S KITCHEN - DAY 3

Wearing his robe inside out, Matt shuffles to the coffeemaker, gets a bowl from the cupboard, milk from the fridge.

4 INT. MATT'S HALLWAY - DAY 4

Matt opens the front door and picks up the International Herald Tribune. Without so much as glancing at the paper, he closes the door and throws the paper on top of a five foot high pile of unread newspapers down the hall.

3A INT. MATT'S KITCHEN - DAY 3A

Matt sits at the old table and sips his coffee. The phone rings. Matt ignores it. The phone keeps ringing.

5 INT. MATT'S BATHROOM - DAY 5

Lost in time, standing in front of the mirror, tired beyond belief, Matt opens the mirror cabinet, stares at the bottles of prescription pills and starts collecting his morning ration from the bottles. Arthritis, blood pressure, it's a long rapsheet. He closes the cabinet door and fills a glass with tap water.

This never gets any easier. He hates swallowing pills. Hates it. When he's got them all down, he pauses, stares at himself. Then he opens the cabinet, takes out another prescription bottle. He opens it with his teeth and pours all the pills into the palm of his hand, a scary pile of them. He looks at the pills in his hand, then at himself. Contemplates. Refills his water glass. He takes the first pill and struggles to swallow it. But when he tries to take several at once, he gags. The door bell rings and interrupts his mortal plan. Matt coughs and barely manages to spit out the pills.

MATT

Damn.

(shouting)

I'm coming!

He puts the pills back into the bottle. It rings again.

MATT

Just a minute! *Un moment!!*

6 INT. MATT'S HALLWAY - DAY 6

The front door is ajar, but the chain is locked.

MADAME DUNE

Monsieur Morgan?!

Madame Dune peeks inside as Matt walks up to the door.

MATT

Madame Dune, what are you doing here?

MADAME DUNE

What do you mean?

He closes the door, takes the chain off, opens the door.

MATT

It's Tuesday.

MADAME DUNE

It's Wednesday, Monsieur.

MATT

Wednesday? Are you sure?

He takes a couple of the shopping bags off her hand.

MADAME DUNE

Yes, Monsieur.

She heads straight for the kitchen, knows her way around.

MADAME DUNE

Did you have a nice weekend,
Monsieur?

Matt follows her, still in Tuesday mode.

7

INT. MATT'S KITCHEN - DAY

7

Madame Dune fills the fridge with groceries.

MADAME DUNE

My daughter, her husband and my
grandson came to visit. Ten people
for lunch! I tried your recipe for
the soufflé de saumon and for main
course we had gigot en chevreuil,
incroyable! My daughter made her
fabulous clafoutis for dessert.

She kisses the tips of her fingers and makes a loud noise of
delight. Chuckles at the mere thought of the food. Matt opens
the fridge and rearranges the groceries according to his world
order. Madame Dune puts away the baguette.

MADAME DUNE

Would you like me to make you some
breakfast, Monsieur?

Matt closes the fridge. He wants to leave the kitchen.

MATT

No, thank you.

MADAME DUNE

How about some lunch later, oui?

Big smile. French people never say No to food. The phone
starts ringing. Matt turns around in the door.

MATT

No, thank you.

Madame Dune doesn't try to hide her disappointment.

MATT

I'm going out. To lunch.

Turns to the door again and almost gets away...

MADAME DUNE

But it's Wednesday, Monsieur.

...if only he were so lucky. He turns to Madame Dune.

MADAME DUNE

Your lunch with Madame Léry is on Thursdays. Unless you changed it?

She glances at the phone and then at Matt.

MATT

Yes. No. But... Don't answer that!

Too late. Madame Dune has already picked up the phone.

MADAME DUNE

Oui, bonjour?

Matt shakes his head vigorously. Signals he's not here.

MADAME DUNE

Oui, Madame Karen, il est là. Oui.
One moment, s'il vous plait.

Matt's pinches the bridge of his nose as Madame Dune holds out the phone to him.

MADAME DUNE

It's your daughter, Monsieur.

Defeated, Matt walks over and takes the phone from her.

MATT

Karen. How are you.

Madame Dune puts her hand on his arm in passing.

MADAME DUNE

I will fix you some lunch.

KAREN (ON PHONE)

How are you? I tried you earlier
but you didn't pick up.

Matt rubs his forehead. He can't win. Not today.

MATT

I'm fine. I was just...

KAREN (ON PHONE)

What?

MATT

Nothing. How is everyone?

KAREN (ON PHONE)

In bed with the flu. I haven't had a minute to myself today. I don't remember ever sucking the life out of mom that way when I was a kid.

Well. Matt does. He has to yawn, checks his watch.

MATT

It's late there. You should get some sleep.

KAREN (ON PHONE)

Not a chance. Heather wakes up every five minutes from her cough and every time she has a new favorite drink I need to get her.

Matt looks on as Madame Dune rinses a dead chicken.

KAREN (ON PHONE)

Have you spoken to Miles lately?

MATT

No. Why?

Pregnant silence.

KAREN (ON PHONE)

You should give him a call.

MATT

Why do you say that? Is something...

KAREN (ON PHONE)

Because mom's not around to say it, and besides, you shouldn't need a reason to call him. But I can give you one if you...

MATT

I'll call him.

KAREN (ON PHONE)

Oh, and please pick up next time, alright? I know you never go out before noon, and I don't want to worry about you for no reason.

MATT

No, we don't want that.

KAREN (ON PHONE)
 Give me a break, Dad, I'm not in
 the mood today, ok?
 (off Matt's silence)
 I'll call you Sunday. Good-bye.

MATT
 Good-bye Karen.

He hangs up. Yawns. Watches Madame Dune for a moment as she expertly bones the chicken. Now what. Madame Dune looks up.

MADAME DUNE
 No worry, Monsieur. I freeze it if
 you don't want to eat it today.

8 EXT. THE STREETS OF PARIS - DAY

8

Matt steps out of his building, he has an umbrella with him. He stops on the sidewalk, still a bit whoozy, looks up and down the street, checks his watch and decides to head left.

Matt walks through the heart of this gorgeous city. But its splendor is lost on him. Close of Matt's right hand in a fist, as he walks. He opens his fist and offers his hand. A WOMAN'S hand comes into frame to meet Matt's. Their fingers intertwine, two loving hands holding each other. Matt closes his eyes briefly but walks on as his heart skips a beat. The camera stays behind, Matt walks away. He is walking alone.

9 EXT. BAKERY/SANDWICHERIE - DAY

9

Matt stops at the service window. A couple of PEOPLE before him, he waits. A young SERVICE WOMAN nods at him.

SERVICE WOMAN #1
 (in French/subtitled)
What can I get you, monsieur?

Matt frowns, he has never seen this woman before.

MATT
 Yes, I would like a ham and cheese
 baguette, to go, and please put
 the pickles on the side.

SERVICE WOMAN #1
 (in French/subtitled)
I don't speak English, sir, sorry.

MATT
 Jambon, that one. And please -

He signals the pickles. The service woman stares blankly.

MATT
 Take the pickles off. No pickles.
 (gesturing left)
 On the side. Please.

Another SERVICE WOMAN notices. She nudges her colleague.

SERVICE WOMAN #2
(in French/subtitled)
Let me get that, I know him.

She turns to Matt, continues in English, heavy accent.

SERVICEWOMAN #2
Like always, monsieur? No pickles,
and a Perrier with that?

MATT
Yes, thank you.

He's relieved. Service woman #2 packs his lunch. She leans over to service woman #1. Matt digs around for his wallet.

SERVICEWOMAN #2
(in French/subtitled)
He's American. Been coming here every week for three years now, and he still doesn't speak any French at all. Check this out.
(to Matt)
Ey Mister! Why do you Americans always go to other countries and expect everyone to speak your language? Don't be so arrogant! Make an effort!

She smiles and puts his sandwich on the counter. Matt, unsure of what's going on, nods and puts a bill on the counter.

MATT
Yes, thank you.

SERVICEWOMAN #2
(in French/subtitled)
See, I told you. Not a word.

Service woman #1 hands him his change and grins.

SERVICEWOMAN #1
(in French/subtitled)
Why don't you go back to where you came from and choke on a cheese-burger, you lazy old imperialist?

Matt pockets his change and takes his sandwich.

MATT
Yes. Thank you...mademoiselle.

A view of the beautiful park. Matt sits on the right side of a bench looking out over the park, his sandwich next to him on the bench. He takes out his notebook, checks his watch and

makes a note of it. Then he takes out his sandwich but he doesn't unwrap it. We pull to a close shot of him.

JOAN (O.S.)

Now speak after me: J'ai faim.

The camera pulls back again and pans to reveal Joan sitting next to Matt. She looks a bit pale but beautiful, holding a sandwich too. Matt smiles, but he doesn't look at Joan.

MATT

Je t'aime. Can I eat my lunch now?

JOAN

You'll never learn the language this way, chéri.

MATT

I don't have to. I have you.

JOAN

But what if...

MATT

What if we enjoy "la dejeuner", ok?

JOAN

Le dejeuner.

MATT

Le dejeuner. S'il vous plait?

Joan smiles at him in playful defeat, then takes a bite of her sandwich. Matt starts eating as well. For a long moment, the two of them sit on the bench together, enjoying their food and each other's quiet company. But Joan can't leave it alone.

JOAN

S'il te plait.

Beat. Close shot of Matt, his eyes cast down.

MATT

S'il te plait.

Back to a wide shot. Matt sits alone on the bench. He wraps the rest of his sandwich, gets up and walks away.

11 EXT. CEMETARY - DAY

11

A gorgeous old cemetery. Matt walks through the long, crowded rows of graves until he stops in front of one of them. He has flowers with him. The tombstone is simple but beautiful, a couple of years old, on it Joan's name and date of birth and death, and it reads "with you, always". Next to it, Matt's name, his date of birth - and room for his date of death.

Matt sits down under a tree near the grave to eat his sandwich, perfectly content and feeling much better already.

12 INT/EXT. BUS - DAY

12

Matt walks down the aisle of this crowded bus. He struggles for balance as the bus takes off. Almost trips on a shopping bag sticking into the aisle from behind a seat. The OWNER throws Matt an annoyed look and does nothing to move his bags.

MATT

Pardon. Pardon...

He walks on and notices a young woman (PAULINE) sitting on the other side of the aisle, in a window seat. Pauline is in her 20s. She is a beautiful and delicate creature, at ease but fragile, alluring but shy. A sleeping STUDENT next to her. She glances at Matt, their eyes meet, she smiles. Matt is thrown by this unexpected attention and before he can return the smile, she looks back down at her magazine. Matt stumbles on and finds an aisle seat a couple of rows behind Pauline. The PASSENGER next to him ignores him.

Matt has a clear view of Pauline's bare, delicate neck. Her hair is pinned up into a messy bundle. A stubborn lock of hair comes loose. Pauline reaches for it and tries to put it back up, but as soon as she lets go of it, it tumbles back down. She lets it be. Matt is smitten. He can't stop watching her. When his stop approaches, he gets up and heads towards the back doors. Pauline gets up as well and follows him. Just before he reaches the doors, the bus jolts as the driver breaks too hard. Matt is hurled forward against another PASSENGER and then backwards, hitting his head against one of the metal poles. He drops his umbrella.

PASSENGER

(in French/subtitled)

Watch where you're going!

Pauline picks up the umbrella and fires right back.

PAULINE

(in French/subtitled)

It's not his fault the driver can't drive! And you're rude!

The bus comes to a sudden stop, Matt hangs on for dear life. Pauline smiles at him and hands him his umbrella.

PAULINE

(in French/subtitled)

Here you go. I hope you didn't hurt your head too badly?

MATT

Thank you. Merci.

Pauline realizes he doesn't understand and responds.

PAULINE

You're welcome. Is your head ok?

Matt nods while he rubs his head. The rude passenger gets off the bus. Matt and Pauline are getting off too, but Matt stumbles on the stairs and almost falls. Pauline catches him.

PAULINE
Careful, Monsieur.

Holding on to his arm, she helps him off the bus.

13 EXT. STREET/BUS STOP - DAY

13

Matt is somewhat embarrassed to have been so helpless and clumsy. Pauline tries to make it easy for him.

PAULINE
Those steps are tricky when
they're wet. They can be.

Matt looks around on this sunny, bone-dry day.

MATT
Thank you again, you're very kind.

PAULINE
Enchanté, monsieur. Would you
maybe...like me to walk you home,
do you live around here?

MATT
Thank you, but that's really...
not necessary.

PAULINE
I really don't mind. My class is
not until 2. I have some time.

MATT
(under his breath)
See? I've now officially become
girl scouts material...

PAULINE
Pardon?

Awkwardly, Matt points the way.

MATT
I'm sorry, thank you. It's, ehm,
it's not far.

The two of them start walking. Matt doesn't know what to say, but Pauline seems at ease with him and the situation. She regards him curiously and smiles.

PAULINE
I'm always early.

Matt doesn't look at her. She doesn't mind that he is shy. They keep walking.

13a EXT. IN FRONT OF MATT'S HOUSE - DAY

13a

Too soon they arrive at Matt's building. Matt stops.

MATT

This is me.

Pauline looks up at the building, then back at Matt, with her irresistable smile.

PAULINE

It doesn't look like you.

MATT

I'm sorry?

PAULINE

Nothing, it's not...

She shakes her head laughing, never explain a joke.

MATT

You've been very kind. May I
invite you to a cup of coffee as a
token of my appreciation?

He nods in the direction of a cafe across the street. Pauline glances at the cafe, then at her watch.

PAULINE

I'm sorry, I can't. I have to go
to class. But thank you very much
for the invitation.

MATT

You're a student?

PAULINE

I'm a teacher.

MATT

Really? So am I!

PAULINE

Really? What do you teach?

MATT

So was I, actually...I...
Philosophy. You?

PAULINE

Cha cha.

Big smile. She offers her hand. Surprised, Matt takes it.

PAULINE

Au revoir, monsieur.

Matt doesn't quite want to let go of her hand. But has to.

MATT
Good-bye. And thank you.

Pauline turns away and jaywalks across the street. She reaches the other side and turns around to Matt. She gives him a quick wave. Mad nods, hesitates to wave back, and Pauline disappears around the corner. Matt looks down, then heads inside.

14 INT. MATT'S APARTMENT - DAY 14

Matt enters. He puts away his umbrella and takes off his coat. He hangs it up, straightens it and walks down the hall.

15 INT. MATT'S BATHROOM - DAY 15

Matt washes his hands. He stares at his face in the mirror.

MATT
Au revoir, monsieur...

The blind window next to him catches his eye. He dries his hands and wants to open it, but it's stuck and has been painted over at the edges. Matt rattles it a few times, to no avail, then leaves the bathroom. Hold on the window. MUSIC.

Matt comes back, armed with a screw driver. He scratches off the paint around the window and eventually manages to pry it open with force. A stunning view of the Eiffel tower comes into sight as he pushes the window open. The camera travels towards the window until the view fills the frame.

16 INT. MATT'S KITCHEN - DAY 16

Matt opens the freezer. Inside is an amazing collection of tupperware. Matt checks out the labels, chooses one and closes the freezer. On the freezer door is a magnet clock, decorated with a handmade sign that reads: "Maine time. For Grandpa. From Kyle." Matt glances at the clock which shows 6am. He goes to the stove, grabs a pot to heat up the food.

17 INT. MATT'S DINING ROOM - DAY 17

A table thoughtfully set for two, complete with side dishes. Matt comes out of the kitchen with the pot and a bottle of wine. He sits down at the table, places the napkin in his lap, pours himself a glass of wine and starts eating alone.

18 INT. MATT'S KITCHEN - DAY 18

Close on the Grandpa clock as it goes from 6:59am to 7:00am while we hear someone dialling the phone. Matt stands by the phone and listens to the ringtone. Finally, someone picks up.

MILES (ON PHONE)
Susan?

MATT
Susan? It's 7am. Why would Susan call you at 7am? Isn't she there?

Miles needs a moment. We hear him moving in bed. He speaks very quietly, clearly trying not to wake someone.

MILES (ON PHONE)

Hi Dad.

MATT

Is everything alright? Where is Susan?

MILES (ON PHONE)

Yeah. She's just ...visiting her mom for a couple of days.

MATT

Then why are you whispering?

MILES (ON PHONE)

Kyle's here. He had a bad dream. Something about a robot with no eyes and very scary ears...

MATT

Oh. So...I'm just checking in. How is everyone?

MILES (ON PHONE)

We're fine.

MATT

Have you booked your tickets yet?

MILES (ON PHONE)

Yeah. No. I need to talk to you about that. Hang on...

(away from phone)

Hey, little man.

Matt can hear a child's voice in the background.

MILES (ON PHONE)

No, it's grandpa. You wanna say hello?

A mumbling answer in the background.

MILES (ON PHONE)

Okay, then why don't you go in the kitchen and decide what you want for breakfast and I'll be right there, alright?

A response, a shuffle out of bed. Miles turns back to Matt.

MILES (ON PHONE)

Anyway.

(waits)

Listen... We may not be able to come over this year.

MATT

Oh.

MILES (ON PHONE)

It's just that... Susan might have other plans.

MATT

I see. What other plans?

A pause, a voice, a shuffle.

KYLE (ON PHONE)

Hi grandpa.

MATT

Hello Kyle. How are you?

KYLE

Not bad. And you?

MATT

Not bad myself.

KYLE (ON PHONE)

Is it dark there yet?

MATT

No.

KYLE (ON PHONE)

Why not?

MATT

Because the time difference between Maine and Paris is only 6 hours, so the sun doesn't set here for another 4 hours or so.

KYLE (ON PHONE)

Will it be dark here then too?

MATT

No.

KYLE (ON PHONE)

Why not?

MATT

(sighs)

Listen, Kyle. I have to go. Tell your dad we'll talk another time, okay?

KYLE (ON PHONE)

Okay.

Without missing a beat he hangs up the phone. A bit unsettled, Matt hangs up too. The grandpa-clock goes from 7:01 to 7:02.

19 INT. MATT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 19

Matt turns off the light in the bathroom and wants to get into bed. But something stops him. He stands by the bed. Finally, he grabs pillow and blanket and leaves the room.

20 INT. MATT'S LIVING ROOM - MORNING 20

Pull in from a view of the city through the balcony doors to include Matt on the couch, tangled up in the blanket, still sleeping. A passing SIREN wakes him. He stirs and rolls on to his back. Opens his eyes. Stares at the ceiling.

MATT

Damn.

Resigned to live through another day, he slowly gets up.

22 INT. MATT'S BEDROOM - MORNING 22

Matt gets dressed. When it comes time to pick a tie, he stops. Something catches up with him. He stands there, stares at the ties. Joan steps into frame. She hugs him from behind.

JOAN

Why don't you wear the blue one?

MATT

You think with all the ties I have, you'd let me wear a different one every once in a while...

JOAN

I like the blue one! It brings out the blue in your eyes.

She takes the blue tie and holds it up to Matt's face.

JOAN

See?

She kisses his cheek, puts the tie on his shoulder and leaves. Matt surrenders, takes the tie off his shoulder. Close on him. He looks down. At last, he looks up and puts on the blue tie.

23 INT/EXT. BUS - DAY 23

Matt rides the bus and keeps a look out for Pauline, but she doesn't show up. Matt feels vaguely disappointed.

24 INT. LECTURE HALL - DAY 24

From behind we see Matt sit among a group of LISTENERS.

LECTURER

The research team showed that bats can even identify members of their own social group from echolocation
(MORE)

LECTURER (CONT'D)

calls. They respond to calls with a wide range of complex social behavior. They will for example stretch their wings and expose the smelly subaxillary in their armpits in order to release very potent pheromones...

DISSOLVE TO:

The camera travels up the rows of the auditorium. Matt is still in his seat - sound asleep. Everyone else has left. A JANITOR comes up to him and shakes him by the shoulder.

JANITOR

Monsieur!

Matt awakes with a start, sits up, looks around disoriented.

JANITOR

(in French/subtitled)
The presentation ended 20 minutes ago. I need to clean the room.

Matt checks his watch. He's really late. Jumps up.

25 INT. - RESTAURANT L'OISEAU - DAY

25

Matt hurries in and is met by a rather stiff MAITRE'D.

MAITRE'D

She is waiting, Monsieur Morgan.

Matt looks around and sees MADAME LÉRY at a window table.

MATT

Thank you.

MAITRE'D

For quite a while, I might add.

Matt walks towards the table, Madame Léry turns to him. She is gorgeous, elegant, in her 50s. Dressed in pastel colors, a captivating smile, perfect hair. But one can detect the lonely desperation underneath her immaculate appearance.

MATT

I'm awfully sorry, Colette.

He takes a seat and grabs a menu off the table.

MATT

I lost track of time.

MADAME LÉRY

You are forgiven.

MATT

Forgiven. You are forgiven.

MADAME LÉRY
Ah yes. Thank you.

She takes her notebook that lies beside her on the table and makes a note of it.

MADAME LÉRY
No need for a bad, how do you say
mauvaise conscience?

MATT
Conscience?

MADAME LÉRY
Yes! So it's the same but you say it differently. Isn't that I think strange? You say science, we say *science*. We say *conscience* but you say conscience.

This isn't the most fascinating conversation Matt ever had.

MADAME LÉRY
It's a mystery, non?

She shyly puts her hand on Matt's, the slightest touch.

MADAME LÉRY
I'm so fond of our little lessons, Matthew. I hope you will never get tired with my terrible accent.

WAITER
Have you chosen, messieurs-dames?

MADAME LÉRY
Do you like to order maybe in French? Have some practice?

MATT
Not if you're hungry.

MADAME LÉRY
Alright, I will order. The same like always?

She smiles. Matt nods. She turns to the waiter.

MADAME LÉRY
(in French/subtitled)
He is just shy. We will both have the soup de poisson and for the main course, steak frites...

Madame Léry and Matt walk side by side along the river.

MATT

And the bats actually seem to be able to use their calls, which we can't hear of course, to say to other bats "Hello, it's me."

MADAME LÉRY

Matthew, do you ever... don't you ever get lonely?

The camera speeds up just a bit to include Joan on Matt's other side, walking along as well, holding his hand.

MATT

Not really.

MADAME LÉRY

Well, I suppose you have your children. They're coming soon?

MATT

No. Not this Christmas.

MADAME LÉRY

Oh. I'm sorry. I assumed...

MATT

Half your life they test your patience - and the other half you're testing theirs.

Madame Léry suddenly stops. Matt turns to her. Joan is gone. A tremor runs through Madame Léry.

MADAME LÉRY

Matthew...

Matt frowns. He does not grasp the situation. At all.

MATT

Are you feeling alright? What's the matter?

Madame Léry is about to take another step towards him when she suddenly has to sneeze. Matt is stunned.

MADAME LÉRY

Pardon. I'm sorry.

MATT

Bless you.

MADAME LÉRY

Please forgive me.

MATT

There is nothing to forgive.

MADAME LÉRY
Mes allergies. I need to go home.

28 EXT. STREET - DAY

28

Matt puts Madame Léry into a cab.

MATT
 So I will see you next Thursday.

MADAME LÉRY
 Yes.

Matt closes the door for her. The cab takes off. He looks after her for a moment, then sighs and pulls out his little notebook, checks his watch, and makes a note of it.

29 INT. MATT'S APARTMENT - DAY

29

Matt enters, puts away his umbrella, hangs up his coat.

30 INT. MATT'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

30

Matt opens the freezer, stares at the tupperware, decides against it. Opens the refrigerator and stares inside.

JOAN (O.S.)
 The refrigerator is not a
 television, darling!

A melancholic smile passes across his face. He closes the fridge and gets himself a glass of water.

31 INT. MATT'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

31

Matt sits on the couch, holding the glass of water. Deafening silence. He drinks some water and puts the glass down on the coffee table. Slowly he unravels. The camera holds on him as he looks down and tries to will his grief back down. His whole body tenses up and a shudder goes through him. Tears fill his eyes. The intimacy of this moment is heartbreaking. Matt takes a breath. Waits. The moment passes. He gets up.

32 EXT. BAKERY/SANDWICHERIE - DAY

32

Matt is first in line. Service woman #1 picks the pickles off the sandwich and smiles broadly at Matt.

SERVICEWOMAN #1
 (in French/subtitled)
*Will you marry me and take me back
 to America, you gorgeous ham?*

She hands him the sandwich. He hands her a bill.

MATT
 Yes, thank you.

SERVICEWOMAN #1
 (in French/subtitled)
*And can we go live in one of those
 skyscrapers you have over there?*

Giddily, she puts the bag on the counter. Matt takes it.

MATT
 Yes, thank you.

33 EXT. CEMETARY - DAY

33

Matt sits on the bench under a tree and eats his sandwich, at peace with the world. A small funeral procession passes him, the MOURNERS follow a coffin to its final resting place. Some of the mourners are in tears and upset, others follow without showing any emotion. Matt sort of hides his sandwich as they pass. Some of the mourners glance at him, distrustful. A CHILD yawns as it is being pulled past him, making Matt yawn too.

34 EXT. STREET - DAY

34

Matt passes what looks like an old former marché couvert. The sign advertising the ongoing stamp-collector convention catches his eye. He stops to read it, thinks about it, then decides to go inside, to check it out.

35 INT. CONVENTION CENTER - DAY

35

Nothing like a room full of people passionate about one thing only. Matt wanders among the buzzing crowd of COLLECTORS from all over the world, huddled in groups or in twos, bent over tiny precious pieces of paper. The crowd is predominantly MALE, but there are some WOMEN too. Matt stops at a stand that is not too crowded. Checks out the central showcase.

SALESMAN
 (in French/subtitled)
*Looking for anything in
 particular, Monsieur?*

MATT
 No, merci.

A fellow COLLECTOR hanging out at the same stand notices his accent. He's clearly US. About Matt's age.

COLLECTOR
 Far away from home, eh?

Matt looks up and over. He never likes being picked as American. Fat chance. Happens every time.

MATT
 Actually, this is my home. Paris
 that is.

Collector wanders over. This could be interesting.

COLLECTOR
Really. What's your area?

MATT
St. Germain.

COLLECTOR
(chuckles)
I meant as a collector, big guy!

MATT
Oh. Well. Actually, I don't have
an area. I'm not a collector. Not
yet. I'm thinking about it though.

COLLECTOR
Well, let me tell you something.
And don't get me wrong. But...
small goals. That's what you have
to do. Keep your expectations low.
To get started at your age, well
...I've been doing this for 35
years and I tell you, I have yet
to scratch the surface.

MATT
Really? I always thought stamp
collecting was...

COLLECTOR
Trust me. It's just *starting* to
get interesting. I took on Scandi-
navia in the 70s, but after a few
years I realized there was no way
to amount a decent collection. Not
in one lifetime.

Matt feigns interest, but he's drowning.

COLLECTOR
So I narrowed it down.

He stares at Matt, begging the question. Matt stares back.

MATT
To what?

COLLECTOR
Sweden.

MATT
Oh.

COLLECTOR
Before 1917.

Matt nods. Inadvertently checks his watch.

COLLECTOR

Five awards in 13 years. Now I'm starting to look at Iceland. Interesting island. Not a lot of mail. If you want my advice: think Eastern European. Very exciting territory.

Collector suddenly walks away. Without saying good-bye. Matt is stunned. He looks at the salesman. The salesman points in the opposite direction, down the aisle.

SALESMAN

Romania is down that way to your left.

36 INT/EXT. BUS - DAY

36

Matt sits in the back, crammed in by another PASSENGER. The bus comes to a stop, quite a few people get off, Matt cranes his neck for a better seat, but the boarding PASSENGERS quickly fill the vacant seats. Among them is Pauline. She doesn't notice Matt and is wearing headphones. Matt can't believe she's there. He smiles. He notices a MAN across the aisle giving Pauline the eye. She is oblivious to his blatant stare. Matt clears his throat. His stop comes up. He gets up.

MATT

Pardon me. Pardon...

His neighbor merely turns in his seat to make legroom. Matt squeezes past him and makes it to the rear doors. He keeps his eyes on Pauline, but she sits with her back turned to him. When the bus stops and opens its doors, Matt doesn't get off. He does this at the next stop, hoping Pauline will get off, but she doesn't. He's starting to feel silly. The bus takes off. Matt forces himself to tear his eyes away from Pauline.

The bus approaches the next stop. Pauline looks up from her book. Realising her stop is coming up, she quickly gets up and works her way through the crowd to the rear doors. She stops almost next to Matt, but doesn't notice him or doesn't recognize him. When she turns in his direction, he quickly looks away. Pauline recognizes him and is delighted to see him.

PAULINE

Hello again!

Matt turns to her in feigned surprise.

MATT

Oh! Hello! What a surprise.

PAULINE

Nice to see you again.

The bus stops, the doors open.

PAULINE
I am getting off here...

MATT
Oh yes, me too, me too.

They climb off the bus.

PAULINE
Where are you going?

MATT
Oh, ehm. Home, I'm going home. And
I don't have to say everything
twice.

PAULINE
I'm afraid you missed your stop.
This is a bit far from your home.
Unless you really like to walk.

MATT
I do, but... well, to tell you the
truth, I didn't want to get off
without saying hello to you.

PAULINE
Really?

Relieved that she doesn't seem to mind, Matt smiles.

MATT
So... hello. Again.

PAULINE
Hello.

MATT
How are you?

PAULINE
I'm very well, thank you.

Pleasantly awkward, tender. They look at each other, then Matt
points at the bus stop across the street.

MATT
I will catch the next one back.

They head across the street to the bus stop. Matt sits down,
but when Pauline sits down as well, he immediately gets up
again. So Pauline gets up again too.

MATT
You don't have to wait with me.

PAULINE
Oh I don't mind.

MATT

It's really not necessary. It was a pleasure to see you again.

PAULINE

I want to.

She sits back down. Matt loses his resolve, sits down too. For a while they quietly sit together. Pauline extends her hand.

PAULINE

Je suis Pauline. Laubie. Et vous?

MATT

Matthew. Matthew Morgan.

PAULINE

Happy to do your acquaintance, Matthew Morgan.

MATT

To make your acquaintance.

PAULINE

Yes.

MATT

It's to *make* your acquaintance, not *do* your acquaintance.

PAULINE

Oh! I see.

(laughs)

I will never understand the difference between the two, you?

MATT

Well, it's actually quite...

Means to say "simple". But the way she looks at him, puzzled but curious, his train of thought derails.

MATT

...confusing.

PAULINE

(smiles)

Maybe if you're not too busy you could come by my school some time.

Matt is genuinely surprised by this. Pauline misreads this.

PAULINE

I mean, only of course if you have time. I didn't mean to...

MATT

I have more time than I need, believe me.

PAULINE
 Maybe you'd like to take a lesson.
 The first lesson is free.

MATT
 Well, I...

PAULINE
 Or you could just watch.

Pauline digs through her big messy purse and recovers a worn-out card of the school that she hands to Matt.

PAULINE
 This is the school. I work on
 Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and
 Friday. You can come anytime. But
 I don't work on Thursday. And
 early afternoon classes are
 usually not so busy.

Matt takes the card and pockets it. The bus arrives. Matt would rather ignore it. Pauline smiles and points to the bus.

PAULINE
 Your bus is here.

MATT
 Yes.

They both get up and walk to the street.

PAULINE
 So you will come visit?

Matt stops on the stairs of the bus and turns.

MATT
 I will. Yes. Thank you.

The bus driver closes the door. Pauline waves after the bus.

37 INT. MATT'S APARTMENT - DUSK

37

There is MUSIC playing softly in the background as Matt wanders through the flat and comes to a closed door. He hesitates but finally enters. It is a study. The shades are closed and it's dark in here. Matt turns on a lamp. There are two antique desks back to back. One with a clearly female touch, the other half bare and neat. Behind it some semi-packed moving boxes. Matt turns on a lamp on his desk and sits down, taking in the old familiar view of Joan's part of the room. A delicate collection of Asian arts and crafts, and a whole gallery of photos of the children, the family, on the wall behind her.

Matt looks around. Memory reaches out. He shakes it off, gets up. He turns off the lamp - but leaves the door open.

38 INT. RESTAURANT L'OISEAU - DAY

38

Matt and Madame Léry sit at their usual table. Main course.

MATT
So now I know that there have been
24 different kinds of fish on
Romanian stamps, and that is just
between 1964 and 1994.

He stares at his food. Madame Léry attempts to follow.

MADAME LÉRY
Is that a lot?

MATT
I have no idea.
(beat)
How about we try a new restaurant
next Thursday?

The shock on Madame Léry's face could be read either way.

MATT
We don't have to if you don't want
to.

MADAME LÉRY
I thought you will never ask.

Matt looks back down at his steak. Decides to take a bite.
Madame Léry watches him, puzzled and attentive. He chews.

MATT
Colette?

MADAME LÉRY
Yes?

MATT
Could I possibly interest you in
taking a dance class with me?

39 INT. MATT'S HALLWAY/STAIRS - DAY

39

Madame Dune enters the apartment.

MATT (O.S.)
Good morning, Madame Dune!

MADAME DUNE
Bonjour Monsieur...

40 INT. MATT'S KITCHEN - DAY

40

Madame Dune puts away the groceries. Matt comes in looking sharp. He grabs the empty plastic bags from the table and stuffs them into the garbage. Madame Dune turns around.

MATT

You know, I probably never told
you this, Madame Dune...

Matt takes his foot off the pedal but the garbage lid won't close (never does). Matt gives the pedal another kick. The garbage can slams shut, but a couple of bags stick out. Matt reopens the can and stuffs them further in, then again, the thing with the pedal. Madame Dune watches him in awe.

MATT

...but I don't know *what* I would
do without you.

MADAME DUNE

Well, merci Monsieur, I...

But Matt is already leaving the kitchen. Madame Dune finds her bearing.

MADAME DUNE

Would you like some breakfast!?

MATT (O.S.)

No thank you!

We hear the front door slam.

42 EXT. IN FRONT OF THE DANCE SCHOOL - DAY

42

Happy and excited, Matt comes walking up to the school. He stops at the door, checks his watch and looks around. Decides to wait outside. Paces cheerfully in front of the entrance. A few other STUDENTS arrive - and as they all hurry past him into the school, his state of mind gradually shifts from happy to hopeless as doubt fills his heart. Eventually, he stops pacing altogether. He checks his watch again just as Madame Léry arrives, on foot.

MADAME LÉRY

Matthew! I am not late, am I?

MATT

No. Not at all.

MADAME LÉRY

This is very exciting.

MATT

I'm not sure this is such a good
idea, Colette.

MADAME LÉRY

What do you mean?

MATT

I won't be able to understand the
instructions, and I don't...

MADAME LÉRY

Oh no, no, no. No excuses this time, Matthew. You brought me here, now we will go in. I will translate.

MATT

I really don't know the first thing about dancing. I never dance. I never *did* dance, I...

Madame Léry just looks at him.

MATT

I must be the only American in Paris who doesn't know how to dance.

43 INT. DANCE SCHOOL - DAY

43

The room has filled up nicely with SINGLES and COUPLES of all ages. There are even two KIDS there, their PARENTS are sitting on the sideline, looking on. Pauline is preoccupied talking to one of her regular STUDENTS, a middle-aged French BUSINESSMAN. Bravely, Madame Léry pulls Matt onto the dancefloor.

PAULINE

(in French/subtitled)
Hello everyone and welcome to Ballroom for Beginners.

She glances around the room and sees Matt standing next to an excited Madame Léry. Delighted, she waves at Matt. Matt, somewhat awkwardly nods and smiles sheepishly. Madame Léry notices this exchange and looks from Pauline to Matt.

PAULINE

(in French/subtitled)
Last week we've been working on the Cha Cha. For everyone who is here for the first time, we will recap the basic steps.

Matt follows the instructions by watching the others.

MADAME LÉRY

Do you know each other?

PAULINE

(in French/subtitled)
It's simple. Stepping three times in syncopation, that is the core of the cha cha. Right left right cha cha cha, two three cha cha cha, and finish three cha cha cha.

CUT TO the whole thing with MUSIC. The group practices the walk-around-turn. Matt is having a hell of a time. He keeps

glancing over at Pauline, and this doesn't escape Madame Léry. Pauline instructs another couple, then comes over.

PAULINE
I'm so glad you could make it.

Matt separates from Madame Léry. Pauline quickly kisses him hello. Then she continues her class.

PAULINE
Eexcuse me...

She turns away with a smile and continues her class.

PAULINE
(in French/subtitled)
*Side close side. One step two
step, side close side. Close in
place, side close side. Now
everyone close your eyes! Feel the
music...*

All the students close their eyes and go on dancing. Pauline's expression changes as she believes no one sees her - but Matt is watching her. She catches him and tenderly scorns him with a look. She closes her eyes herself and dances a few steps to show him how good that feels. Matt watches her, mesmerized. Pauline opens her eyes, signals him to continue. Madame Léry opens her eyes and smiles at Matt.

PAULINE
(in French/subtitled)
*Forward, forward, side together,
side. Keep your feet wait there...
Very good!*

The other instructor, Pedro, enters the room.

PAULINE
(in French/subtitled)
*Now before we wrap up today's
lesson, Pedro and I will show you
what we will focus on next week.*

Pedro puts on a different song and grabs Pauline.

PAULINE
(in French/subtitled)
This is Latin cha cha.

They start dancing. Cheering them on, the students make room for them. Matt can't take his eyes off Pauline. They finish with a dip, laughter and a bow. The students applause.

PAULINE
(in French/subtitled)
See you all next week I hope!

People take off, she walks over to Matt and Madame Léry.

PAULINE
I hope you enjoyed the lesson.

MADAME LÉRY
Very much, thank you.

PAULINE
You should come back next week.
You make a very nice couple.

Not what Matt wants to hear. Madame Léry smiles at Pauline.

MADAME LÉRY
(in French/subtitled)
You are a very good teacher.

PAULINE
Merci.

MADAME LÉRY
(in French/subtitled)
And you speak very good English.

PAULINE
My family lived in England for a
while. We spoke French at home,
but I love English very much.

MADAME LÉRY
Yes. Me too. Matthew teaches me.

She beams at Matt and takes his arm. He looks at Pauline.

MATT
We don't want to keep you.

PAULINE
I hope you will come back soon.

MATT
Thank you. Good-bye.

PAULINE
Au revoir.

44 EXT. IN FRONT OF THE DANCE SCHOOL - DAY

44

Madame Léry and Matt exit the school and stop on the sidewalk.

MATT
So I'll see you next Thursday?

MADAME LÉRY
Yes. Okay.

They kiss good-bye and Madame Léry takes off. Matt remains in front of the school for a moment. Madame Léry turns and waves, he waves back. She disappears around a corner. Time stops.

47 INT. MATT'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT 47

From behind, we see Matt sitting at his place at the end of the table, eating dinner. As usual, the empty place to his left is set for no one.

48 INT. MATT'S KITCHEN - NIGHT 48

By a single light, Matt sits at the old kitchen table and polishes his impressive collection of copper pots.

49 INT. MATT'S BATHROOM - NEXT MORNING 49

From the view through the open window, we pull back to include Matt at the sink, staring at himself in the mirror, quietly humming. He opens the cabinet. There it is, luring, the bottle of sleeping pills. But this time, Matt grabs razor and shaving foam. He closes the cabinet and starts foaming up his face.

50 INT. DANCE SCHOOL - DAY 50

Matt enters the school alone. Pauline is in the middle of a class, teaching a large happy group of SENIOR CITIZENS the country line dance. They're actually pretty good.

PAULINE
(in French/subtitled)
Back, stomp, turn, that's it!

She laughs as they go another round. Matt watches through the large window. The dance school MANAGER notices him.

MANAGER
(in French/subtitled)
Excuse me, Monsieur. But you're too late.

MATT
I'm sorry?

MANAGER
You're too late, monsieur. The "Jolly 70s" class started half an hour ago.

MATT
Oh, I'm not here for the class, I'm here to see Pauline, I...

Behind him, Pauline has noticed him and comes to the door.

PAULINE
Matthew?

Matt turns around and smiles. Pauline nods at the manager.

PAULINE
(in French/subtitled)
It's alright, Alain, I got it.

MATT

Hi, I don't mean to interrupt.

PAULINE

Would you like to join us?

MATT

Oh no, no, no. Thank you, no. I just wanted to...say hello.

PAULINE

I have half an hour left, would you like to come in and watch?

50A INT. DANCE SCHOOL - MAIN ROOM - DAY

50A

The lesson is in full swing. Pauline among all the DANCERS, some of them maybe three times her age, Matt stands leaned against the wall and slightly bobs his head as he watches the line dance. An OLD MAN suddenly separates from the group and pulls Matt onto the dancefloor. Matt tries to resist, but it's impossible without making a scene. The old man puts Matt in his row and shows him the moves. Matt has to play along. Thank God line dancing is not a science. Matt actually almost gets into it. It's hard not to. Pauline watches him and smiles.

51 EXT. STREET - DAY

51

Matt and Pauline walk down the street. Gladly, she takes his arm as they walk. She strides with purpose.

PAULINE
I'm glad you came. I hate to eat alone.

MATT
You're not obliged to go to lunch with me, Pauline.

Pauline doesn't understand.

MATT
You don't have to go to lunch with me.

PAULINE
I know. But *you* have to go to lunch with *me*, Mister Morgan!

52 EXT. PARK - DAY

52

Pauline puts Matt on a bench.

PAULINE (O.S.)
Wait here. I'll be right back, I have a surprise for you. Ok?

Matt nods blissfully. She hurries away. STAY on Matt's face, bright with anticipation. But as we pull back, his expression changes, it grows darker, sad. He looks around the park. There are a few other PEOPLE scattered in the distance, children, young people, couples. Matt watches them.

Beat. Matt stares at the ground, hands in his pockets. Who is he kidding. He finally decides to leave, gets up and starts walking. A group of giggling TEENAGE GIRLS in school uniform walk towards him, he has to stop as they are coming straight at him, encircle him as if he were a tree in the way, and eventually pass him. As the LAUGHTER ebbs away and he walks on, Pauline calls out behind him.

PAULINE
Matthew! Where are you going?

He turns around. Pauline comes after him. She stops. For a moment she looks almost hurt, lost. But then he smiles at her and she is safe. She smiles back.

52A EXT. PARK - DAY

52A

Pauline and Matt sit on a bench together. She proudly pulls a HOT DOG out of the bag, hands it to Matt.

PAULINE
This will be our bench.

MATT

You got us hot dogs?

Pauline gets one out of the bag for herself and smiles.

PAULINE

I think maybe you are homesick.

Matt stares at the hot dog in his hand. Pauline frowns.

PAULINE

You don't like hot dogs.

MATT

No, I love hot dogs. I do. It's just that...

(looks at her)

Thank you.

PAULINE

Alors. Eat! I don't think they are supposed to be cold.

He starts to eat as well. Hot dog. It's been a while. Balancing his soda can between his knees, he takes a bite - and a huge blob of ketchup lands right on his blue tie.

PAULINE

Careful! Oh no...

Matt looks down at himself, puts the hot dog away and reaches for his pocket which makes him lose the grip on his soda can. Pauline tries to catch it and her French Fries slide off her lap. She sits back up.

PAULINE

Oh, I'm so sorry.

Matt gets out a tissue. Pauline puts food and drink away.

MATT

I'm a klutz, I'm sorry.

PAULINE

No, it's all my fault.

She takes the tissue from him and hopes to save his tie. Matt looks at her while she tries to clean his tie.

PAULINE

I shouldn't have made you eat out here, I wasn't thinking.

MATT

I like it here, Pauline.

PAULINE

I'm afraid it's ruined.

Matt looks at his tie. An ugly stain lives there now. He looks up at Pauline who pours soda water on the tissue.

MATT

It's okay. I can use a little chaos in my life.

PAULINE

So you think I'm chaotic, eh?

They look at each other for a moment. Pauline's face is all made up of honesty, goodness and curiosity.

MATT

Unpredictable.

Pauline contemplates this, then points at him.

PAULINE

That's a compliment.

Matt's face says Yes. Pauline breaks into a wide smile, throws away the tissue and hands Matt back his soda.

PAULINE

I hope this didn't ruin your appetite.

MATT

Absolutely not.

He picks up his hot dog and takes another bite. After they eat in silence for a moment, Pauline studies Matt's face.

PAULINE

You shaved your beard.

MATT

I did. Don't you like it?

PAULINE

Oh no, yes, I mean... but I liked your beard.

(beat)

It reminded me of my father.

MATT

Well, I hope you like your father.

PAULINE

I did. He is dead.

MATT

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

PAULINE

It was a long time ago.

They both get lost in their thoughts. Matt glances at Pauline, she slowly munches on her hot dog. He chuckles.

PAULINE

What?

MATT

Your hair.

Sheepishly, Pauline tries to sort through her messy hair.

PAULINE

I know. It does what it wants.

MATT

It's a lot like my wife's hair.

Pauline smiles and leans towards him conspicuously.

PAULINE

Well, I hope you like your wife.

MATT

I did. She is dead.

Pauline doesn't take him seriously. She nudges him.

PAULINE

That's not funny, Matthew.

MATT

I'm not kidding. She died. Three years, two months and 11 days ago.

PAULINE

I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to...

A long silence that Matt almost drowns in. Pauline swallows.

PAULINE

You loved her very much.

Matt doesn't respond. Pauline regards him carefully.

PAULINE

Do you want to talk about it?

MATT

No.

Pauline knows this all too well.

PAULINE

Okay.

She nods and continues to eat. Looks around. Matt glances at her from the side. He is not alone anymore.

55 EXT. STREET / BY THE CANAL - DAY

55

Matt and Pauline walk down the street together. Pauline has her arm tucked under his again. They stop at a bridge.

PAULINE

You love Paris or you hate Paris.
It's one or the other, that's it.
Nobody doesn't feel one way or the
other about it.

MATT

Then I'll be the first, I guess.

PAULINE

Ah, no. Because you see, you live
in the exceptional category.

MATT

And which category is that?

PAULINE

The ones who got their hearts
broken here. They love it - but
they hate it too. That's...
complicated.

55a EXT. IN FRONT OF THE DANCE SCHOOL - DAY

55a

They turn a corner and head towards the dance school where a
guy is waiting impatiently. LUCIEN, 31, handsome devil.

PAULINE

Shit.

LUCIEN

(in French/subtitled)
Where the hell have you been?

PAULINE

(in French/subtitled)
I'm sorry, I got held up.
(turns to Matt)
Matthew, this is Lucien. Lucien,
this is Matthew.

MATT

Nice to meet you.

LUCIEN

Hi.
(in French/subtitled)
*Let's get out of here, come
on.*

PAULINE

I'm glad you came by. And I hope
we'll see each other again soon.

MATT

Good-bye, Pauline.

PAULINE
Good-bye, Matthew.

Pauline lets Lucien pull her away but looks back to Matt.

LUCIEN
(in French/subtitled)
*I wish you would stop treating all
your students like lost puppies.*

PAULINE
(in French/subtitled)
He's not my student.

56 INT. MATT'S BEDROOM - DAY 56

View of the empty room. We hear the front door open and close. Matt comes in, still wearing his coat. He sits down on the bed. Just sits there. Looks at the photo of Joan.

MATT
I'm an old fool, darling. Just an
old fool.

57/58 D E L E T E D 57/58

63 EXT. PARIS ROOFTOPS - DUSK 63

Night falls on the most romantic city in the world.

59 EXT. BAR - NIGHT 59

Lucien, Pauline and their FRIENDS are sitting together in this bar, drinking mostly. They're talking and laughing, and at first Pauline attempts to engage in the conversation, but she doesn't seem to connect. Lucien himself interrupts Pauline a few times but plays it down, laughs her off. Pauline's radiant smile slowly fades and eventually disappears. She puts away her half empty beer and stops trying to engage altogether. Finally she says something to Lucien, and he hands her his car keys without really stopping the conversation with the others. Pauline gets up and walks out.

60 EXT. STREETCORNER - NIGHT 60

Pauline unlocks the passenger door to Lucien's car and gets her cigarettes out of the car. Locks it, walks back towards the bar.

60A EXT. IN FRONT OF THE BAR - NIGHT 60A

Pauline lights a cigarette. Smokes. Thinks. Sighs. Regrets.

61 D E L E T E D 61

62 INT. MATT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 62

Matt lies sideways on the bed, coat and shoes and all still on. After a moment, Joan reaches out to him from behind. She

wraps her arm around him, pulls herself towards him and spoons her body close to his. Matt takes her hand.

JOAN
Are you okay?

MATT
Yes. No. I don't know.

JOAN
Do you want to go home?

MATT
(thinks about this)
No.
(beat)
Do you?

JOAN
I *am* home.
(beat)
I want to die here, Matt.

MATT
I have a better idea.

JOAN
What?

MATT
(kisses her hand)
Let's live here forever.

Joan smiles and closes her eyes. They hold each other.

64 EXT. PARIS STREET - NIGHT

64

Lucien angrily rings Pauline's doorbell repeatedly. Finally, Pauline opens her 3rd story window and looks out. Lucien takes a few steps back and looks up to see her leaning out coolly.

LUCIEN
(in French/subtitled)
What the hell is the matter with you?! You stole my goddamn car!!

PAULINE
(in French/subtitled)
Don't be ridiculous. You know where I live.

LUCIEN
(in French/subtitled)
Why did you disappear like that?! You made me look like an idiot!

Pauline takes her time answering.

PAULINE
(in French/subtitled)
Don't you ever get bored?

LUCIEN
(in French/subtitled)
What do you mean?

Pauline doesn't answer.

LUCIEN
(in French/subtitled)
*You're a moody pain in the ass
sometimes, you know that?*

Making things worse. He tries to change his tone.

LUCIEN
(in French/subtitled)
*Come on, Crystal's still open, we
can grab a bite there. I'm buying.*

Pauline considers it, then disappears from the window. Lucien relaxes. Then Pauline reappears, with his car keys. When he looks up, she drops them. He tries to catch them - which is a really bad idea. He hurts his hand and angrily drops the keys.

LUCIEN
(in French/subtitled)
Aaarrghh! God damn it!

PAULINE
Au revoir, Lucien.

She closes the window. Lucien picks up his car keys and looks up and down the street. Then back at the dark window.

LUCIEN
(in French/subtitled)
Where the hell did you park?!

65 D E L E T E D

65

66 INT. MATT'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

66

Matt stands by the phone, the camera travels around him.

KAREN (ON PHONE)
I talked to Ray about it, I could
take a couple of weeks off
beginning of January.

MATT
That's really not necessary.

KAREN (ON PHONE)
Heather would love to see you.

Matt knows what's coming next and clenches his jaw.

KAREN (ON PHONE)
And maybe we could all spend a few
days at St Malo.

MATT
No, we can't.

A moment of silence.

KAREN (ON PHONE)
Fine. Can we go without you?

MATT
No, you can't.

KAREN (ON PHONE)
 Dad, come on. It's been three
 years. Three years and you still
 ... You think Mom would have
 wanted this? The house must be
 falling apart by now.

MATT
 I said No, Karen.

KAREN (ON PHONE)
 Fine, have it your way. But then
 we might as well sell the goddamn
 place.

MATT
 Don't you dare talk like that.

KAREN (ON PHONE)
 Why not? That house is a crypt.
 You haven't set foot in it since
 mom died, you won't let us use it,
 what's the point of keeping it?

MATT
 It's your mother's house.

KAREN (ON PHONE)
 It was Mom's house, Dad.

Matt rearranges his grip on the receiver.

KAREN (ON PHONE)
 It's time to move on. Seriously.

MATT
 Over my dead body.

KAREN (ON PHONE)
 Oh for Godsakes, why are all the
 men in this family such...mules?!

Matt hangs up. Then he hangs up again just to be sure. He
 stands there quietly, trembling with anger. Then he leaves.

67 INT. MATT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

67

Matt has brought in a bunch of moving boxes, he assembles a
 few and starts taking the books out of the shelves.

Matt walks around and makes a list of the books. He takes more
 books down and sorts them in piles.

67A INT. MATT'S STUDY - NIGHT

67A

Matt sits in the study, at his desk. Writing. He finishes a
 handwritten page, scans it, folds it and puts it into an
 envelope. He writes "Miles" on it. There are already three

envelopes on the desk. For Karen, Madame Dune and Madame Léry. Matt looks at them, then puts them into the top drawer.

68 INT. MATT'S KITCHEN - MORNING

68

Matt paces. He paces for so long that we start to think it's the only thing he'll be doing. But then he gives himself a silent pep talk and goes to the phone. He's got Pauline's card and starts dialling. Hangs up. Picks up again, dials. Waits.

MANAGER (ON PHONE)

Broadway.

MATT

Yes, oui. May I speak with Pauline please. Laubie? S'il te plait?

MANAGER (V.O.)

(in French/subtitled)

Who is this?

MATT

Mr. Morgan. Matthew.

The manager puts the phone down. Finally Pauline picks it up.

PAULINE (ON PHONE)

Oui, hallo?

MATT

Pauline? It's Matthew.

PAULINE (ON PHONE)

Matthew. How are you? You know, I was going to call you but I do not have your number.

MATT

Well, I'm in the book.

PAULINE (ON PHONE)

Pardon?

MATT

The phonebook. We call it *The Book*. Many Americans have never read a book other than the phonebook. So that's probably why.

PAULINE (ON PHONE)

You're very funny, Matthew.

MATT

It's the sad truth, I swear.

A comfortable silence. Waiting. Matt goes for it.

MATT

Pauline. Would you like to have lunch with me on Sunday?

Another pause. Matt closes his eyes, holds his breath.

PAULINE (ON PHONE)
Yes, I would. I would love that.

Matt opens his eyes and exhales with relief.

PAULINE (ON PHONE)
Sunday would be great. I never
know what to do on Sundays.

MATT
That makes two of us.

PAULINE (ON PHONE)
We could start a club.

MATT
We could.

PAULINE (ON PHONE)
I'm sorry, Matthew, but I have a
class, I need to go. When shall I
pick you up on Sunday?

We HEAR Madame Dune enter the apartment.

MATT
Noon?

PAULINE (ON PHONE)
Noon it is. A bientôt.

Matt happily hangs up.

MATT
Good morning, Madame Dune!

MADAME DUNE (O.S.)
Good morning, Monsieur.

She appears in the door with shopping bags as he is leaving the kitchen. His brilliant mood stops her in her tracks.

MADAME DUNE
Would you like me to make you some
breakfast, Monsieur?

After a moment Matt appears in the door. Glowing.

MATT
Yes, please.

Madame Dune is too stunned to respond. He nods and leaves.

Matt hurries to open the door, buttoning his shirt. Pauline stands outside, in a Sunday dress. She looks radiant.

PAULINE
I'm early.

MATT
You certainly are.

PAULINE
Is it okay?

MATT
Yes! Yes, of course.

PAULINE
Hello.

MATT
Hello. Ehm... Come in.

She carefully steps into the apartment. Matt takes his coat off the coat rack. It's somewhat awkward all of the sudden.

PAULINE
This is a beautiful apartment.

MATT
Yes. My... My wife found it for us.

PAULINE
Have you read all those books?!

MATT
I'm afraid so, yes.

PAULINE
What are you doing with them?

MATT
I'm going to sell them. I don't want them anymore.

PAULINE
But you must have someone who would want them, no?

MATT
No. I don't.

PAULINE
I can't believe that's true.

She looks back at the books. Matt's at the front door.

PAULINE
There are so many memories. For every one of those books, there was a day when you wanted it, don't you want to remember that?

MATT

Not every memory is one worth
having, Pauline.

He grabs his umbrella and opens the door.

MATT

Shall we...could we go now?

Pauline turns around and somewhat sadly leaves the place.

70 EXT. STREET - DAY

70

Matt walks up to a beautiful old Citroen and opens the
passenger door for Pauline.

PAULINE

You have a car?

MATT

I wish you would sound a bit less
surprised, but yes. I do.

PAULINE

I'm sorry, Matthew. But I did meet
you on the bus.

She gets in. Matt makes sure her dress doesn't get caught in
the door and closes the door.

MATT

Yes. Imagine that...

He walks around the car to get behind the wheel. He turns the
key and the car stutters and won't start. Matt chuckles.

MATT

It's been in the garage for a
while.

He tries again, the car starts. Matt pulls into traffic. He's
been in the garage for a while too. The citroen jerks forward.

71 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

71

They drive along on a country road. Matt appears more
confident behind the wheel now. Pauline loves the wind in her
hair. She smiles and closes her eyes. Matt watches her.

MATT

You should put on your seatbelt,
Pauline.

Pauline shakes her head.

MATT

Why not?

PAULINE
My parents died in a car crash.

MATT
I'm very sorry.

PAULINE
I was in the car too. I was
fifteen.

She has to look away not to let the memory get to her.

PAULINE
Just before the accident I had an
argument with them because I
didn't want to put on my seatbelt.
My father got terribly angry.
(beat)
"Attache-toi!" was the last thing
my mother ever said to me. Then we
crashed. I got thrown out of the
car because I wasn't buckled up.
It saved my life.

MATT
You were lucky.

PAULINE
Yeah. My father was a drunk and my
mother was hysterical, and all I
ever wanted was for them to stop
screaming at each other all the
time. I used to hide under my
blanket and cover my ears and make
wishes for them to shut up.
(beat)
And then they did.

MATT
Pauline.

Pauline looks out the window on her side of the car.

PAULINE
I know.

She shakes it off and finally looks at Matt again.

PAULINE
I'm starving, how about you?

MATT
Me too.

Thank God, the light comes back to her face.

PAULINE
I could eat a cow.

MATT

A horse.

PAULINE

A horse?! No!

MATT

Not literally. It's the saying. We say, "I could eat a horse". Not a cow.

PAULINE

Well, I don't care what you say, I could never eat a horse.

72 INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

72

Pauline and Matt step up to the MAITRE'D in this very elegant and beautiful restaurant with a view of a river.

MATT

Bonjour...we have a reservation.

MAITRE'D

Certainly. Under what name?

MATT

Morgan.

MAITRE'D

Follow me, please.

He steers them towards the back of the restaurant. As soon as Matt realizes this, he grabs Pauline by the arm and leads her towards a lovely table right by the window.

MATT

Thank you, we'll take that one.

PAULINE

Matthew, what are you...

Caught by surprise, the maitre'd turns and hurries after them, indignant. But Matt already pulls a chair for Pauline.

MATT

Mademoiselle...

MAITRE'D

Monsieur, that table...

MATT

...is perfect, thank you!

He takes the menus from the maitre'd, hands one to Pauline.

MATT

We'd like two glasses of your finest champagne, s'il te plait.

MAITRE'D

Certainly.

He leaves. Pauline leans forward with a smile.

PAULINE

S'il vous plait.

Matt looks up surprised, then leans towards her as well.

MATT

S'il vous plait.

72A INT. RESTAURANT - LATER

72A

Matt and Pauline wait for their food.

MATT

I was a professor. At Princeton.
Did you ever attend university?

PAULINE

No. After ballet school and high-school, I had enough of school. I started working. Maybe I would have liked it, I don't know. But it's too late now anyway.

MATT

It's never too late to learn something, Pauline. I could teach you some things, I mean I could...

PAULINE

I don't want to steal your time.

MATT

Pauline, you can...

A COUPLE sits down at the table next to them and nods. Matt suddenly feels self-conscious.

PAULINE

My mom never stopped complaining, "Pauline, you have no ambition!". And she was right, I don't. I just love to dance. But she wanted me to become a real dancer.

MATT

You are a real dancer.

PAULINE

No. I'm not. Pas de tout.

(beat)

You know when you love something so much you start to hate it?

MATT

Yes.

He averts his eyes. Pauline watches him.

PAULINE

Is that what happened to you and your books?

MATT

No. I just stopped looking at them when I stopped loving life.

PAULINE

Why did you stop loving life?

MATT

Well. You don't love life itself. You love people, animals, places, memories, music, literature, food. Sometimes a single person requires all the love we have to give. And when you lose that person and you think everything else should stop too – everything else just keeps on going. Giradoux said, we miss one single being, even though countless others surround us. But all these other people, they're like extras clouding your vision, a meaningless crowd, an unwelcome distraction. So you seek oblivion in solitude. But solitude makes you wither, it doesn't enlighten or even amuse. And for *that* I resent life.

PAULINE

So...I am an unwelcome distraction too? I am a cloud?

Matt looks up. Studies Pauline's questioning face.

MATT

Right now, you are the only part of my life that I haven't figured out yet.

PAULINE

Is that a compliment?

MATT

A big one.

PAULINE

I take your word for it.

Two waiters come with starters. Pauline searches Matt's face.

PAULINE
What was she like?

Matt looks up and weighs the question. It's not unwelcome.

MATT
She loved food.

He smiles sadly at Pauline. She smiles back.

MATT
Let's eat.

Pauline happily takes her knife and fork. They both taste the foie gras - it is perfect. Pauline rolls her eyes.

PAULINE
Oh my god...

MATT
You know - there are not a lot of things I have not cooked in my life, but a foie gras terrine is the one thing I never wanted to try.

PAULINE
Why not?

MATT
I don't want to know anything about it. When it is served to me like this in a restaurant and it is this delicious and I have no idea how they did it, that's *exactly* how I like it.

PAULINE
So you like to cook?

MATT
I used to. Yes.

He clears his throat. Pauline watches him. He looks at her. She has that marvellous champagne/great food buzz that makes the whole world seem brighter and smiles broadly at Matt.

PAULINE
Shall we rent a boat after lunch?

Matt looks out the window at the lake, uncertain.

73 EXT. AT THE LAKE - DAY

73

Pauline and Matt walk down a dock towards several rowboats.

MATT
Without your own convictions,
Pauline, you can read all the
(MORE)

MATT (CONT'D)

books in the history of man, and
you won't be any wiser.

PAULINE

And you could teach me?

MATT

As you can see, you've already
lured me out of retirement.

They climb into a rowboat. Pauline heads for the oars.

MATT

Let me row, Pauline, please.

PAULINE

No!

She tries to get past Matt. She giggles, holds on to him.

MATT

Please, I can't let you...

Pauline gives him a stern look, holding both his arms.

PAULINE

Matthew. Do I have to remind you
that we live in the 21st century?

Matt gives up and sits down. Pauline sits down at the oars and
maneuvers the boat offshore.

EXT. ON THE LAKE - DAY

They're out on the lake. Matt pulls out his notebook, checks
his watch, makes a note.

PAULINE

What are you writing?

MATT

Nothing, I...I just like to keep
track of how I spend my time.

PAULINE

Do you ever add it up?

MATT

What?

PAULINE

The time, in your book.

Matt's stare goes blank. It has never occurred to him.

MATT

No.

Pauline stops rowing, looks around.

PAULINE
I think you're wrong, Matthew.

MATT
About what?

PAULINE
I don't think you have everything
in your life figured out. I think
the day we figure everything out
about our life is the day we die.

MATT
I take it back.

PAULINE
What?

MATT
I can't teach you anything.

Silence falls between them. Pauline pulls out her cigarettes.

PAULINE
"There is a crack in everything.
That's how the light gets in."

Matt looks at her curiously. She smiles.

PAULINE
Somebody wrote that.

MATT
It's from a song, actually.

He watches Pauline light her cigarette and take a deep drag.

MATT
Please don't smoke.

Without missing a beat, Pauline throws the cigarette away.

MATT
You know, it takes about 400 years
for that butt to disintegrate.

Pauline stares at Matt. Then she suddenly hurls around and
leans dangerously far out the back to catch the cigarette
butt. Barely holds on with one hand, reaching with the other.

MATT
Jesus, Pauline, careful!

He leaps forward to grab a hold of her. Pauline almost goes
overboard. But she manages to catch the butt.

PAULINE
Got it!

Matt pulls her back. They're very close together. Holding the butt triumphantly in her hands, Pauline turns and laughs. Matt pulls himself together and quickly moves back to his seat. Thunder in the distance. The sky darkens. Matt looks up.

74 EXT. RESTAURANT PARKING LOT - DAY

74

Rain comes down hard as Pauline and Matt hurry towards the car. Pauline holds Matt's coat above her head. They rush to the car and Matt tries his best to keep Pauline dry. Pauline climbs in quickly. Matt hurries around the car and gets in too. They start laughing, but they got pretty soaked.

MATT

Are you alright?

PAULINE

All good.

Matt turns the key in the ignition - the car stutters poorly but won't start. Matt tries again.

MATT

Oh no...No, no, no, no, no.

Another try. The stutter merely slows down to nothing. Matt slams his hand down on the steering wheel. Pauline jumps.

MATT

Damn it! Sorry.

Again. Nothing. Just the sad click click of a dead car.

PAULINE

Do you know what the problem is?

MATT

I'll check.

He gets out, walks up to the front of the car and looks under the hood. Rattles a cable here and there. Gets very wet.

MATT

What am I doing, I have no idea
what I'm doing. God damn it.

Pauline walks up next to him. She gives him cover from the rain with his umbrella. Looks at the engine.

PAULINE

I am glad you always bring your
umbrella.

Pauline checks her watch and looks around.

PAULINE

(in French/subtitled)
You never know when it might rain.

One of the handsome waiters, now in civilian clothes, hurries through the rain to his flashy car parked nearby.

PAULINE

Hold this.

She hands Matt the umbrella and hurries over to the waiter (JEROME) who is getting into his car. Matt watches them.

Later. Now Matt sits in the car while Pauline and Jerome stand at the engine, Pauline holding the umbrella for Jerome.

JEROME

Encore!

Matt turns the key. Nothing. Matt gets out of the car to join Pauline and Jerome. Jerome ignores him and turns to Pauline.

JEROME

(in French/subtitled)

This car ain't going nowhere.

You're going to have to call AIT.

Pauline unhappily checks her watch. Matt gets out his wallet.

MATT

Listen, Pauline, I don't want you to miss your appointment, you should take a taxi, here, I'll...

JEROME

(in French/subtitled)

You're heading to the city?

PAULINE

(in French/subtitled)

Yes, Saint Germain.

JEROME

(in French/subtitled)

I can take you if you like.

PAULINE

(in French/subtitled)

Really? That would be fabulous!

Pauline turns to Matt with her irresistible smile.

PAULINE

Jerome can give me a ride.

Great.

MATT

That's great.

PAULINE

Are you going to be okay, Matthew?

MATT
Of course. Go. Don't worry. I
don't want you to be late.

Jerome has stepped away, on the phone. Pauline leans to Matt
conspicuously.

PAULINE
He's cute, don't you think?

MATT
In a George Hamilton sort of way.

PAULINE
Who is George Hamilton?

Jerome hangs up and joins them.

JEROME
Someone from AIT will be here in
about 45 minutes.

Pauline hesitates. JEROME turns to her.

MATT	JEROME
Thank you.	(in French)
	<i>So let's get out of here.</i>

Pauline hands Matt the umbrella.

PAULINE
I will call you tonight, okay?

MATT
Absolutely. Now go.

Jerome has taken off his leather jacket and holds it over
Pauline's head as they hurry over to his car. Matt lowers the
umbrella. He's already soaked anyway. Slowly he walks around
the car and slumps down on the driver's seat. Doesn't bother
to close his door. The camera pulls back.

75 INT. MATT'S APARTMENT - DAY 75

Matt walks into his apartment, his clothes and hair still wet.
He puts away his umbrella and walks down the hall.

76 INT. MATT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 76

The phone rings. No other sound is heard as the camera travels
through the apartment. We get to Matt's bedroom. Matt is in
bed, deep under the covers, sweaty and shaking from a fever.

77 INT. MATT'S APARTMENT - DAY 77

In the kitchen, Madame Dune puts a bowl of soup on a tray and
carries it down the hall into the bedroom, where Matt is still
lying in bed. Madame Dune puts the tray on the empty side of
the bed. Matt has his back turned to her.

MADAME DUNE
I made you some soup, Monsieur.

MATT
Thank you, Madame Dune, but I am
really not hungry.

Madame Dune gets a pile of dry cleaning from the armchair and starts to unpack it and hang it in the closet.

MADAME DUNE
You have to eat, Monsieur Morgan,
or you will not get well.

She gets to the ties and discovers that the stain on Joan's favorite blue tie has not quite come out.

MADAME DUNE
Your favorite tie is ruined,
Monsieur, I'm afraid.

MADAME LÉRY (V.O.)
Matthew?

79 INT. RESTAURANT L'OISEAU - DAY

79

Madame Léry and Matt sit at their usual table together. Matt is deeply lost in thought. Madame Léry watches him. Matt resurfaces, almost puzzled by her presence. He forces a smile.

MADAME LÉRY
Is something the matter?

MATT
Not at all.

Madame Léry nods. She eats another bite. Swallows.

MADAME LÉRY
I have to tell you something.

MATT
That makes two of us. I have to
tell you something too.

MADAME LÉRY
I am leaving town.

MATT
How lovely, where to?

MADAME LÉRY
St. Jean de Luz.

MATT
It's beautiful down there.

MADAME LÉRY
You've been there?

MATT

Yes. Joan... Joan and I went there the first year we were here.

MADAME LÉRY

I'm not coming back, Matthew.

Matt looks up. Impossible to tell how he is taking this.

MADAME LÉRY

My cousin's husband died and she has a big house and is all alone now and she ask me to come live with her. I'm very sorry, Matthew. But I said yes.

MATT

That's wonderful, Colette, I am very happy for you.

MADAME LÉRY

Really?

MATT

Absolutely. I'm glad you're going. I would have made you if you would have tried to stay.

Madame Léry is somewhat relieved.

MADAME LÉRY

So... are you planning to go back to dance class?

MATT

No. No, it's not...for me.

Matt picks up his fork. Madame Léry nods.

MADAME LÉRY

So what do you have?

MATT

I'm sorry?

MADAME LÉRY

What do you want to tell me?

MATT

I think I am going to go home too.

Madame Léry puts her hand on his and leans forward.

MADAME LÉRY

Oh Matthew, that's such good news. I'm sure your children will be delighted! And your grandchildren!

MATT
I'm sure they will be.

80 INT. MATT'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 80

Matt has finished packing all of his books. He closes the last of the boxes, takes a fat pen and writes "PAULINE" in big letters on the box. All the boxes are meticulously labelled according to author - and many of them have Pauline's name on it. The phone rings. Matt ignores it.

81 INT. MATT AND JOAN'S STUDY - NIGHT 81

Matt sits at his desk with his little notebook and adds up the time he spent, making a list.

82 INT. MATT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 82

Matt stands at his closet and puts on Joan's favorite tie. The stain on the tie is still there, but he doesn't care.

83 INT. MATT'S BATHROOM - NIGHT 83

Matt stands at the sink and is swallowing a whole bunch of sleeping pills. It's not easy, but he's getting there.

84 INT. MATT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 84

Matt lies down on his bed, flat on his back, folds his hands. Just lies there. Then he reaches over to turn off the bedside lamp. Lies back down, folds his hands again. After a few moments, he decides to turn the light back on. Folds his hands once more. Opens his eyes, stares at the ceiling. Closes his eyes again. Lies there. Inhale, exhale.

Finally something occurs to him. He gets up and heads for the bathroom, quite unsteady on his feet. He turns the light on in the bathroom, and just as he steps inside, his lights go out: he staggers and falls against the bathroom door, slamming it shut. We hear a THUD. Then nothing. One last GRUNT. Silence.

85 INT. MATT'S APARTMENT - DAY 85

The empty hallway. The doorbell rings. Nothing. A knock on the door. Madame Dune unlocks the door, but the chain is locked.

MADAME DUNE
Monsieur Morgan? Monsieur Morgan!

85B INT. MATT'S HALLWAY - LATER 85B

Matt is carried out on a stretcher by two AMBULANCE DRIVERS. Madame Dune wrings her hands. A DOCTOR follows the stretcher.

MADAME DUNE
(in French/subtitled)
Will he be alright?

DOCTOR
 (in French/subtitled)
*I don't know. We'll take him to
 Pitié if you want to follow us.*

Madame Dune nods fearfully. The doctor leaves. Madame Dune glances into the study. She notices several envelopes on Matt's desk. She goes to pick up one of the envelopes, opens it hastily, begins to read the letter and crosses herself.

MADAME DUNE
Oh mon dieu...

The phone starts ringing, giving her quite a start.

87 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

87

Matt lies in bed, eyes closes, hooked up to a monitor. He stirs and wakes up. Pauline stands in the doorway and watches him. When he looks back from the window, he notices her.

PAULINE
 Hi.

MATT
 Hi.

PAULINE
 (hesitates)
 Do you have to stay here long?

MATT
 I don't have any plans.

PAULINE
 What happened, Matthew?

MATT
 Well... I'm afraid I botched an attempt to self-medicate.

PAULINE
 What does that mean?

MATT
 It means I took too many sleeping pills. Or too few. Depends on how you want to look at it.

Pauline hesitates. After a moment, she steps into the room, pulls up a chair and sits down next to the bed. She carefully puts her hand on Matt's. A gesture that makes Matt tear up.

PAULINE
 Can I ask you why you did that?

MATT
 Because I met you.

Pauline looks up. Matt realizes how wrong that sounded.

MATT

Please don't take this the wrong way. It's not your fault, Pauline. But meeting you gave me purpose. You helped me realize that I was just biding my time.

PAULINE

So if you had not met me, you would be better?

Matt takes her hand into his, squeezes it and leans forward.

MATT

If I hadn't met you, I would still be lost. But you found me.

PAULINE

But I don't want you to die.

MATT

I know.

PAULINE

Do you still want to?

He smiles at her reassuringly.

MATT

Do you think they sell Coke somewhere in this hospital?

PAULINE

I saw a vending machine when I came in. I will get you one. And when I come back I will tell you about a decision I made.

MATT

Don't go right now.

Pauline gets up and embraces Matt, hiding her face against his neck. He hesitates, then puts his arms around her and closes his eyes. They hold on to each other for a long time.

MILES (O.S.)

Dad?

Matt opens his eyes. Pauline lets go of him and turns around. MILES stands in the door, puzzled, holding a travel bag. Good looking, in his 30s, but worn out from the long flight and the lack of sleep. He takes a couple of steps into the room.

MATT

Miles.

MILES

Hi.

He reluctantly puts his bag down and frowns at Pauline.

MILES

Hello...

MATT

Pauline, this is my son, Miles.

PAULINE

I'm sorry, I...

MATT

Miles, this is Pauline.

Not sure what the etiquette is, Miles steps forward and holds out his hand to her. She steps forward as well and shakes it.

PAULINE

It's... nice to meet you.

Miles just nods and lets go of her hand, looks back at Matt.

PAULINE

I will go and get you that coke.
I will be back.

Matt smiles at Pauline. She heads out, clearly unsettled.

MILES

How are you feeling?

MATT

I feel fine.

Miles glances at the IV bags and takes Matt's chart off the bed to look at it. A professional impulse. Miles is a doctor.

MATT

What are you doing, you're not my
doctor, and you can't read that
anyway.

Miles lowers the chart and looks at Matt.

MILES

They had to resuscitate you and
pump your stomach, that much I
understood from what they told me
on the phone.

Matt looks away. Miles sighs and glances towards the door.

MILES

Who was that?

MATT
Someone very dear to me.

MILES
How long have you known her?

MATT
Not long enough.

MILES
I see.

MATT
I don't think you do.

Staring contest between father and son.

MILES
Jesus, Dad. What were you trying to do? Punish us?

MATT
Actually, I wasn't thinking about you.

Miles chuckles sadly.

MILES
Imagine my surprise.

Pauline appears in the hall, unnoticed by them, and stops.

MATT
You didn't have to come all the way over here just because I fail at suicide.

MILES
Can we at least acknowledge this is awkward? First they tell me you almost died, and then I come here and find you in the arms of a woman not even close to half your age who I know nothing about?

MATT
There is nothing awkward about Pauline.

Pauline hesitates, then enters the room. Matt looks at her. She's holding two cans of coke. Miles turns around to her.

PAULINE
I brought you one too.

MILES
Thank you, but no thanks.

He turns back to his father.

MILES

I'm gonna step outside, see if I
can find Karen.

MATT

Karen is here too?

Miles, heading for the door, turns around to him, kind of
shrugs like, hell, what are you gonna do, and leaves the room.
Matt watches him leave. Pauline walks up to Matt's bed and
sits down. Subdued, she opens a coke and hands it to Matt.

PAULINE

I didn't even know you had a son.

MATT

Yes. I have a son and a daughter.

PAULINE

Why did you never tell me about
them?

MATT

There's not much to tell.

Feeling weak, he puts the coke away and leans back.

MATT

Ever since their mother died, we
haven't exactly been... close.

He closes his eyes. Pauline frowns sadly and pulls the blanket
up a bit. Matt opens his eyes again.

MATT

But you were going to tell me
about a decision you made.

Pauline barely shakes her head. She looks forlorn.

PAULINE

It can wait.

88 EXT. HOSPITAL COURTYARD - DAY

88

Miles sits on a bench underneath a chestnut tree and is just
hanging up the phone when Pauline exits the hospital. He
notices her and gets up to walk towards her. Pauline stops.

MILES

What are you doing with my dad?

PAULINE

What do you mean? I'm not doing
anything with him. I'm his friend.

MILES

Funny. He hasn't told me a word
about you.

PAULINE

Funny. He hasn't told me a word about you either.

Miles. Meet your match.

MILES

Do you really think I don't know what's going on here?

PAULINE

What is going on here?

MILES

My father is not some helpless old man to be taken advantage of, do you understand?

PAULINE

No. I don't.

She wants to walk away, but Miles steps in her way.

MILES

Then let me be blunt.

PAULINE

You mean you have not been blunt?

She looks him straight in the eye. She's not intimidated.

PAULINE

I spent some time with Matthew because he seemed very alone and sad. I didn't even know he had children. But I think I understand now why he tried to kill himself.

Miles wants to say something, but Pauline stares him down.

PAULINE

Your father tried to kill himself, Miles. Maybe you want to think about that before you try to figure me out.

Without waiting for an answer, she walks away. In the background, KAREN gets out of a cab. She checks out Pauline as she passes, pulling her carry-on towards Miles. She's older than Miles, a real character, beautiful, like her mother. Miles looks on as Pauline walks away. Karen looks over her shoulder.

KAREN

You make friends fast. Who was that?

MILES

Our future stepmother for all I know.

KAREN
Seriously, who is she?

MILES
Seriously, ask Dad.

89 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

89

Miles comes back. Karen right behind him, with luggage.

KAREN
An overdose is not my favorite
excuse to get away from home, but
I certainly appreciate the effort.

MATT
Hello Karen.

Karen parks her luggage and kisses her dad hello.

KAREN
How are you, Dad? And what are you
doing with that French bimbo?

MATT
Next time you call her that will
be the last time we spoke.

Whoah. Karen leans back, stares at him, bewildered and amused.

KAREN
You mean that, don't you?

She gets out a cigarette and lights up.

MILES
Jesus, Karen, what are you doing?
This is a hospital.

KAREN
A *European* hospital. And *you* need
to grow up, little brother.

The nurse enters the room and sees Karen smoking.

NURSE
(in French/subtitled)
*What on earth do you think you're
doing?! Are you out of your mind,
you can't smoke in here! You're in
a hospital!*

KAREN
I'm sorry, what did you say?

MILES
Want me to take a wild guess?

The nurse grabs Karen's cigarette. Karen chuckles. Disgusted, the nurse opens the window and throws out the cigarette.

KAREN
Careful, that could hurt somebody.

NURSE
(in French/subtitled)
Now get out of here before I call security. Your father needs rest.

Miles and Karen just stand there and stare at her.

NURSE
(in French/subtitled)
Leave! Get out! Out, now!

She ushers Karen and Miles towards the door.

KAREN
We want you to come home, Dad.

Miles, as he is being shoved out the door, points at Karen.

MILES
She wants you to come home.

Out they go. The nurse closes the door. Suddenly it is very quiet. Matt stares into space. At last, tears fill his eyes.

MATT
Damn.

90 INT. MATT'S APARTMENT - DAY

90

Miles unlocks the front door and lets Karen in. They put down their luggage and wander into the apartment, looking around. In the living room, Karen slumps onto the couch. There are boxes everywhere with Pauline's name on it. Miles frowns and sits down next to Karen. For a long, quiet moment brother and sister just sit there - while the past catches up with them like a freight train. Twenty-one, twenty-two, twenty-three...

KAREN
I can't stay here.

She gets up and, almost simultaneously, so does Miles.

MILES
Me neither.

KAREN
Let's find a hotel.

MILES
Yeah.

Grabbing their luggage, they quickly leave. We stay behind.

91 INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

91

Karen and Miles come in, look around, head for the front desk.

KAREN
I want my own room.

MILES
And I want you to have your own
room.

The front desk is empty. They wait. Karen rings the bell.

MILES
What's the plan?

KAREN
I'm gonna soak in my tub, then I'm
gonna call my significant other,
then I'm going shopping, I swear.

MILES
What about Dad?

KAREN
We can see him tomorrow. You heard
the nurse, he needs his rest.

MILES
I thought you didn't speak French?

KAREN
Of course I do, don't you?

The RECEPTIONIST finally shows up.

KAREN
(in fluent French)
*Two rooms, please. And I need a
tub. He doesn't.*

92 INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - DAY

92

Miles and Karen have rooms opposite of one another. Karen
unlocks her door, then turns to Miles to give him a kiss.

KAREN
Don't dwell. I'll see you later.

Slams the door. Miles shakes his head and disappears into his
own room - only to come back out and head down the hall.

93 EXT. CEMETARY - DAY

93

Miles walks up to his mother's grave. He stands by the grave
for a while. Squats next to it to pick off a few dead leaves.

94 INT. MATT'S STUDY - NIGHT

94

Miles stands at Matt's bookshelf, looking for something. At last he finds the book he's looking for. Then he HEARS someone else ENTER the apartment and WALK down the hall.

95 INT. MATT'S BEDROOM/HALLWAY/BATHROOM - NIGHT

95

Miles quietly pushes open the half closed door and finds Pauline at the closet, packing some stuff into a bag.

MILES

So you have a key to this place...

Pauline barely acknowledges him.

PAULINE

Matthew asked me to get some things for him.

She walks to the nightstand, packs a book, opens a drawer. It is Joan's side of the bed. All her things are still in there. Pauline regards those precious items, then carefully closes the drawer and walks to the other side. She finds Matt's watch in the drawer of his nightstand. Miles watches her.

PAULINE

What?

MILES

You seem to know your way around here pretty well.

She packs the watch, turns and walks into the bathroom. The pill bottle and glass of water still stand at the sink. Pauline tries not to look at them and packs Matt's razor.

PAULINE

It is not heart surgery, you know.

Miles has followed her to the bathroom door. She wants to walk past him, but he doesn't really make room, so she stops right in front of him. They lock eyes, standing very close.

MILES

Brain surgery.

Pauline breaks the spell, puts her hands on his arms, moves him aside and walks past him. Miles needs a moment to recover from her touch (and smell), then follows her.

MILES

I just want what's best for my father.

PAULINE

And what do you think that is?

She gets her coat to put it on and turns to him.

MILES

I think he needs his family now.

Pauline buttons up her coat (it has a lot of buttons).

PAULINE

I think you're right.

They stare at each other as she wraps her scarf around her delicate neck. Miles is at loss with this French girl.

MILES

That's it?

PAULINE

Is there anything else?

MILES

What do you mean?

PAULINE

I don't mean anything.

She picks up Matt's coat and umbrella.

PAULINE

Are you going to stay here?

(off Miles' silence)

In case Matthew wants to reach you.

MILES

No. We're at the Hotel de Jour,
down the street.

Miles remembers the book in his hand. Holds it out to her.

MILES

I was going to bring him this, but
you might as well take it to him.

A peace offering. Pauline takes the book and glances at it.

MILES

E.E. Cummings. He's into that.

Pauline nods, opens the front door and steps out. Out in the hallway, she turns around to Miles one more time.

PAULINE

You know, if I had a father like
Matthew, I would be very happy...

MILES

Why, because he's such a shining
example of fatherhood?

PAULINE

...that he is still alive.

Once again she catches him off guard. She leaves.

PAULINE
Au revoir, Miles.

96 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

96

Pauline sits by Matt's bed while they both eat out of food containers. Matt stops eating and watches Pauline.

MATT
What are you doing here, Pauline?

PAULINE
I'm eating dinner with you.

Matt weakly smiles at her. That's not what he meant. Pauline understands. She finishes chewing, swallows.

PAULINE
Do you remember the day I met you
on the bus?
(off Matt's nod)
Well... I... felt like I knew you.
(beat)
I mean I knew I didn't know you.
But it felt like I did. You know?
And I thought...

She stops and shakes her head.

MATT
You thought what?

PAULINE
It doesn't make sense anymore.

MATT
Say it anyway.

PAULINE
I thought you don't have anyone.
You know. Like I don't have any-
one. I thought maybe I've been
looking in all the wrong places...
I thought maybe you and me could
be each other's family.

MATT
Pauline...

PAULINE
But it turns out you have a whole
family waiting for you back in
America, so this doesn't...

MATT
I'm a lousy father. I always have
been.

PAULINE

Why do you say that?

MATT

Joan wanted kids. I just wanted her. And I wanted her to be happy, and that seemed a good enough reason at the time. You know, they say you do, but I never grew into being a father. I had no idea how Joan did it, how she could have so much love to give. They would make mistakes or hurt themselves, and it would make me crazy. But all Joan ever did was pick them up, dust them off, dry their tears and send them on their way again. All I knew was that I didn't want to be like my father - but I ended up being just like him.

He stares into space, flooded with memories.

MATT

Joan almost left me because of it.

He takes a breath, tries to cheer up.

MATT

Stopping her from doing so is my big accomplishment in life.

There is a long silence.

PAULINE

Your children and grandchildren don't want you to die, Matthew.

She leans forward and tenderly puts her hand on his cheek.

PAULINE

And I don't want you die.

She takes her hand away and leans back in her chair.

PAULINE

So you're outnumbered.

She continues to eat. MUSIC.

PAULINE

Have a raincheck.

A bittersweet smile on Matt's face. PULL BACK.

MATT

Take a raincheck.

Pauline smiles back.

PAULINE

Yeah.

96A INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - LATER

96A

Matt stands by the window, looking out into the rain.

MATT

They'll never forgive me.

JOAN

Yes, they will.

Matt turns around. Joan lies in the hospital bed.

JOAN

Do this for me, Matt. Please.
I'm done. I want to go home.

Tears well up in Matt's eyes. He has to turn away and faces the window. The camera pulls back slowly...

JOAN (O.S.)

Please. Let me go.

...into a full shot of the room. Pauline has fallen asleep with her head on Matt's empty hospital bed.

97 INT. MILES' HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

97

Miles lies on his bed. He has headphones on and pulls a dictionary out of a bag to flip through it as he listens.

MILES

Bonjour... Quel age as-tu?...

The worst accent. He gets up and looks for the minibar.

MILES

J'ai vingt-cinq ans... D'ou vien-tu?...Je vien d'Espagne.

He finds and opens a beer and looks out into the rainy night.

MILES

Comment va tu?...

A knock on the door. He pulls off the headphones and opens the door. Karen poses outside in a killer dress.

MILES

Holy shit.

KAREN

Exactly the look I was going for.

Holding up a bottle, she waltzes into his room.

KAREN

Now let's get on the same page
about Dad.

MILES

You freak me out.

He closes the door. Karen unwraps the cork and pops it.

KAREN (V.O.)

Don't you think we realize that
this was a cry for help?

98 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

98

Karen sits next to Matt's bed, Miles stands by the window.
Matt is up and dressed and is packing his stuff.

MATT

Oh for God's sake, Karen. If I want
your help, I'll pick up the phone.

KAREN

Seriously, Dad. Why don't you move
back home? We can't look after you
here...

MATT

I don't need looking after.

KAREN

...and for the money you'll get
for the apartment and the house,
you can live in a palace in
Chicago.

(glances at Miles)
Or Maine.

MATT

I'm not moving to Maine.

KAREN

You can move wherever you want.

MATT

I can also stay right here.

Matt gets his coat from the closet and puts it on. Karen gets
up, frustrated.

KAREN

Then let's at least sell St. Malo.

MATT

I'm not selling your mother's
house and I'm not having this
discussion with you.

KAREN

Well, yes, you are, because half of that house is ours, Dad, and we have a say in this too.

MATT

Fine. I'll buy you out.

KAREN

Don't be silly, you can't afford that.

MILES

Jesus, Dad, you really think this is about the fucking money?

Karen and Matt turn to him, astonished by his outburst.

MILES

You really think this is what mom would want? You think she'd want you to die here, alone, lonely and miserable?

MATT

I'm not lonely, and I'm not miserable. Now if you'll excuse me, there is some place I have to be.

Without sticking around for their protest, he heads out.

KAREN

Dad, we need to talk about this.

MATT

No we don't.

And he's gone. Karen's phone rings. She checks the display.

KAREN

This can't be good.

(answers the phone)

Why are you awake? Is the house on fire? Because unless it is, you're in deep shit, Laura, I mean it.

Miles notices Matt's time-notebook on the nightstand. He picks it up and flips through it, finds Pauline's card. He takes it out and looks at it. Glances at Karen and pockets it.

KAREN

Honey, has your IQ dropped dramatically since I've left?

Back in the line dance class. Everybody is already getting lined up, Pauline amidst the happy crowd. Matt enters. Pauline notices him. She says something to a STUDENT and comes over.

PAULINE
 Matthew, what are you doing here?
 I thought you were getting out
 tomorrow. Are you ok?

MATT
 I'm great. Listen, Pauline, I
 wanted to ask you... Would you
 like to go to dinner with me
 tonight?

PAULINE
 Under one condition.

There is a sparkle in her eye. Matt understands.

MATT
 No.

PAULINE
 You want to eat?

MATT
 Yes.

PAULINE
 Okay then.

99A D E L E T E D

99A

100 EXT. IN FRONT OF THE DANCE SCHOOL - DAY

100

With Pauline's card in his hand, Miles walks up to the main
 entrance. He looks up, checks the card and walks inside.

99B INT. DANCE SCHOOL - DAY

99B

Miles steps into the front room. Through the big window he
 sees the line dance class in full swing. To no small surprise
 he notices his father among the dancers. In awe, Miles watches
 him for a while. He has never seen his father like this and it
 moves him profoundly somehow. Matt doesn't notice him - but
 Pauline happens to look over and catches sight of Miles. They
 lock eyes while Pauline keeps dancing. There is something
 devastatingly sad about Miles. Then he turns away and leaves.
 Pauline frowns but then the class demands her attention again.

101 EXT. IN FRONT OF THE DANCE SCHOOL - DAY 101

Pauline and Matt exit the school.

MATT

So I will see you tonight?

PAULINE

Yes.

He's delighted. He gives her a kiss on each cheek and leaves.

102 EXT. IN FRONT OF THE HOTEL - DAY 102

Karen and Miles come out of the hotel. Karen is on the phone.

KAREN

Listen, Ray, I'm going to be home
in about 14 hours, and until then,
you're just going to have to wing
it, alright? They're your genes.
I'm gonna hang up now! Bye.

Karen hangs up. They head for a cab parked at the curb.

KAREN

You're on your own, honey. I have
to go stop my own dysfunctional
family from strangling each other.
When is your flight tomorrow?

MILES

I think I'm going to stick around
for a few days.

KAREN

What about Susan and Kyle?

MILES

I talked to Susan this morning,
they'll survive without me.

KAREN

I bet they will.

She fixes her brother with a stare that demands the truth.

MILES

What?

KAREN

How long are you going to keep
this up?

MILES

Keep what...

KAREN

Susan left you five weeks ago.

MILES

How do you...

KAREN

She *told me*, you idiot. And if I would have kept this to myself any longer, I would have risked serious brain damage.

Miles looks away. Karen looks at him with empathy.

KAREN

Why didn't you tell me, Miles?

Miles just shakes his head.

KAREN

Are you going to be okay?

MILES

Of course I will.

Miles chuckles and looks at her again.

MILES

And if not, I can always talk to Dad, right?

KAREN

You're hysterical.

She sighs and checks her watch.

KAREN

If I don't go right now, I'm going to miss my plane, and then Laura will miss her school play, and then Ray might hurt her - or she will not miss it, and then *she* might hurt *him*, and either way, one of them is going to end up behind bars and after all this shopping, I'm all out of bail money. I really have to go. But I will call you and then we'll talk.

She steps up and hugs Miles. He closes his eyes.

KAREN

Take care of yourself. And beat some sense into Dad.

She lets go and looks at him.

KAREN

You're my favorite brother.

MILES

I'm your only brother.

Miles watches her cab disappear into traffic. He's about to head back inside when he sees Pauline approach the hotel.

105 EXT. CEMETARY - DAY

105

Matt lies on his back in the grass. The CAMERA pulls back, he lies right next to Joan's grave.

MATT

I should have danced with you,
darling.

104 EXT. CAFE - DAY

104

Miles and Pauline are having coffee in a street cafe.

MILES

So you and my dad are not...

Pauline frowns at first, then understands.

PAULINE

No! We're not.

MILES

Then I don't get it.

PAULINE

What don't you get?

MILES

Why are you doing this?

PAULINE

Why am I doing what?

MILES

Why do you hang out with my dad?

Pauline hesitates.

PAULINE

Matt needs someone to take care of
him.

MILES

Oh I can imagine why he's *letting*
you do it, I meant why are you
doing it?

Pauline contemplates the question. Looks straight at him.

PAULINE

I'm good at it.

This raises an eyebrow. Then Miles frowns.

MILES

So how good are you at taking care
of yourself? Wait, don't tell me.
You suck at it, right?

We can see in her face that he's spot on about her.

PAULINE

Ok, now it's my turn.

MILES

With what?

PAULINE

Asking questions you don't like to
answer.

MILES

Fair enough.

PAULINE

Why are you so angry?

MILES

My wife is pregnant.

Straightshooter. Not the answer Pauline was expecting.

PAULINE

And that makes you angry?

MILES

It's not mine.

He doesn't take his eyes off her stunned, beautiful face.

MILES

But that's not why I'm angry.

PAULINE

Matt thinks you're angry at him.

MILES

He's right, I am. But he doesn't
care whether I am or not.

PAULINE

That's not true.

MILES

Forgive me for asking, but what
exactly makes you an authority on
the subject?

PAULINE

I saw the way he looks at you when
you leave the room.

Miles looks away. He's not ready for this. Silence.

PAULINE

You must miss her very much.

Miles twists the cup in his hand and doesn't look at her.

MILES

I don't know. Sometimes I think we should have never gotten married in the first place.

PAULINE

I meant your mother.

Surprised, Miles turns to look at her. Pauline locks eyes with him and makes a decision.

PAULINE

What are you doing tonight?

106 INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

106

Matt sits in one of the booths in this fancy restaurant. A great number of WAITERS in black and white, elegant lighting, white table cloths that reach the floor, expensive wines, fantastic food, subdued conversations, the Parisian elite dines here, no doubt about it. Matt eagerly awaits Pauline's arrival, straightens out his tie, takes the napkin. He drinks from his glass of water. Miles enters the restaurant and approaches the MAITRE'D who checks the reservations, smoothly takes a menu and leads Miles through the restaurant toward Matt's table. When father and son see each other, Miles slows down and Matt straightens up. Neither was prepared for this.

MATT

What are you doing here?

MILES

Pauline asked me to dinner.

MATT

Oh.

MILES

What are you doing here?

MATT

I asked *her* to dinner.

MILES

Oh.

He reluctantly sits down. The Maitre'd hands him the menu. Matt and Miles both open their menus.

MAITRE'D

Enjoy your meal, messieurs.

MATT

Is Karen coming too?

MILES
She had to go home. Family crisis.

MATT
What about you?

MILES
My flight is tomorrow.

MATT
Good. I'm sure Susan and Kyle
can't wait to have you back.

He focuses intently on the menu.

MATT
I'm going to have the foie gras.
How about you?

Pauline steps to the table. Matt and Miles both look at her.
Matt gets up, almost a bit too delighted to see her.

MATT
Hello, my dear.

PAULINE
Bonsoir.

MATT
You look very beautiful. Please,
sit down.

PAULINE
Merci.

She slides into the booth and takes her menu.

PAULINE
This is a very nice restaurant.

MATT
It is. Have you been here before?

Pauline smiles, slowly shakes her head. Of course not.

PAULINE
No.

Miles sighs, looks around. He puts down his menu.

MILES
I should go.

He wants to get up, but Pauline puts her hand on his arm.

PAULINE
Please stay. I want you to.

Matt watches Pauline, how she pleads with Miles. Not easy.

MATT
If he wants to leave...

PAULINE
You want him to stay too, don't
you?

How can he resist her. Miles looks across to him.

MATT
Of course.

Miles settles back down. Maybe he'll stay just to annoy Matt.
Pauline is happy. She closes her menu and smiles at Matt.

PAULINE
Will you order for me?

MATT
With pleasure.

Miles closes his menu too and looks at Matt.

MILES
I'll have what you're having.

Matt looks up. Miles turns to Pauline.

MILES
So, Pauline. Have you ever been to
St. Malo?

PAULINE
No, you know, but I always wanted
to go. I hear it's beautiful.

She turns to Matt who stares at Miles. Miles stares back.

PAULINE
What's in St Malo?

MATT
Nothing, we... had a house there.

MILES
We *have* a house there.

Miles doesn't take his eyes off Matt while talking to Pauline.

MILES
We used to go there every summer.
It was my mother's favorite place
in the world. It also used to be
the only thing that we could ever
all agree on.

MATT
I'm sure Pauline doesn't want to
hear about our family business.

PAULINE

Yes I do. I want to hear everything!

1:0 for Miles. He turns to Pauline. Matt regards him sternly.

MILES

Well... since my mother died, we haven't been...

MATT

Did Karen put you up to this?

MILES

I can think for myself, Dad.

MATT

Well, I've already had this discussion with her, and I'm not going to have it again with you.

MILES

Of course. Do what you do best. Shut everyone up.

MATT

I told you I'll get you the money.

MILES

And I told you it's not about that!

PAULINE

Please, can we not...

MILES

You know, you're not the only one with feelings about that house. But you have no consideration for anyone but yourself. I used to think when Mom was still alive, you bothered to think about her, but now I'm not so sure about that anymore either.

MATT

Don't drag your mother into this, she has nothing to do with this.

MILES

She has everything to do with this!

PAULINE

Matthew, I'm sure Miles wants...

MILES

Please don't speak for me.

(back to Matt)

(MORE)

MILES (CONT'D)

You're shutting us out. Like you *always* have. You call the shots, and everyone else has to duck.

PAULINE

I don't think Matt...

MATT

You want to stay angry with me for the rest of your life, that's your decision. But I'm not selling Joan's house to a stranger and that's final!

MILES

It's *our* house! And I don't even want you to sell it! But if Mom were here, she would never...

MATT

But she's not here! She's gone! And I would give anything to take her place. Anything. But I can't. She died, and I'm still here. And you have *no idea* what that leaves me with!

MILES

What does it leave you with?

MATT

Nothing. It leaves me with absolutely nothing, Miles.

The Maitre'd comes to their table. He addresses Pauline.

MAITRE'D

(in French/subtitled)

Mademoiselle, I'm going to have to ask these gentlemen to leave if they can't keep their voices down.

MILES

I'm leaving.

He gets up. Matt throws his napkin down and gets up too.

MATT

No need. I am leaving.

MILES

Forget it. Enjoy your dinner.

MATT

Where are your manners? Pauline asked you to come and...

MILES

Watch your own manners, Dad.

MATT
Goddamn it, Miles, what do you
want from me?

Miles stops and comes back to the table one more time.

MILES
I want you to stop acting like
you're the only one who lost her!

He walks away without waiting for an answer. Bewildered, Matt watches him leave. Finally he turns to Pauline. He is about to say something when she gets up too, clearly upset.

MATT
Why are *you* angry now?!

PAULINE
You are the smart man in this
room. You make the math.

And off she goes. Matt stays behind alone, at loss.

107 EXT. STREET - NIGHT - MUSIC

107

Miles heads down the sidewalk. In the background, Pauline exits the restaurant. She sees Miles walking away.

PAULINE
Miles... Miles! *Attend...*

She hurries after him. Miles glances over his shoulder.

PAULINE
Listen, I'm sorry!

She's almost caught up with him when he stops and turns.

MILES
Nobody asked you to fix this, do
you hear me?

PAULINE
I thought...

MILES
You can't fix it. You're not *that*
good. Alright? Just. Go. Away.

Pauline just stands there staring at him. Miles chuckles, shakes his head, exasperated, and turns to walk away. Pauline remains where she is. Then he suddenly comes back to her.

MILES
Who are you?!

PAULINE
I'm Pauline Laubie, I...

MILES

Is this a French thing? Do you guys just mess with other people's lives on a daily basis? Is that a hobby in this country?

PAULINE

Of course not, that's...

MILES

No, I don't even want to know. I gotta get out of here. Good-bye, Pauline. I wish you the best of luck with... with whatever it is that you're doing.

He walks away. Pauline follows him. He doesn't look back.

MILES

Stop following me!

A few HEADS turn. Pauline stops. Miles walks on. Pauline turns and walks off in the other direction. Whatfuckingevery. Miles stops and turns around again, regretting his tone. But Pauline doesn't, she keeps walking, putting her coat on.

106A INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT - MUSIC 106A

A WAITER approaches Matt and asks something. Matt shakes his head. Matt slowly gets up, neatly folds his napkin and leaves.

108 INT. MILES' HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT - MUSIC 108

Miles lies on his bed, dressed, the lights are off, his window is wide open. Late night traffic, distant sirens.

109 INT. PAULINE'S STUDIO - NIGHT - MUSIC 109

Still wearing her dress, Pauline is drinking straight from a bottle. She is obviously drunk already. As she sways through her bare flat, she makes a few dance moves, struggles with her balance. Then she stops.

110 INT. MATT'S APARTMENT - BLUE HOUR - MUSIC 110

Matt hasn't slept. He wanders through his dark and quiet flat, fully dressed. The very first tender blue light of morning.

113 INT. DANCE SCHOOL - DAY 113

Matt enters the main room. There is a class going on - but it is being taught by PEDRO. Matt frowns. The manager shows up.

MANAGER

May I help you?

Matt turns around.

112 EXT. BAKERY/SANDWICHERIE - DAY

112

Miles stands at the counter. He checks out the selection.
Service woman #2 waits for him to make up his mind.

MILES

Yes, I would like one of those ham
and cheese sandwiches, and could
you please take off the pickles?

Service woman #2 takes a sandwich and chuckles.

SERVICE WOMAN #2

(in French/subtitled)

*What is it with you people? Is
there a law against pickles in
your country?*

MILES

Yes, thanks. How much is that?

114 EXT. IN FRONT OF PAULINE'S HOUSE - DAY

114

Matt checks the address on a piece of paper and looks up at
the building. Then he goes to ring the doorbell. Waits. At
last, Pauline opens the window and looks out. She sees Matt,
hesitates, then closes the window again. Matt takes a few
steps back to look up when suddenly the buzzer goes. He leaps
forward to push open the door and disappears inside.

115 INT. PAULINE'S STUDIO - DAY

115

Pauline, still wearing the dress, opens the front door and
goes straight back to bed. She pulls the duvet cover all the
way over her head. Matt carefully enters the flat. He looks
around, quietly closes the door behind himself.

MATT

Pauline?

Nothing. Then he notices the heap on the bed. The empty
bottles next to it. He puts away his umbrella and goes to the
messy kitchen. He wants to make coffee - but the coffee can is
empty. He checks the fridge. No milk, not much else. He gives
up. Turns and wanders over to the bed. Stands there, at loss.

MATT

I tried drinking for a while.

He nods to himself.

MATT

It doesn't work for me at all.

Silence. He just stands there. Looks around.

MATT

You could use some chairs... I
will get you some chairs.

He turns back to the motionless heap on the bed.

MATT
I'm sorry about last night.

He stares at Pauline under cover. No reaction.

MATT
You shouldn't get caught in the middle like this.

He's hoping for an appearance.

MATT
It's hard to explain when...

He sighs. It's too hard. Shakes his head. Looks around.

PAULINE (O.S.)
I got myself caught in the middle.

Grateful, Matt turns back towards her. Finds the courage.

MATT
Pauline, I... I could really use your help with something.

Pauline suddenly throws back the cover, startling Matt.

PAULINE
I have my own problems! I have problems! Do you understand?

MATT
I know. Of course. I'm sorry. I didn't come here to take advantage of your kindness. I'm very sorry.

He nods. Turns away, walks to the door and turns around again.

MATT
It's just that...

PAULINE
What?
(sits up)
What is it, Matthew?

MATT
You're the crack in my world, Pauline.

He doesn't expect her to understand this. But she does. She suddenly gets up, rushes towards him and throws her arms around him. He hesitates, then settles his hands on her back.

Matt opens both doors of Joan's closet. Everything is still

there, her clothes, accessories, scarfs, shoes, in perfect order. Pauline lingers near the door. This is hard for Matt. He takes a breath and takes the first load of clothes off the rail, carefully lies them on the bed. Pauline walks towards the bed as Matt gets the second load.

PAULINE

Do you want to keep the hangers?

Matt turns to her and puts down the second load.

MATT

No. There are few things more depressing than empty hangers.

Pauline takes the first dress and takes it off the hanger to fold it up. Matt gets more stuff from the closet.

PAULINE

What shall we put all this in?

MATT

I don't...

PAULINE

Maybe you have some big garbage bags or...

Matt looks at her. That's the last thing he wants to do.

PAULINE

Or what about suitcases? You think you have enough suitcases?

MATT

I'll go get them.

While she is alone in the room, Pauline holds a beautiful summer dress up to her body and looks at herself in the mirror. It would look gorgeous on her. Matt comes back down the hall with the suitcases and catches a glimpse of Pauline with the dress. He steps back. Pauline hears but doesn't see him and quickly folds the dress. She goes to get more clothes from the closet. After this beat, Matt walks in. Pauline smiles at him. Matt puts the suitcases on the bed.

118 INT. RED CROSS DONATION OFFICE - DAY

118

Matt and Pauline stand at the counter. A RED CROSS EMPLOYEE sifts through Joan's clothes. Matt and Pauline look on. The Red Cross Employee dumps a pile into one of the huge baskets behind her and comes back for more. Matt pulls his hand out of his coat and without looking at Pauline, he gently puts the back of his hand against the palm of hers. She takes his hand without looking at him.

RED CROSS EMPLOYEE

(in French/subtitled)

What about the suitcases?

PAULINE
Do you want to keep the suitcases?

MATT
No. I don't need them anymore.

PAULINE
(in French/subtitled)
*You can keep them if you have use
for them.*

RED CROSS EMPLOYEE
(in French/subtitled)
We do. Do you need a receipt?

119 EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

119

Birdseye view. The citroen leaves the city heading West.

PAULINE (V.O.)
Paris. Born and raised. You?

120 INT/EXT. MATT'S CAR - DAY

120

Matt is behind the wheel, Pauline on the passenger seat.

MATT
Every military base my father got
himself transferred to.

PAULINE
Was he away a lot?

MATT
No. My father never actually
fought in a war. Except...with us
kids I suppose.

He looks out the window. Doesn't want to talk about it. Then
turns to Pauline again to change the subject.

MATT
So what ever happened to George
Hamilton?

PAULINE
Who?

Matt tries to say the name as French as possible. And fails.

MATT
JEROME. The waiter.

PAULINE
Ah.

MATT
Did you see him again?

Pauline shakes her head.

MATT

Why not? He couldn't keep his eyes off of you.

Pauline shrugs and glances out the window.

PAULINE

You know what men are like.

MATT

What *are* they like?

PAULINE

They're all the same. The way they stare at your tits and pretend not to.

MATT

I was actually hoping I wasn't doing that.

PAULINE

You're different. That's why I love being with you.

She turns to him and her smile returns to her face.

PAULINE

You stare at me for no reason.

121 INT. MATT'S APARTMENT - DAY

121

Madame Dune goes to answer the door. It's Miles.

MILES

Bonjour, Madame. Is my father here?

MADAME DUNE

I'm afraid I haven't seen him today. Something is going on, Monsieur.

122 INT. MATT'S BEDROOM - DAY

122

Miles looks around. One of the closet doors is still open. He goes to open the other one. He sees the single dress there.

MADAME DUNE

Should I call the police?

MILES

I'm sure that's not necessary. I'm going to wait for him.

123 EXT. BEACH HOUSE NEAR ST MALO - DAY

123

Matt and Pauline get out of the car. They are parked in front of a beautiful old house that has been neglected for years.

PAULINE
Is this your house?

MATT
Yes.

Pauline looks at the house, then back at Matt.

MATT
You want to go in?

He tears his eyes away from the house to look at Pauline.

PAULINE
Do you?

124 INT. BEACH HOUSE NEAR ST MALO - DAY

124

The main room is dark. The front door opens and light pours in. Matt and Pauline walk in. Matt only takes a few steps inside, then stops. Memory washes over him. Pauline passes him and goes to one of the windows. She opens it and opens the shutters. She moves on to the next. Matt looks on.

Now it's Joan who opens the third and fourth window. Pauline opens a last shutter. When she turns around, Matt sits at the table, bent over, trembling. She walks over to him, stands close to him, hesitates. Then she carefully puts her hand on his shoulder. He turns and wraps his arms around her waist, pressing his face to her stomach, sobbing silently. Pauline holds him. Embarrassed, Matt wants to let go of her, but she holds on to him, so he stays where he is.

125 INT. BEDROOM BEACH HOUSE NEAR ST MALO - DAY

125

Pauline leads Matt to the bed by the hand, makes him lie down on it, takes his shoes off. Then she lies down behind him and puts her arms around him from behind.

MATT
I'm sorry.

PAULINE
Don't be sorry.

MATT
I shouldn't have imposed on you like that.

PAULINE
Matthew. I've met quite a few men in my life. Nobody has ever imposed on me with more love and respect than you just now.

126 INT. MATT'S LIVING ROOM - DAY 126

Miles walks in, restless. The boxes catch his eye. He opens a box and starts putting the books back into the shelves.

127 INT. BEDROOM BEACH HOUSE NEAR ST MALO - DUSK 127

Pauline awakes with a start. She looks around disoriented and finds herself alone. The window is open, SEAGULLS screaming.

128 INT. BEACH HOUSE NEAR ST MALO - DUSK 128

Pauline comes into the main room. Matt is puttering around in the kitchen. Apparently he's gotten some groceries.

MATT

I hope you're hungry.

PAULINE

Anything I can do?

MATT

Yes, you can wash and pick the beans if you like, and I need a handful of thyme. And you can open that bottle and pour us a glass.

Pauline does as told. Together they carry on in silence.

MATT

You're wrong about me, you know.

PAULINE

Yeah? How?

MATT

I have plenty of reasons to stare at you.

PAULINE

Really.

MATT

Really. I could give you ten reasons right now and that's just off the top of my head.

PAULINE

Okay...I'm listening.

MATT

You really want to know?

PAULINE

I really want to know.

MATT

Okay. You're beautiful. Obviously. You're smart. I always know when
(MORE)

MATT (CONT'D)

you're sad because you always hide it behind your defiance when you are. When you're happy, all of you is happy, even your hair. You don't have a single mean bone in your body, and I thought they don't make them like you anymore. You're funny. When you listen, you actually look interested. You're kind. And you tend to wear your heart on your sleeve. Which can be incredibly intimidating.

PAULINE

That's nine. What's the tenth one?

MATT

You remind me of Joan.

This hangs between them. Then Pauline goes back to picking the thyme. Not much experience with that. Matt comes over and takes the thyme from her hand. He takes off one of the stems.

MATT

If you take off the stem and then pull this way, it's easier.

Pauline nods. She tries. It works. Matt looks at her.

MATT

I want you to have the house, Pauline.

PAULINE

What?

MATT

I want to give you this house.

PAULINE

No!

MATT

I want you to keep it. And I will make sure you'll always have enough money to maintain it. Would you do that for me?

PAULINE

No, Matthew, I'm sorry. I can't. This house belongs to your family.

MATT

I thought you are my family now.

This seems to upset her. She turns away and walks outside.

Pauline sits on the terrace wall and stares out over the

Ocean. Matt steps outside. Regards her from behind.

MATT
What's wrong, Pauline?

PAULINE
I don't understand you. I thought I did, but I don't think I do. You have what I always wanted. And you don't seem to care.

MATT
I do care.

PAULINE
(turns to him)
Then why do you push them away like you do? They're your children and they came here because they're worried about you and you...

MATT
What, you think they love me cause it's the rules?

PAULINE
I think they love you because you're their father.

MATT
If you could have your parents back right now, would you want to?

PAULINE
Of course!

MATT
Why?

PAULINE
Because...they're my parents!

MATT
They treated you horribly.

PAULINE
But I loved them.

MATT
No matter how they treated you.

PAULINE
Yes.

MATT
Pauline, you have this fantasy in your head about the perfect family you never got to have, but I'm telling you, it doesn't exist!

PAULINE

You're still here, Matthew. If you want things to be different, you can still change them. It's not too late for that.

MATT

Believe me. All I am to them now is the man who took their mother away from them and that's that.

He turns away from her, trembling.

PAULINE

What do you mean?

130 INT. MATT AND JOAN'S STUDY - NIGHT

130

Miles sits down at Matt's desk and looks around. He starts opening the drawers. He finds the letters to him, Pauline, Madame Léry and Karen. He takes them out. After a moment of hesitation he opens the one addressed to him and reads it.

129A EXT - TERRACE - NIGHT

129A

Matt and Pauline sit next to each other facing the Ocean.

MATT

They wanted her to come home when she first got sick, but she wanted to stay in Paris and I let her. I thought it would help her get well. But the cancer only got worse. The treatments tortured her.

(beat)

And in the end all I wanted was for her not to suffer anymore. I didn't want her to be in pain anymore.

(beat)

Or maybe I just didn't want to be in pain anymore.

He closes his eyes to find the strength to carry on.

MATT

She didn't want me to tell the kids. She wanted to give up the fight and go home and die in peace and she knew if she would see them, she wouldn't be able to do that. Miles certainly would have never let her. He's a doctor, it's against his oath. So she begged me not to tell them. She made me promise. And I did.

A long pause. This is hard. He's never talked about this.

MATT

But when she finally slipped away,
all I wanted was another day with
her. Another hour. One more
moment. I was such a fool.

(beat)

I realized what I had done to
them. And now it was too late.

PAULINE

And you never told them?

MATT

(shakes his head)

It was my mistake. Not hers.

131 INT. MILES' HOTEL FRONT DESK - NIGHT

131

Miles walks up to a sleepy, reluctant CONCIERGE.

CONCIERGE

Can I help you, Monsieur?

MILES

Yes, I need you to call the
police.

CONCIERGE

What is the problem, Monsieur?

MILES

I need to report a missing person.

132 INT. BEACH HOUSE NEAR ST MALO - NIGHT

132

Matt is asleep on the couch. Pauline spreads a blanket over
him. She kisses Matt on the forehead and quietly leaves.

134 INT. MILES' HOTEL ROOM / HALLWAY - NIGHT

134

There is a quiet knock on the door. Miles goes to open it.
Pauline stands outside. Miles was worried sick.

PAULINE

Hi. I hope it's not...

MILES

Where is my father?

PAULINE

He's fine.

MILES

I didn't ask you how he is, I
asked where he is!

Pauline turns away to leave. Miles regrets his tone.

MILES

Wait! Pauline!

Pauline walks a few more steps, then slows down and turns around. Miles has stepped into the hall.

MILES

I'm sorry. I was worried.

Pauline is not convinced yet, stays where she is.

MILES

Would you like to come in?

Pauline reluctantly follows the invitation.

MILES

Thanks for coming, anyway.

He closes the door. Pauline hesitates.

PAULINE

Matthew doesn't know that I'm here.

MILES

Where is he?

PAULINE

I'm pretty sure I'm not supposed to tell you that.

MILES

You don't think I have a right to know?

PAULINE

No.

MILES

And what gives you the...

PAULINE

Because I think you don't know how lucky you are!

Miles is taken aback.

PAULINE

And because right now I think I am the only one on his side.

MILES

Really. Well, let me tell you what I think. I think you're not just looking after a lonely old man out of charity.

PAULINE

Has it ever occurred to you that your father doesn't need charity?! He is the most wonderful company! He makes me laugh and he is a real gentleman, he's generous and kind and I feel special around him and safe and I'd rather spend my days with him than with anyone I have met in a very long time!

MILES

My father isn't funny.

PAULINE

Yes he is!

Miles chuckles in disbelief.

MILES

Come on, look at you. You're heart-stoppingly gorgeous, you're smart, you're young, you're... French! You could have any man you want! Why are you going after him?

PAULINE

God damn it, I am not going after him!

MILES

No, I'm sorry, of course you're not. Because you don't have to. I see the way he looks at you. He lusts after you. That's convenient, isn't it?

PAULINE

Why do you have to make something precious and wonderful sound like something cheap and awful? Why are you so angry? Don't you see how much he's...

MILES

Because he was never there for me!

Uh. Miles hates hearing the truth, coming from him. He turns away and walks to the window.

MILES

And now he wants to die. And who am I to stop him, right?

He shakes his head. Staring at Paris.

MILES

What the hell am I still doing here. He didn't want me here when
(MORE)

MILES (CONT'D)

mom was dying, and he certainly
doesn't want me here now.

Pauline watches him. Considers her options.

MILES

I have to get out of here.

PAULINE

(hesitates)

Miles, I want to tell you some-
thing. I'm pretty sure it's okay
if I do.

135 INT. BEACH HOUSE NEAR ST MALO - DAWN

135

Matt wakes up on the couch. Morning breaks outside, seagulls
are screaming. He shakes off sleep and sits up. Notices a note
on the coffeetable and picks it up. "DON'T GO AWAY - I WILL BE
BACK SOON" He drops the note on the table and looks around.

136 EXT. BEACH - EARLY MORNING

136

It's a stunning morning out here, the fog is beginning to give
way to a rising sun. Matt comes walking down from the house
towards the beach. He takes a walk. Eventually Joan joins him.

MATT

We should spend more time here
next year, don't you think? I mean
not just when the family is here,
I mean you and me. What do you
think?

JOAN

Matt. I'm dying.

MATT

You're not dying.

JOAN

And the longer you pretend I'm
not, the more time will run away
from us.

She looks away. Matt stops. It's difficult to breathe.

MATT

If I can't pretend that I'm not
losing you, I'm not gonna make it.

Joan stops and turns around. They look at each other.

MATT

It wasn't supposed to be like
this.

JOAN

I know.

MATT
It wasn't supposed to be like
this.

Down the beach, Matt sits down on some driftwood, alone.

137 INT. MILES'S HOTEL ROOM - EARLY MORNING

137

Miles and Pauline sit on the floor, leaned against the bed.
Miles has his head down, taking in what he just heard.

PAULINE
What would you have done if you
had been there?

Miles lifts his head and ponders the question for a long time.

MILES
Probably exactly what she was
afraid I would do.

For while nobody talks. Eventually, Miles gets out his wallet
and pulls out an old picture of Joan. Shows it to Pauline.

MILES
That's her. Her last good summer.

He smiles tenderly at the memory. Pauline takes the picture.

PAULINE
She is very beautiful.

MILES
Inside and out.

Kyle is in the picture with Joan. Pauline points at him.

PAULINE
And who is that?

MILES
That's my son. Kyle.

Proud father. Pauline smiles. Miles glances at her.

MILES
What?

PAULINE
I like that you carry a picture in
your wallet. You know. Not in your
phone, like everyone else. It's
nice. It's old-fashioned.

MILES
(looks at the photo)
Oh boy.

PAULINE

I like that.

MILES

You're easy to impress.

PAULINE

I'm a push-over.

She looks at the photo again and gives it to Miles.

PAULINE

Your son is gorgeous.

Miles smiles at the photo one more time, then puts it away.

MILES

He's the real thing.

Pauline looks at Miles. Like a light has come on in him.

138 INT. BEACH HOUSE ST MALO - DAY

138

Matt finishes writing a note, folds it, writes something on it and puts it on the coffee table. Then he leaves. We pull in on the note. It has Pauline's name on it. The slight draft from the closing of the door moves it a bit.

139 EXT. OUTSIDE OF BEACH HOUSE - DAY

139

A cab has pulled up. Matt gets in. The cab takes off.

140 INT/EXT. CAB - DAY

140

The DRIVER looks into the rearview mirror.

DRIVER

(in French/subtitled)

Where do you want to go?

MATT

Yes. I need to go to Paris.

DRIVER

You want to go to Paris?!

MATT

Yes. There is only one Paris in France, right?

DRIVER

(in French/subtitled)

It's your money.

MATT

Because you know, we have a Paris in Texas, a Paris in Illinois, one in Tennessee, in New York, Iowa, Ohio, Maine, Wisconsin, Kentucky,

(MORE)

MATT (CONT'D)

Michigan, Arkansas and Idaho, and those are just the ones I know about.

He looks out the window.

MATT

And I'm pretty sure they have one in Canada too.

141 INT. MILES' HOTEL ROOM - DAY

141

Pauline has fallen asleep on the bed, Miles still sits on the floor. He looks over his shoulder to watch Pauline sleep. God, she's beautiful. Suddenly she opens her eyes and shoots up.

PAULINE

What time is it? I have to go.

MILES

Let me go with you.

She puts her hand on his shoulder and kisses him quickly on the temple as she climbs off the bed.

PAULINE

No.

142 INT. MILES' HOTEL - HALLWAY - DAY

142

Miles walks Pauline out the door. She wants to head down the hall, he wants to go back into his room, but he stops.

MILES

Pauline...

PAULINE

Yes.

She heads back towards him, and they come together in that unforgettable first kiss. Her hands on his neck and face. His arm comes around her back. He pulls her close. Feel this.

Matt comes walking down the hall. Just as he turns a corner, he sees Pauline in Miles' arms. Matt quickly backs off behind the corner from where he can see Miles and Pauline kissing. He casts his eyes down. When he looks back up, Pauline pulls away from Miles. Matt backs into the stairwell. Pauline comes down the hall and turns the corner. She passes the door to the stairwell and takes the elevator.

143 INT. MILES' HOTEL ROOM - DAY

143

Miles heads into the bathroom when there is a knock on the door. Quickly he comes back, smiling, and goes to open the door. Matt stands in front of him. He points at Miles.

MATT

If you hurt her, I am going to kill you.

MILES

Dad.

MATT

I don't care that you're my son, I
will kill you.

He turns and walks away. Turns around and comes back.

MATT

I swear!

And off he goes. Miles is too stunned to move.

144 INT. MATT'S APARTMENT - DAY

144

Matt enters. He carefully closes the door and locks it, puts
away his umbrella, hangs his coat and walks down the hall.

146 INT. MATT'S KITCHEN/HALLWAY - DAY

146

Matt heads towards the bedroom when Madame Dune steps out of
the kitchen.

MADAME DUNE

Monsieur Morgan. There you are.

Matt turns around surprised, he wasn't expecting her.

MATT

Madame Dune. I'm sorry. I wasn't
expecting you.

She smiles at him, clearly relieved to see him.

MADAME DUNE

I have brought you your groceries.
I will cook you a nice lunch, yes?

MATT

Thank you, Madame Dune, but that
won't be necessary today.

MADAME DUNE

But Monsieur...

MATT

I will prepare my own lunch today,
but thank you.

MADAME DUNE

Monsieur...

MATT

Thank you for doing the shopping,
really. Merci. Have a good day.
And thank you for everything.

He nods and turns away. Unsure, she finally goes back into the kitchen to gather her things and leaves.

147 INT. MATT'S KITCHEN - DAY 147

Matt at the stove, cooking with care and confidence.

148 INT. MATT'S APARTMENT - DINING ROOM - DAY 148

Matt has carefully set the table for two, as he always does. He helps himself to his meat and vegetables, pours himself a glass of Bordeaux. He unfolds his napkin and cuts himself the first bite of steak when the doorbell rings. Matt pauses.

149 INT. MATT'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY - DAY 149

Again, Matt checks who is outside. He looks down, then opens the door. Miles stands outside.

MILES

Hi.

Matt barely nods, can't get himself to look at Miles.

MATTHEW

I'm having lunch.

150 INT. MATT'S DINING ROOM/KITCHEN - DAY 150

Miles sits down at the other set place, Matt helps him to some food, then sits down and takes fork and knife. He waits for Miles to do the same, then resumes eating. Miles hesitates, then he puts his knife and fork back down.

MILES

Listen, Dad...

Matt slams his fist on the table and looks straight at him.

MATT

You're married, for Christ's sake.
How dare you do this to Susan and
Kyle? How dare you do this to
Pauline? Did you...? Does she know
that you have a wife and kid?

MILES

No, I didn't, yes, she does. And
my marriage is over.

MATT

What?!

MILES

Susan filed for divorce.

Matt leans back, this comes as a shock to him.

MATT

Why? What happened? What did you do?

MILES

I didn't do anything. Can you imagine that it could possibly NOT be my fault? She left *me*, Dad.

MATT

When?

MILES

Five weeks ago. She met someone else. That's it.

Matt stares at Miles, trying to grasp the facts.

MILES

And I didn't tell you because mom never liked Susan in the first place, and you never thought I was cut out for the long run, and I don't particularly enjoy watching you wallow in self-righteousness.

Matt gets up, shaking off the insult.

MATT

A marriage his hard work.

He takes his plate and goes to the kitchen. Miles follows him.

MILES

What, you think I didn't work hard enough at this?

MATT

If you're not willing to make sacrifices...

MILES

And what sacrifices did you make exactly?

Matt doesn't respond. He avoids looking at Miles and goes back to the living room, with Miles in tow.

MILES

Kyle is going to come live with me.

MATT

What about the hospital?

MILES

I'll have to find another job somewhere. I'm gonna make it work.

Matt occupies himself with clearing the table.

MATT

You really think that's in Kyle's best interest?

MILES

It's what he wants. He needs me, and I'm going to make damn sure I'll be there, so he won't make the same mistakes I made.

He watches his father closely who still won't look at him.

MATT

I was there, I taught you things, that didn't stop you from...

MILES

Of course you did, dad. My whole life you taught me what to think, what to read, what to believe in. But I didn't need a teacher, I needed a father!

This is a tough blow. Matt shakes his head and takes the remaining plates into the kitchen. Finally, he comes back.

MATT

You know, you can't keep blaming me for everything that's wrong in your life! All I ever wanted for you was to go out into the world and chase your dreams, have adventures, fall in love, take risks! That's what I wanted for you!

MILES

Then why did you never tell me?!

Suddenly, Matt is thrown off track.

MATT

Because I didn't think I had to!

MILES

Oh come on, Dad...

MATT

Because I didn't know how...

MILES

All I ever heard from you was what I did wrong, I...

MATT

Because I didn't know how to tell you that I didn't want you to become like me!

This stuns Miles. With this realization, all rage goes out of him. Matt turns away, trembling, walks to the window. Miles' voice gets quiet in this unexpected moment of understanding.

MILES

Dad. I *adored* you.

MATT

In blind faith.

MILES

You're wrong. I knew mom would never love anyone like she loved you who wasn't worth it.

Matt struggles with this. He shakes his head.

MATT

I swear to God, to this day, I don't know why she picked me.

151 INT. BEACH HOUSE ST MALO - DAY

151

The empty house. The back door is still open. We HEAR a car approaching, stopping. Footsteps on the pebble. The front door opens. The draft blows Matt's note off the coffee table.

PAULINE

Matthew?

Pauline walks into the empty house.

150A INT. MATT'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

150A

Matt still stands by the window.

MATT

If it hadn't been for your mother, I would have never done much of anything with my life. And without her...

Miles looks at his father differently for the first time.

MILES

Do you know that she said the same thing about you?

MATT

She just wanted you to be proud of me.

MILES

If I could have been half the husband you were, I probably wouldn't be signing my divorce papers right now.

Matt sighs. There is no way to explain it all.

MATT

Listen to me, Miles. I had to stop your mother from walking out plenty of times. I let her down more often than I care to count. It wasn't perfect and it certainly wasn't always easy. But we knew we were meant for each other. You can't make that happen, that happens to you. And when you're lucky enough that it does, you have to let it.

Miles needs a moment. Then he makes a decision.

MILES

Dad. Pauline told me. About mom.

Matt stares at his son, until he grasps the implication.

MILES

I'm glad she did.

Matt turns away and looks out the window for a long time.

MATT

I didn't stop her.

MILES

She didn't want you to.

Matt turns very quiet.

MATT

I should have stopped her.

MILES

You knew mom. You couldn't have.

MATT

If you want to blame someone, Miles, blame me. I should have told you.

MILES

I don't blame anyone, Dad. I just...

(beat)

I just wish I could have said good-bye to her.

Matt shakes his head. His pain is almost palpable.

MATT

I didn't say good-bye. I was there and I didn't know how.

Miles gets up and walks over to Matt, stands beside him.

MILES
Maybe we'll find another way.

MATT
Maybe.

Miles looks at the portrait of his mother by the window.

MILES
Remember how she used to light up
a room?

MATT
Like the sun.

MILES
Pauline does that.

MATT
Yeah...
(beat)
Don't let her get away.

MILES
I won't.

MATT
Don't let her run away.

MILES
I won't.

MATT
And don't let anybody or anything
get in your way.

MILES
Dad.

MATT
What?

MILES
Stop it.

MATT
Okay.

He turns to Miles. We see the love now.

MATT
I was good at loving your mother,
Miles. I was never very good at
loving you. But somehow you became
ten times the father I ever was.
And you did that all on your own.
Do you understand? It's all you.

Miles looks at his father.

152 INT. MATT'S HALLWAY - DAY

152

Matt walks Miles to the door. At the door Matt turns to Miles.

MATT

Will you do me a favor? Tell
Pauline... Tell her I figured it
out.

MILES

Figured what out?

MATT

(hesitates)
She'll know.

They look at each other. Father and son finally manage to embrace. Matt holds on tight and closes his eyes. Then he lets go of Miles quickly. It's too much.

MATT

And remember what I told you.

MILES

(needs a moment)
About killing me?

MATT

Yes. Now go find her. I love you.

MILES

I'll see you later.

MATT

Good-bye, Miles.

Matt nods. Miles opens the door and walks out into the hall. There, he turns around to Matt.

MILES

You're not left with nothing. You
know that, don't you?

MATT

I do.

MILES

Okay.

Miles leaves. Matt closes the door and remains by the door for a long time. MUSIC.

153 INT. MATT'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

153

Matt walks into the living room. Looks around. There is nothing left to be done here. He pulls off one of the notes that says PAULINE from of the empty boxes.

154 EXT. BEACH NEAR ST MALO - DAY 154

Pauline walks along the beach, looking for Matt. The wind tears at her hair as uneasiness fills her heart. She stops and looks around. The beach is deserted.

155 INT. MATT'S BEDROOM - DAY 155

Matt comes into the bedroom. He opens Joan's old closet and gets out the dress. He puts it on the bed and puts the note on it. He goes to the nightstand, takes Joan's photo out of the frame and puts it into the pocket of his jacket. Then he walks towards the bathroom.

JOAN

Thank you.

Matt stops and turns around. Joan lies in bed, pale and very weak, but more content, balanced. He barely nods.

MATT

You're welcome.

Another moment, then he turns away and walks to the bathroom. He closes the door. PULL BACK. The bedroom is empty.

156 EXT. PARK - DAY 156

It's a beautiful sunny day. Matt sits on the bench where Pauline took him for their first lunch together.

Pauline slowly walks up to him. She looks different. She has brought herself a sandwich and sits down next to Matt. She doesn't see the tender smile he welcomes her with. There is a comfortable silence between them as Pauline slowly unwraps her sandwich and begins to eat it. After the first couple of bites, her eyes fill with tears. A tear rolls down her cheek, she lowers her eyes. She swallows. Wipes her tears away.

PAULINE

I miss you, Matthew.

Matthew watches her with all the love in his heart.

MATT

I miss you too, Pauline.

Off in the distance, Miles enters the park. He sees Pauline sitting on the bench - all by herself. He wears a dark suit and stops for a moment, as if unsure whether to approach Pauline. But then he walks over to her. She holds Matt's note from St. Malo and lifts her defiantly sad face to Miles. He regards her lovingly. Finally, he sits down next to her.

MILES

He left you St. Malo.

Pauline briefly closes her eyes.

PAULINE

(quietly)

I told him I didn't want it.

Miles gazes into the park. The slightest sad smile plays around his lips at the thought of his father.

MILES

He always had a better idea.

He nods in agreement. Then he looks down. Takes his time.

MILES

Listen... I have to go see my son.

(beat)

But I will be back.

Pauline doesn't respond, as if she doesn't quite believe it. He leans back and turns to look at her.

MILES

I will come back for you, Pauline.

If it's the last thing he does. She meets his eyes.

PAULINE

Okay.

Making sure she knows it.

MILES

Okay.

He takes a last look around the park, and a deep breath. Then he turns back to her.

MILES

Are you ready?

She just looks at him. No, she's not. But then they get up and she follows his lead. Together, they walk towards the entrance of the park as the camera pulls up. As they walk, Miles puts the back of his hand against hers. She looks at him as she recognizes this - and takes his hand into hers. He brings her hand to his lips to kiss it. They keep walking hand in hand.

PAULINE

Miles...

MILES

Yes.

Pauline takes a breath. Say it out loud.

PAULINE

I want you to be that guy.

MILES

What guy?

PAULINE

The one I never get to meet.

Mile glances at her.

MILES

But we've already met.

PAULINE

Yes.

Miles gets it.

MILES

I guess we're lucky that way.

PAULINE

I guess we are.

They leave the park hand in hand. Let us see Paris in the distance.

City of love.