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Madame

By Amanda Sthers

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Dr Schwiman

was so right.

Isn't this romantic?

(GROANS)

This bike weigh's

as much as a dead cow.

Who designed

these bikes, Hitler?

My God!

They use these

in the Tour de France?

Well, everything is old here,

it's part of the charm.

BOB:

(RINGS BIKE BELL)

And I think it's going

to rain.

Why do you have to be

so pessimistic?

I'm not pessimistic.

I'm realistic.

Exact same thing for you.

Where are we?

What arrondissement is this?

Why don't you ride next to me

instead of behind me because

I may as well be

riding alone.

Suit yourself.

I'm tired anyway.

Suit yourself.

(ROCK'N'DOLLARS PLAYING)

Ole!

(SONG CONTINUES)

(THUNDER RUMBLING)

Is my husband here?

No, madam.

We were worrying

about you.

No, no harm done.

What about Jacques?

JACQUES:

Ready and waiting!
Brace yourself, pal.
Look at that. Madam,
I'm doubling my fee.
(LAUGHS)

JACQUES:

out there, didn't let me in.
Of course not. We have the
Lord Mayor of London coming.
Really? Sexy!
Can I say hello?
- Well, he's coming with his husband.
- Too bad.
Today's mail, madam.
And this came by messenger.
(THUNDER RUMBLING)
I want some
chocolate milk.
And I'll have a double vodka
on the rocks.

KIDS:

STEVEN:

silly monkeys?
(KISSES) Sean.
How are you, Maria?
Mr. Stevens,
when did you get here?
Just this afternoon.
What's happening here? Is it
someone's birthday or something?
Nothing like that.
Just a small dinner
for twelve.
Ah...

STEVEN:

Come on Rose, you need
to eat something.
No.
Please Mr. Steven,

tell her.
What are you doing,
Rose,
starving yourself
like Mommy?
Skinny Mommy, yes!
Well, don't.
No one likes
a human toothpick.
I'm going to find our dad.
Listen to your big brother and
finish those potatoes, please.
Okay. Try that.
Aren't you
going to miss it?
Of course,
I'm going to miss it.
This was your grandfather's
greatest acquisition.
He'd cut
my balls off.
Why don't you sell
something else?
You still don't get. I'm hanging
by my fingernails here.
I need the money.
Anne's costing you
that much?
Sell her jewels.
You're not funny.
Do you want me to
lend you something?
Could you?
Fifty-thousand,
just for a few days,
until the sale goes through?
I'll call Mom.
Don't do that.
Don't give her
the satisfaction.
How is she, anyway?
Getting older and
heavier by the day.
Richer, too.

Middle East foggy London.

She voted Brexit.

Makes sense.

When you were born she was
nuts about Margaret Thatcher.

She said I had to
vote for Reagan.

Did you?

No.

We were in Athens.

Our last horrible year.

(CHUCKLES)

How's the writing going?

Yeah, my publisher's
coming to Paris.

I've got nothing
to show him.

He knows it.

So, why is he coming?

When he writes off
the Eurostar trip,

I'm one of his best assets.

(UPBEAT MUSIC PLAYING)

(HELENE SPEAKING FRENCH)

UBER DRIVER:

Go on, sir, take one.

In my country,
we call it mektoub.

Your future.

Tonight you will meet
someone special.

It's not very original.

No? And what if

that someone special
is a mysterious,
beautiful lady.

Zip me up.

I'd rather undress you.

Well,

you had your chance.

Ten, eleven, twelve.

Thirteen?

(MARIA SPEAKING SPANISH)

Exactly.

Who did this?

- I did.

- (SIGHS)

- Hello, Anne.

- Hmm.

Welcome to Paris,

Steven,

please make yourself

at home.

Yes and invite yourself

to dinner.

No, Bob invited me.

He didn't say a word.

Typical.

Well, I am not having thirteen at my table.

It is bad luck.

And what's worse,

it's me.

Sorry about that, Anne, but my

father is really excited to see me.

Especially now as it happens.

(ANNE SIGHS)

Oh my God. Get rid of those.

STEVEN:

be proud of them.

How about I kill you?

Head down.

Rotate for a single axis.

See. I remember every word.

Admit it. I'm a fast learner.

And so is my father.

Add another place setting.

There's one more chair

in the corner. And hurry.

You look beautiful, Anne.

MARIA:

Hey stop. All of you.

Turn around. Look at me.

I need another woman.

Madam? No.

There's no other

solution.

Madam,

I am the maid.

Maid's don't have dinner
with the bosses.

Oh, nonsense.

You're part of this family.

I have

a terrible accent.

Your accent is charming.

But what will I say?

Well, it's not about talking.

It's about sitting.

You know how to sit,

don't you?

Now come, we have

no time to argue.

(ANNE SIGHS)

ANNE:

Okay. Come on.

Which? No, no.

Oh my God.

Here. See if
this one fits.

We're not the
same size, madam.

What about Mandy?

Mandy can do this.

Maria, be serious.

Mandy is a Filipino.

Nobody invites a Filipino
to a dinner party.

Maybe Aung San Suu Kyi because
she won a Nobel peace Prize.

And she's from Burma,
that's different.

Mandy, she speaks terrible
English and terrible French.

I'm not even sure she
knows how to speak Filipino.

No, no. We will be
found out in a second!

Found out?

Yes. We're not going to
tell them you're the maid.
So what are we
going to say, madam?
Nothing.
Just act like a friend.
I think I'm going to faint, madam.
I'm unable to lie.
No, no, it's okay.
All women can lie.
It's all about smiling.
- Like this?
- Mmm.
And Josiane?
What about Josiane?
She just started here.
I don't know her.
Josiane is very funny,
madam.
She know how to
make jokes.
She even imitates Sarkozy.
She could be
the perfect guest.
Josiane is at least a 12.
You're pear-shaped
but you're not fat.
Okay, so we'll go with
the pants you have on.
It's not a good idea.
Yes. Yes.
It is a good idea.
Come on, Maria.
Come on.
We'll look back on this
and laugh one day.
It's going to be like that time
in the chalet when Rose was two
and you dressed up
like Santa.
Remember that?
With the beard.
Jacques!
Okay, there you are.

Know listen, make it not
to big and not too showy.
Just make it quick.
What about her shoes?
What size are you?
I'm an eight, madam.
- (DOORBELL RINGS)
- Oh, my God.
Just hide them.
No rich woman
wears an eight.
Louboutin doesn't even
make an eight. Stay.
Toby! Welcome to Paris.
Glad they didn't
stop you at the border.
Well, as Lord Mayor
I'm issuing visas for London.
You say the word,
Bob, I'll give you one.
London?
Where is that anyhow?
Little England.
Former Empire.
- I remember now. (SINGS) Rue Bretagna.
- That's the one.
You must be Michael.
Bob Fredericks.
Pleased to meet you.
- Nice little place you've have here.
- (DOORBELL RINGS)
Family pied de terre.
Small but cozy.

ANNE:

Fabulous.
Hello, Michael.
My dears!
I'm sorry about
the security detail.
It's Toby's favorite
style statement.
Did you bring
your food taster?

What if we're serving
poison tonight? (CHUCKLES)
I have no news, Bob.
But calm down,
it's okay. It's okay.
Just give them another week.
It'll be fine.

- ANNE:

- ANTOINE:

So nice to
see you again.
This place is so amazing.

HELENE:

can come to this...
Ah! Steven!
I read your book.
Really?
It's so very funny. Your
father's making hole-in-one.
Anne taking all the credit.
Firing all the sexy girls.
Nothing changed. They're
still Punch and Judy.
Congratulations on the
re-election, by the way.
Yes, thank you.
Keep going, you'll be
England's first family.
Well, don't you
write about us.
Don't want the entire world knowing
about our every little secret.
Don't worry. I couldn't be more blocked
if I'd eaten a pound of cement.
Put me somewhere nice.
I have.
In the corner.
Look at that.
Homemade.
(CHUCKLES) Lovely.
The trick is to pretend you're

carrying a Chinese vase on your head.

KIDS:

You walk tall and slow.
And you shine, Maria.
You shine.
This is not going to work.
(SPEAKING FRENCH)

STEVEN:

it's cold outside so
I think you're going to
need an extra layer.
Mr. Steven, it's summertime.
Exactly.
It's party time.

DAVID:

me how you want to deal the press.
It's not every day
a Caravaggio changes hands.
There's
no rush, is there?
Of course not. We both have to
be satisfied with the results.
The X-ray team were asking for
another ten thousand euros.
They're sending their best
people over from New York.
Bob, let me split
the fee with you.
Absolutely not.
I wouldn't hear of it.
Just give me an invitation
once it's on your wall.
I won't keep it
at home.
It will have a pride
of place at my museum.
Once we know
it's real.
Maria?
What is this nonsense?

MARIA:

going to work, madam.
Your friends, the Bernards. They have been
here before, they would have seen her.
They haven't seen her.
Nobody looks at a maid.
Now come on out here,
Maria, right this minute.
They will recognize me, madam.
Well, if they find
your face familiar,
they'll just think they
saw you at a fashion show.
Madam, you know
it's a sin to lie?
You're not lying,
you're not hurting anybody.
It's like a part in
our own little play.
It's fun. It's like
being in a movie.
Except you're changing your life
from ABC to HBO, you get it?
Not really.
(GROANS) I'll make it
simple, avoid them.
You're at the far end
of the table anyway.
What about Jacques? Jacques would
make a perfect guest, madam.
Steven, you have
a dress I can wear?
No, no, no.
Forget it. Okay.
This is Bob's fault and
I want him to suffer.
Now, Maria let me
look at you.
Oh my God.
She's not even dressed.
Will you get her pulled together, please.
And listen to me.
Don't speak to much.
Don't smile too much

and don't eat too much.
Yes, madam.
Don't drink too much either.
Nobody likes that. Trust me.
How do I rate amongst
your students?
You're definitely not
the most disciplined one.
You're the most studious.
You're the most studious one.
- The most studious one?
- Yes.
I wish I could think of something
to say now in French but
now I'm baffled.
You're always baffled.
Anne! Not always.
You remember
my French teacher?
Ah! Yes, Melanie.
Fanny. I'm Fanny.
Of course.
How silly of me.
Don't worry about it. I'll
answer to almost anything.
Ah. (SIGHS)
Don't speak to much.
Don't eat too much.
Don't smile to much.
(MUTTERING IN FRENCH)
Who is that?
What's her name.
Who is she really?
What are you
talking about?
She'll claim she's Maria
Escalante but the truth is she's
Maria Immaculata
of the Two Sicilies.
You're not serious?
Countess of Asturias,
the House of Bourbon,
second cousin of
Juan Carlos.

She'll deny it.
And I never told you.
Are you a fan
of Caravaggio?
(STAMMERS)
I love the holy family.
Oh. Good for you.
I keep a portrait of the
baby Jesus by my bed.
Oh, by whom? I'm a big
fan of the masters.
Let me guess.
- El Greco.
- No.
- Goya.
- No.
No, I've got it.
Dali.
I'm right, yes?
The artist doesn't
matter so much.
It's the expression
on the baby's face.
Yes. We musn't
take that for granted.
And the holy mother.
How she loves him.
Madame, (SPEAKS FRENCH)
The dinner is served.
So, tonight's a sort of
last supper in a way.
This maybe the last time
you see this painting.
I'm brokering this sale
to Antoine Bernard.
Oh, Monsieur Antoine.
He's a friend
of the family.
Ah, excellent.
Let me introduce myself.
I am David Morgan.
I live in London.
I am Maria.
No second name?

No, no. Not tonight.
I'm a friend of madam.
A friend of a friend.
HBO, not ABC.
Oh, thank you.
Bon Appetit.

BOB:

JANE:

mayor of London makes you what?
Everybody's asking.
Just another
queen I guess.
Wow. That's great.
You should carry a purse.
And what do you do
for a living?
I'm a hairdresser.
Oh great.
No, I'm joking.
I used to be.
Then I thought I can't
be gay and a hairdresser.
- Too much of a cliché. So I changed everything.
- Oh. And you became?
- Butcher.
- Oh.
I'm joking.
He's a shrink...
He let you
run for office?
I know.
Malpractice.
I'll say.
So, France, Paris.
Why did you come here?
This house
for one thing.
- And my grandfather was French.
- Oh.
And to keep a woman, at some point
you have to satisfy their neurosis.
They are all satisfied

analyst in New York.
She talks about him?
Oh, not of everyone.
I think the good doctor Schwiman
can teach Michael a thing or two.
- About billing, no question.
- (CHUCKLES SOFTLY)
Did you rehearse?
Or do you always
speak this fast?
Yes. In such a brilliant
and sarcastic way.
- Years of training, my dear.
- Oh.
It's harder to lie when
you speak faster.
I guess that's why my
husband speaks so slowly.
The Eiffel Tower has a sexual symbol
supposed to save your marriage.
I will ask him.
Do you really think
that love can last?
I mean,
you're so smart.
Could you still be
one of those?
You have to let go.
Well, flowers freeze
and blossom again.
(SMIRKS)
Don't be so cynical.
(SPEAKING FRENCH)
Oh. And what do
you suggest?
Adultery, darling.
You're just taking the problem
with you wherever you go.
Make a best friend of your husband
and have lunch with me tomorrow.
Oh. You're evil.
No, I'm French.
(CHUCKLES)
Oh, oh!

Go. Go.

Let me help.

It's only water.

I like to pour water on
myself so women can help me.

Looks like fun.

BOB:

When women sees a stain,
she must come and rub.

You're funny. I mean,
for an American, obviously.

Wow. Every guy from Cambridge
knows how to judge funny.

All the English men I know think
they're funny but they never laugh.

(GRUNTS LOUDLY)

I hate them.

So do I.

What do you think, Maria?

I don't like

English people.

But I do like Hugh Grant.

You know Hugh Grant?

In Bridget Jones.

He's also the one dancing
in Love Actually.

Like this. (SINGS) I take
it down I take it down

You're more more more

Jump, Jumping

You know Hugh Grant?

The beautiful one.

He also had an

affair with...

(SPEAKS FOREIGN LANGUAGE)

The prostitute.

Well, Of course we all
know who Hugh Grant is.

ANNE:

about knowing who laugh...

You look like him.

Like Hugh Grant.

(COUGHS)

We all look the same from the
same part of the world. You know.
Same face. Same blue eyes.
Same same funny teeth.
That's beautiful.
Very beautiful.
But I don't like the stupid
films he is in though.
Always happy endings
and kisses in the rain.
You should not
despise people.
People love
happy endings, you know.
They can't fight it.
The hero runs.
He kisses her in the rain.
People love that.
Well...
Would you ever consider
running for prime minister?
I thought supreme leader.
Would you ever
run for president?
If you were
my first lady.
Are you in politics?
No. I'm a musician.
A classical pianist
to be precise.
Great.
How old are you?
Nine and a half.
And you?
Thirty two and a half.
Is that your father
sitting next to you?
Oh no. That's Fedore.
The Master.
Oh.
Well. I hope
you enjoy dinner.
I'm so glad

you could come.
Does he speak English?
Oh, no.
He never speaks.

JANE:

our Franck and Robin.
Oh, they're beautiful.
Just like their mother.
Oh, thank you.
You know, it is so hard to keep being
sexy when you're a single mom.
It's a constant battle.
I went to this great seminar about
fighting for yourself last month,
Justin Tender.
Do you know him?
It was in London. Oh, my God.
He is so spiritual.
Amazing. Anyway...
He says that it all
starts with food.
He also recommends
that you drink less.
What? Water?
(LAUGHS)

JANE:

you were funny.
You know, she's been wanting
us to meet for a long time.

DAVID:

a force of nature, Anne.
Talk to me. This
woman's a nightmare.
How do you know
she's not my friend?
Well, if
that's the truth
I'm going to fake
a heart attack
and get dragged out
of here by my ankles.

Say something to me.
Talk to me.
Tell me a joke
or something.
She's all over me
like a bad suit.
I don't know any joke.
Well,
make something up.
You're putting a lot of
pressure on me.

DAVID:

charming accent from?
I'm a Spanish.
I was born in Majorca.
Asturias. I thought
it was Asturias.
My ancestors were
from Asturias.
See, I'm Celtic like you.
Where is your family from?
Oh, well my family is from a
very lovely county called Downe.
My father owns
most of it. You know.
He always wants me
to get my art hobby
out of my system and come back
and run the family estate.
You came here to
escape your father.
Well, I came to London
to be an artist.
But I wind up
being a consultant.
So I spend my life
now flying between
hotels and New York
and Paris and London.
To be fair I don't know
where my real home is.
Probably because
it's still in Dine.

- Dine? Downe.

- Dan.

- Downe.

- Dine. Downe.

Dine. Downe.

Up down.

Maria? Sorry, David. I'm
stealing her for a minute.

Don't drink too much.

No, sir.

Madam told me

what to do.

And what not to do.

What's with

this silly idea.

You must be dying here.

It's like me sitting in
a plumber meeting.

I was supposed to
sit close to madam.

But I think somebody
mixed up the place cards.

This scary fashion lady
must be here.

Don't talk like a maid.

Just yes or no

at the end.

Be really impossible.

Unpleasant.

- Yes, sir.

- DAVID:

Maria's got some great jokes.

I bet you didn't know that?

No. I did.

Yes. She was just
about to tell me one.

Madam Bernard, would you like
to hear one of Maria's jokes?

HELENE:

Yes. Of course.

Don't force her.

She's embarrassed.

And very shy.
I'm very unpleasant.

DAVID:

You're very funny.
We're all friends here.
Who'd like to hear a joke.
- Oh, no.

- DAVID:

Everyone's funny with
a Spanish accent.
The only joke I know
is very vulgar.
My uncle, Pedro, used to
tell it when he was drunk.
I don't think
it's appropriated.
Oh, no, don't bother.
Don't force yourself.
Come on. Live a little.
Tell us a joke.
Okay. You want it.
You have it.
A family's at
the dinner table.
The son asks the father, "Dad, how
many kinds of boobs are there?"
The father surprised,
answer.
"Well my son, a woman
goes through three phases:
"In her twenties, a woman's
breast are like melons.
"Round and firm.
"In her thirties and forties
they are like pears.
"Still nice but
hanging a bit.
"In her fifties,
they are like onions."
"Onions, Dad?"
"Yes. You see them
and they make you cry."

(EVERYONE LAUGHS)

HELENE:

Wait. I didn't finish yet
because I'm translating
straight from the Spanish
in my head.

This one's amusing. She just
like Google translator.

The daughter asks

the mother:

"Mom, how many kinds of
willies are there?"

The mother answers.

"Well my dear, a man goes
through three phases too..."

Love the voice of
the wife. Keep going.

"In his 20s, his willy is like an oak tree.
Mighty and hard.

"In his 30s and 40s, it's like a
birch tree, flexible but reliable.

"After 50, it's like
a Christmas tree."

"A Christmas tree, Mommy?"

"Yes.

"Dead from the root up and the
balls are just for decoration."

(EVERYONE LAUGHS)

JANE:

It's not even funny.

I have a better one about (SPEAKING
SPANISH) Do you want to hear it?

No, that will be fine.

Thank you.

ANNE:

Thank you. You're so...

She's so funny.

STEVEN:

is making so much progress in french.

Bet he took one look at you and said
I want to learn French immediately.
No.
His wife forced him
to learn
la langue de Moliere.
Thank you for this.
It's become my
instant favorite.
So you're the revenge.
I don't get it.

STEVEN:

be his golf teacher.
So, what do I need to wear
to look more Parisian?

MARINETTE:

always asking me that.

ANTOINE:

No one can buy that.
That's why I'm asking
for your advice.

ANNE:

did with the issue by the way.

HELENE:

Oh, I try my best.

MICHAEL:

tell the truth it's easy to remember.
You know, in therapy I hear so
many lies, contradictions...
But even your lies say
something about you...

STEVEN:

I'm going to marry you.
And what makes you
think I'd say yes.
Are all women
mad about you?

The night is young.
So sorry for
ignoring you buddy
but this girl next to me
is really sexy.
It's okay.
I'm used to
not talking.
You know,
with Fedor.
Go and get her.
Cheers, buddy.
High five.
I'm not insured
for high fives.
No?
Are you allowed
to touch boobs?
I guess so but I've never
had the opportunity.
I hope I'm not
being too forward.
I'd just like to say,
you look absolutely
beautiful tonight.
Thank you.
How long have you
been in Paris?
How long have you been
sleeping with my dad?
Are you crazy?
I'm just his teacher.
Look at you.
Your dad.
Makes you sound
so childish.

STEVEN:

You look like a child.
I'd really like to
spank you.
- (SCOFFS)
- (LAUGHS)
But your dad warned me that you were

rude, alcoholic and unemployed.
Yeah, but I also have some really bad
points. Did he tell you what those were?
You look very elegant too.
- Well, I'm the best in my price range.
- (CHUCKLES SOFTLY)

- **STEVEN:**

- **FANNY:**

It's like you and your dad are
the only two men on the planet.
Oh, I see.
Why would you want the egg when
you've already got the goose.
I don't want the goose
and I don't like the rotten egg.
Actually.
Dearest darling Daddy,
and his ageless,
gorgeous concubine.

- **BOB:**

- Sorry. Sorry.
Step-mom, Anne
Thank you so much for inviting me
tonight to this amazing place.
Where generosity
holds no bounds.
Actually that's
who's getting the tab.
(CHUCKLES)
Anyway. Not important.
I digress.
I'd just like to make
an announcement.
My engagement to this amazing,
beautiful, talented creature.
What's your name again?
(WHISPERS)
Fuck you.
Fuck you. That's an unusual name.
Don't be shy, honey.

STEVEN:

Your Highness, I would
like your blessing.
Congratulations.
Thank you.

ANNE:

we have the great honor
of sharing the table tonight
with a very young,
talented prodigy:
Gilles Durand and his
master Fedor Krachinsky.
Gilles is only nine years old and needs
to get some sleep because he's playing
a very special concert
in Vienna tomorrow night.
So, we will have dessert in the
music room after we hear some...
Songs my mother
taught me.
Arranged by the master.
There you have it.
Please.
Clean this.
Rub, rub, rub...
You did for
a long time.
Not true, Mandy.
We said hardly speak.
I made them laugh,
madam.
Yeah. Even the scary,
fashion woman.
Madam, you heard that from
the other side of the table?
Dinners are my job.
I can follow five conversations
at the same time.
And do you know what
your job is, Maria?
You don't even know how
to recognize laughter.
You don't know if you're

making people laugh
or if they're
laughing at you.
I mean can you tell the difference
between Hahaha and ohhohohoh.
So actually you
never really laugh?
You were supposed to play the
part of the missing guest.
Silent. Forgettable.
If someone finds out about
this, I will be embarrassed.
And so will they.
That they laughed
at my joke?
Don't you play
the victim.
You know I'm
a life-long democrat.
It's about their mindset.
Not mine.
I'm so sorry, madam.
I had too much to drink.
Wine is so delicious. I've
been drinking it like juice.
Oh, Haut Brion 82 is an
incredible expensive juice.
We should go back before the music
ends, don't you think, madam?
No. No. I think that's
enough for tonight.
You just...
You just go to bed.
Won't they wonder
what happened to me?
Oh, let me
take care of that.
Well, see you tomorrow.
Thank you for
everything, Maria.
Okay, madam.
You don't want me help
the others clean up?
No. Not tonight.

See you tomorrow, madam.

Maria?

Yes, madam?

You look beautiful
with lipstick on.

Thank you, madam.

(DOOR SHUTS)

BOB:

Come on. Come on.

ANNE:

(GROANS)

Come on.

Upsy daisy.

- I can't.

- Upsy daisy.

God you stink.

This is

outrageous behavior.

BOB:

Hey, hey,

look. Look.

Thirteen at the table.

And...

Yes.

Because of Judas.

Thirteen... That's...

That's way it's bad luck.

Where's Maria?

BOB:

She was the belle of the ball.

ANNE:

out of here.

He almost ruined
the whole evening.

But he didn't.

And Maria. God,

I was a nervous wreck.

Did you see

those shoes?

You know what?
Everyone loved her.
Don't ever do that
to me again, okay?
You put me in
a horrible position...
Hey. You improvised.
You pulled it off.
Congratulations.
David Morgan was
flat-out flirting with her.
What's up with that?
Chill. Chill.
Congratulations, I said.
Hey!
(PHONE RINGING)
(PHONE CONTINUES RINGING)
Hello?

DAVID:

it's David Morgan.
Sorry, bonjour.
I think.

DAVID:

Maria's number, could you?
Um...
Yeah, yes sure.
Stay on the phone.
I just get her number
for you now.
Okay. Hold on.
Hang on. Yeah.
Maria? Note down your
phone number for me.
Note it down quick.
I'll pay you extra.
Thank you.
Hello?
Yeah, I have it here. Yeah.
689-139-134.
Yeah. Yeah, I will. I'll
tell him you said thank you.
Yeah. Okay. Bye bye.

Hey, Dad,
guess what?
What?
Ah... Nothing.
I just had a bad dream.
That's all.

ANNE:

your French lesson?
(SPEAKING FRENCH)
Stop it, okay?
I'm doing this
for you, remember?
You're not learning
French for me anymore.
That's plain enough. Sean!
Give Maria back her phone.
"Let me be direct.
"You are amazing.
"Very cool but
red hot too.
"May I see you again?
Text yes or yes. David M."
What?
It's a wrong number, madam,
no one ever text me.
(GASPS)
It's David Morgan.
You're kidding?
He's kidding.
"Excellent. I felt something
the moment we met."
My God!
I knew it.
This is because
of you. And you.
The Oscar
goes to Maria.
Here somebody take this I
think I'm going to throw up.

STEVEN:

Good luck, Maria.
Maria...

This is not funny,
Bob. Shut up.
Did something happen at the dinner?
Something specific?
No, madam.
Nothing specific.
He didn't play
footsie with you?
Footsie?
What is that?
What?
You know. Like...
No, madam.
(SPEAKS SPANISH)
He didn't touch you somewhere?
Or make you touch him?
No, madam.
Oh, God, So what is
this all about?
What? There was
something I must say.
What thing?
I don't know. I felt something
when he looked at me.
Yes,
the Haut Brion.
The thing you felt inside was drunk, Maria.
Nothing else.
Here I'm going to help
you get rid of him.
What is this cell?
Nokia?
You keep it for
sentimental reasons?
I'm going to get you
a new iPhone
for putting up with
David's insanity.
Be kind please, do not insist.
There.

SEAN:

Yeah, barely,
I got an eight.

Oh, how great you
are my little stars.
But you weren't even watching
me, you were talking to Maria.
Look I tagged you
all over my Instagram.
How many likes
did I get?
Now go collect
your clubs. Go on now.
Oh!
Meet me at the

Georges V at 9:

Oh, my God.
I am an idiot.
(GROANS) He's excited
by your resistance.
He wants you
in his bed.
But I thought the Georges
V was the movie theater
on the Champs Elysees,
madam?
No, no. Not in this context.
It's a hotel.
Georges V hotel.
A hotel.

BOB:

Stop fucking around, Steven.
I'll turn you
into a frog.
Oh, no!
Okay. I'll turn you into a
princess but only until midnight.
Then poof!
Abracadabra!
I don't trust her. I think we
should tell David the truth.
No. Not yet anyways.
What do you mean
not yet?
Wait until he

verified the painting.
I don't want him thinking
we're a house full of liars.
God forbid.
It's a real
Caravaggio, Anne.
Don't muddy the waters.
(SOFT MUSIC PLAYING)

MARIA:

we going to see?
A horror movie,
of course,
so you jump
into my arms.
Madam. Anne,
our friend
she thought it was
the Georges V hotel.
Anne does not know the
first thing about romance.
Listen, Maria, there's something I
must tell you straight off the bat.
I know who you are.
What I mean is I know
who you really are.
Somebody told me
at the party.
I promised
I wouldn't say who.
Oh, my God.
It was Steven.
He wasn't supposed...
Listen.
It's all right.
I don't care.
It makes
no difference to me.
Really?
Yeah.
You honestly
feel that way?
And I have a daughter.
Did he tell you that?

A princess,
I'm sure.
The topic, mi amor,
is closed.
You know they were
supposed to destroy them?
It was a big scandal
at the time.
Like everything new.
People are afraid when they can't
link a feeling with another one.
And how do you
feel right now?
Empty.
Let's make a wish.
Are you okay?
You look sad?
(SPEAKING SPANISH)
Your mother's never been
so happy in all her life.
Okay.
Now, I will pop this in FedEx.
You will have it by Thursday.
I wish you could
come and see me.
(SPEAKING SPANISH)
Look.
Ah.
Where were you?
Oh, you know, doing a little
shopping at the Galerie Lafayette.
Are you okay?
I'm fine. Just
starving, that's all.
Maria just asked me if she could go.
She just left.
Mandy is with the kids.
Did she have
make up on?
Lipstick? A skirt?
Excuse me?
There's something very strange
going on with Maria. Trust me.
Okay, can you tell me

about it over steak?
There's this nice bistro
on the corner.
She is seeing him, Bob.
This morning
she came late
and she looked like
she'd been fucking.
Oh, my God!
(HONKING)

- **BOB:**

- Come on, Bob.
Oh, my God. I'd hate to
see if there was a fire.
- You move like a tortoise.

- **BOB:**

Oh, my God!
Okay. Let's follow her.
Come on. Turn it on.
Let's go now. Drive fast.
Be like the French. Go!
Go! Go! Go! Oh, my God!
Shut up.
Do not talk to me
that way.

ANNE:

around the block. Fast. Go.

- **MAN:**

- **DAVID:**

It's nice, no?
(ANNE SIGHS)
Oh, please, he can't be serious.
Look, Bob, he's taking her to
the Petit Bistro d'Auteuil.
Obviously.
I'm not blind.
That's one of my favorite restaurants.
I mean... (SCOFFS)
At least it's food.

Can we go back home now?
You can fire her tomorrow.
I can't fire her. She run's
the house like clockwork.
Well, you trained her.
She's not a biochemist.
She's just a housemaid.
Look. You don't get it. It takes,
you know, at least half a day
to learn how to fold
my skirts alone,
you know, I mean,
it's a mess.
It's a total
fucking mess.
I think you're
overreacting.
But I'll talk to her.
Could he be in love with her?
Is that possible?
Well admit it,
she's got a great ass.
Maybe vacuum cleaning's
the new Pilates.
She's terribly ugly.
Right?
I don't know.
She's got
a kind of charm.
Oh, my God.
Now you too.
How about we both go in
there and have our dinner?
Because they would see us.
She's the guilty one,
not us.
(SIGHS) Bob.
It's good.
You see.
Everything's new to you.
You're like
a kid, Maria.
And you have
a play date after dinner

You realize I'm a fervent
believer, David?
Oh, I know.
I hear you calling for God
when you're in bed with me.
Maybe, yeah, I am a kid.
But you, you're a teenager.
Oversexed.
In the worst way.
I'll have you know,
when I was a teenager,
I was going to be a priest.
- Oh, my God.
- You see.
You're doing it again.
Calling his name.
I'm starting to
get jealous, Maria.

ANNE:

a slow motion car crash.
I've never seen you
this way.
Well, it's like my own
little catastrophe.
She know the color of our underwear.
She cleans our sheets.
She knows when we have sex.
She knows when I throw up.
You're still
throwing up?
Well, not in a major way.
I just want to stay,
you know, sexy.
Hang on.
What are you doing?
Hunting.
Hunting for what?
God, it's not 1878.
(SIGHS)
I wanted to
send you flowers.
What kind of flowers?
Well, give me an address

and you'll find out.
Don't be afraid
of me, Maria.
You and your family,
I give you my word.
Complete and
utter discretion.
Meanwhile...
A gift for you.
Oh, my God.
I can't accept.
They are...
Perfect.
For your hair.
For your eyes.
For your tattoo
my white princess.
That's it. I'm going to
have to tell him the truth.
Don't.
He'll think we were
making fun of him.
I can not afford that.
Come on. Do we have
any money problems?
Absolutely not.
But Monsieur Antoine Bernard and
his museum must have a Caravaggio.
I'm only
too happy to oblige.
That is if it is
the real thing.
We pocket
a kings ransom.
So keep your mouth shut.
(IPAD RINGING)
Finally,
Doctor Schwiman.
Are you all right? I saw your
text about an emergency.
No, I'm not all right.
I'm about to kill that woman.
What's happening?
You in bed?

Yes, I am.

Well, it's the middle of
the night for you.

Are you going to listen or
just make stupid remarks?

BOB:

of the night.

See.

Well, if you'd
call back sooner.

Hello, doctor.

Hello, Bob.

Bob, this is
a private consultation.

Please.

Okay. I just...

(CLEARS THROAT)

I mean, you know, I've had to fight my whole
entire life for everything, even men.

How can this woman, this this
maid inspire such feelings?

Go on.

I feel so alone.

You know, even in a crowded room.

I fell lonely, doctor.

Are you serious?

Tell me the truth, Maria.

What is your secret dream?

Everyone's got
a secret dream.

I gave up on dreams you know.

I have simple desires.

I want my daughter
to be happy.

Oh, tell the truth come on.

Everyone's got a project.

You must have a plan.

Well,
it will sound
ridiculous to you.

Sweetheart,
anything you would say to me will
never ever sound ridiculous.

Come on.

What is it?

I would like to invent the
half pack of baking powder.

Baking powder?

Yes. I cook

a lot, you see

and no recipe uses the whole
packet of baking powder. None.

It's always half
of the packet.

Then you leave
the rest in the cupboard.

But you don't use it
never again

because you're afraid
it got spoiled.

Or you're not sure if it's
a real half remaining there,
perhaps more, perhaps it's
less, you know what I mean?

Yeah, yeah, I get
the point. It's...

It's very smart.

Very smart.

You're a very
unusual woman, Maria.

Yes, I am.

Maybe you could
cook for me sometime?

Invite me back
to your place.

You have
that Velazquez.

I could come and
prize it for you.

You could take me
to Madrid.

I could meet
your family.

I'm brilliant
at graveling.

(CLEARS THROAT)

- Buenos noches.

- (GIGGLES)
(SPEAKING SPANISH)
Bonsoir, monsieur.
Bonsoir. Bonsoir.
Wow.
What's with the outfit?
Well, it was
doctor Schwiman's idea.
It's an exercise to expunge my anger.
Against Maria.
Are you jealous?
Oh, God, stop it.
Anne, you're
a beautiful woman
but that's not why
I married you.
Am I not pretty anymore?
I think you're jealous
because you're insecure.
Of course, I am.
We never have sex.
The world is full of
young pretty women.
And Paris is the worst.
Shhh...
Don't shush me.
We have doctors
orders don't we?
(PHONE VIBRATING)
I must get this.
(PHONE CONTINUES TO VIBRATE)

LAWYER:

breathing down my neck.
Their accounts are running low.
This is it.
We really need
the money from the painting.
How much time do I have?
A month maybe before
the foreclosure begins.
I can't do anything else
without you here.
(SIGHS)

How was your evening?
You scared me, madam.
Is everyone okay?
You're never up
so early.
How would you know?
Well... Sorry. I'm going
to get breakfast ready.
What's in that bag,
Maria?
In this one, madam?
Exactly.
It's a dress from
the dry cleaners, madam.
Mmm.
They gave it back to you like
that with no hanger, no plastic?
It's for the dry cleaner. I wanted to
take it yesterday but it was closed.
Really?
You just said you picked it
up from the dry cleaners.
Sometimes I get confused
because of my English, madam.
Oh, no.
Your English is perfect.
Let me see the dress.
This is the one...
Give me the dress, Maria.
Yes, madam.
It's dirty, madam.
It belongs at
the dry cleaners.
No.
It belongs to me. But I
haven't worn it in months.
And it smells like you with
your cheap vanilla perfume.
I don't smell anything.
(SIGHS)
I trusted you, Maria.
I sat you at my table.
I thought you
were honest.

Just so I know, do you wear my underwear
when he takes you to the hotel?

I don't understand,
madam.

You know I hate it
when people cry.

I'm so sorry.

Just hurry up. The kids are
going to be late for school.

I'm so sorry, madam.

I don't know
what to say.

I'm in love. And...

Please just stop it!

Okay. I am not
your friend.

Try to put an end
to this nonsense.

I'm advising you to think of what's
important for you and your daughter.

Yes, madam.

How is she by the way?

Still very well.

Thanks, madam.

She's got the free style
finals coming up.

Good. Well, I'm really proud to
pay for such a nice girl study.

Really.

I'd hate to have to
be forced to stop.

Yes, madam.

Stop with this phone.

He will not call.

We do not belong
to this world.

He knows who I am.

He doesn't know.

But the world does.

Is that a Filipino saying?

Maria, we serve,
they eat.

They don't love
people like you or me.

We're slaves.
Same as slaves.
How can you say
such things, Mandy?
Are you crazy?
I'm worth as
much as madam.
Even if I bring
her tea on a tray.
We are human beings.
You better
respect yourself.

MANDY:

for our kids.
They will be
strong at study.

MARIA:

this have to do with love?

MANDY:

There's no such
thing as love.

MARIA:

(INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC PLAYING)
(IRON BOX HISSING)

FANNY:

Paris as if you know better than I would.

(SPEAKING FRENCH)

- Is that right?

- Perfect.

Let me order
something else.

(SPEAKING FRENCH)

How do you say
Lemon tart?

(SPEAKING FRENCH)

Non, non, non, non.

We don't, we stop.

(SPEAKING FRENCH)

(INTENSE MUSIC PLAYING)

(EVERYONE SINGING)

Happy birthday to you
Happy birthday sweetie.

MARIA:

Let's play kids.

KIDS:

So...

What do you think?

Boy or a girl?

PSYCHIC:

Let me see.

You're trying to play
a trick on me here.

I can feel.

There's twins
in there, no?

Oh, my God!

It's unbelievable.

I told you she was amazing.

When there is two I can not
tell if there is boy or a girl.

Isn't it better
than ultrasound.

One of you is worried.

One of you is in love.

You don't have to worry.

He's going to call and ask
you away for the weekend.

Finally, Georges Clooney
is going to call me.

What else?

Well, you should go.

You should say yes.

Life wasn't always nice to you and
will not always be so enjoy now.

I don't know who
she's talking to

but one of you is going
to have a nice weekend.

Maybe it's you.

The woman I'm talking about

knows exactly who she is.

Should we open

the presents, madam?

Are you drunk, Maria?

(PHONE RINGING)

(THE KETCHUP SONG PLAYING)

(SONG CONTINUES)

(GUN FIRES)

You Americans and guns.

We can't fight it.

Well,

they give us guns at ten so

we're not tempted to play with

the toy pistol

between our legs.

And does it work?

The guilt works.

I always have a little

guilt when I'm having sex.

How delicious

that must be.

You must tell me

all about it.

(CHUCKLES)

Et voila.

(MARIA GASPS)

Oh, it's so beautiful.

Is it a hotel?

No, my dear.

It is not.

I want you to witness

my big announcement.

Check.

ROSE:

to get you.

What has got

into you?

Let's have sex.

Or let's run away.

We can have

sex tonight.

And we can run away tomorrow.

Now, come on.

ANNE:

chess is the vision.
You know where you're going.
But nobody else has a clue.
There is no such thing
as vision in chess.
Only options.
Well, I have my own little
shortcuts, my little lucky tricks.
Lay there for a minute
and smell the flowers.
What is going on?
I can't go in there.
Are you ashamed of me?
Of course not.
David,
you know me.
You know who I am.
I can not mix with these people.
I can't.
Darling, Maria.
It is the 21st century,
Queen Elizabeth has
dinner with Jay Z.
Come on, let's go.
Stefan Zweig said that
he loved chess because
it had nothing
to do with luck.

KIDS:

They're going to be caught
believe me.
- Maria!
- Maria!
Ah! (CHUCKLES)
You're amazing. Does every
child in the world love you?
(SIGHS)
Let's play.
Gentlemen, if I can have
your attention please,
I bring news

from London.
Your painting has
been authenticated.
Hallelujah.
Congratulations,
mon vieux.
Thank you.
We have many things
to celebrate today.
First, our friendship.
To our wives.
To our families.
And let's not forget,
Michelangelo
Merisi da Caravaggio.
That rogue.
A master fornicator.
At least he had fun.
Taste it.
It's one of the greatest wines
in the world. Bourgogne.
To life.
Thank you.
They are both with the nice Portuguese
nanny going down for a nap.
Thank you so much.
Oh, my gosh,
you must have the magic touch.
Shazam.

HELENE:

tell us about yourself.
The mysterious woman
who stole David's heart.
Or his liver.
His heart is
difficult to steal.
(CHUCKLES)
Yeah, my heart is easy to
steal but it's hard to hold.
I'm Irish, after all.
When did the Irish become experts
in the affairs of heart?
They're supposed

to be happy drunks.

BOB:

And the English do
spanky, spanky.

DAVID:

they have sex like they're
invading a third world country
and didn't have to
pay for it afterwards.

- (LAUGHS)

- ANTOINE:

In France we choose adultery so we can
stay married to our beloved wives.

The English, well, after 20
years of getting punished
in boarding schools,
fighting their
homosexual feelings,
they only have the guts
to speak to one girl.

That's it. They're
settled for life.

What do you think, Maria?

Oh, well, I am an
old fashion Spanish.

I do believe marriage is
an important matter.

So you don't lie to anyone?

Interesting.

She's adorable.

It's like you're from the
19th century or something.

Because you think women
were pure back then?

Did you ever read
a book, David?

Yes, I'm nearly finished
coloring it in.

Seriously. Vice has
been around since,

human beings themselves.

And made it an excuse
to invent virtue.
So, Anne, tell me.
How did you meet Maria?
She won't tell me.
Oh, no.
These two are very secretive
about their friendship.
I don't even
know when they met.
Why such a mystery?
I am their maid.
I have been cleaning their
underwear and their toilets.
For about, what,
ten years now, madam?
No, no. We traveled when
we were young together.
And we ate at all the
finest restaurants.
Tell me, did you eat at Alain Ducasse's
new restaurant in Italy yet, L'Andana?
Oh, my God, you must absolutely go there.
The meat is amazing.
How can you eat so much
and stay that thin?

MARIA:

always like that.
She was born like that.
Beautiful. Never ages.
She's a mystery.
Thank you, darling.
When are you going
back to New York?
Soon.
Are we...
Are you leaving?
Yes.
Fun's over.
There's an investment bank
in New York I have to kill.

ANNE:

back to packing.
I'm taking the kids,
the staff and heading home.
But that doesn't
change your feelings?
What's a few miles
between friends.

(BIRDS CHIRPING)

Oh, Maria.
Do you realize what a mess we're
in because of your behavior?

I've never asked
for anything, madam.

He just...

Well, it's good
you didn't ask.

You're a housekeeper,
not a prostitute.

It's not what you
think it is, madam.

He's deeply
in love with me.

True love.

He told me.

The way he holds me
during the night.

The way he
looks at me.

Maria,
just listen to me.

Anne,

I beg you.

Don't call me Anne.

You abused my kindness.

And you lied to me.

I just did what you
asked me to do, madam.

I sat at
that table.

Because you
asked me to.

Look, I don't
want to hurt you.

I know your life is hard.

But you're playing
out of your league.
How do you know?
How can I explain this without
hurting your feelings.
This is not your world.
If your opinions were really
interesting, substantial,
if they had any impact
or real interest,
why would you be a maid?
Because I am a
Spanish immigrant.
I had no options,
madam.
Cervantes, El Bulli,
Almodovar,
Antonio Banderas.
They're all Spanish and
they're not maids, are they?
He loves me, madam.
Perhaps you should
believe in love too.
(SIGHS ANGRILY)
(MARIA SINGING IN
FOREIGN LANGUAGE)
You in love.
You sing and
you don't eat.
I eat.
Just not so much.
That's how it starts.
(DANCE MUSIC PLAYING)
Filthy genius.
I read it.
- Uh, ha.
- Tell me it's true?
It's all true.
Just like the first one.
Only this time, it's not
Anne and my father.
It's Anne and the maid.
Totally cool.
And you know what?

Political.

How does it end?

Who knows?

Badly.

Join me.

David!

How are you?

Hello, Anne.

This is so funny because I wanted to
organize a double date with my friend.

Remember the pretty brunette
from our dinner party? Jane.

Oh, yeah.

I know. She can seem a little
boring at the beginning

but she's just
a little lonely.

What with her divorce
and trying to figure out
what to do with
all her millions.

I hear she's
a real tornado in bed.

(CHUCKLES)

Anne, I think you're getting me confused
with, with some sort of gigolo.

I'm just a humble academic.

I hear you have
other talents.

Maybe I could take
you out some night.

Why not, when my beloved
husband is out of town.

But in the meantime, I'll
get the details from Jane.

Maria hasn't
already told you?

Maria?

Oh, my God.

I thought that
nightmare was over.

I feel terrible.

I wanted to call you.

I just... I thought

things would end quickly.
I surprised myself
to be honest.
But what can I say.
She beguiles me.
Look. I held back because
I'm a nice person.
There's something
I have to tell you.
But should remain
between us.
Nobody should
be embarrassed.
(INDISTINCT CONVERSATION)
I'm so sorry.
It's so good
to see you.
I'll call you. Okay.
Okay.
(EXCLAIMS)
No! (GROANS)
Not too tight.
(SIGHS DEEPLY)
All done.
Okay.
(GROANS SOFTLY)
No, I'm fine.
Oh, God.
(INSTUMENTAL MUSIC PLAYING)
(SIGHS)
Hello, you've reached David Morgan.
Please leave a message.
Hi David.
It's me Maria.
Nothing.
I hope you're doing well.
I sent you a message.
I hope you received them.
And nothing...
Call me back.
Take care.
(SIGHS)
Maybe something
bad happen to him.

I don't know,
an accident.
I know what kind
of accident
happened to man
that never call back.
It's an accident
with boobs.
But it's not possible.
He was so
in love with me.
You don't send text.
You wait.
She's right.
In French we say
(SPEAKS FRENCH)
Make him run.
(SPEAKS FRENCH)
Which means...
I don't know.
(BOB SPEAKING IN FRENCH)
(GRUNTS SOFTLY)
(SPEAKING IN FRENCH)
No, Bob it's not
very professional.
Quasimodo's not watching.
Quasimodo would
like this.
(CHUCKLES)
You know, Maria,
I can feel you're embarrassed
with everything that's happened
but I want you to know you're
still important in this house.
I've spoken with Bob and we're
giving you a raise for Christmas.
Thank you, madam. But it
will not be unnecessary.
Oh, nonsense.
Now will you bring tea and cake
for two in the salon, please.
Yes, madam.
(SIGHS)
(WIND BLOWING)

(OBJECTS CLATTERING)

(MUSIC PLAYING)

After all, you've suddenly
got all that wall space.
I was thinking if you wanted
to stick to the 17th century.

There is this.

Oh, it's stunning.

Yeah?

Oh, it really is.

But Christie's are having a sale in
London in a couple of weeks time.

You can go modern maybe
pick up a Delacroix.

- Oh, my God. It's beautiful.

- Isn't it.

I don't even
know what to say.

I have to show Bob.

Oh, is he not here?

Is he away?

He's at his
French lesson.

His accent
is hilarious. (LAUGHS)

Oh, yeah. Paris has
been great for us.

We walk like we were
when we first met.

DAVID:

(INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC PLAYING)

(INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC
CONTINUES)

Bye, Steven.

Bye, Maria.

Take care.

Did you find
your ending?

I'm not sure yet.

You know something?

A woman I was
fond of once,
told me not to

despise people.
That people love
happy endings.
They can't fight it.
The hero runs.
He kisses her
in the rain.
People love it.
Really?
People.

(INSTUMENTAL MUSIC PLAYING)

(FRENCH SONG PLAYING)