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Thirst Street

By Nathan Silver

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[people chattering]

[plane engines roaring]

-[Narrator] Most passengers
barely noticed Gina
on her flights.

They didn't look up when she
gave the safety demonstration,
avoided eye contact when
she took their drink orders,
and ignored her
polite request to put
their tray tables in their
full and upright positions.

- Bye-bye, have a nice day.
Thank you.

-[Narrator] Leaving the plane,
they walked right by her,
moving on to their
next destination
without giving her
a second thought.

- Bye, thanks.

-[Narrator] But
Paul was different.

She met Paul on a
flight to Boston,
where he was traveling to
an academic conference.

He liked her warmth,
her sad smile.

On trips, she
missed him terribly.

She sent him notes from
every new place she visited,
and brought back gifts to
furnish the home they shared.

Gina thought it was
a grand romance,
the kind she always
dreamed about,
like something out
of an old musical.

But Paul was in another world.

Left alone in their empty home,
surrounded by memories of Gina,
he became increasingly
despondent and obsessed.

"Dear Gina," he wrote her,

"I know you don't
love me anymore.

"Maybe you never did.

"The gifts, the postcards,
they can't hide the truth.

"You're only traveling
to escape me.

"I don't blame you.

"I wish I could escape myself.

"Maybe now I finally can.

"Goodbye.

"Paul."

- Paul?

Paul?

I'm sorry I'm late.

Paul?

[screams]

[haunting music]

[sobs]

[mournful music]

-[Narrator] Gina returned to
her job almost immediately.
She didn't know where else
to go or what else to do.

Her coworkers,
Lorraine and Faye,
had become her only friends.
Gina would never say to them
that Paul had killed himself,
only that he'd passed on.

They tried to act as if
everything was normal,
but secretly feared
for her sanity.

[plane engines roaring]

[cars rumbling by]

-[Lorraine] All
right, see you later.

-[Gina] See you at 7:00.

-[Lorraine] Okay.

[door creaks]

- Paul?

Paul?

- Gina, you left the door open.

Why aren't you changed?

Come on, we're ready to go.

[laughs]

come on, let's go.

-[Narrator] On their layover,

they forced Gina out for

an evening on the town.

"A special surprise," they said.

What Gina didn't know

is that her friends

bribed the fortune teller

just moments before,

requesting she give

Gina a good reading.

-[Fortune Teller] So, I see

a new man in your future.

Have a card.

- Oh, that looks very bad.

- That's the devil.

You do what you want with it.

It's just dangerous,

but you can use it,

turn it as you want.

Another one, here.

The sun.

- Is this good?

- Yeah, the best

card in the world.

So, this one is love.

And this one is a start.

It's gonna be a new love.

Give me your hand.

The man has

something in his eye.

Something in his eye...

- What does that mean?

[people chattering]

-[Narrator] Though she

didn't like to talk about it,

or anything personal anymore,
Gina had been reading
her horoscope religiously every
morning since Paul's death,
and wanted to believe in fate,
that everything really
was meant to be.

Lorraine's guidebook
recommended the Green Inn,
an upscale venue for
authentic French cabaret.
and the club had become very
different in recent years.

[upbeat music]

- You want a Pinot grigio?

- Do you want a Pinot grigio?

[scattered clapping]

-[Jerome] So,

where are you from?

-[Faye] Uh, the US.

- And you are here for holiday?

-[Lorraine] We're on layover
for one of the airlines.

- Airline hostesses.

Flight attendant.

- Okay, you work in a plane.

- Mm-hmm.

- You know all the world?

-[Faye] Pretty much.

- And the moon, too?

-[Faye] Uh, not yet.

-[Lorraine] Someday.

- Yeah.

[dreamy music]

I like uniform of
flight attendant,
because it's very sexy.

[laughs]

No, I am serious, huh?

Give me your hand.

This one, yeah.

I can see...

Here.

We can take a taxi together

and go to my place,
most beautiful place in Paris,
and this is my place, is here.

- This is your place?

- Yeah, it's my place.

I have fresh
champagne in my place,
and we, I can...

[laughs]

We can, you know,

you and me, and you?

And we can, you know?

- Oui.

- We can have a good night,
a very good night together.

Early.

And you can't go to my place,
because you, where you live?

- A hotel.

[panting]

-[Narrator] Maybe

it was the reading,
maybe it was the alcohol,
maybe it was Paris,
but when she saw Jerome,
for the first time
since Paul's suicide,
Gina felt something.

- Ah, Jerome, a condom?

- What?

- Do you have a condom?

- I prefer natural.

[groaning]

[moaning]

- Did I wake you?

- Huh?

Who are you?

I'm kidding.

It's a joke.

[laughs]

- Are you hungry?

I got you breakfast.

- Yes.

Yeah.

Thanks.

Okay.

Breakfast for you?

- Oh, I will eat at the airport.

- Perfect.

What?

- Your eye.

It looks really terrible.

- My eye?

You need go now for a walk?

- Uh, yeah, I do

have to go soon,

but I think you can

stay here until eleven.

- No, no, no, I am okay.

I need a walk, too.

I go, you know.

-[Gina] I'm flying

Paris this whole month.

- Really?

-[Gina] Yeah, all month.

- Cool.

I give you my number.

You have a pen?

'Cause I don't have.

Don't lose it, huh?

- I won't lose it.

-[Jerome] Okay!

[whimsical music]

- Wish I was still there.

[text chimes]

[shop bell dings]

Hi.

- Hi, how may I help you?

- May I please have Plan B?

- Sure, Plan B.

- Okay, here you are.

And would you like some

ointment for your eye.

- Oh, no, thanks.

- Are you sure?

- Yeah, yeah, it's okay.

Hey, did you get my text?

[text chimes]

[plane engines roar]

-[Narrator] Jerome's conjunctivitis spread across Gina's eye, causing it to redden and swell and ooze. It became cloudy, and she could barely see straight anymore.

- Jerome.

- Ah, American girl.

Hello.

Yeah, I like it.

It's sexy.

Very sexy.

I will take a flight.

But I don't have my ticket with me.

[glass shatters]

- Oh, I'm sorry.

-[Girl] Yeah, we will take it.

- You want a drink?

Yeah.

No, it's okay.

- Cheers.

- Julie, American girl.

[moaning]

[moaning]

- You want me to do it again?

- Yeah.

[camera clicks]

[camera clicks]

what are you doing?

- Nothing.

- You came to my place.

- Yeah.

Is that okay?

Sorry, I've been up for a long time.

- Yeah, it's okay, it's okay.

It's okay.

- I have to go to work pretty soon.

- Oh, yeah?

Maybe you can stay for a few minutes, no?

- Okay.

Just a few.

- Yeah.

to mention Paul's

death to Jerome.

She could just tell he knew.

He instinctively

understood her pain.

- I like you, too.

I like you.

But long-distance

is very difficult,

and I know that, but because

of my last girlfriend,

she was traveling every time...

- Long-distance is hard.

- Yeah.

- I've been thinking

about moving to Paris.

[laughs]

[upbeat music]

- I'm not from New York.

I'm from the state of New York,

but not the city of New York.

- So you're not from New York.

- Yeah, it's very

depressing where I am.

-[Charlie] So,

you're from New York,

but you're not from New York.

- Correct.

I've been to the

city, and it's cool.

I've been there.

-[Charlie] You've been there?

- But it's not the same thing.

- Let me give you my number

so that I can show you around.

My name is Charlotte.

I mean, Charlie.

Everybody calls me Charlie.

- Charlie?

- Yeah, Charlie.

- Gina.

- Gina?

Oh, that's a beautiful name.

- Okay, I'll see you.

- Bye, see you soon.

[laughs]

-[Gina] Good night.

- Good night.

[haunting music]

[doorbell buzzes]

[doorbell buzzes]

[phone keypad tapping]

-[Narrator] With nothing left for her back in New York, Gina was looking for a sign, any sign, to remain in Paris.

- Very pretty.

Do you have another...

Do you have another apartment with the sign that looked out onto the street?

Okay, um, I have a friend.

- She says that it's more expensive than the other apartment.

She said that there was a lovely couple that used to live here.

- It's perfect.

- Really?

- Yes, perfect.

No, I just, I need a break.

[voice chattering over phone]

Yeah, I just, well, just tell him that...

I can use my vacation days.

I just really need some rest.

Yeah, it's okay.

Oh, Lorraine,

Lorraine, I have to go.

I have to go, bye!

-[Narrator] She knew Jerome had positioned himself on that corner specifically so she could see him

to coax her outside
and come talk to him.

- Jerome!

You?

- Yes.

But what are you doing here?

- Oh, I just was in
the neighborhood.

- I was talking through
the neighborhood. I saw you.

- Yeah, but, no, I mean,
what are you doing in Paris?

- Oh, I decided to stay.

- Really?

You really live in Paris now?

Okay.

- It's great, huh?

- I give my eyes to you now.

It's my fault.

Do you want stuff?

The rest of medicine?

For my treatment for
that in my place.

- If you want, I can give you--

- Oh, that'd be great, yeah.

-[Narrator] As the
antibiotic drops soothed
her diseased eye, Gina
became elated and thankful.

She had found someone who
knew how to take of her.

- Sorry, I have to leave.

- Hm?

- I have some stuff to do.

- Oh, what do you have to do?

- Because it's my
birthday party tonight.

- Tonight?

Is today your birthday?

- Yeah.

- It's your birthday today?

I can't believe it's your, mm!

Happy birthday!

- Thank you.

I am 40.

- Happy birthday.

- Thank you.

- Well, can I help you?

I'll help you buy some stuff.

I can make a cake.

- Uh, okay.

- Okay, okay.

Okay, hold on, let me just see.

Sorry.

- No, it's okay, it's okay.

- Oh, your--

-[Jerome] Oh.

- Okay.

[party music]

- Red wine?

Red wine.

-[Gina] Maybe I

can help you pick.

-[Jerome] No, no, it's okay.

-[Gina] Oh, I like this one.

I like that.

-[Jerome] Yeah, but I think--

- What she's wearing.

- Yeah, no, no, yeah, this one.

Yeah.

Yeah, if you want, you

can go down in the kitchen

and get some stuff,

some food for everybody.

-[Gina] Oh, yeah.

Yeah, of course.

Yeah, yeah, good idea.

- Thank you.

-[Gina] Okay, I'll be back.

- Thanks.

- Oh, I'm on leave

right now, so yeah,

normally, back and forth,

but now I'm here for a while.

- Enjoying?

- Yeah, enjoying it a lot.

- Cool.

- Well, you have to be

naked five days a week.

- Oh, but you're so beautiful, you don't mind.

- Why, do you want to work there?

- Oh, I don't think so.

- Not like a dancer, but like a waitress, or a dishwasher?

[laughs]

- I don't know if Jerome told you, but I am a flight attendant.

- Oh.

Oh, okay.

And it's a very, do you have jobs?

- Teacher.

[piano keys jangling]

- So, she said you can't have your dessert until you have your vegetables, and then she took them back, and I mean, she's much older, she's been a flight attendant for about 20 years longer than I have, so she's a little bit older, and you know, she's just always trying to make it fun for everybody, you know, especially the customers. Especially now, traveling has become very stressful, I feel like, for a lot of people.

- I'll be back.

- Oh, yeah, yeah.

It was great to talk to you.

[rock music]

[doorbell rings]

- Hi.

[smoke detector rings]

Oh, my god.

Oh, my god.

Excuse me.

Sorry!

I burned the cake.

I'm sorry.

- Oh, hey, you're still here.

- Oh, yeah.

Where do you put your recycling?

- Oh, no, it's okay.

Stop, stop.

I can make that tomorrow.

-[Gina] Oh, okay.

- Yeah, it's okay.

- It was such a fun party.

- Yeah, but I'm tired.

- Me, too, I'm so tired.

Let's go to bed.

- Yeah, no, I'm so tired.

I can call a cab for you.

I call a cab for you.

- Now?

- Yeah, I'm exhausted.

-[Narrator] Gina wanted to acclimate herself to her adopted country, so Charlie eagerly agreed to act as her tour guide.

She offered to take Gina to the countryside for an overnight trip.

- Wait, I don't, I like it down a bit.

- Oh, sorry.

Just a little closer.

Can you smile?

[camera clicks]

- Did you get it?

- Yeah, they're perfect.

- No.

These are not good.

-[Charlie] You don't like them?

- Very bad.

I'm blinking in every single one.

- Mm?

There is a little
problem with your credit
card. It doesn't work, so--

- Can you try it again?

- Okay, I'll try it
again if you want.

[card reader beeps]

No.

- Oh, it's probably
because of the traveling.
They sometimes, the bank, I
don't think I have any cash.

Do you have--

- Yeah, sure.

-[Gina] Sorry.

-[Waiter] Sorry.

- Thank you.

I'm sorry, I'll pay you
back when we get back.

[dreamy music]

- I drink a little bit
actually, it helps.

If you can't drink
enough already.

And now, you're just like, how
do you open that, actually?

I'm gonna help you.

So, you do that.

And then, you do...

[hums tunelessly]

And very slowly, like that.

It's even better with
a dress, you know?

because I wanted to just
travel as much as I could.

When I was 18, almost 19,
so that's 18 years?

Oh, my god.

18 years.

[both laugh]

And so...

Yeah, I don't know how
to do anything else.

I don't even know
what I would do.
[cars rumbling by]
[haunting music]
- It's no good.
It's no good.
-[Gina] No?
- No.
-[Gina] Okay.
- It's no good.
- He wants you to be
more like a model.
Maybe more cleavage, yeah.
Do it one more time, please.
Sensual, sexy.
The American accent
excites men, every man.
- Okay.
- That's a bonus for you.
You need to learn to
speak French a little bit,
just to engage
with your customer.
- How do I know if
they're VIP, though?
- We will tell you first.
- Hey.
What are you doing here?
- I got a job.
- Okay.
- Okay, so, one more time.
Crystal glasses, VIP clients.
["Born a Woman" by Sandra Posey]
- Jerome?
- Yes.
- A whiskey.
- Okay, on the rocks?
- No.
- Yes, a little bit.
- Yes, at the party.
- Okay.
- Um...
- Gina.
Thank you.

- I'll be right back.

-[Translator] You are beautiful, but you need to be more committed to the customers.

-[Translator] You need to allow customers to be friendly towards you. Be more sexy.

- Look at me, please, Gina. Gina, speak me. Look me, please.

- This is what we call a [speaks foreign language] in French. A bad friend, because it makes you feel that it's the same word as an English word, but it's not. For instance, it's not a journey. It's a day. Like, [speaks foreign language] sounds like a preservative, but it's not. It means a condom.

- Condom?

[laughs]

- Yeah.

- How do we say, "I need you?"

- I need you, it's...

-[Lorraine] Gina, I haven't heard from you. How are you feeling? Give a call.

[voicemail beeps]

Just heard from Charles you're not coming back. Even though we'll miss you, we're so happy you're doing so well.

[voicemail beeps]

Just got the photo of you and Jerome.

He's so handsome.
[voicemail beeps]
We're flying Paris again
this month, hope to see you.
[doorbell buzzes]
- Hi.
-[Gina] Hey.
[giggles]
- Oh, you already
give me so much.
No, I can't take it.
- Please, open it.
Open it.
It's a trip for us.
- Oh, okay, it is
not a surprise now.
- For tonight, to Giverny.
- Okay.
-[Gina] You know?
Monet?
- Yeah, but I'm working
tonight, you know?
- Tonight?
- Well, you should
call in sick.
- No, I can't.
Franz need me, and, you know?
But go, it's beautiful.
- But--
-[Jerome] No, no,
it's not possible.
- I already bought the tickets.
Can you call in sick?
- Yeah, no.
Go, go, go.
Enjoy, enjoy, go, go.
I'm sorry.
Bye.
See you soon.
[door slams]
[exotic music]
- Where's Jerome tonight?
- Oh, it's so great to see you.
- It's great to see you.

- You look so beautiful.
-[Gina] Thank you.
-[Faye] You look awesome.
-[Gina] Thanks, so do you.
- How's the new, sexy boyfriend?
- Oh, he's really good.
He's great, yeah.
He's sick, so he's
not here tonight,
but everything is
very, very good.
- I'm so glad you're happy.
- Yeah.
Are you guys on layover?
- Yeah, we had to see you.
- Oh, wow.
It's so nice to see you.
-[Faye] Can you bring
out some drinks?
- Of course!
I'll get, um, you want shots?
-[Faye] Yeah, shots.
- Yeah?
Okay, tequila, three?
Three shots of tequila.
Four, okay.
- He's not happy.
- Okay.
[doorbell buzzes]
- Hi, it's me.
- Gina.
-[Jerome] What are
you doing here?
- Oh, I thought we
had plans tonight.
- No, I am busy.
- Oh, um, could I
use your bathroom?
It's an emergency.
- Hi.
Didn't realize you had company.
- Yes.
The bathroom is over there.
- Oh, yes.

Yeah, I remember.

- Yeah, go.

- Okay.

- Everything's okay?

- Yes, yes, okay.

Yeah, I'm fine.

- Okay.

- Oh, do you have
any white wine?

- Just whiskey.

[whimpers]

- Cool.

- I said, you will come with us.

- Oh, yeah, okay.

I didn't put my name in!

I didn't put your name in.

- I put your name down.

- No, no, no!

-[Crowd] Gina, Gina, Gina!

[winsome music]

Time is on my side

Yes, it is

Time is on my side

Yes, it is

That you wanna be free

You'll come running back

You'll come running back

You'll come running back to me

Time is on my side

Yes, it is

Time is on my side

Yes, it is

You're searching

for good times

But just wait and see

You'll come running back

You'll come running back to me

My girl, my girl,

where will you go?

I'm going where

the cold wind blows

-[Woman] You have

such an amazing voice.

My girl, my girl

Don't lie to me
Tell me where you
slept last night

[eerie music]

[glass shatters]

- Gina.

I'm glad you're okay.

- Thank you for staying with me.

- It's okay.

- We'll do something
really special tomorrow.

- What'd she say?

- She said, um--

- Do you wanna know about love?

- Yes, love.

- Okay.

- What does it mean?

- She said my real love is
coming in my life, is here.

[phone ringing]

- What?

What?

- Uh, she said it's real.

It's now, it's fine.

It's now.

Go, go take your call now.

[phone ringing]

Uh, okay.

- Well, there's gonna be no way
that I can come in tonight,
so can you please just make
something up?

I don't know, Charlie.

Just lie for me.

Just say anything.

I don't care, please.

-[Narrator] Jerome

didn't believe in fate,
in crystal balls or mysticism,
but he had began to think
that maybe, just maybe,
the tarot cards were right.

"Your true love is
already beside you."

He had to go to her.

[rock music]

[crowd cheering]

[dreamy music]

[girls chattering]

Even in a sea of beautiful
women, Jerome knew,
in that instant, that
Clemence would be his wife.

Gina, meanwhile, began
to spiral into despair.

She fell behind on
her rent payments.

She couldn't motivate
herself to bathe or eat
for days at a time, barely
able to leave the couch.

[romantic music]

- I have work.

Why?

Come on.

I missed one day, and
I have to work tonight.

Will you please go get Franz?

I need to talk to Franz.

I have to work tonight.

- Okay.

- Thank you.

- Wait here.

Stay here.

I'll be back.

- Hey, Gina.

What's happening with you?

- Franz doesn't want to see you
right now. He's, he's-- - -

- Okay, I don't need your help.

- I just need to talk to Franz.

- Let me talk to him first.

- I'll convince you to
take him back.

- I'm not going to fuck you.

- What?

You're not what?

-[Gina] I'm not

going to fuck you.
- You're not going to fuck me?
-[Gina] That's right.
- What makes you think
that I want to fuck you?
You want to talk to
Franz? I'm gonna get Franz.
- Hello, again.
Hello, again.
- You're fired.
[haunting music]
[doorbell buzzing]
- Please, come
back another time.
- No, I just had to find my
earring. I left my earring
here. The rose one, the red one?
- Okay, go find, go find.
- It's a red rose earring.
It was my mother's.
- Gina, Gina, stop, stop, stop.
You have to go now.
- No, I have to find my earring.
I can't leave
without my earring.
- I can find it tomorrow.
- You have to go.
You have to go now.
Please, please, Gina.
I go away with you now.
- You'll come with me?
- Yes, I come with you.
- You have to go now.
- You have to go.
You have to go.
Come, come.
Come, okay?
- Yes, my home.
Yes, right here.
Yes, come.
- What?
- Come, come.
[keypad beeping]
You want a drink?

Can I get you a drink?

- It is a joke?

It is a joke?

You live here?

You live here?

Go to America!

Okay?

- But I love you.

- Yeah?

[door slams]

[eerie music]

[knocking on door]

[romantic music]

[knocking intensifies]

- I have a room under
the name Gina Campbell.

- Okay, let me check.

Um, I don't have a
reservation under Campbell.

I have Royalton Air, but
nothing under Campbell.

There should definitely be a
reservation under my name.

Can you please check with
your supervisor?

- Oh, yes.

- Thank you.

- I'm sorry, Madam, but you
are not under the system.

There is no reservation
under Campbell,

and the hotel is full.

- I'm really sorry, there
is nothing I can do for you.

- Well, I stayed
here a million times,

and I've been on
my feet all day.

I would really love
to just get to sleep,

- I understand, but there
is nothing I can do for you.

I'm really sorry.

- The entire hotel is full?

- Yes, Madam.

[crickets chirping]

[romantic music]

[man grunting]

[screams]

- Get away from me!

No, get away!

Get away from me!

[shrieks]

-[Narrator] No great happiness
comes without great pain.

As Gina stalked the
happy couple for days,
trailing their every
move, she suddenly felt
something change inside of her.

She knew she might
have to hurt Jerome.

-[Tailor] Yes, I
do, a little bit.

- Okay, I am pregnant.

- Oh, congratulations.

So, I need a dress that's
going to, you know, that I can
either expand in the stomach,
or that will...

- Sorry, can I let you
five minutes, please?

- I will come back, Monsieur.

Thank you.

-[Tailor] Oh, good night.

[haunting music]

- Jerome?

Jerome!

Jerome, Jerome!

Jerome!

Jerome!

[haunting music]

Jerome!

Jerome.

Wait.

Jerome!

- Jerome!

[car screeches]

- Thank you.

Okay.

This is his belongings.

Thank you.

-[Narrator] The engagement
ring fit perfectly,
as if it were made just for her.

[sighs]

[ventilator drumming]

[heart monitor beeping]

Jerome took such good
care of her, Gina thought,
and now it was her turn
to stay by his side,
to nurse him back from the dead.

[heart monitor blares]

[phone chimes]

[heart monitor blares]

[romantic music]

She wanted a photo.

Something to send to Lorraine,
but also something for herself,
to remember that moment.

Some tangible proof that all
of this, somehow, was real.

[camera clicks]

[romantic music]

["Thirst Street Theme"

by Lindsay Burdge]

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