



Scripts.com

Valley of Love

By Guillaume Nicloux

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They call this soup?

Shit.

Hello?

Chris?

Hello?

The service is awful.

You're breaking up.

What?

I can't hear you!

Hello?

What was that?

This goddamn heat.

Apparently it's 60C in Vegas.

Fuck...

Did you just get here?

Late last night.

I tried to call you.

- How about a drink?

- I forgot my phone, just a sec.

Which building are you in?

And you?

"A."

What'll it be?

You're looking well.

- Think so?

- Yeah.

I got fat.

Whatever makes you happy.

How could I possibly

be happy like this?

When did we last see each other?

In Venice.

- Positive?

- I think so.

I almost turned around in Vegas.

I did turn around.

And then I came back.

What the hell are we doing here?

This whole thing's insane.

But we said a week.

But we said a week.

I can't.

It's what you said,

you said a week.
A day won't make a difference.
My husband's in Paris,
so are my kids,
we haven't spoken in 2 days.
I can't reach them from the hotel.
Maybe it's for the best.
Suck it up for 1 week.
What's 1 week out of your life?
A lot, in my condition.
Our son is asking this of you.
You're here for him.
Do what he asks.
That's ridiculous.
You didn't go to his funeral.
I haven't been to a funeral
since my dad died.
- It's your son.
- Screw what you think!
You suffer more than me?
Is that what you're implying?
No.
I don't want to argue.
So why are you being such a shit?
Look!
What?
Did you see that thing?
Where?
It was running, running... Look!
I don't want to argue either.
I have to leave Thursday
for an important appointment.
We both have to be here,
otherwise it won't work.
Otherwise it won't work?
Exactly.
I'm not crazy.
In Paris, I met a woman,
a well-respected woman,
who advises politicians and execs.
She has a gift. I swear she does.
It may be hard to believe, but...
Does she charge a fee?
Obviously, what does that change?

Everything.

In that case,

a doctor who charges for care,

a dentist, say, is a quack?

A surgeon's a crook

because he gets paid!

That's so stupid.

Let's not have a fight.

Then stop picking one.

Fees, no fees,

you're being ridiculous!

So she's a psychic?

She thinks that...

Yes!

I couldn't reach you.

And you? How are you guys?

Did Tina get off alright?

Did it go well?

Yes.

Yes, of course.

Let me put the other earbud in. Yeah?

Why didn't she bring it?

She should've brought the big one!

Asshole!

What was his problem?

Dunno.

It's spectacular.

Yes.

Ever been here before?

It's been a while.

Has it changed?

Before...

there was no walkway.

You could walk right on the ground.

Here we're...

50m below sea level.

There's a sign, look.

Crazy.

They wrote it over there too!

- That's new.

- It's amazing.

I didn't see that.

Why did he die?

Why?

How should I know?
Michael was a loner.
We hardly saw each other.
I missed out on something with him too.
Like all of us,
we all miss out on something.
He took photos.
Where in San Francisco did he live?
A neighborhood called "The Mission."
He invited me a few times,
but I never went.
Fucking heat.
I'm going back to the car. Come on.
Do you blame me?
What for?
Is it our fault?
Of course it's our fault.
Good one!
We had him, we're responsible.
We have 2 more hours.
Go wait in the car, if you prefer.
You really want to wait 2 hours?
If it has to happen
the way he wrote it would.
But it's only what he wrote!
They're just words, just words...
Why overthink everything?
I'm not overthinking anything.
It's like some kind of pilgrimage.
He wanted us to get lost
in the middle of nowhere.
So we'd talk about him.
And that's where it ends.
He thought we fucked up his life,
what do I know?
It's his way of punishing us.
He brings us to Death Valley,
so we spend a week together.
A kind of punishment.
This, the scorching heat... punishment!
Or maybe he wants to kill me.
We talk about him, about us, we sweat,
we say we miss him.
I'll play this game till Wednesday,

but Thursday, I'm gone.
I'm gone, it's too hot!
I went 7 years without seeing him.
How can you not see
your child for 7 years?
It was his decision.
I bore that child. I loved him.
How can you stop seeing
a child you brought into the world?
He refused to see the two of us.
Did he talk about me?
We didn't talk.
Did you meet his friend?
You'll have to face facts.
You can't keep running away.
What facts?
Why'd he never want to see me again?
I don't know.
What did you tell him?
- Fuck...
- What'd you say all those years?
I can hear anything.
Then listen to this:
You sent your son away at 7.
I put him in boarding school.
By 16, he wanted us out of his life.
15 years later, some asshole informs us
that our son is dead.
That he spent a week here,
and when he got home,
he ate enough pills to end his life.
If those are your "facts"
this is hardly the place.
You're really a bastard.
Yeah.
I'm whatever you want,
an asshole, a bastard, an alcoholic.
And the list goes on.
- Screw you.
- You, too.
Screw you!
Shit, and it's hot!
Are you asleep?
He's not coming.

We have 5 more days.

Four.

I waited for you by the pool.

I can't go back out there.

There are assholes galore.

I want us to read the letters together.

I don't feel like it!

No, I really don't want to.

Not now.

- I want to hear it in your voice.

- I don't want to.

Please.

I'm Michael. I'm your son.

I'm the child you bore,

and now I'm dead.

I'm dead and you're alive.

As I write this, I'm not sick.

I don't do drugs or belong to any cults.

I'm of sound mind.

I can picture dad's face

as he reads his letter.

I don't like the way he's looking at me.

I've never liked that look.

And you, mom,

we haven't seen

each other much lately, huh?

3 years ago,

I went to that festival to see you.

I was a few feet away,

but I didn't go up to you.

You didn't see me...

but I saw you.

I stood there thinking about

how you were my mother.

How I came out of your stomach,

but it didn't mean much.

When I picture you,

it's always

with your anxious mom expression.

That's how I always knew you:

anxious.

Dad is a totally different story.

I love you, my parents.

I think I've always loved you.

I mean I could never bring myself
to fully hate you.
I won't get into it here,
that's not the point.
I'll cut to the chase, because...
if you do what I ask,
the three of us will meet again.
What I want,
and it's kind of my only dying request,
isn't for you to visit my grave,
or to think about me.
I don't want to get into how or why,
and I think things will be clearer
when we meet.
I'm dead, and that's a fact.
But I'm coming back.
Be in Death Valley on 12 November 2014.
Both of you.
Yes, you read right, you and dad.
It might sound like a bad joke,
but I swear it's the truth.
I swear on your... kids' lives.
My half-brothers and sisters,
and dad's kids.
It's my only shot at coming back.
That's the contract.
You both have to be there.
There's a schedule
with the exact places, dates and times
where you're to wait for me,
because I will return.
Only briefly, but I'll be there.
And I'll see you both.
I know you won't be there
because you think I'm crazy,
or to honor my memory.
No, deep down inside you,
you'll find another reason
to do me this favor.
Because it's really for yourselves
that you'll be doing it.
I died March 24th at 4PM.
My boyfriend went out.
I killed myself as planned.

The week of November 12th,
I promise we'll meet again.
I'll be in one of the seven
Death Valley landmarks.
Wait for me there.
Mom, I'll see you soon.
Your son, Michael,
who'll stay your son,
now and forever.
What's "the contract"?
I won't repeat myself,
you know what I think.
I read that letter dozens of times.
I had people read it to me.
I copied it by hand.
I gave it to 3 graphologists.
It's authentic.
His handwriting.
All we know is Michael's dead,
and we're both here.
Both of us.
To put it behind us.
- Put it behind us?
- Yes.
- Can I read your letter?
- If you want to.
Are we having dinner together?
Of course we are.
I'll shower and meet you at the bar.
I spoke to Claude earlier.
Did you reach anyone?
No.
What's your husband do again?
He's a lawyer.
A lawyer?
Must be a nice change.
A change from what?
Not you, just the relationship.
What relationship?
I don't understand.
People change partners,
but stay themselves.
Only the relationship changes.
How many drinks have you had?

I'm not drunk. Watch this.
If it wasn't for my gut...
It's stupid to think people change.
We're born and die
with the same basic parts.
No, I think we can become
completely different people.
That's an old wives' tale.
You've practiced that trick drunk.
You've known how to do it for years.
Am I capable of that?
Yes.
How about some BBQ?
There's a place next door.
I'm vegetarian.
No more meat at all?
What do you eat, veggies, grains?
- What about eggs?
- Look, go eat, I can stay by myself.
Let me introduce...
What's going on?
Where are you going?
- To bed.
- You're not gonna eat?
No, I'm not hungry.
Goodnight.
Last night I saw a documentary on Gould.
Ever see the chair he played on?
He was a musician?
Glenn Gould, the pianist, not the actor.
He played on an old folding chair.
He performed on it for years.
Was he broke?
He had Asperger's syndrome.
A form of autism.
So?
Nothing. That's it.
What's all this?
Nothing, just some stuff
I picked up at the store.
Throw it in back.
Get in.
It's our second day, any thoughts?
What?

About Michael.
What am I supposed to say?
I don't know.
If somethings on your mind,
spit it out for chrissakes.
Michael...
What?
Finish your thought.
What about Michael?
Did he have AIDS?
Did he have AIDS?
Where'd you get that idea?
I'm just asking if he had AIDS.
No.
He didn't have AIDS.
Where the hell did you get that idea?
I was just wondering,
because I don't get it.
What don't you get?
His suicide.
There's nothing to get.
He died without any explanation.
We have to live with that.
His letters. He knows we're here.
Sure, sweetheart.
- Your coffee.
- Thanks.
I think he'd been living like that
for years.
No table, no books, nothing.
Just clothes and a ratty old armchair.
Nothing.
Still, he liked nice things as a kid.
- I dunno what he liked.
- Did you visit him often?
Once or twice, just in passing.
I don't remember,
it was years ago.
He was single then.
My daughter's studying in Berlin.
We talk on Skype.
But I don't know much about her.
We don't know much
about our own kids.

They never tell us
about the big decisions.
Where'd you get that shirt?
Nounours must've bought it for me.
- Who's "Nounours"?
- My secretary.
You don't like it?
They're pineapples.
You think it's tacky, huh?
A little.
I dreamt of Michael last night.
He was waiting,
we were in your car.
I don't want to hear about it.
It's a dream. It's harmless.
We're in your car. In Rome.
I hate that city.
It's a dream!
We're in your car.
We're meeting Michael somewhere,
and you find parking near the Coliseum.
When we get out of the car,
there are people all over the place.
And you disappear.
Hundreds of people brush against me.
I call you,
but you're nowhere to be seen.
Suddenly, I turn around...
Someone taps my shoulder,
I turn around, and it's you...
And Michael. You're both facing me.
I look at you.
And your eyes are so black...
So black...
Is that all?
Yeah.
Pretty lousy.
Stupid dream.
- It's a dream!
- Yeah, but it's a stupid one.
Black eyes!
I know what your problem is,
always have.
Even when we were together.

Oh yeah?
You're borderline.
Are you calling me borderline?
So that's my problem?
I'm borderline!
I'm borderline,
because of your stupid dream?
What is borderline?
It's a personality disorder.
That fucking takes the cake!
We can walk up, if you like.
There's a path.
Want your sandwich?
No.
I saw a lizard earlier.
I gave it some bread.
You're not supposed
to feed the animals.
It was a lizard.
It alters the ecosystem.
This is so annoying!
You getting service?
I didn't bring my phone.
Stop it!
- What?
- The bread, stop it!
Imagine what it adds up to
each week, each year.
There's a balance to respect.
Didn't you read
the rule book at the hotel?
Are you gonna hassle me
over a few crumbs?
If you take offense,
that's your problem.
You're an adult,
do what you like.
I slapped you once, remember?
Must've been someone else.
I don't think so.
Chris?
Hello?
Screw it!
Chuck that piece of shit

right over the edge.
Fuck off.
The keys.
Sit down.
The keys!
Sit down,
I have something to tell you.
I tried to tell you yesterday.
I have cancer.
Bladder cancer.
They want to remove it all:
bladder, prostate, erectile nerve.
It's smoker's cancer.
How long have you known?
A month.
I'm going to see
some bigshot oncologist.
It took 2 weeks
to get an appointment.
It's Thursday.
Thursday?
The other guy wants to operate,
but I feel fine.
No signs of fatigue,
I sleep and eat normally.
I pissed blood once and...
I should've kept my mouth shut.
I'm so sorry.
Maybe this other guy
won't be so alarmist.
Bladders are easy to replace.
It's just a bag of piss.
I know someone
who only had half removed.
And you're right, he's fine now.
He still smokes.
I should probably cool it for a while.
Your friend have chemo?
I don't think so.
Losing your hair is one thing,
it's the eyebrows that kill me.
Not having eyebrows
is fucking ridiculous.
Did they mention chemotherapy?

The first one did.
His name's Kuskaz,
ever heard of him? Dr. Kuskaz?
No, but get several opinions.
I'm not letting a Hungarian castrate me,
that's for sure.
I'm really sorry.
It's 2104.
He's not coming.
Cheers.
What is it?
Your feet look awful.
I should've bought flip-flops.
They look like ground meat.
Again.
No, I was talking to the waiter.
To the waiter!
It's a beer.
It's a beer!
Look, I'll deal with it when I get home.
And how's Simon?
And his leg?
Shoot, he didn't go to school?
Oh, fudge.
Yeah.
I don't know.
Hello? You're breaking up again.
I can't hear you!
Chris, I can't hear you!
- Call from your room.
- Damn phone's useless here!
Here.
My letter.
Mind if I read it later?
About what happened earlier...
- I didn't think...
- I'd rather not discuss it.
Have you decided?
You won't discuss it,
but it did take place, I mean...
Why avoid the subject?
Do you always have to
spoil everything?
OK.

I don't want to...
I want us to stay together.
Yeah. Thank you.
What for?
Come on, forget it.
I'm glad we're together.
Let's see, I'll have...
I'll have a hamburger.
I thought you were vegetarian.
There are vegetarian hamburgers.
What's a vegetarian hamburger?
It's a burger without meat.
With veggies, uh, lettuce.
Hope you don't mind,
I ordered another whiskey.
It's your liver, your health.
Please be in Death Valley
12 November 2014 with mom.
Please be in Death Valley
12 November 2014 with mom.
You read right, you and mom.
It might sound like a bad joke,
but I swear it's the truth.
I don't swear often,
but I swear on your kids' lives,
my half-siblings, and on mom's.
It's my only shot at coming back.
You both have to be there.
On the back of this letter,
there's a schedule of the places
to go with exact dates...
and times.
Wait for me, because I will return.
Only briefly, but I'll be there.
I swear I will, believe me.
And I'll see you.
We'll see each other.
But I need you both.
This isn't a bad joke. I know...
you'll be there because...
mom will force you,
at least I hope she will.
If you aren't sick,
you'll come because mom is very good

at persuading people.
You'll also realize that
deep in your heart
there's another reason
to do me this favor, because...
it's also...
for yourselves...
that you'll be doing it.
Out of the guilt that you can't...
that you can't help feeling...
I died...
I died on March 24th at 4PM.
My boyfriend Craig went out.
He didn't know anything about my plans.
I took my own life,
or, should I say, it got away from me.
You'll understand everything.
I'll come back
the week of November 12th.
You'll receive a sign from me, but...
I'll be physically present
at one of the 7 landmarks.
Whatever you do,
please visit them in the right order.
Wait for me both.
See you soon, dad,
I love you so much.
Even with everything
that keeps us apart.
Michael...
Your son, no matter what.
Coming!
You alright?
I threw up.
Must be the food.
- Anything I can do?
- Go away.
What happened to you?
I cut myself.
Thought you might have bandages.
- Didn't you put the AC on?
- No.
I can't fucking breathe.
You just missed the vein.

How'd it happen?
With my razor, don't ask me how.
If it bleeds again, put pepper on it.
Pepper?
Pepper stops the bleeding.
But use salt if you prefer.
Where do I get pepper
this time of night?
Where do I get pepper
this time of night?
Thanks.
Must be the heat.
Heat exhaustion causes vomiting.
I'm just tired.
Want me to turn on the air
before I go?
I want to be alone. Just leave.
I want to be alone. Just leave.
Leave please!
OK.
Thanks.
Open up.
What's going on? Open up!
Open up!
Open the door.
Open up, dammit!
What's going on?
Are you hurt?
- Come.
- No!
- Not in the room!
- What happened?
- What happened?
- It was awful!
- What happened?
- It was awful!
There was someone there! It was awful!
There was someone in the room!
There was someone there!
There's no one here.
I opened my eyes... No,
I opened my eyes... No,
first came the smell,
then I opened them and it was dark.

He grabbed my ankles.
I tried to break free, but I couldn't.
I'm not crazy, someone grabbed me.
Who?
You believe me?
I turned on the light, but he was gone.
You had a nightmare.
It wasn't a nightmare, I was awake.
No one was in the room,
the window was shut.
No one was in the room,
the window was shut.
No one.
You don't believe me.
Your nerves are frazzled.
And you have heat exhaustion.
You don't believe me.
You don't believe me.
How am I supposed to believe you?
Then how can you believe
Michael will come back?
So what'll it be?
So what'll it be?
About what?
What just happened was a nightmare?
Exactly.
You dreamt someone grabbed your ankles,
and you woke up believing it.
And you woke up believing it.
Sure, it's simpler.
Michael's dead and I had a nightmare.
That's it. Exactly.
But it's not true.
Tell her I'm not your wife!
Can I sleep here?
Of course.
Of course.
What about the AC?
It's off.
What kind of pictures did he take?
I'm not sure.
You're not sure about anything.
How can I get you to stay?
You don't give a damn, do you?

You'd rather I die.

No, what you're going through makes me sad.

When you love someone once, you love him forever.

You can only hate an ex you never really loved.

You can only hate an ex you never really loved.

Remember how we met?

Remember where we were?

You were handsome.

Who was that girl you were seeing?

You should know,

she was my rebound after you left me.

She was beautiful.

She was a former Miss Lorraine.

I hope you get better.

- Is your husband well?

- He's doing fine.

We're splitting up,

but he's doing fine.

Better than me.

Why?

- Why's he doing better?

- Why are you splitting up?

That's life.

And your girls?

- My girls?

- Yeah, how are they?

Look.

What the hell's that?

I don't know.

I don't know.

They look like burns.

From his hands.

- There was no one in your room.

- Yes, there was.

I was outside watching your window.

I was outside watching your window.

When you turned out the light,

I was smoking a cigarette.

You screamed, I came running...

I got there.

I felt his hands on me,
and this happened.
I felt his hands on me,
and this happened.
You were alone in your room.
No one came in
through the door or the window.
Michael held my ankles
before I fell asleep.
It's the sign he mentioned
in his letter.
It's the sign he mentioned
in his letter.
Cut the crap.
I'm crazy, I'm delusional...
- Convenient, isn't it?
- No.
Being here with you isn't convenient.
Pretending Michael will rise up
and meet us isn't convenient.
Pretending Michael will rise up
and meet us isn't convenient.
Please, just look!
- See that?
- What?
Look closer.
See it now?
Do you see it, there?
I see a thing, yeah.
It's a fingerprint, no?
It does look like one,
It does look like one,
but there's no way to tell.
How about the other foot? Show me.
When did you notice them?
When I woke up.
Damn mutt!
What's it doing here?
Another half-hour.
Shall we walk a little?
With your feet?
I can walk.
Do you understand?
I need to know you understand.

Maybe I'd leave too.
You're sick, you need care.
So you're coming with me?
What good is you staying without me?
Do what you have to.
I'm leaving Thursday.
I'm starting to realize that.
- Are you in pain?
- A little.
- Let's head back.
- No, wait.
Did I tell you my phone broke?
No.
I dropped it on purpose.
The screen cracked.
Those things are junk.
I lied to you.
I didn't see a psychic in Paris.
I sat in her waiting room
but I left before seeing her.
I was afraid she'd tell me
Michael was really dead.
That's not what I wanted to hear.
Sometimes I feel like I'm collapsing,
like nothing's holding me up.
I feel abandoned, empty.
Even when I think
about my life back home.
My kids, my family...
No, that was last month.
Go ahead, put dad on.
I love you, honey. Kisses.
Hello?
That's it.
Yeah, that's it.
There's no shade.
Over there maybe, on the other side.
It's unbearable.
- You coming?
- Yes, I'm coming.
There's no shade.
Stop, stop right there!
Right...
- I'm hot.

- Then come on!
Where? The sun's everywhere!
This way.
So you don't give a damn?
Exactly.
Is it spirituality
you don't give a damn about?
Spirituality!
It's thinking about it I don't like.
It's like God.
Or the soul.
They're just words.
I'm talking about
the idea of spirituality.
The point's not to debate its existence,
but to understand
what we mean by spirituality.
Everyone's entitled to it, or...
at least to give it a name.
Forget it,
you're impossible to talk to!
You've worn out a lot of women.
I think I wore myself out too.
Are you living with anyone?
No.
It's important to have someone
by your side.
Especially in your condition.
Don't worry. I feel fine.
I still have a few good friends.
How many?
Not many.
Still, we had some good times.
Of course.
Remember that first hotel?
It's still there.
- I went back 3 months ago.
- Really?
Remember the rooms?
You realize all the hotels I've slept
in over 30 years?
You must remember the elevator.
We made love in it.
Are you crazy?

I remember it perfectly.
Standing up, against the gate.
Really?
I stood at the window of my room,
I lit a cigarette.
I smoked thinking about those days.
I watched the people below.
It was great.
Another sign, no?
A sign of what?
Are you gonna keep on
ignoring the evidence?
The evidence?
Where do you see evidence?
There's not a fucking shred
of evidence in this shithole!
How awful!
Is something wrong?
There was a dog's head
in the restroom.
In a bag.
It was missing an eye.
- What was it doing there?
- I have no idea.
Some guy came to get it
while I was washing my hands.
- Don't you like mushrooms?
- Not really.
One less vegetable on your list.
It's the most radioactive vegetable.
No kidding.
I stopped eating them
after Chernobyl.
That said,
there's radioactivity everywhere.
Even in the desert.
- Even here?
- Of course.
But the risk is much higher
in the mountains.
Tibetans in the Himalayas
are exposed to cosmic rays
four times more powerful
than people in Paris or Manila.

Tibetans?
They're radioactive?
They live closer to the sun.
This wine's good, what is it?
Cabernet Sauvignon.
It's got a hint of currant.
You taste it?
It's not supposed to.
All I can taste is the mushrooms.
Can't get this damn
radioactive flavor out of my mouth.
So it's pointless asking you to stay?
I'm leaving tomorrow at 3.
Reschedule your appointment.
I told you,
I've been waiting weeks for it.
Michael's been waiting 6 months.
What's the plan tomorrow?
Mosaic Canyon.
After that?
Natural Bridge.
You have the schedule in your letter.
I checked at the hotel.
A guy from the front desk
will drive you.
Goodnight.
My feet hurt.
You should've come, you know.
It's beautiful.
It's sand.
Dunes.
This heat.
It's a quarter to.
It's a quarter to.
You OK?
It burns.
Show me.
See a doctor when we get back.
I want to finish the hike.
In this heat?
I'm staying here.
I'll leave the bag.
We'll eat afterwards.
I'll be back in 15 minutes.

- Do you have water?
- Yes!
Is someone there?
Come!
Grard!
Come!
I couldn't wait, I was starving.
Are you OK?
Grard, what's wrong?
What is it?
Michael.
My God, My God...
Don't touch me!
Don't touch me! Get off me!
Get off me, Grard!
Get off me!
Son of a bitch!
There's no way! Get off!
Get off!
You're disgusting.
You're a monster!
You're doing this
because you're dying!
Why didn't you call me, Grard?
Say he'll come back!
Say he'll come back!
Why didn't you call me?
He grabbed my hands.
Get off me!
- It was him. It was Michael!
- Get off me!
He grabbed my hands!
He grabbed my hands like this.
And he told me...
"I love you."
"I love you." He said he loved us.
He forgives us.
It was him, it was him.
It was Michael.