Vicky and Cristina decided.
...to spend the summer in Barcelona.
Vicky was completing her master's.
...in Catalan Identity...
...which she had become
interested in through.
...her great affection for
the architecture of Gaudi.
Cristina, who spent the
last six months writing...
...directing and acting in...
...a 12-minute film which
she then hated...
...had just broken up with
yet another boyfriend...
...and longed for a change of scenery.
Everything fell into place
when a distant relative.
...of Vicky's family
who lived in Barcelona...
...offered to put both girls up
for July and August.
The two had been
close since college.
...and shared the same tastes.
...and opinions on most matters.
Yet when it came
to the subject of love...
...it would be hard to find.
...two more dissimilar
viewpoints.
Vicky had no tolerance for pain.
...and no lust for combat.
She was grounded and realistic.
Her requirements in a man.
were seriousness and stability.
She had become engaged to.
Doug because he was decent
and successful...
...and understood the beauty
of commitment.
Yeah, I miss you, too.
Cristina, on the other hand...
...expected something very
different out of love.
She reluctantly accepted
suffering as.
...an inevitable component
of deep passion...
...and was resigned to putting.
...her feelings at risk.
If you asked what she was gambling
her emotions on to win...
...she would have been unable to say.
She knew what she didn't want,
however.
And that was exactly what Vicky
valued above all else.
- You're Vicky.
- Yes, yes.
You're so grown up.
It's been a while.
It's great to see you.
Welcome to Barcelona.
Cristina, I'm Judy.
This is your room.
I put you together.
Judy, thank you so much
for having me here.
It was so last-minute
and you don't know me at all.
To include me is so sweet of you.
It's so nice to have
a little action around here.
It's been so quiet since
Arthur went off to college.
After the girls unpacked
and Judy's husband, Mark...
...got home from the golf course,
Lunch was served.
We have a beautiful home.
We've really come
to love it.
He makes friends with anybody a
nd speaks the language...
...so he was like, "Whee!"
You learned just fine.
What do you do, Cristina?
I am currently at liberty.
Come on.
She made a film.
- How exciting.
- It was 12 minutes.
What was it about?
About?
It was about why love is so hard to define.
That's a mighty big subject to handle in 12 minutes.
Vicky, you're getting your master's in...
Yeah, my master's in Catalan Identity.
What do you plan on doing with that?
I don't know.
Maybe teaching, maybe curating.
You don't have to do something.
She's marrying this wonderful man in the fall.
...and all her conflicts will be resolved...
...when he makes her pregnant.
Now that Judy's decided your future...
To your summer in Barcelona.
Welcome.
Salud.
In the days that followed...
Vicky and Cristina drank in the artistic.
...treasures of the city.
They particularly enjoyed the works of Gaudi and Miro.
Once, Mark and Judy invited Vicky and Cristina.
...to go sailing with them on Mark's boat.
With Cristina in mind, Mark and Judy asked along.
...the son of one of his business partners...
...an eligible young man Mark thought she might like.
My dream is to accumulate enough wealth, sail off.
...to an island and spend my days snorkeling.
I'm actually a snorkeling nut.
Have you ever snorkeled before?

Unfortunately, Charles and Cristina were not a match made in heaven.
Vicky, meanwhile, researched.
...every aspect of Catalan life...
...even getting a tour of the market.
...and a local restaurant, to delve into Catalan cooking.
On balmy summer nights, the girls would sometimes.
...go hear Spanish guitar music...
...which never failed to move.
Vicky in some magical way.

One evening, Mark and Judy took them.
...to the opening of a friend's art gallery.
Many local artists and a number.
...of collectors attended.
- Do you like them?
- I do.
Thank you for taking us.
We buy from this gallery.
Mark has commissioned this artist...
...to do a series of pictures.
...for his office walls.
Is that the artist over there?
In the red?
No, no. That's not...
Alfred is, um...
He's the gentleman
in the linen coat right there.
That's him.
I don't know who that is.
Mark? Who is the gentleman
in the red shirt over there?
Who is it?
He's a painter.
Remember? Diego told us about him.
He had that fiery relationship.
with that beautiful
woman who was nuts.
The violent fighting
and the messy divorce.
It was in all the newspapers.
Oh, my God.
His name is
Juan Antonio Gonzalo...
...and he had
this hot divorce.
...and she tried to kill him.
Or he tried to kill her.
It was this really
big thing in the art world.
I can't remember the details.
We don't move
in those bohemian circles...
...so I don't know.
Vicky and Cristina
left the art gallery.
...and decided
to go for dinner.
They strolled
past the church.
...in the wonderful
summer night air...
while people celebrated...
...finally winding up
around midnight.
...at a little restaurant.
It's nice to be able
to not have to worry.
...about if some place
is going to stay open.
Yeah, but we probably should.
...be worrying about our dreams.
Who are you looking at?
Isn't that the painter.
we just saw at the gallery?
Oh, yeah.
He's the...
...painter with the bad divorce.
Mark told us.
I was half listening.
He keeps looking over here.
Because you keep
provoking contact.
I'm not provoking contact.
You've been throwing him little.
...looks all night.
I'm just drinking my wine.
Yeah, of course you are.
You must be doing something.
...because he's coming over.
American?
I'm Cristina and this
is my friend, Vicky.
What color are your eyes?
They're blue.
I would like to invite you
both to come with me to Oviedo.
To come where?
To Oviedo.
For the weekend.
We leave in one hour.
Where is Oviedo?
A very short flight.
By plane?
What's in Oviedo?
A sculpture that is
very inspiring to me.
A very beautiful sculpture.
You'll love it.
You're asking us
to fly to Oviedo and back?
No, we'll spend the weekend.
I'll show you around the city.
We'll eat well,
we'll drink good wine...
we'll make love.  
Who exactly is going 
to make love?  
Hopefully, the three of us.  
- Oh, my God.  
- I'll get your bill.  
This guy doesn't beat 
around the bush.  
Look, senor, maybe 
in a different life.  
Why not?  
Life is short.  
Life is dull.  
Life is full of pain.  
This is a chance 
for something special.  
Right.  
Who exactly are you?  
I am Juan Antonio.  
And you are...  
...Vicky, and you are Cristina.  
Right?  
Or is it the 
other way around?  
It could be the 
other way around...  
...because either of us. 
will do to keep 
the bed warm.  
I get it.  
Well, you are both so 
lovely and beautiful.  
Well, thank you...  
...but we do not fly 
off to make love...  
...with whoever invites us.  
...to charming little 
Spanish towns.  
Does she always analyze 
every inspiration...  
...until each grain 
of charm is...  
...squeezed out of it?  
I guess I have to say that...
...my eyes are green,
actually.
I wouldn't call our reluctance...
...to leap at your sexual.
...offer being over-analytical.
If you would care to join us
for some...
...recognized form
of social interaction.
...like a drink,
we'd be fine...
...but otherwise,
I think you should try.
...offering to some
other table.
What offended you about the offer?
Surely not that I find you.
...both beautiful and desirable.
Offended me?
No.
It's very amusing... Galling...
...to be honest, but...
Is it my imagination
or is it getting a little late?
I would love to go to Oviedo.
What? Are you kidding?
I think it would be so much fun.
I think we should go.
I'd love to go.
Can we discuss
this some other time?
When I saw you across the room.
...at the art gallery...
...I noticed you have...
...beautiful lips.
Very full, very sensual.
Thank you.
Okay, okay, look.
I'm s-, you know, if you wanna go...
I can't guarantee
the lovemaking-
...because I happen to be very moody.
Let's not negotiate
like a contract.
I came over here with
no subterfuge...
...and presented my best offer.
I hope you will discuss
it and give me.
...the pleasure to take you
with me to Oviedo.
I have the good fortune.
...to borrow my friend's plane.
It's just big enough
for the three of us.
...and I'm a very good pilot.
It sounds very safe.
Think it over.
I hope you're joking about going.
Oh, my God,
This guy is so interesting.
Interesting?
Are you kidding?
What's so interesting?
He wants to get us both into bed.
But he'll settle for either.
In this case, you.
Vicky, I'm a big girl, okay?
If I want to sleep with him,
I will.
If not, I won't.
Cristina,
he's a total stranger.
This is impulsive,
even for you...
...and if I heard right...
...he was violent with his wife.
At least he's not one.
...of those factory-made zombies,
you know?
This is a great way
to get to know him.
No, it's not.
I'm not going to Oviedo...
...with this charmingly
candid wife beater.
You find his
aggressiveness attractive...
...but I don't.
And he's certainly
not handsome.
I think he's very handsome.
He has a great look.
I mean, he's really sexy.
Well, you would,
because you're a neurotic.
You have to admire
his no-bullshit approach.
What are you talking about?
It's all bullshit.
I'm not going to Oviedo.
First off,
I never heard of Oviedo.
I don't find him winning.
Third, even if
I wasn't engaged...
...and was free
to have some kind.
...of dalliance
with a Spaniard...
I wouldn't pick this one.
Oh, hi.
I can't talk right now.
I'm trying
to save Cristina.
...from making a potentially
fatal mistake.
What? No, the usual.
I'll call you back.
I love you, too.
If we go back
to the house now...
we can just throw
some things in a bag.
...and we'll meet him there.
I took an instant liking
to this guy.
He's not one of these
cookie-cutter molds.
- He's creative and artistic.
- Cookie-cutter mold?
Is that what you think
of Doug?
Doug?
Who said anything about Doug?
It's ridiculous.
You like the way
it sounds to pick up.
...and fly off in an airplane.
I know. I don't know
why I'm so scared...
...unless I'm scared of myself.
It's a mistake, Cristina.
They predicted a little
storm out of the town...
...out of Oviedo,
but it's nothing serious.
Don't worry, really.
As you can see here...
There, it's just
a little bumpy, right?
- Would you like to fly it?
- No, thank you!
It's easy.
It's even easier than a car.
Try it.
By early morning...
...they had reached
their destination...
...and proceeded to a hotel.
...that Juan Antonio
had selected for them.
Vicky made sure she and Cristina.
...had their own room.
...and Juan Antonio had his.
If he was disappointed,
he hid it well.
After freshening up, he took them.
...to see the sculpture that was
so meaningful to him.
Are you very religious?
No. No, I'm not.
The trick is to enjoy life...
...accepting it
has no meaning whatsoever.
No meaning? You don't even.
...think that authentic love gives life meaning?
Yes, but love is so transient, isn't it?
I was in love with the most incredible woman...
...and in the end...
Yes?
...she put a knife into me.
My God, that's terrible.
Maybe you did something to deserve it.
Juan Antonio took his guests for lunch. They discussed art and romance. He was full of stories about Maria Elena...
...his ex-wife...
...whom he both criticized and idolized. He proved to be a good host, and in the afternoon... he took them to see the local sights... where they enjoyed hearing about the city... and took photos. Later, they bought candy and cakes at a charming sweet shop... which were homemade and delicious. They continued to document their trip. ...and while Vicky remained skeptical... ...Cristina had a wonderful time. The question of sleeping together... did not come up until that night... ...and Juan Antonio was a little drunk.
You're welcome.
Well, now that the day
is almost over...
...is it reasonable
of me to ask you.
...if you would both join
me in my room?
Come on.
I thought we settled that.
Vicky's just trying to say
she's engaged to be married, that's all.
Great. Then these are her
last days of freedom.
No. Look, I'm not free.
I'm committed.
You know what my theory is?
When I drink,
I get brutally frank.
I... I think that you're still hurting.
...from the failure of your marriage
to Maria Elena...
...and you're trying to
lose yourself in empty sex.
Empty sex? Do you have such.
...a low opinion of yourself?
She's just saying it has to
have meaning for her, that's all.
I mean, the city is romantic.
The night is warm and balmy.
We are alive.
Isn't that meaning enough?
I just came along to
keep Cristina company.
I'm engaged to be married.
I have a handsome...
...lovely fiance
who I make love with...
...who also holds a.
...very real place in my heart.
And to be perfectly frank,
Juan Antonio...
...if I were the type
of person who played around...
I don't think it's
in the cards for us.
So, I'm tired.
I haven't slept
in twenty-four hours...
...and that is exactly
what I'm going to do.
And you?
I'll go to your room...
...but you have to seduce me.

Hello.
Hello.
I am just here to have
a quick drink...
...to say thank you...
...then I'm going back to my room.
Did you act in the
small film you made?
Did I act?
Yeah, I acted. Why?
I hope you were more convincing.
...than you are pretending
to have come here.
...for one quick drink.
I am here to go
to bed with you.
You're right.
So you're pretty much home free,
unless you...
...blow it.
- Blow it?
Yeah.
Blow it.
You mean ruin the moment?
Yeah.
And how would
I do that?
I don't know.
It could be anything from...
...some inane comment to...
...wearing the wrong kind
of shorts.
Although... Somehow,
by looking at you...
...I think you're wearing
the right kind of shorts.
You're very hard to please.
Yeah, well... I am famous
for my intolerance.
And what do you
want in life.
...besides a man with the
right shorts?
I don't know.
I know I'm not going
to settle until.
I find what I'm looking for.
Which is what?
Something... Else.
I want something different.
Something more.
Some sort of...
counterintuitive love.
Meaning?
Meaning, um...
I don't know.
I don't know what I want.
I only know
what I don't want.
If you don't start
undressing me soon...
...this is going to turn
into a panel discussion.
Are you okay?
Yeah, I'm fine.
It's something I ate.
What's wrong?
Can I get you anything?
No,
I... I shouldn't be drinking.
- What happened?
- I'm going to be sick.
It's her ulcer and perhaps
food poisoning.
Maybe both.
God, both.
- She must just ret. Not eat.
- Rest?
Yeah, rest, rest.
With Cristina stuck in bed...
Vicky was anxious to get back.
...to Barcelona
and in no mood to sightsee.
When he gets out of his meeting...
...can you get him
to call me on my cell?
Yeah, I'm still stuck in Oviedo.
But sightsee is what they did.
I feel very sorry about Cristina.
Oh, come on.
Don't pretend concern.
I'm sure you kept
encouraging her to drink...
...as you did to both of us
throughout dinner.
But I can hold my liquor.
- She never mentioned her ulcer.
- No.
No, because she's
a mental adolescent...
...and being romantic,
she has a death wish.
So for a brief moment
of passion...
...she completely abandons
all responsibilities.
After lunch,
Juan Antonio took Vicky.
...to see the old
lighthouse at Aviles...
...which she found very beautiful.
I was born near here.
It would be a sin
if I came out here without.
...paying a visit to my father.
Would that be boring to you?
No.
No, I think that would
be the first genuinely.
...interesting proposition
you've made me.
I would love to see your
father and his house.
My father, Julio.
Oh, you know, if we carry on,
I don't think it's gonna...
That's fine.
That was great.
He speaks no English.
I'm sure my Spanish
is going to go.
He refuses to speak
any other language.
That's an important point
with my father, actually.
Really? Why?
Because he's a poet
and he writes the most.
...beautiful sentences
in the Spanish language...
...but he doesn't
believe a poet...
...should pollute his words
by any other tongue which is...
- No, it...
...quite a f...
...no, it makes sense, I understand,
because of the translation...
...and the things
you might lose.
I took some Spanish.
Of course,
I have no flair for languages.
I read it much
better than I speak it.
Maybe I could
read your father.
No, he doesn't publish.
That's the point.
Well, why not?
I'll explain later.
Do you want some conac?
Yes, thank you.
Just a very, very,
very little.
You look good...
you look healthy, Papa.
Yes, and you, too, 
look well.
What do you hear 
of Maria Elena?
She's still living 
with the architect in Madrid.
That woman was the best.
I still have erotic dreams 
about her, at my age.
She also loved 
you very much, Papa.
What a shame...
with that gift of God...
This was my favorite place 
to read when I was young.
And, yes, I wanted 
to be a writer, not a painter.
Painting came later.
And I wanted 
to play music, too.
I mean, all I knew is 
that I was full of...
I don't know...
Real emotion...
...and I had to find 
a way to express it.
Cristina says 
the same thing.
Cristina is a 
very interesting girl.
Want to sit?
Yeah.
So...
...tell me, why won't your.
...father publish his poems?
Because he hates the world...
...and that's his way 
of getting back at them.
To create beautiful 
works and then...
...deny them to the public, 
which I think is...
My God.
Well, what makes him.
...so angry toward
the human race?
Because after thousands of
years of civilization...
...they still haven't
learned to love.
They returned to the hotel.
Cristina was feeling better...
...but far too shaky
and needed more rest.
Vicky and Juan Antonio
dined together.
...at a lovely
little restaurant.
She was more relaxed
than at lunch...
...and had just finished
a great deal of wine.
This time she was enjoying
the conversation.
...no place on earth.
My father used
to bring me here.
Hello?
Hey. Did I get you at
a bad time, babe?
No, I'm just about to eat.
Can I call you back?
Let me just say one thing.
Paul and Maryanne
found a house up where they are...
...that they like even better
than the one in Bedford Hills.
Oh, yeah?
Uh, you're breaking up a little.
How?... Babe?
Call me later...
...but this house has a pool
and a tennis court.
We could both take lessons.
...from Paul's instructor.
Okay, I'll call you back.
I can't hear you.
I love you.
God.
The connection's terrible.
- What is this wine? It's delicious.
- It's great.
Was that your fiance?
Uh, yes, yes.
Why were you so nervous
speaking to him?
Was I nervous?
Yes, you turned red.
Well,
I'm sure it's the wine.
Would he be upset.
...if he knew
we were dining together?
No, not at all!
Are you kidding?
I mean, I don't think
he'd love the basic concept...
...of me sitting with a man
drinking wine over candlelight.
...but he'd quickly realize there was
nothing to worry about, so...
Would you ever withhold your work
from the public out of rage?
No-no-no.
I'm not like my father.
No, I told you...
...I affirm life,
despite everything.
Right, right.
Well. I'd be curious
to see your work.
Really?
Why? I mean, you are
so disapproving of me.
Well, I've gotten
to know you better.
It'd be interesting,
and after all...
...you are a Catalan painter.
...and that's my subject.
What gave you such
an interest in Catalan culture?
I fell in love with Gaudi's church when I was fourteen...
...and one thing led to another.
You also admire Spanish guitar, I hear.
Yes, yes. I love the guitar.
Would you like to go hear...
...some wonderful guitar tonight?
Tonight?
Well, it's a little late, and...
...I'm a little wobbly from the wine.
You said you could hold your alcohol.
Besides, we leave tomorrow.
Okay, sure.
Great.
That was unbelievable.
Thank you, thank you.
I was looking at your face and you looked very moved.
Yes, yes.
A few times, I saw a look like that.
Right.
On Maria Elena, I'm sure.
Well, yes, maybe on Maria Elena.
If she saw...
...or heard something that moved her, yes.
You're still in love with her.
No, I'm not, I'm not.
That confirms it.
No, she will always be a part of me.
She's an important person in my life...
...but for the two of us...
...something was not working.
What element?
We never found out.
You, um... You said you were looking at my face.
Why?
Why were you looking at mine?
Was I?
You probably saw my tears.
Yeah... I'm a little out of control.
I was looking at your face. ...because I find it very beautiful. - You do? - Of course I do.
Of course I do.
You know I do.
On the trip home, Vicky... who had mentioned nothing to Cristina, was silent. Cristina, on the other hand, talked nervously. I must apologize to both of you for ruining the whole weekend! I'm completely mortified! I'm humiliated.
I don't know if it was the wine, or the shellfish. Because I have this ulcer. I just thank God you knew enough sights. ...to keep Vicky occupied. I had these horrible nightmares. ...that you two would be like oil and water... ...hating every minute of being together. I just couldn't move. Vicky buried herself in work at the library. She put foolish ideas out of her head. ...and concentrated on her thesis. But she found her thoughts frequently returning to Oviedo. Cristina, searching for a means
...wandered the streets of Barcelona...
...experimented with her latest passion...
...photography...
...and believed that she had
made a fool of herself...
...exactly at the moment
of truth with Juan Antonio.
And then, 48 hours later...
Cristina came to Vicky
with an announcement.
Vicky, he called!
What? Who?
Juan Antonio.
He called me just now.
Juan Antonio called you?
Yeah, he wants to
take me to some vineyard...
...some wine tasting or something.
I said, "Absolutely."
A wine tasting.
But what about your ulcer?
No, it's fine.
A little wine's
not going to hurt me.
The point is that he wants to see me!
Isn't that great?
Yeah, yeah.
I can't believe it.
I never thought he would call.
That's great. I'm happy for you.
That night, the two women
had trouble falling asleep.
Cristina sat in the kitchen, drinking
coffee and working on her poetry.
Vicky, too, was lost in memories
of a night.
...that now seemed more
and more unreal.
Hello.
Hey, babe.
Did I wake you?
No, no...
I was just going to sleep.
I'm sorry I called so late.
I had to get out of the office.
Get some air, get some coffee,
and I had this great idea.
Check this out.
Dad has contacts in
the American Embassy in Spain.
I thought I'd come early,
work from there on my computer.
...and we could get married
in Barcelona.
You said it was
a romantic spot.
We'll just do a quick
city hall-type thing.
Of course, we'll do
it again in New York...
...and you know, and have a huge
blowout for our families and friends...
...but I thought it'd be fun.
What do you think?
What? To get married here?
Why not?
It'd be great to tell our kids
we got married in Spain...
...and Dad's friends would
make it real easy for us.
I don't know what to say.
You don't sound bowled over.
No, it's, uh...
...it's just a surprise.
So, w-, eh, look, we're gonna
marry in the fall anyway...
...and we're gonna do that, too.
I promise.
Yeah, so what's the point?
The point is, it's different,
it's exciting.
I told Ken and Alice.
I called them earlier and
they said they wish they'd done it.
I mean, London in their case,
but they were excited.
Well, I, uh...
You sound a bit reluctant.
Me? No. Why would I be?
No, I...
...I think it's a fine idea.
I think it's great.
It's a great idea.
Yeah, I think it's going to be good.
I'll call you tomorrow.
I know I woke you.
I'll give you more details tomorrow.
I love you so much.
Juan Antonio took Cristina to a wine tasting.
After, he took her back to his house, a lovely place he had purchased.
...from another painter years ago...
...and which served as his home and his studio.
He showed her his work, which delighted her.
She loved the colors and the wild...
...emotional way he applied the paint to the canvases.
From there, it was only one floor up to his bedroom.
He told her of his marriage to Maria Elena...
...and their deep love...
...and their terrible fights.
He told her he had not wanted to make love with anyone else.
...in the bedroom they shared... till now.
This time, Cristina kept her food down.
Juan took Cristina out several more times.
They went to see a new sculpture by a friend of his.
He showed her some
of his favorite parts.
...of the city,
where she took photographs.
Juan Antonio was friendly
with all the whores.
...and thought they would
make wonderful subjects.
He encouraged Cristina's work,
although.
...she was always too
shy to allow him to see it.
He took her to lunch
with his friends...
who were poets and
artists and musicians.
Cristina held her
own quite well.
Meanwhile, one day, going to study
yet again the Park Guell...
...which Gaudi had designed.
...and which figured prominently
in her thesis...
...Vicky had a chance encounter.
Vicky.
- Hollo
- How are you?
My goodness,
what are you doing here?
Nothing.
Just doing some sketches.
Oh, right.
Well, I didn't mean
to disturb you.
Disturb me, no.
How could you disturb me?
We never had a chance.
...to say a proper good-bye.
Well, you could have called me.
I... Yeah, I debated it.
But I didn't think
there was much point.
But you never phoned,
not to say anything.
"Thank you. It was fun. " 
You don't make love.
...to someone and then
never call them...
...unless you were
greatly disappointed.
Quite the opposite.
But...
...you have plans to marry...
...and I thought it best
to stop anything.
...before it led to a bad situation
for everyone.
I'm only saying that we made love.
...and you seemed to drop off
the face of the earth.
I mean, I realize these
things don't mean much to you.
To pursue matters would have
only caused you anxiety...
...for me,
a disappointment.
I had the ability.
...to hurt you after one night?
Maria Elena used to say that...
...only unfulfilled
love can be romantic.
Right. Okay.
Well, the truth is, you're
much more suited to Cristina.
I've grown very fond
of Cristina.
So, I'm very happy for you
and your husband-to-be.
And I...
...for you and Cristina.
- Bye.
- Bye bye.
And so the morning came.
when Vicky's husband-to-be
arrived from New York.
Juan Antonio,
like certain creative men...
...needed always
to live with a woman...
...and had invited Cristina to move in with him, which she accepted.
So you're with Global Enterprises?
Tom Sutter's an old friend of mine.
You know Tom Sutter? We play golf!
You do? Well, I got some stories.
Tom has never beaten me.
Well, he's not the greatest player in the world.
My God.
You're a whole different person here.
Yeah? What does that mean?
You were so into it.
Well, am I not usually?
Yeah, of course you are.
I'm giving you a compliment.
Maybe it's the Barcelona air.
Come here, hold me. Hold me.
You okay?
Yeah.
How's Cristina doing?
She's already moved in with some guy.
That was quick.
Don't tell me he's a bullfighter.
No.
Writer? Composer?
Tortured pseudo-intellectual and self-destructive?
Yeah, I know.
Sometimes she gets on my nerves.
with her crackpot love affairs.
Look, I love her because she's your friend...
...but I've warned you about her.
She's an unhappy person.
She can't part with that self-image.
...of the oh-so-special woman...
...the artist trying to find herself.
I find her contempt for normal values pretentious.
It's a boring cliche.
Well, men like her.
She's pretty.
And not exactly difficult
to maneuver into the sack.
Now you, on the other hand,
took a little effort to get to bed.
But it was worth the struggle.
- Yeah?
- Yeah.
Juan Antonio wants to take me.
...to this old amusement park
he said I would love.
I thought we could get lunch,
all of us...
...then we could
all see it together.
What, tomorrow for lunch?
We can't. We have plans.
No, we can always go boating
with Mark and Judy.
I'd like to go with Cristina.
- And Juan Antonio.
- I really want to go boating.
Yeah, that would be great.
Tomorrow.
Okay.
The couples met for lunch
and during the.
...course of conversation,
an awkward moment occurred.
Juan Antonio, having warm
thoughts about Cristina...
...tried to brush his foot...
...against hers under the table,
and accidentally brushed Vicky's.
The amusement park was everything
Juan Antonio led them to believe.
It was antique and charming,
and overlooked all of Barcelona.
I see why you love your fiance.
He's very charming.
Yes, he's lovely.
And very well suited to you.
I don't think I like
the way you say that.
I only mean you make a comfortable couple in the best sense. You don't understand. I can't do anything about it now. I'm not saying the thought hasn't crossed my mind, but...

Vicky, please. We must not get into this conversation again. All right? Things have moved on.

...and I've developed real feelings for Cristina.

Then what?...

Why did you rub your foot against mine under the table?
- I didn't.
- Yes.
- I didn't.
- When I looked over at you.

No. If I did, it was a mistake. My intention was to touch Cristina.

Okay, I'm sorry. I apologize for my mistake. I'm sorry, it was my mistake, but listen.

Listen... You are all set to enter. ...a completely different life. A life you always wanted with the man you love.

Yes, goddamn it, and then I met you...

...and we had this ridiculously irrational weekend together. ...and now I don't know where I am.

Please.

I'm with Cristina and you're getting married in two weeks, Vicky.

I know. I know.

I know you're right. Cristina loves you.

I would never...

Yes, and Cristina and I are a good fit.

She speaks my language.
You and I...  
- we'd be at each other's throats in a month.  
All right?  
Yaeh.  
Look. Maybe our paths will cross again someday...  
...under different circumstances.  
Who knows about life?  
Yaeh. You're right.  
You're right, I'm an idiot.  
I don't know what I expect to happen.  
And so the wedding day came and Vicky married Doug.  
Cristina was there.  
She did not bring Juan Antonio, who made an excuse.  
Following the ceremony...  
...the bride and groom left for a mini-honeymoon in Seville.  
Meanwhile, Cristina began to...  
...sense the possibility of the kind of relationship.  
...she had always sought...  
...but in the past had eluded her.  
She was the lover of an exciting man, an artist whose work she believed in.  
She was already thinking of herself as a kind of expatriate...  
...not smothered by what she believed to be America's puritanical...  
...and materialistic culture...  
...which she had little patience for.  
She saw herself more a European soul...  
...in tune with the thinkers and artists...  
...she felt expressed her tragic, romantic...  
...freethinking view of life.  
With Juan Antonio's circle of friends...  
...she hobnobbed with creative people of all sorts.
She loved their company.
...and continued to experiment
with writing and taking pictures.
- You have a good time?
- Yeah. Seville is breathtaking.
We ran into some friends from New York...
...got to spend some time with them,
which was great.
Uh, yeah, a-a-a little too much time.
You're just angry because they beat
our brains out at bridge.
- I don't like bridge.
- Me, either.
- What is this?
- Swag. Your attention, please.
Cristina and Juan Antonio
sent you this wedding gift.
When I found out she was seriously
dating Juan Antonio...
I couldn't believe it.
Just what we need...
a Rorschach blot.
I don't think I like it.
We'll buy you one of Alejandro's.
What?
Maria Elena is...
...she tried to kill herself.
What?
Is she okay?
Yes. Yes, I think so.
I don't know. I have to go.
Where are you going?
I'm going to the hospital.
Should I come with you?
I don't think that would be
a good idea for her.
She's a mess.
Well, all right, well,
if you want me to come.
- Okay, of course.
- Okay.
Of course.
Juan Antonio hurried out
in the dead of night.
Cristina tried
to go back to sleep...
...but had an uneasy feeling.
She dozed restively,
but awoke at the darkest hour.
I'm just up here making coffee!
Is everything okay?
Cristina, this is Maria Elena.
I feel like such a fool.
Here you have to speak English.
Please.
I'm embarrassed.
Oh, no.
Please, don't feel embarrassed.
Can I get you anything at all?
Vodka.
Vodka?
You're going to have a vodka now?
With all those pills you took?
Are you crazy, or what?
I want to take a shower,
Juan Antonio, can I?
I want to get rid of these clothes.
In English. In English.
When you are here,
you have to speak English. All right?
You want to take a shower,
you go there, in the guest room.
So now I'm a guest in my own house?
Yes. You are a guest.
Go on, Maria Elena, please. Go on.
There. You know where the room is.
So... what's going on?
- Nothing.
- Is everything okay?
I think she's okay, yeah.
I mean...
...things didn't work out
for her in Madrid and...
...she came back on the bus tonight,
alone.
Her whole world looked black.
...and all her plans had come
to nothing and...
she overdosed in the bus terminal.

Oh, my God, that's terrible.
Yea. She has to stay with us.
What? She's gona stay with us?
She has to stay with us.
I mean, she has no money.
She has no one capable of caring for her.
I, I always...
I was always her connection to the real life.
I understand, but, I mean,
how can she stay here?
You know, I think...
...she can't be trusted to stay alone.
That's the problem.
I mean, even if...
...let me think... Even if I...
...if a place could be worked out...
Maybe she needs psychiatric help.
No. She's always had bad experiences with doctors.
I understand,
but where is she going to stay?
In there.
Well, how long is she going to stay here?
Cristina, I know...
...this is not what you had in mind,
but she has to stay with us.
- I understand.
- She has no one else.
I understand.
It's only for a short time.
A few months at most.
She's staying for a few months?
Listen, I've been through this with her before.
So... I mean, if...
Shit.
If you had only known her when I first met her. I mean, her beauty... ...took your breath away.
- Yes, I know.
- She was so talented, so brilliant... ...she was so sensual. She chose me from a hundred men ready to kill for her. We were both sure that... ...our relation was perfect, but there was something missing. You know, love requires such a perfect balance. It's like the human body. It may turn out that you have... ...all the vitamins and minerals, but...
...if there is a single, tiny ingredient... ...missing, like, like... ...salt, for example... One dies. Salt? Who is she? She is the woman I live with. You have to speak English around her. Please. Why? For her sake? Yes, exactly. Out of courtesy. I don't trust her, Juan Antonio. Her eyes are not one color. You always had paranoid ideas about every woman I've ever known. She's pretty. Do you think she'll be enough for you? Well, she's quite intelligent and she is a free thinker, like you. Like me? Yes. You're still searching for me in every woman. That is not true, Maria Elena. I was in Oviedo some weeks
ago with a woman.
who was the antithesis of you...
...an American, and something.
...beautiful happened with her.
So you're mistaken.
You'll always see to duplicate
what we had. You know it.
In this house, speak English.
That's all I ask. All right?
Don't talk to me like that.
Why are you getting
so angry at me?
Listen. Why were you thinking
about killing yourself?
What a stupid idea did
cross on your mind!
I mean, to try to kill yourself,
for Christ's sake!
Stay here until you get
back on your feet...
...and then I beg you, please,
get out of my life!
We came so close to perfection,
you and I.
- You're too damaged.
- And you love that.
You've always liked my mood swings.
But what was missing, Juan Antonio?
What was missing?
Speak English!
I don't like her for you!
I don't trust her.
And you know I always
have your best interest.
Not when you tried to kill me.
- Oh, that.
- Yeah, that. That small detail.
I mean, you... Are suspicious of her
because she is now my lover.
It's so obvious.
No, no. I see you so lost,
so confused, since we split up.
For all your talk of swearing off
women and renouncing love...
...to end up losing your head...
...not for one, but two...
... American tourists.

More coffee?
Yes, please.
I'm sorry.
Here's sugar.
No, thank you.
I thought we could go for a ride
to the countryside later.
I mean, the weather is beautiful.
It's definitely going to rain later.

In English.
No, it's fine.
You speak no Spanish?
No. I studied Chinese.

Chinese?
Why?
I thought it sounded pretty.
Say something in Chinese.
Me?
How are you?
You think that sounds pretty?
Well, maybe not the way.
I'm pronouncing it, but...
If you ask me,
Chinese sounds strident.
It's like a drill to the head.
Speak English, Maria Elena.
You ever hear them in the kitchen
of a Chinese restaurant?
It's so unpleasant.
Maria Elena, enough.
Speak English.
I'm sorry. I am nervous today.
I had bad dreams.
Would you like to paint?
Do you paint also?
Do I paint, she asks.
Ask him, ask him.
He stole everything from me.
His whole style.
She likes to make
up these stories.
Your whole way
of seeing is mine.
I'm not saying that you
were not influential.
Influential?
- Influential?
- Yes, but to say I stole your style...
Hypocrite, hypocrite, hypocrite.
To say I stole your style
is too delusional.
It's okay. We painted side
by side for many years...
...and you adopted my vision
as your own.
That's a tale you invented
and like to spread.
But it's not true.
She always had
problems with reality.
I'm not going to get angry.
I'm not going to get angry.
What did they say in art school?
That I was a genius. Right?
I always encouraged your talent.
I'm not talking about talent.
I said genius.
Genius.
I came close to killing for you.
You came close
to killing me... with a chair.
I was defending myself.
You had a razor
and you were drunk...
...with a razor and raging!
That was jealousy...
I was crazy for you and...
...you betrayed me...
with Agustino's wife.
With your eyes! With your eyes!
You wanted to kill me
for looking?
I don't want to talk
about that anymore, okay? It's over.
I see you with someone
else now and I'm fine. I'm civil.
What else do you want?
As the days passed...
Cristina observed Maria Elena
and Juan Antonio...
...and found the heart
more puzzling than ever.
Where were you? Writing?
Yeah, I was trying to.
I'm so curious.
Does she really think
that you stole from her?
Well, I guess I took...
...more from her
than I like to admit.
That's why I'm so sensitive
when she brings it up.
I feel kind of sad.
Why?
Because I feel like
I'm never going to be able to...
...influence you
or inspire you in any way.
That's not true.
It's how I feel.
That's not true.
I never heard the Scriab,
the Scriabin...
...Piano Sonata until you played
the recordings for me.
...and now I can't stop listening to it.
No?
No!
Well, that makes me happy.
What?
Maybe it's not a good idea here.
What?
She's been better lately...
...and I don't
want to upset her.
Of course, no. Okay.
It was at Vicky's afternoon
language class...
which she took several days a week...
...to improve her Spanish, that she met Ben...
...a young man who couldn't stop noticing her...
...and started to chat her up each day.
I can't believe they hired me at the consulate.
My Spanish is less than perfect, to say the least.
No, I think it's good.
It's all right.
But are you enjoying your time in Barcelona?
I would if I had more friends.
Yesterday, I walked from the beach up.
...to Park Guell in search of Gaudi.
You want to see a movie?
A movie?
Wednesday afternoon?
Yeah.
The movie was a great success and Ben proved.
...to be very good company for Vicky.
One afternoon, they ducked into a store to buy some cherries...
...and when the storekeeper took a phone call in the back...
...he couldn't resist taking her hand.
No... Don't.
No?
No.
You do know that I'm recently married.
Yeah.
I guess I was under the impression that...
...maybe you jumped into it too quick and regret it?
Regret? Have I implied that?
Unless I read into it.
No.
I shouldn't tell you this.
I was always someone who thought
I knew exactly what I wanted.
But you didn't.
Well, no.
I met somebody else and, uh...
I'm not going to get
into that story.
So, this guy you met?
The guy is living
with my best friend.
What am I talking about?
When I hear myself, it's just crazy.
I just married the guy I wanted.
Did you?
I thought so.
So? What happened?
One goddamned weekend in Oviedo.
Cristina, Juan Antonio.
...and Maria Elena went riding
in the country.
Maria Elena had decided they
would all cook a big dinner together.
...and insisted
they pick fresh blackberries.
Wait for me!
Gives me vertigo!
- This is the perfect spot.
- Here, like that.
- Can you get some...
- Okay, here.
What's wrong?
What, what, what?
What happened?
Wait, sit down.
Sit, sit, sit, sit.
Is it your upper
or your lower?
- Here.
- Here?
Hold on.
Wait, let me...
You want some aspirin?
I have aspirin in my bag.
Okay. You relax.
I'll be right back.
It's all in his head.
He has so much tension.
To the world, he's carefree,
nothing matters...
...life is short,
with no purpose, kind of things.
But all his fear
just goes to his head.
Do you know that
she plays piano?
No...
...I didn't.
Is that why you have
a piano in the house?
I could have been
a concert pianist.
Yes, you could have.
No one plays
Scarlatti like Maria Elena.
She understands Scarlatti.
Am I right?
Do you play music?
No. I just have to come
face to face with the fact...
...that I am not gifted, you know?
I can appreciate art and
I love music, but...
It's sad, really...
...because I feel like
I have a lot to express...
...but I am not gifted.
But you do have talent.
- No.
- Yes.
What's my talent?
You take beautiful photographs.
That's true.
She always takes pictures that
she hides from me.
That's because they're nothing.
How do you know I take pictures?
I found them in your luggage.
You went through my luggage?
Of course I went through your luggage.
First night I was in the house,
I didn't trust you.
I didn't believe you were
who you said you were.
I wanted to know who was really
sharing the bed of my ex-husband.
What?
Who knew what I would find?
How could I be sure you were
not going to hurt me?
After all, I had thoughts
of killing you.
So here are a few more.
Don't say you like
them if you don't.
- What are you talking about?
- They are beautiful!
- You see?
- Look at this.
The next day...
Maria Elena went out
photographing with Cristina.
She had a superb eye and knew
...a lot about the art
of photography...
...and taught Cristina much about.
...the aesthetics and
subtleties of picture taking.
She advised her to get rid
of her digital camera.
...and use an old one,
for more interesting results.
She said it was important
to have a darkroom...
...and she would set one up
in the basement for Cristina...
...and teach her various techniques
of developing her own pictures.
They photographed everything...
...from silly-looking dogs
to grim-faced children.
But the best subject
was Maria Elena herself.
Shopping one afternoon...
Vicky and Doug ran into
Adam Tabachnick and Sally.
Adam was in the same business Doug was in and they were friendly...
...although in New York...
...they did not spend a lot of time together.
Oh, you've got to be kidding me.
Any program on TV, obviously anything live...
...you can play back on your computer.
So I'm on a flight to Tokyo, 40,000 feet up in the air...
...and I am watching the Mets, live, on my laptop.
It's amazing.
You're never out of touch.
We'll have the new house wired for everything.
I'm looking at those new Japanese high-definition TVs.
You have to have my guy do your installation.
He's a genius with computers.
I'll get his card.
We just did our place in Greenwich.
We have this wonderful decorator you should use.
He's creative, but he knows when to back off.
We did it modern, with just a splash of antiques here and there.
I love combining the two, but God, the prices.
You have any idea what a good size oriental rug costs?
She's right.
Actually, there's an old joke.
"A hundred thousand for a Persian rug?
Life continued predictably for Vicky and Doug...
...until one afternoon...
when an unpredictable moment occurred.
Several days later...
Judy asked Vicky to meet her privately...
...away from the house, to have coffee.
What happened the other day.
I... Don't want you to get the wrong idea.
It's really none of my business.
I'm not having an affair with Mark's partner.
I'm not.
No, I didn't think you were.
Not that I haven't had fantasies of...
...someone coming along and taking me out of my situation.
But the fantasies are not Jay Lewis.
Even though he would like that.
He would.
Taking you out of your situation?...
I haven't been in love with Mark...
...for years.
I love him,
but I'm not in love with him.
I'm sorry to hear that.
It's funny. I just made...
...I just made the same speech to my shrink.
Well, what does your shrink say?
He says...
...that I'm too frightened to act and that...
...I'm looking for some kind of magical solution...
...which is unrealistic.
And an affair is not the answer.
I'm sorry to be laying all of this on you...
...but I was so humiliated when you saw us.
I'm just...
Look, you mustn't feel that.
...you have to explain yourself to me. Mark is great. I'm sure any... any dissatisfaction I have is my own problem. I'm just... I can't leave him and I know that I never will. Why not? I just... I can't. I'm too scared. The moment's passed. It's so apparent to me that you... and Juan Antonio are still in love... when I see you together. Our love will last forever. It's forever, but it just doesn't work. That's why it will always be romantic... because it cannot be complete. Well, maybe it can't be complete because... you know, I'm getting in the way or, I don't know. I feel like... – No. Before you... if I... before you, we used to cause each other so much pain... so much suffering. Without you, all this would not be possible. You know why? Because you are the missing ingredient. You are like the tint that, added to a palette... makes the color beautiful. Aren't you and Juan Antonio tempted to make love? I feel like... I don't know. At the end of our marriage,
we didn't.
But I have to say those feelings
are coming back now...
...thanks to you...
...in a new and deeper way.
I wouldn't be upset about it.
I'd never want to get in the way.
It wouldn't upset me at all.
I know you wouldn't be upset.
The same way
I get this warm feeling...
...when I hear you both locked
in passion every night.
I listen, and I'm happy.
Was Cristina okay with
it when Maria Elena.
...and Juan Antonio made
love one afternoon?
Beforehand, she gave them
both her blessing...
...but then had mixed feelings.
She was not as open-minded.
...as she had always
imagined herself...
...and the thought of the
two of them in bed...
...and inevitably full of intensity,
caused her some conflict.
In the end, she gradually relaxed...
...and let herself go
with the flow of things...
...a tolerance she was proud of.
At first it did bother me...
...but then I started to think about all
these standard, accepted cliches of love.
What's right, what's wrong...
what's appropriate according to
the "appropriate police".
You see how screwed up most
relationships are.
So what you're saying
is you're sharing a man.
You're like a Mormon wife.
I know it sounds strange...
...but we all contribute to the relationship. 
...and we're really nourished by it. 
But if everyone did that, society couldn't function. 
Oh, come on! Let's not get into one of those turgid... categorical imperative arguments. 
Whatever works. 
- Maria Elena says there are whatever works? 
Many truths in life not just one. I don't know. I mean... Could you live like that? 
Well, I've never had Cristina's... 
- What? Her lack of structure? 
- It's very structured. Actually. Her courage. I never had her courage. Her courage? Next thing, she'll be going to bed with Maria Elena... and glorifying it as some kind of superior alternative lifestyle. I have gone to bed with her. 
- No! 
- Yeah. When? Well, Juan Antonio and Maria Elena. ...made this darkroom for me. They're pushing me to take photographs. ...and I'm getting pretty good. Believe it or not... I'm getting much more confident. And we were down there in the darkroom. And I was working on some of my photographs, things... ...I wouldn't have done if she hadn't inspired me. And it happened very naturally for both of us.
You weren't nervous?
No, it was very
loving and gentle.
- Did you enjoy it?
- I did.
It was just the one time?
Yeah. I mean, it just happened,
you know?
I'm not planning on making
a habit out of it, necessarily.
But if you enjoyed it...
I did, I did at the time.
- Did you tell Juan Antonio?
- Yeah. Of course.
There's nothing to hide.
Would you say, then, you are
a bisexual?
No... I see no reason
to label everything.
I'm me! You know.
I've slept with
Juan Antonio since.
...and enjoyed that
experience very much.
It's a great story.
Yea. That's a... Great story.
Look, I don't set myself up
as a judge, so...
What are you thinking?
Oh, I don't know.
How quickly time passes.
Summer's almost over.
We're going home soon.
I thought you were
still dwelling on...
...your friend's little tale.
...of lust in the darkroom.
And speaking of darkrooms...
Over the next weeks...
Cristina became more and more sure
of herself as a photographer.
Both Juan Antonio and
Maria Elena contributed ideas.
...and support when
she had doubts.
Thanks to their encouragement...
...photography was becoming.
...a productive interest in her life.
By now, she and Juan Antonio.
...and Maria Elena had become lovers.
Everything seemed perfectly balanced,
perfectly in tune.
Maria Elena was calm and relaxed.
Juan Antonio was
going through a very.
...creative period with his painting.
It was only Cristina...
...as the last days
of summer expired...
...who began to experience an old,
familiar stirring...
...a growing restlessness
that she dreaded...
...but recognized only too well.
Suddenly, thoughts started
taking precedence over feelings.
Thoughts and questions
about life and love.
And, as much as she tried
to resist these ideas...
...she could not get them
from her mind.
Finally summoning her resolve...
...one evening after dinner...
...she made an announcement
that surprised everyone.
I don't want what
my parents had.
I don't want
what I had before I came here.
I know that.
But I know I can't
live like this forever.
Did I tell you or not?
Okay.
- What do you want?
- I want something different.
What?
I don't know.
Not this.
There is no answer,
Cristina.
Don't you understand?
She's gotten what she wanted.
She wants something else.
This isn't enough for her.
It's like an illness.
Nothing will ever be enough
for her.
Don't get so upset please.
And can you speak English.
I can't understand you.
This girl will never
be satisfied with anything.
Speak English
so she can understand us.
I knew you would use us.
I knew you would use us.
And you used us.
I knew it.
I knew it! I knew it.
Enough.
Speak English, please,
so she can understand. All right?
Enough.
Chronic dissatisfaction,
that's what you have.
Chronic dissatisfaction.
Big sickness.
Big sickness.
That's not it, Maria Elena.
That's not it.
- It's simply that...
- Look at me.
Do you know how much we love you?
Yeah. And I love you both.
- No, you don't!
- It has nothing to do with that!
You spoiled little shit.
Spoiled little shit.
I knew it. I knew it.
I knew it.
Shut up now, please.
Shut up now.
It's simply that she hasn't
met the right person yet.
When she does find the right person
not you or me...
...this whole thing
about finding peace.
...and happiness will pass.
- That's not it.
- Okay, fine.
Where will you go, Cristina?
I just have to get out
of here for a few weeks...
I'm, just got to clear my head.
It's not... This is all my... Problem.
It has nothing to do with you.
Come here.
Let's be...
...thankful for all the good times
that we've spent together. All right?
And remember each other
with respect...
...and love and affection.
Cristina told all that
had happened to Vicky...
...and said she was going to France
for a few weeks to think things out.
She would return to pick her up...
...so they could go back to
New York together.
So it's been Juan Antonio
all this time?
I'm not going to do anything.
Forget I said...
I just needed to tell someone
and we've become close.
- Why don't you act on it?
- Act now?
What, break up with Doug,
who's a really sweet guy...
...who married me in good faith,
for... For what?
For a bohemian Spanish painter
with a passionate tie...
...to an ex-wife who probably
doesn't even share my feelings...
...if he ever did?
So... Oh, God, who am I kidding?
I, but the, the dream is exciting.
If I were you,
I wouldn't waste another minute.
I'd get on it.
Get on what?
You're in love with him.
Do something,
or the years will pass by.
...and you will be sorry, Vicky.
No, no. What are you saying?
I, eh, look, eh,
I can't risk everything.
If, if Juan Antonio had never existed,
I'd be fine with Doug.
- Just, you'd... Just fine? Just fine?
- Yeah, as I planned.
How, how blunt do you want me to be?
When I look at Doug, I see Mark.
You're using me to rewrite
your own history.
Despite Vicky's protestations...
...Judy was possessed
with finding a way.
...to bring her and
Juan Antonio together...
...and prevailed upon her friend...
Gabriella, who was a figure
in the art world...
...to throw a party and
invite Vicky and Juan Antonio.
Meanwhile, as predicted,
without Cristina...
...the relationship
between Juan Antonio.
...and Maria Elena had gone back to
its old destructiveness.
I devote all my time
to you-pampering you...
...nursing your tics and phobias.
My work suffers.
It's not my fault.
It's not my fault that your.
work has gone to shit and
that you don't mature.
Do you know what it is like
for me to see...
...that you will never
realize your full potential?
Leave me alone.
Leave me alone, please!
As had happened before
by mutual consent...
Maria Elena packed her things...
...and moved out of
Juan Antonio's house.
I think he's sweet.
He just, he owns...
He gets in very close.
He's a close talker.
He's a close talker.
That's probably
why he's so successful.
I was telling her in the car
ride over here that I'm very...
I think he'll be a great
contact for me.
I'm going to check out the food.
Does anyone want anything?
He gets in your face.
He'll get a little close, but not...
Hello.
Oh. Hello.
I'm surprised to see you.
As am I to see you.
I didn't think you liked parties.
Gabriella insisted
I come and she's an old friend.
You know that Cristina and
I are no longer together, right?
Yes.
So now you're
just with your ex-wife?
No, Maria Elena is gone as well.
For now.
It's funny. Maria Elena and I...
...are meant for each other and
not meant for each other.
It's a contradiction.
In order to understand it,
you need a poet, like my father.
Because I don't.
How about you?
All goes well with your husband?
Oh, yes, he's wonderful.
He's terrific.
I'm quite delighted with
the way things turned out.
Why don't I believe you?
Don't become flirtatious.
I realize your bed is empty now...
...and you always had
a little yen for me...
...but we're preparing to leave
by the weekend, so...
Meet me for lunch.
I'm too scared.
What?
You're breaking up, Tom.
You're breaking up.
Where are you?
Okay. That's better.
That's better.
Just try to stand still.
Can you hear me?
We have to get
a bird for Mark and Judy.
No. We can't get them a bird.
- Why not?
- It's ridiculous.
They're beautiful.
I always wanted a bird.
You know, when we get home...
I'd love to get a bird
for the new house.
Yeah?
Yeah. And I'm leaning towards
Bedford Hills.
What do you think?
Yeah, yeah.
Hold on.
Hello.
Spend tomorrow afternoon with me.
No. It's not possible.
We're preparing to
leave by the weekend.
Be on the corner of
Calle Tiles in Pedralbes.
And... I'll drive by and pick
you up at noon.
No. I... You're wasting your time.
I can't talk now.
Look... I'm not the kind of man.
who would try to come between
a husband and wife. I'm not...
But Judy Nash called me
and tells me you are not happy.
That you are actually more in love
with me than the man you married.
I can't talk.
Hey, babe. What do you think?
Who was that?
On the phone.
Oh, it was my, uh, language teacher.
He wants me to have.
...a good-bye lunch with
him tomorrow at noon.
That's perfect.
I'm going to play golf with
Mark in the morning.
Well, this is...
I've been working
on these ones lately.
They're very overwhelming. Oh, my God.
It's very hard to explain a painting.
You don't have to. It's fascinating.
This one, actually,
should be the other way around.
No, I like it very much.
Can I...
can I be frank about something?
Yeah.
This one. It's...
There's something
very frightening about it.
That one is Maria Elena's.
Well, that explains it.
It's very chaotic.
Erratic, almost. But...
Oh, God, what am I doing here?
I don't know what I expect to happen.
It's been a long time since
we made love that night in Oviedo.
I've thought about it many, many times.
I'm sure you weren't thinking about it.
when you were making love to
Cristina or Maria Elena.
Well, I never lied to you.
I told you from the first moment.
...that I was attracted to
both you and Cristina.
I, I can't just go to bed with you.
I'm... I'm not good at this.
- But you weren't nervous that night.
- I wasn't married.
You were about to be.
Yeah, you're right.
It's what I want.
But what am I supposed to do?
Make love with you and then go.
...on with my marriage
like nothing happened?
Or, just terminate it?
Judy Nash says you are heading
for an unhappy life.
Yeah, well, she's talking
about herself.
Maybe you will understand.
...more about your own feelings
once we've made love.
Yeah, or less.
Look, I'm not saying
I'm not tempted...
...but it would require
such an upheaval, emotionally...
...and from a practical point of view,
you're not exactly the kind of man. 
...to plan a future with. 
What are you doing? 
You're goin to kill yourself! 
I don't want to live. 
I don't want to live, damn it! 
Let it go. Now, now, now. 
Don't you understand that 
I don't want to live... 
...that I can't live like this. 
My head is going to explode. 
I can't take this anymore. 
I can't take it anymore. 
Give me the gun. 
Give me the gun. Damn it! 
Listen to me, please, my love. 
My love, listen to me. 
Come. Give me your hand. 
Come. It's okay. 
It's okay, my love. It's okay. 
Oh, my God. 
Oh, my God, I'm so sorry! 
Oh, my God, you're both crazy! 
Both of you are completely insane! 
How the hell am I going to explain this to my husband? 
I can't live like this! 
This is not my life! 
I just can't do it! 
I still don't understand 
why your language teacher had a gun. 
I told you. 
He collects antique firearms. 
- He was showing me his favorite one 
- God! We should sue him! 
- And it went off. 
- That is so irresponsible! 
No, it's not that bad, honestly. 
What if something happened to you? 
What? What are you saying? 
I love you so much. 
Doug never found out the real story. 
Judy knew the secret and, 
of course, was relieved.
...that Vicky had not been hurt worse, or killed.
With Vicky leaving to go back to New York...
Judy's plans to rescue Vicky...
...from her own fate were put on terminal hold.
When Cristina returned from Antibes, Vicky told her the whole tale...
...and Cristina thought it was sad.
...how much Vicky had wanted Juan Antonio...
...and was unable to say or do anything about it.
I would have stepped aside.
Look, I knew you had feelings.
...for Juan Antonio the moment you saw him.
But if I knew what had happened, I never would have gone ahead with it.
Look, it was a...
...a passing thing.
Now it's over.
Vicky went home to have her grand wedding to Doug...
...to the house they both finally settled on...
...and to lead the life she had envisioned.
...for herself before the summer in Barcelona.
Cristina continued searching...
...certain only of what she didn't want.