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Alex & Emma

By Jeremy Leven

It is and that stinks.
What happened to all the money?
You'd be lucky for looking like me.
I can't afford to look like...
Mr. Sheldon?
Maybe he's not here.
Aren't you home?
Help me, Lord.
How are you doing?
I was just looking for a sweater. Here it is.
We'll teach you.
When was the last time you take a bath?
What you think, Tony?
Maybe we should open a window.
Wait! As soon as I finish the book,
you get the money!
You say that last time.
And the time before.
Wait!
There's nothing but pavement.
There's not an awning in sight.
Wait! I swear I'm almost finished!
- How close?
- Very close. Insanely close.
It was a little slow going at the start,
but I'm really cooking along now.
Show us.
- Show you?
- Show us.
Have you guys been working out together?
How do I get that look?
You know, see,
I think I've been doing too much cardio.
You write on this?
Yeah, it's all right there.
Just a couple of chapters to go. It's good.
Show us.
An author doesn't really
like to show what he's...
Show us the book, Mr. Sheldon.
I can't. I'm blocked. I haven't started.
- You lie?
- Yeah.
- That's bad.

- I know.

Very bad.

- What do we do?

- I'll tell you what we're going to do.

We're gonna

do a little science experiment.

- What are you doing?

- Sit down.

Curious what it's like to be

"cooking along" on a computer.

Come on, please don't do that! How'd you

expect me to write without a computer?

We don't expect you to write, Mr. Sheldon.

We expect you to flatten.

Wait, please don't do this.

Let's rethink this. Come on, guys.

Let's rethink it.

I'll double what I owe you! \$100,000!

In 30 days.

Okay! 30 days, that's good!

I'll do it.

You'll have your money in 30 days.

- I gave you \$75,000. Where did that go?

- Florida Gaming Commission.

- What?

- Hialeah dog track.

- You gambled away \$75,000 on dogs?

- A little more than that.

See, I borrowed from some

Cuban gentlemen down Miami way.

You know, Alex, you have a major talent...

but you're pissing it away.

You get \$125,000

when I get the manuscript.

That's the deal we made.

I've given you a year.

What have you been doing?

- I fell in love. It didn't work out.

- Perfect!

A love affair gone bad,

gambling, criminal types.

All the elements of a bestseller.

You see, they're going to kill me

if I don't get the money in 30 days.

Then you'd better get to work.

- Hi.

- Sorry.

Is there possibly
another Cambridge Street?

I'm looking for the law offices of Polk,
Taylor, Fillmore, Pierce...

- and Van Buren.

- That's us.

Miss...

Dinsmore. Emma Dinsmore.

Alex Sheldon. Won't you come in?

No, I don't believe I will.

This doesn't look like a law office.

- Doesn't even look like a nice place to live.

- I know.

Our offices in the Prudential Tower,
which by the way, are very impressive...

you know, law books,
conference tables, leather...

they're being redecorated,
but there's been a holdup with the marble.

Something about the cutters in Carrara
wanting better health benefits.

Mr. Sheldon, I'm going to leave now.

How can I leave

if I have a dead lawyer lying on my foot?

How can I do that?

What kind of person

would I be, Mr. Sheldon?

Not a good one. Not a very good one.

Okay, come on.

I'll get you out of the door...

put you in the...

reception area.

Better yet...

let's put you in your conference room.

This way, if you're preparing
for your big case...

you can just do it here.

- Mr. Sheldon?

- Yeah, I'm fine.

This has only happened to me
one time before.

Little League, championship game.

I was up with the bases loaded
in the bottom of the ninth.

- I hadn't eaten lunch that...

- I have to go.

Please, wait a second. I need your help.

Unhand me!

- Did you say, "Unhand me"?

- I won't be taken advantage of.

Miss Dinsmore, I had no intention...

Then why did you ask my company
to send me up here?

Because you're not fooling anyone,

Mr. Sheldon, if that's even your real name.

This is clearly not the law office of Polk,
Taylor, Fillmore, Pierce, Van Buren...

who just happen to have been presidents
of the United States.

You're right. This isn't a law office,
and yes, indeed, they were presidents.

Yes, so what other conclusion

can we draw from this, Mr. Sheldon...

except that

you're trying to take advantage of me?

- We could also conclude that I'm a liar.

- Yes, we could, and in fact, we have.

I'm sorry. It's just that I really

need your help, Miss Dinsmore.

- You see, I'm a brilliant novelist...

- Yeah, and I invented nuclear energy.

- Excuse me, I have to split some atoms.

- Wait!

Could we try to put this behind us?

I just want your stenography services.

That's all.

I assure you, I'm a desperate man.

I don't intend on spending my time in the
personal apartment of a desperate man.

You want sex, Mr. Sheldon,
you are barking up the wrong body.

Miss Dinsmore, I know my veracity
has been called into question...

but I swear to God that barking up your
body is the furthest thing from my mind.

Well, I don't believe you.
Right now, I can't think of any woman
I'm less interested in going to bed with.
- Nice meeting you.
- What was that supposed to mean?
I only meant that while I'm sure
many men would be thrilled...
to find themselves in bed with
such a forthright woman as yourself...
I just have different tastes, that's all.
I prefer women that are more...
Less forthright.
Mr. Sheldon, didn't you expect
that whoever showed up...
would immediately find out
that you weren't a law office?
I owe some guys \$100,000
and I got to get it to them in 30 days.
The only way I can do that
is by finishing my next book...
and the only way I can do that
is by dictating it to a stenographer.
- How much do you have left?
- All of it.
- You want to dictate an entire book to me?
- That's right.
- In 30 days?
- Correct.
I get \$15 an hour, and I expect to be paid
at the conclusion of each day.
And I'd really like to do that,
but unfortunately, I can't.
At the end of each week.
At the end of the job.
I get paid when I turn in the manuscript.
What happens if you don't finish
in 30 days?
I'll finish in 30 days.
But if you don't finish in 30 days,
then what happens?
I get killed.
I forgot my scarf.
Mr. Sheldon, I forgot my scarf.
What's your book about?

It's the story of a man
who's frightened of commitment...
yet so desperately in love with a woman
he's afraid it might kill him.
It's a comedy.

- Does it kill him?
- You'll have to read the book.
- What are you doing?
- I want to see if he dies.

You can't read the end first.

- Then tell me how it ends.
- You have to read the book.

This is how I read books.

If I like the ending, I'll like getting to it.

If I don't like the ending
then I know not to waste my time.

See? Now I want to read this.

What's your new book about?

It's about the powerlessness
of being in love...

and how it devours the insides of a person
like a deadly virus.

- Another comedy?
- Yeah.

Will you have another fit
if I ask you how it ends?

I don't know how it ends.

How can you write a story
if you don't know how it ends?

Because I know the characters,
and they tell me where the story goes.

Interesting.

- You're going to do it?
- Yes.

Great!

Read me back what we've got so far.

The summer of Adam Shipley's
sabbatical from Andover.

Maybe if you add a year, you know.

The summer of Adam Shipley's sabbatical
from Andover was in...

And then any four-digit number
gets you a complete sentence.

Yeah, but not a particularly good one.

How about...

The summer of Adam Shipley's sabbatical from Andover was really hot?

What's that noise?

- What noise?

- That high-pitched ringing sound.

Kind of like...

I think I may be getting a brain tumor because that's one of the early signs.

Okay. How about you shorten it?

Adam Shipley took a sabbatical. Period.

No, see, look. You want the first sentence to set the tone...

to grab the reader

and take him into the story.

"Call me Ishmael." Right?

"It was the best of times,
it was the worst of times."

"In the beginning

God created the heaven and the earth."

Do you see why I can't begin?

The giants that have gone before me.

Does it seem foggy in here?

There's this haze that...

I think the tumor could be spreading in my occipital lobe.

- I have to go.

- It's only 7:

I know. These last five hours have just flown by.

- Will you be back tomorrow morning?

- I can't see why.

What do you mean?

Here's what I've been figuring.

You've got exactly...

eight words so far?

Since a typed page is 350 words,
that's roughly six weeks per page.

With one week off for Christmas,
two weeks summer vacation...

three hundred pages would take
approximately 37 years...

which, quite frankly, is a little more

than I'm willing to allocate to this project.

Miss Dinsmore, I think

you're underestimating the process.

This isn't a comic book, it's a novel.

There's character development.

Symbolism. Subtext.

Which do you prefer,

the pepper spray or the stun gun?

Adam Shipley had given up on love.

Art was to be his mistress.

And so it was

that in the summer of 1924...

We're rolling. We just got started.

Adam Shipley had given up on love.

Art was to be his mistress.

And so it was

that in the summer of 1924...

he took a sabbatical from Andover to

write, if not the great American novel...

then certainly one that would make

the world sit up and take notice.

To support himself while he worked...

he accepted a position

as an English tutor...

for a French family

vacationing on the island of...

Saint Charles.

Never heard of an island called

Saint Charles.

It's off the coast of Maine,

northeast of Nantucket. Beautiful.

- Still never heard of it.

- I made it up.

- You got a second paragraph?

- A what?

If it's going to be 300 pages

you'll need more than one paragraph.

- That ringing sound.

- I have to go.

Adam boarded a train in Boston,

headed for the ferry at Saint Charles.

And then?

Saint Charles was an exclusive island,

known for palatial mansions...

manicured lawns,
and an exquisite gambling casino.
There was also an especially large
French contingent...
who had claimed the island
after it was discovered by...
Jacques Cartier in the 16th century.
- Wait a minute.
- I'm going too fast?
I thought you said you made up the island.
I did.
But you just said it was discovered
by Jacques Cartier in the 16th century.
Yeah?
Jacques Cartier was a real guy.
You can't have a real guy
discover a fake place.
I can't?
No. It's a perversion of history.
If you have a fake place,
you have to have a fake explorer.
- Now, if you have a real place, then you...
- Miss Dinsmore.
I mean, I'm laughing, but I'm not laughing.
If you could type and I could write,
that would be really terrific.
I thought that's what we were doing.
Adam found himself seated
next to a man named John Shaw.
A man who had the uncanny ability to
make a two-hour train ride seem like 10.
I've been summering in Saint Charles
since I was a boy.
It would be my second home
if I didn't own three others.
Shaw was a short, round man in his 50s.
The word "second"
was said with a whistle...
as his breath escaped between the space
separating his two front teeth.
I hate it when they do that.
- Who? What?
- You. Authors.
You use a name like John Shaw,

and I picture in my mind thin...
with a stylish mustache.
When you finally describe him, he's this
fat old fart with a hole in his teeth.
You remember the part
about you type and I write?
We really have to adhere to that,
Miss Dinsmore.
You're the author. You're God.
You can create
whatever comes into your head.
Characters we like
or characters who make us...
want to shut the book
and never open it again.
Shaw was a slight man
with a thick blond...
- Thin black.
- Thin, black moustache.
Who's this family you're to tutor?
Saint Charles is a small island.
I'm sure I know them.
They're from Paris.
A divorcee and her two children...
an 8-year-old boy, Andre,
and a 6-year-old girl, Michele.
- The mother's name is...
- Polina Delacroix?
Why, yes.
Would you care to join me for some tea
in the dining car?
All right.
Madame Delacroix seemed very charming
in her correspondence.
She is. And quite the little trooper, too...
putting on such a brave face
under the circumstances.
The circumstances?
The family is in desperate financial straits.
If it weren't for a wealthy grandmother
in Paris...
who's dying, they'd have no hope at all.
Are you certain? Because from
their correspondence they seemed like...

It's a facade. It's all a facade.
But don't worry,
she has enough to pay you.
How can you be so sure?
Because I am returning just now with
a bank draft from my personal account...
which will provide her with enough to
cover her expenses through the summer.
She asked you for a loan?
We're calling it a loan,
but it really doesn't matter.
I intend to ask her to marry me
by summer's end.
Why did you do that?
- What? Why did I do what?
- Don't you think it's kind of coincidental...
that Adam just happens to plop down
next to his employer's fiancee?
If it makes you feel any better...
I didn't know Shaw was the fiancee
when Adam plopped.
What do you mean you didn't know?
How could you not know?
I wanted Adam to learn from Shaw...
that the Delacroix family
was almost broke...
and desperately waiting
for the grandmother to die.
Then I realized,
as soon as Adam heard this...
he'd be worried about his wages.
This was a problem
I hadn't anticipated till I got there.
Then I had the idea.
What if Shaw agreed to loan Polina
the money to cover her expenses?
But why would he do that?
Perhaps he's in love with her.
Shall we continue?
You started having absolutely no idea
what was going to happen...
and then, by pure luck, it just worked out?
I like to think it's more than luck...
but every writer does depend on the

muses smiling down on him occasionally.
And if the muses don't smile?
My head starts ringing
and my eyes fog over.
Is there smiling now or are we heading
back into the fog with the ringing sounds?
- There's smiling.
- Good.
- What happens next?
- Adam falls in love.
With whom?
There's no accounting for love
or why one look, one casual touch...
one breath of perfumed air...
can ignite feelings so strong
it's almost painful.
He seems awfully shallow.
- What are you talking about?
- He just looks at her and he's in love?
You've never heard of love at first sight?
Right. That must be it.
Continuing on.
Polina Delacroix. It's a great pleasure
to meet you, Mr. Shipley.
- You, as well, Madame Delacroix.
- Please, call me Polina.
- This is John Shaw.
- We've met.
This is Andre and Michele.
We are very pleased to be meeting you,
Mr. Shipley.
Very pleased to be meeting you, too.
Allow me to introduce the others.
This is my father.
And this is Madame Blanche,
a close friend of my father's.
Let's be off.
Claude, could you please fetch
Mr. Shipley's belongings?
That's okay. I can fetch.
I don't mind fetching. I love to fetch.
Don't be silly, Mr. Shipley.
I wouldn't want to be silly.
I think it's going to be

a very special summer.

- You like that?

- It's very funny.

Thank you.

- He's like a fool.

- What? No.

He's smitten. He's blinded by love.

Right.

Because I didn't see the attraction at first.

But when she said

those intoxicating words:

"Claude, could you fetch his belongings,"

who could resist that?

All right. Good.

- What do you say we call it a day?

- Okay.

Good, because I have to type

all this stuff up tonight.

- How many pages we got?

- I'd say about eight.

That's not bad.

Considering the somewhat
awkward beginning.

I guess I'll see you tomorrow.

- I'll be here around 9:00?

- Great.

- Thanks for a good first day.

- You're welcome.

- Bye.

- Bye.

Saint Charles seemed almost unreal...

like a magical playground

for the well-to-do.

There was, however, something besides

the affluence and beauty of Saint Charles...

which filled Adam 's brain

until he could barely breathe.

It was Polina 's perfume and the

application thereof upon her ample bosom.

- Oh, please!

- What?

- "Ample bosom"?

- What's wrong with that? It's literary.

- In that case, you forgot the heaving.

- The what?

In every book I've read, whenever there's an ample bosom there's always heaving.

- Do we have to talk about this right now?

- You introduced the bosoms.

I'm simply asking

if you'd like them to heave.

Fine, let them heave.

Though he had considered himself

a member in good standing...

of that great army of destitute artists...

upon arriving at the Delacroix estate...

Adam began to consider

that he may have been a bit hasty...

in condemning

the acquisition of large sums of money.

Mr. Shipley, Ylva will help you get settled

in the guest cottage.

- Ylva? What kind of name is Ylva?

- It's Swedish.

That's not a real name.

Who made that one up? Jacques Cartier?

It's her name, okay?

- Okay, how do you spell it?

- Just like it sounds.

- L-L-V-A.

- No, it's Y-L-V-A.

- Y-L-V-A? That's not how it sounds.

- That's how she spells it!

- Okay, you want Y-L-V-A, it's Y-L-V-A.

- Good.

Fine. Just so you know,

it's not how it sounds.

- Who is she, anyway?

- She's this pain-in-the-ass au pair.

Well, here we are.

- Thanks...

- Ylva.

Ylva, now that's a beautiful name.

How do you spell that?

Y-L-V-A.

Just like it sounds.

- Very funny.

- What? I take from life.

I am to unpack for you.

- Madame told me to unpack for you.

- All right.

She seems very nice, Madame.

Has she been keeping company
with Mr. Shaw very long?

She does not love him.

- Really?

- But she will marry him.

Why?

She is desperate for the money.

I thought she was supposed to receive
a large inheritance from her grandmother.

Yeah, but Grandmother,
she takes a very long time to die.

So if Polina had money...

she wouldn't have to marry Shaw.

I see what you're doing.

You've got the triangle.

We already know Adam and Shaw
both like Polina.

Now we find out they both have obstacles.

Yeah. It's called a plot.

And the reason

you're being sarcastic with me is?

Because if I don't finish this book
in 28 days, two large Cuban gentlemen...

are going to see to it

that I'm not around to enjoy a 29th.

Fine. Except for the typing, I'm not here.

Why do I think

that will never be altogether true?

As Adam settled into his routine
at the Delacroix estate...

he knew he had a job to do.

Teach those children English

like they'd never been taught before.

Focus. He had to focus.

Who was he kidding?

There'd be no focusing

with Polina on the premises.

On Tuesday,

he caught a glimpse of her ankle...

and was forced back to his room

for prayer and reflection.

Adam wondered:

Could a woman like Polina
actually be interested...
in an ordinary man like himself?
Why not? This wasn't India.
There was no caste system here.
This was America, where everybody
had a shot with everybody.
There was no denying it.
Her feelings for Adam
were as real as the egg salad in his lap.
It was another glorious day
in Saint Charles...
as Adam chased Andre and Michele...
who giggled as they conjugated the verb
"to run."
I run.
You run! He run!
No, "run." We run. You run.
They run.
No, you do not run.
You go wash your hands.
I have finished mit der strudel.
Wait a minute. Who's she?
Elsa, the au pair.
I thought Ylva was the au pair.
I didn't have a real fix on the character.
The Swedish wasn't working for me.
She needs more edge.
Swedes have no edge?
No. It's common knowledge.
They got that light blue flag.
It's better if she's German.
Of course, because all Germans have edge.
No, not all. But some, certainly.
I mean, Hitler springs to mind.
Fine, she's German.
Thank you, Elsa.
Would you be so kind
as to take the children?
- I must speak with Mr. Shipley.
- Yes, of course.

Let's go! Wash hands. On to the house!
Our family is in something of a crisis.
Yes, I've heard.
What a disaster it all is.
Hearing his name from her lips
for the first time...
was almost more than he could bear.
Children shouldn't have to
deal with burdens like this.
I'll do my best
to see that they're protected.
- I want to see them happy.
- I'll make sure they're happy.
All I want is a simple life,
and a man to share it with.
A man who will truly love me for me.
Is that too much to ask?
I think that's very reasonable.
Would you kill for me?
- I beg your pardon?
- Would you kill Shaw for me?
You want me to...
kill Shaw?
I owe him so much money.
And if he lives, I will have to marry him.
I'd kill him in a second, you understand.
It's just that...
when you're a tutor, and people
see the word "murderer" on your resume...
sometimes they have a tough time
getting past that.
I'm teasing, of course.
It was then that Adam realized...
that all that stood between him
and the perfection of Polina 's arms...
was inexhaustible wealth.
- What is it with guys like Adam?
- What do you mean?
Do they really like being driven crazy
by women like Polina?
They're like lemmings
running into the sea.
They can't wait to be drowning
in their own misery.

If they're not in agony,
then it can't be love!
Why do men want women like that?
Maybe you're not picturing Polina
the way I'm picturing her.
What? Gorgeous, exciting,
incredibly sexy?
Maybe you are.
That's great for a weekend,
but what will happen in the long run?
What do you mean, like the next weekend?
No. When it's time for the first laundry.
I know.
In great romantic novels,
there's no laundry.
There's people like Ylva or Elsa to do it.
Maybe that's why I like them.
They can wash their own clothes.
Okay, where were we?
Adam needs a fortune so he can
live happily ever after with his true love.
- Who is it?
- Elsa, it's me, Adam.
Mr. Shipley, I'll be right there.
I'm sorry. Am I inconveniencing you?
No, I was just washing mein hair.
Come in.
- Won't you sit down?
- I can't stay long.
- Sit down!
- All right.
I'll make you tea.
- This is good.
- What?
You're creating another triangle:
Polina, Adam, Elsa.
No, she's just someone he can talk to.
He feels comfortable with her.
You know, now that she's German.
I hear there's a casino on the island.
The General goes there often
with Madame Blanche.
Where is this casino?
Right off the boardwalk,

next to the Regency.
But, Mr. Shipley, you're not thinking...
Elsa, do you believe in destiny?
Destiny?
That a man and a woman
are meant to be together?
But only if they are both ready.
With love, one must be patient.
You must not eat the fruit until it is ripe.
The baby must crawl before he can walk.
The farmer must sow before he can reap.
The butcher must kill before he can...
You struck oil. Stop drilling.
I'm talking about fate here.
When feelings are so powerful,
it's as if some force beyond your control...
is guiding you to someone
who can make you happy...
beyond your wildest dreams.
I never thought I could experience
feelings such as these, until now.
I thought they only existed in story books.
But now I know it can be real.
- It can?
- Yes, Elsa.
And once I have money, my destiny...
Polina shall be mine.
- I am so sorry!
- Maybe if you blow on it!
Will you ever forgive me?
Why should she ask for forgiveness?
She poured scalding hot water
on his crotch.
He led her on.
He made her think that he wanted her.
- She misinterpreted.
- No, I don't think so.
Don't tell me Elsa winds up getting hurt,
because that would be so unfair.
I don't know.
Can't always control
what happens to characters.
Sometimes they take you
to unexpected places.

People get hurt in books.
People get hurt in real life.
Adam left a disappointed,
but resilient Elsa, like a...
Adam left a disappointed,
but resilient Elsa, like a man on a mission.
A man on a mission with hot, wet balls.
Okay, lose the balls.
Adam entered the edifice that he hoped
would transform his life.
\$200 was all he had to his name.
Enough to get him through the summer...
but certainly not enough
to win a woman like Polina.
Place your bets, ladies and gentlemen.
The atmosphere was intoxicating.
There was more money
than he had ever seen in his life.
Seventeen, black.
How do I...
Place your bets, ladies and gentlemen.
His heart beat like a drum.
He understood instantly this wasn't
a game he would play for his amusement.
It meant a lifetime of love with Polina.
Every roll, every bounce
of that little ivory ball...
would bring him
one step closer to paradise.
Zero!
Zero? That's green.
I thought there was only red and black.
There's green?
- So what is that, like a do-over?
- No, you lost.
- I lost?
- You lost.
He lost.
Adam would have to find another route
to Polina 's heart.
And what is so wrong with poverty?
- The voice of the common man.
- No, really.
The proletariat are not as miserable

as they're made out to be.
Wealth does not make for happiness.
It is love which sustains us.
The joy of family. The wonders of nature!
The supreme pleasure of spending life
with someone devoted to you!
And no amount of money
will ever give us these! No amount!
I see you found the casino.
Very interesting concept, Mr. Shipley.
Poverty as an aphrodisiac.
Pay no attention to him.
He's jealous of your purity.
- Yes, I long for insolvency.
- Please, John.
She's dead.
"Grandmother is gone. Stop.
We have closed up the house. Stop.
"Details to follow. Stop."
Could it be?
Money was no longer an obstacle?
Polina found herself with feelings
she never knew she had.
What she assumed would be the answer
to her problems...
left her with unexpected sorrow.
Her grandmother had been a kind soul.
Polina was filled
with the loss of the woman...
who had so often held her in her arms...
and comforted her
with her warmth and wisdom.
That's beautiful.
- You don't like it?
- No, I'm saying it's beautiful.
- Thank you.
- You're welcome.
- I think that about does it for today.
- Okay.
You know...
- you're not at all like you seemed at first.
- How's that?
- At first you seemed kind of like...
- What?

- Kind of a mess.

- A mess.

Yeah. You live like a slob.

You're a hypochondriac.

You're extremely insecure, and you lie.

- Thank you.

- It's true.

But somehow all those qualities combine to make something...

I don't know. Nice.

I think your qualities combine nice, too.

What do you say

we get an early start tomorrow?

Okay, great. Early.

- I'll see you tomorrow.

- Okay.

Oh, my God! Wait!

All right, honey! It's all right.

Take your time.

Oh, my God!

You said you wanted to get an early start.

My alarm didn't go off.

- What time is it?

- 6:

No wonder it didn't go off.

What time did you get up?

Around 5:

Some people are early people,

other people are late people.

What kind of person

would you say you are?

Are you moving in?

- No, I just bought some groceries for us.

- For us?

Well, for me, really.

I can't work

without eating something normal...

but you're welcome to them.

Don't get me wrong.

I like fish sticks and Cap'n Crunch.

- Sorry, I got caught up...

- You don't have to apologize.

You're a creative genius.
You shouldn't worry about food, or eating.
Go take a shower
and I'll make you some breakfast.
No. We don't have time.
We still need at least 150 pages.
We'll eat as we work.
Let's see what we have from yesterday.
Let's go over yesterday
to see where we are.
Why don't we keep going?
Like you said, we don't have a lot of time.
If we keep going over what we've done,
then we won't get...
finished.
"Adam walks through the casino...
"and sees lots of people
sitting around and doing stuff...
"like playing roulette
and drinking booze and yakking."
I thought that...
"Adam liked Polina,
but he also knew she was kind of weird.
"Even though he thought it was love,
it really was that he was hot for her."
- Well, Alex, it's true.
- No, it's not!
He's madly in love with her
the minute he sees her!
Where's what I wrote?
I was getting on the bus.
There was rain...
and a huge puddle.
And my feet just tripped.
And it just spilled. And I'm sorry.
And I tried.
- I tried to fix it!
- It's not your fault.
Yeah, it is.
I'll fix it. I've lost pages before.
- It'll be okay.
- It will?
Yeah, it will be fine.
How many pages got wrecked?

Eighteen.
Time to get up.
As Polina mourned
for her beloved grandmother...
and tended to family matters...
Adam struggled to keep
his feelings for Polina in check.
Adam's friendship with Elsa
continued to grow.
Unaware of the deeper feelings
she held for him...
he regaled her with stories
of the exciting life he'd share with Polina.
Adam's passions
continued to rage out of control.
With his beloved Red Sox
well out of contention...
for the American League pennant...
baseball no longer provided
a viable diversion.
Shaw was not to be underestimated.
Despite the insubstantial mustache...
he'd proven himself to be a formidable foe.
Adam knew that all too well.
He had to make his move. But when?
- Can I?
- Sure. Go ahead.
I'm formulating.
I don't like tomato skins.
Who are you?
What?
We've been in this room
for over three weeks.
Besides the fact that you have an opinion
for everything I do...
and an odd way of eating pizza,
I don't know anything about you.
Where are you from?
What have you been doing with your life?
Do you have friends?
A boyfriend? Parents?
- It's my personal life, Alex.
- I know.
And if you don't feel like sharing,

I completely understand.
I live in Jamaica Plain.
Both my parents are dead.
My mother died six years ago.
My father left when we were very young.
I heard he drank himself to death.
Like I said, if you don't feel like sharing...
Did you mention
whether or not you have a boyfriend?
I didn't.
- Do you think you will mention it?
- Maybe.
Do you think you'll mention it now?
I do have a boyfriend.
And I met him last year...
at a hockey game.
Is it serious
or is it just one of those hockey romances?
We're planning on getting married
next June.
I think I'm about done formulating.
Where was I?
Adam was deciding
when to make his move.
Adam could wait no longer.
He felt like a kid who had finished
counting in hide-and-go-seek.
It was now, "Ready or not, here I come."
Yet still, his overture must not appear
insensitive or indelicate.
- Wait a minute. What are they doing?
- What does it look like they're doing?
- Just like that?
- Why not?
- Her grandmother just died.
- Exactly.
She's looking for comfort.
I thought you said
Adam was going to be sensitive to her.
You're right. I did.
I am so sorry that your grandmother died.
It just isn't right like this.
- Are you nuts? It's fabulous like this.
- No, it's not.

- Yes, it is.

- No, it's not.

Look, I'm the writer, okay?

And I'm saying it is.

And I'm the reader, okay?

And I'm saying this is really bothering me.

I'm trying very hard to like Adam,
and you're making it extremely difficult.

You know what?

This isn't about Adam.

You've had it in for Polina
since the beginning.

- Please!

- You have.

I do not have it in for a fictional character.

She's flighty. She's flirty.

She's a flawed character.

Of course! The three fluhs:

Flighty, flirty and flawed.

Yes. And clearly,

if he's chasing after someone like her...

- he's sitting on some pretty major issues.

- Really?

She's the hottest girl on the island
by a factor of 10!

So maybe he's not the one
with the issues.

What is that supposed to mean?

He's not the one who values propriety
over passion.

- Are you saying I don't believe in passion?

- No.

I'm sure you do,
just so long as the laundry is done first.

Adam and Polina
tumbled passionately into bed.

Boy! Now you're talking!

This is a great island!

What?

I'm exhausted.

I bet you are.

Okay, so now what?

What do you mean?

Grandmother is dead.

Everything's worked out for our lovebirds.
Polina has her money. Adam has Polina.
Shaw goes away.
Now what happens?
I have to vomit.
You have no place to go from here,
do you?
You've written yourself into a corner.
You're supposed to put your head
over the toilet.
I've been vomiting since I was six.
I believe I can handle it.
- I think I'm dying.
- You're not dying.
No, really. I'm burning up. I feel real bad.
You're not that warm.
Why does everyone just tacitly accept
the-hand-to-the-forehead test...
as being medically reliable?
You're fine.
I've got a pain in my chest.
This could be serious.
If these symptoms persist...
and you think
you're having a heart attack...
now this is important...
I want you to call me immediately.
There's no point in my wasting bus fare
if you're just going to be dead.
Have a nice evening.
What are you saying? You're still blocked?
Totally.
Who said it better than you?
Grandmother's dead.
Polina's got the money.
Adam's got Polina,
and I've got nowhere to go.
You're not going to vomit again, are you?
- I've got to get out of here.
- Where are you going?
We don't have much time left.
Shouldn't we keep working?
- This is working.
- It is?

When I get stuck, I need
to get my mind off things for a while.
I need to look at birds, trees,
people doing things...
like throwing Frisbees, rollerblading,
that kind of thing.
Good. Once you clear your mind,
you'll realize...
he shouldn't have jumped into bed
with her like that.
I wanted to be a writer
for as long as I can remember.
My parents got divorced when I was eight.
I started writing stories
as a place to put my feelings.
I found it was easier
to have characters say things...
than to say them myself.
That's the beauty of writing.
You can have things work out...
the way they never seem to in real life.
- Sometimes things work out in life.
- I'm all for it.
- Have you ever been married?
- In real life? No.
Let me guess.
- You just haven't met the right woman.
- Exactly.
I know what you're going to say:
You have to be the right man
in order to meet the right woman.
But I know in my heart
that I am the right man...
and that the perfect woman is out there.
Someone who's smart,
funny, and beautiful.
And here's the tricky part:
Interested in me.
I know she's out there.
I just can't seem to...
I feel like one of those greyhounds
at the dog track.
You know, chasing the mechanical rabbit?
I get so close...

but I can never quite seem to catch it.

- They never do.

- I know.

Maybe you don't want to catch it.

- I hope today helped.

- It did.

Things are starting to percolate.

- I had a great time.

- Me, too.

This is it.

I got it!

What?

I never should have had
the grandmother die.

This is great! Thank you!

I love you!

- You know what I mean.

- Yeah.

- This is great.

- Great.

All right. I'll see you tomorrow.

The grandmother lives!

Look who is alive!

The telegram said you were gone.

Well, of course I was gone.

If I was not gone from there,
how could I be here?

Weren't you worried taking such
an arduous trip considering your health?

My health is fine.

Those stupid doctors, all idiots.

They should have their licenses revoked.

Every last one of them!

First, they gave me a year to live...
then it became six months.

Then less than a month.

To listen to them...

I'd be dead 10 minutes after I got here!

What are you doing?

The dead grandmother
is what got you stuck.

Now she's dead again?

No money at all?

Your mother had the most extraordinary

collection of rare perfumes...
in the history of France. Worth a fortune.
As you know, your mother,
God rest her soul, made it to 90.
- Sadly, the perfumes did not.
- What?
They all evaporated.
The last of it,
during her brief struggle with scurvy.
Your mother's fortune has evaporated?
Every penny of it?
She had scurvy?
Upon hearing Grandmother's money
had gone the way of all Chanel...
Adam pondered his fate.
He was no fool.
He was a tutor, for God's sake.
He knew it was a matter of time...
before Polina would find herself
once again in the arms of his rival...
the odious John Shaw.
He pondered the engagement.
He pondered the wedding.
Then he pondered the wedding night.
It was at that point he realized
maybe he should stop pondering.
Senor Shipley, you must try to forget her.
Here, have some paella.
What?
Eldora, the Spanish au pair,
who was Elsa, the German au pair...
who was Ylva, the Swedish au pair?
No. Alex, absolutely not.
Even if Eldora was the greatest character
since Scarlet O'Hara...
which seems like a long shot,
we don't have time to change everything.
- I know, but...
- Three days! We have three days.
I know, but something's missing.
Maybe he needs another obstacle
to keep him from Polina.
He's broke. She's marrying another man...
and she doesn't even love him.

I think he has enough obstacles.
Wait. I got it.
It's not an obstacle,
it's the second triangle.
You were right about that.
This can work. The changes will be easy.
She's an American from Philadelphia,
and her name is Anna.
Hello, Adam.
What?
You seem different today, Anna.
Did you do something to your hair?
There was something in Anna 's eyes
that Adam, until now...
blinded by his love for Polina, hadn't seen.
A deep sadness,
combined with a quiet strength...
that made her seem incredibly beautiful.
Are you sure you want to do this?
Absolutely.
It's not very attractive.
He's just rebounding.
No, he's not.
Rebounding like a wild man.
What are you talking about?
This is the triangle heating up.
Anna has feelings for him.
He has feelings for her.
But he also has feelings for Polina.
This way, the reader doesn't know
who he'll wind up with.
You hook them in.
- Who does he end up with?
- See? Hooked.
What do you say we head into town?
- I have to...
- You don't have to do anything.
You're making stew. That's why
they call it stew. You let it stew.
Come on. Live a little.
I'll buy you lunch. Are you hungry?
Not really.
- Perfect. I don't have any money.
- Sounds good.

How did you come to work
for the Delacroixs?

I answered an ad for a job five years ago.

I've been with them ever since.

Summers in Saint Charles,
winters in Switzerland...

- and the rest of the year in Paris.

- It sounds exciting.

Yeah.

Now that didn't sound exciting.

I'm living their life, not mine.

- Maybe we can do something about that.

- What?

I'm just spitballing here,
but how about this?

I like living my life.

While those of a cynical nature might
think that Adam was on the rebound...

Cute.

... the truth is

that he found comfort in Anna.

And with each passing day,

his feelings for her grew stronger.

It's so interesting

watching this process unfold.

I didn't understand when you said

the characters would lead you.

But now it's so clear why Anna and Adam
would end up together all this time.

They've been so close to each other
without seeing what they had.

Who says they'll wind up together?

They're not?

I don't know.

How could they not end up together
after they were so romantic?

That's exactly the point.

If he's crazy about one, but lukewarm
about the other, where's your triangle?

But if he feels equally strong
about both women, that's a real dilemma.

- But then you have...

- no.

Now we've got to stir things up a little.

Shipleigh, how goes it, my good man?
You're certainly in a good mood today,
old bean.
Why not?
Tonight, I shall ask Polina
for her hand in marriage...
and by the week's end, we'll be off to Paris
to prepare for the wedding.
Tonight?
Congratulations.
You're sure she'll accept?
I have 500,000 reasons that say she will.
Five hundred thousand.
- That's a lot of reasons.
- The lovely Polina has expensive tastes.
Adam thought he had gotten over Polina.
But the imminence of her betrothal
made one thing abundantly clear.
It was time to start pondering again.
How does one choose
between two women one loves so dearly?
One pulls one's head out of one's ass
and realizes the obvious.
What we have is substantial.
When you lie in bed at night,
is that what you dream of...
something substantial?
Or do you dream of glamour, excitement...
a life of adventure?
- Dreams are often only that.
- Excuse me?
I am just saying
our love is based on something real.
It's based on caring, understanding,
and mutual respect.
You left out that you gave him
the wildest, most passionate sex...
he's ever experienced.
Wait. That was me.
He was wracked with confusion.
For the first time in his life...
he understood the true meaning
of the expressions, "horns of a dilemma"...
and "between a rock and a hard place."

Although the concept
of "paying through the nose"...
had always tormented him.
How does the money get in the nose
in the first place?
Once in, is it pulled out by hand
or is a sneeze involved?
Who would accept such a transaction?
Burning questions all,
but he had bigger fish to fry.
What do you have to think about?
I'm here.
I'm in love with you
and she's not even available.
I could be.
Yes, for \$500,000...
which you don't have.
A small obstacle for a great man.
A small obstacle for a great life.
I need money.
Oh, no!
Good. That's exactly the reaction I want.
I want the reader to be surprised.
Do you want the reader to hit you
with the book?
Think like a writer.
There's more to play with.
Where does he get the money?
You got the ticking clock
with Shaw's proposal.
You still don't know
who he's going to wind up with.
If he makes a play for Polina and loses...
Anna would be an idiot to take him back.
I don't know.
The human heart is an ethereal web
of contradicting emotions...
impossible to decipher
in all its complexity.
Yeah, an idiot.
Okay, good. Can we...
Although his feelings for Anna
were undeniable...
his feelings for Polina

were slightly more undeniable.
In the course of the summer
on Saint Charles...
he had made many acquaintances...
some more savory than others.
Do you dance the flamenco?
Well, I...
Because real men dance the flamenco.
Are we loaning money to a real man?
I have been known to flick a castanet
on occasion.
Prove it!
Stay with me, boys.
He's good.
The interest is 200 percent.
We give you \$5,000.
In one year, you pay us \$15,000.
Two hundred percent? That's outrageous!
Senor, you are a desperate man.
You're dancing the flamenco to get money.
This is not a strong bargaining position.
- Two hundred percent.
- I can't!
- Two hundred percent.
- You're thieves.
Take it or leave it.
Okay, 200 percent.
You pay us back in one year or we kill you.
I have \$5,000.
Will the casino remove its limit
for me tonight?
As you wish, monsieur.
Place your bets, ladies and gentlemen.
For Adam, the moment had come.
He knew this time it would be different,
and it was.
Yes!
The management has asked me...
whether you might be willing to retire
for the evening?
One more bet.
My entire stake, \$320,000, on black.
Very well, monsieur.
One more win and Polina would be his.

There are times in life
when for no apparent reason...
an unexplained sense of well-being
comes over you.
You're at one with the universe.
You know exactly who you are,
and your place in the world is secure.
For Adam, that sense of ultimate bliss
was destroyed by two words.
Thirty-six, red.
Just like that, it was all gone.
His money, his future with Polina...
and Adam was convinced, his life.
Please don't tell me
he's going to go running back to Anna.
I don't know.
Again, you don't know.
I'll get it.
Who the hell could that be?
It's a lady.
- I hope we're not disturbing you, baby.
- As a matter of fact, you are.
It's a figure of speech.
How are you doing, boys?
I like those shirts.
- You've got a bat.
- We're here for a reminder.
Wait a second.
I got one more day. I'm almost done.
It's good. We help you to finish.
What are you doing?
Jesus!
- No distractions.
- That's my TV! What are you guys...
It's good. You finish the book.
You get the money. You buy a flat screen.
Better picture, man.
Twenty-four hours, chico.
Not 25.
Bye, lady.
- Oh, my God.
- Are you okay?
Are you all right?
- Should we call the cops?

- I don't think that's a very good idea.
Let's finish the book.
They'll get their money.
Everything will be fine.
Wait a minute.
Those are the flamenco dancers,
aren't they?
You borrowed money to gamble?
Are you out of your mind?
- At the time, yes.
- So is everything in this book true?
No. There are things I take from real life...
- that work for the story.
- Who else is going to show up?
You've some sick grandmother
who's going to roll in here and drop dead?
Is there really a Polina?
The next time Dimwit and Lowboy
come back here...
they're not just
going to be smashing telephones and TVs.
So, please, let's just try and finish.
There are banks, you know.
Yes, I know.
If you want to take a break, I understand.
No, I'm fine.
You're the one they want to kill.
Way to bounce back. Here we go.
As Adam walked... no.
As Adam wandered
the streets of Saint Charles...
like a man
who had not only lost all his money...
but all sense of who he was...
he found himself lying under
the boardwalk, next to an old seagull.
He stared vacantly into the gull's eyes
and finally drifted off...
How are you doing?
Were you sleeping or just thinking?
I was sleep-thinking.
Maybe we should take a break.
No. We've got to keep going.
If we get a couple hours of sleep,

then we can make the final push.
Okay. Two hours.
I'll sleep on the couch. You take the bed.
Set the alarm while you're up there.
No, you should sleep in the bed.
I'll be fine on the couch.
Look at you.
You can't get any rest like that.
Neither would you, so...
All right, we'll both sleep in the bed.
- You sure?
- Yeah.
Okay.
So you want to sleep together.
You're right.
You should sleep on the couch.
I'm saying it's a rarely used meaning
of the term "sleep together"...
where there's actual sleep involved
with snoring, REM cycles and all that.
That's all I meant.
I'm setting the alarm.
Good night.
Can you say good night
if you're only sleeping for two hours?
Good night.
Apparently you can.
Good night.
So, what's his name?
What?
What's his name?
Who?
Your fiance.
I thought we were trying
to get some sleep.
I just want to know what his name is.
It's Art.
Art Greco.
Art Greco?
Art Greco, the discount dentist?
What?
The guy on all the buses?
Yeah.
He must be good

because you've got excellent teeth.
Wait a minute.
Maybe I'm being presumptuous here.
Just because he's your fiance...
and a dentist doesn't automatically
make him your dentist.
Maybe it's a conflict of interest thing...
like a doctor
that won't operate on his own family.
On the other hand,
drilling a tooth isn't exactly surgery...
although they do call it oral surgery.
So, I suppose...
All right, I lied!
I don't have a boyfriend or a fiance.
I'm not getting married.
But Art Greco is your dentist.
I'm sorry...
but if you met you the way I met you,
what would you have done?
I probably would have turned around
and walked out.
I'm glad you didn't, though.
Me, too.
I'm also glad you don't have a boyfriend.
Me, too.
He awoke early the next morning
to find the seagull sitting on his chest.
As the morning mist on the beach
and the one in his mind started to clear...
his thoughts turned once more to Polina.
Yes?
Is there a Polina?
What do you mean?
In real life.
No. Not really.
She's an amalgam.
An amalgam?
Yeah. She's a combination
of a lot of women I've known.
You've been with a lot of women like her?
No. You know, you meet people like that.
They run in a fast crowd.
You've been in these fast crowds?

No. You know what I mean.
You read about them.
They're always running off to be with...
that guy on a boat
or this guy on a private plane.
She's an amalgam.
Adam went to find Polina...
hoping against hope
there was still a chance for him.
How much did you lose?
Everything. But I can win it back.
Would you be a dear
and hand me that pumice stone?
I know it's a cliché...
to say the best things in life are free
and that money can't buy love...
but that's how they become clichés,
because they're true.
Shouldn't love trump everything?
If only we lived in a world of shoulds.
We can.
No, we should. But we can't.
Please don't deny yourself real happiness.
I'll try not to.
Could you hand me that robe over there?
There were times I just adored you.
With the vacation coming to a close...
and with the pieces of his heart scattered
by the summer winds of Saint Charles...
Adam sought solace in the one person
who had always been there for him.
She was a modern woman.
She would understand
if he spoke from his heart.
He was certain she would take him back.
I don't suppose there's any chance
you might...
no.
- Because I went off...
- Yeah.
- So even if I was to come...
- no.
- Because I've shown myself to be...
- Exactly.

- Okay. So I'll just go...

- Yeah.

For the first time in his life,
he truly understood the expression:
"Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned."
Not to mention,
"Never bite off more than you can chew."
"Paying through the nose,"
on the other hand...
continued to present problems.
The end.

He ends up alone.

You think it's too sad?

It's the only way it can be.

He never had a chance with Polina,
and Anna who was a real possible...
as soon as he felt getting close to her,
he ran for the hills.

It's a classic case of fear of intimacy.

Your other book was about that,
too, wasn't it?

No, that was about fear of commitment.

Right. Okay.

It's a funny book and it's sad.

It makes me feel for everyone in it,
and you did it in 29-and-a-half days.

You should feel very good.

Yeah. So, where are you going?

I have three days of transcription.

We only have six hours
until the Cuban invasion.

Do you really think it's good?

I think it's very good.

Thank you, Emma.

You're welcome.

You know... I, uh...

I "uh" you, too.

Bye.

Taxi!

Keep the change.

Hello.

Polina?

- You look good.

- You, too.

So, how you been?

- I left John.

- Really?

What can I say? I shouldn't have gone with him in the first place.

You were looking out for your children.

That's my problem.

I never think of my own happiness.

You should have knocked me out,
tied me up.

Taken me away with you.

Thank you.

Deep down,

I always knew you were the one.

Are you seeing anyone?

When I saw you on that dock...

you were like something out of a fairy tale.

Really, I became intoxicated...

like somebody had slipped something
into the air.

All done.

I didn't know you'd be finished so soon.

I was just on my way back.

It's okay, I found you.

Emma, this is Polina.

Polina, this is Emma.

She's my stenographer.

I just finished dictating my novel to her.

She did an amazing job.

I have to go. It was very nice to meet you.

I've heard so much about you.

I'll be right back.

- I didn't know she was coming...

- Don't, Alex! Please!

You know what happens

with these things.

Somebody always says something
to make the other person feel better...

but it never does,

so if you could just not say anything!

Your stenographer?

You introduced me as your stenographer?

I didn't know what to say.

I didn't want to hurt either one of you.

No, Alex.
Who you didn't want to hurt was you.
Wait a sec.
You know what I can't figure out?
What's it going to be, sweetheart?
- One second.
- I can't figure out what's worse.
Having to know every detail...
about your desperate love
for some other woman...
or having to know
that you obviously never came close...
to feeling the same way about me.
Goodbye, Alex.
She's not just your stenographer.
No.
Is she your girlfriend?
Not anymore.
Come with me tonight.
There's a darling little charity ball
at the Ritz.
Landmines, I think.
- I don't think I can...
- It's perfect.
You finished your novel.
We can leave for Paris in the morning.
It's beautiful this time of year,
and the kids would love to see you.
I'll take you to Giverny.
Have you ever seen the water lilies?
They're magical.
Have you ever done your own laundry?
What?
Nothing.
You should have a gun to your head
more often.
- You like it?
- You kidding me?
Usually an author falls on his ass
with his second effort. This is terrific.
Okay!
Here you go. Just like you requested.
\$25,000 made out to you...
and \$100,000 made out to...

now is it "Cuban Mafia"
or "The Cuban Mafia"?
I'm kidding, cash.
What do you think of the ending?
I like it. It's bittersweet.
Hi, I can't come to the phone right now.
Please leave a message.
Emma, it's me.
If you're there, please pick up.
"M not just calling
to make you feel better.
I really need to talk to you.
Please give me a call.
Can we talk?
Did the fact
that you called 17 times last night...
with no response from me
send any kind of signal to you?
I'm not an idiot.
I figured you wanted to talk to me
but your machine was broken.
Wait a second.
I think I'm in love with you.
I think I couldn't care less.
Emma, please just...
He screwed up big-time
with his wife's cousin!
I did not start this whole thing.
He tells one version.
She was telling me all the time
that my wife was cheating on me.
She tells another.
That's not how it happened. No.
Maybe my life is not so bad.
Hello?
- Lf you keep this up...
- I have your check.
I could bring it over.
Because you worked many extra hours...
- I added in...
- Send it to me.
- I need to talk to you about the book.
- No.
The ending is not right.

My editors think it's fine.
You're the only one I can talk to about it.
I'm not going to do this, Alex.
I think Adam should end up with Anna.
I don't think so.
Some things are nothing more
than what they are.
They're not meant to last.
They take their place in your heart...
and make you a little smarter
the next time.
If you care for me
as much as you say you do...
please respect my feelings
and let's move on with our lives.
Okay?
Okay.
Good night, Emma.
Goodbye, Alex.
Can I help you?
I'm here for a deposition.
Is there a Mr. Taylor?
Yes. We've been expecting you.
If you could just take a seat.
Your stenographer is here.
Yes, I'll tell her.
Someone will be with you in a moment.
Good morning.
I'm Marty Van Buren. Won't you come in?
- Yes.
- Just follow me.
Jenny, could you get me that deposition
on the McKinley case.
- Right away.
- Great.
Why don't you go in here and set up?
- Zack Taylor will be with you in a minute.
- Thank you.
Jesus!
Welcome to Polk, Taylor, Fillmore,
Pierce & Van Buren.
I take you met Marty.
What is this?
He's actually my publisher.

These are his offices.

He charged me for the lettering,
but the role-playing was free.

- What do you want from me?

- I told you.

I want to change the ending because
some people go right to the last page.

- So, it's important...

- You should get someone else to do this.

Look, there's no one else I trust.

You're the only one

who'll know if it's real and honest.

It's only a couple of pages. Emma, please.

Adam returned to Andover...

filled with the dizzying emotions
of the summer on Saint Charles.

Emotions that he hoped
he could capture on paper.

When his thoughts turned to Polina,
it was as if she were some kind of dream.

- I can't do this.

- Please, Emma. Just keep typing.

He remembered her flawless skin,
her dark, intense eyes...

her captivating smile.

Then one day,

that dream walked back into his life.

Her beauty was still undeniable.

- Why are you doing this to me?

- Because I need you to understand.

Just let me finish.

Then you can walk out the door...

and I swear I'll never bother you again.

Her beauty was still undeniable,
but it wasn't the same.

As she spoke of her feelings for him,
all he could think of was Anna.

Sweet, caring, beautiful Anna...

and how his own failings
had driven her away.

Anna had become part of him.

He had fallen

so completely in love with her...

that it was hopeless to think

he could ever be with anyone else.
And so he said goodbye to Polina...
and set off to win back
the heart of his true love.
Yes, Polina had been a dream,
like a creation from one of his stories...
but Anna was real.
For the first time in his life...
that felt more powerful
than anything he could ever invent.
The end.
Nice last sentence.
I'm just a writer.
I don't know what to do to show you
how much I love you.
I only have words.
That's all I have.
Maybe I was wrong.
About what?
Maybe you can catch the rabbit.