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Before Sunset

By Richard Linklater

Do you consider the book
to be autobiographical?
Well, I mean...
...isn't everything autobiographical?
I mean, we all see the world
through our own tiny keyhole, right?
I mean, I always think
of Thomas Wolfe.
Have you ever seen that little
one-page "Note to Reader"...
...in the front
of Look Homeward, Angel?
Anyway, he says that we are the sum
of all the moments of our lives...
...and anybody who sits down to write
will use the clay of their own life...
...that you can't avoid that.
So when I look at my own life,
I have to admit, right, that I...
I've never been around a bunch of guns
or violence, you know, not really.
No political intrigue
or a helicopter crash, right?
But my life, from my own point of view,
has been full of drama, right?
And so I thought,
if I could write a book...
...that could capture what it's like
to really meet somebody...
One of the most exciting things
that's happened to me...
...is to meet somebody,
make that connection.
And if I could make that valuable,
you know, to capture that...
...that would be the attempt, or...
Did I answer your question?
I'll try to be more specific.
Was there ever a French young woman
on a train you met...
...and spent an evening with?
See, to me, that... I mean...
...that's not important, you know?
- So that's a yes?

All right, since I'm in France and this is the last stop of my book tour, yes.

Thank you.

Mr. Wallace, the book ends on an ambiguous note.

We don't know.

Do you think they get back together in six months...

...like they promise each other?

Like they promised?

I think how you answer that, you know, is...

It's a good test, right, if you're a romantic or a cynic.

Right? I mean, you think they get back together, right?

- You don't, for sure.

- No.

And you hope they do, but you're not sure.

- That's why you're asking the question.

- Do you think they get back together?

I mean, did you in real life?

Did I in real...?

Look, in the words

of my grandfather, okay:

"To answer that would take the piss out of the whole thing. "

We just have the time for one last question.

What is your next book?

I don't know, man. I don't know.

I've been...

I've been thinking about this...

Well, I always kind of wanted to write a book...

...that all took place

within the space of a pop song.

Like three or four minutes long, the whole thing.

The story, the idea,

is that there's this guy, right...

...and he's totally depressed.

His great dream was to be a lover,

an adventurer, you know...
...riding motorcycles
through South America.
And instead he's sitting
at a marble table eating lobster.
He's got a good job and
a beautiful wife, right, but that...
Everything that he needs.
But that doesn't matter...
...because what he wants
is to fight for meaning.
You know? Happiness
is in the doing, right?
Not in the getting what you want.
So he's sitting there,
and just that second...
...his little 5-year-old daughter
hops up on the table.
And he knows that she should
get down, because she could get hurt.
But she's dancing to this pop song
in a summer dress.
And he looks down...
...and all of a sudden, he's 6.
And his high-school sweetheart
is dropping him off at home.
And they just lost their virginity,
and she loves him...
...and the same song is playing
on the car radio.
And she climbs up and starts dancing
on the roof of the car.
And now he's worried about her.
And she's beautiful, with a facial
expression just like his daughter's.
In fact, maybe that's why
he even likes her.
You see, he knows he's not
remembering this dance...
...he's there. He's there,
in both moments, simultaneously.
And just for an instant,
all his life is just folding in on itself.
And it's obvious to him

that time is a lie.
That it's all happening all the time...
...and inside every moment
is another moment...
...all happening simultaneously.
Anyway, that's kind of the idea.
Anyway.
Our author has to be going
to the airport soon...
...so thank you all very much
for coming over this afternoon.
And a special thanks to Mr. Wallace
for being with us.
Thank you. Thank you.
We hope to see you here again
with your next book.
Thank you all. How much longer
before I have to go to the airport?
Oh, you should leave at 7:30...
- Seven-thirty at the very latest.
- Okay.
- Hi.
- Hello.
- How are you?
- Good, and you?
I'm good, yeah, I'm great. I'm...
Do you wanna, maybe,
get a cup of coffee?
Didn't he just say
you have a plane to catch?
Yeah. But, I mean, I have a little time.
- Okay.
- Yeah? All right, well, let me...
I'll meet you outside. Okay.
Excuse me. I'm just gonna go
get a cup of coffee.
- I'll be back at 7: 5.
- Did you sign all these?
- Yeah, I sure did.
- Get your driver Philippe's card...
...so you can call his cell
if you're running late.
We'll put your bags in the car
so you're not late.

- All right, thanks for everything.

- Thank you.

Which one's Philippe?

- I can't believe you're here.

- I live here in Paris.

Are you sure you don't have to stay?

You're not supposed to talk more?

They're sick of me.

I spent the night here.

- You did?

- Yeah, they got a loft upstairs.

- How are you? This is so weird.

- I'm fine.

- It's good to see you.

- It's good to see you.

- So you want to go to a caf?

- Yeah.

Okay. There's one a little further
that I like.

I thought I was gonna totally lose it
in there when I first saw you.

How did you know

I was gonna be here?

It's my favorite bookstore in Paris.

You can sit down for hours and read.

I love it. There's fleas,

but, you know...

I know. I think a cat slept
on my head last night.

I saw your picture on the calendar
about a month ago...

...and that you were going
to be here.

It's funny, because I read an article
on your book...

...and it sounded vaguely familiar.

- Vaguely? Yeah.

But I didn't put it all together
until I saw your photo. So...

Did you have a chance to read it?

Yes, I...

I was really, really surprised,
as you can imagine.

I mean, I had to read it twice, actually.

- Yeah?

- Yeah.

No, I liked it. It's very romantic.

I usually don't like that,

but it's really well-written.

- It's well-written. Congratulations.

- All right. Thank you.

- Wait.

- What?

Before we go anywhere,

I have to ask you...

Sure. What?

Did you show up in Vienna

that December?

- Did you?

- No, I couldn't. But did you?

- I need to know. It's important to me.

- Why, if you didn't?

Well, did you?

No.

Thank God you didn't.

- Oh, my God.

- Thank God you didn't.

Thank God I didn't and you didn't.

If one of us had showed up alone...

...that would have sucked.

- I was so concerned.

I felt horrible about not being there,

but I couldn't. My grandma died...

...and she was buried that day,

December 6th.

- The one in Budapest?

- Yes. You remember that?

- I remember everything.

- Of course, it was in your book.

But anyway, I was about to

fly to Vienna, you know...

...and we heard the news about her,

and of course I had to go to the funeral.

Yeah, I'm sorry to hear that.

I know. But you weren't there anyway.

Wait. Why weren't you there?

I would have been there

if I could have. I made plans...

You better have a good reason.

What?

Oh, no.

No, you were there, weren't you?

Oh, no, that's terrible!

I'm laughing, but I don't mean it.

Did you hate me?

You must've hated me.

- Have you been hating me all this time?

- No.

- Yes, you have.

- No.

But you can't hate me now, right?

- I mean, my grandma...

- I don't hate you. It's no big deal.

I flew all the way over there,
you blew the thing off.

My life's been a big nosedive since,
but it's not a problem.

- No, I'm kidding.

- Don't say that. I can't believe it.

You must have been so angry
with me. I'm so sorry.

I wanted to be there,
more than anything in the world.

- Honestly, I swear...

- You can't be angry, my grandmother...

I know. I honestly thought that something
like that might have happened.

I was definitely bummed, but...

Mostly I was mad we hadn't exchanged
any phone numbers or any information.

That was so stupid.

No way to get in touch.

- Nothing to go on.

- I didn't know your last name.

Remember, we were both afraid
if we started writing and calling...

...that it would slowly fade out.

- It definitely wasn't a slow fade.

No, it sure wasn't.

We wanted to pick up
where we left off.

Which would have been fine

if it had worked. Oh, well.

So...

- How long were you in Vienna, then?

- Just a couple days.

Did you meet another girl?

Yeah, her name was Gretchen
and she was amazing.

The book's really a composite
of the two of you.

No, I'm kidding. You wouldn't believe...

I even went back to the train station.

I put up signs of my number
in the hotel in case you'd been delayed.

- I was a total dork.

- Let's go this way. Did you get any calls?

Just a couple hookers
looking for a gig.

No, it was awful, I mean,
what do you want me to say?

It's so sad. I'm so sorry.

I walked around for a couple days.

Eventually, I flew home.

I owed my dad 2000 bucks...

...who had warned me
about French chicks.

What did he tell you
about French women?

Nothing. He's never met
any French women.

He's never been
east of the Mississippi.

Why didn't you put, "Six months later,
the French bitch didn't show up"?

No, but I did, I did.

- You did?

- Yeah. No. I made it more hopeful.

I wrote this fictional version
where you do show up.

- Oh, what happens?

- Well...

What?

We make love for about 0 days straight,
that's one part of it.

- Interesting. So the French slut, right?

- Yeah, exactly.

It's just then they get
to know each other better...
...and realize they don't
get along at all.

- I like that. It's more real.

- My editor didn't think that way.

Everyone wants to believe in love.

It sells.

Yeah, exactly, so...

So things are going well for you,
right? I mean...

- Your book is a bestseller in the U.S.

- It's a tiny bestseller.

- Oh, come on.

- All right. Officially, yes.

Most people haven't read Moby Dick.

Why should they read my book?

I haven't read Moby Dick
and I liked your book.

- Thanks.

- Even though...

...I thought you idealized
the night of it.

Come on, it's fiction, right?

- I'm supposed to...

- I know, I know.

I know. I thought there were times
where you made me...

Well, I mean, her, right?

No, me. Okay, whatever.

- A little bit neurotic.

- You are a bit like that, aren't you?

- You think I'm neurotic?

- No, no, no. Come on, I'm kidding.

Where did I do that? I didn't do that.

Oh, maybe it's just me, you know...

Reading something, knowing
the character is based on you...

...it's both flattering and disturbing
at the same time.

How is it disturbing?

I don't know. Just being part
of someone else's memory.

Seeing myself through your eyes.
How long did it take you to write it?
Three or four years, on and off.
Wow, that's a really long time
to be writing about one night.
Yeah, I know. Tell me about it.
I always assumed
you had forgotten me.
No, I had a pretty clear picture
of you in my mind.
- I have to tell you something. I just...
- What?
I've wanted to talk to you for so long
that now... It's just surreal, you know?
I feel like everything should be...
How long do we have?
Twenty minutes and 30 seconds?
We got more than that.
I wanna know about you.
Tell me, what are you doing?
What are you up to?
Where to start? I work for Green Cross.
It's an environmental organization.
What are they all about?
We basically work on different
environment issues...
...from clean water to
disarmament of chemical weapons.
International laws that deal
with the environment.
- What do you do for them?
- We're going this way.
Different things.
Like, last year I was in India for a while,
working on a water-treatment plant.
Well, the cotton industry there
is a major source of pollution, so...
I mean, it sounds like you're actually
doing something.
Most people, myself included,
just sit around and bitch.
You know, how America's consuming
all the world's resources, SUVs suck...
...global warming is real...

I'm relieved to hear you're not one of those "freedom fries" Americans. Hey, you know... But how'd you get into that? I came out of political science, hoping to work for the government. - And I did for a little while. Terrible. - Not good? Yeah, no. Anyway, I got really tired... Let's go this way. Having this endless conversation with friends... ...about how the world was falling to pieces. So I decided what I really wanted to do was... ...to find things that could be fixed and try to fix them, you know? You know, I always thought you'd be doing something cool like that. I did. Thanks. I just feel really, really lucky to be doing a job I like, you know? Yeah. I actually alternate in between thinking everything is irrevocably screwed up... ...and things might be getting better in ways. Better? How could you possibly say that? Well, I just mean, you know, like... I know it sounds weird, but there are things to be optimistic about. Okay... I know your book is selling, which is great, I'm very happy for you. But let me break the news to you: The world is a mess right now. From a Western view, things are getting a bit better. We're moving industry to developing nations where we can get cheap labor... ...free of any environmental laws. The weapon industry is booming. Five million people die a year from preventable water disease.

How is the world getting better?

I'm not angry, I'm not angry.

But come on, I want to know.

I'm interested.

I realize that there are a lot of serious problems in the world.

- Okay. Thank you.

- I mean, I don't even have...

...one publisher in the Asian market.

- Okay. All right.

- Say stop.

- What? Stop.

Look, all I'm saying is there's more awareness. People are gonna fight back.

The world might be getting better because people like you...

...are educated and speaking out.

Even the very notion of conservation, environmental issues...

...weren't in the vocabulary till fairly recently.

And they're becoming the norm and eventually might be what's expected.

I agree with what you're saying, but at the same time it's dangerous.

An imperialist country can use that kind of thinking...

...to justify their economic greed.

Is there any particular imperialist country you have in mind, there, Frenchie?

- No, not really.

- No?

- So you wanna sit over there?

- Yeah, this is perfect.

Oh, wow. Maybe what I'm saying is...

...the world might be evolving the way a person evolves.

Like, I mean, me, for example.

Am I getting worse?

Am I improving? I don't know.

When I was younger, I was healthier...

...but I was wracked with insecurity, you know?

Now I'm older and my problems

are deeper...

...but I'm more equipped
to handle them.

So, what are your problems?

Right now I don't have any.

I don't, you know? I'm just...

...damn happy to be here.

Me too.

So how long have you been in Paris?

I got in last night.

I've done 0 cities in 2 days.

I'm wrecked. I'm so glad it's over,
you know?

I'm tired of being a huckster.

- Hi.

- Hello.

What do you want?

A cup of coffee.

God, I love this caf. I wish they had
places like this in the U.S.

Yeah, I missed cafs

when I was living over there.

I mean, I find a few places

I really liked, but there was...

- You were living in the U.S.?

- Yes, from '96 to '99.

I was studying at NYU.

Oh, God, don't tell me that, Celine.

- What?

- No, it's just...

- Nothing, I mean, I...

- What?

I've been living in New York since '98.

We were there at the same time.

- In New York?

- Yeah.

That's weird. It actually crossed my mind
a few times that I might run into you...

...but the odds are so slim, right? So...

I didn't even know

what city you were in.

- Weren't you somewhere in Texas?

- Yeah, yeah, definitely. I just...

I was for a long time. I just,

you know, wanted to try New York.
What brought you back here?
I had finished my master's, for one...
...and no visa, no more visa.
And I was starting to get paranoid.
All the violence in the medias:
Gang violence, murders,
especially serial killers...
But the final straw was...
...one night I heard some noise
on my fire escape...
...so I called 9,
and the cops came eventually.
- Like three hours later.
- Yeah, after I had been raped and killed.
No, but it was a man
and a woman officer.
I was explaining what I had heard...
...when the woman had
to go move the police car.
I was left alone with the male cop.
Right away he asked me if I had a gun,
and I said, "No, of course not. "
And he told me, "Well, you better
think about getting one.
This is America, not France. Okay?"
And I said to him, "I have no idea
how to shoot a gun...
...and I have no interest
in firearms whatsoever. "
And that's when he pulled out his gun,
like this, and he went:
"Well, one day, you're gonna have
something like this in your face...
...and if you wanna have a long life...
...you're gonna have to choose
between you or them. "
And then they left. And the next morning
I called for an application to get a gun.
Me with a gun.
I mean, that's really scary.
But then I realized
something was wrong.
The way that cop had pulled his gun out,

and everything, right?

So I canceled my demand
for the gun...

...and I called the police and tried
to complain about that cop.

- What happened with that?

- It was so much paperwork...

...and then I got scared,
with my shitty student visa...

- Thought you'd get deported?

- Exactly. I gave up...

...and forgot about the whole thing.

- Well, I guess I never forgot.

- Obviously.

But still, you know,

I really enjoyed being there.

- There's lots of things I miss in the U.S.

- Yeah? Like what?

Well...

The overall good mood
people have there.

Like, even if it can be
bullshit sometimes.

Like, "How you doing?" "Great. "

"How you doing?" "Great!"

"Have a great day!"

I don't know. Parisians can be
so grumpy. Have you noticed?

No, everybody seems
pretty happy to me.

- They're not happy. No.

- They're not happy?

No, they are. I don't know. I just
mean French men. They drive me nuts.

What is it? What about them?

Well, they're very nice.

They're great, you know, to be around.

They love food, wine,
they're great cooks.

But I've had really bad luck with them.

Why? What do you mean?

- Well, I guess they're not as...

- What?

What's the word?

- Horny? They're not as horny.

- Horny?

Wait, listen to me on this one. In that regard, I am proud to be an American.

And you should be.

In that regard only.

Have you ever spent time in Eastern Europe?

Eastern... No, I don't.

Thank you.

I remember as a teenager

I went to Warsaw...

...when it was still

a strict communist regime.

- Which I don't approve of at all.

- Sure you don't.

- No, I don't.

- I'm just kidding.

But anyway, something about

being there was very interesting.

After a couple of weeks,

something changed in me.

The city was quite gloomy and gray...

...but after a while,

my brain seemed clearer.

I was writing more

in my journal...

...ideas I'd never thought of before...

- Communist ideas?

- Listen, I'm not...

- I'm sorry, I...

- Okay.

- Go on.

Okay. I'll send you to a gulag later.

No. But it took me a while to figure out why I felt so different.

One day, as I was walking

through the Jewish cemetery...

...I don't know why,

but it occurred to me there...

...I realized that I had spent the last

two weeks away from most of my habits.

TV was in a language

I didn't understand...

...there was nothing to buy,
no advertisements anywhere...
...so all I'd been doing was...
...walk around, think, and write.
My brain felt like it was at rest...
...free from the consuming frenzy.
It was almost like a natural high.
I felt so peaceful inside.
No strange urge to be somewhere else...
...to shop...
It could have seemed
like boredom at first...
...but it became very, very soulful.
It was interesting, you know?
Can you believe it was nine years ago
we were walking around Vienna?
- Nine years? No, that's impossible.
- No, it was. It feels like two months.
But it was summer '94.
Do I look any different?
I do?
I'd have to see you naked.
- What?
- I know, I'm sorry.
Your hair was different back then.
It was like...
- It's the same... Oh, down.
- Yeah, take it down.
Down. Okay, it was down. Okay.
Well? Voil.
So?
Okay, come on. Tell me.
Skinnier, I think. A little thinner.
Did you think I was fat before?
- No...
- Yeah, you thought I was a fatty.
No, you thought I was a fatty. You
wrote a book about a fat French girl.
- No, listen.
- Oh, no.
Seriously, all right? You look beautiful.
Do I look any different?
No. Not at all.
Actually, you have this line.

- I know.
- It's like a scar.
- A scar? Like a gunshot wound?
- No, no, no. I like it. I'm sorry.
I had this funny...
Well, horrible dream the other day.
I was having this awful nightmare
that I was 32.
And then I woke up,
and I was 23. So relieved.
And then I woke up for real,
and I was 32.
- Shit, man. It happens.
- Scary.
Time goes faster and faster.
Apparently, it's because...
...we don't renew synapses after
our 20s, so it's downhill from then on.
I like getting older, you know?
Life feels...
I don't know, it feels more immediate.
Like I can appreciate things more.
No, me too, actually. I really love it.
I was once...
...a drummer in a band.
- You were?
- Yeah. We were pretty good, actually.
But the lead-singer guy, he was just so
obsessed with us getting a record deal.
It's all we talked about, thought about,
getting bigger shows.
Everything was just focused on
the future all the time. And now...
...the band doesn't even exist anymore.
And looking back
at the shows we did play...
...even rehearsing, it was just
so much fun.
I just... Now I'd enjoy every minute of it.
Could I have a drag of that?
Well, your book has been published.
That's a pretty big deal.
You've been all around Europe.
Are you enjoying every minute of it?

- Not really.

- Not really?

No.

- Do you have another one of those?

- Yes, of course.

Here.

In my field, I see these people that...

Oh, sorry.

Come into it with big,
idealist visions...

...of becoming the leader
that will create a better world.

They enjoy the goal,
but not the process.

- Right.

- But the reality of it is...

...the true work of improving things
is in the little achievements.

- That's what you need to enjoy.

- What do you mean, exactly?

I was working for this organization
that helped villages in Mexico.

And their concerns was how
to get the pencils...

...sent to the kid
in those little country schools.

It was not about big,
revolutionary ideas. It was about pencils.

I see the people that do the real work,
and what's really sad is that...

...the people that are
the most giving, hardworking...

...and capable of making
this world better...

...usually don't have the ego
and ambition to be a leader.

They don't see any interest
in superficial rewards.

They don't care if their name
ever appear in the press.

They actually enjoy the process
of helping others.

- They're in the moment.

- Yeah, but that's so hard...

...you know, to be in the moment.
I mean, I feel like I'm...
...designed to be slightly dissatisfied
with everything, you know?
It's like always trying
to better my situation.
I satisfy one desire,
and it just agitates another.
And then I think, to hell with it, right?
Desire's the fuel of life.
You know? Do you think it's true...
...that if we never wanted anything,
we'd never be unhappy?
I don't know. Not wanting anything,
isn't that a symptom of depression?
Yeah, that is, right?
I mean, it's healthy to desire, right?
Yeah. I don't know. It's what all
those Buddhist guys say, right?
Liberate yourself from desire,
and you'll find...
...you already have everything you need.
- But I feel alive...
...when I want something more
than basic survival needs.
Wanting, whether it's intimacy
with another person...
...or a pair of shoes, is beautiful.
I like that we have those
ever-renewing desires, you know?
Maybe it's this sense
of entitlement.
You know, like whenever you feel like
you deserve that new pair of shoes?
It's okay to want things, as long as you
aren't pissed off if you don't get them.
Life's hard. It's supposed to be.
If we didn't suffer, we wouldn't
learn a thing, you know?
So, what, are you Buddhist,
or something?
- No.
- No? Why not?
I don't know. The same reason I don't

really consider myself anything, really.
I decided a long time ago that
I was gonna be open to everything...
...but not buy into any one
and only belief system.

I went to this Trappist monastery
a couple years ago.

- Trappist?

- Yeah, they're Catholic. Cistercian.

- Why did you do that?

- Why? I'd been doing some reading.

Thought it'd be cool. Have you ever
spent any time with monks or nuns?

- No. It's not really my style.

- No?

Well, I expected them to be all
glowering and stern, but they weren't.
They were quick to laugh,
really easy to be around.

Seriously, very attuned to everything,
they were just...

You know, they weren't trying
to hustle anybody.

They're trying to live and die
in peace with God...

...or whatever part of them
they feel is eternal.

It was just so refreshing to be around.

You realize that most
of the people that you meet...

...are trying
to get somewhere better.

They're trying to make more cash,
get a little more respect...

...have more people admire them.

It's exhausting.

- No kidding.

- And it's exhausting to be one yourself.

There I am, right, you know,
all greedy to be more spiritual.

"I want to be a better person,"

you know? You can't escape.

I had this boyfriend of mine many years
ago that wanted to be a Buddhist.

So he went to Asia to visit some of those monasteries.

- I've thought about doing that too.

- Yeah, you should. I'll tell you why.

He was good-looking, and each time he went to one of the monasteries...

...a monk offered to suck his cock.

True story.

It all comes down to that, doesn't it?

That's why I really admire what you're doing.

- You know?

- What do you mean? Sucking cock?

- No.

- No? Wrong answer.

No, I was gonna say

you're not detached from life.

You're putting your passion into action.

Well, I try.

You know something?

I'm gonna be on planes...

...and in an airport

for the next eight hours...

I'd just love to see

a little bit more of Paris.

- Would you walk with me?

- Yeah.

- Do you mind?

- That's great.

- Do you want to?

- Let's do that. Yeah.

What do we owe here?

Four-fifty?

No, I got it, I got a little

per diem going on here.

- This good, for a tip?

- Yeah, that's fine.

- That's more than enough.

- Throw that in too.

- Is there anywhere to go around here?

- It's sales day today.

- What's that?

- It's when everything's on sale in Paris.

It's twice a year.

All right, let's go shopping.
No, no, no. That's a bad idea.
I don't wanna inflict that on you.
It's madness. Let's just go
to this garden path. It's really nice.
All right. That sounds
better than shopping, actually.
Not that I wouldn't do
whatever you wanted.
Sometimes I don't even need
to buy anything. I just get high...
...on trying on
and looking at things.
Is this where we're going?
- Yeah.
- A therapist will tell you that's good.
- Really? Are you ever in therapy?
- Oh, no.
- Do I seem like I'm in therapy?
- I'm kidding.
- Does it help your sex problems?
- My sex problems?
- I'm kidding.
- Tell me the truth.
- We didn't have any problems.
- No, I'm kidding.
- We didn't even have sex.
- That's a joke, right?
No, we didn't.
I mean, that was the whole thing.
- Of course we did.
- No, no, no, we didn't.
You didn't have a condom
and I never have sex without one.
I'm extremely paranoid.
There's no way...
I find it scary that you don't
remember what happened.
No, listen...
...I didn't write an entire book,
but I kept a journal...
...and I wrote the whole night in it.
That's what I meant, you idealizing it.
All right, listen, I even remember

what brand of condom we used.

That's disgusting.

I don't wanna hear it.

- That's not disgusting.

- No.

Okay, when I get home I'll check my journal from '94, but I know I'm right.

- Wait a minute.

- What?

- Was it in the cemetery?

- No.

No, we went to the cemetery in the afternoon.

It was in the park, very late at night.

- In the park?

- Wait a minute, wait a minute.

I can't... I can't...

Is it that forgettable? You really don't remember? In the park?

Okay. Wait a minute,

I think you might be right...

You're messing with me now.

- No.

- Are you messing with me?

Okay. No, I'm sorry. I think...

I mean, you're right, okay?

Sometimes I put things in drawers inside my head and forget about it.

It's less painful to put things away than live with it.

What, so that night was, like, a sad memory for you?

I didn't mean that night in particular.

I meant certain things are better forgotten.

I remember that night better than I do entire years.

- Me too.

- Really?

Well, I thought I did.

But maybe I... Maybe I put it away because of the fact that...

...my grandmother's funeral was

the day we were supposed to meet.
It was a tough day for me,
but it must've been worse for you.
It was unreal. I remember looking
at her dead body in the coffin...
...at her beautiful hands, so warm,
so sweet, that used to hold me...
...but nothing in that coffin resembled
what I remembered of her.
All the warmth was gone.
And then I was crying,
so confused if I was crying...
...because I was never gonna see her
again or never gonna see you again...
I'm sorry. I'm sorry to go on like this.
I've been a little down this week.

- Why?

- I don't know. Nothing bad, just...

Reading your book, maybe?

No, but... Thinking of how hopeful

I was that summer and fall...

...and since then it's been kind of a...

I don't know.

Memory is a wonderful thing if
you don't have to deal with the past.

"Memory is wonderful if you don't
have to deal with the past. "

Can I put that
on a bumper sticker?

If you wrote a book about our night,
that's a good title.

- And it could be a total different book.

- Yeah, there'd be no sex scenes.

- But you know what?

- What?

Now that we've met again...

...we can change our memory
of that December 6.

It no longer has that sad ending
of us never seeing each other again.

Right. I mean, I guess a memory's
never finished as long as you're alive.

Yeah, I know. I have this memory
from my childhood...

...I realized recently never happened.

- What?

Well, when I was 8 or 9,
my mom was so paranoid...

...when I was walking home
from my piano lesson at night...
...she'd warn me about dirty old men
giving me candies...
...and then showing me
their pee-pees.

She was so obsessed with it that,
later in life, you know...

...I had this image in my head
that this really happened.

To the point that I even associated sex
with that walk home.

I mean, and sometimes,
even now, when I'm...

When I'm having sex, I see myself
walking down that street.

I swear. It's so weird, right?

- Is that street nearby? I mean, could...?

- Could we? No.

Very far.

Did you ever keep a journal
when you were a kid?

Yeah. On and off, I guess.

It's funny, I read one of mine...
...from '83 the other day.

- Yeah?

And what really surprised me is...

...that I was dealing with life
the same way I am now.

I was much more hopeful and naive...

...but the core, and the way I was
feeling things, is exactly the same.

It made me realize

I haven't changed much at all.

I don't think anybody does.

People don't want to admit it, but it's
like we have these innate set points...

...and nothing much that happens to us
changes our disposition.

- You believe that?

- I think so.

I read this study where they followed people who'd won the lottery...

...and people who'd become paraplegics.

You'd think one extreme is gonna make you euphoric and the other suicidal.

But the study shows that, after about six months...

...as soon as people had gotten used to their new situation...

...they were, more or less, the same.

- The same?

Yeah. Like, if they were basically an optimistic, jovial person...

...they're now an optimistic, jovial person in a wheelchair.

If they're a petty, miserable asshole...

...they're a petty, miserable asshole with a new Cadillac, a house and a boat.

So I'll be forever depressed no matter what great things happen?

- Definitely.

- Great.

No, come on, are you depressed now?

No, no, I'm not depressed.

But sometimes I worry

I'll get to the end of my life...

...feeling I haven't done all I wanted to.

- Well, what do you want to do?

I...

I want to paint more,

I want to play my guitar every day.

I want to learn Chinese.

I want to write more songs.

There's so many things I want to do, and I end up doing not much.

All right, well, let me ask you this:

Do you believe in ghosts or spirits?

No.

- No?

- No.

- Okay, what about reincarnation?

- Not at all.

- God?

- No.

- All right.

- That sounds terrible. No, no, no.
But I don't want to be one of those
people that don't believe in any magic.

- So then, astrology?

- Yes, of course!

- There we go.

- That makes sense, right?

You're a Scorpio,
I'm a Sag, we get along.
No, no, no.
There's an Einstein quote
I really, really like.
He said, "If you don't believe
in any kind of magic or mystery...
...you're basically as good as dead. "
- Yeah, I like that.

I've always felt there was some kind of
mystical core to the universe.
But, more recently, I've started to think
that, me, my personality, whatever...
That I don't have any permanent
place here, you know.
In eternity or whatever, you know.
And the more I think that, I can't go
through life saying this is no big deal.
This is it. This is actually happening.
What do you think is interesting?
What do you think is funny?
What is important?
You know, every day's our last.
When I feel that way, I usually
call my mom to tell her I love her.

- Yeah?

- And she's always:
"Are you okay? Do you have cancer?
Are you gonna commit suicide?"
It's almost not worth it.
So, what about us?

- What about us?

- No, what I mean is...
...if we were both going to die tonight...
- Like the apocalypse was coming?

No, that's too dramatic... But what if just the two of us were going to die?

I mean, would we talk about your book?

- The environment? Or...

- If today was our last day?

Yeah, what would we talk about?

What would you tell me?

- Well...

- That's hard, huh?

- No, no, I'll do it.

- Okay.

I definitely would stop talking about my book.

- I would probably drop the environment.

- Okay.

But I would still want to talk about, you know, the magic in the universe.

- I'd just want to do it from a...

- What?

...a hotel room, you know...

...in between sessions of us wildly fucking until we die.

Wow. Well, why waste time with an hotel room?

Why not do it right there on a bench?

Come here, come here, come here.

Okay. We're not gonna die tonight.

All right. Too bad. I'm sorry.

That was an extreme example.

- I'm sorry.

- Okay.

What I... My point was, you know...

...to truly communicate with people is very hard to do.

No, I know, most of our day-to-day exchanges...

Yeah, no, I mean...

...not to bring everything back to sex...

- But why not?

No, this example, this friend of mine, she was talking about...

- She and her boyfriend... Problems in bed.

- Right.

And how when they had been dating
for a year she started telling him...
...what he could do to please her more,
and it freaked him out.

- Why?

- Totally.

He thought it meant
he was a bad lover...
Maybe she shouldn't have
waited so long.

- After a year...

- But men are so easily offended.

- What, more than women?

- Definitely on that subject.

- You think so?

- Yeah, yeah.

Well, maybe it's because, you know...
...men are easier to... To please.

- To please?

- Well, I don't know.

- Yeah, they are. They're definitely.

Anyway, this friend,
she was telling me...

...next time she dates a man,
she's gonna make a little questionnaire...
...about what they like and dislike...

- What, written down, or out loud?

Yeah, mostly written down.

But it wouldn't be just yes or no.

It would be a bit more complex than that.

Like, for example, if the question is:

"Are you into S & M?"

The answer could be: "No, but a good
spanking once in a while doesn't hurt. "

Right, or like:

"Do you like talking dirty in bed?"

- That kind of thing?

- Yeah, but not just like any dirty talk.

Just "What specific word
would you like to hear?"

- What, me?

- Well, yeah.

For example what specific word

would you like to hear?

I don't know.

What do you feel about the word
"pussy"?

I love it.

Good.

It's amazing what perverts we've
become in the past nine years.

At least now we don't have to pretend
each new sexual experience...

...is, like, a life-altering event.

I know. By now, you've stuck it in
so many places it's about to fall off.

And I can't realistically expect you've
become anything but a total ho.

- Yeah, thank you.

- No, I'm s...

- That's true. What can you do?

- What can you do?

So, what kind of songs do you write?

I didn't know you did that.

- What kind?

- Yeah, sure.

- I don't know, just songs.

- Like?

Like, some are about,
you know, people.

Relationships. One's about my cat.

- Sing one.

- No, I can't. I don't have a guitar.

- Come on. A cappella.

- No, no, no.

I'm not singing a song without a guitar.

You're nuts.

Why not?

- No, okay. Not now. No.

- One.

If not now, when? You want to meet
here in six months with a guitar?

I'll fly all the way over here.

- You may or may not make the Mtro.

- Okay, that's funny.

- We've got to get back.

- We'll be all right.

- You're gonna miss your flight.

- All right.

We can walk down La Seine.

It's nice.

Okay.

- So you're flying back to New York?

- Yeah, yeah.

So I read in that article that you're married with a kid. That's great.

Yeah, he's... He's 4.

- What's his name?

- Henry. Little Hank.

- He's so much fun.

- Oh, wow, I'm sure.

- Your wife, what does she do?

- She teaches elementary school.

- Do you have kids?

- Yes, two... Shit!

- What?

- I left them in the car!

With the windows up, six months ago!

Think they're okay?

No, I'm kidding.

No, but I want to have kids someday.

- I'm just not ready yet.

- No?

- I'm in a good relationship, though.

- Oh yeah? That's good.

- What's he do?

- He's a photojournalist.

He does war coverage.

He's away a lot, which is good

because I'm so busy.

But isn't that dangerous? Aren't a lot of those guys getting killed these days?

He promises me he doesn't take risks, but I often worry.

He goes in this trance when

he photographs something.

- What do you mean?

- Well, once we were in New Delhi...

...and we passed a bum on the...

- A bomb?

- A bum. A homeless.

All right, right.
He looked like he needed help, but his
first reaction was to photograph him.
He went really close to his face,
fixing his collar...
...totally detached from the person.
But don't you have to be like that
to be good at that job?
Yeah, I mean, I'm not...
I'm not judging him.
What he does is essential and incredible.
All I'm saying is that
I could never do it.
Let's get on that boat. Come on.
- No!
- Come on, it'll be fun.
- You don't have time!
- They're about to take off.
I've got 5 more minutes.
Do you have a cell phone?
- Yeah.
- All right, I've got that driver's number.
I can call him to pick us up
at the next stop.
I've never been on those boats.
It's for tourists, it's embarrassing.
Okay. All right.
No, I'll get it, I'll get it.
All right. All right, all right.
Thank you.
- So are you in love with that guy?
- What guy?
- The war photographer.
- Yes, of course.
So do you have that cell phone?
Oh, yeah.
- Okay, let's see...
- Okay.
What do I tell him?
Tell him to pick you up at
Quai Henri Quatre.
Oh, shit. Quai...?
Henri Quatre. Quai Henri Quatre.
Henri Quatre.

What's wrong with you? No, do you want me to...? Henri Quatre.

- Henry Four?

- Yes!

- Come on, why didn't you say so?

- I'm sorry. Okay.

Yeah, is this Philippe?

Yeah. Philippe, this is Jesse Wallace.

Yeah.

Well, listen, I'm on

one of those boats, right?

And we're gonna arrive at Henry Four.

At Port Henry Four.

You know what that is?

All right, great.

And you have my bags, right?

Yeah, so we'll be there in...

I don't know, it's the next stop.

Okay. Au revoir.

- It's okay?

- Yeah, yeah.

Oh, wow.

- Notre Dame, man. Check that out.

- Oh, wow.

I heard this story once about when the Germans were occupying Paris...

...and they had to retreat back.

They wired Notre Dame to blow...

...but they had to leave one guy in charge of hitting the switch.

And the guy, the soldier,

he couldn't do it.

He just sat there, knocked out

by how beautiful the place was.

Then, when the Allied troops

came in...

...they found all the explosives

lying there and the switch unturned...

...and they found the same thing

at the Sacre-Coeur, Eiffel Tower...

...couple other places, I think.

Is that true?

I don't know.

I always liked the story, though.

Yeah, that's a great story.
But you have to think that Notre Dame
will be gone one day.
There used to be another church
at the Seine, right there.
- What, right in the same spot?
- Yeah.
You know, this is great.
I've never done this.
- Yeah.
- I forget about how beautiful Paris is.
It's not so bad, being a tourist.
- Thanks for getting me on the boat.
- You're welcome.
I think that book that I wrote
was like building something...
...so that I wouldn't forget the details
of the time that we spent together.
You know, like, just as a reminder,
that once, we really did meet.
You know, that this was real,
this happened.
I'm happy you're saying that,
because...
I mean, I always feel like a freak because
I'm never able to move on like this:
People just have an affair,
or even entire relationships...
...they break up and they forget.
They move on like they would have
changed brand of cereals.
I feel I was never able to forget
anyone I've been with...
...because each person had their own
specific qualities.
You can never replace anyone.
What is lost is lost.
Each relationship, when it ends,
really damages me. I never fully recover.
That's why I'm very careful
with getting involved...
...because it hurts too much.
Even getting laid,
I actually don't do that...

...because I will miss of the person
the most mundane things.
Like I'm obsessed with little things.
Maybe I'm crazy,
but when I was a little girl...
...my mom told me
that I was always late to school.
One day she followed me to see why.
I was looking at chestnuts falling from
the trees, rolling on the sidewalk...
...or ants crossing the road, the way
a leaf casts a shadow on a tree trunk.
Little things.
I think it's the same with people.
I see in them little details,
so specific to each of them...
...that move me and that I miss
and will always miss.
You can never replace anyone...
...because everyone is made of such
beautiful, specific details.
Like, I remember the way your beard
has a bit of red in it...
...and how the sun
was making it glow...
...that morning right before you left.
I remembered that, and I missed it.
Really crazy, right?
Now I know for sure. You wanna
know why I wrote that stupid book?
- Why?
- So you'd come to a reading in Paris...
...and I could walk up to you and ask,
"Where the fuck were you?"
No... You think I'd be here today?
I'm serious. I think I wrote it,
in a way, to try to find you.
Okay, that's... I know that's not true...
...but that's sweet of you.
- I think it is true.
What were the chances
of us ever meeting again?
After that December,
I'd say almost zero.

But we're not real anyway, right?
We're just characters
in that old lady's dream.
She's on her deathbed,
fantasizing about her youth.
So of course we had to meet again.
Oh, God. Why weren't you there
in Vienna?
- I told you why.
- I know why, I just...
I wish you would have been.
Our lives might have been
so much different.
You think so?
I actually do.
Maybe not. Maybe we would have
hated each other eventually.
What, like we hate each other now?
You know, maybe we're...
We're only good at brief encounters...
...walking around in European cities,
in warm climate.
Oh, God. Why didn't we
exchange phone numbers and stuff?
Why didn't we do that?
Because we were young and stupid.
Do you think we still are?
I guess when you're young
you just believe...
...there'll be many people
you'll connect with.
Later in life you realize
it only happens a few times.
And you can screw it up, you know.
Misconnect.
The past is the past.
It was meant to be that way.
You really believe that?
That everything's fated?
Well, you know, the world might be
less free than we think.
Yeah?
When given these exact circumstances,
that's what will happen every time.

Two part hydrogen, one part oxygen,
you'll get water every time.
No, I mean, what if your grandmother
had lived a week longer, you know?
Or passed away a week earlier?
Days, even?
Things might have been different.
- You can't think like that, it's...
- You shouldn't on most things, but...
It's just, on this one, it seemed like
something was off, you know.
In the months leading up to my wedding,
I was thinking about you all the time.
Even on my way there, I'm in the car, a
buddy of mine is driving me downtown...
...and I'm staring out the window
and I think I see you...
...not far from the church, right...
...folding up an umbrella
and walking into a deli...
...on the corner of 3th and Broadway.
And I thought I was going crazy.
But now I think it probably was you.
I lived on th and Broadway.
You see?
So, what is it like to be married?
You haven't talked much about that.
I haven't? How weird.
I don't know. We met, you know,
when I was in college.
And we broke up and got back together
for a period of years, and then...
What? We were sort of back together
and she was pregnant...
...so marriage.
What is she like?
She's a great teacher, a good mom.
She's smart, pretty, you know.
I remember thinking at the time...
...that so many of the men
that I admired most...
...that their lives were dedicated to
something greater than themselves.
So you got married because

men you admired were married?
No, no. It's more like I had this...
This idea of my best self, you know?
And I wanted to pursue that...
...even if it might have been
overriding my honest self.
You know what I'm saying?
In the moment, I remember thinking
it didn't much matter, the who of it all.
I mean, that nobody is gonna be
everything to you...
...and that it's just the action
of committing yourself...
...you know, meeting
your responsibilities, that matters.
I mean, what is love, right,
if it's not respect, trust, admiration?
And I... I felt all those things.
Cut to the present,
and I feel like I'm running a nursery...
...with somebody I used to date,
you know.
I mean, I'm like a monk, you know.
I mean, I've had sex less than 0 times
in the last four years.
- What, what? You laughing at me?
- No.
- It sounds pathetic?
- What monastery do monks have sex...?
Okay, you're right, I'm doing better
than most monks.
But I do, I feel like if somebody
were to touch me...
...I would dissolve into molecules.
Well, we're here. We've gotta go.
Come on.
Shit.
- I'm sorry to hear that, you know.
- What?
You're not that happy
with your marriage.
- This friend of mine, she's a shrink...
- How's she doing?
She's a mess, but...

No, she said she's been dealing
with couples that are breaking up...
...for the same reason.
- What reason is that?
They all expected, after a few
years of living together...
...for the passion, that desire,
to be the same.
- Yeah, right.
- It's impossible.
And thank God...
...we'd end up with aneurysms in that
constant state of excitement, right?
We'd do nothing at all
with our lives.
Would you have finished your book
if you were fucking every five minutes?
I might have welcomed the challenge,
I mean...
It's natural for your wife
after the birth of your son...
...to give all her love to the little one.
- Of course.
If she was obsessed with sex,
riding you like a wildcat...
That wouldn't make any sense, right?
Everything you're saying makes sense.
It's not about sex.
No, I know. It's obvious.
I...
You know, couples
are so confused lately.
I think it must be that...
...men need to feel essential
and they don't anymore.
It's been imprinted in their head
for so many years...
...that they had to be the provider.
Like, I'm a strong, independent woman
in my professional life.
I don't need a man to feed me...
...but I still need a man to love me
and that I could love.
- So your driver's here.

- Yeah.

Well, I guess this is goodbye.

- You better give me your...

- No, no.

Why don't we just
give you a ride home?

- Well, I can take the Mtro. I'm fine.

- No, I...

My flight's not until 0.
I'll be arriving two hours early.
This way we can keep talking.

- Monsieur, can...?

- It's not on the way.

You told him where you are
and all that?

Yeah.

- He knows where he's going?

- Yes.

Glad somebody does.

- But this is better than the Mtro, right?

- Definitely.

I was thinking, for me it's better I don't
romanticize things as much anymore.

I was suffering so much all the time.
I still have lots of dreams,
but they're not in regard to my love life.
It doesn't make me sad,
it's just the way it is.

Is that why you're in a relationship
with somebody who's never around?

Yes, obviously I can't deal with
the day-to-day life of a relationship.

Yeah, we have this
exciting time together...

...and he leaves and I miss him,
but at least I'm not dying inside.

When someone's always around me,
I'm suffocating.

No, wait, you just said
that you need to love and be loved.

Yeah, but when I do,
it quickly makes me nauseous.

It's a disaster.

I mean, I'm really happy

only when I'm on my own.
Even being alone, it's better than sitting
next to a lover and feeling lonely.
It's not so easy for me
to be a romantic.
You start off that way, and after
you've been screwed over a few times...
...you forget about your delusional ideas
and you take what comes into your life.
That's not even true.
I haven't been screwed over...
...I've just had too many
blah relationships.
They weren't mean,
they cared for me...
...but there were no real connection
or excitement.
At least, not from my side.
God, I'm sorry, is it really that bad?
It's not, right?
You know, it's not even that.
I was...
I was fine until I read
your fucking book.
It stirred shit up, you know?
It reminded me how
genuinely romantic I was...
...how I had so much hope in things...
...and now it's like I don't believe
in anything that relates to love.
I don't feel things for people anymore.
In a way, I put all my romanticism
into that one night...
...and I was never able to feel
all this again.
Like, somehow this night
took things away from me...
...and I expressed them to you,
and you took them with you.
It made me feel cold,
like love wasn't for me.
I don't believe that.
I don't believe that.
You know what? Reality and love

are almost contradictory for me.

It's funny, every single of my exes,
they're now married.

Men go out with me, we break up,
and then they get married.

And later they call me to thank me
for teaching them what love is...

...and that I taught them to care
and respect women.

- I think I'm one of those.

- I want to kill them!

Why didn't they ask me? I would have
said no, but they could have asked!

I know it's my fault because
I never felt it was the right man.

Never. But what does it mean,
the right man, the love of your life?
The concept is absurd. We can only be
complete with another person.

- It's evil, right?

- Can I talk?

I guess I've been heartbroken
too many times and then I recovered.

So now, you know, from the starts,
I make no effort.

- I know it's not gonna work out.

- You can't do that.

You can't live trying to avoid pain...
...at the expense...

- Those are words.

I've gotta get away from you.

- Stop the car, I wanna get out.

- No, don't...

- Keep talking.

- It's being around you.

Don't touch me, you know.

I want to get on a cab.

No, don't. No, no, keep going.

Listen, I'm just so happy...

Thank you, just keep going.

All right.

Look, I'm just so happy,
all right, to be with you.

I am. I'm so glad you didn't

forget about me, okay?
No, I didn't.
And it pisses me off, okay?
You come here to Paris,
all romantic, and married.
Okay? Screw you.
Don't get me wrong,
I'm not trying to get you.
I mean, all I need is a married man.
There's been so much water under
the bridge, it's not even about you.
It's about that moment in time
that's forever gone.
You say that, but you didn't
even remember having sex, so...
Of course I remembered.
- You did?
- Yes.
- Women pretend things like that.
- They do?
What was I supposed to say?
That I remember the wine in the park...
...and us looking up at the stars fading
away as the sun came up?
We had sex twice, you idiot!
All right, you know what,
I'm just happy to see you.
Even if you've become an angry,
manic-depressive activist...
...I still like you,
I still enjoy being around you.
And I feel the same. I'm sorry.
I don't know what happened, I just...
- I had to let it all out.
- Don't worry about it.
I'm so miserable in my love life,
in my relationship.
I always act as...
Like, you know, I'm detached.
But I'm dying inside.
I'm dying because I'm so numb.
I don't feel pain or excitement,
I'm not even bitter, I'm just...
You think you're the one

dying inside?

My life is 24/7 bad.

- I'm sorry.

- No, no.

I mean, the only happiness I get
is when I'm out with my son.

I've been to marriage counseling...

...I've done things I never thought
I would have to do.

I've lit candles,
bought self-help books, lingerie.

- Did the candles help?

- Hell, no.

I don't love her the way
she needs to be loved...

...and I don't even see a future for us,
but then I look at my little boy...

...sitting across from me,
and I think I'd suffer any torture...

...to be with him for
all the minutes of his life.

I don't want to miss out on one.

But then, there's no joy or laughter
in my home, you know?

- I don't want him growing up in that.

- No laughter? That's terrible.

My parents have been
together 35 years...

...and even when they fight
they end up laughing.

I don't want to be one of those people
who are getting divorced at 52...

...and falling down into tears, admitting
they never really loved their spouse...

...and they feel their life has been
sucked up into a vacuum cleaner.

You know, I want a great life.

I want her to have a great life...

...she deserves that.

But we're just living in the pretense
of a marriage, responsibility...

...you know, all these ideas
of how people are supposed to live.

But then I... I have these dreams...

What dreams?
I have these dreams,
you know, that...
...I'm standing on a platform...
...and you keep going by on a train...
...and you go by, and you go by,
and you go by, you go by.
And I wake up with
the fucking sweats.
And then I have this other dream...
...where you're pregnant in bed
beside me naked...
...and I want so badly to touch you, but
you tell me not to and you look away.
And I... And I touch you anyway...
...right on your ankle, and your skin is
so soft that I wake up in sobs, all right?
My wife is there looking at me,
and I feel I'm a million miles from her.
And I know that there's
something wrong, that I...
God, that I can't keep living like this...
...that there's gotta be more to love
than commitment.
But then I think that
I might have given up...
...on the whole idea of romantic love.
That I might have put it
to bed that...
That day when you weren't there.
You know, I think I might
have done that.
Why are you telling me all this?
I'm sorry. I don't know.
I'm... I should...
I shouldn't have.
You know, it's so weird.
People think they are the only one
going through tough times.
I mean, when I read the article,
I thought your life was perfect.
A wife, a kid, published author.
But your personal life
is more of a mess than mine.

I'm sorry.

Well, I'm glad it's good for something.

- This is where you live?

- Yeah.

So you're just relieved that I'm
in even more deep shit than you are?

Yes, you've made me feel better.

Oh, good, I'm glad.

No, I really wish you the best.

It's not because I'm incapable of having
a good relationship or a family...

...that I wish everyone to be
doomed like me.

I'm sure you'd make... Be
a great mom someday.

- Really? You think so?

- Yeah...

...a few antidepressants, you know,
you'll do great.

- Okay, say stop.

- Stop.

- Okay.

- You ready? Okay.

- So I want to try something.

- What?

I want to see if you stay together
or if you dissolve into molecules.

How am I doing?

Still here.

Good. I like being here.

Is this your apartment?

No, I live down there.

- Down there?

- Yeah.

Monsieur, I'm gonna walk her
to her door.

This is incredible.

- This is where you live?

- Yeah.

- How long have you been here?

- Four years.

- So tell me...

- What?

Is it all true about your dreams...

...or did you say that to hopefully
get in my pants?

I said that to get in your pants.

- I use that all the time.

- Oh, okay. Does it work?

You know. Sometimes.

Here's my kitty. Oh, so cute.

Look at him.

You know what I love
about this cat?

Every morning I bring him
to the courtyard...

...and every single morning he looks
at everything like it was the first time.

Every corner, every tree, every plant.

Smells everything

with his little cute nose.

Oh, I love my kitty. I love my kitty.

- What's his name?

- Che.

Che?

- What?

- Commie.

No, "che" in Argentina means "hey. "

- Okay.

- Yes.

Oh, baby. Oh, yes, yes, yes.

We're having a little party.

It's so much fun.

- So...

- So.

You know what? I was thinking,
would you play me one of your songs?

- You're gonna miss your flight.

- I won't.

I'm gonna be in the airport for
over an hour, reading...

...wishing you'd played me
one of your songs.

One song? Okay, but quickly.

Okay.

God, I love these old staircases.

- Hold this.

- What, for me?

Hey there, buddy.

Che.

- Would you like some tea?

- Yeah, sure.

Wow.

- Is chamomile okay?

- Yeah. Great.

- Merci.

- Messy?

- You think my apartment is messy?

- No, no. Merci.

- Merci beaucoup.

- Ah, merci.

I meant to tell you,
your French has improved a lot.

- Really?

- Yeah.

Yeah, you've really
mastered the language.

All right, all right, what song
are you gonna play me?

No, I can't. It's too embarrassing.

It's been...

Whoa. No way. No way. I came up here,
you cannot crap out on me now.

One song. Anything will be great.

But listen, you're gonna laugh at me.

- You think so?

- Yes.

I doubt it.

Okay.

What do you want to hear? I have...

I have three songs in English.

One's about my cat...

...one's about my ex-boyfriend...

Well, ex-ex-boyfriend...

...and there's one about...

Well, it's just a little waltz.

A waltz? Yeah.

- Play the waltz.

- Right.

I haven't played it in a while.

You sure?

Okay.

All right, the waltz.
Let me sing you a waltz
Out of nowhere, out of my thoughts
Let me sing you a waltz
About this one-night stand
You were, for me, that night
Everything I always dreamt of in life
But now you're gone
You are far-gone
All the way to your island of rain
It was, for you, just a one-night thing
But you were much more to me
Just so you know
I don't care what they say
I know what you meant
For me that day
I just want another try
I just want another night
Even if it doesn't seem quite right
You meant, for me, much more
Than anyone I've met before
One single night with you, little Jesse
Is worth a thousand with anybody
I have no bitterness, my sweet
I'll never forget this one-night thing
Even tomorrow, in other arms
My heart will stay yours until I die
Let me sing you a waltz
Out of nowhere, out of my blues
Let me sing you a waltz
About this lovely one-night stand
- No, one more! Please, please.
- No! It was our deal.
One... One song. No, no, no.
You can have your tea and then...
- All right, let me ask you one question.
- What?
Do you just plug that name in
for every guy that comes up here?
Yes, of course.
What do you think, that I wrote
the song about you? Are you nuts?
Is this you? Little cross-eyed Celine?
- Yes. That's funny.

- Cute.
- Is that your grandmother?
- Yeah.
Oh, wow.
- You want some honey?
- Yeah, sure.
Did you ever see Nina Simone
in concert?
No, I never did.
I can't believe she's gone.
I know, it's so sad.
Thanks.
It's hot.
I saw her twice in concert.
She was so great.
That's one of my favorite songs of hers.
She was so great.
She was so funny in concert too.
She would... She would be
right in the middle of a song and then...
...you know, stop...
...and walk from the piano all the way
to the edge of the stage.
Like, really slowly.
And she'd start talking to someone
in the audience.
"Oh, yeah, baby. Oh, yeah.
I love you too. "
And then she'd walk back.
Take her time, no hurry, you know.
She had that big, cute ass.
She would move.
And then she would go back to the piano
and play some more, you know.
And then she would, I don't know...
...just start another song
in the middle of another.
You know, like,
stop again, and be like:
"You over there,
can you move that fan.
You're cute.
Oh, yeah. "
Baby, you are gonna miss that plane.

I know.