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Le divorce de Patrick

By Dieudonné

Hello.

Hello.

What is the purpose of your visit to Paris?.

To visit my sister. She's having a baby.

She's married to a Frenchman.

I mean, her husband's French.

She's a poet.

You want those berries, huh?.

Artichokes...

...asparagus.

In the 17th century,
well-bred women never ate asparagus.

Especially white asparagus.

Really. It was considered
bad for reproduction.

The Princess de Cleves
would never have had any.

Really?.

I'll take it anyway.

I love it. So does my husband.

And I'm pregnant.

In any case,
it's still a good diuretic.

Papa! He's home!

Where are you going?.

What's wrong?.

I'm sorry.

Where are you going?.

I'm sorry, Roxeanne. I'll call you.

I'm sorry.

-I'll call you.

-Talk to me.

-No, don't, Roxeanne, no.

-Just--

No, no, don't. Don't.

-Why are you doing this?!

-No, Roxeanne!

Charles-Henri.

-Just tell me where you're going.

-I'll call you.

Are you coming back?.

Are you free?.

-Hi, Isabel.

-Hi.

-I'm sorry. I am in a hurry. I have got to go.

-Okay.

I'll see you later.

Looking for someone?.

Roxy de Persand. My sister.

You sound just like her.

Let me help. I'll call her.

Oh. Thank you.

I'll buzz her.

Madame de Persand?.

It's just up there on the right.

Hey, where was Charles-Henri going?.

He went to the country to see
about one of his paintings.

-Well, what do you think?.

-I love the beams in the ceilings.

They look like the ones we have
in Santa Barbara.

Oh, no. Those are the fake ones.

These are the real load-bearing ones.

She looks so much better here
than she ever did at home.

-Papa did that picture.

-He did?.

And he did that one too.

-And he did this one too.

-Yeah?.

-And that's the two-dog one.

-Two dogs?.

Did Charles-Henri go to the country
to sell a picture or to paint one?.

I'm not sure.

This is the tricky part.

Here it is.

It was a maid's room...

...but these days you have no idea
what a space like this is worth.

And of course, it makes a
wonderful place to work in.

Look at the view.

There's a present for you
in the orange purse.

-This one?.

-Yeah.

I hope you're not gonna feel
too cramped up here.
Oh, no.
-It's beautiful.
-You like it?.
Yeah.
Let me put it on you.
Thank you.
I think...
...Charles-Henri has left me.
What?.
Did something happen?.
Is he having an affair?.
I don't know what's going on.
I don't even know where he is.
And what am I going to tell his family
at their Sunday lunch?.
You tell them exactly what you told me.
-That he's in the country.
-No, but they're in the country.
If I were to tell my French friends
that Charles-Henri walked out...
...they'd say, "Of course."
The French always say "of course"
to everything.
Like everything is absolutely normal.
I'll never say, "But of course."
There's my brother-in-law, Antoine.
-He's kind of cute.
-You think?.
Anyway, he's married.
Whatever that means nowadays.
We saw a car on fire!
Really?. How dangerous!
Our adorable Isabel!
-Welcome.
-Thank you.
Where is Charles-Henri?.
He had to go to the country to see
some people about a painting.
Of course.
Come inside.
Isabel, right here,
next to my brother Edgar...

...called "Palou" in the family.
He'll take very good care of you.
And my son Antoine on the other side.
Charlotte, here.
And my darling Roxeanne next to me.
Oh, what good fortune to have two
such lovely American girls with us today.
And are you also a poet
like your sister Roxeanne?.
Oh, no. Roxy's always been the smart one.
She inherited all of our father's brains.
I'm the poor little half-sister.
Really?. Just like Cinderella.
Where in the country?.
To see a buyer about a painting.
Of course.
Lamb raised near Mont St. Michel.
I went to see Mont St. Michel!
So, what do you think
of that senator of yours?.
The chap that kept a diary
of all his sexual exploits.
I'm sorry?.
Perhaps you haven't followed the affair
with the same eagerness as we have.
We are fully informed about his secretaries,
who were so obliging to him.
Very discreetly, he calls them only S-1.
-S for sex.
-S-2, S-3.
-S-4, S-5, S-6....
-No, no.
Gennie, that's enough.
And when he asked S-1, or was it S-4...
...to explain the power he had over her,
she said it was his hair.
Apparently he blow-dries it
not using any gel...
...so that it always comes out
with the right amount of....
Bounce.
Why?.
Why are adultery and fornication
treated as the greatest joke on Earth?.

I don't think they're always so comic.

Me too.

Well, many things in this world can be treated as tragedy rather than comedy.

Such as all senators will like pretty young women.

Also, I'm free to watch Gennie whenever you want.

It's no problem whatsoever.

Can you do me a favor?.

Where are you?. Tell me.

I forgot my contact lenses.

Can we meet at the Flore?.

Why?. Why can't you come here?.

Gennie's asking for you.

What am I supposed to tell her?

Tell her...

... I'm thinking of her all the time.

-And me?.

-What did you say?.

Are you thinking of me?.

Sure I am. I'm thinking of all of us.

Do you--?.

Do you still love me?.

So you don't want to bring them?.

-Okay.

-Don't hang up.

J'arrive!

I'm going out.

-Charles-Henri wants me to meet him.

-I'll go with you.

-No. You don't have to.

-I want to.

I can't believe I agreed to do this.

Why do I just let him walk all over me?.

Did you hear that?. No.

-What did he say?.

-You don't want to know.

Did you invite us for a drink?.

I think I'll take the--

What tastes like licorice?.

Ricard.

Roxy. Here you are.

I've been trying to call you.

Madame Pace!
So nice to see you.
Charles-Henri.
Where is he going?. Did I say something?.
He's going to the country.
Well, come on. Let's have a drink.
-And you would like?.
-A Ricard.
Roxy, what are you allowed to drink now?.
What, three months?.
-I'm Isabel.
-Oh, I'm sorry.
This is my sister, Olivia. Isabel.
-Hello.
-Nice to meet you.
Roxy. I need you desperately.
The University of Tulsa, my alma mater...
...has bought all my papers and things,
which are in a mess.
I was wondering if you'd consider...
...I mean, you're the first person
I thought of...
...helping me put them
in some kind of order.
Now's not a good time for you.
Isabel is looking for a job.
Yeah, you are. You can't babysit Gennie
and me forever.
She's done all kinds of courses:.
Art history, film. What else?.
Comparative literature
and depth psychology?.
Good. That means you can read and write,
and you're just the person I need.
-Do you know how to prepare a Ricard?.
-Not really.
Add a little water.
There you go. Some ice, and you stir.
-Did you have fun?.
-Yeah.
-Are you Gennie's babysitter?.
-She's my aunt.
I'm sorry. This is for Gennie's mom.
Last month's bill.

-She must have forgotten.

-Okay.

Tell her how much I like Gennie.

She's talented, lively.

I enjoy having her in my class.

Don't forget your pirouette.

Practice!

Roxy's taken a wrong turn in life...

...and for all we know, Isabel,

you may be going the same way.

-Does Roxy have any money?.

-Does Roxy have any money?.

She never talks about it.

But she never talks about anything.

It's like she's in some sort of denial.

I knew this would happen.

I knew the day they got married.

Roger wants to talk to you. Here.

Listen, Is...

...do not let Roxy allow Charles-Henri

to take The Saint Ursula painting.

In case he comes to get his stuff,

he should not get the idea that it's his.

Right. Saint Ursula's right here.

I'm looking right at her.

Hang on.

Darling, just remember we love you both.

Bye, honey. Talk to you soon.

So, what did she say?.

-Roxy's miserable.

-What did she say about the painting?.

It's not just hers. It belongs to all of us.

You never should've let her take it.

You know that woman from the Getty?.

She said it could've been painted

by a student of Georges de La Tour.

And maybe bits of it could've been done

by Georges La Tour himself.

I mean, now he's just this huge star.

Of course, we had no idea.

That's it. If it's valuable enough for them

to want to borrow it, we must get it.

It'd be wonderful to have a painting

in a museum.

From the collection of Professor and
Mrs. Chester Walker of Santa Barbara.
You people are just incapable
of concentrating on essentials.
That's right.
Our girls are thousands of miles away.
They should be home with us.
That's the essentials.
-Honey.
-What?.
-Thank you.
-You're welcome.
So Charles-Henri's mother
has been very nice.
She calls all the time...
...takes us to lunch
at expensive restaurants.
Roxy thinks Suzanne is just pretending
to be on her side...
...and that, in reality,
her son can do no wrong.
All French mothers
are crazy about their sons.
I mean, French women are extraordinary.
I'm thinking of writing a book
about them and their native habitat.
All their customs and ceremonials.
I mean, their scarves alone...
...an entire chapter.
Knotted in front, one end down, other end...
...thrown over the shoulder.
Or looped around double...
...and the ends tucked in.
Or around the shoulder...
...over their coat like a shawl.
Or tied in the back.
I mean, chale, foulard, echarpe.
Just think of all the words they have
for "scarf. "
And in a language which is very sparse
in vocabulary.
-So do you intend to stay?.
-In Paris?.
Maybe.

If it works out. I'd like to.
Why not?.
Well, I'm thinking of going home soon...
...after all this is done.
I bought a house on the coast of Maine.
I dream about it night after night.
The bare rock, the cold sea.
Yves.
It's Roxy's sister. This is Yves.
It's okay. Nice to meet you.
Yves is helping me out painting
the guest room. Yves is marvelous.
And he walks Flaubert.
Doesn't he, darling?. Yes.
He doesn't think that Flaubert's
just a mere chien.
Well, you're not a mere chien.
Make friends, you two.
Show her the real Paris.
I don't-- Wait, wait.
There are people here who want America
to control France.
They want us to watch cartoons, and they
want to paint Donald Duck on everything.
And we are all supposed to drink Coke.
I don't watch cartoons...
...or read comic books. How come you do?.
You must like them.
You have an immunity to it
from growing up on it.
Here it just sweeps through,
like measles through the Amazon.
How weird to be culturally threatened
by a cartoon.
I'm not threatened.
It's Uncle Edgar.
It's our relative. He's on TV.
Look, she's in love with him.
Now she's going to sit on his lap.
He does have a lot of sex appeal.
Oh, yeah?.
I'll take your word for it. He's really old.
He's not that old. He's only 55.
How do you know that?.

Is that what he told you?
Don't. I want to watch.
I've never known anybody who's been
on TV before, talking about world events.
You can't understand a word he says.
-So, what is he saying?
-Abortion. He's against it.
He's against abortion?
It's all based on some very profound
fascist philosophy.
It's also a lot of crap.
Hey! I want to watch it.
Isabel, give it to me.
Come on. Isabel! Arrete!
Ah, yes, sugar, please.
Oh, original.
We do have a cousin who uses
grains of sugar instead of cubes.
It has happened to other women.
They will all tell you,
"Go with life as it unrolls."
Maybe it will be a boy.
-Yes, a boy.
-A son and heir.
I can't believe this. I'm in a novel by Balzac.
I'm not sure if I want to bring a child
into a broken home.
You don't want to act hastily
in such an important matter.
I'll get some more hot water.
Please reflect on this, Roxeanne.
Roxeanne is not herself.
-How can she be?
-This is very, very unfortunate.
Deplorable.
So good of you, Isabel,
to have come to be with her.
And I hear that you've
already found employment.
Yes, with Olivia Pace, the American writer.
I really must get something of hers.
Who was she?
Was she German?. Flemish?.
Saint Ursula was the patron saint of all

young girls, whatever their nationality.
How many virgins do they say
were martyred with her?.
-Eleven thousand.
-That's a lot.
But it's a charming legend.
What are you doing?.
Didn't you hear her?.
"Sugar grains. Original."
Meaning, "How bizarre."
Meaning, "Why don't you have
sugar cubes like a proper French girl?. "
It's her fault too.
She's completely spoiled both her sons.
You didn't tell me you were thinking
of not having the baby.
Of course I'm having it.
I just wanted to shake her up, that's all.
My husband no longer lives at home.
You're the innocent party.
You can file a suit.
I don't want to.
It's all my husband's idea.
If Monsieur de Persand took you to court,
he'd need to make a case.
Violence, cruelty, adultery.
He couldn't possibly say
any of those things.
No, of course not.
The offense is totally mine.
The injured party asks for divorce.
I keep telling you, I don't want a divorce.
I oppose divorce on principle,
entirely and utterly.
There is also the question
of division of property.
Unfortunately, you have signed
a prenuptial agreement.
That complicates matters.
You are entitled to half
of your wife's property...
...et Madame de Persand
has the same claim on yours.
I don't want anything from the apartment.

Things that came from my family, perhaps.
I'll let my mother and brother decide
if anything shouldn't go out of the family.
Your children are your family.
Things going to them are not
going out of your family.
I meant things going to the U.S.
I'm not going to the U.S.
I am staying right here.
When would remarriage be permitted?.
Once divorce is granted...
...you're perfectly free to remarry.
But your wife must wait
until she gives birth.
That's unbelievable. In California
I could remarry as soon as I wanted.
Do you mean to tell me that in France
the law is different for men and women?.
-For obvious reasons.
-It isn't obvious to me.
I don't wanna listen to this. I didn't ask
for a divorce. I don't want a divorce!
And I really don't want to see you
or speak to you...
...or sit in the same room with you
ever again.
Bastard!
During my research
for a exhibition catalog...
...I ran across a piece in the inventory
of the estate of a Dr. William Walker.
-Our father's uncle.
-Exactly.
Your uncle bought it in the 1930s
in the Rue du Bac in Paris from a dealer...
...and it was still in the inventory
of his estate when he died in 1979.
It then passed into the possession
of a Dr. Chester Walker of Santa Barbara...
...your father.
I tracked it down in the court records.
Did I hear you say the insurance value
when we ship it to the Getty is \$40,000?.
Yes, at least that. Yeah.

And to think, all these years it's been hanging in total obscurity in Santa Barbara. God, would you ever have believed this?. What's so incredible to us at the Getty... ..is that no one here saw that it had any resemblance to La Tour. The French are always very quick to claim anything good as their own. Sounds like my husband and his lawyer. Can you believe they're talking about division of property?. I'm usually the cautious museum curator... ..but I have a fair hunch... ..that this may be by La Tour himself. Well, there are a lot of little things, and they all add up. If you see... ..there's his palette, his color. See especially how the light from the candle shows through the servant's sleeve. You see that, Roxy?. You see the light?. My wonderful friends, thank you so much for being here today. You seem to be having a good time. Yes, but that is not why you're here. This is a fundraiser. I repeat: Now, as you all know, Action Alert is in its first year. We've made wonderful progress helping women in besieged countries. Today they're the victims, tomorrow, who knows. Because the world is ruled by hawks... ..and arms dealers... ..and minority phobias. So I hope you brought your checkbooks. And if you didn't, please empty your pockets of all your cash... ..because you can always go home on the metro. There's someone I want you to meet, a lawyer who specializes in divorce. -Oh, no, please. -His firm has connections with America.

I couldn't stand to hear another lawyer talk about divorce.

By consent, by mutual consent, by action....

Maitre Bertram, Madame de Persand.

-Her sister, Isabel.

-Hi. Nice to meet you.

Now, I have talked with Maitre Bertram about your Saint Ursula.

And he doesn't think it's a good idea that you send her to California.

Could I advise you?.

Sending your picture to the Getty it might seem a trick to get it out of France.

That might jeopardize the rest of the divorce.

It could be interpreted as an act of bad faith.

What if I just rolled it up and took it in my suitcase?.

You could invite charges that might lead to imprisonment.

-That's out then.

-It would be an experience.

I don't think you'd like to experience a French jail, mademoiselle.

Nice to meet you.

If you need anything....

What's it like in a French prison?.

At Rennes, they have uniforms designed by Yves Saint Laurent.

No. You're serious?.

They also have a full-time coiffeur.

-How do you know all this?.

-I visit a friend there, Kelly.

She's American too.

-What is she in for?. Drugs?.

-No, currency.

But if you're looking for a new experience, come to Action Alert on Thursday.

Every Thursday we ship supplies to the refugees...

...your sexy Uncle Edgar wants to blow up.

How is Gennie?. I miss her so much.

She misses you.

She asks about you all the time.
I love her.
And I love Roxy too.
I'm helpless, Isabel.
I know I am absolutely in the wrong,
but there's nothing I can do about it.
Roxy should understand that.
She's a poet...
...another artist with so much imagination.
I know this sounds romantic
in the wrong sort of way...
...but it's just that it's inevitable.
I met the woman of my life,
and I want to be only with her.
Her name is Magda Tellman.
She's Russian, but married to an American.
I'm painting better
than I've ever done in my life.
I feel like for the first time
I've arrived at certainty.
-Not certainty. Certitude?.
-Either one.
Aren't you going to make
the introduction, Cheri?.
I'm Magda.
Isabel Walker.
Roxeanne?.
Are you Roxeanne?.
No, I'm Isabel.
You're the sister.
Yeah.
Are you a friend of Roxy's?.
You could say that. You could say
we have something in common.
Thought I'd like to meet her, you see.
I don't think she's home.
I'm her husband.
I'm Magda Tellman's husband.
The husband.
Tell your sister this message for me,
will you?.
Tell her that I will never give Magda
a divorce.
Never!

Never.

Your sister can make her plans accordingly.

-What--?. Excuse me.

-I've made mine.

That's her umbrella.

My umbrella!

I've seen him lurking about before.

I can smell guys like that a mile away.

-Hi.

-Hi.

"We thank you for your submission, but regret that--" Blah, blah, blah.

Whoa, whoa, whoa. Roxy. Rox.

Your poems are beautiful, okay?.

So are you.

Oh, yeah. Beautiful.

I was never like this with Gennie.

Of course, I was in love then, and we were gonna get married.

To hell with Charles-Henri.

Roxy, go out and get yourself a boyfriend.

Five months pregnant.

Have you lost your mind?.

It will pass.

Anyway, you should get out of here now.

Mom and Dad want you to come home.

I want you to come home.

And listen to all the "I told you so's"?.

No. Besides, my children belong here...

...and I belong with them.

It's Palou.

-What's he saying?.

-He's sort of a warmonger.

He's always got some moral reason...

...for sending French planes out to bomb places he doesn't like.

-Oh, I'm sorry, honey.

-I'm all right.

-Does he have a wife?.

-Edgar?. Yeah, sure.

Aunt Amelie.

Why do we never see her?.

Well, she's mostly down in the country
with her horses.
They stay out of each other's way.
I'm told they get along all right.
I like her.
Mother would like her too.
What about kids?.
Twins.
Two boys. One at the Sorbonne...
...and one at Harvard Business School.
That's where Edgar went too.
Come on.
-Have a good time.
-Don't forget your hat.
See you later.
-Bye.
-Bye.
You talk only of ideology.
Everyone forgets the
suffering of this people.
Monsieur Rarbourdin doesn't agree.
-Hi. Hello? Edgar?
-Yes.
Monsieur Cosset, it's Isabel.
-The other American.
-I saw you on television.
I just thought it was so great
the way you stood up to those guys.
Well, I feel very passionate
about the situation.
It's time someone spoke out.
But your French must be good
if you can follow all that.
I had a little help from Roxy.
Why don't we get together so you
can polish your French even more?.
-Are you taken for lunch on Thursday?
-No.
Do you know the Pompidou Center?

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Oh. Mr. Cosset. Yeah.
-Thank you.
-He might be a little jealous.

Say "Bonjour, Edgar," not just "Bonjour."

Bonjour, Edgar.

-That's a beautiful haircut.

-Thank you.

Is that Notre Dame over there?.

Right down there?.

No, this is Sainte-Marie.

Sainte-Marie.

Notre Dame is there.

They're cleaning it again.

It's huge.

One of the specialties is salade de crabe.

I always order it.

What about you?.

I guess I'll have the roti d'agn--

-That's roast lamb, isn't it?.

-Yes.

Hungry for red meat at all times.

That is not true.

Only once in a while, and not raw and
dripping with blood and butter and cream.

Just a good steak.

-I really like this haircut.

-You do?.

What happened?.

You said you'd be there on Thursday.

I should've called you. I had to take
Gennie to her ballet class.

-Yves.

-Yeah?.

When you meet somebody do you say

"Bonjour, Monsieur Whatever"?

Or "Bonjour, monsieur"?

Or just "Bonjour"?

What sort of a stupid question is that?.

There's another meeting next Tuesday.

Same time, same place.

I'll be there. Tuesday...

... 1 25 Rue des Ecoles.

Isabel, action! Are you alert?.

Tuesday, remember?.

Action Alert. I told you.

Where are you?

Are you lost?

You didn't mind my changing
our rendezvous to Tuesday?.

Oh, no, no. I wasn't doing anything special.
Now...

...we must decide if you
will become my mistress.
I've long since given up luring young
women to my rooms on other pretexts.
I don't have any etchings.
What do you mean...

...become your mistress?.

It means we become lovers...
...and spend a certain amount of time
together, like today...
...amusing ourselves.
I know you amuse me,
and I think I can amuse you.
And there is the fact that I desire you.
You're a beautiful young woman.
Well, when do we begin?.

Or I begin?. I guess I should say.
Whenever you wish.
Very soon, I would wish.
We have to be awfully careful.
We can't tell our families about this.
It would not have occurred to me
to mention this to our families, my dear.
-Why did you do that to your hair?.

-What?.

Your hair. It makes you look like
someone who reads Marie Claire.
Do you have any idea how much this cost?.

A cut and a color?.

Is there something you like?.

It's silk.
Charming, sexy.
Men love it!
We also have it in black, red and purple.
Which would you prefer?.

I don't know....

And the bra, with support?.

With no support?.

This is without armature.
Do you like that?.

I-- Both.
What's your bra size?.
I'm a 34.
Thirty-four B.
It's a.... One moment.
-You're a French 85.
-Small.
What do you like best?.
-What size do you like?.
-Small.
Why should anyone appraise our property?.
You heard what he said
about division of property.
I'm not gonna have people
come trampling all over my home...
...which used to be your home too.
Anyway, what property is there?.
There's the bureau...
...some china,
my grandmother's plates.
And the leather sofa and your pictures
and my Saint Ursula...
...which isn't mine. It belongs to my
parents who are lending it to the Getty.
-You mean you're sending it to California?.
-Yes, of course. Why shouldn't I?.
I thought it belonged to us.
I have to go. Someone's at the door.
Bye.
I'll get it.
Antoine?.
Yeah?.
It's for you.
I spoke to Charles-Henri.
He says Antoine's sending appraisers
to come look at our property.
Coming here?.
How awful.
No one's even filed any papers yet.
It's like he can't wait to get rid of me.
Just don't let them in, that's all.
That must have been expensive.
It was on sale.
They said it was last year's model.

It's called a Kelly...
...after Grace Kelly. It was the sort
of zillion-dollar purse she owned.
You didn't buy that for yourself, did you?.
It was a gift, and I did someone a favor.
Didn't anyone ever tell you not to
accept expensive gifts from men?.
-Anyway, you should give it back.
-Anyway, he wouldn't take it back.
And anyway, why shouldn't one accept
an expensive gift from a man?.
Because it puts you in the position
of having to do what he wants.
I'll do it anyway.
It's a present, Rox...
...not a payment or a bribe.
Then I suppose you can accept it.
Slow down. Slow down.
Thank you.
The famous V.
This is what we call mettre en valeur.
It means "to highlight."'
"To show to advantage."'
Very nice.
You don't keep a diary, do you?.
Why?.
Are you afraid that it
might be read on television...
...like the American senator?.
I have no fear of what you might write.
I only hope your literary style will be
up to the French public's expectations.
You're not, are you?.
There is a certain kind of tisane...
...made up of a mixture...
...of orange, rosewater and mint.
It's to be drunk before making love.
What does it do?.
It perfumes the juices.
That's something you would never
have found out in Santa Barbara.
But there are many things you would
never have found out in Santa Barbara.
How much of the tisane

do you have to drink?.

A cup...

...or just a tablespoon?.

A whole teapot full is recommended.

-Come back for the reading in a half-hour.

-Thank you.

Good.

Oh, a Kelly. You must have an admirer.

And he must be French

and of a certain age.

Such an honor to meet you.

-To Anne, please.

-Anne?.

That's not yours. You didn't buy that.

You snatched it from some rich old lady.

So, what if I did?.

I've read every word you've ever written.

Oh, my.

-To whom?.

-Mary-Louise.

To Mary-Louise.

-Thank you.

-You're welcome.

Do you use a computer?.

No, I feel a computer intrudes

between me and the naked experience.

There you are.

-Thank you.

-You're welcome.

I think I've heard you

make that remark before...

...in a different context.

And you're still giving Kelly bags.

Do you still have yours?.

I lost it long ago.

Years ago.

-To whom?.

-To my mother, Monica.

Hi. Aren't you staying for Roxy's reading?.

No, I have to be at the Luxembourg at 8.

Is a purse of this kind really suitable

to carry around a bookshop?.

But it's so perfectly convenient.

It's so beautiful, why wouldn't I

want to wear it?.

-See you later.

-Okay. Bye.

Fine. Thank you very much.

-Thank you.

-You're welcome.

-Do you live in Paris?.

-Yes.

-Are you staying for the reading?.

-Oh, yes.

Is this where the poetry reading is?.

Yes, my sister's reading from a new anthology of American women poets.

You don't remember me.

I'm Tellman.

We met.

You're Magda's husband.

Thank you. Are you an admirer of American poetry?.

No, I'm an entertainment lawyer.

-Excuse me.

-You're a very beautiful woman.

Are you married?.

No.

Are you in love?.

Have you ever had a puppy?.

Yes.

-Did you love your puppy?.

-Yeah.

What would you do if someone tried to take your puppy away from you?.

You know, I have a lot of things

I have to take care of.

And thank you for your help. It was great.

What would you do?.

Oh, my God.

What was he saying to you?. Who is he?.

He's somehow connected to Roxy and Charles-Henri in a weird way.

He's weird.

You were smiling too much. Don't do that.

Too much smiling gets a girl in trouble.

But most of all...

...Iet me thank Olivia Pace,

who is here tonight.

Thank you.

Mesdames, messieurs,

ladies and gentlemen, bienvenue.

Welcome. Thank you for coming.

We are very, very lucky to have
as our reader Roxeanne de Persand...

...who, as you know, is a very fine poet
in her own right.

And of course, it takes a poet
to do justice to the work of other poets.

You also probably know, and if not,
you can read it in my introduction...

Buy the book!

...that for these last decades...

...our women poets have really
come into their own.

But they have been always with us.

Right from Anne Bradstreet

in the 17th century...

...whose beautiful poem of marital love
is one that Roxeanne will read today.

I have a question.

I think it's probably better
to have questions after the reading.

-Come on. Let's go outside.

-We are planning to do that.

It's very important. It's very important
that I speak to her. It's urgent!

I have as much right to be here
as anyone else.

Let's go! Come on.

This one's by Anne Bradstreet...

...and it's called:

"To My Dear and Loving Husband."'

If ever two were one, then surely we

If ever man were loved by wife, then thee

If ever wife was happy in a man

Compare with me, ye women, if you can

Thy love is such I can no way repay

The heavens reward the manifold

-I pray

-I pray

Then while we live,

In love let's so persevere
That when we live no more,
We may live ever
I have something to bring up
that is a little delicate.
My son Antoine has surprised us all...
...by suggesting that it would be improper...
...to send the painting of Saint Ursula
to that Getty Museum in California.
Not until the lawyers have decided
on its ownership.
Its ownership?.
Saint Ursula belongs to our family.
We inherited her.
My dear, we shouldn't
even be discussing this.
It's entirely up to the lawyers.
But it is a French painting after all.
Poor Charles. Oh, my son has a league
of troubles of his own.
Roxeanne's lawyer is very determined.
And the husband of this petite amie
is very unpleasant.
Well, shall we say,
these are the wages of sin.
She had a Hermes bag. Red crocodile.
-A Kelly bag?.
-It's obvious where it came from.
I know my brother.
Faithful only to Hermes.
If ever he was faithful.
And I know his type.
Permanent smile, little white suit,
fancy undergarments.
-He adores that.
-Your imagination is carrying you away.
At his age!
Doesn't he get tired of this?
Charlotte, honey...
-...call Amelie, for once.
-No, Mother. Call Aunt Amelie yourself.
-She'll think I'm angry.
-Mother?. It's me.
We'll both call her,

as representatives of the family.
But we should call Edgar first,
shouldn't we?.
Remind him that a member
of our family has acted--
-Badly.
-Towards a member of her family.
With this divorce on our hands...
-...if he gets involved, we all suffer.
-I'll tell him.
Edgar?. Are you alone?.
Yes, I am. Why?
-Is the American there?.
-You mean Roxy?
-You must mean the other American.
-Yes, Isabel.
Mother said she's showing off
an expensive Hermes bag.
A bag you gave her. You know,
with Charles-Henri's divorce....
What are you getting at?.
It's unseemly. That's what Mother says.
Tell your mother to call me herself.
If you prefer.
-Are you alone?.
-Yes, why?
-Is the American with you?.
-I said I'm alone.
Good, then listen to me.
Seducing my daughter-in-law's sister now--
Why not now?
Your nephew has acted like a lout
with her sister.
How is that my fault?.
I'm thinking of the family.
Custody, division of property...
...alimony payments.
Consider what you're doing.
We'll see you on Sunday, I trust.
Goodbye.
Saint Ursula belonged to our great-uncle
who left it to our father...
...and your family
has absolutely no say in it.

Who is Saint Ursula?.

The patron saint of schoolgirls.

The painting means nothing to your family...
...except to be split 50-50 in a divorce.

We're not going to quarrel
about Roxeanne's ugly saint.

I've told you, a purse of this kind
is not suitable for every occasion.

I'd suggest a small, black evening bag.

You can talk about everything else.
My evening bag.

Then go on TV...
...talk about religion, morality...
...sex.

Why not about money?.

Is money an unmentionable subject
with you?.

No, it's not a La Tour. It's obvious.
"In the manner of" at the very best.

Of no interest to us.

I may not be a specialist,
but it's not obvious to me.

If the Getty Museum sees a resemblance
to La Tour...
...how can you be so sure?.

Why would we supplement our collection
of French paintings...
...with family heirlooms...
...from an American attic?.

It's of no interest to the Louvre...
...at all.

It's just so tacky, Charles-Henri
taking Roxy's painting.

I would never try to take something
from him that he grew up with.

-Oh, excuse me.

-Sorry.

-I'm very sorry. I didn't mean to.

-I'll get it.

Why are you doing this now?. Couldn't you
have waited until her baby's born?.

Well, there has to be a valuation
before there can be a division and sale.

Charles-Henri should want his kids

to have the furniture and painting...
...not some strangers buying them.
He's just being a terrible shit.
Or he's getting bad advice.
Charles-Henri has left this up to me.
You then are being a terrible shit.
And if it really were a La Tour?.
That would be a different matter.
But you have a nice commode,
Louis XV-XVI.
How much is it worth?.
About 50,000. More if it's stamped.
Let's pull it out and check.
-Just get rid of him, Roxy.
-Let him divorce me. I can't stop him.
But I will never divorce him.
I'd think you'd want to be free of him.
And let him marry his slut?. No.
You have a choice.
You can accuse Charles-Henri of adultery
and make him pay what he should.
Papa.
Why did we have to meet here?.
You always liked to come here
and watch Gennie on the carousel.
Of course.
But I didn't realize it would be so cold.
You know, I've been thinking about names.
What do you think of Henri-Luc?.
Is it a boy?.
-Did you have one of those tests?.
-No, I'd never do that.
It's like peeking at your present
before Christmas.
Roxy, you should know this.
The lawyers say that if you don't agree
to a mutual consent, no-fault divorce...
...you might not be allowed
to use my name.
-And our children?.
-Naturally, they would be de Persand.
I have to have the same name
as my children.
French court usually awards custody

to the French parent.
You can't do this.
-You can't destroy your own family.
-It is you who are destroying me.
After all you've always said about
freedom of individual to live and love.
It was only words with you. Empty words.
Yes, it was.
I didn't realize that when you really love,
there's no freedom at all.
Except to die.
Come on, no more dramatics, please.
Just think about what I told you.
-Do you have this in blue?.
-Is blue denim okay?.
I'm Magda's husband.
Magda, the other woman.
She's screwing your husband.
Don't be another dumb American bitch.
You should do something about it!
If you don't, I will!
-We could do it together.
-Go away.
We could do the same thing that they're
doing. We could screw each other.
Stay away from me.
Roxy?.
Hello?.
Oh, my God.
Is good. Is good. It's good.
Sorry, we're full.
We have to hurry.

I just thought:

"I needn't take any more of this."
And what about Gennie?.
What about everyone in Santa Barbara?.
Of course they'll blame me.
And they're absolutely right.
I should have looked after you better.
That's what I'm supposed to be here for.
Not to pursue some love life of my own.
No. That's what I want, is.
For you to be happy...

...even if I'm not.
The baby's fine. Did they tell you?.
And he's kicking like hell.
So beautiful.
Thank you.
What do you think of the name Henri-Luc?.
For the baby?.
Bertram.
A women's thing.
Something to do with the baby.
No, not a miscarriage.
I'll call you back.
Hugue.
Thibault.
I don't want any of those kind of names.
Mathieu.
Maybe just Luc is better than Henri-Luc.
I'm still thinking about names.
Any ideas?.
I don't know how you could do this
to all of us.
-Couldn't you have thought of the baby?.
-I did.

I thought:

"Do I really want to bring him
into this world?.
Into a broken home?. "
So now, like everyone else,
you are blaming me.
No.
I blame myself...
...for coming up with the wrong answer.
Oh, look at that color.
I should have brought you some.
I thought of it...
...but I was so terribly upset.
That's too bad.
I'm sorry.
I'm not defending Charles-Henri.
He has behaved badly.
Like a lot of husbands.
But leaving a pregnant wife...
...is in bad taste.

The bad taste was to marry her.
Those girls are not like us.
We can't teach them savoir-vivre...
...good manners.
They find it ridiculous.
They only trust their instinct.
Their feelings. And where does it lead?.
Uncontrolled emotions.
Desire.
And now my idiotic brother...
...is fooling around with the sister.
She's also capable of slicing open her veins.
It's not my problem. It's his wife's.
I have my hands full...
...with Charles-Henri and his American.
Expect the worse from his Cosak.
Charlotte, you know how to behave.
It's a question of self-control.
How I hate letting oneself go!
At least you don't end up in hospital.
Rog. Roger.
Welcome to France.
-You look great.
-So where's your Aunt Isabel?.
-You look so French.
-Thanks, Daddy. I do?.
-Hi, honey.
-Oh, my God.
Hey, baby.
Look at you. Oh, my--
-How is she?. How's Roxy?.
-She's fine.
Don't talk about it.
Please don't remind her.
Just forget it ever happened.
I'm going to forget that my daughter
tried to kill herself?.
-I know.
-Isabel, that's why I'm asking you.
Is looks like somebody out of
Tie Me Up!. Tie Me Down!
I wouldn't know.
I never saw Tie Me Up! Tie Me Down!
My God, you're huge!

-Darling.
-You look great.
-Champagne, please.
-Champagne.
A Diet Coke, s'il vous plait.
That's alcohol. You're pregnant.
I'm not forbidden to drink. French
pediatricians say just the opposite.
Is tourtiere some kind of turtle thing?.
No, it's a baked dish.
Like a quiche but better.
The tourtiere is the actual dish
they bake it in.
What's the legal angle on the painting?.
Where do we stand?.
In any division of property,
Roxeanne's ex-husband can claim half.
That includes half of whatever
is her share of the painting.
There'll be five of you claiming it.
One can make that case in court,
that it's communal and not marital property.
The first thing we must do is get an
estimate of the value of the painting.
-Can you drink the tap water here?.
-This isn't Istanbul or Cairo.
-Why are they drinking bottled water?.
-Same reason they drink it in California.
Let's get some bottled. Yeah?.
Monsieur, can we get some eau avec gaz?.
We certainly don't want anything of ours
going to Charles-Henri.
You know, it's funny,
but I never trusted him.
Never mind about that.
Come on. When we all first knew him,
he was beautiful. You said so too, Mother.
"Like Orpheus, his stubbled cheek,
a field of gold."'
-You said that?.
-Yes, I did.
Could we be serious
and talk about the painting?.
Really, the painting belongs to Roxy...

...because she cared enough about it to take it away with her. She had our blessings, as in everything. Right, Margeeve?. I don't think we should sell it. We should lend it to museums and still keep it with our name on a golden plaque. No way. I mean, the situation has completely changed now. Why, because it's worth more money than you thought?. Well, that is a consideration. Right now we're a family of five, but one day there will be more of us. There will be kids. No one wants to deprive them of their inheritance. Roxy's the only one who has kids now. Why not marry one of those girls you always live with?. They seem very nice. -That's not what we're here to talk about. -Come on, Roger. Give it a whirl. Of course Saint Ursula belongs to all of us. I never thought of her as just mine. You know that, Roger. She was always there hanging above the sofa watching all of us. With a disapproving face... ...inhibiting us from whatever we wanted to do on the couch. I suppose that's the way of all saints in the presence of human frailty. Let's say we split the proceeds among us. How do we get around Roxy's husband?. Even if he claims half her share... ...I'll make sure it comes back in alimony and child support. Oh, wouldn't that be wonderful?. As it is, I can't get a cent out of him. In all fairness, everything he has is tied up in family trusts. And with his paintings, he earns about as much as I do with my poetry. I was even thinking of getting a job. What?.

We'll have to stake claims for payments.
I'll need you to sign papers.
-Sure. I'll stop by the office tomorrow.
-I'll bring them over tonight.
French lawyers are so nice.
Can you imagine an American lawyer
dropping off papers at night?.
No, I can't.
How do you want it cook?.
Could I get a steak au poivre
and a salade vert?.
-Tres well. Very well done.
-All right.
Oh, my God.
The tip must be included, yeah?.
You leave something anyway.
No.
That's the point of having the tip included.
Just leave 20 Euros.
Maybe in a simple place, but in a place
like this where you pay a fortune....
-Nearly \$900, I might add.
-Goodness. Thank you, Roger.
It's all I have.
Oh, the three of you, so gorgeous.
Three peas in a pod.
Roxy's all mine. Margeeve
had nothing to do with her.
No, not much. Just raised her
since she was 2.
-Thanks, Rog.
-Gorgeous.
I love that purse.
I want to go to that store tomorrow.
-It's Hermes.
-Not on Chester's salary.
-How did you afford it?.
-She got it in a sale.
Do you want to borrow it?. You can.
There's been some repainting.
Ursula's left hand has been damaged.
It's possible the canvas has been cut
down on the right side.
Also, the handmaiden's face

looks a little weird to me.

Is it a La Tour?.

-What estimate?.

-No estimate yet.

The owners are deciding whether to sell at Drouot or Christie's in London.

When we thought it was coming for our show, 40,000 was the insurance value.

There must be something wrong with it to be sold so modestly with no fanfare.

-No problem with the export license?.

-The Louvre has passed on it.

I do think Lorraine...

-...around 1 640.

-I don't know.

If I may play devil's advocate...

...the figures lack the weight, the monumentality of a La Tour.

Has your saint been fasting?.

I don't think it would hurt for you guys to take a look at it.

Let me say that I think your picture is superb. Marvelously beautiful.

Thank you.

Now, what do you suppose an oeuf fermier might be?.

Just boiled eggs, do we think?.

Only in France would they serve boiled eggs with such panache.

Such effrontery, you might say.

I've explained the legal situation.

Oh, believe me, Christie's is used to much, much worse.

Of course, everything is worse when the French are involved.

I think I'm going to go for the liver with the pommes mousseline.

What about something more cuisine?.

You don't have lunch in Paris every day.

You know what's wonderful here?.

The best is the pintade au cerfeuil.

They do it with chestnuts. It's excellent.

Really? That's a thought.

As to wine...

... I used to do wine before I
moved to old masters.
Well, you know, they say the real
wine experts are all English.
The French are faddish about wines.
They overlook the most amazing vintages.
I suppose we ought to have
Chateau La Tour. Would be appropriate.
Well, to my mind, your picture
is from La Tour's best period...
...though not the period
he's best known for.
But, in my opinion, La Tour.
Up until now, that hasn't been
the general opinion.
No, but suppose you were a museum...
...and wanted very badly to acquire...
...a Renoir, say, that some local people
had found in an attic.
Well, you have to think of the psychology
of the situation.
You're hardly going to tell the seller
that he has a Renoir, are you?.
The price would go out of sight,
and you'd end up paying more.
So museums, to preserve their integrity...
...often say they can't be sure. See?.
And what do you think?.
I think your very fine La Tour...
...would, in a competitive bidding,
achieve a very fine price.
Several people will know its value.
Our catalog will state the case correctly.
What price range are we talking?.
Perhaps a million pounds.
Million and a half if we're lucky.
Christie's will advise a reserve of that,
meaning it couldn't sell for less.
See, Christie's, obviously, has an opposite
point of view to the museums.
Like you, we'd want to sell
for the maximum price.
We can be competent of our attribution,
and we know the market.

-Thank you.

-Oh, hey, Dad.

Chester Walker, this is Mr. Janely
from Christie's.

-Professor.

-Mr. Janely.

Mr. Janely is sure that it's a La Tour.

-Really?.

-A million, Dad.

A million pounds, not dollars.

That's a lot of money.

To some people I suppose it is.

He was much younger then,

but otherwise he's the same.

You mean personality-wise?.

No, I think I mean character-wise.

There was always something about him.

Worldly, knowing, a bit famous, a bit old...

...which I suppose could be sexually
magnetic, especially to a young person.

It's like fornicating with God.

Where do these pretty things come from?.

Usually we beg in front of Dior
or St. Laurent...

...so that rich women on shopping sprees
can expiate their sins.

Why don't you just put that
in the miscellaneous file for now.

I don't think we need it in Tulsa.

So you won't be coming to Suzanne's
lunch on Sunday?

What can I do?. This conference
was fixed up long ago.

I have to leave now.

I'm in the middle of packing.

Don't you want to meet my parents?.

More to the point...

...would they want to meet me?.

I'm hardly the desirable young suitor
they might have in mind.

Don't you want to see me?

Naturally, but if I don't leave now,

I might miss my plane.

We'll meet on my return.

Please make my apologies
to your parents.

-Goodbye, sweetheart.

-Bye.

Do you really think he's
the best idea for you?.

One hardly has a choice, Roxeanne.

You know that.

Well...

...I used to think so...

...but actually I found it's not true.

You know, this morning I wrote a poem
about the phalarope.

You know those waterfowl that bow
as they swim along?.

The most polite birds in the world.

Very...

...stately.

Bowing...

...as they swim along...

...to no one in particular...

...just in courtesy...

...in gratitude.

You've totally lost your mind.

They think of Saint Ursula
as part of my dowry.

Where do they get dowry?.

Are we in the Middle Ages?.

No, France.

Don't expect them to talk
about any of this at lunch.

They talk about every taboo under the sun.

But money?. Never.

-Never.

-I wish we could stop talking about it too.

I don't want to eat anything weird.

I want to tell you.

Aunt Amelie will be at lunch today.

Uncle Edgar's wife.

She has been summoned.

What am I supposed to do?. Fight for him?.

To say I love him and I'll never let him go?.

Do you think he's worth it?.

But of course, you Americans

are known to be fighters.
You might even fight for something
you don't really want.
I don't like Sundays.
I'd have spotted her
in a crowd of thousands.
Oh, hello, Margeeve.
Hello.
Isabel.
-Chester.
-This is my sister-in-law, Amelie Cosset.
-Nice to meet you.
-Chester.
And Roger. Oh, Roger.
I was forgetting you.
How was the trip?.
It's a privilege for us to be welcomed
here in your country, in your family...
...in your beautiful home.
The privilege is all ours.
-I'm sorry my husband isn't here today.
-Not to mention mine.
My brother Edgar, he's invited
to many international conferences.
I believe he's in Belgium today.
Presumably. I no longer ask.
We love both your daughters,
Roxeanne and Isabel.
They're both so practical, so sensible.
Roxeanne and Isabel?.
We think of the French as practical,
rational.
Voltaire and the Age of the Enlightenment.
Thermidor. But not our girls, I'm afraid.
-Not much rationality there.
-I hunt.
-Hunt?.
-Do you hunt?.
No.
-What do you hunt?.
-The deer.
The deer.
-I guess you shoot them.
-Oh, no.

Birds are shot.
The deer we hunt with dogs.
It's very beautiful.
The horses, the dogs,
the hunters in their coats.
The cleric comes to bless the dogs.
The idea is to run the noble stag
to the ground.
He becomes exhausted
and can no longer run.
-What happens after that?.
-Then the dogs kill the stag.
We have the expression,
"Another kill." That's what that refers to.
Do people ever get killed?.
Fall off their horses or something?.
Well, not usually,
but it can happen sometimes.
Good. Sort of evens out the odds a bit.
Well, I suppose the moment's come
to say...
...never would I have imagined...
...when I left Santa Barbara
with just a few mementos--
This Beaufort is not right.
-It's off.
-It has a smoky aftertaste.
It's inedible.
It's not right. Don't take it.
Oh, this Beaufort is not right.
But all is not lost.
The Reblochon is perfect.
Help yourselves.
The Beaufort really was disastrous.
Yes, but the Reblochon was excellent.
Do you agree?.
Oh, everything was excellent.
You have such a beautiful house,
and you run it so beautifully.
I really could take lessons.
Oh, you are too kind.
There is something a little delicate
I would like to mention...
...while the others are not here.

And I really feel we can talk together quite freely as mothers.
And quite intimately as friends.
Where is it?. Tombeur. "Tombay." Tombeur.
I got it. I got it. Tombeur. Tombeur.
"To fall. To throw, as in wrestling.
To fall. To tumble." God, four years of French, I can't remember a thing.
Tombeur. That's what Suzanne de Persand called her brother.
It is an older man taking advantage of a young girl.
And guess who's the young girl.
It's our own flower, lsabel.
Don't give me that "this is my life" stare.
-It is her life.
-That's ridiculous. I don't believe it.
-Have I met him?.
-No, neither have I. Oh, it gets better.
Then his own wife says that we must save lsabel from being hurt...
...by a man who is, and I quote:
"A little unscrupulous where young women are concerned."
-It's your fault she has a daddy complex.
-Nonsense.
I've seen plenty of our students falling for their old professors or someone...
...but those girls were all weak and clinging types.
Everything that lsabel is not.
Does the fact that our families know spoil it for you?.
No.
I was thinking of you...
...and of your wife.
Inhibiting perhaps, but not absolutely fatal.
We will ignore what they told your mother as if they had not told her.
You know I'll be in Concepcion for a few months to help with the negotiations.
Can't I come with you?.
Sweet.
Will you still want me when

you come back?.

Isn't it your Emerson who said,
"Every hero becomes a bore at last"?.

I have to go and get dressed.
It's getting late. Will you lock up?.

Hello, Edgar.

-Good to see you.

-Yes.

Very nice.

Do you like that?.

Are we both on the same errand?.

Are we both buying gifts?.

Could it be for the same person?.

Mine is a thank-you, farewell gift...
...because she's just finished
helping me with all my papers.

What about yours?.

Mine is only a thank-you gift.
Didn't you give me a scarf too?.

At the end, I mean.
A purse at the beginning...
...a scarf at the end.

Your situation was quite different.
You were not, forgive me,
a vulnerable young person.

No.

I was older...
...and married and divorced,
and two children.

Were worldly, experienced
and already famous.

It wasn't difficult for you to forget me.
Oh, yes, I forgot you.
Not the tears I shed for you.

May I?.

Yes, it is charming.

Why don't we both give her
the same scarf.

Then she can come back and exchange it,
and get what she wants.

Good idea. I'll take it.

Me too.

-Good.

-Good.

I never married a Frenchman.
My husbands were American.
Only the lovers, as you know.
To me, a lover...
...someone I truly love...
...would be more important...
...than somebody I happen to sign
a marriage certificate with.
Lovers are a pastime one
tends to outgrow.
A hobby.
Finally becomes a bore.
You mean in the end every hero
becomes a bore?.
Emerson.
Someone quoted that to me...
...when he was trying to extricate himself.
It suits you.
We're not just buying tampons
and lipsticks, but all kinds of products.
Shampoo, moisturizer, eye shadow,
you name it.
We're planning on buying
three new trucks if all goes well.
And we're thinking of calling ourselves
the Saint Ursula Foundation...
...in honor of our patron saint.
What do you think?.
Wait. Would we be tax-exempt?.
I have so many other questions.
What about my question?.
My divorce hasn't gone through.
As you well know.
And so far nobody's filed a single paper yet.
I don't know what the delay is.
I can hardly take up with a new husband
before the old one's disposed of.
-What's going on?.
-Someone died.
-Who?.
-They won't let us in.
Let me through. I live here!
Shooting at Futurama.
A man fired at his Russian wife

and got away.
He is American. A crime of passion.
There are no crimes of passion in America.
They all kill for money or drugs.
What's your perfume?.
Honteuse. By Charmez.
I like it.
Very subtle.
You'll have your own money now.
You can do what you want.
As far as I'm concerned, my favorite
thing in Paris is the purse you gave me.
Well, it suits you better than me.
Yeah, it's too middle-aged for you.
And too ladylike, I might add.
Stop.
S'il vous plait, stop.
I apologize. You must've done this
a thousand times.
Never. The boys begged me and begged me,
and then they gave up.
Excuse me.
The Eiffel Tower, created at the turn of
the century by engineer Gustave Eiffel....
Who's the guy you let by?.
He said he lost his wife.
What's he doing?.
He lost his wife. He's running after her.
Are you sure he's not running away?.
He's in pretty good shape.
By the way, how are Celine and the kids?.
They're fine.
Then I went to the garbage cans.
Do you know who it is?.
I won't go back!
There's a man's leg sticking out.
What's going on?.
Some guy who lost his wife.
He's pretty high-strung.
By the way, how are Celine and the kids?.
They're fine.
Here he comes.
Something's up.
I'm alerting the guards.

There's a suspicious man on the loose...
...Looking for his wife.
He's tall, early 40s, blond...
...with a Burberry-style raincoat.
-He has a gun!
-Armed man on the Eiffel Tower!

I repeat:

What are you looking at?.
I warned him. I gave him a chance to stop.
I warned him.
All units! Secure the third level.
The door is blocked.
Calm down. Drop your gun
and unblock the door.
Keep your cool.
Stay calm. Don't hurt them.
We're here to help.
Where's Roxeanne?.
Why isn't she here?.
I have to explain it to her.
I have to tell her why I did it.
Is she coming?.
Should we wait for her?.
Please respect others.
I loved Magda. I loved my Magda.
-Magda's his wife.
-Now look at me.
Look what I've done.
Did you hurt your wife?.
She deserved it.
So did he.
The caretaker identified the body.
Who is it?.
Monsieur de Persand. I'm sorry.
That's impossible.
My husband hasn't lived here in months.
I'll just sit here for a while.
I'm really tired.
If you give yourself up, you
can ask to be extradited to America.
Where's Roxy?.
Listen, when you get home, all they'll do
is order a psychiatric evaluation.

I need to see a therapist.
No!
Oh, no!
How?. How did he die?. Tell me.
Maybe you can tell us.
We need to know.
Let's go to the station. It's quieter.
Maitre Bertram can come along.
-Can't you see she's in labor?.
-Help her.
-Here.
-He put it down.
Just get rid of it.
Put it in your bag and throw it over
the side so no one will ever find it.
-Throw it over the side.
-You'll hit someone!
Hey, Mom, hand me your bag.
Will you please tell Roxy I'm sorry?.
Why won't people let me talk to her?.
Tellman got to see a therapist.
He was sentenced to 20 years in one
of the nice French jails Yves told me about.
When Edgar came back
from his negotiations...
...we had the last
of our fancy private lunches.
-So you'll be staying in Paris then?.
-I resigned from the commission.
I can't be so far away
and leave my sister alone.
-And Roxeanne?.
-The baby has been very comforting.
Roxeanne and Gennie are crazy about him.
Guess what. Loaf of Bread Press...
...wants to publish an entire collection
of Roxy's poems.
A poet and a widow.
You're aware that in France
a widow is a hallowed person.
What about a mistress?.
She's tolerated...
...and adored.
Isabel...

...you're young, beautiful, wise...
...and, as we said before,
I'm much too old for you.
Car is waiting to take me
for a TV interview.
It's live, which is always stressful.
In a heated moment, I may say something
that later I would regret.
Yeah.
That is stressful.
The driver could drop you anywhere.
Come on in.
You know, it's true.
You are too old for me.
But we had a pretty good time.
Of course.
And think of everything we learned
from each other.
For example...
...how beautiful it is to be young.
So goodbye Uncle Edgar and goodbye
Kelly bag and Edgar's other gifts.
I'm sure he's still buying Kelly bags
at Hermes for other dumb girls like me...
...but I got over him.
So I took Suzanne's advice
to go with life as it unrolls.
-Hi.
-You've arrived.
Next up is lot 51.
-Georges La Tour.
-La Tour.
A lapse of attention
on the part of the Louvre.
Yes. It's come in now.
The saint's hand has been repainted,
as has the servant's face.
The top of the painting was trimmed...
...as was the right side.
Do I hear two million?.
Two million. I have a taker.
Two million one hundred.
Two million two hundred.
Two million five.

Two million seven hundred.
Should we come in at three?.
Three million.
She's come in now.
Three four.
Three million six hundred.
We're in at three six.
Three point eight.
Three million nine hundred.
We're at four. That's our ceiling.
Four three. We've passed our ceiling.
Are you sure?.
Four million five hundred thousand.
Four five. Are you sure?.
It's your last chance.
It's hers.
Can't win them all.
Congratulations.
What about taking my foot?.
It means, "Did you have fun?. "
Of course. Didn't you?.
Who would have ever thought
"taking my foot" means to have fun in bed?.
You'll have to stay and learn better French.
Roxy said she'd had enough
of marriage for a while.
There's your mother-in-law.
But she changed her mind,
and she and Bertram did get together.
-Mathieu de Persand.
-You remember each other.
[ENGL1SH]