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# Green Card

By Peter Weir

- How much?

- \$ 1.50.

Miss? Miss, your change.

If you wish to find  
the express train...

try the B.M. T.

Spare a little change?

Anybody, spare a little change?

Lady?

A little change?

I need some lunch.

- Watch where you're going there, man.

- Anybody?

... corrupt society

I know the time will be here again

When the taxes are taken

You know it will lead to the end

- Look at you.

- Hi, Anton. Oh.

- I've never seen you

all dressed up like this.

- Well, do I look the part?

Sure. Look at me.

Oh.

- Coffee?

- Oh. No. Yes! Oh, I'm so nervous.

- Well, you're supposed to be nervous  
on your wedding day.

- Oh, right, right.

- You really look absolutely gorgeous.

- Oh, thanks. I borrowed the dress.

- It's a marvellous thing

you're doing, Bront. Really.

- Oh, Anton, please, no speeches.

- I think you and Georges will...

- No speeches.

- Okay, no speeches.

Hey, hey, Georges!

Coming?

More! More!

- Nice to meet you.

- You too.

- You were very good.

- So were you.

Oh, here's Anton.

That's a copy for you, Bront.

- I'll never forget Afrika.

- Africa?

Yes, where we met.

Oh, the coffee shop. Right.

Okay, so, uh, good luck with your life.

Et merci, Anton.

- And good luck with your composing.

- With what?

Your music.

Oh, yes. Uh, right. Yes. Okay.

- So what happens next?

- That's it.

You don't even have to see him again.

- You should take a look at that.

- Mm-hmm. Mm-hmm.

That could potentially be a problem.

Mm-hmm. Mm-hmm.

Africa?

Yes. That's where we met.

And he's there now again.

Uh, I wish he were here...

but he's not.

He'd love the apartment, though.

He travels a great deal.

But he's the quiet type.

We both are, really.

What's he doing there?

He's a composer.

- African music.

- Not drums?

We couldn't have someone

who played the drums here.

Oh, no. No. He studies their music.

He's an academic.

- He, himself, is not African?

- He's French.

- Oh, oh, oh, French. Oh.

- Oh.

What is this? "Green Guerillas."

Not some sort of an army, is it?

It's a volunteer garden group,

Mrs Bird.

They do very good work  
amongst the poor.  
And you'll notice that Mrs Faur  
is also with our city parks department.  
Uh, we did have problems  
with a recent tenant...  
a single gentleman, uh, who, uh,  
neglected the responsibilities...  
associated with 12-F.  
Mmm, that's why the board feels...  
that a young married couple  
would be more suitable.  
Well, I think it's the fact that  
Mrs Faur is a horticulturist  
that's very much in her favour.  
- Yes, but it is highly irregular to give  
our approval without meeting Mr Faur.  
- I like the couple from the bank.  
- Not the one with the dog.  
- Look, I'm very aware of the situation.  
It's just that...  
well, I could bring the garden back  
to the way the late professor had it.  
I don't want to get too technical, but  
the moracus syconia needs thinning...  
and the crinums and the zamias  
are sadly neglected.  
The chamaedorea's root bound,  
and special care must be taken...  
for the poor cyathaceae dicksonia.  
Not to mention the cordyline  
or the heliconia.  
And there's work  
nurturing the aspidistra...  
begonias, the bromeliads.  
Oh!  
Yo, baby!  
Yo, Bront!  
The city fathers give  
their blessing to the project.  
- All right!  
- Yeah. Talk about the 11 th hour, huh?  
- I've got some good news.  
- Oh, what's that?

How about 3,000 square feet  
of quality topsoil?

- You're kidding!

- No. Get this.

Burger King does this... this big  
press hype over at the Sheraton Centre.

- Uh-huh.

- They recreate Texas or something.

- Hey.

A giant burger city  
in the middle of Texas.

Anyway, they don't know  
what they're gonna do with the soil  
when they're all through.

Dave says, "I know just the guy  
who'll take it off your hands." Me.

- Uh-huh.

- Hey, Harry, how you doin', man?

Look at this.

We're officially approved.

Hey, let's go!

All right!

Burger King!

- Burger King!

- Let's hear it for Phil!

Who can use a box of periwinkles?

Here you go. Tomatoes.

All right, yea!

Italian would be great,  
but ask Bront and Phil.

- Yeah, 'cause I'm starved.

- I am too.

- Hey, Bront, are you hungry? Wanna  
get something to eat? How about you?

- Yeah? Oh, yeah. Yeah.

- Yeah.

- The four of us get something to eat?

- Ten minutes? Let's go.

- The All Nations okay?

- Yeah.

- Hey. Ah.

- Mmm.

- A little pasta.

- Like maybe we could think of certain

plants that we could put in there.

- Yeah.

- Can we order?

- I'm not your waiter.

- Great. So who is our waiter?

- Yeah.

- Well, we'll leave it up to you.

- Hey, man, are you our waiter?

- No, sir. Georges, les cartes.

- Do you want an antipasto?

- Let's get out of here. It's awful.

I don't think we'll find anyplace else  
open this time of night.

Look at this. Look at this time.

We have been sitting here a long time.

- You have chosen?

- Uh...

- Somebody else go ahead.

Uh, what are your specials tonight?

Uh, from Switzerland we have, um,  
calves' liver with our special sauce...

and, uh, from old England,

we have roast beef.

- I don't eat meat.

- Why not?

Pardon me?

If you don't eat meat,

we have, uh, fish.

No, I don't eat fish either.

I'm a vegetarian.

- Ah.

- Do you have a vegetarian special?

Of course.

All Nations vegetables.

- Good. I'll have that,

but no oil or salt.

- No salt for you. Okay.

- Uh, I think I'll take the fish.

- Me too.

Fish. Two for the fish. Okay.

And, uh...

for mademoiselle?

Or is it madame?

It's, uh, just here on the right.

Just right here.

- Let me come up?

- Mmm, no.

What is it? A girls' dorm?

I've never even seen your apartment.

What's with all the secrecy?

- What secrecy?

- Well, most girls I've known...

- have tried to crowd me, except you.

- Mm.

I could do with

a little crowding from you.

You coming or what?

- Okay.

- Okay.

Evening, Mrs Faur.

- Hello, Oscar.

- There's some mail here...

mostly addressed to Miss Parrish.

I guess some folks

don't know you're married.

- I still go by the name Parrish.

- Women's lib, huh?

- Yes, I guess so.

- Nothing from Africa.

- Oh.

- I already checked.

- I guess he's still on safari, huh?

- Something like that.

- Good night, Mrs Faur.

- Good night, Oscar.

- Hello?

- Mrs Faur?

- Yes?

- My name is Gorsky.

I'm with the investigations

department of the I.N.S.

- The what?

- Immigration.

My partner and I

are down in the lobby.

We wondered if we might have a word

with you, uh, and, uh, your husband.

Oh.

- What is it you want to know?  
- I just want to speak  
with Georges Faur.  
- He doesn't work here any more.  
- What?  
He was rude to a customer.  
We don't stand for that.  
- Excuse me.  
- No, please. I must find him.  
- Do you know where he lives?  
- Georges Faur is trouble.  
You would do best to avoid him.  
Now, if you'll excuse me, young lady.  
I have customers waiting.  
You're a friend of Georges?  
Yo. Yo! Where are you going?  
- I'm to see Mrs Faur.  
- Oh?  
- And who are you?  
- Mr Faur.  
- Mr Faur?  
- Yes.  
Oh, I'm sorry. I'm sorry.  
I've never seen you before.  
- Welcome back. How was Africa?  
- Africa?  
- Yeah. You got any bags?  
- No, no. No, just me. Just me.  
You know, when I first seen you,  
I thought to myself...  
"This guy just stepped  
out of the jungle."  
And I was right!  
Oh, it's great to see you back.  
I hate to see a young couple  
like yourselves, you know,  
separated like you've been.  
- It's bad for the marriage.  
Call me old-fashioned if you want.  
- No, no, no, no, no, no.  
Oh, but that's what's wrong  
with this country, you know?  
- The family is going down the toilet.  
- The toilet? What...

- The toilet. Yeah. Fifteen years  
I'm married to the same woman.

- What, uh...

- See? See my kids there? Huh?

- Oh, yes. Yeah.

I call her twice a day.  
I don't go for that women's lib stuff.

- No, sir. Couples living in sin,  
that sort of thing.

- Oh, no.

- Oh, that's no good, no good at all.

- Oh, it's terrible, yeah.

So...

Well, come in.

Right. Now, these people  
are due here any minute, so, um...

Look, I think we'd better talk  
about the situation, don't you?  
You got my note? Of course you did,  
otherwise you wouldn't be here.

Uh, I spoke to my lawyer.  
He said not to panic.  
It's probably just routine.

- Have you got some coffee?  
- Coffee?

Yeah.

Right! Good idea.  
We'll just have coffee  
like any normal married couple.  
How's the composing? Didn't you  
get the big job in California?  
No. I don't like them, you know?  
I prefer to be a waiter  
than work for people like that.  
But you're not at  
the restaurant any more.  
No, I quit.  
They said you were fired.  
Really? Funny.  
I hate that captain, you know?  
He's really a snob type. Ah.  
These people are due here any minute,  
and you stroll around my apartment  
touching my things!

Do you realize the situation  
that you've put me in? Do you?

I'm sorry, Betty.

It's Bront.

Oh.

This is hopeless.

- The coffee?

- The coffee?

- Yes.

- I'm about to go to jail, you're gonna  
be deported. But what about the coffee?

Oh, my God, they're here.

- Wait. Wait! I'll get it.

- Yeah?

- Uh, may I speak with Mr Faur, please?

- Yeah, this is Mr Faur.

- This is Immigration.

- Ah, okay. Come on.

What...

- What are you doing?

- Better put them in my closet.

Oh.

Oh, God!

Ring. Ring.

- Oh, we have to talk, for God's sake.

- Talk about what?

Our story. How we met.

They're gonna ask us questions.

No, they just want to see us together,  
that's all.

This happened to a guy  
at the restaurant.

They see us, they go. Simple.

Can you get it, chrie?

Let me do the talking.

No, I'll do the talking.

You don't speak much English.

I'll just tell them... I'll just tell...

No! Now, relax. We're together.

Okay? Don't panic.

Now go.

Hello.

Oh, isn't this quaint?

Thank you.

Come on up.

Georges?

This is Mrs Sheehan and Mr Gorsky.

- Hi.

- Hello.

- Hi.

- Hi. Please sit down.

- Mr Faur?

- Georges, please.

Yes. Now, you entered the country...

five months ago

according to our records.

Yes, and already I love it. You see?

- Yes, well...

- Land of opportunity.

- Such a great country.

A-A-Already I feel at home.

- Yes.

- Ah.

- So lucky.

Beautiful wife.

- Apartment.

- Yeah.

- Plants.

- Oh.

- So lucky. You see?

- Uh, well, um, your visa... a B-2...

a tourist visa...

allowed you only six weeks.

Now, that in itself is an offence...

but more recent events

have overtaken that.

Your marriage, of course,

gives you automatic residency status.

- Now, this is your place of residence?

- Of course.

- Yes.

- You moved here after the marriage?

- Yes. Mm-hmm.

- Mm-hmm.

We spoke to the chairperson

of the building...

and he said you'd been away,

Mr Faur.

- In Africa.
- Yes.
- Shooting elephants.
- Oh.
- With a camera.
- Ah, a camera.
- Oh!
- Of course.

And he brought me back some plants.

Some violets. African violets.

- The violets.

- Mm.

- Mm-hmm.

And, uh, where did you live,

Mr Faur, before the marriage?

Oh, all over the place, you see, um...

In the park, one night.

- And, uh, where do you work?

- Pardon?

My husband's a composer. He's working  
on an important composition right now...

based on his African research.

A composer?

We don't, uh, have a note of that.

And, uh, you write, what?

Uh, rock 'n' roll?

Ballet. I write for the ballet.

Ballet.

Your statement

on your passport application

said you had no criminal convictions.

Is that a true and correct statement?

Of course.

You speak French, Mrs Faur?

Not really. Not exactly.

No barrier to love, though, hmm?

Well, that about does it.

We're sorry to have troubled you.

There's been a major clampdown  
on illegal aliens...

marrying for residency status  
and a green card.

It's come down from the top.

The White House.

Well, you don't want  
to get the wrong type.

- Precisely.

- We understand.

As a matter of curiosity,  
how did you two meet?

I'm sure it was very romantic.

- We... You go ahead.

- Well, uh... No, you, please.

- We just...

- Please, you... We sort of crashed  
into each other. Boom!

- Like that.

- Goodness.

- Yes, I was, uh, carrying  
a lot of parcels, and...

- Parcels?

- Yes, parcels.

And then I-I picked them up, and...

- A-A-And... And Anton...

- Don't forget about Anton.

- Ah, Anton, yes.

- He was with Georges, and I knew him.

- Anton, yes. Yes, he also helped  
pick up the parcels.

Yes, but the point is, darling,  
is that he introduced us.

Oh, that's right. He did.

He did, yes. Anton.

- And?

- Well...

- So, and...

- Ah, it was raining. And, uh...

- Oh, yes! We got soaked.

I took one of her parcels  
when I pick up mine.

- Oh, you had parcels too?

- Ah.

Uh, everyone had parcels.

So many parcels.

So, uh, I-I-I...

I picked up one of hers.

- By mistake.

- Yes, so I had, uh, my parcels...

and, uh, her parcel...

and I was, uhh...

staggering around, like this.

And, uh...

Uh... Uh...

- Somebody better get the telephone.

- It couldn't be for me.

Well, it could be, dear,

but don't worry. I'll get it.

We don't want to have a husband-and-wife  
fight in front of our guests.

Hello? Phil!

You're still upstate, aren't you?

- No, I'm not glad you're still there.

- Do go on, Mr Faur.

- Phil, I can't talk right now.

- Hmm?

The parcels? You were up to  
where you had her parcels.

- Oh, yes. Yes.

- Oh! I'm excited.

- So I found this extra parcel.

- Can I call you back?

I knew I had 9, and now 10.

I say, "What was going on?"

I say to myself.

And I-I open it, and it was, um,  
uh, ladies' underwears.

Ladies' underwear.

- Look, um... Mm-hmm.

- So, I called Anton...

and he said, uh,

"It must belong to Betty."

You mean Bront.

Yes. Bront.

But I didn't know her name...

and, uh, so, now I did.

- So, um... Yeah.

- That's it.

- May I use your bathroom?

- Hmm?

- The bathroom?

- What for?

Uh, well, I need to use it.

- Uh, bathroom.  
- Oh!  
- No, please, go ahead.  
- Where is it?  
- What?  
- Uh, the lavatory.  
Could you show me where it is?  
- Oh, yes. Please follow me.  
- Why am I whispering?  
Oh, that's great! Just great.  
Oh! No, that used to be the bathroom...  
before the renovations.  
I keep forgetting.  
Voil. This was the broom closet, but  
we made it into the bedroom. You see?  
And this door is the bathroom.  
Voil.  
Let him move into my apartment?  
I can't believe you're saying this.  
Well, don't look so shocked.  
Frankly, young lady...  
I think you have  
your priorities all wrong, you know...  
You married a man you didn't know  
in order to get a greenhouse.  
That shocked me.  
All right, so I'm old-fashioned  
when it comes to marriage.  
I happen to think that falling in love  
has something to do with it.  
You don't? Fine.  
But if marrying a stranger doesn't  
shock you, then letting him move in...  
and spend a couple of nights  
sleeping on the sofa...  
- Well, that shouldn't shock you either.  
- Oh, this isn't happening.  
They want a second interview on Monday.  
This is Friday.  
- That gives you the weekend  
to get your stories straight.  
- Two days?  
Well, I don't see why he has to move in.  
Why can't he just meet me

here in the park or something?  
Because this interview's  
going to be in-depth.  
They're gonna question you separately.  
They're gonna want to know the colour  
of each other's toothbrush.  
Uh, what does he like to eat?  
I don't know. Does he snore?  
You're gonna have to, uh,  
study each other's habits.  
- It's like you're cramming for an exam.  
- Oh, God!  
- Do I have no alternative?  
- Sure.  
You can confess everything now,  
he'll be deported...  
you could face charges,  
and no more greenhouse.  
- It's like living in a police state.  
- No, no.  
It's called breaking the law.  
Now, no matter how trivial  
it may have seemed to you at the time...  
that's what you've done.  
Anyway, I think you should,  
uh, introduce Georges  
to some of your friends.  
- My friends?  
- Let him get to know them. Say he's  
visiting from Paris or something.  
No, I couldn't bear that.  
He's such a slob.  
- I'll do it without anybody knowing.  
- Well, that's up to you.  
But listen, get that story straight.  
Oh, by Monday evening  
this'll all be over...  
and we can start planning the divorce.  
I can't wait.  
For your pond.  
Oh. Right. Thank you.  
Wait and I'll show you around.  
Not that there's that much to see.  
You do know where the bathroom is.

Shoo, shoo, shoo. Come on.

Shoo. Shoo.

Do you mind not smoking inside?

- What's this?

- It's coffee.

- No.

Yes, it is. It's decaf.

- Don't you have any real coffee?

- I'm afraid not.

I'll make you the best coffee  
you ever had.

I only drink decaf.

You'll change when you taste this.

Look, I don't want anyone  
to know about this, okay?

So we have to make up a story  
in case we run into any of my friends.

Something simple.

You're an old friend.

I admire your ballet music.

You're visiting from Paris.

You're staying with me  
for a couple of nights.

- You're gay.

- Gay? I don't want to be gay.

Okay, you're not gay.

You're just an old friend...

and the hotels are all booked up,  
so here you are.

Oh. Not a very good story.

Well, you come up  
with a better one then.

Well, I don't know.

Something political?

Terrorist, maybe? Hmm?

No, not a terrorist.

But political's good. A refugee.

That's it. That'll work. Yes.

No, we don't say anything.

Just a friend staying  
for a couple of nights.

- This is New York.

- You're right.

- Mm-hmm.

- Okay, you sleep on the couch...  
and we split expenses.  
I'll cook, hmm? Hmm?  
Oh.  
Good.  
Mm. It doesn't smell good.  
Put it back, please.  
- For your birds?  
- What?  
- This is a birdseed, no?  
- It's muesli.  
- Put it back. I'll get some croissants.  
But I like birdseed.  
- Sure.  
- No, okay. No, you...  
- No.  
- Go ahead. No, please. No, no.  
- No, go ahead. Choose, please.  
- Come on, honey.  
- Coming.  
B?  
Bront? Oh, it is you! Hey!  
Lauren, what are you doing here?  
What am I doing here?  
I'm, like, you know, buying food.  
Well, it's just not  
your neighbourhood.  
Mother's having one of  
her little musical soirees.  
I told her I'd pick up  
a few things for her.  
When am I gonna see your new apartment?  
Hi.  
Hi.  
You're together?  
Sort of. This is an old friend.  
Georges Faur, this is Lauren Adler.  
- Hi, Lauren.  
- Ooh, that accent! You're French, right?  
Ooh. This is so weird. Everything  
in my life has been French lately.  
Monday I buy a jacket. It's French.  
Wednesday I go see a French movie.  
And then, last night, Tony says,

"Let's eat French."

It's like Carl Jung.

What do you call it?

A coincidence... something.

- Coincidence.

- Uh-huh.

So, nice to meet you,

Bront's French friend.

- Uh-huh.

- Well, Lauren...

Look, if you want to eat French again,  
eh, I'm cooking.

For Bront. Hmm?

- Uh...

- Mm-hmm.

I adore Paris.

I'd go there all the time if I could.

- Oh, yes, yes, I know.

- Oh, thanks.

- Teach me, Daddy. Teach me.

Oh, but the last time  
was for six months.

- Hi, Mrs...

- Not right now!

- Oh, Mr Faur!

Mr Faur! Kids, meet Mr Faur.

- He's the one that's been in Africa.

- Hi.

Huh? My kids. Huh? Kids.

Maybe you two will be thinking  
about starting a family soon, huh?

- Shh!

- Oh, shh, shh!

- Georges!

- Yes?

- Georges!

- Yes, I'm coming.

Hold the elevator!

Wait! Going up!

Hold it! Hold it!

Going up! Wait for me!

They should fix those doors.

Somebody'll get killed around here.

What did those government people want?

- It's nothing.
- We don't know exactly what they want.
- What's this?
- Georges' visa, a minor problem.

They said,

does Mr Faur do this and that?

And about Mrs Faur...

Did she go to Africa? And so on.

Mrs Faur?

Georges' mother.

- She died in Africa.

- Oh, I'm sorry.

- Yes.

- Oh.

Killed by the elephants.

I could just sit here

and watch you all day, Georges.

Some stroke of luck, huh, B,

having a French chef as a guest?

Stop it, Lauren.

So what are you doing

in New York, Georges?

- I just crashed and...

- Georges is a political...

- You go on.

- No, go on.

- No, you, please.

A political what?

Political, um, ballet.

I can't imagine

a political ballet.

You know, it's sort of a...

Georges writes for the ballet.

He's an old friend.

- He's...

- Not gay.

- Of course not.

- Good.

- He just couldn't find a hotel.

- And he's been in Africa.

- Look, we old friend.

- Yeah.

- So I don't fuck her. Hmm?

What, did you kill somebody

for this place?

You probably cut them up  
and used them for mulch.

This is amazing!

So is your French friend.

I want details later.

Oh, Lauren, please.

My mother would adore this.

Oh, speaking of my mother,  
guess what!

She and Daddy are leaving New York.

- No! What about her beautiful gardens?

- They're leaving.

Anyway, I've told Daddy all about  
the Green Worms or whatever they are.

- Green Guerillas.

- Yeah, well, anyway...

being this great old liberal,  
he says how he'd like to give you  
and your group all the plants.

No, not those beautiful trees.

The trees, the plants, everything.

Oh, that's fantastic! Our stocks  
are so low. We're desperate for plants.

Uh, well, wait a minute.

There's a problem.

Mother won't hear of it.

But I don't know.

I think if you talked to her,  
maybe she'd change her mind.

Georges.

- No.

- Yeah.

Bront, you didn't eat anything.

- It's not my kind of food.

- She likes birdseed.

It's just not healthy,  
all that butter.

What's the point of life  
if you don't enjoy yourself? Hmm?

Do you mind?

You're like an old married couple.

Okay.

So how did you two meet?

Well, you know, Lauren,  
I was, uh, carrying a lot of parcels...  
Lauren, it's a long story.  
Can I tell you later?  
- I've got lots of work I need to do,  
cataloging plants.  
- I can take a hint.  
- No. Oh, finish your wine. It's...  
- Oh.  
A little bit more. Okay?  
- Nice to have met you, Georges.  
- Nice to meet you, Lauren.  
Nice... Eh, I see you again. Huh?  
- He's gorgeous.  
- Lauren, look, I...  
I can say this now.  
I did not like Phil.  
Oh, so earnest, my God!  
Phil and I are still  
very much together.  
Oh, I'm sorry.  
Oh, I'm so embarrassed.  
I mean, I like Phil. He's very concerned  
about the environment and all that.  
- Yes, he is.  
- Oh, typical me, putting my foot in it.  
- Forget it.  
- Well, in that case...  
I wouldn't mind  
seeing Georges again myself.  
He's dishy.  
Gardeners are so weird.  
- Bye, Lauren.  
- Ciao.  
Why did you ask her  
to stay for lunch?  
This is my apartment.  
This is not gonna work.  
No, it won't work if I don't know  
everything about you.  
That silly story about the parcels!  
Your mother, the elephants, lying  
to my friends. It's all so horrible.  
And I know you've got a cigarette,

so you can smoke it outside!

You begin the lie when you married.

I didn't make you lie.

- Well, I didn't ask her to lunch.

- You always blame me. You did it too.

- Did what?

- Married me!

I did it for the green card.

Why did you do it?

- No one made you! No one!

- Outside! Outside!

If you push me to be a beast,

I can be a beast, so take care!

Now look what you've done,

you silly French oaf!

Oh.

- Hello?

- Hey, it's me. I just wanted  
to thank you for lunch.

And that greenhouse!

I'm so jealous!

Oh, Lauren, I'm so sorry  
about lying to you.

- Lying to me?

What are you talking about?

- I mean, not telling you...

y-y-you know,

not having you over here before.

- You're my oldest friend.

- Oh, please, forget it, B.

Oh, I haven't been myself lately.

You're right about that.

Things are complicated right now.

You know, Mother's having  
this dinner party tonight.

Well, I just spoke to her,  
and she's invited you.

Great chance for you

to work on her about the trees.

You could bring Georges.

What are you doing in here?

I went and, uh, I bought  
some beautiful tomatoes for you.

Look, that's sweet, but...

And outside... Come on.

Come outside.

- And look here. We have radishes,  
peppers, carrots.

- Oh, no, my plants!

- Just weeds. I pull... I pulled them out.

- No, this is my research!

- Oh, I'm sorry. I bought this for you.

- Just don't touch anything, okay?

- Okay, okay.

- And don't go in the greenhouse  
any more. That's all I ask.

It's my special place. Oh.

- You like your plants  
better than people.

- Some people.

Oh, God.

Look. Truce, okay?

I don't make the war.

You asked me before why I did it...  
the marriage.

- Well, it was for the greenhouse.

- Greenhouse?

I don't expect you to understand,  
but that's why I did it.

Oh, I understand.

You want something, you take it. Hmm?

We work tonight?

Study, just like school?

- I have to go out.

- Then I'll come too.

- No.

- Why?

- Ah, your boyfriend, the vegetarian.

- No, he's away.

- So!

- No, it's Lauren's parents' place.

- Snob types, you'd call them.

- Oh. I will embarrass you, huh?

- No.

- Yes, too much oaf!

- No.

S... The Adlers are thinking about giving  
some trees to a gardening group I'm in.

- What's that?  
- Oh, it's... it's just a gardening group.  
We go into poor areas,  
like the Lower East Side, and...  
I came from that life.  
You waste your time.  
- What?  
- Yeah. Nothing will change down there.  
It will always be that way.  
- Better to forget about it.  
- Forget about it?  
Yeah. Look, the trees are very good.  
Yes, sure, sure.  
- But you can't eat the trees.  
- Well, nothing changes without hope.  
- Oh, you think the gardens make hope?  
- Well, it's something.  
The trees are very good, yes, but go  
to the country if you want trees. Huh?  
You try telling that to the children.  
They live with chaos, despair.  
You may think it's nothing  
to give them a garden to plant...  
or trees to climb,  
but at least it's doing something.  
- If it amuses you, then do it.  
- Amuses me?  
Chaos.  
Despair.  
- I'll take the mud slide.  
- Mud slide it is. Okay.  
- Yeah!  
- Oh, Richard!  
Now, little fish, swim!  
- Better down.  
- What?  
Y-Your hair looks better down.  
I'll be back by 10:00.  
We can work then.  
Please don't answer the phone  
or let anyone in.  
Don't be late. Huh?  
- Thanks a lot.  
- Grab it!

- Cab! Taxi! Hey!  
- Into the garden.  
- Thank you.

I woke up maybe six weeks ago...  
and I said, "Saul, this is it.  
We're leaving."

Bront, how exquisite you look.

- Thank you for asking me  
at the last minute.

- No, not at all. Not at all.  
It's just so wonderful to see you.  
It's been so long.

- And Lauren tells us you've got  
a brilliant new apartment.

- Yes. Is she here yet?

My point is, it's not a question  
of whether or not it's pornographic.

The question is,  
whether or not it qualifies as art.

I mean, pornography is...

But you... I mean, your own daughter!

Have you seen the stuff she does?

Lafayette was on the horse

and got off the horse...

and saluted my ancestor on both cheeks  
with a big kiss.

- Did he need to get off the horse?

- Now, it's very stupid...

for these environmentalists

to plant trees...

when they don't know

what they're doing.

They don't listen to me,

needless to say.

Of course,

I'm just your average layman...

but I have written

the appropriate authorities.

Oh, I'll go, Alberto.

That'll be Lauren.

As an artist, our daughter reserves

the right to be late.

Absolutely.

- At last!

- Hi, Mother.

This is Georges Faur from Paris.

- Hi.

- Oh?

Come on in, Georges.

Georges is Bront's house guest,  
but she was too shy to bring him.

- You don't mind, do you, Mother?

- But of course not.

- I went to pick up Bront  
and found him all alone.

- Do come in.

- Georges is a very important composer,  
Mother, so you two  
will have lots to talk about.

- Oh, no, no, no.

- Oh!

- No, no.

Mother plays the piano a little.

Get it? A little.

Alberto, another place, if you will.

Everybody, I'd like  
to present Georges Faur...  
a leading French composer.

- Ah!

- Oh, no, no.

Good evening.

- You see the man  
sitting across from you?

- Mm-hmm.

He's very important.

He's on the board of trustees.

Do you live in Paris, Georges?

Bront, he was all by himself.

I really think he wanted to come out.

It's okay. It's okay.

Simon and Grace are about to celebrate  
their 40th wedding anniversary.

- Aw!

- Congratulations!

Congratulations!

- How long have you been married?

- I've been married 35 years. Sure.

Are you married, Georges?

Me? Well, uh...

not usually.

Whatever do you mean?

Well, uh, not normally.

- You're getting divorced?

- Yes, definitely.

- Oh.

B, you'll never get married.

- What makes you say that?

- Oh, you've turned down enough offers.

You're gonna wind up

some kind of grand old Kate Hepburn,

surrounded by lots of beautiful plants.

Most men I know

are too boring or too vulgar

to spend the rest of your life with.

- You should change your brand of men.

- Oh, really?

Really, B. You're nice. You look for

the same thing in the man...

and you wind up with two nices.

Nice. What an awful word.

- Well, Phil's nice, isn't he?

- Phil's different. He's a gardener.

Are you any relation?

Relation?

- Any relation to the Faur?

- Who's that?

The Faur. Gabriel.

I love his chamber music

and his compositions for the harp.

They're so sensual.

- We depend on donations, and...

- Yeah.

We just don't have any plants.

If you could see how these gardens  
change these children's lives...

- They just don't have...

- I hear what you're saying, and I do  
hope you'll understand, Bront, but...

to break up that garden

would be a crime.

See, I just can't do it, dear.

The pleasure it's given me

that it'll give to...

well, to whoever buys the place.

You do understand?

- Thank you.

- And now, Georges Faur.

- Oh, yeah, Georges.

- No. No, no, no, I don't play well.

- Please!

- You know, I'm not writing.

- Oh, yes.

- Please, Georges.

- Well, uh, one of

your earlier pieces, perhaps?

- We should be going. Uh...

Yes, we really must go.

Georges has jet lag.

Oh, why not, Georges?

Just one piece.

Oh, do you mind? It isn't often

we have a Faur in the house.

- Yes, that's true.

- Please!

- Come on, Georges.

Yes.

Ah.

It's not Mozart.

I know.

- Would you translate for me, madame?

- Would I...

"Once I heard the sound  
of the wind in the trees."

I think that's it.

"Once I heard the sound  
of the laughter of children."

"And I wept warm, salty tears  
for the lost trees."

"Let the little children  
come unto the trees...

and I will give them hope," he said.

"But there are no trees  
for the poor, lost, poor children."

"Decay is their toy."

"Despair is their game."

"They have only chaos to climb."

- Bravo!  
- Bravo!  
- Beautiful!  
Bravo!  
Bravo!  
I think you just got your trees.  
No, no, no, no.  
No. I've got it.  
Excuse me.  
Ah. Lauren.  
Monticello face cream.  
"Monticello."  
Cream face. Okay.  
Face cream. Okay.  
- I hope it's okay.  
- What?  
- The sofa.  
Oh, sure. Sure.  
- Thank you.  
- What for?  
- For tonight. The song, the poem.  
Oh, that. No, I didn't do it for you.  
I just did it for me.  
- Oh.  
- You were mad when I came with Lauren.  
- Yes, I was.  
- And if you're mad, uh,  
we don't study, huh?  
And if we don't study,  
I don't get a green card.  
- Are you composing something now?  
- Composing?  
Well, you're always  
humming that little tune.  
- Me, hum? I don't hum.  
- Yes, you do. All the time.  
If it bothers you, I-I-I'll stop.  
- No, I like it.  
- Oh, funny. It's the first thing  
you like about me.  
I don't dislike you, Georges.  
I have no opinion of you.  
I just want it over and my life  
to continue as it was before.

And I am waiting  
for my life to begin.  
Okay. Let's get to work.  
And this, uh,  
was at my grandmother's house.  
- She had these beautiful,  
beautiful rose gardens.  
- Roses.  
Actually,  
it was my-my grandfather...  
who started the rose garden  
behind her house.  
That's at the beach.  
We always  
bought these little hats.  
- And this is kindergarten.  
- Mm.  
- Oh, and, uh,  
these are my brothers and sisters.  
- Oh.  
My dad's a writer.  
They live in Connecticut.  
He named us all  
after famous writers.  
- Kind of puts a curse  
on your whole life.  
- Mm.  
I think he wanted me  
to be something artistic.  
It was okay when I was a dancer, but  
he doesn't really care for gardening.  
- Hmm.  
- That's Colette...  
- Colette. Mm-hmm.  
- Austen, Lawrence and Elliot.  
- Colette, Austen, Lawrence, Elliot.  
- This is my dad, but, uh,  
there's a better picture.  
- A strong face.  
- A strong man.  
Very strong opinions.  
In fact, you and my father...  
You couldn't  
get two people more different.

- Yeah, you'd hate each other.

- Why?

Well, you're so right-wing  
about everything.

I'm not wing. You are  
the one with the wing.

- All your ideas are  
from the same place.

- That's not true.

Huh?

These are from college,  
different demonstrations.

- What for?

- Oh, everything.

- Everything?

- This is Lauren.

- Lauren, yeah?

Yes.

- And Phil?

- Yes, that's Phil.

- Mm-hmm?

- Mm-hmm.

You are in love with him? Hmm?

Yes. Yes, I am.

He's kind and sensitive.

Vegetarian?

Yes, he cares about  
what he puts in his body.

Not like me, huh? Big pig.

Oh. I was 12 years old  
when I made that.

- Didn't the kids at school tease you?

- School? No.

I left school at 10 years.

This is the same as my father's, see.

He was a mechanic,

but he always dreamed of the gypsies.

He would like to be

a gypsy, travelling.

This one given to me by the putain.

You know "putain"? Prostitute?

Two girls in our town.

Liane and Michelle.

Michelle had lovely red hair,

long red hair.  
And this is how the heart is.  
Love and hate.  
If some people say they love  
everything, it's not true, you know?  
This is how the heart is.  
This is my honesty.  
And this one when I was a bad boy  
living in the street.  
This is a knife, for revenge.  
When someone  
meant something bad to you, you...  
you make this tattoo  
until you find him and kill him.  
Then you... you make another one here  
with the knife put away.  
- But you don't have that one.  
- I don't find him yet.  
- Were you ever in jail?  
- Yeah.  
- What for?  
- Just kid stuff.  
Stealing cars. N-Nothing serious.  
Oh.  
And, uh,  
when is your menstruation?  
- My...  
- Menstruation.  
Beginning of the month  
or the end of the month? When?  
- Oh.  
- Huh?  
It's at the...  
It's the beginning of the month.  
Beginning. Okay.  
I didn't really believe  
that you were a composer.  
I mean, we told so many lies,  
it's hard to know what the truth is.  
You just have to  
trust your instinct.  
Yeah.  
- This was my, uh,  
first boyfriend from college.

- Hmm.

He was a musician too.

He played, uh...

the slide trombone.

And it was he who

first kissed those lips?

I don't think

they're gonna ask you that.

Good night.

Hmm.

- Bront?

- Yes?

What side of the bed

do you sleep on?

The right side.

Okay. I'll take the left side.

Okay.

Huh.

Bront, come on.

We have, uh, work to do.

Work.

"Africa, Sunday.

"Chrie...

"it is hot here in Africa...

"and very green.

"The elephants

have been restless again.

"I think it must be the drums.

"It makes them crazy.

"I miss you every day...

"and I ask the same question:

When are you coming, chrie?"

"Dear Georges...

"the apartment is looking beautiful.

"I only have to look

in the fish pond to think of you.

"Hurry home.

"You are never

far from my thoughts.

Much love, B."

- This is ridiculous!

- No, no, no. Look.

For the green card,

I do anything. Look.

Give me camera, huh?

- We need blue sky. Ah!

- Mm-hmm.

We are on honeymoon,  
and we have to smile like oafs.

Okay, now, do it, yes.

- Do on the skis, okay?

- Okay, I'll do one. I-I'll do one.

Okay. On the slaloms, you know?

I'm very good on slalom.

Will you remember, hmm?

Oh.

- Okay. I need some blue sky.

- We're loadin'up our Woody

- With our boards inside

and headin'out singin'our song

- Okay.

- That's good.

- Come on, baby, wait and see

- Okay, that's it.

That-That-That's great!

- Yes, I'm gonna take you surfin' with me

- Come along, baby, surfin'safari

- Okay. That's good.

- Yeah, I'm gonna

take you surfin' with me

- Surfin'safari

- Let's go surfin'now

everybody's learnin' how

- Oh, lovely, lovely.

Come on and safari with me

- Okay.

- Come on. Political ballet.

- What?

- I make the oppressed.

You make the victory.

- Okay.

- Victory!

- Victory.

Yeah.

- Victory.

- Okay?

- Okay. One more.

- Oh!

Okay.

The green... Yes.

Put the plant behind you.

Uh, Faites attention.

- Put-Put-Put the green plant...

- Of course. The green plant...

There. That's-That's good. Okay.

- We feel the elephants?

- I feel them, but, oh,  
maybe with the knife, like you could...

Yes. Ah, uh... Th... Uh, yes.

- This is so silly.

- No, no, no, no. That's all right.

- One more. Smile.

- Okay.

- Okay. One more.

- What now?

- Handyman.

- Handyman?

- Yes.

The good husband  
always does handyman things.

- Oh! Okay, okay.

- Yes.

How 'bout these?

Oh, great. Great.

Oh.

Smile.

- Okay, do some handyman things.

- Yeah?

Stay here.

- Hello?

- Surprise! It's us, darling.

We're in your lobby.

Mother!

Why didn't you call?

- Can we come up?

- Of course! I... Look, um...

- You're sure it's all right?

- Of course. Come on up.

Georges!

Georges, it's my parents.

- This is the worst.

You've gotta go. They'll kill me.

- Okay. I'll change.  
- No, no. There's no time.  
- Okay. No time.  
- Take, uh, the skis.  
Put them back in the closet.  
- The skis, yes. The skis.  
Open... Open this, please. Fine.  
Okay. Thank you.  
- Open!  
- Oh. I'm sorry. I'm sorry.  
- It's okay.  
- Come on.  
Just go.  
I'll make something up.  
Could I have a chat with you  
and your husband, Mrs Faur?  
- He was just leaving, Mrs Bird.  
- Yes.  
- But I want to know  
about these government people.  
- And last night I heard drums,  
jungle drums.  
- No, no, no.  
- No, no, no.  
- Not now, Mrs Bird. Please.  
- They keep asking all sorts of  
questions about you and your husband.  
He's not a spy  
or something, is he?  
Of course not, Mrs Bird.  
Georges. Oh, Mom, Dad!  
- What's going on?  
- Hello, darling.  
- Hi. I'll speak to you later, Mrs Bird.  
- How about the drums?  
- Later.  
- What?  
I'll talk to you later.  
- If you'd have called,  
I would have prepared something.  
- I made you something.  
Since you never come visit these days,  
I guess it's up to us.  
Oh, no, it's not that.

Your father had to see someone.

- Hokey sort of entrance.
- Oh, it's lovely.
- This is Georges.
- Hello.

Hi.

A handyman.

- Oh.
- Ah.
- If you could just finish up the work, Georges.
- Yeah. Right. I just finish my work.
- Oh, darling, it's beautiful.
- I know now why you were so excited.
- It's awfully small.

Did they sign the big contracts, Dad?

- No. We're not gonna talk about that.
- Ah, did they sign the contracts?

No! They backed out. Liars!

- They lied to me.
- Dear, don't upset yourself.
- One thing I can't stand is a liar.
- You read your paper, dear.

We're gonna look at the greenhouse. He's upset.

- Oh, yes.
- Oh, it is too beautiful to imagine!
- Do you want a hand, there, Georges?
- Oh, no, thanks.

I'm just... just measuring.

Oh. Measuring.

- She's had the baby already. Premature.
- Oh? Premature? What'd they name her?

Tiffany. Now they have a Tiffany and a Tarquin.

- Thank you.
- Pretentious.
- Dear!
- Well, he's a pretentious writer too.
- Ho-ho.

Well, he is.

Well, don't you think so?

- You are in a bad mood.

- I need a screw.  
- Pardon?  
- I really need a screw.  
- I thought you were leaving.  
- I just fixed the door, but I need a...

I heard what you said.

In the cupboard under the sink.

I'm gonna help Georges.

He seems a bit lost.

Oh, you have to taste this.

Never mind your principles.

Taste this.

Let's get those orchids, Mom.

I'm sure you want to be on your way.

Oh, no, dear.

We're not in a hurry, not at all.

You're not really a handyman,  
are you Georges?

- No. I'm a composer.

- Oh.

I used to be a cleaner  
when I first started writing.

Long, long time ago.

We'd just got married...

against the wishes  
of my parents, I might add.

Didn't have a bean.

We fell in love right off.

Oh, it was difficult,  
very difficult.

But, yeah,  
when you're in love, you know.

- Shipboard romance is what it was.

- Excuse me.

- Oh, I'll get it.

- No. It's okay. It's okay. No.

Bront, come here a minute.

What is this?

Thank you.

It was right in the middle  
of a lifeboat drill.

We suddenly found ourselves  
in the same boat.

- Shouldn't you be going, Georges?

- Now, you go on outside  
with your mother. Outside.

- But?

- Georges and I have everything  
under control.

Go on. Out you go.  
We've been talking about music  
and love and skiing...  
and all manner of things,  
haven't we, Georges?

- Oh, yeah. Oh, yeah.

- Sit down.

Oh, I like your Georges, Bront.

- A charming man.

- He's not my Georges, Mother.

- He should have left by now.

- Well, he's keeping your father happy.

And you know how restless  
he gets in the city.  
So let's be grateful.  
Height, five feet seven.

- Five eight.

- Five eight.

- Weight, 140 pounds.

- No!

- Huh?

- No, 125.

- Twenty-five?

- Yeah.

Eyes?

- Brown.

- Brown, yeah.

- Small scar on your ankle.

- How did you know?

I know. I saw it.  
Birthday, 24th August, 1959.  
Correct. Okay, my turn.  
Uh, eyes, green.

- Height...

- Nose, big!

- Oh, no!

- Yes, sure it is.

- Height, five eleven.

- Yeah.

Um, weight?

Oof! Weight!

You worry too much about weight.

- Um, at 17, you met Helene.

- Yeah.

She was at the University of Paris.

- She taught you to read and write music.

- Mm-hmm.

- And you lived together  
for seven years, until she died.

- S-Seven. Seven years, yeah.

And then you gave up your music  
for many years, right?

Yes, but I don't write any music.

I just play piano,  
always in the bars.

Yes!

- And Anton heard you  
one night in Paris...

- Yeah.

And said that he would help you  
start over in America.

Yes! And I wake up in America.

Beautiful country, land of opportunity.

Uh-huh, ha, ha, ha.

Okay, back to work.

Um, you live with two men.

First Peter, then Stephen.

- Both nice guy.

- Nice?

Yes, that's what you said. Yes.

And Stephen wanted to "marriage" you,  
but, uh, you think that marriage  
is boring.

- Ah! Except for ours.

- Oh, yeah.

Then you met, uh, Phil.

Phil.

- Him you really love, huh?

- But you can't tell them that.

- And I left Phil.

- And married me, because...

You're different and funny.

And don't forget a...

a good handyman.

Right.

You've had lots of women,  
but you haven't really loved anyone...  
since Helene, except for me.

- And you fell in love with me because...

- Ah!

What's a good reason?

I just can't think.

It can't be that hard  
to think of a reason.

Uh, let me see. Ahh!

There must be a reason.

Oh, yes! Yes.

Because I begin

to hear music again.

- It's like when I was a little girl.

- Yeah?

The same thing.

- The pot.

- Sure.

No, I gave you a five, right?

Yeah, okay.

- What is it?

- Nothing.

- What? What?

- Don't wait up for me.

- Phil? Phil!

- Hey-hey!

Hey! Oh, ho!

You look beautiful.

- Let's go around to your place.

- Wait.

- Or we can go around to Angelo's.

- No.

- Oh, God. I'm hungry. Let's go.

- No, no, no, no, no. Let's go this way.

No, no. It's all arranged. Come on.

I made a reservation. Come here.

- Let's go have dinner around...

just around the corner here.

- No, no, no, no, no.

- I have it all planned.

Let's go this way.

- Come on.  
- No, no, no.  
- Oh, come on.  
- So tell me everything you did while I was away.  
- Not much.  
- Not much? So you missed me?  
- Oh, yes.  
- Yes?  
- Yes.  
- I missed you a lot.  
You sure you missed me?  
- Of course.  
- You sure?  
- Yes.  
You don't look like you did.  
No. Looks to me like I missed you more than you missed me.  
That's not true.  
- You should have been there.  
It was beautiful.  
- Three tofus and a brown rice.  
I saw us there. Out in the middle of nowhere, grow our own food.  
One night there was this incredible moon.  
- You should've seen it. Wow!  
- We had the same moon.  
Well, yeah, but you should have seen it without all the crap in the sky.  
It was glorious.  
It was a cloudy night.  
Then all of a sudden, out of nowhere, this giant shaft of moonlight breaks through the clouds.  
It was all of a sudden like daytime... with giant shadows being cast from the trees.  
Ohh.  
Oh, what a beauty.  
- Now go!  
- No.  
- Phil!  
- The guard isn't here.

Ohh. Look, we'll get together tomorrow, okay? Please.

Just to the door, Bront.

There might be some intruder lurking about.

- Hey, this is nice!

- Okay.

- You've seen me to the door. Now go.

- No.

No. I can't go until

I've seen the greenhouse.

- Oh, Phil, you've had too much to drink.

- Yeah.

- Come here. Mmm!

- Mmm.

- Oh, you feel so good.

- Oh, Phil, no. Please.

- Mmm.

- Oh.

Oh, Bront. Oh, oh!

- Phil.

- Mmm, mmm.

- Oh.

- Phil, no, no!

You heard what she said!

Oh, merde!

- She said go. Okay?

- Who's this?

- Go or I'll throw you out.

- Georges, how dare you?

- Bront, talk to me. Who is this?

- Get out, vegetarian!

- Who the hell do you think you are?

- Georges, no!

- I'm the husband, that's who.

- What'd you say?

- That's my wife you've been grabbing.

Now get out.

Bront? Bront? Is this true?

Yes, but it's not the way

you think. Oh, God.

- What?

- Oh, God!

- Out.

- Now wait a minute.  
- Out, out, out, out.  
Hey! You're the waiter  
from that restaurant.  
- Get out! Out.  
- I don't know what's going on,  
but I'm gonna find out, pal.  
Go on, get out!  
Carrot! Cucumber!  
- No!  
- Now you go.  
- The interview! We're going tomorrow.  
- Out! Now!  
- Are you upset?  
- Upset? Upset!  
- Out, out!  
- No, no. But the interview!  
- I don't care.  
I don't care what happens.  
- Bront, please.  
Now go or I'll call the police.  
I'll call Immigration.  
Jail would be better than this.  
At least I'd have a cell to myself!  
Oh. Come on.  
D-Don't be childish.  
- Bront?  
- Ohh!  
Bront? Open, Bront.  
Bront? Bront? Bront?  
Bront?  
Get up. Go on. Get up.  
Up! Out! Out!  
Oh, no.  
Up! Out!  
Back to the subway.  
- It's you!  
- Uh, good morning, Mrs Bird.  
Ever since you people moved in,  
there's been nothing but trouble.  
I didn't want  
to wake you, chrie.  
- You forgot your key again.  
- Yes. Al-Always forgetting the key.

You should have gone to a hotel, dear!  
But the board wouldn't approve of  
such a thing! Sleeping in the hallways.

- Excuse me.

- This isn't Africa, you know.

I realize that, Mrs Bird.

It won't happen again.

Mrs Bird!

- Why did you do that last night?

- I just don't like vegetarians.

- Don't be ridiculous!

- The way he was bothering you,  
I lost control.

- Is that supposed to be an apology?

- He's not right for you.

Oh, really? He knows more about  
people's feelings than you'll ever know.

- Feelings?

You don't have feelings at all.

- You snore, and your manners  
are atrocious.

- Ah, if you think  
that's important, you're a snob.

- Well, you're a slob,  
you're overweight, you're disgusting!

You say you are a rebel,  
but you are afraid of your father.

- My father's made something of his life.

- But you live your life like  
you got it from a book.

- Well, you're 40,  
and you sleep in the park.

- And Phil?

Oh, yes, you make-a nice love with Phil,  
like-a vegetables. You need a fuck.

That's the language of the gutter, where  
you came from and where you'll end up.

I am... I am the gutter, yes.

But you... You are like a plant.

A ca-ca... cactus!

I once said I had no opinion of you,  
and now I do.

- I hate you. I really hate you!

- Good, good. Your first feeling. Good.

- Oh, God. The interview!  
- Oh, my God!  
- Oh, oh! Oh!  
- Do you have... Do you have a...  
Yeah. I'll do it. I'll do it.  
I'll do it.  
- Move it, you stupid moron!  
- I'm stuck. I'm stuck.  
- Come on. We'll take the subway.  
- Well, you can take the subway, lady,  
but you ain't goin' nowhere.  
- The subway? Where?  
- The water main broke.  
- The park. The park. Come on!  
The whole city's falling apart!  
Come on. We'll get a cab  
on the other side.  
But the park is too far, Bront.  
Bront, it's too far!  
Come on. Up there.  
- This way.  
- You're sure? You're sure, huh?  
- Yes.  
- Because we can't get lost.  
I'm sure. Of course I'm sure.  
- To the right. Right.  
- Where?  
Come on. Come on.  
Run for it. Take care.  
Oh.  
Oh. We're nearly there.  
- This way?  
- We're not far. Oh.  
Come on!  
- Children!  
- Taxi?  
- Taxi! Taxi! Taxi!  
- Taxi! Taxi!  
Number 75.  
We're the next.  
Father, Sydney.  
Face cream, Monticello.  
Monticello. Monticello.  
Your father's name,

was it Bertrand or Bernard?

- Rene.

- Oh.

Seventy-six? Seventy-six.

You wait in here, Mr Faur.

And Mrs Faur,  
if you'll follow me.

No.

Mr Faur, as you know,  
we have doubts...

that your marriage is bona fide.

I have here a number  
of detailed questions.

Your answers will help us  
make a determination.

I want you to be brief  
and to the point.

I ask you

to raise your right hand.

Do you hereby swear that the evidence  
you're about to give...

is the truth, the whole truth  
and nothing but the truth?

- I do.

- I do.

Your name is  
Bront Mitchell Faur?

Her father is a writer.

- His name?

- Sydney. Sydney Parrish.

He didn't

have a formal education.

He ran away from home  
when he was 12.

Plants. She loves all flowers  
and weeds. That's her research.

He knows I love salads.

He likes all fatty foods,  
you know, being French.

She likes to eat such a thing  
as birdseed.

- Birdseed?

- Yes.

Muesli and decaf.

Horrible coffee!  
He hums all the time.  
- Hums?  
- He's composing.  
He hasn't written  
in a long time.  
He says he's not sensitive,  
but that's not true.  
He's a very sensitive man.  
He makes me laugh.  
She's very kind to people.  
Me, I don't think that way.  
I don't trust people.  
He's had a hard life.  
In a way, he hasn't learned to give,  
but he's got so much to give.  
She has peace.  
I don't have peace.  
He has passion. He eats life.  
I'm sure that just about does it.  
Just a few more details.  
- Five, uh, feet eight.  
- Five eleven.  
- Hundred and twenty-five.  
- He won't tell me how much he weighs.  
- She sleeps  
on the right side of the bed.  
- He's on the left.  
- Her toothbrush? Green.  
- Mine's green.  
Her face cream?  
Monticello.  
Monaco. No.  
Monte Carlo.  
That's the only answer  
I keep forgetting.  
You remember all  
the other answers?  
Is not her fault.  
So, please, don't touch her.  
- I was good, I think.  
- Me too.  
I think you're  
gonna get what you want.

- Your green card.  
- Oh, yes.  
I'll see you again? I mean,  
I have to get my things.  
- Well, I can leave them with Oscar.  
- Oscar? Uh, good idea.  
Yes, right.  
You're right. Oscar. Yeah.  
As soon as we hear something,  
we can start...  
you know, the divorce.  
Oh. As soon as possible.  
Yeah. Mm-hmm.  
Good luck with your music.  
I hope you  
get your big trees, huh?  
- Goodbye, Georges.  
- Goodbye, Bront.  
Oh! The ring.  
No, thank you.  
- I...  
- Good morning, Mrs Faur.  
Mr Faur just stopped by.  
He... He said to give you this.  
I-I guess  
his-his flight was delayed.  
Yes. Well, thank you, Oscar.  
"Africa, Tuesday.  
"Chrie...  
"the elephants  
have been restless again.  
"So restless,  
I just can't sleep.  
"I would love  
to say a last goodbye...  
before this next safari."  
Oh!  
- It's okay.  
- What?  
Monticello.  
I think I tried too hard. I blew it.  
Oh. Why didn't you tell me?  
It's all right.  
We made a deal.

If I leave quickly...  
then you keep  
your beautiful greenhouse.

I don't care  
about the greenhouse.

It's time to go, Mr Faur.

No, no!

- I write.

- Let's go!

- I write every day.

- Now, Mr Faur.

And the letters will  
always say the same thing:

"When are you coming, chrie?"

Last night

- I had a dream

- Ooh

- About a home

- No!

- No!

- That was so bright

I don't know why

it has to be a dream

Oh, chrie.

- Why can't I, when will I

Lord help me

- Do you still have them?

- Oh. Oh, yeah.

- Help me find a home

Keep your eyes

On the prize

- Oh.

- Don't be dismayed

Don't be dismayed

- I do.

- Deep in your heart

You must believe

Everything is gonna

be all right

- So do I.

- Everything is gonna

Be all right

Everything is gonna

be all right

Someday  
Sometimes hot  
And sometimes cold  
Sometimes I'm in  
Sometimes I'm out  
No, I haven't  
had much to eat  
Lord knows  
I haven't had much sleep  
you know  
Keep your eyes on the prize  
Don't be dismayed  
Don't be dismayed  
Deep in your heart  
You must believe  
Everything is  
gonna be all right  
Everything is  
gonna be all right  
Everything is  
gonna be all right  
Someday